

SPRING FINE ARTS ISSUE

The



Commuter

Volume 4, Number 28

LINN-BENTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ALBANY, OREGON

June 4, 1973

**With a little help
from our friends—**

Budget passes, **FINALLY**



The LBCC operating budget for the '73-74 fiscal year was passed on the third try by the voters of Linn-Benton counties. The final unofficial toll was yes, 7837; no, 5370. Passing by a margin of nearly 2600 votes is a significant difference from the two previous attempts to pass it. Our roving reporter learned that the morning turnout of voters was very light but the turnout in the late afternoon was more than enough to make up from the slack morning.

One of the many activities designed to encourage a yes vote was the all-campus picnic. Students solicited contributions to the campaign.

Wednesday, May 23rd, the annual LBCC picnic was held in the new student center. This year's picnic theme was the "Vote Yes Picnic" supporting the budget election.

In spite of the weather the picnic was a complete success. Four hundred pieces of delicious chicken was served along with salads, chips, ice cream, and beverages.

Entertainment was limited by the rain but nobody's enthusiasm seemed dampened. There was a three legged race, dancing, and a fine performance from Maggie.

Over twenty dollars were collected at the picnic for the Student Fund supporting the budget election. This has put the Student Fund nearly in reach of its goal to buy a full page advertisement in the Albany Democrat Herald.

The picnic is an annual event organized by student government. This year former student

body vice president Dorthy Christman and the present student body Clerk of Student Activities Diane Meader were responsible for the outstanding

success of the picnic. They received help from many other students especially Sharon Gentry, Stephanie Heins, and Debbie Smith.

Ward Ledbetter elected LBCC teacher of year

Mr. Ward Ledbetter received the award for Teacher of the Year from the students of LBCC. He was given a plaque which will be passed on to the next Teacher of the Year.

Mr. Ledbetter taught business course at Albany Union High School (West Albany High) for sixteen years. He decided to transfer to community college teaching last year.

According to Mr. Ledbetter, he enjoys teaching here at LBCC much more and plans to stay. He likes the freedom in teaching college students even though it causes much more work for him. He has no disciplinary problems as there are in teaching high school students.

He is teaching a course in accounting and an NBTA program.

Photographic contest seeks young entrants

Now is the time to enter "PSA's Young Photographers Showcase" competition announced by the youth activities committee of the photographic society of America.

Prizes: First Prize—\$1000, Second Prize—\$500, Third Prize—\$250, Fourth Prize—\$250.

Floating this year; float next

About 30 enthusiastic bodies withstood the wet and cold for five hours last Wednesday as they floated from the OSU crew docks to Bryant Park accompanied by the Benton County Sheriff's boat patrol. The Float-a-Vote was such a success that Wes is hopeful that it will become an annual event.

There was a party atmosphere in the new commons Thursday night as the election returns flashed on the closed circuit television. I'm convinced that the student efforts to pass the budget had a major effect; and thanks to the taxpayers for the opportunity to prove that we can work together and effect changes. You don't hear much about apathy anymore.

The next student project will be a float for the Timber Carnival parade. All interested students meet in the Student Government office Wednesday, June 6, at 2:00 p.m. We hope to see all of you there.

Student Government will not be a formal thing this summer, but will be prepared next fall to take care of business again. We'll be lurking around the commons (or pool room) this summer if you need us. And don't forget the student input box. Have a good one!

"PSA'S YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOWCASE" is a youth activity sponsored by The Photographic Society of America and is open to all under the age of 25 years and those who will not be 26 before December 31, 1973. Entries are now being accepted by Margaret S. Hessberg, 720 Milton Road, Rye, New York, 10580.

No entry fee is required. Prints not accompanied by return postage will not be returned. Up to four (4) black and white and/or color prints, mounted or unmounted, may be entered by each contestant. Minimum print size is 8" x 10". No print previously accepted and exhibited in "The First Youth Showcase" of 1972 will be eligible in this competition.

The following information must appear on the back of each print: Maker's Name, Address, Date of Birth, and Print Title.

This competition is being announced on a world-wide basis. The closing date for entries in PSA's Young Photographers Showcase is July 12, 1973. The selection of prints will be made in Rochester, New York, by a panel of three highly qualified selectors. About 100 prints will be chosen for a traveling exhibit for display in large cities throughout the U.S.A. The opening exhibit will be held at the 1973 International Convention of The Photographic Society of America, August 14 - 18, 1973 at the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco, California.

For additional information and entry forms apply to: Margaret S. Hessberg, Chairman; 720 Milton Road; Rye, New York, 10580. Telephone: (914) 967-8750.

Notice: Commuter positions open

Positions are now open for next year's journalism staff.

Right now we know we'll need a new Editor-in-Chief, Sports Editor, Ad Manager and Photographer. These are all paid positions. Applications should be addressed to the Publications Board, care of Ken Cheney.

Editorial

Not an editorial

This year, besides learning about Samuel Beckett and the journalistic code of ethics, I discovered things about myself and people in general. No matter what you do, you are probably going to learn from the experience, and that facilitates growing.

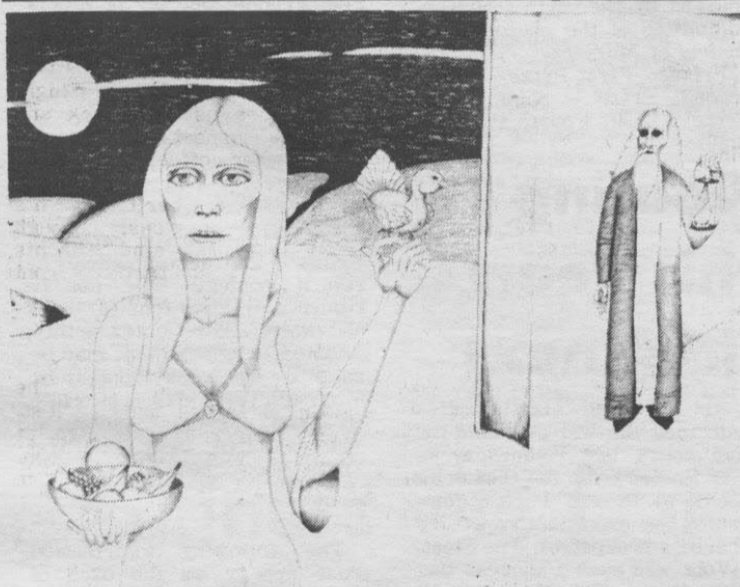
You hear all your life about values — what do you value? What are your goals? In the end it comes down to — “Kid, your goals symbolize you.” People communicate and relate in symbols. But the goals you see people working for don’t settle right in my mind. Good paying jobs, cars, independence, consistency — but do I want those things to symbolize me? I’m not a thing or an ideal, I am a person. And I don’t think things are what life is all about.

Some thing or some concept can too often get in the way of a personal understanding.

But there is a difference between having set values and valuing something. Everything has value, just don’t take it for granted.

I hope you all enjoy the summer, it’s my favorite season, and I hope you all learn to love someone.

Ruby



BY DAVID BEIRD

Vanishing Point

Later in the terminal
You joked and teased like always.

Flight 456, gate 41 on K concord
“That’s your flight.”

Then seriousness returned,
A hug . . . quick kiss.

Not looking back,
You went into that mighty jet.

Alone . . . empty
I stumbled to the observation deck

To watch the sleek wet jet flash by
And disappear into the misty sky.

R. Boyd

For the kids in

Chelsea Ghetto

Boston built a playground
on crete for children
under an overpass
swing and shattered glass
garbage on a teeter-totter
one lonely rat.
Boston built a playground
but no one wants to play.

Linda Babcock

THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a weekly publication of the Associated Students of Linn-Benton Community College and students of Journalism 9.026. Editorial views are expressions of the individual staff writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of either the Associated Students or the Administration of Linn-Benton Community College.

Editor-in-chief
Layout Editor
Sports Editor
Ad Manager
Typesetter and Circulation Manager
Photographer

Linda (Ruby) Dirks
Chung Li Ramsdell
Open
Mike Gipson
Ellen K. Hillemann
Open

Reporters: Dennis Adams, Monique Bourandas, Christina Dawkins, Brett Haring, Charles Richter, Mary Risinger, and Trudy Tesdorff.

Advisor

Ken Cheney

Office hours in D-2 are 3-4 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Address correspondence to: THE COMMUTER, 6500 SW Pacific Blvd., Albany, OR 97321.

Banquet of the gods

By BOB DURFEE

There are not many mortals who have ever been granted the privilege of attending a banquet given by the gods. This was an extremely merry banquet with the gods and goddesses flitting about playing pranks on each other as if they did not have a care in their immortal world. The food was almost undecipherable. The gods, of course, had their own nectar and ambrosia. For me, they brought forth all the delicacies from all corners of the mortal world.

