

3-1967

El Burro, March

UTEP Student Publications

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.utep.edu/elburro>

Recommended Citation

UTEP Student Publications, "El Burro, March" (1967). *El Burro*. 15.
<http://digitalcommons.utep.edu/elburro/15>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Serials at DigitalCommons@UTEP. It has been accepted for inclusion in El Burro by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UTEP. For more information, please contact lweber@utep.edu.



EL BURRO

March 1967



EL BURRO

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO

EL BURRO: a publication of the University of Texas
at El Paso, Texas Western College. Address all
correspondence to: the Editor, EL BURRO, SUB 403,
UTEP, El Paso, Texas 79902.



LITERARY ISSUE
MARCH, 1967

EDITOR: *Allan May*

ASSISTANT EDITOR: *W. L. Drier*

ART DIRECTOR: *Dana Dunkle*

FACULTY ADVISOR: *John Middagh*

SPECIAL THANKS TO: *Mrs. Jean Ponsford, Joseph James, Dr. Robert Burlingame, Dr. Ray Past, Renny Dazza of Superior Printing Inc., and especially to Dr. Clarke Garnsey and his art students.*

COVER: Tim Bitler. ENVIRONMENT:
a photo taken from the Texas Western
College Campus, looking toward Mex-
ico, with the El Paso industrial sec-
tion in the foreground.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EYES AND OTHERWISE	<i>Robert Carroll</i>	2
TWO POEMS	<i>Ron Caples</i>	4
WHISKEY HILL poem	<i>W. L. Drier</i>	5
PHOTO with POEM	<i>Bitler, May</i>	6
OLD NEWSPAPER PICTURES poem	<i>W. L. Drier</i>	7
THE POND	<i>Jose Armendariz</i>	8
TAIL poem	<i>Allan May</i>	9
CARBOLITE poem	<i>Suzanne Strauss</i>	11
A BETTER PLACE	<i>W. L. Drier</i>	13
FORGET IT print	<i>Ann Waters</i>	16
TWO POEMS	<i>Allan May</i>	17
TWENTY-ONE poem	<i>Suzanne Strauss</i>	19
THE SNOWMAN	<i>Dale Hamilton</i>	20
WHEN YOU GO poem	<i>Allan May</i>	21
THE BLIND POET poem	<i>W. L. Drier</i>	22
SHARON poem	<i>George Holloway</i>	23
TRANSFORMATION poem	<i>Nancy Mae Wilkes</i>	24
THE SHADOWS poem	<i>Allan May</i>	24
BROKEN UP poem	<i>Allan May</i>	25
I HAVE poem	<i>George Holloway</i>	25
SPRING, SUMMER, FALL poem	<i>Ron Caples</i>	26
LEARNING poem	<i>Allan May</i>	27
EL CORDOBES TORERO photo essay	<i>Tim Bitler</i>	28

Eyes and Otherwise

Robert Carroll

VARIOUS shapes and surfaces were discernible in the translucent semidarkness of the room. The waxed tile floor, the varnished woodwork, the man's eye glasses, his mutable face, all shone dully in reflection of the only light in the room, which emanated along with sound from a television set. Because the man sat across the room directly in front of the screen, his countenance was easily distinguishable. The woman's chair, however, was located at an oblique angle to the screen, and only her bare feet and the calves of her crossed legs were visible in the glow. Her torso and her head were but one grey distortion. In front of her chair and pushed aside was a tray with tube legs, a "tv tray," supporting the remains of a partially eaten meal, a "tv dinner."

Motion of the screen had become motion of the room as shadowy and refulgent sections of the walls were alternated and contrasted so strangely that they appeared to spring forward or away spasmodically. The space between the television and the far wall behind the man was almost palpable with smoke and desultory, flickering movement.

But the two watchers were unaware of the illusions. Their eyes stared as if hypnotized at the screen. Their void minds awaited the next sensation of a gamut of instantaneous and meaningless emotion.

The woman reached over to the tray to extinguish her cigarette in a pile of mashed potatoes. When a commercial interrupted the program a few seconds later, she lit another, and the match revealed a middle-aged face and falsely intelligent eyes.

William, her husband and an

avid watcher even during commercials, had not looked away from the screen in thirty minutes. Although usually sanguine and smiling, he was now worried and grim. The flexible face suddenly expressed overt rage as the tough army sergeant's intestines were ripped apart by grenade fragments. Then he quickly forgot the sergeant's death, smiled a sagacious smile, and felt the heat of vindictive expectation as the cowardly, loudmouthed kid was transformed into a man, killing three of the enemy with his bayonet and strangling a fourth with his hands. William's hands trembled as the kid arose from the last slain, and when the inevitable happened, when the kid's spine was severed by an enemy bullet, William groaned aloud. He experienced overwhelming sadness as the program neared its climax. After the comrades of the kid had killed the killer of the kid and had gathered around the corpse of the kid, William felt that he was among them and that he might have been the one to say, "He grew up in a hurry." And he was the one to tenderly brush the hair away from dead eyes.

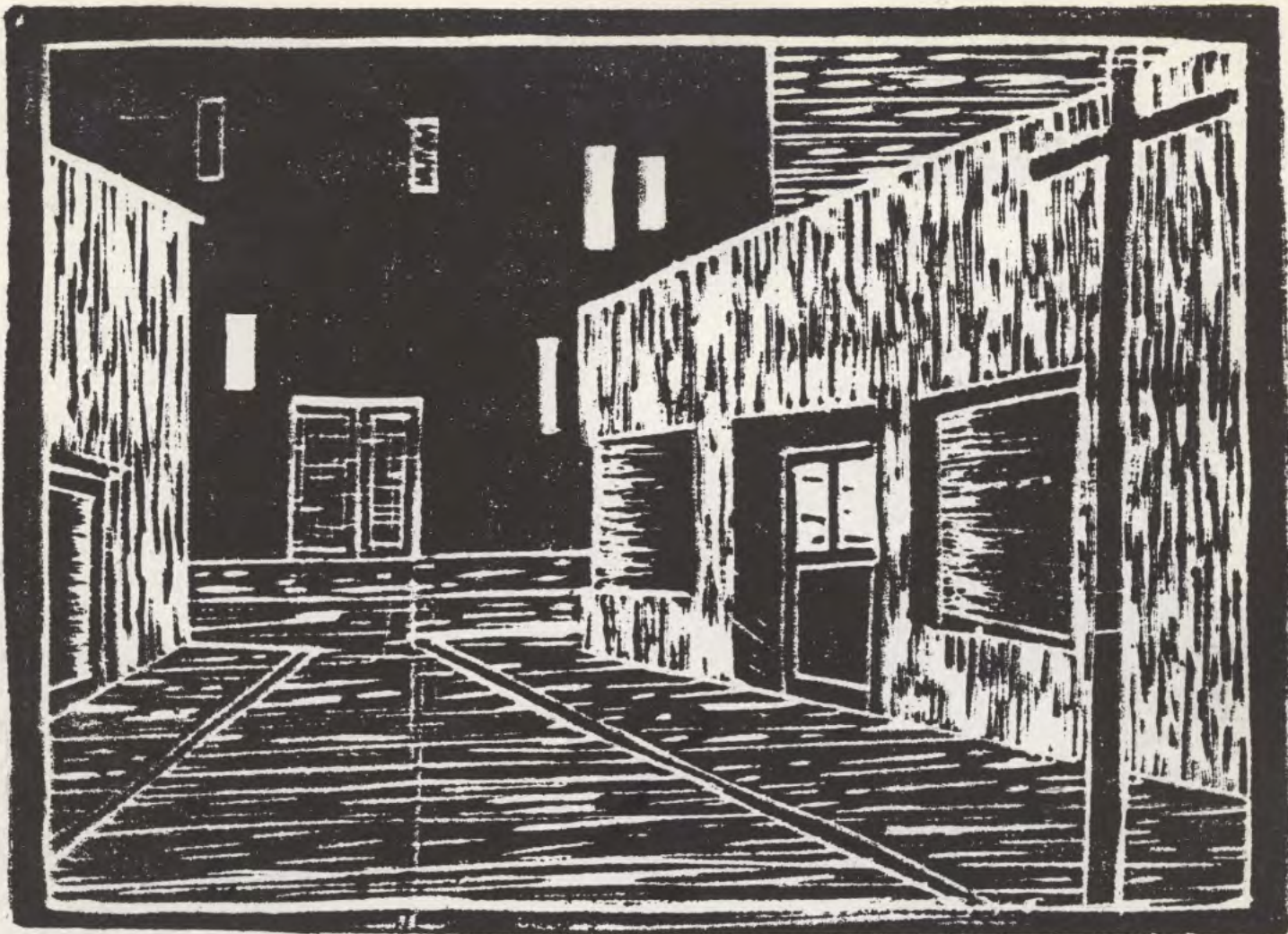
The screen blurred before his watery eyes. He rose to get a beer from the kitchen, and his voice disclosed a tinge of lingering emotion as, glancing at the dim form of his wife, he asked, "You want one?"

