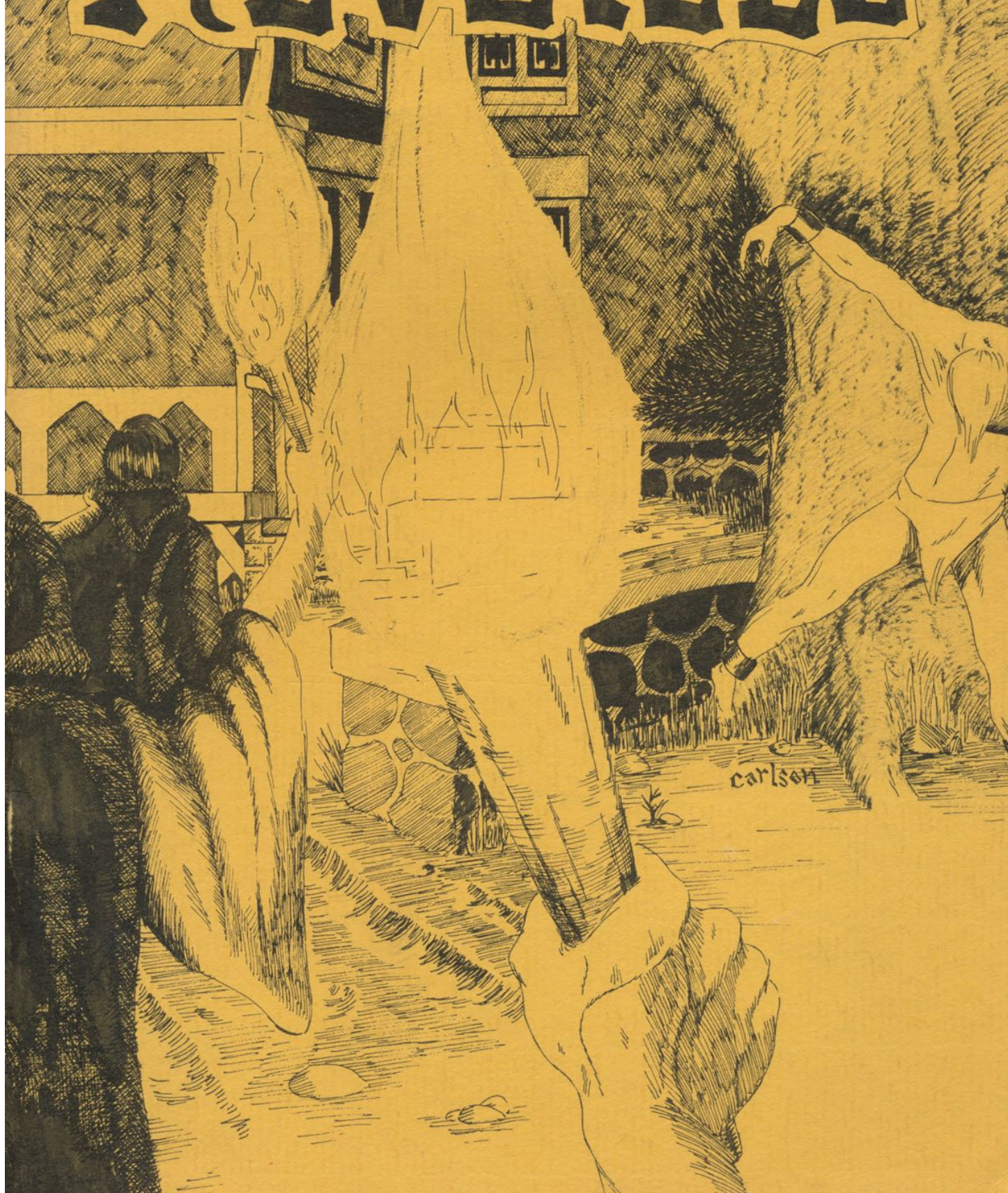


# 70 REVELLE





In my later stage of existence  
I will seek the sweetness I deserve.  
And with my dogged persistence,  
From this path I cannot swerve.

But now I want the good in life  
As hirsute men might crave more hair.  
A lot of good might cure the world.  
What kind of good, I just don't care.

An effortless "Good morning!" said  
To all we meet here everyday  
Can warm the soul and clear the head.  
And drive annoyance right away.

Such simple good will set the stage  
For qualitative life for folks  
Who live mean lives with unchecked Rage.  
Oppressed today by bigots' "chokes".

On this platform I will stand  
And this belief I strongly stress  
That joy is found in simple good,  
The Key to human happiness.

by Poe Leggette



The thinnest cloud of mist conceals  
The beacons of the wandering men.  
They that fend off dark night's fear  
And pray to Aurora. Say "Amen"  
Day comes hard on daybreak's heels.  
As these warriors sheathe and retire,  
A demon burns upon his pyre  
Of wood and oil and doth consume  
The hope of night released from gloom  
Sleeping in redeeming starlight.

Such as I dream of Homeric Knights  
Bewitched by dusk, revived by dawn,  
I am reborn in golden baptism.  
Yet freedom struggles always ever on  
Until the moment of monarchic might  
Sees fit to crush the hopes of men's remarks  
And Athens dies along with laden larks  
Who sought a pleasure with themselves to merge.  
And freedom fell in autocratic purge  
The spirits fled to live with sterrenlicht.

But now for them protected from wicks  
Of joy, candles of love of life;  
Be glad that they who admonish you  
Will not see Truth in Freedom strife.  
And through the darkened rumors one may prick  
(Unique the thought should come to me  
For quickly fading signs would be!)  
By effervescent lamb's blood and offend  
Prayers for sustenance and peace rement  
By postulating starlight profligate.

by Poe Leggette

## "ODE TO DOCTOR NADA"

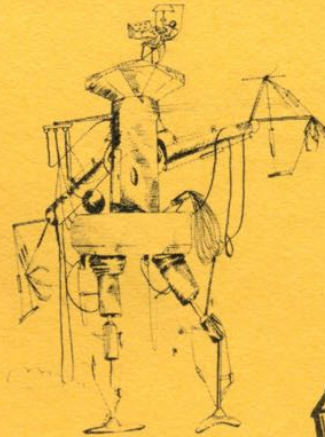
A.S., B.S., M.S.,  
Then his Ph.D.,  
All that vital knowledge  
Which costs a handsome fee,  
Then he went near and far  
Till he found a lab  
That wouldn't mind his scanning  
The sex life of a crab  
Around him people starved  
And many of them died.  
Their lives were of no value  
To his educated pride.  
He finds that world salvation  
Just doesn't meet his taste—  
Eighteen years of study—  
Pity; what a waste.

by Wanda Ford



nce a virgin earth  
Then raped by society;  
Now, mother nature.

by Charles Hart



Phlange,  
don't bother  
to come home.  
No one gives  
a darn.

People who wait,  
'Life is too short'  
have not  
waited for buses.

by Elizabeth Shaw

Hindsight

I can't look back,  
I've seen too much  
to want to see  
it all  
Again.

by Tykie Tobin

It must be

Death creeps so slowly  
Knows no race, color, or creed;  
Just that, like taxes, it must be.