Around the main banquet table sat the great Olympians. Naturally, Zeus was the most awesome figure. He sat with a certain air of austerity, but at the same time he seemed greatly amused at the capers of those around him. Hera sat by his side with her hand resting on his arm as if she did not quite trust him. Apollo played his lyre and never before have I heard such lovely music. Aphrodite graced the table with her great beauty along with Athena and Diana. They were three about whom words could not do justice. Poseidon was even kind enough to come up from his sea palace to grace the company. Hestia and Demeter sat quietly and no one paid much notice to them. At first all Ares could do was frown, but even he ended up joining the merry makers. All the great gods were present except one. Pluto was unable to come because of business in the underworld.

Another god was absent when I first arrived but he presently appeared in a breathless condition. It was none other than Hermes. Being late certainly did not affect or embarrass this jovial god. He dashed in carelessly and jauntily as befit his personality and character. It seemed to me that he did not really care whether Zeus or any of the others were upset with him or not. He jumped around from one god or goddess to another laughing, teasing and pulling funny little pranks. Once in a while, some god would look a little disgusted but none got really angry with Hermes for any length of time.

With all his jumping around, Hermes made quite an unforgettable picture. His stature was really something to behold. Any mortal youth would have been envious of Hermes. On his head he wore a winged hat called a petasus. His feet were fitted with winged sandals. Always in his hand he carried a caduceus with two snakes entwined about it. The wand

was magic and Hermes liked to use it.

The chief duty of Hermes I soon learned was that of being the messenger or herald of the gods. Hermes was well fitted for such a position as his speech was extremely eloquent. He could almost charm the gods themselves with his fine voice.

When everyone had eaten their fill, Hermes made himself the center of attention. In his eloquent but witty way, he began telling about some of his latest exploits. He even got amused with himself and everyone was generally amused by him.

He had been late to the banquet due to the fact that he had been out guiding some traders. This was one of his duties as a patron of travelers. These traders are not exactly noted for fair and square dealings and Hermes was really amused with himself because he had helped these traders carry out a clever scheme which he himself had devised. Apparently he had guided them to sell some sacks of merchandise which did not actually contain that which they were supposed to contain. All the company was a little put out because he would not cease laughing long enough to really put forth a straight story.

After telling of this little escapade he calmly announced that another herm had been completed on some insignificant road in Greece. Hermes was the patron god of travelers, commerce, invention, cunning, and theft and he like all the gods did not dislike being worshipped. However, he could not remain serious for long. His conversation jumped around just as he did and sometimes it made the train of thought a little difficult for me to follow as I am a mere mortal.

Presently, Hermes was about to relate the facts about how he had killed Argos, but Hera gave him such a glare, he apparently thought better of it. She was still quite angry with him because he had done this deed.

Still the center of attention, he went on to relate who he had conducted to the underworld during the day. This was another of his duties. He also presented the apology of Pluto for being unable to attend the banquet.

About this time, some of the other gods and goddesses were

becoming tired of listening to him so they went on about their own business, soon they were all laughing and making merry as was their custom.

I was still quite impressed with Hermes and was willing to stay and hear him out. While quietly listening to him I learned things about him I had not realized before. I began to wonder how he managed to get around to perform all his duties. Besides being the patron of travelers and traders and conductor of souls to Hades, he was also the god of oratory and speech, the god of music, mathematics, astronomy and gymnastic sports. He was connected with rural life, animal and human fertility, and also the god of luck and wealth. I also learned that my dreams could be blamed on Hermes.

Presently, Apollo stepped in and proceeded to tell me about the struggle he had had with Hermes before they become friends. It seems that Hermes began his infamous career when he was only a few hours old. This son of Zeus and Maia was extremely talented even at birth. Just a few hours after birth, he killed a tortoise and made a seven string lyre; then being hungry, he stole the cattle of Apollo and calmly killed two for food and sacrifice. Still in a calm frame of mind, he returned to his bed on Mount Cyllene. Apollo said that he had been quite angry. When he confronted Hermes with his crime, Hermes blandly denied any knowledge of the whole affair. Apollo became angry and dragged him off to the court of the gods. Here Zeus became very amused and dismissed the case, telling the two to arbitrate their differences. At this time, Hermes gave Apollo the lyre he had made.

Now as I watched them they were the best of friends if anyone could rely on the friendship of Hermes. He was about as predictable as quicksilver.

Trivial talk and merriment continued for a time and then the gods began to tire of their amusements and disperse to their individual lodgings on Mount Olympus. I could plainly see that it was time for me to return to my mortal world. Loveable Hermes offered to see me safely home before he take care of some business which most likely would be of took care of some business which most likely would be of a questionable nature.



—By Greg E. Young

Parked Behind The Bar-B-Q

Shack (5:45 A.M.)

As light breaks the chrystalized smoke
In morning silence, stillness; waiting
For time to come around —
It's subtle ticking on the dash,
Rainbows streak my windshield glass;
I hear the faint pulse of the city
Begin to pump fresh blood
On moist asphalt arties:
Lub-Dub Lub-Dub Lub-Dub
It's rhythm starts; wheels over iron grades,
compressors throbbing;
concrete mixers stir the ancient embalming fluid
To preserve mother earth's body, layed a-rest.

Parked on Dauphin, near 95th
The fars of Sherwin-Williams Paint Refinery, annoys;
All night I heard monstrous metal cranes
Squawking, as they point their iron necks
Into indigo, lit by floods and flares, loading trains,
No one cares that the black baby in Avalon Park
Can't sleep tonight

I tap my fingers on the wheel
As muffled footsteps reverberate the pulse
Lub-Dub Lub-Dub Lub-Dub
The shoes I see, need the attention of 'bootblack',
But he's at work by now;
He knows his childrens' shoes are scuffed and worn
As they make time to beat the 7:00 shift horn
Climbing aboard the Southshore train
To work the mills owned by whitemen,
Whose shoes 'bootblack' grooms for hefty tips.

Whitemen like the happy rhythm
Of 'bootblacks' dancing buffing rag, slapping leather
Make 'em step high 'n' lively to work
Where they peer from the 32nd floor window
Over morning coffee and rolls
Brought to order by ex-high school majorettes.

Looking down on the smoke,
Rising from the south side refineries,
Isolated from the smell,
And the sound of corpuscles, to and from
On asphalt arteries; bringing those from the knee,
Those from the toe — to the heart
Lub-Dub Lub-Dub Lub-Dub,
The heart which is working to aid itself
Of the cancerous growth, whose pulse;
Lubombs Lubombs Lubomba
Strikes deep, a terror in those who commute
Thirty miles into the heart, from the toe.
The pulse of newfound pride
From 'son of bootblack',
Put the shakes on the hands
Of whitemen driving cars
Through the neighborhoods
Through the neighborhood
Black with soot, black with rot,
Black from exhaust, but black with a rhythm
Lubomba Lubomba Lubomba

Now the pulse is felt
As a darkened cyst on the creamy complexion
Of whiteman's suburban countryside
Rooting itself in national homes
Brought, built already, in trucks
Add water and stir
But place it next to the country club
In Nairobi estates housing development
So 'son of bootblack'
Can enjoy country living.

The sun blinks over 'castle steel'
As I sit, and turn on the radio
To drown the sounds of the awakened pulse
From my white, sheltered ears.
For Lub-Dub turned to Lubomba,
As I sit, and see the black
Of this neighborhood
Where I appear to be a white antibody
But who hasn't the power to cure sickle-cell.
I sit and watch and listen,
Hoping a brick won't break my window
As I heard it would
As I heard it would
If I lingered in 'Blackland.'
My paranoia from being raised in sterility
Of unblackened suburban neighborhoods
Makes me move my car, and head on my way
Either further in, or further out.
But not here — and for that, I'm sad.

BY DAVID BEIRD

Derelict

When I think of derelict, I think of derelict buildings. This apartment house we live in is most definitely in that undefinable margin between derelict and non-derelict. There are times, while looking at the paint that has chipped beyond chipping, or when the rain drizzles through the front and back porch roofs, or the time when the water pipes froze for a few days and the hot water pipes froze for about three weeks, when I'd say it was absolutely abandoned. But the notes from the "manager" find their way to the door at such frequent intervals as to abate such thoughts with some regularity.