She was still somewhat angry because her husband had refused to watch the panel show, her favorite and one in which she could sometimes outguess the panel members. She could emphasize her indignation by not answering, but the war program had been enjoyable, and her chain-smoking

had made her thirsty. She grunted in affirmation without looking away from the screen, where a moronic commercial about body odor and deodorant had begun. The infantile humor of the commercial caused both watchers to laugh and to forget their earlier argument and to forget the earlier violence on the screen.

William left his urban apartment at ten o'clock for his short evening walk. In truth he would have preferred to remain in the apartment and to turn off the television when the late news came on. But since the news was one of his wife's few passions and one which she would never relinquish, he usually took a thirty minute walk at that time.

The news repelled him not because of the abundance of death and hate that it always announced but because of the sense of unreality it conveyed. Even this had not affected him until one night the dead form of a fellow employee had suddenly flashed onto the screen, accompanied by the announcer's gruesome details. Of course William had been only casually acquainted with the victim. Yet he had known with lucid certainty that the man had been alive that very day, had not always been a roadmap of knife wounds, had not always been a lump beneath a sheet. He understood about death: everyone eventually dies; he had known the agony of losing relatives and friends. But he did not willingly *think* about death, something that would be quite ghoulish and should be left for philosophers and pessimists. So when that insignificant body had quickly become a recognized name and a remembered human being, the proximity of death—and the things associated with that particular incident: suffering and hatred and omnipresent guilt—had moved him and had been so real as to be unreal. He watched the news no more unless he had drunk so many beers beforehand that the



voice and the pictures were nebulous. A normal program, of course, was not real and, therefore, real.

He crossed Wolloch Avenue and continued down Galsworthy. His thoughts were about his job, his eight more years and retirement. As he reached the church, a monumental and enigmatic building, he absent-mindedly crossed the street and reversed his direction, moving back towards the apartment.

When back across Wolloch and half a block down the street, he was startled from his reverie by strident tires and a vivid human outcry. There was the soft thud of incongruent impact, and glass shattered. The crunch of glass was an odd sound, one that reminded William of a high diver entering water, a placid sound when heard from a distance: a myriad of ruptures into one distinct entity. An

engine roared and tires screeched again, but differently.

He turned quickly but saw nothing except the deserted corner. Walking back towards the intersection so that he might remove obstructing buildings from his view, he saw first of all the bits of glass, then the gory scene from a sneak preview of a coming attraction of an unscheduled, undesired, no channel program. Fifty feet from the corner westward down Wolloch lay a young woman, her face against the curb, slim legs twisted grotesquely and extended into the street.

With incredulous eyes, he froze. His mouth hardened, and his stomach twisted into a knot colder than the night air. For twenty seconds he stood staring. Although usually sanguine and smiling, he was now worried and grim. The flexible face suddenly expressed overt rage as he thought of the hit-and-run driver. William's hands trembled, and when the inevitable

happened, when the woman moved her arm and made a noise, William groaned aloud. A step, hesitation, his mouth opened, "What..." He stopped. Even from there, from a thousand miles, he could sense the destruction and the other, ominous, swiftly nearing thing.

When a car stopped and a boy and a girl jumped out, William smiled a sagacious smile. The girl ran to a phone while the boy kneeled beside the body. An atmosphere of relief and sorrow permeated the place. William experienced overwhelming sadness as the scene neared its climax. He felt that he was there across the street and that he was the one holding the young woman's head, the one tenderly brushing hair away from dead eyes.

Turning away, moving back down Galsworthy towards the apartment, he held his watch near watery eyes. Ten-thirty. Time for the late show.

Two Poems

by Ron Caples

*across the lights of mexico
she danced*

*over the summer leaves
through a music of colors
her gold-brown shoulders
bare*

*her hair
where
sun drops fell
in a rainbow tune
and my earthen bell rang
long after noon*

*near
her soft, plundered lips
across the dreams of mexico*

*The rain came soft,
As soft as an old face,
Warm and wrinkled, and unexpected.*

*Stopping for a moment, the noise of city-singing.
Catching under news stands, in fast fingered rivers.
Unlacing from our business, the worried August winds.*

*Then passed on and left
Again the honking of Detroit's metal geese
In streets below.*

*Upon the hill
A ten minute fairyland under the trees
With sunshine.*

*A delay!
A promise that fall would choose
Another day to scatter summer.*

*Whiskey Hill - Whiskey Hill -
moans the soft breeze.
The leaves shudder
and fall from the trees.
I had a friend - murder -
whispers the gurgling brook.*

*Whiskey Hill -
the grass turns brown,
under my feet. The cock,
crows three times at dawn.*

*Whiskey Hill -
groans the great green oak.
Whiskey Hill - Whiskey Hill -
laments the owl, swooping down.*

*Whiskey Hill - Whiskey Hill - Whiskey Hill -
my fading pulse beats.
My friend - evil deeds - evil deeds -
dead on Whiskey Hill.*

*Forever more moans the soft breeze.
Whis-key Hill - - Whis-key Hill . . .*



Whiskey Hill

W. L. Drier

A WONDER

*there by the elm tree
a weed grows
it has yellow blossoms
and in the morning
the sun shines on it*

*how it feels
there in the light
I wonder*

ALLAN MAY

Photo: Tim Bitler



*The wafting whispering wind
caresses
her burnished blonde hair;
tousled half-over
shimmering blue-grey eyes.*

*So soft
to run fingers through,
as she peeks through
tousled blonde hair
on a windy day.*

*A smile
of haunting beauty
(so silent,
pressing & yielding,
to kiss
that never whispered
searching, panting
for breath, against me:
I love you.)*

*Troubles my dreams
as she peeks through
tousled blonde hair
on a windy day.*

Old Newspaper Pictures

W. L. Drier

*Shimmering blue-grey eyes,
through
tousled blonde hair,
have
never seen a pale star
on a cloudy night
or
shed a pearly drop of hurt.*

*Old newspaper pictures
fade and yellow
so fast.*

*Tousled half-over
shimmering blue-grey eyes
she peeks through
tousled blonde hair
on a windy day.*

WE had started out early in the morning while still sleepy-eyed and half-reluctant to go because the blankets felt so warm and comfortable. Gladys prepared a hearty breakfast for Bud and myself, and after a few cups of steaming coffee, my eyelids began to release their hold on one another so my eyes could behold another dawn. Gladys was Bud's mother and my daughter-in-law. She and Bud had been living with me on the farm ever since my son had been shot down over North Viet Nam. It was an equitable arrangement: she did the cooking and housecleaning, and she did not have to delve into her meager government pension to pay rent or utilities. At the same time, I could keep an eye on Bud and try to give him the advice and guidance he would need as he grew up. I had been promising Bud that I would take him fishing, and today seemed like a good day for it, so here we were on our way to the pond.