by Joseph Masley

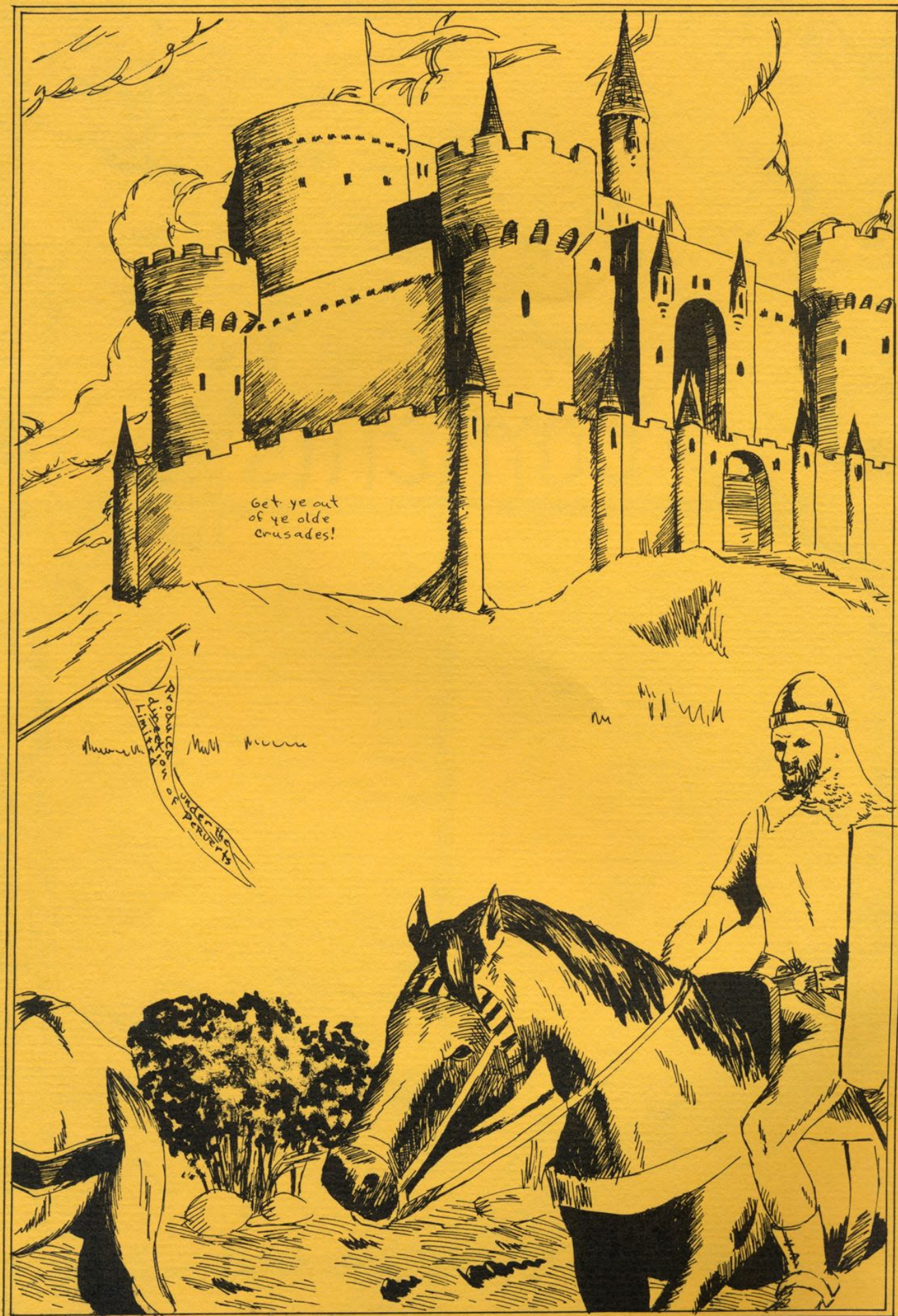




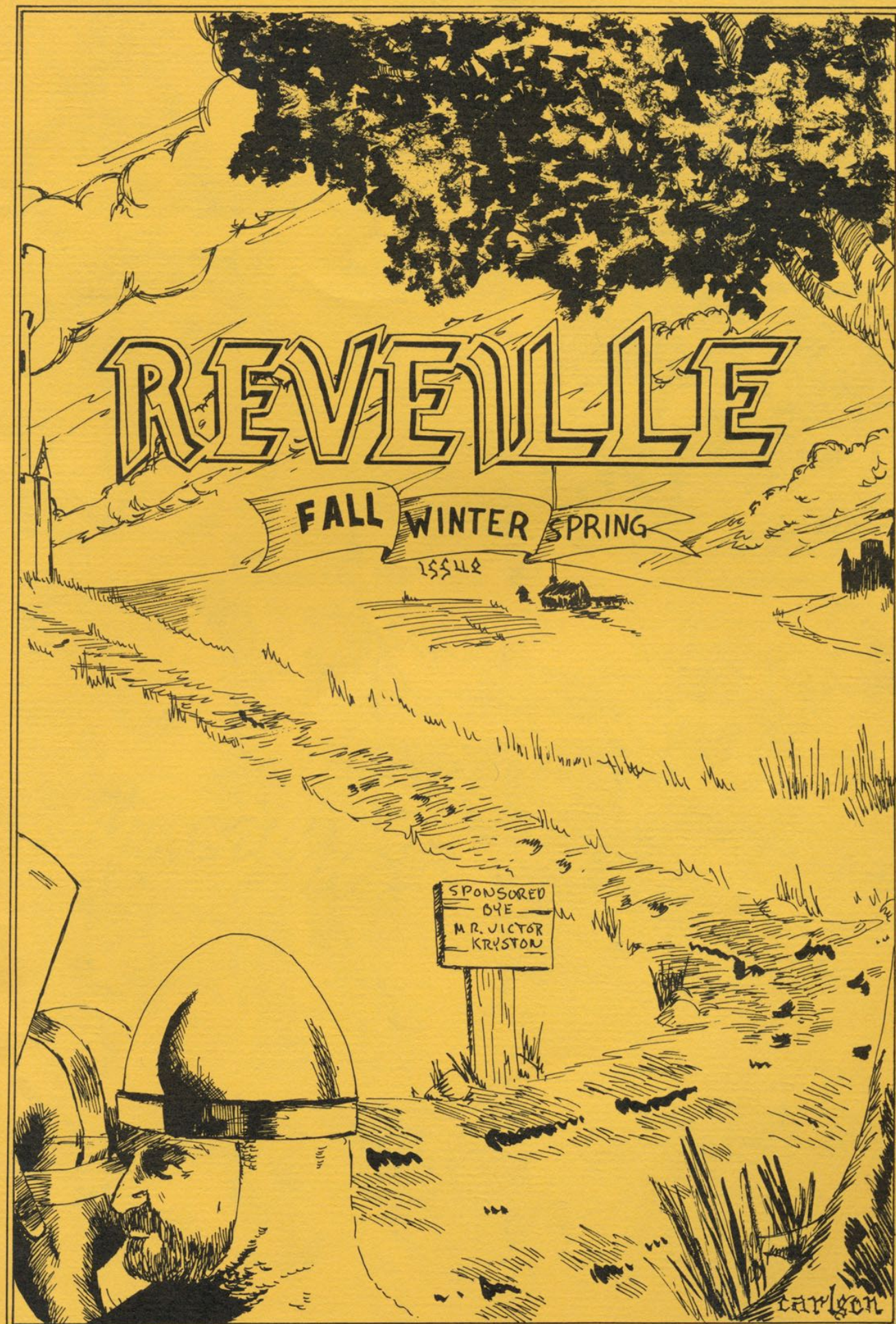
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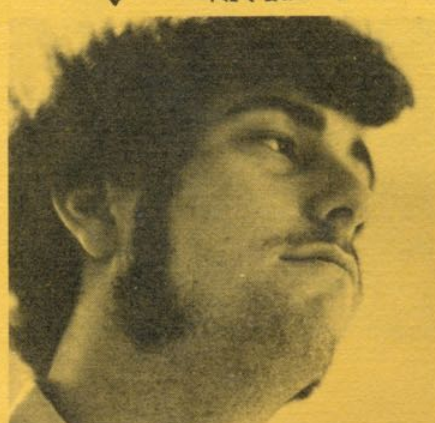
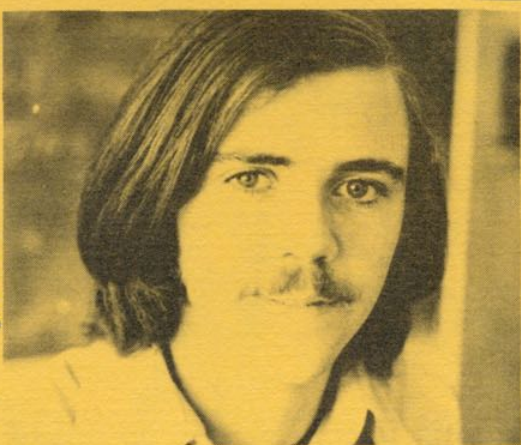
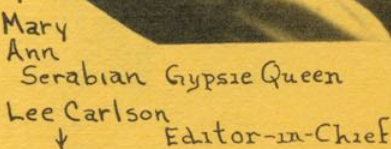
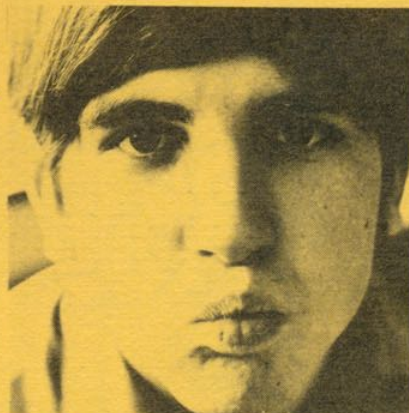
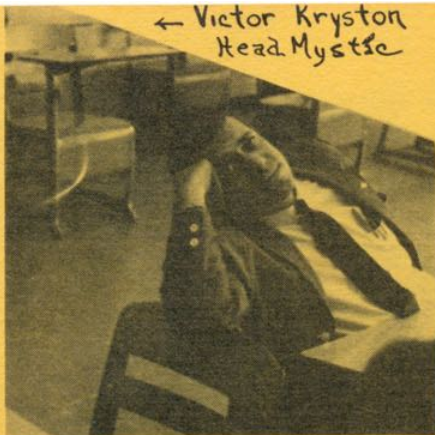
















# Home With A

Oh, you'll like the place all right. The house is neat and trim, built solid as a mint. Nine rooms, running water, electricity, and this new oil burner. I've had the place completely redecorated too. You'll go for it the minute you see it. And just a mile and a half from the drive to the edge of town. A good road too; you can see this is a main thoroughfare.

I'm a fool not to move in myself. But I have my own home now of course, and well, I have other reasons too. You'll see. It's a steal though if you decide to take it. Three acres of land with a nice apple orchard and the best hill for winter coasting you ever saw. I know that sounds pretty silly for sales talk, but I had so much fun there myself as a kid that I can't help mentioning it.

Yes, Sir, thirteen thousand five hundred; that's what I said. You'll think I'm Santa Claus when you see it. Oh, I could get twice as much from several people in town, but dammit, I'd give it away before I'd turn it over to any of them. They'd tear down the old house the second they got their hands on it and I'll be damned if I'll let that happen! They don't build houses like that anymore. You'll see.

No, that's the old Cameron place. They've sure let it run down though. Used to be a beautiful little farm when I was a kid. My folks tried once to buy but then we—well, I guess I told you my folks died in the fire that razed the old town hall. That's how I happened to live out here with my Aunt and Uncle.



## View

Edwin L. Vergason



Yes, it was pretty tough. I was just a kid of twelve, old enough to realize; too young to understand. But I guess I adapted myself fairly well to my new life; and believe me, it was a strange world I plunged into.

There's the house now! Right there on the knoll above the apple trees. Could you ask for a better view? I guess you could pretty near see to town from the garret window up there. I—I only went up there once myself and—well, I didn't notice then. But you can see how she rises up there above everything. Yes, Sir, if I wasn't such a blamed fool, I'd move in tomorrow!

Of course the drive needs surfacing. My Uncle Everett owned a car, an old Essex it was—you may remember them—but Aunt Clara did what little driving was done. My Uncle Everett never left the house while I was there.

There, now you can see the house fine! Trim as a clipper and sturdy as a rock. And none of that gingerbread stuff you see on most of the houses built in those days. Notice how simple the porch is with just those straight pillars. Nothing pretentious to get out of date; just good, clean lines.

Before we go in though, I want to put my cards on the table. When you get a good look at this house and consider what I'm asking for it, you're going to ask yourself what the catch is. Well, I like to think I'm a reasonably honest man, and I'm going to show you the joker with the rest of the deck. You may have picked up some gossip in town, but those fools are just giving off gas, small-townitis, I call it. They don't actually know a thing. Many's the time I've been tempted to—well, it's a family affair. None of their damn business! Know what I mean?

What I'm about to tell you is all over and done with and anyone who's been through a war like you have and seen the things you've seen, isn't going to pass up a live bargain because of a dead story. But as I say, I'm going to give you the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I'll leave it up to you then, and if you're not laughing up your sleeve when I get through, well—you're not the man I took you for.

The front door here is solid oak. I put on that new brass knocker myself and this Yale lock. Used to have a keyhole big enough to crawl through! Thought I'd break my hand the first time I knocked on this door, and it didn't seem to make no more noise than a mouse in a mattress. Aunt Clara must have heard me though, because she opened the door all of a sudden and took my little brown bag before I knew it. Funny though, I wouldn't let her take my cap. I held onto that like life itself.

There wasn't much light in this hall then, so she held the door open while she looked me over. Straightened and dusted my old jacket, tightened my little tie, and looked at my hands. They were almost clean for once! Then she pushed me into the parlor here. Well, I guess you'd call it a study these days, but I always think of it as the parlor because that was what we called it when I lived here.

You wouldn't think it now, but this room was dark as pitch. Used to be a Morris chair right there by the window. That's where my Uncle Everett always sat, though why he had his chair by a window I never did see. The curtains were always drawn and a heavy old bridge lamp burned continually by the chair. I swear that lamp shed more shadows than light. The bulb was that weak you expected it to go out any minute and a heavy black shade smothered what little glow it did have.

I'll never forget my first meeting with the old man. I'd been here once before when I was five, but I didn't remember much about it except that Uncle Everett wouldn't let me come into the house. Upset my mother so—she had come out to see Aunt Clara who was deathly ill—that she never brought me here again. Mom did arrange it so that my grandfather came here





to look after Aunt Clara and he lived here till the day he died. Seems Aunt Clara had given birth premature—miscarriage. Know what I mean?

Well, Uncle Everett sat there by the window in his Morris chair. What with his leathery skin and that amber light look like a damn mummy! He had a long, lean face with an endless slit of a mouth, and big, colorless eyes. He had the frame of a starved horse, long and knobby; made you feel he'd be happier out in a big, green pasture.

He wore glasses but I swear I never saw him use them. He peered over the top of them like a man looking over a tall fence at a dump that adjoined his property. Leastways that's how he looked at me, just staring and drumming his long, knotty fingers on the arms of his chair.

"Boy," he said after a while, "Boy, I can't say as it's a pleasure having you here. You won't like me and I won't like you. Being here ain't exactly your fault and it certainly ain't mine, but we might as well face the plain facts and say no more about it. Tell your Aunt Clara I've decided on the southwest room after all. That'll be your bedroom. You'll eat in the kitchen. You can use those two rooms and I'll use the rest of the house. That way we'll cross each other as seldom as possible. Now we'll say no more about it. Goodday."

I had a little speech all prepared but his harsh greeting wiped it completely from my mind. All I could remember was a few lines from "The boy stood on the burning deck." So I twisted my cap for a few seconds, finally thanked him in a low voice and tiptoed out of the room. This way, Sir.

This is the living room. Used to be two windows here, but I've had them combined into that one big one. Makes a beautiful room, doesn't it? And this secretary goes with the house. Too big for my place, worse luck! My Uncle Everett was sitting before that desk the second time I saw him.

He gave me quite a going over that time for crying in bed at night. You can understand how it would be with a kid of twelve that's just lost his folks, can't you? Sort of sick at heart and all mush inside. I tried to keep the pillow wrapped tight about my face so the sobs wouldn't come out, but apparently they did, for after I'd been living here about a month, Uncle Everett summoned me.

It was just a bit past noon and the room was light enough, I guess, but Uncle Everett seemed to carry darkness about with him like some men carry cigars. When I entered this room, I stepped into a forest at high noon. The light was there, but it was filtered and gray.

I thought at first that he was studying his accounts and making entries with a sort of quill; but as I drew closer, I saw that he was carefully picking his false teeth with the sliced end of a chicken feather. Watching him was a hardship on a young stomach. Finally, he dipped the teeth into a glass of water at his elbow, flicked the water from them, and inserted them into his mouth with a great deal of sloppy fingering. This last exhibition left my stomach in a little fuzzy know, for I had never seen a mouth the equal of my Uncle's. Opened it seemed to stretch literally from ear to ear, swallowing both the teeth and his immense hand with the ease that a well takes the bucket.

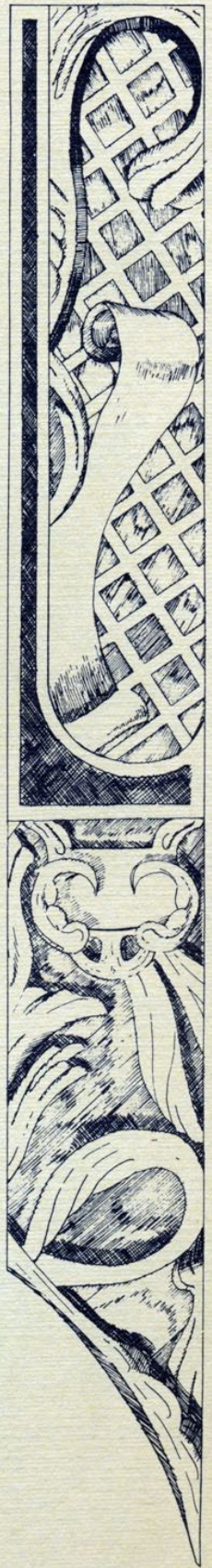
Then he turned his watery eyes full upon me.

"How are you getting along, Boy?" he asked in his thin, penetrating voice. The civility of his question and the tone in which he asked it caught me off guard. I stuttered as I told him that everything was quite satisfactory.

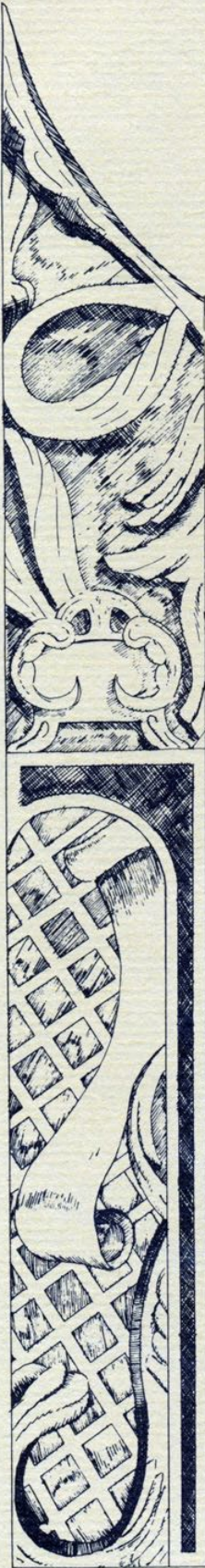
"Do you have any complaints?" he wanted to know.