There are four "apartments" in a building which is smaller than the neighboring buildings

which house one family. We are fortunate in having the only apartment with a well defined bedroom, bathroom, kitchen and livingroom; even small as they are. In the other three apartments the rooms merge together, so it's hard to say "this is bathroom and this is the kitchen," which could cause problems. Actually only one other room is rented, and a room is an apt description: the bed folds out of one closet, the other closet was converted to a kitchen, etc.

The entire living situation reminds me of a J G Ballard story called "Billenium." Ballard ponders the future in most or all of his tales that I have read. Billenium takes place in a large city at a time when the population was somewhere

around 30 billion with an annual increase of 800 million. The streets were used primarily for pedestrian purposes. Instead of traffic jams the streets were plagued with "pedestrian jams," where 10,000 head of populace were stalled for days. Each person was entitled to four square meters to live and

sleep in, enough space for a suitcase and a bed. Ninety-five per cent of the population were bound to the metropolitan areas. Outward expansion was not allowed because all that land was needed to raise food.

While walking through our cities I look at all the homes being converted to apartments, and the apartments divided into more apartments. And I wonder . . .

Another Time, Another Road

per second. The only knowledge of last night was, it had to happen because we are here tonight.

Dove into the sunfilled morning surf and saw the myriads of color on the fishy creatures and the underwater bushes, and rocks, and sand and sea. The San Carlos breeze helps me to rest and forget as the warmth of the Mexico sun heals a body worn.

Onward. Ever onward, in our coughing, dying Rover. Ever on, as hope comes and goes like the moon. Hermosillo pharmacía — the druggists and clerks look dazed when I ask for more dexidrina, answering with "perscrip-sheown senior" or simply "NO," with apologetic eyes of pity or scorn.

Border bound, loaded with hope. A night spent drunk, a night spent, two days and a night still unaccounted for. Customs check is a joke as we laugh with our goods spread

across the Arizona ground and Captain Kangaroo station attendant guard tells us good night and leaves us to repack and head unsuspectingly to Ajo where after coffee, "Okie from Muskogee," bad vibes, and confusion, a sheriff and his deputy look anxiously through our things for fame with his name printed boldly on the front page of the local news. But he finds only disappointment and friendly faces.

Onward through the US of A and freeways and hate. The moan of losers and the lost. Yuma, desert city on fire, at midnight was bright as noon. Visions made it impossible to think. Blythe — the morning was cold as ice though the sun shone bright. The rover still wouldn't run right even though a mechanic gave us his specialized time.

Onward through the heat of the desert, through the mountains, to the mountains and home.

Breezes

Bright day waits outside these closed walls.
Fresh air, kaleidoscope clouds,
autumn colors and all.
So fly I shall from this shaded dwelling
on wings of feet or:
"thinking is the best way to travel"
(sometimes)
Feeling free, feeling free, feeling free
free, free, free, feeling free.
Trading this fly's coffin house for trees and the breeze
and the sound of duck hunters unholy tool
raping the sacred silent sky,
but the sky is no virgin to sound
and the earth is not a stranger to death.
Only the living can die for this is the story of life.
Reap together the harvest of pleasure
with that of pain,
for this is the story of life.

3A.M.

Mr. Lonely, even my friends are calling me. As I remember similar doggeric lyrics I used to laugh aloud about, in those unknowing sweet adolescent days of youth. If one leg or eye had I, would be an excuse for 3 a.m., home town blues. This no sleep, no hungry feeling forces my tired and wanting to forget mind to think. Wishing my ace-in-the-hole

confidence hadn't turned out to be a duece. The knowing that somewhere one sits, as I sit — waiting — and her someone could be me, and my someone could be she, is little consolation at 3 a.m. Mr. Lonely, a fool writin' the blues inside a cracked plaster prison, no one to even call, and every drip of the faucet spills upon the wall spells fool, fool, fool . . .

Innocence

By: 35387, an ex-inmate at this institution

Characters: Barret J. Slift, Al "Big Al" Davidson, Gopher (The Blackman), 1st & 2nd Pig, Big Dude, and Assorted persons in other areas.

Scene: A prison with a population of about twelve hundred male prisoners in the United States of America. It is an old institution, about one hundred fifty years, with gray and green walls and splashes of faded out, sunburst, latex, yellow in the offices outside of the cell blocks. These offices are for admittance of new inmates and for counselors to ply their trade with the new residents and old cons returning again and again.

Behind a desk sits a graying old man in a dark brown shirt and lighter pants in the same color. He is talking to a young man very roughly as though the young man was scum on a rock in a stagnate pond and not a human being after all. His attitude is that the area the kid is now in is his, the officers, own private playground.

The young person is sitting there with his wrist clasped with metal bracelets that just happen to be fastened together around in back of his body. He is very passive and scared of his surroundings. He shows in his speech he is in a hopeless situation and realizes he can do nothing but accept his fate.

ACT ONE; SCENE ONE

IST PIG: Name, last name first; middle initial?

BARRET SLIFT: (BS) Slift, Barret J.

IST PIG: Address?

BS: 1223 Burnside, Portland, Oregon.

IST PIG: Zip Code?

BS: 97332.

IST PIG: County you were committed from?

BS: Crook.

IST PIG: City?

BS: Prineville.

IST PIG: Offense?

BS: Possession of a narcotic drug, Marijuana.

IST PIG: Length of stay? (ha, ha).

BS: Three years, Sir.

IST PIG: Stand over here and take your clothes off.

BS: I can't do it with these hand-cuffs on, Sir.

IST PIG: No, I don't guess you can can you!

BS: Do you want me to come back over to you, Sir?

IST PIG: If you want those off I guess you had better come back, Boy.

BS: They're sort of tight. I know they hurt awfully bad ever since we left Prineville. (as the 1st Pig unlocks the cuffs BS rubs his wrist where the skin is raw and red).

IST PIG: Go back to where you were now, Boy and get out of those civilian clothes. You've got a more appropriate attire to dress in today. What size waist do you have?

(as BS disrobes he replies to the 1st Pig)

BS: Size thirty-two will be alright.

IST PIG: What size shirts?

BS: 15 - 15½, Sir.

(BS begins to put his new clothes on).

IST PIG: Not yet Boy! Just stand there a minute, there aren't any women going to come looking around at you as long as you're in here. Especially, in here. (ha, ha)

BS: It's not that, Sir. I just want to put something on because it's cold in here with the window open.

IST PIG: Don't worry about the heat, Boy! It's me who pays the taxes to heat this joint. Now, come over here and let's check to see if you have any bugs on you. Maybe you might have some weed stuck away some place, too?

BS: Where at, Sir?

IST PIG: You'd be surprised where at, Boy. OK, shake your head violently.

(BS begins to follow the 1st Pigs directions)

IST PIG: (Cont.) Now run your fingers through your hair. Pull your hair back from your ears and turn your head so I can see them. Now, the left ear. Ok, open your mouth. Do you wear dentures?

BS: No, Sir.

IST PIG: Keep your mouth open, I can't see! Move your tongue. You can close it now. Lift your testicles and squat. Stand up now. Alright, turn around and bend over. Spread your cheeks. Stand up and lift your feet, one at a time. (ha, ha)

Ok, put your new clothes on, Boy. When you're finished putting them on have a seat there by the door.

(the 1st Pig goes to the phone and dials a three digit number)

IST PIG: (Cont.)

IST PIG: (Cont.) I have a new one here for you. Send someone out to pick him up and assign him to a cell. Before going to the cell he must go to the hospital for a medical inspection.

(brief pause and the 1st Pig hangs the phone up) (in a minute or less a buzzer rings; during this time the 1st Pig types away on his desk and BS sits and plays with imaginary circles around his fingers.)

(BUZZ, BUZZ)

IST PIG: (Cont.) OK Boy, you're on your way. Step through that steel door with the slit of glass window in it and an officer will meet you on the other side of the first iron bars. He'll take you to the hospital and then to your new home. (ha, ha)

BS: Thank you, Sir.

IST PIG: Don't thank me, you didn't get any help from me to get here. Ok, through the door and walk towards the first set of gates.

(BS steps through the door and the curtain draws across the stage)

CURTAIN: END ACT ONE; SCENE ONE

Scene: A tier in a cell block about four in the afternoon; as BS walks down the tier he carries a mattress, sheets, blankets (2) and a pillow. The other cells have men in them and he moves past them slowly with an apparent fear in his gate. He stops at cell No. 325 and this he has been told is his new home. On

one side, cell No. 324 is an aging blackman and on the other side in No. 326 is Al Davidson, boss convict and a sexual pervert. The blackman is Al's second in command and they call him Gopher because he goes for Al anytime Al wants him to.

ACT ONE; SCENE TWO

AL: Hay, Man, what's your name?

GOPHER: Yea man, what's your name?

BS: Barret Slift.