My old pickup bounced along the trail. The ruts, carved out of the soil by countless rains, made every spring and joint in the old truck groan and squeak. I could hear the chains banging against the tailgate, and their metallic complaints added to the cacophony of chirping insects just beginning to wake up in the surrounding countryside. The day was already getting hot, and the dust, disturbed by the jostling of the vehicle, seeped in through every crack and opening, and stuck to the fine film of perspiration on our arms and faces.

"It sure is a bumpy ride, ain't it Gran'pa?" It was a long way from the farmhouse to the pond, and Bud was getting restless.

"Yes, it sure is a rough road, son, but we have to travel it to get to the pond. We'll be there shortly; then we can relax."

"Did you bring everything we need, Gran'pa?"

"Sure did! We've got worms in the coffee can, the rods in the back,

plenty of extra line, and the tackle box is full of hooks and plugs. Then there's that fried chicken your mother packed for our lunch." The sky was beginning to cloud up a bit. We'd had some rain lately, and it looked like we might be in for a downpour before the day was over.

Bud resembled his father very much. Looking across the seat at his profile, I could see the same aquiline nose, the petulant mouth, the dark curly hair and the blue eyes with the sparkle of youth in them. He was tall for his age, and thin, almost to the point of being skinny. I could not help thinking how often I had looked at my son in the same way, full of pride and love and joy, before he had grown up, seemingly overnight, and gone off to fight that senseless war that ultimately claimed his life.

"Are we almost there, Gran'pa?" Bud's voice interrupted my nostalgic reverie.

"Yes Bud, it's just around that bend."

We left the pickup by the road and walked across the field toward the pond. Bud ran ahead of me, his long legs looking awkward and spindly, like a young colt's. I set our gear under one of the big cottonwoods, while Bud walked around studying the tracks left by the many animals that frequented the pond. There were deer tracks with their half-moon shapes, hoofprints made by cows and horses and the fragile-looking tracks made by birds. There were many reeds and cattails all around the pond,

interspersed with clumps of tall marsh grass. I cut off a reed and showed Bud that it was hollow, and told him that a person could breathe underwater by using a reed. Bud started breaking off cattails and shaking them, and soon had the air filled with hundreds of puffy gossamers. It was strange how any alien movement could shake them loose, when they appeared to be so compact and enduring. I called to Bud, and we started getting our rods and reels ready. We baited the hooks with the earthworms we had dug out of the vegetable garden, and cast out into the pond. We sat in the shade of a cottonwood, and waited for the fish to bite. I watched Bud, who was busy scraping the mud from his sneakers with a twig. The shoes, once white, had faded to a dull grey from constant use. The eyelets were frayed, and the shoelaces were knotted in various places. Still, they were my grandson's favorite shoes. They enabled him to "run faster and jump higher."

My mind wandered back to my own childhood. It had been a happy one, though my father had been strict. Discipline had been all-important to him, and while I respected him for it, I had left his house and gone out into the world when I was old enough in order to escape that closely-regimented existence and assert my independence. Consequently, I had drifted aimlessly for a number of years, never doing anything of great importance. I had finally

The Pond

Jose Armendariz

bought the farm, and had been living there for the past twenty-six years. Where had all those years gone? I could have done so much with my life. I envied this young boy sitting beside me, so completely ignorant of the future and his part in it. He had youth, while mine had slipped away, leaving only the bitter taste of an empty existence.

"I got one, I got one," Bud yelled excitedly.

"Reel him in, son. That's it. Steady there. Let's see what you've

got." A bronze-colored fish shone in the bright sunlight. "You've caught a fair-sized goldfish, son. Belongs to the carp family. There's a lot of 'em here. They're pretty, but no good to eat. Let's throw him back; he's not badly hurt." We fished for some time, catching mostly black or striped bass. The sky got increasingly cloudy. The thunderheads loomed dark and menacing over us.

"Come on, Bud, we'd better get going before we get rained on." We picked up the creel, heavy with fish, and the rest of our gear,

and headed for the truck, but before we got there, the rain started and we got soaked. We sat in the pickup, listening to the rain beating on the truck.

"God must be taking a shower whenever it rains," said Bud. "It sure is getting late, isn't it, Gran'pa?"

"Yes Bud, it's been late for some time. The rain makes it seem much later than it actually is. The weather's bad right now, but tomorrow everything will be fresh and clean. Let's go home now."

tail

allan may

*what man has none of but semblances
left over from an evolutionary
sentiment*

*(hanging on to what's behind and gone,
once used tenaciously)*

it always hurts to break your semblance

*what men have none of but women
never go without
(are they more primitive
or better holders-on—that is
a sentimental question)*

*was ever a tail a tale?
tail tales
are funny
if I had a tail it would
be a very queer tale
to tell*