"No Sir," I hastened to assure him.

"Well, I have," he informed me in a much less pleasant tone. You cry at night. Why?"







"I—I—I don't know," I stammered.

"Is it because of your parents?" he continued, leaning toward me.

"I—I—I—don't know, Sir," I repeated dumbly. By then I couldn't have told him my own name correctly.

His eyes began to bulge until the pupils seemed to rest on the upper rims of his spectacles. A new note crept into his voice, a note that hovered uncertainly somewhere between anger and fear.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

"Afraid—Sir?"

"Yes, afraid. Do you hear things at night?" His head was so close to mine now that I moved back for fear of being sucked into a monstrous vacuum.

"No—no, Sir," I told him quite honestly.

"You never hear anything moving around up there?" he pursued, his liquid eyes flickering upward for a fraction of a second.

I frowned, uncertain. "Up there?" You mean the attic, Sir?"

His squid-like hand plastered itself on my shoulder and he shook me so hard that my hair stung my eyeballs. "Of course I mean the attic, you idiot! Well, speak! Do you?"

I was so terrified by his behavior that I could only roll my head from side to side. He shook me again until I thought my cheeks would burst.

"Don't nod your head at me! Speak!" he shouted.

"No, Sir," I said as the tears broke forth. Uncle Everett caught himself abruptly.

"We'll say no more about it for the present," he told me. "But if ever you do hear something, come to me immediately, do you understand? I don't hear so good now and I need you for ears. Not a word of this now to anyone." He turned back to his desk while I smeared my face clumsily with my handkerchief and took my leave.

Right in here, if you please. You know I originally intended to have that chandelier removed from the dining room, but after it was cleaned up and polished a bit, I decided it looked right. How do you like it? It's solid brass and that glass is hand-cut. Funny, you know, but I never had a meal in this room. Grampa and I had a sort of "First shift" in the kitchen. Aunt Clara used to eat in here with my Uncle. That's his silver napkin ring on the sideboard. I can practically see him now sitting in his walnut armchair at the head of the table, rolling that ring back and forth under his coppery hand. It was my last interview with him, as you might say. I'd come to report. You see, I had been hearing things in the attic.

"What's that?" he shouted, whirling around. "Close the door, Boy!"

You can imagine how I jumped to it! I don't know why he wanted the door closed; we were alone in the house. Aunt Clara had taken Grampa to Doc Whitstead's to have his head sewed up after his sled accident.

"Now what were you saying?" he asked when I returned to stand at the corner of the table.

"I—I heard something in the attic," I repeated.

"Well, don't just stand there!" he bellowed. "Speak up! What was it? What did it sound like?"

"I can't just say, Sir," I told him. "The first night it was so faint I wasn't even sure I heard it. But the next night—"

"How long have you been hearing things?" he wanted to know.

"About—two weeks, I guess, Sir."

He rose up like the shadow of a man suddenly leaving a lamppost, his gnarled fists still rooted to the table.



"You little devil! I thought I told you to let me know right off! Tiny veins stood out in livid purple against his leathery cheeks.

"I wasn't sure," was all I could think of as a half-hearted explanation. Actually, it had taken me some time to get up enough nerve to face my formidable uncle again.

He reached down then with his long arms and hoisted me up on the table where I sat facing him while one of his hands made a pulp of my knee for the next few minutes.

"Now you tell me everything, Boy! Just the way it happened; just as you heard it!"

Somehow I found voice enough to speak; words enough to make some semblance of sense. I told him about the scratchy noises I had first heard, like rats at work in the rafters. These had not alarmed me. But about three nights previous I had heard a new sound that I could not begin to identify. It was a soft, sticky sound, a little similar to the noise made by a wheel turning through soft tar. It seemed to be progressing slowly across the attic floor. It moved so slowly in fact that it had taken me two nights to be sure that there was any progress at all. But on the third night I had suddenly realized that the sound was coming from directly above my room while the gnawing and first tarry sounds I had heard had seemed to come from the far end of the attic. What had been almost inaudible was now quite unmistakable.

The sticky, crawling sound had frightened me inasmuch as I had not been able to find any logical explanation for it, but I was wholly unprepared for the look of horror that I now saw in my Uncle's face. He was trembling so much that he was forced to release my knee and grasp the table with both hands in order to keep his chair. Finally he regained control of himself and stood up, flexing his great hands.

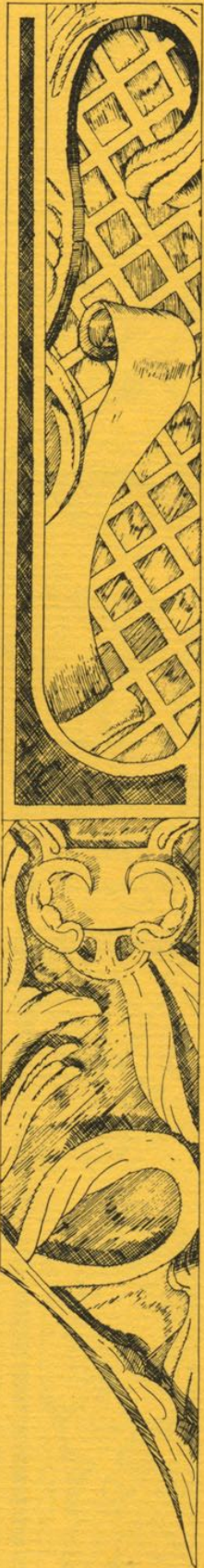
"Well," he said softly. "Now I'll have to do it!" Then he turned his eyes on me again. "Boy, you sleep with your Aunt Clara tonight," he ordered, and without another word, he turned on his heel, brushed open the door to the kitchen, and stalked off in the direction of the cellar. While I was washing his dishes, he returned with a double-bladed axe on his shoulder. He strode past me, a great hulking man; perhaps not the master of his fate, but apparently ready to meet whatever was. In a moment I heard him pounding heavily up the stairs.

And this, of course, is the kitchen. You'll want a new stove and refrigerator, I imagine. These are still serviceable, but—well, they've made improvements, haven't they? And one of those new chrome and enamel breakfast sets—wouldn't that look smart in here! Plenty of room, you notice. A big, old-fashioned kitchen—none of those modern two-by-fours they slip in nowadays between a couple of joists! Why, the kitchen in my own house wouldn't begin to hold that old table there—say, that reminds me! The first time I saw that table it sported a white oilcloth and was loaded with steaming-hot molasses cookies. Makes my mouth water just to think of it.

Grampa was sitting right there where you're standing now. There was a chair there, of course. Say, you would have liked Grampa! A lot of folks hereabouts thought he was a bit light in the head—loco—you know what I mean? But they just lacked enough warm blood in their veins to understand the old boy. He wasn't much to look at to be sure. Always had about two days growth of bristle around his jaws and the damndest little monkey face you ever did see. But he was brim-full of fun. You know the first thing he said to me when I came in here from my first meeting with my Uncle?

"Where's your sled, Davy?"

Now that might sound funny to some people, but it seemed a perfectly





natural question to me at the time. I told him that I thought the sled had gone into the auction along with all the other household effects. Meanwhile Aunt Clara had whisked me over to the table, tied a great linen napkin around my neck, poured me a big mug of milk and told me to pitch in.

Grampa was quite distressed about my sled until Aunt Clara reminded him softly that Christmas was not too far off. Then he stamped his feet and grinned like he's just swallowed the cat that ate the canary.

"Soon as you're through there," he said, "I want you to come round to this side of the winder and look at m' hill. Oh, I been achin' to go belly-floppin' down there for I don't know how long!"

You can see the hill just to the left of the big maples there. And it's some hill, believe me. I got a Storm King sled for Christman that year too—you can guess quick enough who that was from! Grampa and I had some grand times out there! Once though we had quite a serious talk up by those spruce trees. He told me a little about my Uncle.

Seems Uncle Everett used to be crazy about kids; couldn't wait to have some himself. But the years went by and there were no children in the house. Then one day Aunt Clara announced that their prayers were going to be answered, and you should have seen him, Grampa said.

"From all I hear he cut up like a wild colt! Bought up Penny Newton's toy store practically and passed out cigars months in advance, though lots of people will tell you that's the worst luck thing a man can do. He just couldn't hold himself in though.

"Well, it seems things went wrong—they do sometimes—Davy, and that baby came into the world 'fore it was ready, you might say. Almost killed your Aunt Clara and, well—I suppose it did kill your Uncle Everett in a way. Leastways he ain't been livable ever since. I come out through the insistence of your Mother and though nobody's ever said much, I don't think either of 'em ever wants me to leave now.

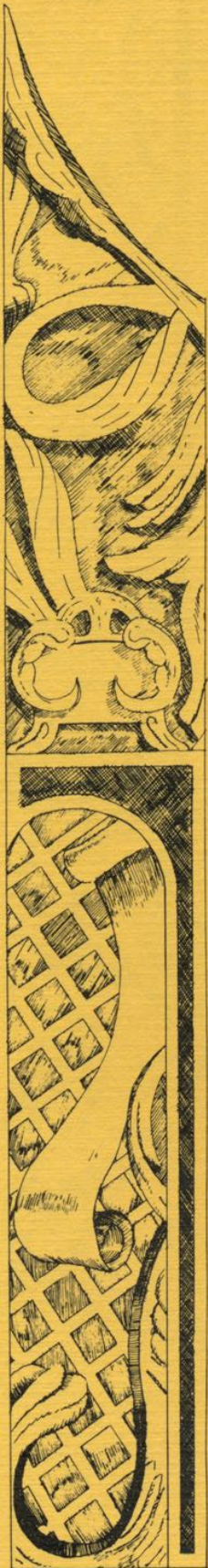
"I tell ya this so's maybe you can understand things a little better. Your Aunt Clara loves ya to death, Davy, and you've done her more good'n anything I know of. Just keep a stiff upper lip if things seem a little hard and strange sometimes. That's a good boy. Say, let's drive down there just to the left of them saplings, Davy. You can steer this time, if you want."

Grampa was always trying new "routes." That was how he got his head sliced up. The afternoon before that last talk I had with Uncle Everett, we tried a sort of ski-jump off a big rock around the bend there. Well, we jumped all right, but the sled jumped one way and we jumped the other. I had my breath knocked out and Grampa took a "header" into a stump. Aunt Clara got him in the old Essex and rode off to Doc Whitestead's. They got caught in a sleet storm and couldn't get back that night, but Doc Whitestead said Grampa shouldn't be moved for a while anyway.

And here we are back in the vestibule again. We'll go up the stairs on your right there. I'm only sorry you can't enjoy seeing my Aunt Clara mounting them. She was big woman, tremendous, with plump, strong arms. She'd grab that rail and pull herself along as nimble as a sailor going aloft though. But the first night I was here, I thought she'd never make it. She'd had a quarrel, I think, with my Uncle Everett as to which room I was to have. She didn't want me to have the southwest one he'd assigned me. They didn't argue very often, but I think they had it out hot and heavy that night in the parlor.

At any rate she went up these stairs like a slow freight on a long grade, muttering to herself and seizing the bannister as though it were so much putty. You could almost see her hand sink into it.

The door on the left—that was their room, Uncle Everett and Aunt





Clara's, that is. This is mine right here. I never touch this knob but I think of the way my Aunt Clara approached it that night. She went at it like she was taking the head of a snake in her hand. She stood there, hand outstretched for several seconds without moving. When she did open the door, she flung it wide and stomped in until the dust threatened to choke her. The room hadn't been used for years, you see, and there was a layer of dust thick as your hand all over everything. That oak bed there looked like it was made of mould. Let me tell you, she hurried me out of here in no time while she got busy with duster and mops and brooms!

One odd thing happened though. As I say, the room obviously hadn't been used for years, and yet I saw the sharp outlines of footprints in there. Big prints. They went right across the room and back again, clear as you please. And they seemed to stop right by that far door. That, my friend, is the door to the attic. Aunt Clara was too mad to notice anything, but I saw them, and I couldn't get them out of my mind.

One night while I was lying on the bed there, trying to see if I could touch the top of the headboard without raising off my pillow, I heard my door open soft and slow. I froze there with one hand still in the air as the door opened wider and wider. Then I could see someone standing there in the opening. After a long wait, this person tiptoed across the room, stopping every little while to look toward me and listen. Finally he reached the attic door. The figure stood there beside the door with its head pressed up tight against the panels, sort of listening like. I thought my arm would die like an old vine along the headboard, and yet I didn't dare move! Finally, the figure glided out again, closing the door behind it. I knew by then it was my Uncle Everett. Every two weeks or so he came back during the night and went to the attic like that.

This is his room over here—his and Aunt Clara's. Fine old four-poster, eh? Used to have one of those canopy things across the top, you know what I mean? A teaser I think you call it. I slept here just one night—and I didn't do much sleeping then. That was the night I told you about, when Uncle Everett come up here with the axe and told me to sleep with Aunt Clara; but of course, Aunt Clara didn't come back that night, so what little sleeping I did, I did alone. I could hear pretty well in here too. The sounds from above, I mean.