GOPHER: What kind a name is Slift? You ain't one of those Polocks are you?

BS: I don't know; I guess I could be but I've never been told I was.

AL: Don't mind the Gopher, he's weird about names; thinks they tell the story if you know what I mean.

BS: When do they open this door for me so I can get in my cell.

AL: In a minute they'll get to it. Right now they're waiting so everyone can get a look at you. Sort of see what the new material from the street looks like, if you know what I mean?

BS: What's your name? (cautiously)

AL: Al Davidson, you just call me Al since we will be next to each other for awhile. Say, you must have done one big time job to be put in this cell block. What'd you do anyway to get to the joint?

BS: I got caught with some pot and they sent me here for it.

GOPHER: For Pot! How much did you have, a hundred pounds?

BS: No, about an ounce or so. I bought it a week before and was smoking it so there was quite a bit gone. The Sheriff said there was enough to make it a felony and the judge went along with him.

AL: Less than a lid. Wow, man where did you get busted at?

BS: In Prineville, it's a town over by Bend in eastern Oregon.

GOPHER: Now I see, you better not mess with that dope in that red-neck, cowboy country.

AL: How much time did the judge give you?

BS: Three years.

GOPHER: That's what I got my first time to this joint. They picked me up on an armed robbery charge in '48.

BS: Armed Robbery! Is that like when you use a gun to take a persons money and stuff?

AL: Jesus Kid, where you been all you life!

BS: In . . . (cut off by Al)

AL: What I mean is don't you know what's going on around here?

GOPHER: Yes, don't you know kid? Mostly all of us are here for robbery. We just didn't have enough money to live on so we went out and just borrowed it with a piece. Bang, Bang!

AL: Don't let Gopher worry you Barret. He's crazy weird over guns, too. I've never used one myself, to much of a chance of getting shot if you carry a piece. Pigs don't take

any chances if they know your packing. I got shot once because they just thought I had a gun. (the cell doors clang and BS's door opens. He goes in and begins to straighten his new house)

GOPHER: Say Al, do you suppose the Kid, Barret I mean, needs anything?

AL: Hey Barret, do you need some smokes or tooth paste or anything?

GOPHER: I've got some Camel's if you want to smoke.

BS: You want to loan me some cigarettes?

AL: No Kid, when your new here you usually get them free for a little while, a week or so.

BS: Thanks I'd really appreciate it. I haven't been able to get something to smoke for a couple of weeks now and I'm dying for one.

GOPHER: Here you go. (he passes them through the bars and then Barret reaches for them. Gopher fondles his hand and BS jerks back dropping the cigarettes.

BS: What are you trying to do?!? (alarmed)

GOPHER: Nothing, just trying to pass you the smokes you dropped.

AL: Gopher lay off or you get burned!

GOPHER: Ok Al, he's all yours.

(Gopher lays down and covers his head with one of the blankets in his cell)

AL: Listen Barret, don't let Gopher scare you. In here you have to learn to live with the bent minds. Gopher has been here for eight years this time and five before that and then there's the three he told you about. The bad thing is that he isn't going to get out again and he knows it.

BS: Never?

AL: Yea Never, so try to understand. He's just making the best of the situation that will never get better. I'll try to talk to him and try and ease the tension between you and him.

(a bell rings and the doors open on all the cells. Al walks out of his cell and stands in front of Barret's cell. He looks the kid over a long look and smiles an off beat type of smile.)

AL: (Cont.) Come on kid, it's time for chow. You come with me and I'll show you the ropes.

(Gopher comes out of his cell now, too.)

GOPHER: Sorry about that thing before, Barret. You just stick with Al and me and you'll be alright.

AL: Let's go before they feed it to the hogs like they should in the first place.

(They exit down the tier, headed to chow, as the curtain draws on the tier.)

CURTAIN: END ACT ONE; SCENE TWO

Scene: A very large room similar to a high school cafeteria. There is a line of men and then Al, Gopher and Barret enter with Al in the lead; Barret in the middle and Gopher rear guard. Heads turn as they walk in, not all heads but a majority; they all have a knowing look on their faces. Al goes to the end of the line and continues

on up through the crowd standing in line. No one has attempted to stop him and never will but Barret stops short at the back of the line.

ACT ONE; SCENE THREE

GOPHER: Don't stop now kid, just follow Al all the way to the trays.

BS: But there's a line.

GOPHER: There's never a line for Al or any of his friends. You're a friend of Al's aren't you?

BS: I would like to be.

GOPHER: Well then, follow Al right along behind him to the trays.

(BS steps out and begins to move forward and a big dude sticks out his arm and stops BS cold)

BIG DUDE: Where you think you're going Punk???

GOPHER: Lay off mother, or you'll be seeing Al faster than you can get to the hole.

BIG DUDE: Sorry Gopher, I didn't know it was Al's kid. (they walk on towards Al)

BS: What does he mean, Al's kid?

GOPHER: He just means Al is taking care of you because you are new here. (they reach Al)

AL: What was the hassel back there?

GOPHER: Nothing much Al, just had to let that mother know what's happening is all.

AL: That big bastard messes with me and I'm going to see his blood! What'd he say to you, Barret?

BS: Nothing Al, just wondered where I was going is all.

AL: Listen Barret, take a tray there and a spoon and we'll eat and I'll tell you what to do if you have any hassels. (BS picks up a metal tray and a spoon and looks at them perplexedly)

BS: Aren't there any forks or knives to eat with. I can't use this spoon, it's too big to even get in my mouth.

GOPHER: Forks! Knives! What do you think you're in Kid, a restaurant?

(They move down the line and then go to a table that seats four. All the while heads are following their every movement.)

GOPHER: Let's sit here Al; get some fresh air with this slop.

AL: Ok, sit down, Barret, and I'll tell you how to get along easier in this joint. First, if anyone tries to bring pressure down on you just fix a time later to talk about it with him and then we'll try to work things out later. We'll be with you, Gopher and I. Next, stick close to me and there won't be any pressure. Like the line thing and the arm in the road, it would never have happened if you would have stayed right behind me.

BS: I know but I feel uncomfortable cutting the line.

AL: Don't worry about being uncomfortable. I'm uncomfortable in here, too, so is everybody else but we make do. And, the way you make do is to get as much as you can while you can and those few who try to stop me aren't here any longer. So, if you're with me you can do what I damn well

ally killed!

please you can do! You understand that Kid, Barret I mean?

GOPHER: Say, Al; Kid Barret, that's not a bad name for him.

AL: That alright with you if you're called Kid Barret?

BS: Sounds like "Billy the Kid" to me.

AL: Well you're getting pretty close to it aren't you?

BS: I guess I am.

AL: Back to the conversation. Now, if you do have some problems don't go to the Pig about it. Once that's done I can't help you. It's one of the unwritten laws, a con goes to the man and he must handle it on his own because nobody will touch you again. Besides, what I told you about coming to me will take care of any problems you'll ever have.

(All the while Gopher is eating fast and frantically.)

BS: Where do I, or we, go after we finish eating?

AL: Well, you call it eating if you want, but when we're through here, we go back to our little home.

BS: I'm finished with mine; I wasn't very hungry anyway.

GOPHER: I'll take you meat patti Kid.

AL: Let's go Gopher, you don't need it in the first place. Charlie on the line gave you a second piece of it and two of them still don't make it edible.

(They rise and move with their trays towards the door and deposit them at a stand as they go out the door and the curtain draws on them.)

CURTAIN: END ACT ONE; SCENE THREE

Scene: They are in their respective cells. All heads are towards the doors that are locked and they are laying on their bunks. A conversation is in progress as Gopher tells Al...

ACT ONE; SCENE FOUR

GOPHER: Al, you have anything for stomach gas?

AL: Yea, here, Kid, pass this to Gopher.

(it is passed and Al slowly places it in BS's hands but doesn't let go of it)

AL: (Cont.) If you ever need anything Kid, I've got it. You know that stuff you got busted for?

BS: Yes.

AL: Well I got that, too. If you want it it's here.

BS: It's in your cell?

AL: Yea, right here in my cell like in your own house there's some stuff we stashed in there a week ago.

BS: What's in my cell, Al? (alarmed)

AL: Don't get excited Kid! (emphasis) You needn't worry; you couldn't find it yourself if you looked.

BS: Please Al, what is it? I don't want to get in trouble.

GOPHER: What's wrong Kid? If you want to be in with Al and me you'll have to take and do your part, too.

BS: What if I get caught with it?

AL: Don't worry Kid, I'll take care of you.

BS: But if I get caught it would go on my record and they told me no trouble and I would get out faster.

AL: Don't start worrying about getting out yet. You've got a month or so before they even start to plan to get you home and for some it's even longer.