Fernando Armendariz

Carbolite

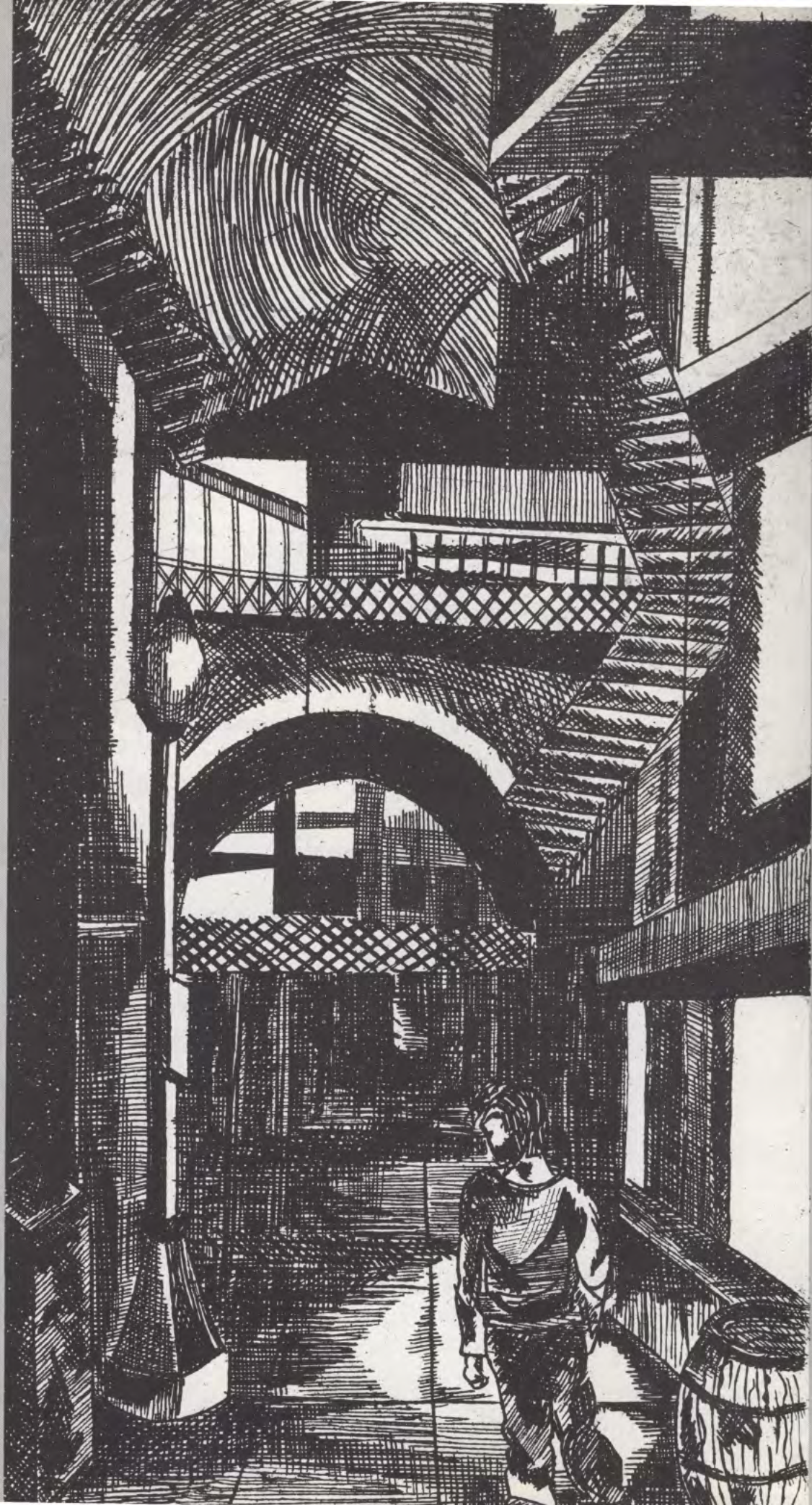
Suzanne Strauss

*Light be dark,
Here be there
Is time past now:
He is wrenched from
 the softness of light
The circle now an arc
The red was white
 but black now.
The future perfect equals
 pastperfect
Now time arcs a Milky Way
Futurepast arks to circle.*

*There light darkness, comes to pass
 in comets' tails
Curie held the sole pastpresent
The light held all comets' tails
 of earth's quakes
Frail the strong truth
 of being the bowbluelite
It creates another
 it isomerises
Alaphatic bluelite to arks aromatic
 carbo, calcium, shellstar tree of man.*

*Genesis man rejecting
 molecular light
Only the touch-proof-true
Life-dark, touchless known of men
Genisman severs his aromatic See,
 the alaphatic arc
Chainblack wrench from carbo to litemole
Genisman "lite be dark"
 touch truel!*

Marta Okubo



THE swirling wind gently scattered the tattered scraps of paper. The misty breezes wafted the torn shreds of paper high in the sky, past the golden sun into the far, far heavens, like a pagan offering. The dirty bits of paper were an offering, a plea. The handbills, floating high over the city, were an appeal to the God of Peace, consecrated in the minds of men and instituted by the blood of these holy men shed on the merciless pavement.

Through the storm of paper and the jeering abuse of the mob moved the high priests of the God of Peace. They moved with an eerie, ghostlike, shuffling gait. They held their heads low, not daring to look about. They were full of shame, not because of their own actions but because of the actions of the animal mob about them screaming for their blood. Eggs and tomatoes dripped from their robes; but the garbage that defiled their garments was not nearly as stinging as the verbal garbage hurled by the unruly mob of patriots.

If the mob had not been so worked-up by a street corner haranguer, belonging to a group of radicals so radical that they become more dangerous than the foe that they ban together to fight, and if they had been capable of silent reasonable scrutiny, they would have noticed in the ranks of the demonstrators an individual far different from the rest. His hair was short and neatly combed. His blue eyes shone with a warm interested light. His complexion was of the deeply tanned out-doors variety. He wore no beard and his freshly pressed and laundered clothes hung well on his lean, well-muscled six foot frame. He looked curiously out of place amongst the beards, dirty jeans, sweat shirts, and sneakers of his companions. But the mob, with emotion-blinded eyes, could see none of this. All they could

A Better Place

W. L. Drier

see was what they considered an affront to their complacent smug ideas. So they acted as mobs have always done when they could not understand. The animals cursed, shouted, and hurled garbage and taunts. But the pitiful part was that the mob was assaulting their own ignorance rather than the demonstrators.

Slowly the mob dispersed, going back to more pleasant diversions. The marchers drifted apart, each to be alone with his own painful lonely thoughts.

The young man who was so different from the rest walked up an alley and came out on a different street. The bright sun burned warm on his face. He stopped a moment to draw in the clean air and clear his head. He glanced at the gaily decorated shop windows and watched the worried people hurry by. He idly contrasted the drab people, all in black or gray, with the color-splashed shop windows. "How, odd," he thought, "the people here, just one street away, know nothing about what just happened; it's like a different world, for all they care it might have happened on the other side of the moon... They just don't care."

Snapping out of his daze, he continued down the narrow crowded street walled by tall tinsel and glass buildings like dark, dank prison walls. The sunlight glared off

the windows and he shut his eyes against the cold stark glare. Shortly, he arrived at his destination, an old ramshackle hotel on the east side. It was an old decrepit structure, worn and torn by the elements and lack of care. It rose three defiant stone stories. The stones were dirty gray and crumbling. Several of the windows, broken for many years, were boarded up or patched with cardboard. But the young man noticed none of this. Long years of pain and squalid misery had hardened him to impressions. Poverty had taught him to disregard first impressions and to look below the surface for the really valuable and worthwhile things. One thing did not escape his view: the small dirty sign over the door which read "A BETTER PLACE". Every time he looked at the sign, a little pleasant smile flicked across his usually scowling features.

He opened the huge oaken door and trudged in. He walked over to a lumpy sofa and sat down by a little mahogany coffee table. He was sitting in the lobby of the hotel at the far wall by the rickety staircase that led to the upper floors. The lobby was furnished with Early American junk. Faded wallpaper covered with crests and pictures of dead men hung half on and half off the walls. Crude wood replicas of ancient colonial furniture were strewn about the room, giving it the appearance of a dying forest. The battered green sofa was the only out-of-place furnishing. It was procured and moved in over the protests of the landlady by the young man.

Sitting in the pallid gloom created by three banks of dirty windows, he rapped his knuckles on the table. A pretty blonde waitress in a tight white nylon dress walked out of the dining room and sauntered over to the table. "Hi, what do you need? I'm sorry, I heard

on the radio about your demonstration."

"A cup of coffee please, Laurie. We tried, Laurie, we tried so damn hard. They never listen; they just never seem to listen. God—can't they see; don't they know what's happening? Don't these poor ignorant bastards know what they're doing? They're like puppets on a string. They don't see, they don't listen, they don't care. As long as the relief check covers their beer and sex they don't worry. They're all set to blow their stupid asses off; but they don't care. They just won't listen." Charly, his voice choked by fury and pity, smashed his fist down on the table and began to curse silently under his breath.

Laurie stared silently at the young man she had been trying to make notice her for months. She slowly walked out to the kitchen and drew a cup of coffee from the stainless steel apparatus with a small frown in command of her beautiful features. She walked over to Charly's table thinking: "Why are all the handsome ones like that... always crusading, worrying about things a million miles away, things that don't concern them... never any time to laugh, to have a good time, no time for love, always thinking, always worrying, while their lives slip away. "Don't worry," Laurie mumbled, placing the coffee cup in front of him. "Someday they'll listen." "Yeah—someday... someday when it's too damn late they'll listen," cursed Charly. Laurie slipped away, hoping Charly would see her that evening when Ron took her out.

The old carved oaken door, scarred by many a thrown bottle and chair, creaked open. Tom and Jim, two of Charly's followers, straggled in, still carrying their signs. They threw the signs in the little room under the stairwell, their

unofficial storeroom, containing signs, brooms and mops, and tattered pamphlets. One sign read: "Is War the Answer?", the other: "When Is It Right to Murder?".