But that night they were different. There was the same oozy, sticky sound, but every now and then you would hear a sort of thump! or plop! like heavy rocks dropping into a mudhole. Well, it got so loud, I jumped out of bed and stood at the door listening, for it seemed to be coming from the direction of my room. Suddenly I heard a tremendous, wet thump against the attic door. those heavier sounds I'd heard had been something coming down the attic stairs!

Springs creaked and I guessed that Uncle Everett was getting out of bed too. Then there followed the worst damn sounds I ever hope to hear. I suppose it was a voice; but it wasn't any voice you ever heard. It was like the words were all the same and each one came out in a bubble. I don't suppose you see what I mean, do you? Well, anyway, I heard Uncle Everett speak then.

"All right, you foul thing," he was saying and his voice would have raised the hair on your spine. It was thin and whiny like a Jew's harp.

"I made a mistake," he was saying. His voice began to get higher and louder. "I'm ready for you! I haven't been able to do it before, but now I've got to! If it's me you want, I'm not afraid! Do you hear me? I'm not a damn bit afraid of you! I'm going to send you back to the hell you were spawned





in—do you here? See how you like the feel of steel in your slimy carcass!” And then there was a tremendous crash and splintering of wood. I stood rooted beside the door. There was another exposive splintering of old timber. And through it all this bubbling voice that froze your brain!

Then he screamed!

God, what a noise! For frozen minutes I stood paralyzed beside my bed as that file of grating sound rasped through my brain. Then suddenly it stopped. I opened the bedroom door. I raced across the hall, and threw wide the door to my room.

At the foot of the splinter-littered staircase, I saw my Uncle lying on the floor, his great axe held tightly between his legs. His arms were strangely rigid at his sides and only his eyes seemed capable of movement. But there was something so terrifying in them that I stepped back for an instant. For the briefest of seconds his watery pupils dilated hideously and then stopped as a thick film seemed to move swiftly over them. Then I rushed to his side and tried to shake him from his fit.

Don't ask me what I touched! I don't know to this day. In any event, it wasn't my Uncle. For my Uncle was enclosed in something as thick and sticky as molten rubber, as soft and clammy as jelly; something solid, I say, but almost completely transparent!

And that was the way we buried him hurriedly the next day in heavy blankets and a hastily built coffin. Doc Whitestead advised it as a friend of the family and took care of all the technicalities as the local coroner. The whole thing was beyond him, he said, but then he admitted that a country doctor runs across a lot of things that aren't explained in his dogeared texts. Apparently, he said, my Uncle had been devoured alive by some unknown fungus. That was doc's opinion, but whatever more he may have suspected passed on with him a few years later.

And now I'll prove to you that the story itself is faded and gone. Come this way, Sir, to the attic. Oh, come now; I assure you there is nothing at all to deter you. I've had the place scrubbed and cleaned till it shines. Watch your step there at the landing. That's it.

And this is the attic. You could keep a hotel's luggage up here. A perfect place for the children on a rainy day. You'll probably want to tear down this partitioning. The bottom is pretty well eaten out anyway, but you patch it up if you preferred to keep the wall in. A piece of plywood eight by three would easily cover up that—a-hole. That—that's where it got out.

Inside here are the baby things. There isn't much left on the bassinet though and you'd never guess that little chest was once ivory and red. Maybe you could use some of these toys; they've never been touched, of course. There's the crib. That's where Uncle Everett put the thing the night it was born. That pail? Well, I don't honestly know—unless he used it to carry the thing up here, or maybe he brought up food in it. It must have been pretty horrible; a sort of human hydra, a huge jellyfish with a gaping mouth and not a bone in its colorless body.

Well, that's it; you've seen the house. What do you say? Where will you find a bargain like it? Say, there *is* a view up here, isn't there! That's the coasting hill to our right. The little mound on top is Uncle Everett's grave. Right there; see where I'm pointing—that mound. Say, it does seem to have sunk a bit. Looks more like a hole there now.

What's that? Just the way the wind blew I guess. For a minute I thought the grass was being flattened like—well, like something was coming down the hill! But you can see for yourself now there isn't a thing.

Hmmm! What do you suppose made those saplings snap over like that!





# Music

By  
Michelle Shannon

CHORDS,

Laughing through my mind;  
Flowing...

Like a new-born stream.

I am glad, that this sense,  
this beautiful perception,  
Is within me.

Oh how nice music would look  
if it held visible form

Like an aura of lights

Flashing across equally colored sky...

Reflecting upon blue, tranquil sea.

—I—

Oh... how nice.

And, if it were to touch...

Oh... it would be the softness of  
a newly-dried kitten,  
highlighted with a  
slight purring tremor.

Or... if one was to taste  
music,  
They would taste the most  
exquisite  
that would ever pass  
through their lips.

—II—

AND THEN, to smell music  
would be to smell the  
total  
of three Thanksgivings  
in one!

But... yes,  
Music has none of these,  
For it can only  
be perceived  
through the ear.  
How lucky we are,  
that it can be  
perceived  
at all.

—III—







THE ORIGIN OF  
PHLANGE MAHONEY

# DAD

by  
John Hibbits



ILLUSTRATIONS: JOHN HIBBITS

A desperate man is to be reckoned with, reason second or less, a desperate man is hated and feared because of this, and he probably will not die easily. So many have been hunted down and torn apart bit by bit; the hunted plunder the pursuers in swaths; he becomes more desperate and with each drop of blood that drips from his wounds. "That's why," Kevin Finn Patrick Mahoney cursed at the coppers and fish women on the docks, "I want my son to be a desperate man, hard in life, heavy in drink." Kevin Mahoney stood just behind the door of his favorite drinkhouse contemplating the eternal philosophical triad, and cursing life. His wife was in the last stages of labor, twenty-five yards away, at his house. She was cursing him for neglecting her and using her for nothing but a receptacle for their unborn child. Kevin hates his wife because he neglects her; "a receptacle for unborn progeny, it was clear, was just that." Cathleen was 43 and her first pregnancy was rapidly ending.

"Kevin," said Kelly Connolly, "That's why you want your son to be desperate of all things?"

"Never mind, Kelly. I'm not sure I know myself. Terrence," he said to the owner, "I need your telephone."

"If it's someone you want to call, then use it here. Come on behind the lines, and mind, I'm taking stock of my Guinness."

Mahoney cranked the telephone sufficiently for an hour or conversation, then rang the Dublin switchboard. "Colleen, get me Edmond Wends, the British notary."

"Isn't Paddy good enough for you? He's all Irish." slurred one barfly: another continued, "Halfpenny, you're going to them for company now, eh?"

"Paddy is the best notary in Eire, Scotland, Wales and England, but his stamp is busted."

"This is Edmond Wends, notary public."

"Mr. Wends, Kevin Mahoney here. I've got a job for you." Mahoney gave his address, fended off the few attempts at waiting because it was four o'clock in the morning, and he finally got Wends to go to his house to perform his public duty.

Once he was on the drinking side of the bar, Kevin bought a bottle of Irish whiskey. He drank down half of the tereing racous at a standing, and gave up the rest to be passed around the bar. He wandered out of the bar muttering about the long iniquities that are forced, by rich society, on an unemployed father of a son.

The night was dark, yes, some stars were still sliding across the dome. It was a hearty and crisp night of 43 degrees, better than garlic and onion for the cardiovascular system, the pectorals, the esophagus, lungs and the oft smoke bathed trachea; the bronchii fresked on it, too. The sky, clear as silver tears, all the good early summer stars speckled about Luna, who was flashing her first quarter one-tooth grin. The feel of the air was crisp and clear, shhhh. Kevin took a deep breath, catching (in the last second of inhalation) the smell of day old fish that lingered on the quays. He coughed the random final ten yards to his home.

Maggie the Midwife slammed his house door open, and leapt down the four steps to the sidewalk. "Oh, Mr. Mahoney, it's strange in there, it's not natural! Cathleen was weak, so weak, and I thought your son was, was, wasn't finished."

"Good, God, woman! What?"  
"But he was, so I slapped his rear and he . . . moaned! He didn't cry, he moaned, like an old cow, or if a snake could moan—that was it."

"Are you suggesting my child is a work of the devil?" Mahoney raised his right arm ready to bring it down in retribution on a blaspheming midwife, or to beat his breast in grandopera anguish.

"I'm not saying anything, Mr. Mahoney. It's strange, though, not right." She ran off sobbing and muttering prayers in dialectal Latin.

There were four steps. A cast iron railing on one side. An oaken door that Mahoney himself had meticulously carved and pieced. All there, and behind—the dark brick house. So much. He pressed his eyelids together, inherently fitting them with more preciseness than any two door planks, he clenched his lower hand into a fist, shook gently. A cold rain fell, washed away his two tears, so there was naught to fix his sight on. The sky was clear, rain fell cold, like defrosting, silky worms.

He thought of the speech he had prepared, had Cathleen bore him a daughter. "What have you wrought on this much oppressed provider?" It began. "What have you wrought?" He said to Lucifer, the Father, Cathleen, coppers, cobblestones.

When five o'clock neared, Kelly Connolly, who knew, appeared before Mahoney's house. "Come on then, eh?" He grasped his friend around the shoulder, clasped his newly lowered hand. He helped Kevin onto the first step.

"What . . ." The second step was harder, Mahoney was dead weight. " . . . have . . ." The third step. " . . . you . . ." The fourth step push was unsuccessful because Mahoney had broken Kevin's supporting grasp and started to throttle him. Kelly set his thick and jarring arm straight out from his sides, arched his arm inward to punch Mahoney on either side of his abdomen. Connolly then caught Mahoney with an elbow to the chin and rammed knuckles into the flesh just below the breastbone. Kevin crumpled involuntarily on the small stoop-porch. Kelly gather him up, not unlike he would gather up a large three-fourths filled sack of potatoes, dumped Mahoney in his house. Kelly's voice was unintended, purely an exercise in use of the larynx: "Kevin."

Some minutes later, Mahoney got off the floor and plodded upstairs to see. The first thing he noticed was that his and Cathleen's bedroom door, which was ever open, was closed tight, probably locked. Then he saw Mother Gaelic, Cathleen's mother sitting on a hard and uncomfortable chair in front of her closed and always locked door.

"Mother Gaelic, what?" Though he had never thought of her as anything but Mother Gaelic, that was the first time he had addressed her as such.

"What have you wrought?"

"Have I wrought? I have wrought?"

"What about my son?"

"Oh, it's strange, not natural." When Maggie had said that, Mahoney dismissed it as the hysterical ravings of a Christian midwife terrified by some minor and meaningless abnormality. Mother Gaelic was a prievael pagan; she knew.

"What is it?"

"His name is to be Friedrich Engels Mahoney. Her last words."

There was a rap on the oaken door; it was followed by another rap then four more raps in rapid succession. Kevin bounded after the manner of plucked bucks downstairs to let in Mr. Wends, the British notary.

The men spent but a few moments in the scullery-study fixing the preliminaries on the forms, cleaning the seal, and melting the wax. Mother Gaelic listened intently, but no word of what Kevin had chosen for a name was mentioned or hinted.

At the stairtop Mahoney announced quietly, "I have chosen a name. I did it when I was with Her Majesty's Marines twenty years ago. I thought I was going to die, so I named my son."

"British notary, his name is Friedrich Engels Mahoney."

Kevin walked past Mother Gaelic, which was not easy, she was ominous doing nothing, to the end of the hall, where, under a window, the child's bassinet had been placed. Without looking at the infant, Mahoney grabbed it around the ankles with one coarse, battered, and large hand; he opened the window with the other hand.

He dangled the swaddler outside the window. "His name is Mahoney. His name is P-h-l-a-n-g-e M-a-h-o-n-e-y."

"Aye."

"God save the mark!" cried the notary as he fled downstairs.

Mr. Wends' necessity for being in the house of Mahoney was gone. He trod to the scullery-study, filled in the name, signed, sealed, and left without even demanding his owed fee.

Kevin replaced Phlange in the bassinet. He studied it; looks ok to me, he thought. "You are named, kid. Mother Gaelic, what is wrong with Phlange?"

"Now? Perhaps pneumonia." She unlocked her door to gain admittance to her room. "I am retiring for the night."

Kevin went downstairs to finish the civil birth certificate. He had but to indicate his wife's condition and sign his own name. He made a large flamboyant Kevin Finn Patrick Mahoney on the FATHER line. On the MOTHER line he used forty minutes in forming the best crooked X ever made.





## CLIMAX ANIMAL

by  
Paul Cross

A sleek starcruiser pulled into a standard orbit around a mist-enshrouded planet in the Milky Way Galaxie. Its purpose was to find and communicate with any intelligent life in this star system of this galaxie, in hopes to find life-forms similar to their own.

Sitting on the bridge of the 2 hundred crew member ship, the captain began giving orders for the exploration of this planet. "Give atmospheric, geologic and climatic readings."

"Atmosphere is 40% nitrogen, 20% carbon dioxide, 15% sulphur dioxide,

*continued on page 22*





Art:  
Naomi  
McCarter





# Delusions of Grandeur

MARTIN BUCHANAN

In March of the year 2075 A.D. Dr. Samuel Fermi placed a white mouse in the chamber of his latest invention, watched it dematerialize, and then watched it reappear exactly one month later. He had discovered time travel, which he quickly patented.