GOPHER: Besides that, dope users don't get out as fast as other people do. They are the real menaces to society; that's what the Pigs say.

BS: Ok Al, I'll hold on for a little while. I'm just so new here and I don't know what's going on.

AL: That weed I was talking about is in the bottom of the bottle in your hand. Take some out and then give the rest of it to Gopher.

(BS follows instructions and passes the bottle to Gopher. He rolls a joint and then lights up and passes it to Al. Al hits on it and passes it to Gopher via Barret and back again until it is done. As Gopher is passing the joint to BS a Pig walks down the tier towards the trio. He stops in front of Barret's cell)

2ND PIG: What is that I smell out here, Slift?

BS: I don't know, Sir. (spoken very paranoidly)

AL: I can't smell anything either.

2ND PIG: Say Gopher, you smell anything?

GOPHER: Don't call me Gopher or I'll call you Pig, Pig. And no, I don't smell anything except you.

2ND PIG: Don't get smart! Ok Slift, what you smoking in there? It smells like pot to me.

BS: No Sir, I haven't smoked any pot.

2ND PIG: Shut your smart ass mouth Boy. I can smell and I know you ain't been burning no rye grass field in there. When I rack your cell you come out on the tier and don't shut the door. You understand, don't shut the door.

(the Pig moves off and Al whispers to BS)

AL: Listen Kid, over here fast. Under the sink is a package in tin foil. Get it out fast and put it in your pocket, that Pig is going to shake down your cell.

(BS moves towards the sink and pulls out the foil and stuffs it in his pocket as the door opens)

2ND PIG: Ok Slift, out on the tier. (yelled from a distance)

(BS steps out and the Pig approaches him.)

BS: Why are you doing this? I haven't done anything wrong, Sir.

2ND PIG: Ok Boy, first things first. Take off your clothes.

GOPHER: Say man, you can't do that to a dude on the tier.

2ND PIG: Don't tell me what I can do you jailbird.

GOPHER: You talk real bad out there Pig!

2ND PIG: I'll take care of you next Gopher, just as soon as we get pretty boy on his way here. Now off with them clothes Boy or I'll get someone to help you.

AL: Say man...

(the 2nd Pig cuts Al off.)

2ND PIG: Keep out of this Al or you'll go in on it, too, if you know what I mean. Now get those clothes off kid or

I'll do it for you.

BS: Yes, Sir.

GOPHER: Don't do it Kid, he can't get away with it on the tier.

2ND PIG: Shut up you god damned faggot. You'll enjoy seeing his sweet virgin ass, that's if it's still in that condition knowing you and Al.

BS: What do you mean by that? (indignantly)

2ND PIG: Just take off those blues Boy and do it now!

BS: Yes, Sir.

2ND PIG: Hand me the shirt first.

(he, the Pig, goes through the pockets and feels the seams of the shirt)

2ND PIG: (Cont.) Now the pants.

(as BS hands him the pants he takes the foil out of the pocket and holds it in his hands palmed as the Pig goes through his pants in the same manner as the shirt)

BS: Do you want me to take off all of my clothes?

2ND PIG: Yea and hurry up about it!

(BS removes all of his clothes and hands them to the Pig. The Pig goes through the remaining articles)

2ND PIG: (Cont.) Ok, step back towards Gopher's cell away from the clothes and shake your head and run your fingers through your hair.

BS: Yes, Sir.

(Barret proceeds to do this and as he does the foil slips and falls on the floor)

2ND PIG: What's this here, Boy? You got a bit of that weed rolled up in here? (as he opens it a surprised look

crosses his face)

BS: I don't know what it is, Sir.

2ND PIG: It looks like heroin to me, Boy. You're in for some big time trouble if you ask me.

BS: It's not mine; I didn't know what it was.

2ND PIG: Who's is it then? Is it Gopher's or Al's? It seems to me you had it on your body and that makes it yours as far as I'm concerned.

(the Pig leans over the rail and yells for another Pig to come up and help him escort Barret to segregation, or the hole as it's called)

2ND PIG: (Cont.) Sgt. Cline, I have a man here for the hole. Ok Boy, down the tier to Sgt. Cline. Don't say another word to anyone or you will be in more trouble.

(BS looks at Al and Gopher but there's only a brief menacing look)

BS: But where am I going to?

2ND PIG: To the hole; now not another word!

(they begin to exit down the tier as Al and Gopher follow with their eyes)

2ND PIG: (Cont.) Don't think I forgot about you Gopher or you either Al. This hasn't been settled yet by a long shot and I've got a hunch there are more than one person involved in this.

AL: Keep your head up, Kid Barret.

BS: I will Al.

(the Pig and BS step out of the light on the tier and Al says...)

AL: If he makes it without

bringing us into it I'll really take care of him. If he don't, you can do it.

GOPHER: Sure enough Al, I'd love to take care of him. (the curtain draws as Al and Gopher's voices fade off)

CURTAIN: END ACT ONE; SCENE FOUR

Postscript: This play is in a one act format at the present because of the feelings I have about plays, novels or any type of literature. I feel that all should have something to tell the reader or listener and it should be the complete story. The story of Barret J. Slift and his fellow prisoners is not yet finished then because it doesn't tell the whole story. In order to meet the requirements of the class I submit it in its' present form and hope that someday I will complete the final story to my satisfaction.

As for the reader of the play and what I want to tell him or what I wish him to see I can not say. I only hope that if he is ever on a jury or in a position to decide where a person will go after he has been convicted of a crime he will know everything there is to know about the case. Young men like Barret go into prison everyday and people like Al are what they come out as; three and four times in their lives.

Too Much!!

By GREG E. YOUNG

Raven lay miserable, glancing anticipatively at the closed door through which he hoped his savior would bring his deliverance. "God!" he thought, "It's got to get here soon, doesn't it?" Suddenly he rushed to the waiting bathroom and sat, and sat, and sat. He tried every trick he knew to encourage the flow.

"Shit!" He spat at the wall.

"Why not, why not, why not?" In the living room the radio wailed, "An angel came down from heaven yesterday, and told me of the love between the moon and the deep blue sea. Fly on my sweet angel, fly on through the sky. Fly on my angel and forever I will be by your side."

The clogged, miserable feeling that comes with constipation was taken its' toll on Raven's sanity. Raven decided to try a few more sit-ups, even though he had already done about 573 in the last day and a half. Raven had lost track of his last movement, but figured it was about a week ago. Misery has a way of blocking the mind and in Raven's case, other parts of the anatomy as well.

"What a hell of a time to run out of money. If Jones hadn't come over, I'd probably be doomed for life," he thought.

Raven's reliance on drugs had started out, innocently enough, with coffee. He didn't enjoy the taste of it but found it helped get the necessary job done. Soon he found coffee

wasn't getting the job done and started chewing chitum bark. His chitum habit grew until he was eating it about three times a day. Eventually that didn't even help so Raven waded through a menagerie of other "nature's little helpers." He even tried pot a couple of times because he had heard that it would help, but it didn't. Then he discovered that natures spelled backwards spells Serutan. This kind of set the hook in poor Raven. He had to admit to himself that there was a problem and either give up his drugs or head down the road to becoming a hard-core laxative freak.

The living room door banged open, then in ambled Jones, cocky as usual, holding a paper bag in each hand, with a horrendous grin wrinkling his face. "One bottle for poor Raven," he announced, pulling a quart size bottle of Milk of Magnesia out of one bag, "and a bottle for poor Jones." He smiled even broader, pulling a fifth of Jack Daniels out of the other bag.

"Jones! You bastard, what took you so long?" Raven ripped out, not really aware of his words, as his hands found that sweet bottle of "milk." He emptied about half the bottle before pausing for air, then took a couple more gulps. He looked in the bag and found two boxes of Ex-Lax. "Fly on you angel Jones." He munched down

half the box. Then he mixed himself a whiskey n' milk of m.

"Lordy, Raven what are you doin' to yourself? You're going to o.d. on that stuff." Jones laughed, remembering an old rhyme. "Hey, hey little man so spic-n-span! Where were you when the shit hit the fan?"

This and the laxative seemed to give Raven the needed incentive. He bounded for the opened and waiting room, his face aglow with a smile of ecstasy. Raven found his appropriate place just in time, and the euphoric rush of pure pleasure almost obliterated the realization that, in his excitement, he had lifted both lids.

After three and a half hours of sittin', thinkin', and other rhyming items; reading two "Playboys" (advertisements and all), Gibran's "The Prophet," a copy of "Jokes for the Bathroom," and three verses of the fifth chapter of Genesis; Raven emerged, depleted. Jones had finished two-thirds of his Jack Daniels and was rolling on the floor laughing at Red Fox's porn-found remarks on the stereo. "Mornin' sunshine." Jones smiled.