Tom slumped down on the last step of the paint-peeling stairs. Charly could barely make out his hard cold features in the dim light of the rapidly-fading afternoon. Tom was about 5-10 and weighed around 150 pounds. His dark brown hair was cut short and his brown eyes burned with a strange hell-raising light. He had a muscular compact body and the cold hard mocking good looks that girls dream about.

Tom's companion, Jim, was short and powerfully built. Strong cords of muscle rippled under his sweat-soaked T-shirt. The dull glint in his eyes gave away his passive dull personality. What he lacked in brain he made up for in brawn; several times he had saved Charly and Tom from fearful beatings at the hands of indignant mobs.

It was Jim's slow plodding manner of speech that first broke the silence. "Man what a mess. Did you see that loud-mouth bastard I hit. He went down like a damn sack of flour." Laughing gleefully Jim went on. "I bet he'll leave us alone from now on. Oh, what a bitchin' blast, them god-damn cops must have chased me three blocks. Damn, let's go back tomorrow! There's some more of them bastards I'd like to get my hands on—maybe some of them smart cops too."

Charly's mouth twisted into a tight little smile of irony. He knew that Jim could never understand what they were trying to do. He had given up trying to explain his mission to Jim long ago; but he tolerated Jim and let him remain because his cause was a cause that only attracted the very brilliant or the very dull, the pre-ordained followers, looking for a leader. Charly was low on manpower and

every pair of hands was desperately needed. So Charly spoke more to himself than to Jim.

"Jim, we didn't go out there today to hit anybody or to hurt anybody. We went out there to talk to them, to try to explain to them what they're doing. We must make them listen to us; we can't beat it into them. We can't save the world by ourselves; they have to help us. Why can't they see what they're doing? The world's in flames. Power-mad fools are sending us to hell. War only destroys. We must build, strive for perfection. Man is made to create, not to destroy. It's never right to destroy, to kill. Is a man any less dead if you murder him, or kill him in self-defense? A million years ago when the first man crawled out of his cave, he hit another man over the head with his club. That was a million years ago. Isn't it time for us to change? Oh—we play the great sophisticated society and look back into the past and call the other great societies barbaric and animalistic, but are we any better? No, of course we're not. They had nothing, but we have them as an example and still we commit worse atrocities than they ever dreamed possible. The only sophistication we may claim rightly is the sophistication of our killing machines. GOD... shouldn't we at least attempt perfection, instead of following the path that in the past has only led to self-destruction? God-damn, we can't go on fighting and killing, can we? Jesus Christ, what's the value of one life? Life... Life damn it, don't you understand, the fears, the joys, the dreams; life is the most precious gift we have. One life is worth more than all the governments and power in the universe. We can't let these bastards go on setting themselves up as God, setting a value in dollars and cents, and guns and bullets on a human life, deciding who's to live

and who's to die. Why can't you blind bastards see?" cried Charly, in a trembling, emotion-charged voice, as he hurled his coffee cup to smash against the worn torn tattered wallpaper.

Tom and Jim stood in a dark dusty corner by the stairwell slightly cowered by Charly's emotion-filled tirade. Neither had ever seen anyone who felt so deeply about anything. Both were awed by his powers of emotion and compassion. They had often seen him worried about other people's troubles: people that he hardly knew.

Tom spoke first, in a stammering apologetic tone, "Everybody tried, Charly, Jesus we tried. Maybe some day..." he trailed off. "Yeah... someday," mumbled Charly, as he slumped back into the old green sofa, to think, to hope.

Tom and Jim made their way up the rickety staircase into the dimly lit, almost windowless hall, expertly weaving and dodging the cluttered odds and ends of furniture. As usual they left all the worrying to Charly. And why not? Such is the role of the disciple... follow, yes, but think... never. This is the one most universal characteristic of man. Whether to a king, a physician, a magician, or a president, man has always tried to foist his problems and troubles off to another, so he could be free to enjoy the pleasures of life. But man has never seemed to realize that many minds can solve a problem much more readily than a few minds; and thus by this oversight man has insured the destruction of himself and the pleasures he so eagerly seeks.

Charly's soul-searching meditation was rudely interrupted by the fine Irish tones of his landlady. The landlady, to whom a disturbance or a drunken brawl was no novelty, came bursting into the sitting room, as she called it, to investigate the raised voices and shat-

tering china. "Well—what are you Communist rabble-rousers up to now? Plotting a revolution somewhere or planting mines and bombs under the Post Office... Imagine, a fine young gentleman like yourself, with a college education and all, hanging around with a bunch of rascals and scoundrels. Why don't you get a decent job somewhere, instead of parading around and bothering yourself about things thousands of miles away? Oh if only your poor mother could see you now! Lord knows I'm afraid to ask where you and your Communist friends get the money to pay the rent. I ought to report you to Mr. Hoover, I should."

The last sentence brought a flicker of a smile across Charly's hard mouth. His cold icy blue eyes seemed to melt and smile for an instant. He laughed to himself and gently rebuked his landlady: "Mrs. Hardy, what a gem you are. Where else but here could I find one like you? A more perfect example of mankind I could never find. You are just like them, no better and no worse. Anyone you can't understand or who tries to change something, you scorn and brand a Communist. And as for Mr. Hoover, I know you feel much more affection for the coin of the realm than for the realm."

Mrs. Hardy walked away, sadly shaking her poor tired head. Charly, usually a good judge of character, had made a mistake in judging Mrs. Hardy's intentions. For Mrs. Hardy, like all mothers whose children are grown and gone, had chosen Charly to fill the gap in her life. But a life of hard, never-ending toil and countless misfortunes and sorrows had formed a tough callous shell about her and prevented any of the motherly affection she felt for Charly from seeping through. So she quietly trod away, not able to voice or

show her worry over Charly's actions.

Charly, mistaking his landlady's display of worry for a tirade, poured himself a cup of coffee from the shiny urn and returned to slump dejectedly in the battered old couch. The couch itself seemed to mirror Charly's sad mood. The dirty green covering was torn and gave the appearance of having been severely knocked about. The legs were scarred and marred from many careless kicks and were barely able to support the weight of the couch. The dirty white stuffing flowed out in puffs like tears. He took a notebook from his pocket. Slowly, polishing each phrase and word, because he knew how much depended on the power of the words that crept in a slow stripe of penny-a-pound lead across the page to move the audience he would soon face, he wrote his speech.

While Charly mused over his speech, polishing and cutting each word until it shone with brilliance, honing each phrase razor-sharp, hoping his words would cut deep and lay open the very soul of his indifferent and uncaring listeners; Tom and Jim lay sprawled and relaxed about their room listening to the radio. "The bearded peaceniks marched again today. Several hundred on-lookers turned to jeer. The peace demonstration was marred by several fist-fights and scuffles. Although we of K L X defend the right of dissent we feel that these sort of things must not go on..." Tom laughed as he snapped off the radio. The excitement, the love of the forbidden that had drawn him from college to college, across the length of the U. S. and from one scrape to another, had pulled him into Charly's cause. The laugh would have choked in Tom's throat if he could only have seen into the future to

(Continued on Page 18)



"Forget It"

Ann Waters

the union

*lying in bed at night with you
at my side in the blackness
your bare legs touching mine and
your breast against my shoulder
your warmth flows into me and melts
my flesh into blood longing to flow
in your veins*

*then I expand my realm of apprehension only
inches beyond myself
catch the full import of your individuality
accepting mine as part of its being and I am
awed by the nature of love.
then I thank God, realizing that this
is the purest religion I've known.*

Two Poems **by Allan May**

a poem about spring

*strands of sun stretched
straight across the room
bright stripes of light on the table
roses on the window sill
the morning wind swirling curtains into
netted sunlight traps*

*sitting over breakfast coffee
one stripe of sun on my hand
spring mixes into me like the sun
into the curtains
spring comes in and makes me quiet:
I never write about the seasons.*

A BETTER PLACE

(Continued from Page 15)

that rainy foggy afternoon he would lie bloodsoaked, beaten to death by an angry mob. If only he could have seen his sign, **WHEN IS IT RIGHT TO MURDER?**, covered with his own murdered blood. If only ...