Realizing that he didn't have the funds to develop it, he sold out to General Technics for ten million U.N. dollars. General Technics was a Euro-American conglomerate that competed with Applied Systems Dynamics, a Eurasian combine, for the hearts and minds of the world's consumers, spurred on by the friendly rivalry that had replaced the Cold War a century before. General Technics quickly poured vast amounts of money and material into a new subsidiary, Otherwhen Inc..


In a few months, the first crew-carrying temporal transport disappeared into n-space. It never returned. The second ship left with a larger crew, bigger engines, and better safety devices. It came back a week later with its crew hopelessly insane. Their babbling did confirm one thing, that the parallel universe theory was a fact. If you go sideways in time you will encounter time tracks where the Nazis won World War II, where Lincoln wasn't shot, and where World War III was a fact, not a nightmare. That's what had happened to the first ship. It had appeared in New York of some parallel time track just as five Soviet ICBMs hit carrying multiple fusion warheads.

They worked on the third ship for three months. It was basically the same, except that it carried a self-aware IBM-1000000 computer that would bring the ship back even if the crew went nuts. The crew was made up of volunteers who had their minds suppressed with drugs and chemotherapy. The vacuum in their craniums was then supplanted with priority values and alternative programmings that were burned into their brains so that even a full mental breakdown wouldn't stop them. Most of the trip they spent hopped up on a mild derivative of LSD-25 while the computer instructed them through direct electrical linds with the conscience centers of their brains.

The third ship came back safely and the crew was back to normal after a month of reality-therapy. Among the cargo of the returning ship were twelve original Mona Lisas, all stolen from other time tracks and so for five years similar expeditions made Otherwhen Inc. one of the biggest and most famous assets of General Technics.

The Fort Worth Mental Rehabilitation Center was the only facility of its kind in the United States by 2080 A.D. Most mental illness was cured chemically and a true nut was hard to find. Jonathan Frink was a member of this small group of mental patients. His problem was classic. A professor of history in real life, he went off the deep end when they automated his job and now suffered from delusions of grandeur, thinking that he was Napoleon. A short, nervous fellow, he could speak archaic French and knew everything there was to know about the Little Corporal from Corsica. Frink's treatment at the center had reached the point where he realized that he was not the great general, but unfortunately he still wanted to be. He decided to attain his ambitions in what seemed to him to be an eminently logical way. One day he hit the center's head psychiatrist over the head with





a socket wrench stolen from Vocational therapy, stole the psychiatrist's clothes, and left the center.

Three days later Frink had reached the facilities of Otherwhen Inc., open for public tour twice a week. Frink wore a long overcoat to conceal the fact that he was costumed as a French Revolutionary general and carried a beam gun. Part of the tour included a walk through the Temporal Transport PRIMETIME. The single tour guide was responsible for fifty persons and never noticed that Frink had been left behind, hiding in a storage area. As soon as the tour left the ship Frink moved out of the storage area where he had concealed himself and sank into the pilot's seat. He had fifteen minutes before the next tour in which to study the controls. Modern efficiency engineering and an instruction manual provided in case something happened to the pilot made unfamiliarity with the instruments a surmountable handicap. Moving sideways in time was the hard thing. Frink just wanted to travel backwards. As the next tour approached the ship, he took the first step and pressed the button marked HATCH, sealing off the ship from the outside. The next step was equally simple. Pressing the button marked N-SPACE dematerialized the ship and threw it into the mathematical limbo where all points and times were congruent. A guard below drew a laser gun and fired at the ship's "airlock" - and watched the beam pass through the emptiness where the ship had been a moment before. It took Frink two hours to set the time-space grids for his destination. When he had finished the panel indicators read 8:00 P.M. May 9, 1796 and gave the latitude and longitude of Napoleon's camp outside Lodi, Italy. Closing his eyes and shaking nervously, he pressed the lever marked TRANSFER. Opening his eyes and looking at the panel he saw the location indicator marked with the words SETTING ACHIEVED. The television scanning system showed that he had achieved his objective. It was the night of May 9, 1796 and the ship was adjacent to room in a large, Renaissance style villa. Napoleon Bonaparte sat with his back to the exposed television lens, facing a fireplace. He was alone. Setting the ship's autopilot to return it to its owners, Frink materialized himself in the middle of the room.

He appeared silently a few feet behind Napoleon. As Frink leveled the beam gun at him, Bonaparte turned and began to laugh hysterically. Frink froze for a moment. The resemblance between them was striking. The laugh from the condemned man enraged him. Pressing the firing stud, Frink watched the man he was to replace drop with a smooth hole in his skull. Setting the beam for maximum energy and width he fired again, destroying the body but charring the rug only slightly. With a smile on his face he settled down to read the military intelligence reports that had been occupying his predecessor. He had to begin planning tomorrow's Battle of Lodi.

Half an hour later something moved behind Frink and he turned to see a short, nervous fellow slowly leveling a beam gun at his skull.

Imagine a time track branching a hundred trillion times in three hundred years. In a billion of these tracks, Jonathan Frink exists. In a million of them he is a patient in a mental hospital. In a thousand of them he suffers from delusions of grandeur and steals a time ship. In a hundred of them he wants to be Napoleon and decides that the beginning of the Italian campaign is a good starting point.

The beam gun was lined up on his forehead. The killer pressed the stud and a neat hole suddenly appeared in Frink's cranium. In his last second of consciousness as he fell toward the rug, Frink began to laugh hysterically as he saw a short nervous fellow dressed as a French general and carrying a beam gun materialize behind his killer.....







Lord  
by  
Carl Scheffey

"Are you working so late, Wade?" Wade's mother had little else to say.

"It's only 11:30. This paper has got to be done for tomorrow."

Hocher, Wade J. Grade pt av: 4.00 SCAT total: 99-00 IQ: 147.

"He has great potential, Mrs. Hocher."

"How much will that test tomorrow count on your grade?"

"Oh, about \$5.27 worth . . . pretty important." Wade made some calculations: so far, he had two A's and one B in this course. He decided to study thoroughly that night.

"Hey, Wade! How'd you do this nine weeks?"

"The usual." Wade suppressed a grin.

"You rat!"

\* \* \* \*

In the following year, the grading system at school was abolished. Wade thought this a liberation; at last he could study whatever he wanted whenever he wanted without a grade hanging over his head. He found that he had much spare time, and, sometimes to avoid boredom, he wrote in a diary. Here are some of the entries:

29 Sep It feels weird, not to have grades. But I shall get used to it. I've been studying all sorts of cool stuff lately. Reading Thoreau, *The Atlantic*, *Current History*, Camus—all very interesting. I also have time to read the paper most every day.

12 Dec I'm reading some Kant, but he is very difficult to understand. Somewhat discouraged with all this. Also doing some tutoring, but the student is discouraging too.

15 Dec Why bother with all this? It is hard to concentrate. Why study? It seemed interesting at first, but it's getting boring and tiring. Why tutor? For that matter, why do anything? Time passes on, I cannot stop it. Yet there is surely something missing here, some factor that I had not taken into account.

The young man took one last look at the door. "W. J. Hocher, M.D." Perhaps psychiatrists are right about some things, he thought. These two years of weekly visits had been a chance to examine himself, to find out about some of the actions of his subconscious self. He thought the result to be useful (it is useful to know what is happening when one cannot sleep at three in the morning). So he would apply the knowledge. As for further treatment, he would decide later.

An entry was made in Wade's diary that night:

21 Aug I live joyfully in death. But why? I can find no logical reason, but I will accept it anyway.

Wade was not keeping track of his sleep that week.

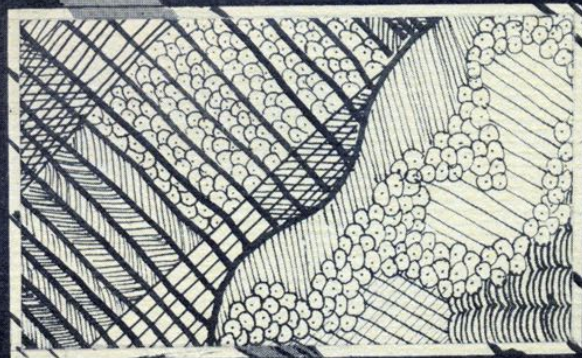
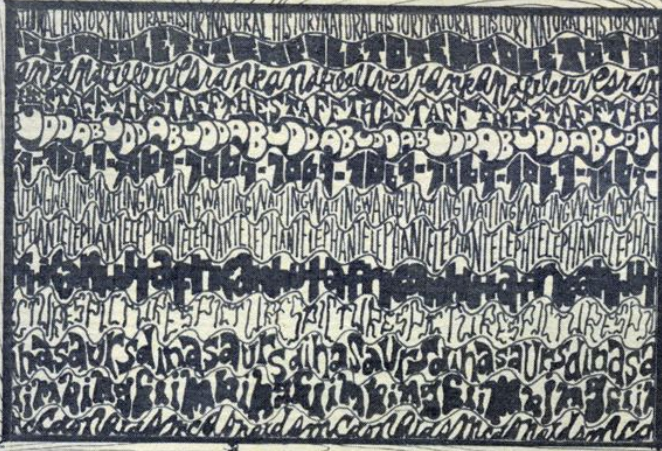




Melissa  
Hughes



Melissa  
Hughes





14% carbon monoxide, 5% methane, 5% oxygen and 1% hydrogen monoxide. Seventy-eight per cent cloud cover. Surface temperature presently 70° at equator. Polar icecaps extend, from the Arctic to 45° N. Longitude and, from the Antarctic north to 40° S. Longitude. Major petroleum deposits and iron ore plus gold, tungsten, zinc, carbon, copper, tin and other minor minerals."

"Life forms existing?"

"Different species of plant life within the area of mosses, lichens, algae. Few larger plants and no living animals or insects. Much decaying organic material indicating radiation decay and still traces of the radiation holding closely to the surface of the planet. Decayed material also indicates former presence of higher life-forms in the carbon cycle.

"Wait! I'm getting an indication of a Class I life-form!"

"Humanoid?"

"Yes. It is nearly at the end of its life. The creature is at 5° N. Longitude and 15° E. Latitude."

"Have Ensigns Clark and Asimov report to the hanger of the first landing craft, to be met by Geologist Lt. Commander Sturgeon and Radiologist Chief Ellison."

"Yes, sir!"

The order was given and the men collected in the hanger to await the captain's orders over the intercom. The box crackled to life and the captain spoke. "Your mission is to retrieve the last humanoid survivor of this planet and return him to sick bay. That's all."

They donned environmental control suits and climbed into the craft and descended to the location on the surface of the planet.

Back on the bridge: "Captain, the craft is one thousand feet above the surface. Five hundred feet...three hundred feet...two hundred feet...one hundred feet...fifty feet. Sir, the craft has landed."

"Radio contact."

"Sir, they say they have spotted the organism and are preparing it to return to the ship."

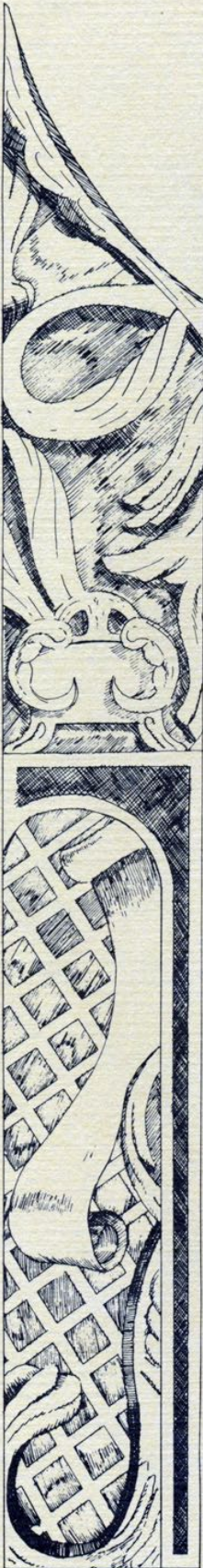


Ten minutes later: "Captain, the landing craft has taken off and is returning."

"Good. Radio them that there will be a medical team awaiting them in the hanger to take charge of the creature and that they are to report to me in the Mission Briefing Room after they have removed environmental suits."

"Yes, sir."

In the Mission Briefing Room the four men stood waiting with the captain for the chief medical officer to report findings on tests of the creature. The





doctor entered.

"Well, Doctor, what did you find?"

"He is a lot like ourselves . . . same osteological and myological systems, the cardio-vascular system is similar and the placement and number of main internal organs. He has the same four-chambered heart and a brain of almost the same size and capacity. The only main difference is the skin color, a deep brown. The brain size is due to shrinkage from the radiation-caused disruption of his organs. I gather that the radiation in the atmosphere is a recent occurrence and not one that the inhabitants could have evolved to live with. His endocardium has been almost all worn away and the myocardium is in serious condition. His liver is diseased and the lungs and digestive system are badly corroded. We have him under sedation and connected to both the heart-lung machine and the kidney machine. He is being fed glucose intra-venously and we have a monitor on his heart functions with the electro-cardiograph and we are tracing the electric potential of the brain with an electroencephalograph. He is very near dying and we can prolong life only for a short time. He should be coming out of sedation so you'd better talk to him now."

The six men emerged from the room and the captain and doctor headed for the sick bay while the other men returned to duty.

"Where am I?"