Raven drank the rest of his Daniels and "milk," mixed another and headed back to the bathroom mumbling, "Too much, too f + ing much!"

From Beginning To End

By KAREN LICHTENTHALER

At one point in her life she was cleaned and purified by the light that shown above her. Never in her entire life had the thought touched her mind that she would someday be destroyed and then forgotten. She was everything, and by the use of her four winds, was beautifully decorated with rays, tears, life and wonder. Her friends grew all around her and protected her virginity with their concern and will to keep her forever. Her airborne comrades kept her nourished with the sweeping motions of their lightness because they were a part of her.

While all of this devotion was being taken in and given away, a stranger came. He inspected her body with all of the intentions of greed, and not a single thought of respect. With only himself in mind, he began tearing her apart. Cutting arms and legs, ripping her flesh, trying to find what exactly was hidden inside her mind. He did everything in his power to molest her. Though she could not speak her friends fought for her sanity. But the stranger only hired bigger weapons to fight against them, and so his battle was won. He then found ways to use her foundation as a means of progress.

By this time, more of these strangers began milling around and caught on to his plan. All of them then decided to make a colony to torture her with their evil thoughts. One by one they began the process of elimination, each taking a certain part of her life away. They bruised and cut and killed parts of her so that they could put her back together in a way that she would be the way they wanted her to be. The strangers burned her so they could set up little squares and call them homes. Scraping the dead flesh so that it was flat, they weighed her down with solid liquid.

Poison was then forced down her throat, killing more of her life.

She was no longer a woman but a huge piece of clay being molded into different shapes and then torn apart. Tears wouldn't fall so she asked her friend the sky if she could borrow some, but sky had cried them all. Here was a woman who was once pure, now dirty, so dirty that all of her wings were starving for one small breath of fresh air. Yes, she was dying but wouldn't die until the end. She gathered up her friends and gave them the strength they would need but not enough could be rendered. And so, she was tortured even more because the strangers knew that she was losing her battle for survival.

By then, her breathing had become clouded with all the wonders of the strangers. She was being strangled to death by their mistakes. But the saddest part of it all was they were also filling themselves. In spite of all the wonders they had found in her they still couldn't stop mistreating her and had little knowledge that in the end she, with all of her powers, would bring greed, poverty and the destruction of themselves. Finally when three billion strangers inhabited her, they stood back and watched her patches of green, turn to patches of brown and then no patches at all. They sat and drank themselves into a stumbling fantasy so they could laugh instead of cry at the death of their small circle of friends. They had all built fences around their possessions and held guns in their pockets for protection. The strangers were now fighting over whose color was best and by the use of slander, began turning against each other. Strangers were starving for food, but none was there for those who needed it the most.

Now this lady's only desire was to give up. She tried, and the more she tried, the more the strangers beat her with their shiney metal smoke stacks, their silver axes and their burning fires that continued to assassinate the woman who served the one purpose of survival. She shook her body but was once again crumbled by the strangers' atomic energies. They executed her body with radioactivity while she fought back with her wild-life. All that was given to her was now being taken away and once again mutilated. She decided that she had to put an end to these strangers before they put an end to her. She gathered up all of the creatures that lived below her surface and brought them back to life so that they could defend her for the last time. Dinosaurs arose from the dead and shook the earth like no other earthquake had shaken. Trees fell and mountains crumbled smothering the strangers in tons of powdery dust. Boulders collapsed to gravel leaving the live ones in a state of forgiving shock. They fell to their knees begging forgiveness wanting to live, but too afraid and ashamed to say I'm sorry. They had destroyed her and now she was destroying them. Turning their lives inside out before they knew what had happened. Rain fell from her friend sky, and washed lives away that tried to wash hers away.

When all of the strangers had been taken away she, and all with her stood quiet, silent and content. And then a single light shone on her again. Gold in color, it gave her the one feeling that she had wanted so

badly, a feeling of oneness. Now everything that was given to her was hers again. For one hour the light stayed and as darkness fell upon the earth she reached for her dying breath of breeze and died.

Searching

I look at you love and I see you
as yesterday, today and tomorrow.
You are frozen in my eyes and heart.

You have not changed until I study you,
where you went I do not know.

You remain my love, my yesterday,
my tomorrow and now.

Will I always feel this way?
You're all I want, all I need but
why are you as you are?

Did I change or did you and I didn't notice?
What will tomorrow bring us — I wonder.
Will I be all you need or do I lack
what you need to find your complete happiness.
I wait in my world — You search in yours.
Why don't we meet?

Patty Rondeau

East Side Industry

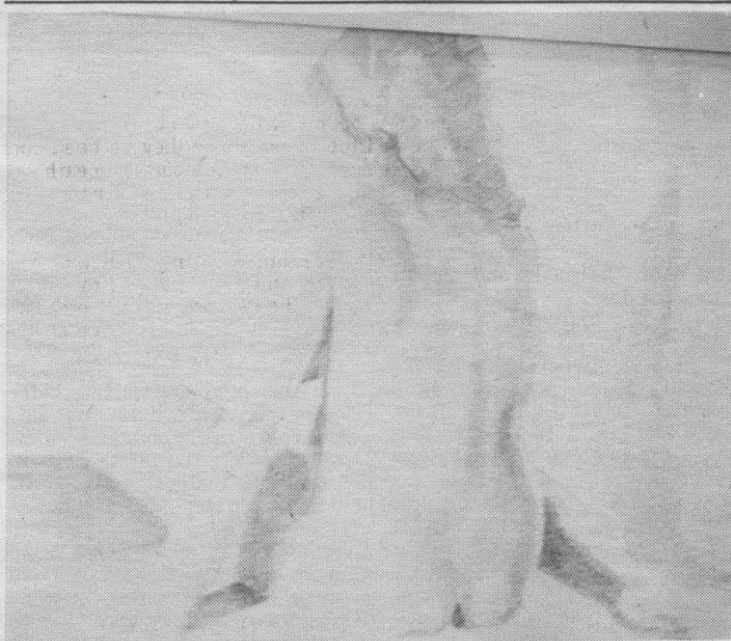
Pedestrian lights stuck
in Detroit.
Don't walk.

Kids wait on
street corners
forever it seems

They cross anyway
defying the law.
Kids wait.

Court says guilty.
Pedestrian lights stuck
They cross anyway

Kids wait on.



LIFE STUDY

By DARLENE SODER HERBERT

A. Ruth Toews

I'll trade you your vegetable for my rocks

For Edward Albee

There you sit on a bench in the shade
reading all them authors, all them words
while a large ostrich lays a broken egg
and a lonely bison laments lost herds.

Before your eyes, desperate thoughts pace
and roar aloud in passionate rage.
Up and down, up and down seeking escape
they stalk after chance to leap from the page.

Meanwhile the large ostrich wails
and tragedy of a perfidious shell
and the lamenting bison tries
but dies.

Still you sit there in your own cage, unaware
that all them authors, all them words are pleading
look up from the page, the story's dying out there.
But you, unmoved like rocks, just go on reading.

B. J. Williams

A beautiful woman

By ABDEL AZIZ EL ORAIFI
"AZIZ"

It is difficult for me to choose a person whom I would describe, but one person is very alive in my mind, although not present at the moment. Her memory, however, is strong enough to enable me to portray her to you.

Her name was "Amal" which is a typical Arabic name, and it means "Hope." She was a girl whom I really loved, but nevertheless she was not the only one. She was a real

beauty, and had a perfect oval face. Her eyes were large, but gentle; her mouth was large too with beautiful red lips, and when she laughed she showed very white teeth.

To me she resembled more than one movie star, and although her face was beautiful her figure was a hundred times more so; and undoubtedly there was not a figure like hers in all Beirut.

She had firm straight legs,

and curved hips, just as if they were made by measurements. Her bosom, too, was well developed, but firm and steady so that she did not have to wear a brassiere, and when she used to complain that it was really splendid to have such bosom!

However, since physical beauty is not everything, she was endowed with a terrific personality and an attractive character.

Fire once—only once!

By DAVID GORTON

My critics have thus far accused my verse of sounding Victorian and Romantic. They say I write behind our time and their implication is that my art is valueless. This, my 11th completed poem, may well be my last attempted orchestration. Freely writing what I feel inside is fatiguing. Fighting the Gods of Free and Blank Verse seems futile. With tears dripping down from my emotion as streaming into the gutter of my intellect, with a feeling of dejection, I dedicate this poem to my future coffin.

Part I Chains amid our Free country!