Charly was just finishing his speech as the lonely sad shadows of twilight flickered through the high windows and masked the walls in a dingy brownness. The last rays of sunlight full of glistening dust trickled into the room and glowed onto the pages of the speech, turning them to gold. Charly paced the creaking wooden boards, lost in thought. The murky dimness added to his feelings of depression. He had always hated the late afternoon; the shadows and the sight of the sun slowly sinking, shooting out blood-red rays of light, gave him the feeling of death, as if the world were dying, never to see the sun again.

Charly, deep in meditation, did not hear the door creak open. Marrie walked in, blinking her soft blue eyes trying to pierce the inky gloom. After a moment, her eyes became accustomed to the darkness and she was able to make out Charly's blurred form, huddled under the pool of yellow light.

He started as Marrie walked over and lovingly placed her hand on his shoulder. "Hi," she shyly greeted him. "I heard on the radio ... I'm so sorry, so sorry. I'm so scared. Oh Charly, Charly, can't we go away ... anywhere ... Please, Charly, they'll hurt you. I know they will ... Please Charly, let's leave. Oh God let's get away before you get hurt." As she finished speaking she tenderly cradled her head on Charly's shoulder, hugging him tightly to her, she began to softly cry. Little pearls of hurt trickled down her face and splashed on his shoulder. Charly

reached up and gently ran his hand through her golden silky hair.

"Marrie ... Marrie, I love you so much. I don't mean to hurt you. I want very much to go away with you, but I can't I just can't. Sure, we could hide somewhere, hide in a closet, or stay drunk, hide from the world; but someday we'd have to come out. We can't hide forever. No, we can't hide, that's not the answer ... Marrie, there are some things a man must say and do; if he leaves them unsaid or undone they twist him and destroy him inside ... then he's no good to anyone, not himself, or even to the person he loves. That's why I have to stay. I love you Marrie, I love you; but I have to stay.

Someone has to stay, someone has to think, someone has to speak. Things look bad; but they always have. We have to try, struggle and work to better ourselves, that's the only purpose for living. Someday man will be better, someday he'll see, Marrie, someday ..."

In the little pool of light, Marrie ran her hands over Charly's face, smoothly tracing his features, saying over and over, "I'll stay, I'll stay." She knew that there was no hope in argument. And so Marrie, like all women truly in love, understood that she would take only what Charly was capable of giving; knowing full well that Charly, like all men with a cause, like all men who try to help others, had



Fernando Armendariz

very little love or emotion left over to give.

The moon had risen and was now slowly completing its never-ending arc. Splashing cold harsh rays of pale yellow light into the room, it covered Charly with a thick deep pool of light. He sat slumped over the desk in his shabby tiny room. His mind swirling with the crazy jumbled thoughts of a man who has lost all, a man who has suffered the last betrayal. He shut his eyes tightly and with his fists pressed against his temples forced himself to recall the painful evening in which all he loved, all he had believed in, had been destroyed.

Shortly after Marrie had left, he went up the creaking rickety stairs to his room and began to dress. He opened the door to his closet, took out a pair of pants and a sports-coat and began to slowly, carefully dress. The soft blue coat and the light grey pants were the only really nice clothes he had left. They were remnants of another time, another place. The first time he had worn the coat and pants was back in college. The night he had taken out the lovely little girl with the auburn hair who quoted Shelly and Coleridge and who was so scared of not being loved...

College... those wondrous happy days, the learning, the knowledge, the parties, the sweet little girls trying so hard, the afternoons in the library and the student union—sitting around drinking coffee and talking; literature, politics, and idealism, solving all the problems over a delicious steaming mug of coffee. Those wonderful happy days before the disillusionment set in... Back then it was all theory and bright and shiny idealism. And then it all ended. College was over, he saw the brilliant, the educated no more. The theories would not work, the hypothesis was proven

wrong. The castles of idealism he had built slowly began to erode and to crash down around him.

And so in the blue sports coat and in the grey pants, he set out with his speech clutched desperately in his hand, to make one last attempt to shore up the crumbling foundations of his dreams.

Charly walked down the street and caught the #33 past the glimmering facades of wealth, through the infested slums, and got off at 46th avenue. Down the aisles of canned goods and silky green vegetables, with tiny drops of nervous sweat on his forehead, he strode. Softly to himself, over and over, "The last chance, they must understand, I have to make them understand me, it's my last chance, my last hope."

The room was small. It usually served as the stockroom for the store, with tarnished chairs now scattered about a large table in a loose circle. A banner was hung over the table. In huge letters it spelled out its message: PEACE AT ANY PRICE.

Charly was met at the door by a beefy balding middle-aged man. His clothes were loud and cheap, and his features were ruddy and coarse. He slapped Charly on the back and drew him into a corner of the smoky room. "Hi, son. I'm glad you could make it. We'll be starting in a minute, but first there's something I want to talk to you about. We've heard about you on the radio. We like the way you work, the way you look. Uh—now look, here's the deal... there's some of us here that don't have a very good public image, you know what I mean, so we kinda need a nice-looking, straight young man like yourself to sorta work through, know what I mean. We need a new public image. You help us, we help you. You can still run things like you want, all you have

to do is to slip in a little now and then that we tell you to, and you got it made. We'll give you all the money you want, fly you to any place in the country, furnish you with research, writers, anything you want. After all, we both want the same thing. Now look—in this speech tonight if you could throw in a little about Cuba and maybe something about China and the U. N."

Charly walked down the dark streets. The air seemed thick and heavy, choking him. He felt as if the high walls and buildings were closing in on him and smothering out his life. The black air was like a rope around his neck, strangling him. It suddenly seemed as if the whole world had turned into a huge fierce beast, crushing him under its huge mighty claws. The sky descended down upon him and pressed him to the pavement. It felt as if the life was slowly being drawn and sapped from his body. His knees felt weak and wavery, barely able to support his weight. He saw his own reflection in a pane of glass and did not know himself. His face was contorted with pain and misery. He now knew how Christ had felt when Judas Iscariot had betrayed him, and sold his life for thirty pieces of silver. For Charly too had been betrayed by life.

He sat slumped over his desk. The silvery white rays of moonlight poured through the window and struck the cracked mirror in Charly's room, framing his image in a halo of golden light. Charly reached into the desk drawer and took out his father's army 45. It felt cold to his touch. The gun glowed blue-black in the moonlight as he raised it to his temple. With the cold death pressing tightly against his temple, wearing the soft blue coat and the light grey slacks, Charly slowly and softly muttered, "Someday... maybe someday."



The Snowman

Dale Hamilton

weeks off from school. I thought we might do a little Christmas shopping and..."

"I wanted to go to Doris' house this morning, mother," she said reluctantly.

"All right, Jo" said her mother in a slightly sterner voice. "But do come back early. I want you to come with me to Mrs. Morgan's house this afternoon. Her son Brad will be there."

"All right, mother."

"Brad is a senior at Cornell. I've been told he's a very nice man. It would do you good to meet a man like Brad."

"Yes, mother, I'll be here in time to go."

Jo-Ann looked with wonder at the snow-covered hills and pine trees. Slowly making her way to Doris' house, she knew that this had always been her favorite season of the year.

Turning down the jagged-shaped road, she wondered if Doris would expect her so early in the morning. She took her hand from the fur-lined pocket and patted her freezing nose. I'll have to borrow gloves from Doris, she thought.