"You're on a starcruiser. I'm the Captain and this is the Chief Medical Officer. You're the last survivor of your planet. What happened? We did find some small records, but they were hardly readable by our computers and couldn't be translated except for a few words. They are badly worn. We are able to speak to you through a thought translator which picks-up our thoughts and translates them into your language while it reads your thoughts, through the electroencephalograph, and translates them into our language. You don't even have to speak."

The man thinks: "I have disobeyed the law. I should pay for what I have done. It was so beautiful. Everything was there. It still is beautiful, but only to me. You cannot understand. You must know to understand. I have eaten of the fruit of knowledge; I know and understand. The others ate too, but they left long ago. Only I stayed. I wanted to remain in paradise, but I couldn't. In the beginning we thought we could control our knowledge. Instead of being the great masters we became slaves of our own technology. Progress was like a cancer ravaging through our entire world and leaving nothing but death and waste. It forced the others to leave, but I foolishly stayed. Not long before they left we discovered our problem—it was too late. We tried to make retribution and failed. We were doomed and there is no return from extinction. I remember how it was. It was such a beautiful world, a garden. Beautiful plants, unlike the mosses left now, and the others, all were very beautiful. We became too ambitious and our knowledge grew faster than we matured to handle it and we were overwhelmed."

"He placed a flaming sword at the gate of origin and I was beaten by this as I attempted to return. . .

"Who is the 'He' this creature spoke of? Some ruler?"

"Who knows? We'll never know. He's dead."

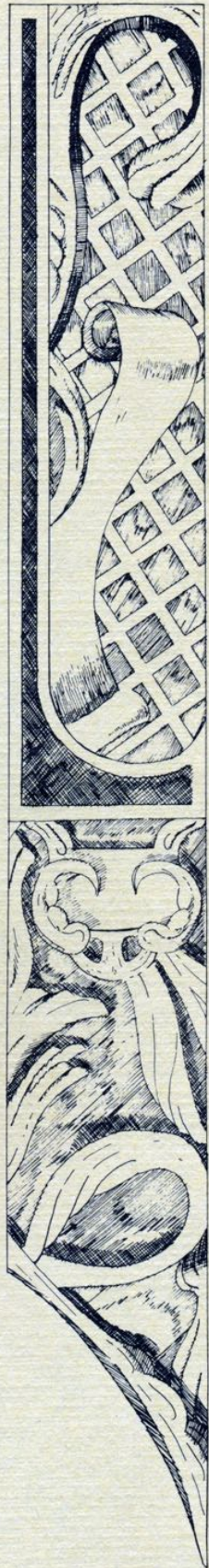
"I wonder what he was thinking about. What was that 'flaming sword!'"

"I don't know. What did you get from those papers that were found?"

"Just a few words. One appeared to be the name they gave to this world."

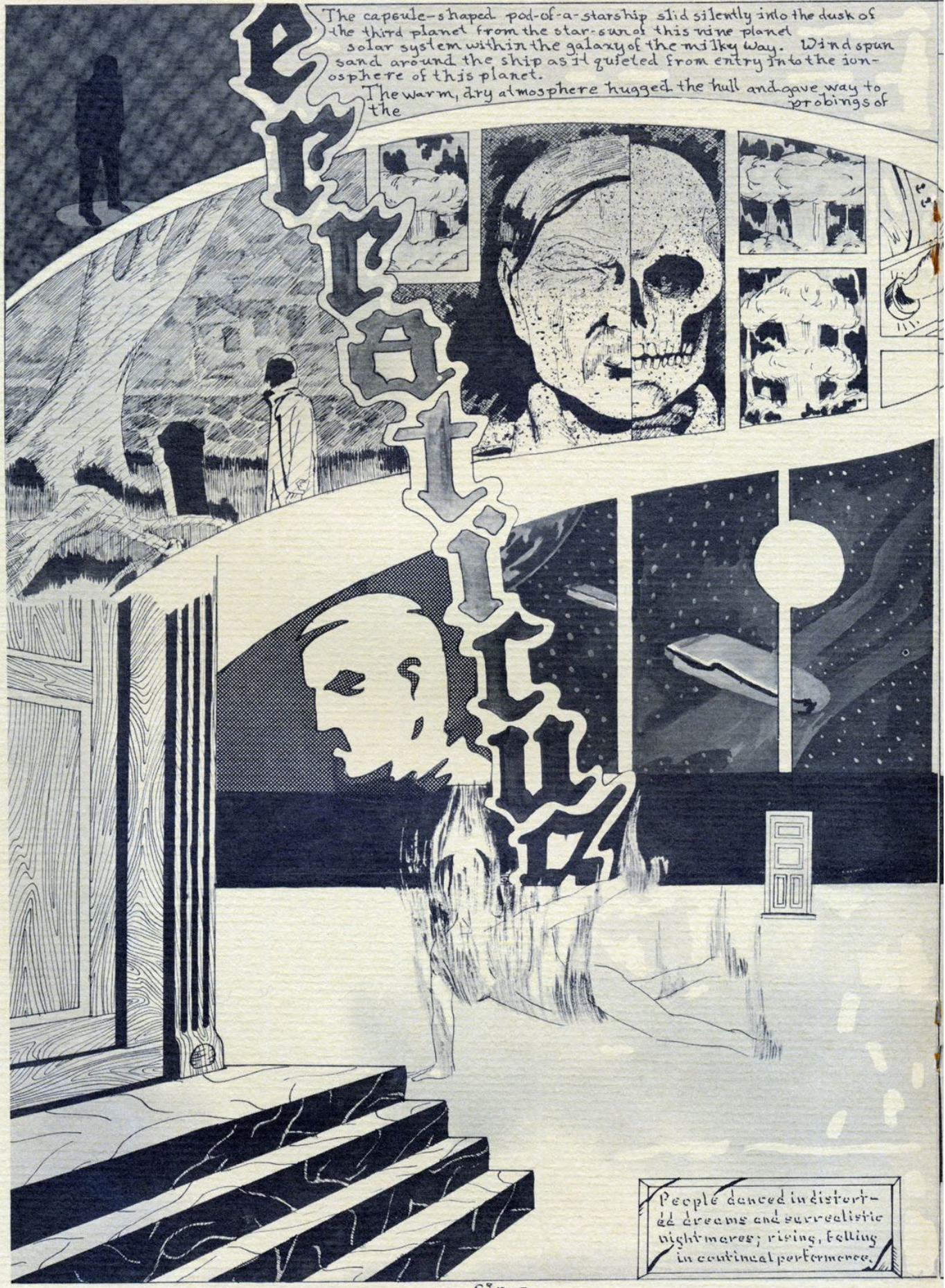
"What was it?"

"Earth."





The capsule-shaped pod-of-a-starship slid silently into the dusk of the third planet from the star-sun of this nine planet solar system within the galaxy of the milky way. Wind spun sand around the ship as it quieted from entry into the ionosphere of this planet. The warm, dry atmosphere hugged the hull and gave way to the



People danced in distorted dreams and surrealistic nightmares; rising, falling in continual performance.

—ein—



computer scanners in their analysis of the gases. The artificial lungs and respiratory system of the ship's

controls inhaled the gases, recording and separating

them to determine their effect on the master and

crew of the ship. Gases analysed and filed into tape-banks,

the determined-breathable atmosphere quietly and swiftly filtered into the environmental controlled chamber where sits the whole of the crew, the sole human in this space flight.

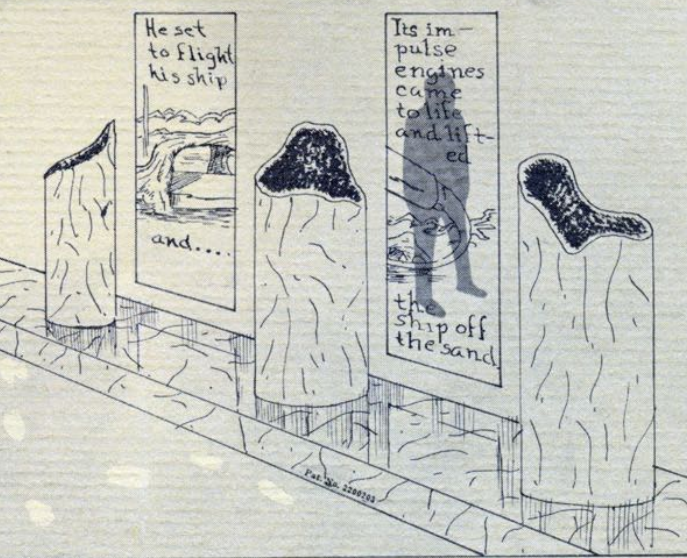
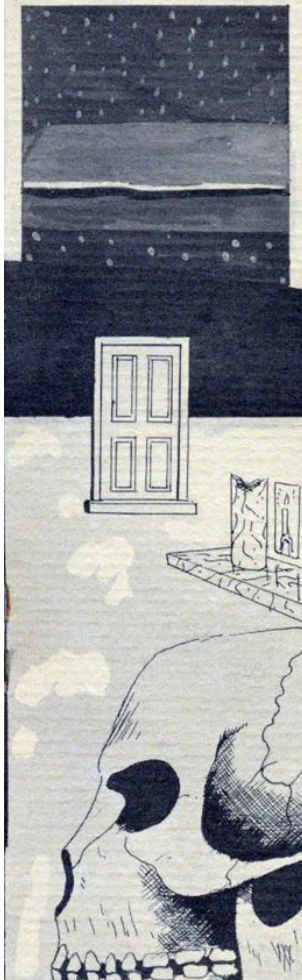
The captain, an ages-old relic of past days on his world; a remnant of forgotten ideals and carelessly discarded beliefs. His mind, sharp and awake beyond its years, filled with pictures in cinema-like frame



repetition. A story told in pantomime, like some great, silent film - another almost obsolete memory. The pictures rose and fell to again

climb the pillar of lights, faces, figures, a column of shadowed visions and half remembrances.

His mind stirred and returned through a cloud, as fresh, dry air pushed in-out, in-out of his lungs, clearing them of sleep inducing gas given for his rest period.



~Zwei~



His world, like so many found by him in his search, was plagued by constant threat of devastation. Battle—the brilliance of military strategy—soon vanished to be replaced by terrible weapons that should not have been in the hands of infants.



Advances were made and steps taken so that war and destruction spread, invading, first....



~Dreiv



and threatened to step farther into space.

Science was blindly led by its militaristic pupil into creating weapons of power too devastating to be held by countries to amuse themselves with petty threats directed to neighbors.

Science soon flourished on its own and worlds were conquered as long as wars stayed on a safe level.

This old, old, man began in war and, after losing more than any country has the right to ask, he continued in the government's space team to forget his loss.

Staying only a short while,

having lost faith in his government, he set-out on his own from his heated sphere for the cool calm of space.

The wind swirling outside his ship and sensors flashing the approach of an almost intact city many miles from the first stop. Searching an eager part of his character, he landed in the streets and dreamed back to past worlds visited and explored.

Many, many... different and the same and different.

He neared what had been a city and his ship prepared to land.

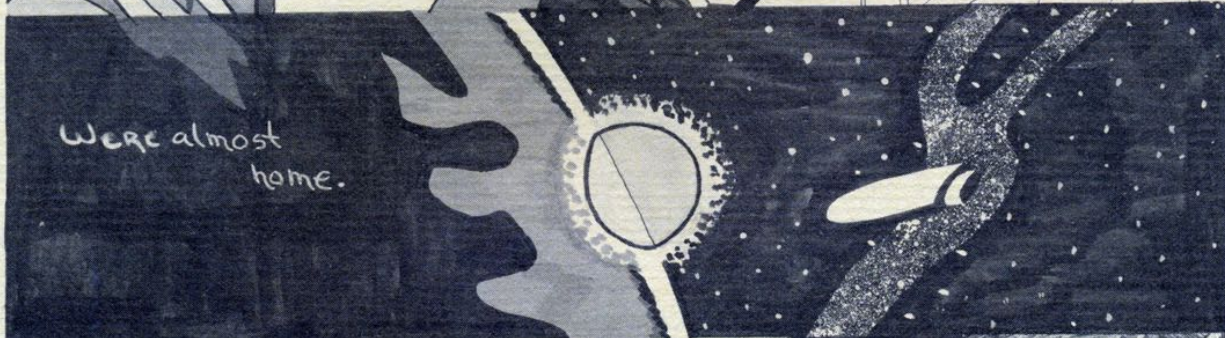


— UTER —





Some were totally alien as  
to defy  
geom-  
human-  
tion.  
while  
others...



Were almost  
home.



Flora, fauna and lower order  
life forms were found and  
remnants and traces of others  
with cities still standing  
though no humanoid sur-  
vivors no remains.

~fünf~





He pulled up from the second stop — it an empty canyon of brick and stone and steel — to travel farther south to another city. Here he again entered his eyes taking in and recording the same foreboding and searching and dug for clues of the great story of the builders of this place. I'm tired and sick of opening and testing doors I just leave. Linda Ann Hudson

MERCANTILE

He followed an erratic course south over the continent leaving the city to the lives of her former children holding her story for another. Shadows seemed to per form in silence on building walls for his amusement. It must have been some considerable amount of time since the city had an audience and he per formers.



sechs







EXTINCTION  
I wander through  
the corridors  
of endless time  
and space,  
Shouting - and  
hearing only  
echoes in reply,  
Each time I hear  
nothing -  
just a little bit  
I die,  
Crying as I  
search  
for a long lost  
human race.  
Mankind has  
departed -  
he wanders  
in the stars,  
leaving long lost  
souls  
searching hell  
for some  
repast,

For their true  
loves  
who died  
and left  
in conspast,  
Deserting  
their lovers  
who gazed  
helplessly  
afar.  
I am old and  
weary now,  
soon to be  
deceased,  
I sit in cold,  
dark ruins,  
still looking  
for the light.