Give me a motor-bike, some time and some wine
I'll make the lady mine,
I'll simmer her in sunshine
As awaiting the Sun's decline;

Sitting close, but far away
In innocence I'll hold her hand,
She'd kill me if she knew my plan)
And as we'll see the end of day
The rules will nicely fade away! (1)

The kettle drum of the rivers' roll
The viola of our instinctual flow
Will dance — as our dignity drifts away
Like a drift-wood above where fishes play!

To the tune of river together we'll sway —
In time we'll sing the Song of Desire
As we'll kindle some driftwood with passionate Fire!

I'll use entwined our hands as a baton
As "L" ing sweet our warm-up Song
And tease;
"If Strauss could travel through time and space
If now he could eye our skillful grace
The "Vienna Waltz" he'd be proud to erase
And heeding his father he'd break his baton
As deeming his talent poor or gone!"

I'll glare on down at mountains soft —
As she lifts her chin to the scene aloft
As she smirks at the death of the falling SUN
Its' warmth is dying — my Fire's begun!
Fire twice — in my heart and on the ground!
With both enchantments I'll try to expound,
Charming her with gentle touch
I'll say "I love you very much"
Holding the glass to her lips as I fill . . .
Bright is the Fire that aglows the night
Afire is the wine that is rubied through its' light!

Part II Chains amid our Free country!

("Reality is what we are alive to" (2))
This is the theory which I'll abide to)

Soft are the lips which she dips to the glass
But stern are the eyes which await "the pass"
Alive are the lips which the dampness kissed
But dead's the "I love you" — before I whisped!

Fire once! — not in me, not on the ground
But living as One in the sorrow I've found!
Fire once! — not in me, not on the ground
But living as One in the Memory Sounds!

"Fire of Loneliness, Fire of Pain
At times has me breathlessly going insane" (3)
Fire of Loneliness, Fire of Pain
Will you venture to burn me again?
Fire once! — only once!

On the sands of Santa Barbara I slept
On the sands of Santa Barbara I wept:
I had run away from my dominate home
And hitching South down the coast I roamed
And thumping 'round cliffs I came to a beach
The naked people had so much to teach!
Running around, acting free and wild
Though inside they were clad in protective armor,
Fearing I'd kiss him or fearing I'd harm her
Inside they were chained just like the child
On the outside — happy, but inside — sad
Aloof from communication he wished he had
Talking? Yes, but set apart . . .
They knew me less at the end than at the start!
For after I'd stayed from noon 'til dark
They left me to be alone at the park!
Warmed by only a coat and a Fire
The sands and the insects served as my bier!
Colder and colder the night closed in
Colder and colder I grew within!

Soothed by only my mouth-organs' hymn
Clattering I breathed out an end: Amen.
Closer and closer to the Fire I crept
Closer and closer to the Fire I slept!

Astonished by a sudden glow
As startled at how the flames had grown
Burning, rasping Memory Sounds:
"Fire! Fire! — Help me! Help me!
And hurting, rolling 'round and 'round
The flames weren't smothered by the ground!
"It hurts! — It hurts!"

I finally managed to get my clothes off —
Tails to the comet of Fire! —
But short-lived
My nose and lips choking in the sand
Naked, aloof, forsaken
Finally independent!
FREE
Moaning
Tears flowing, making sand—
Get stuck around my eyes
Eternal, weak hours
And then, there it was
Winking at me from atop
A cliff, (A California steep one.)
As for a second I could open my eyes
And I damn near laughed!
I waited all night for it . . . Now . . .
There it was . . .
The rising of Gods' SUN!

Fire once! — not in me, not on the ground
But living as One in the sorrow I've found
Fire once! — not in me, not on the ground
But living as One in the Memory Sounds!
Fire once — only once!

Part III Chains amid our Free country!

Bright is the Fire that aglows the night
Afire is the wine that is rubied through its' light!

The rising of the harvest moon
As reflecting off the rivers' gloom
Will protect her with its' beaming light
From "shadow people" (4) who lurk in the night!
So now as she stops me with a "no!"
And accosts me with "it's time to go"
I'm giving her the bull of Poe
And twisting it in my tactful way
"As waiting for the Dawn we'll stay
Lest shadow people will come out of hiding
From behind the trees where they've been confiding
The "secret" of secrets, the end of breath —
They'll clutch with their claws and strangle us to death!
"No!" said she, "It's time to go!"

"Fire once!" I screamed — "my soul was once afire!"
"Fire once!" I streamed — "Love is my desire!"
"What are you?" she beamed — "a Victorian poet?"
"For "talking" in rhyme you sure have shown it!
Don't be ridged, we are free
This is the twentieth century!"

I thought at first you were like rest
What's wrong, little boy, you've lost your zest?
You sissy short-hair, you redneck fake
How long did it take you that beard to make?
I'll bet it's just fake like the reflection on the lake!
Why didn't you attack? in time I give
I've only got one life to live!
Why didn't you coax me to drink more wine?
Or since I'm a lady — quite refined
Why didn't you give me some hash sublime
And climax the high when I'd lost my mind?
At first I thought you were really horny
But now, Mr. Poet, I think you're "corney"!

I'm not talking, I'm expressing
I'm not corney, I'm transgressing
I'm chained to arbitrary creation
I'm chained in the dungeon we call a "nation"
I await a nobleman's chivalry
To save me from this misery
To "Free me from my nation "Free"!

I'm fettered by my nation "Free"
"Free" with drug despondency!
Through drugs find God like a Moses bush fire?
Self-inflicted hell can quell drug desire!

"My country 'tis of thee
Land of insecurity
You're a mountain of might!
Grass is like beer, they say
Legalize it, it's o.k.
So there's more car wrecks on the way,
Two wrongs make a right!"

I'm fettered by my nation "Free"
Free with abortion empathy!
Daughter, you're not eating your vegetables today?
Well, just ignore what your father will say
If you don't want it, that's o.k.
The garbage man will take it away;

Daughter, you don't want your baby to stay
Abort it, ignore what your father will say
If you don't want it, that's o.k.
The garbage man will take it away(!);

"My country 'tis of thee
Girls of indecency
Of thee I write
Land of the bitchy cats
Who kill their babies just like rats
Gum-chewing teeny bopper brats
God bless your constitutional rights!"

I'm fettered by my nation "Free"
"Free" to cause Asia misery:
Mr. Cloud now covers the boundless skies
With B52's, saving face as they fly
Captain America you must reply
Some people are burning, they're asking "why?"
"O why do you hurt us with bombs of Fire?"
— "Don't worry, bombed hospitals will serve as your biers!"

Captain America, you volcano of power
Why do you pour your Fiery shower
On peasant people as seen below
Sloshing through rice swamps with weary plow?
(Perhaps you should keep your anger corked
And as opposed to Tarzan, use the fork!)

"Vietnam misery
And grade-school hippocracy —
Of teachers I write
Teach kids the Golden Rule
Indoctrinate them to be fools
Then train them to be the devils' tool —
Draft them, make them fight!"

I'm fettered by my nation "Free"
Free with tyrannical conspiracies!

Lord, make me smile
Even when Mr. Cloud rejects me
And bombs away this seed I soil
Lord, make me smile
Even when Mr. Shroud dejects me
And bombs away this honest toil

Lord, make me smile
When blackened the boiling Cloud
Erodes my art with blistering Rain!
I'm not a Nixon, Godly endowed
Who forgives the sins, amid merciful feigns
Of Watergate thieves he before coralled!
("They did a wrong for a noble cause" —
I nearly barfed as he virginly paused!)

"Mr. Executive Priveledge," "Caine"
Are rats in the House both dirty and proud?
"Mr. Re-elected" of IIT grain
The Russians helped you buy power and fame!

IV Freedom, Nature, Man and God are One

Lord, make me smile
Like the tweety bird that sang for fun
In late darkness before he was warmed by Gods' SUN!

Lord, make me smile
Like the hippie who from the city had come
Aloof, on the road towards Nature he'd come
And aware that frustration was really gone
He played his harmonica just for fun!
The bird and he were becoming One
Through the tunes of freedom they'd sung
In late darkness before they were warmed by Gods' SUN!

And they sang to the entrancement
That their minds were really Free!
And they sang to the enchantment
That in darkness they could see!

They had dipped among the oceans, through
The stormy Rains they'd come
And they owed the final docking to
The rising of Gods' SUN
And they sang to the awareness
That the misery was done
And they raised their jug of music to
The rising of Gods' SON!

Footnotes

1. Excerpt of "The setting Sun," a poem I wrote in 1972.
2. Excerpt "Walden," Henry David Thoreau
3. Excerpt "I am the hermit," a poem I wrote in 1972
4. "The Shadow People," short story by Edgar Allen Poe.