This winter Jo Ann promised herself that she would do what she had never gotten around to in past winters. Building a snowman! Doris would surely help her. Doris was her best friend.

Jo Ann and Doris ran back and forth among the pine trees, furiously piling up snow for their creation.

"How shall we make him, Jo?" asked Doris.

"Let's make him fat and happy," Jo Ann giggled.

"Do you think that would be a good persa... persa..."

Jo Ann stepped lightly from her bed. The morning was cold and a good four inches of snow lay on the lawn outside her window.

Perhaps she could agree with her mother when she was a few years older, but not now.

"Oh don't make me grow up so fast, Mother," she said aloud, suddenly fearing that she may have heard her.

Jo Ann thought irritably of her mother's continual urgings for her to dress up more, talk more maturely, and wear high heels. She re-

membered last summer in Maysville, and the dates she had suffered through, with males, who, as her mother had told her, were at least ten years older than she.

"Good morning, dear," said her mother.

"Good morning, mother," said Jo Ann. As she laced up her snow boots, Jo Ann looked up at her mother. Jo Ann felt sorry for her mother. At thirty-five she was divorced and lonely.

"What are we going to do this morning, Jo? You've two whole

"Personality?" said Jo Ann.

"Yes, personality!" shouted Doris.

"Our first snowman must have personality. Don't you agree?"

"Yes I do. Let's make him stronger than all other snowmen. Let's make him like the forest is—good, clean, innocent, an, an, nice."

"How can a snowman be nice, Jo?"

"Oh he will be, Doris, he will be!"

Jo Ann stepped from her bath. Eyes blinking, she grabbed for her towel. Rapidly removing the droplets from her arms and neck, she turned and looked at her image in the full-length mirror. Hot baths on cold days are so wonderful, she thought to herself. She glowed in the mirror. Strips of pink and white.

"Hurry up, Jo," called her mother.

Jo Ann hurried from the bathroom and began dressing. She would be so glad when this afternoon was over. If only there were some boy her own age that she knew. Some boy who liked to build snowmen. Some boy she could just hold hands with.

"Dear, you know how young that pony tail makes you look," said her mother.

"But I like it that way, mother."

"Ladies wear their hair down, dear. How do you expect Brad to notice you if you walk in looking like a kid?"

"Oh mother, I'm not a lady. I'm a sixteen-year-old girl, and I don't even want to meet Mrs. Morgan's son!"

"Don't raise your voice to me, Jo, and don't be so silly. Of course you want to meet Brad."

There was nothing left to say. She could only stand there, helplessly, while her mother quickly unbound the pony tail and combed her hair out just the way she wanted it.

"Cheap, so cheap," mumbled Jo Ann.

"What, dear?"

"Oh nothing, mother. Let's hurry up and go."

Jo Ann sat silently beside her mother as the old car chugged its way down the road that led to their house. She looked up at the winter moon. It looked so safe up there. Alone, safely balanced on peace-filled clouds of solitude.

"Why did you snub Brad so?" asked her mother.

"I didn't like him, mother," Jo Ann answered, still gazing at the moon. "I . . . I didn't like his eyes. I didn't like the way he looked at me."

"His eyes? What way did Brad look at you, dear?" said her mother, almost fearfully.

"They told too much about him. You know what I mean, mother, you know."

The winter moon slowly disappeared behind dark clouds. In the darkness, Jo Ann did not see the moisture come suddenly to her mother's eyes.

"Hurry up, Doris, hurry!" shouted Jo Ann. It was the third day, and the snowman was completed.

"Oh he's beautiful, Jo," said Doris as the exhausted girls flopped down at the base of the giant Buddha-like snowman.

Suddenly the girls were silent. They looked up at the snowman, then at each other. They realized that for them this would be a special moment for the rest of their lives. In that fleeting second their friendship was made eternal.

"Jo, I'm so glad that you are my friend," said Doris, tears rushing from her eyes. It was late, and the girls slowly walked back toward the road, over the snow and through the pines, each painfully aware that these wonderful days of friendship and discovery were quickly passing away.

Jo Ann lay in her bed, hoping desperately the dream would not come back to her. Her eyes looked into the haze seeing it all over

again, all so terribly clear . . . Her mother turns on the light, weaving slightly, mascara runs on her cheeks, lipstick smeared.

Her father walks into the haze.

"Come here, honey."

"Oh go to sleep, John."

"Baby, baby," he mumbles stupidly.

The haze darkens.

"Men, you damn men."

The haze is gone, only blackness remains.

"Mama, mama, mama, mama."

"Wake up, Jo. Wake up. What's the matter, dear?"

"Mama?" Suddenly there are soft hands on her shoulder.

"Oh, mother, I love you. I do love you."

The morning light shines gently through Jo's window. She lifts herself on one elbow. Her mother is sleeping soundly.

Hurriedly Jo Ann dresses and slips quietly from the house. There is no wind, just a serene, quiet cold.

Hurrying down the road, into the deep snow, through the pines, there the snowman, still standing, waits for her.

"I had to see you alone, snowman. You understand me. I'm just a little girl. You understand, don't you?" Gently, tears roll down her cheeks. Putting her woolen hat on the snowman, she rests her head there, feeling so grateful and secure. Slowly, Jo Ann joins the snowman in eternal slumber.

High overhead the winter moon rises above the clouds.

*when you
go to
church
always get
down on your
knees and be
relevant*

I

The Blind Poet

once inscribed arcs
of orange and orchid
in the deep-blue velvet
of his world.

The Poet

with no eyes
inscribed
a pale star
on a cloudless night
and made the pale dimness
and the elusive sparkle
real.

He caught

a tiny trickle of shimmer
in a drop of hurt
that fell
from grey eyes.
And through murky shadows
grasping and clutching at his heart
he inscribed it in blue velvet.

II

The Blind Poet

moved in pursuit
of a pale star
through locked doors
and paid the ferryman,
Charon, his price.

To open the great groaning gates
and across the vacant mists
of time and space
he held the cold coin
pressed underneath his tongue
to pay the ferryman
his fare.

The Blind Poet

W. L. Drier

The Questing Poet

swayed through
the whispering grey mists
that choked the singing birds.

The slush of the ferryman's pole
drowned the wails and cries
of those, who dressed in dripping black,
mourned him
as he followed a pale star
and paid the ferryman
his price.

As the murky mists
whispered prophecies of pain
he glimpsed a burning orange and orchid
sliver of a pale star
through the chalk dust smoke.
He paid the ferryman's fare
with his grey eyes
and ransomed the pale star
with his soul.



Through the vacant mists
of time and place
he poled back
with an orange and orchid
slover of the pale star
he would never see;
he would never inscribe
in soft blue velvet.
For the ferryman's price
had been too high.

III

The Blind Poet

never regretted
the ferryman's harsh price for as he walked
the twisting paths
orange and orchid arcs
of a pale star
were forever inscribed
in the deep-blue velvet
of his mind.

Sharon

From the flower on the hill
And the tree above
The perfume of her smile
And flowing black hair
Her song she would sing
To the trade wind fair.
All this and more
Her gift to me.
The song of life has lifted
On the wings of her heart
To all those who know her.
This and more
Her gift to me.
Never would you cry again
When this spirit of wind
Has touched your life.
This her gift to me.

GEORGE HOLLOWAY

Transformation

Two men journey down a garden path—
 one is black;
Two friends sit by the side of the road—
 one is white;
Two women talk by the back yard fence—
 one is black;
Two children play on the school yard swing—
 one is white;
Two brothers sing in the church school choir—
 one is black;
Two soldiers fight on a blood red field—
 they are gray.