No lover have I  
found  
whom my num-  
bers would  
increase,  
Now I write  
an epitaph -  
a grave be-  
comes my  
lair,  
And now the  
autumn  
leaves  
have turned  
the colors  
of despair.  
- Martin Buchanan

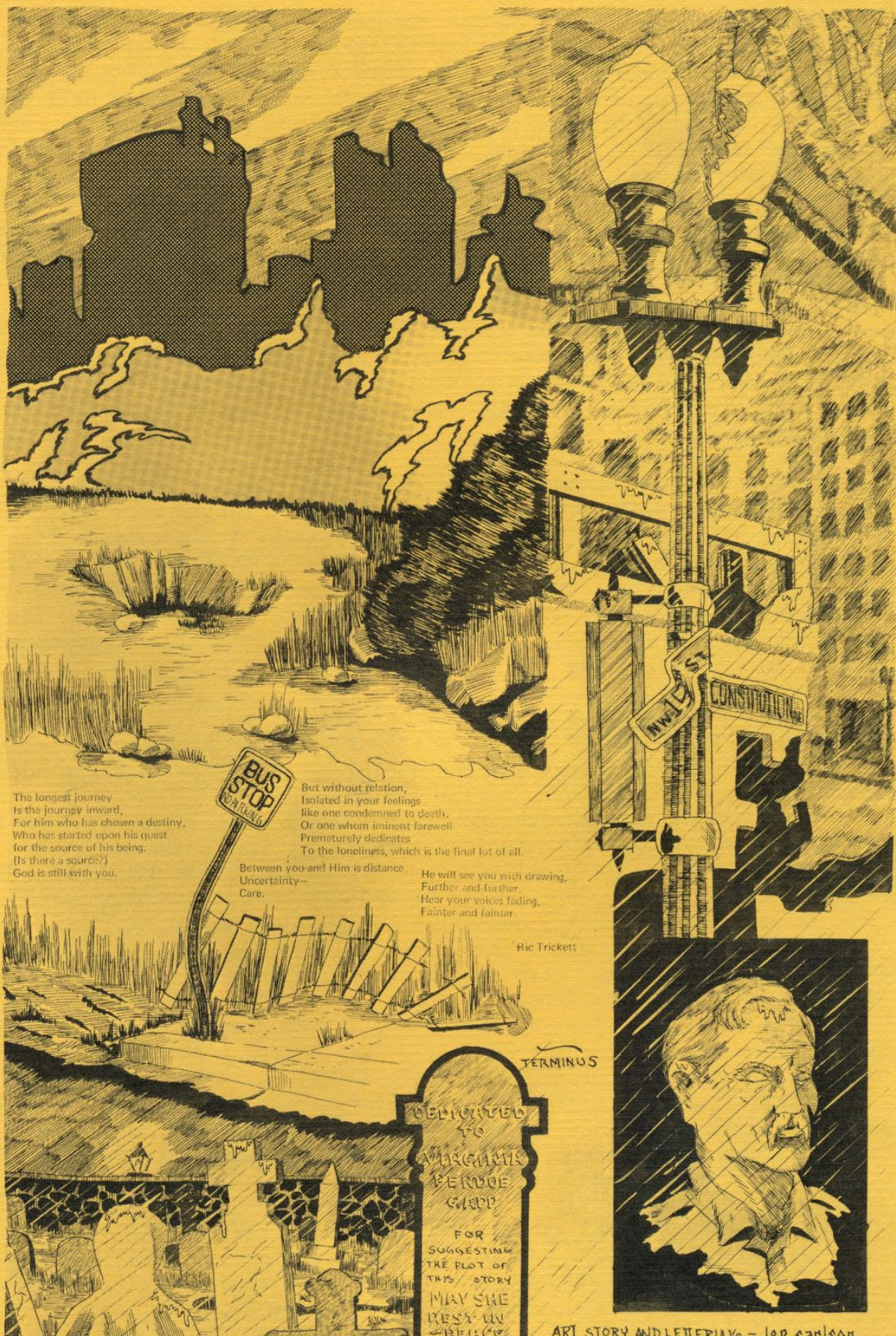


He left  
the second  
stop and came  
to a second city,  
a city of still  
towering spires  
and ruined  
blocks  
of bowled-down  
toys.



-sieben-





The longest journey  
Is the journey inward,  
For him who has chosen a destiny,  
Who has started upon his quest  
for the source of his being.  
(Is there a source?)  
God is still with you.

But without relation,  
Isolated in your feelings  
like one condemned to death.  
Or one whom imminent farewell  
Prematurely dedicates  
To the loneliness, which is the final lot of all.

Between you and Him is distance.  
Uncertainty—  
Care.

He will see you with drawing,  
Further and further,  
Hear your voices fading,  
Fainter and fainter.

Ric Trickett

TERMINUS

DEDICATED  
TO  
MARGARET  
PERDUE  
GLENN

FOR  
SUGGESTING  
THE PLOT OF  
THIS STORY  
MAY SHE  
REST IN  
PEACE

—oct—

ART, STORY AND LETTERING - lee carlson  
PANEL BORDERS RULED BY PAUL DEXTER



The brakes screeched, and the bus came to a halt. I jumped out of the rainy twilight onto it. Inside, it was now about half-full, I looked around for a place to sit. Then I spotted her, sitting on the right side, opposite the rear door. You couldn't really call her beautiful; in fact, to some people she might not even be pretty. But to me she seemed like an apparition; when I saw her I started, as if shocked. Yet shocked I was, for she appeared to me ideal, like the girl in the dreams I have quite often. Her long, straight, brown hair framed her face, which was marred (if marred be the word) only by a too-large nose. She was small; I like small girls. The words I have to memorize in an English Class (and which I hated) came to mind, and I now knew the idea: "she doth teach the torches to burn bright." But, in this case, they were street lights.

I started down the aisle. Okay, kid, I told myself, here's your chance. You've blown so many before, don't do it now.

"Do you mind if I . . . ?" I sat down. I wasn't going to let her refuse.

"No, not at all."

"Rotten weather tonight, isn't it?" Ugh! What a horrible thing to start a conversation with. The result wasn't what I expected: two minutes of silence. For me it was agony, because I had to make it with this girl. I had to. It had hurt when the last one dropped me; if I didn't or couldn't get to this girl, I would feel the same way.

With this incentive, I looked for something to talk about. She was holding a couple of big textbooks in her lap. Well, I told myself, there's your opening; use it.

"What school do you go to?"

"Queen's College. I'm a sophomore there."

"You're kidding! So do I; I'm a junior. What courses you taking?"

"Right now, psychology 203 and sociology 219. Real nothing classes."

"Sociology's my favorite, but then I had a great teacher: Professor Jensen. All the others just ruin it."

"God, you're telling me! So far I've gotten about sixteen hours of sleep in that damn class. I've needed it, too. My other courses pile on so much work that I don't get enough sleep at night."

I don't know why, but I knew that she was "The one," as they say. I'll ask her for a date, then see her at school, then, who knows? But first, I had to get the date.

"Listen, I got a 3.9 in that class, so why don't I give you what's in it, since your instructor doesn't? Okay? I know a, uh, great place to study. It's called the 'Lower Floor' . . . how about it?"

"Okay, it sounds great. Listen, I've got to get off here. This is my phone number." She handed me a slip of paper on which she had just written. "Call me up and I'll give you directions to my place."

"Hey! What's your name?"

"Christina. Bye!"

Christina! My mind exploded. Christina! Wait until tonight! Look, kid, I told myself, you've done it. And this girl is it! God in heaven, what luck, and on what a lousy day, too! Tonight. And then I'll find her at school tomorrow, and after that . . .

I heard a squeal of brakes. Wiping the fog off my window I looked across the street. There was a crowd. And a car. And, in front of it, Christina, face-down on the pavement.



# That Which Dreams Are Of

by white + carlson

**M**AKING FOR A TURN OF ROAD DUTY, THE SCOURGE OF THE SALESMAN, SOON BECOMES A ROUTINE FOLLOWED PERIODICALLY - SOMETIMES OFTEN, SOMETIMES NOT. FOR MYSELF, I PERFORM THE REGULAR DUTIES OF THE MORNING BEFORE ANY 9405 JOB I'VE HAD WITH THE DIFFERENCE OF PACKING A SAMPLE CASE BEFORE LEAVING, CHECKING TO ASSURE I'VE LEFT NOTHING OUT. THE PAPER, BREAKFAST (TWO BURNT EGGS - ONE PIECE OF TOAST AND 4 STRIPS OF BACON), SHOWER AND HAIR WASH ARE THE DUTIES ALWAYS PERFORMED.

THIS LAST MORNING I BEGAN WITH THE PAPER, AFTER FUMBLING THROUGH THE KITCHEN, SUCCEEDING ONLY IN BURNING MYSELF.

SO THAT I WAS FORCED TO SETTLE FOR COFFEE. I SAT DOWN AT THE KITCHEN TABLE AND LOOKED AT THE FRONT PAGE OF THE PAPER, ENCOUNTERING SOMETHING WHICH CAUGHT AND HELD MY INTEREST FOR LONG MOMENTS... TWO PICTURES. MUG SHOTS. AT THESE I STARED AS THEY PLEADED WITH ME FOR RECOGNITION!

THEY LOOKED FAMILIAR, LIKE SOMEONE I KNEW BUT WANTED TO FORGET. ONLY AFTER LONG MINUTES WAS I ABLE TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE PAPER TO FINISH MY COFFEE AND LEAVE.

THE PHOTO, THE FACE, TROUBLED ME BUT A BIT AFTER I GOT INTO THE CAR AND ON MY WAY, BUT SOON LOST TO DIFFERENT THOUGHTS.

RAIN POURED HEAVILY

FROM WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN LARGE TEARS IN THE CUMULO-STRATUS CLOUDS ABOVE. I WAS FORTUNATE THAT I COULD SEE WELL ENOUGH TO FIND A MUCH-NEEDED FILLING STATION BEFORE HITTING THE HIGHWAY. IT WAS HERE THAT I SAW THE FACE FOR A SECOND TIME, THIS TIME WITH A BODY!

HE WAS STANDING IN THE FILLING STATION IN A TRENCHCOAT... JUST STANDING IN THE RAIN! HE MOVED ONLY WHEN I LEFT THE CAR TO APPROACH HIM. I SAW HIM RUN TO THE SIDE OF THE STATION BUILDING, APPARENTLY TO THE RESTROOM. AS I STEPPED FROM THE CAR, I ASKED THE APPROACHING ATTENDANT IF HE HAD SEEN THE MAN. HE HADN'T. I DIDN'T GO AROUND TO THE SIDE TO LOOK FOR HIM. I MADE MY PURCHASE AND LEFT, TRYING TO IGNORE THE TENSION FILLING ME.





IT WAS SEVERAL HOURS LATER WHEN I GLANCED INTO MY REAR-VIEW MIRROR, JUST AS I PULLED OUT FROM A DINER, THAT I WAS GREETED WITH THE FACE! THIS TIME IN MY BACK SEAT! I TURNED TO LOOK AND IN DOING SO I PULLED THE WHEEL TO THE RIGHT, FORCING ME OFF THE ROAD! I REGAINED MY SENSES IN TIME TO STOP THE CAR BEFORE PLUNGING OFF THE



SHOULDER... DOWN THE GORGE. I TURNED AROUND AGAIN, PANTING, TO THE BACK SEAT: HE WAS GONE.

I SAT THERE FOR A FEW MOMENTS TO REST, TO THINK AND CALM MYSELF BEFORE STARTING.

IT WAS EARLY EVENING WHEN I STOPPED NEXT, AT A HOWARD JOHNSON'S TO HAVE DINNER.



I LEAPT FROM THE CAR AT THE RESTAURANT, SEEING THAT HATED, EVIL FACE AT MY WINDOW, COMPOSING MYSELF ONLY AS I NEARED THE DOOR. I

I STOPPED IN THE BAR AT THE PLACE AND ORDERED A DOUBLE SCOTCH AND SODA. THEN I WENT TO THE CAFÉ TO EAT.

I PLACED MY ORDER AND ROSE TO INSPECT THE PLUMBING. MOMENTS LATER I BESERKLY RUSHED FROM THE MEN'S ROOM, GRABBING A WAITRESS AND BABBLING SOMETHING ABOUT A MAN SO THAT SHE MUST HAVE THOUGHT SOME MIS-GUIDED MALE HAD ATTACKED ME. I RAN TO MY CAR AND DROVE MADLY, UNTIL ALMOST MORNING, WITH MY RADIO BLASTING TO KEEP ME DIS-

TRACTED, WHEN I REACHED THE CITY OF MY FIRST APPOINTMENT. I FOUND MY HOTEL AND CHECKED IN.