Sunday Afternoon

By STEVE BAUER

It was a bit nippy outside this late afternoon, but James didn't care, because he was sitting at the warmest part of the block. The wind was blowing in a typical Brooklyn way, slow and steady as the newspapers were strewn across the streets. James' shadow loomed ever so giantly into the street from the steady glare of the rock-pitted street light shining overhead. A slight chuckle came from James' lips as he read the newly scribbled graphitti on the wall behind him. He felt safe there, and every night he would come sit at the same place on the sidewalk, sometimes scraping the garbage away to get at it. Frustration and depression were the order of the day for James and every night he would try to forget his problems as he got entangled in his dreams. There

wasn't much to dream about for most boys in this city, especially when most of them didn't have fathers to identify with. But James was a little more hopeful than most and would dream about what he wanted to be when he grew up. He knew nobody could care less about him now, but someday he might be somebody, and they would change their minds.

"I think I'll be a fireman," James said to himself. "You know, them firemen can make people happy if you save 'em. Man, that'd be cool to drive around in one of those big red honking engines. Fire! Fire! James get that hose and put the fire out! Shoot, ain't afraid of no fires and that ain't no jive."

James leans back against the wall and starts nodding his approval, as the thoughts of being a fireman turn him on. A sudden gust of wind is flared up and stretches papers up and about the street. James jumps as a crashing noise is heard around the corner. Just then two large, blood stained cats came running into the street, screaming and chasing each other. They spring through

an alley and over a wire fence. A third cat peaks around the building and starts strolling towards James. James stares at the cat with deadly eyes and throws a pebble to scare it away. It just keeps coming at him, cocking his head and glaring curiously. James turns away and starts back to his dreaming.

He yells to himself "Hey there's a lady up there, get the net!"

The cat is rubbing its head against his leg now, purring and licking his hand.

James shoves the cat to the ground, shouting angrily, "Get away you scum, I don't like you. I want to be alone, nobody likes me, why do you?"

The long gruff grey hair on the cats' neck is raised now, his teeth shining and mouth hissing.

James is scared and thinks he might be in for a hassle. Those big alley cats are tough critters and don't back down to nobody. He thinks awhile and then walks over to one of the overturned trash barrels and starts rummaging through it. He figures the cat is just bugging him for some food, so he searches all over until he finds some fish bones and their excess meat wrapped in some butcher paper. He tries to keep from vomiting over such a ranky smell of the week-old fish and finally resorts to holding his nose. He goes

back over to his place and sits down near the cat. It seemed pretty passive now fixing his nose to the smell of the fish. James took a bone out of the paper and held it high.

"Come get it, come on, boy," The cat jumped high, grabbed the bone in his claws and landed on James' lap.

"What kind of manners you got anyway, cat?"

The cat ignored him, his big green eyes filled with content, his rough grey fur becoming softer as if the fish were having magical effects. As quick as a cat, he swiped the paper and fish from James, then devoured it just as quickly.

"Well, how about that, nobody done care for you either, uh? You're hungrier than a rat in a mousetrap."

The cat just sits there, its tail wagging and ears perked up. He licks himself clean, as the wind ruffles his fur a bit.

The wind is still blowing at its typical slow rate and the dark smoke-filled skies are lingering overhead. James doesn't understand why the cat is still around, but figures it's not doing any harm. He takes off his brown derby, scratches his fuzzy but almost bald head and starts thinking how he would like to own that store across the street. It has so many goodies that he is thinking how great it would be if he could have them anytime he wanted.

He starts talking to the cat quietly as they both stare at each other.

"What do you want to be when you grow up, uh cat? You know I'm going to be something, I don't know what, but I'm going to be important. I don't have a Dad, do you? If I had one I would grow up to be like him."

The cat lies down, but con-

tinuously stares at James, his eyes fixed upon those of James, both are in a deep trance.

"What you going to do when you run out of your nine lives? What's it like to die nine times? I haven't died yet I don't think. Me and you get along swell you know, I think we're friends."

The sun has been down for about an hour now and dusk has moved to darkness. The streets are starting to fill with nighttime entertainment. The juke box at the corner drug-store is loud with blues and older guys are roaming the streets, tipping over trash cans, smoking and carrying on. James has fallen asleep in his deep thoughts and is not bothered by the noise. The cat is sleeping also, right in James' lap, his head resting against James' arm. A loud scream is heard through the streets as two street gangs are getting rowdy down the alley. James awakes at this, but is not startled because he is used to it.

He whispers to the cat "I better get home now cat. I always go at this time before them boys start picking at me.

The cat just lays in his lap, content and happy.

"You know cat, I come here every night at this time, so why don't you come too. We can talk and mess around, ok?"

He slides the cat gently to the ground, pets his head and neck. James starts walking home with the cat in pursuit.

"You stick around cat! I'd like to take you home, but my Mom would cook you for supper. So, bye cat, see you tomorrow."

James starts for home again, walking in an important manner, his heels riding up on his toes, as if he had just received his wishes.

"You know James, I think you found yourself a friend."

He starts running down the street, pretending he's driving a fire truck, weaving in and out of traffic.

"Varoom! I am a fireman!" The cat was following close behind.

After his wife's death

(For and about Roman Polanski)

He grew on the dreams that haunt small children wrote in blood, himself, slept with the horror that crowned him king.

The night, clammy night, screaming night, chases memories, and God, heartless God, mighty God weilds his pain.

He sleeps not in dreams but in truth and screams not in script but in passion.

Ruby Dirks

Lyle

By DOUG PARTRIDGE

One day a bear named Lyle was down at the stream getting a drink of water when a rabbit walked up to him. Lyle asked the rabbit what was happening and the rabbit said they were having trouble with the foxes attacking them and stealing their food. The racoons had tried to help but the foxes were too strong, so they went back to the racoon part of the forest.

When Lyle heard this, he went back to the bear caves and tol the rest of the bears what had happened to the rabbits. Since Lyle was the leader of the bears, he decided to send some of the strongest bears to help the rabbits fight the foxes.

The battle between the foxes and the rabbits went on for a long time, but Lyle continued to send help. The battle went on so long that Lyle got old

and had to be replaced by a new leader named Dirk.

Some of the wives and children of the bears who were helping the rabbits went to Dirk and told him they wanted all the bears to come back to the bear caves and let the rabbits settle their own problems. Dirk told them he would work on it and maybe he could get the foxes to quit fighting with the rabbits.

Dirk sent a bear named Hal to talk to the foxes to see if they would agree to stop fighting. Hal didn't have much luck the first time, so Dirk sent him back again and again. Finally the foxes told Hal that they would quit fighting with the rabbits.

When Hal told Dirk the good news, Dirk told all the bears who were helping the rabbits to come back to the caves. All the bears were happy, but Dirk was a little worried. He wondered what he would do if the foxes had not been telling the truth and again would attack the rabbits.

Fairy Tale

By RICH ADAMS

Once upon a time in the land Goodiebop, golden fields of poppies flowed flirtatiously in the noonday sun. There in the sleepy hollows the people were about to leave for the fields to tend the zebos, the countries main livestock food, similar to cattle. As the Goodiebopians were lazily drifting to the field (and they do a lot of drifting) there suddenly appeared an eerie infra-red glow over the land that snapped the stillness and burst into a rainbow that held a pot of Bezos at each end. Now Bezos were the main item of exchange in Goodiebop at this time. For only five Bezos a citizen of Goodiebop could purchase two Zebos or a ton of poppie bales to feed their own Zebos.

So you can see why the local yokels wanted to collect all those Bezos at the end of the rainbow. They would run helter-skelter, in and out of herds of Zebos, spooking them and trampling poppies on their wreckless way to sop up the dubious rewards of the rainbow. For unbeknownst to the good citizens of Goodiebop, the origin of the golden Bezos was the same as the golden liquor that flowed from the life giving poppy. Yes, it was true, the Goodiebopians had a lot of bad habits. Yep, these good people of Goodiebop were burnt out on money.

From a Tigger in a cage

I am a Tigger. bouncy flouncy funny tail
Let me out.
Hear me cry.

(Tiggers are a dying breed)
we need
laughter. whoopee snoopee freckled face
Tiggers race
with time to rape a sober face
(with silliness)

Let me out.
Hear me cry.
(Tears can fall from Tigger eyes)

I am a Tigger. bouncy flouncy funny tail
whoopee snoopee freckled face
Tiggers are a dying race.
Let me out.
Hear my cries.

(before one lonely Tigger dies)

Linda Babcock

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Albany, Oregon
Permit No. 41