NANCY MAE WILKES

*The shadows in the room grow deeper,
As the two of us speak softly to the wind.
The sun outside is a gilding substance of liquid,
Melting and flowing over the hills in the west
And fixing a kiss on the stones of earth and civilization.
I feel the touch of your hand,
Your name is a lilac petal on my lips,
And your face holds the image of dreams.*

*Something there is breathes fresh and warm,
Here in the darkened corners of this room,
The parable of our lives made deep and silent,
And something of the breath shall outline us both,
The colors of sunset tell us this.*

*Then a wisp of cloud dust crosses the sun,
And your face dissolves into the haze;
This is my last clear recollection of you,
This moment of gold before darkness,
For the shadows conquer the room
And the light fades into the dimmed furnace of memory.
Your touch remains though
And you, this hour, and this sunset
Shall be a glowing ember to ignite every future sunset
With this same light
And this same mistiness of images.
One of us, you see, is a dream.*

ALLAN MAY

*Broken up, on the rocks, whatever
you'd chose to call it,
she left*

*then there was regret, crying
tossing in half sleep, half wakefulness,
empty days without her—
I showed all the symptoms.
seeking company, getting the boys over,
other displacement activities,
all very psychological and
all very extemporaneously temporary.*

*I survived well enough, if survival
is the main concern—
there was always my poetry.
Great stuff, poetry.
Turns you inside out and
back again in one sitting—
lets you throw yourself up to be
swallowed again, and that
sobers you up sometimes.*

*Then last night she came back,
loved me again,
gave back that part of me
she went away with,
and now I'm drunk all over.*

ALLAN MAY

*I have laid my head
On the crest of a silken hill
And viewed the cold dark night
Glide with the moon over
Some far away plain . . .
Somewhere, somewhere.
And in the night
The cries of wandering minds
Quivers the grass . . .
The earth hears not
Muted cries . . .
And, I alone, on the silken hill
Tingle with the fear, pain,
Muted cries . . .
Of times and times . . .
Oh the times.*

GEORGE HOLLOWAY

Spring

*Your waking smile, pushing up its corners
As your eyes first questioned me.
Your waking smile, spilling softly through you
And then stretching out your wrists.
My waking thirst, opening new courses
Through the season's heavy grass,
Till my fingers slipped
The morning tangles from your hair.*

*And after love was said and done,
Your gentle trembles smoothed away,
You settled back, a host to the earth,
Over an hour of breakfast nonsense
Letting the breeze chatter above the coffee
Till, our nostrils filled with the business of the day,
We left the season with a boast.*

Summer

*Your sovereign smile, queening your long legged glory
Like a trumpet note at midnight.
Your sovereign smile, bursting through your giving
Like a comet's sudden story.
And then my arms around you singing
We tumbled to the sea.*

*And after love was sung and done,
The breakers left your tongue,
The salted wind wound grateful conversation
As our cigarettes' light joined the stars
To wink a little brightness in the sky.
There we watched the world turn around,
And I left you before dawn.*

Fall

*Now your thin arms flash
As you roll the time with a red wind laugh,
Talking through the jumble of juke box joy
And barking at the boys in a high-noon silver tongue.
My point is seven for sundown
When its up you'll come with me.
Roll a roughshod gamble for sundown,
Your smile remembering.*

*Yet now that love is all but done
Chill thoughts denude a tender shoot,
The fearing bud before the frost.
Come close!
And do not struggle to untouch me
Nor neglect tonight's return
Till midnight wind rides moonlight.
Your smile remembering.*

RON CAPLES



Luz Estrada

1.

*the trees outside
too laden with birds flying
south for the winter
don't quite seem to notice
their leaves turning brown
and falling
(School has just started.
I hope I do well.)*

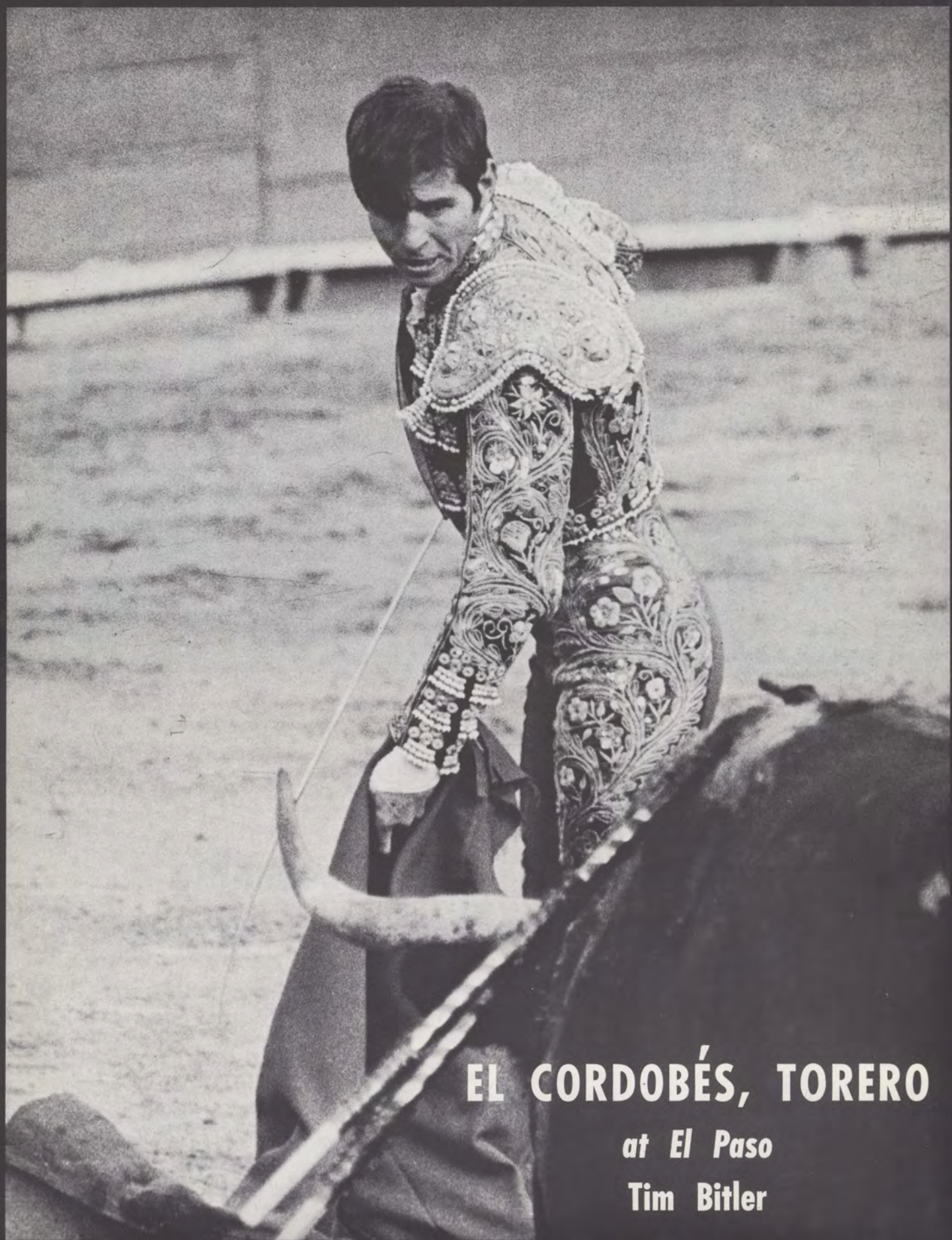
Learning

Allan May

2.

*the birds are back
now you can see green
shoots of bermuda
and there is a yellow blossom
under my window outside
in the rose bed
(School is still going.
I wish...)*

ALLAN MAY



EL CORDOBÉS, TORERO

at El Paso

Tim Bitler