I WAS SHOWN TO MY ROOM AND IMMEDIATELY ORDERED A DRINK BEFORE TAKING A FEW HOURS SLEEP BEFORE MY APPOINTMENT WITH A BUYER. IT CAME I DOWNED IT AND SOON FELL INTO UNTRoubLED SLEEP UNTIL THE CALL I PUT IN CAME, HOURS



LATER.

I SPENT ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES GETTING OUT OF BED AND CRAWLING TO THE BATHROOM. I ENTERED IN THE DARK, NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE WITH MY EYES GLOED ANYWAY, AND TURNED ON THE SHOWER AND GOT IN.

I LULLED IN THERE FOR HALF AN HOUR, LAYING ON



THE BOTTOM OF THE TUB, EXHAUSTED.

I WAS STIRRED BY A PHONE RINGING AND PLUNGED ONTO THE BED, WATERING THE RUG AND FLOOR AND EVERYTHING ON THE WAY, TO CATCH IT ON THE THIRD RING. IT WAS A REMINDER OF MY APPOINTMENT.

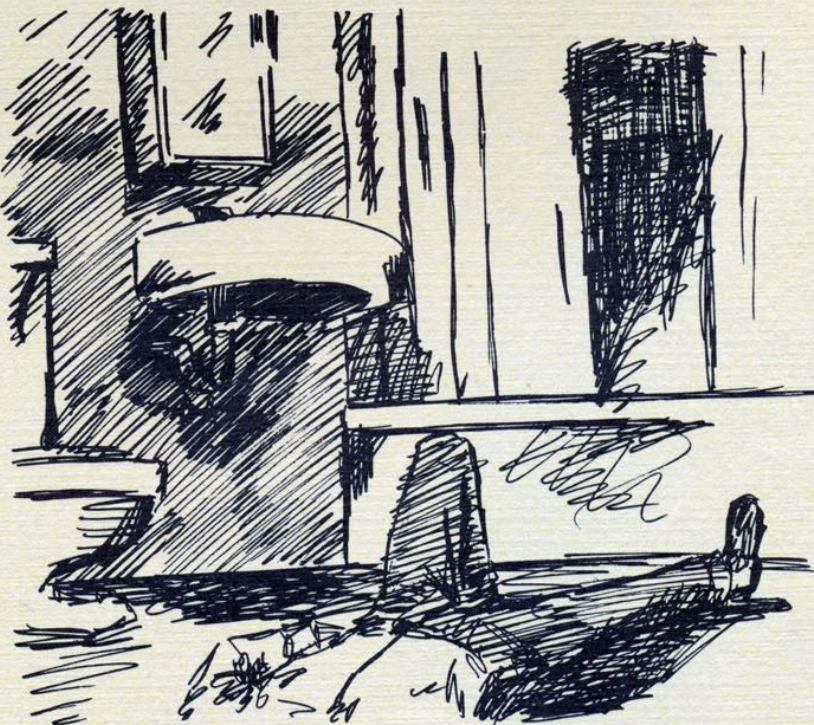
I RETURNED TO THE BATHROOM, HAVING SET OUT MY CLOTHES FROM MY SUITCASE, AND TURNED OFF THE SHOWER. I DRIED MYSELF AND WENT BACK TO GET MY SHAVING EQUIPMENT AND WIPED THE MEDICINE CABINET MIRROR.

A FACE STARED BACK AT ME FROM THAT WINDOW, ONE THAT WAS NOT MY OWN! NO! I SCREAMED AND CLAWED THE MIRROR, CLUTCHING THE SINK! I YELLED AND PULLED AND RUBBED MY FACE! THAT'S NOT ME! I SCREAMED! THAT EVIL FACE IS NOT MY OWN! I'M NOT DISTORTED!

IT'S NOT ME, NOT ME NOT....!

I PASSED OUT AND AWOKED HERE, WHERE I AM NOW—CHARLINGTON ASYLUM. A BELL-HOP HAD HEARD MY SCREAMS AND GOTTEN A MAID TO OPEN THE DOOR TO MY ROOM WHILE HE GOT THE MANAGER.

NOW THE FACE IS GONE, MINE IS BACK, NOT THAT EVIL FACE, MIWE.





—Adult Games?—

the flowers that delighted  
your eyes  
in the forest  
that you plucked,

in your innocent hope,  
to protect from the elements,  
wilts in your shadow,  
as does your  
repentant heart.



the  
wind-kissed  
butterfly  
that ran with you  
in your joy's laughter—  
in the morning sun—  
and that you held closely  
to observe and calculate's  
essence flutters and dies  
in your sorrowful hand  
and love is no more—  
its mournful echo drifts away  
with stolen fragments of our  
hearts  
and today's silvered tears  
reflect our broken dreams—  
lingering sun-swept notes  
on yesterday's wind songs

—Pat Patterson—



—You—  
I sit and pour  
Myself for you.  
Listen;  
I love  
You.  
I take your glass  
and, tasting of you—  
See;  
I love  
You.  
Peering through Me,  
but seeing no cracks—  
Look;  
I love You.  
Lift Me up  
so that I may see You.  
I love you.

Tykie Tobin





## A COURSE OF EVENTS

by

Dave Verkingetorix

He looked at the bottle: clear, short, fat, long nozzle. It was filled to the brim with a cheap, high-proof whiskey. He looked at the bottle: inviting, warm, happy, chillingly brutal, wonderful. He reached for the bottle, put his hand on the cork and started to take out the restraining agent. He quickly, in an all-of-a-sudden movement, pulled his hand away. He was not going to become an alcoholic. He was not going to kill with malice, kill in the first degree, one of his largest organs. His liver, he contended, was his friend.

He did not want to go into all the sleazy bars with the few dollars he had scrounged from sympathetic, pitying people to buy a bottle of cheap booze. He did not want to be with the crooning, lamenting boozers telling about their son's or daughter's accomplishment, or why *they* had been once.

The idea of the Salvation Army feeding him, telling him to repent, repulsed him. He knew that he couldn't take the boring "yes-brothers-I-was-once-an-alcoholic" AA meetings. He also knew that he would end up joining the AA and would fail. He did not want to become an alcoholic.

Then his thoughts turned to his past and he was sad. He still did not want to become an alcoholic. Or did He? What did he have to lose being drunk somewhere in obscurity, known only as "Big Boozer" or something as ridiculous as that? He'd already lost his money, position and self-respect. He had nothing left to lose but his life, which already wasn't worth living.

Still, he didn't reach for the bottle. He sat in front of it and wondered how many other people were doing the same thing right now . . . and how many people took the plunge . . . and how many didn't and stayed broken and sober. And of those broken, sober people, how many rose above temptation and rebuilt their lives . . . how many ended up killing themselves non-alcoholically. (Just last week he himself had stood on a high bridge considering a different, wetter type of plunge—and he'd even had the original thought of hanging himself from the bridge girder.)

"Hey," he thought, his mind brightening, "Maybe I have something left to live for after all! Maybe I still have originality left!"

His mind redarkened. "No I don't! That was last week. If I had any originality left, I would be sitting here with a bottle of fancy liqueur or something." But he had no originality left, he was sure. He had only a cheap bottle filled with cheap whiskey.


He looked around, it was dark now. It had been for half an hour. He turned on the light. It was a small, dim, half-burned-out sixty watt light bulb covered by nothing, hanging from a frayed cord attached to the ceiling. The room was 12' by 10' and most of it still dark.

He had taken his eyes off the bottle for a moment to study the room. By the corner under the window was the bed. The door was in the wall opposite the window. He was seated in the the room's only chair, at the far end of the room, beside a paint-chipped table on which sat the bottle. The light was very dim, and so, consequently, was the room . . . and so were his spirits . . . and so was his place in the world.

"One drink won't hurt," he told himself aloud.

"No," he said after a moment of deep thought. "NO! . . . One drink will lead to another and another and ANOTHER and A N O T H E R! . . . No! . . . I'm going to stay sober and rise above this mess . . . And I'm going to be





better than anyone else!"

In the room next to him was a mother and two children, one an infant. Through the wall the mother was yelling at him to stop because he woke the baby, and the baby started the other child yelling. The noise was unnerving. This made him tired and full of despair. Many things did in these days.

He looked at himself. He was dirty; his clothes were dirty. His shirt had a rip by the buttonhole; its long-forgotten whiteness had become almost brown with dirt, and patterned with stains. His baggy, shapeless, lifeless suit was stained. The flecks of paint on his pants reminded him of the job at the construction site which had lasted all of two hours, of his blundering, staggering, clumsy display of total ineptness which decided him then and there to give up work. There had once been socks and a tie—may they rest in peace.

He slowly wandered over to the window and looked out at the yard. It was almost totally enclosed by four brown or grey shabby buildings, which were as downfallen and neglected as he himself. In the middle of the yard was a mammoth heap of trash and garbage that twenty-four hours a day gave out an awful stench. His window was closed, and he could not smell the pile—but the sight of the mess perked up his sense of smell to pick up another odor, bad too, in his room.

In his depressed mind a rather vague mixture of mustiness and sweat became an overpowering smell. He had to get fresh air . . . He had to!

He unlocked the faulty window lock and forced the window open. In came the garbage smell, curdling his insides. He slammed the window shut, full of sadness.

Through the closed window, he looked at the rest of the back yard. All over the yard were rusty nails sticking up from boards, and broken bottles, cans and scrap metal strewn randomly about.

The noise from the other room had stopped now, and once again he could think. His thinking came back to what it was right before the interruption.

Tommorrow," he thought, "I will start on the path to success again!"

Looking around him in dismay, he again smelled the room, opened the window and again smelled the "pile" and shut the window. He slumped into his chair in despair, and gloomily wondered whether a man of 42 might ever climb to success from here. One thing was sure, he must not start a career as a drunk—not tonight anyway.

He looked over at the bottle. He had meant to grin at it and tell it that it was defeated. When he saw the bottle, he noticed that it glittered a reflection of the one dim bulb overhead. The clean, smooth glass surface of the bottle accepted the light that everything else in the room rejected. He stared in fascination at the glitter; in his twisted mind he heard the bottle reason: "I shine . . . nothing else shines . . . the bottle above all! . . . the bottle above all! . . . the bottle above all! . . ."


The bottle taunted, and tempted, and glittered, insisting that it was the best.

And still the man resisted.


"Bottle!!" the man shouted finally, breaking the spell of facination. "Bother somebody else—get away from me!"

The bottle beckoned, glittering more invitingly than ever. The man grabbed for the bottle with both hands, as if to throttle it, and screamed, "You're not getting me tonight!"

He dropped the bottle. It cracked, and whiskey started seeping out. The man's resolve quickened. He shouted curses at the bottle, picked it up and dashed it violently to the floor. It shattered.







Now he felt worse than ever. He was tired, angry, and desperately wanted—needed—a drink. Still cursing vilely, he picked up the bigger pieces of glass and threw them down.

Then he stomped on the scattered pieces of glass, crushing and grinding them underfoot in a rage . . . stamping, stamping, stamping, grinding, until all were reduced to a fine white powder. Only then did his rage subside, but not before people on all sides of him were once again screaming at him to shut up . . . or screaming just because everybody else was screaming and they wanted to scream. Soon the whole building was screaming.

The man felt a surge of panic. "They're all shouting at me! They all hate me . . . I'm through! . . . ruined!"

At that point he yelled out at the top of his lungs, "At least I destroyed the liquor!" His voice merely blended in with the noise and was not distinguishable. In his troubled mind all the be-quiete shouting had turned into an intensely loud, uniform yell of spectators at a gladiatorial contest, and he was a gladiator. The crowd was yelling "kill!!" to his opponent, who was standing over him with a sharp, barbed trident, ready to stab him. As the crowd noise reached its climax, the opponent grunted as he lunged toward him, piercing the skin of his upper abdomen. His imaginary enemy had stabbed him.

He fell on his knees with hands to his ears and wept, totally defeated. His nearby neighbors became aware that he had stopped screaming, and they cheered in surprising unison. In five minutes, except for the man's crying, and the baby's crying, the whole building was quiet.

Finally, drained and weary, he removed his clothes and crawled into a cold, hard bed.


It took him four hours to get to sleep, and when he did sleep his mind was plagued by nightmares. His dreams lasted all night. In the morning when he awoke, he was soaked with perspiration from the fright and dread of his nightmares. Most of his nightmares were short but terrifying. In the most terrible, he was again a gladiator, but his victorious opponent was the crushed whiskey bottle, whole and glittering again, towering over him in his defeat.

Then the scene faded into a dark, dirty bar. He was at a table at the darkest corner at the back of the room, finishing a bottle of whiskey. He emptied it and set it down noticing to his horror that the finished bottle of whiskey was the bottle he had just faced in the previous dream, though back to normal size. As soon as he noticed that, the bottle got the better of him, and he saw himself close his eyes, slump over and fall onto the floor, unconscious.


That dream really bothered him. The sun was shining and the world was happy. Bully for the world! Yesterday had changed a lot for him. He had now resolved to become a drunk.

He heard laughter and children's yells outside the window. Just as he reached the window to watch, the play and laughter stopped, and an argument was on. The argument soon turned into a fight. A large, strong, tough boy was mercilessly thrashing a small, weak, skinny boy. The smaller boy looked up. A stranger would have agreed there was a vague resemblance between the man and the boy, but to the man the boy and himself were identical.

After a few moments, the man turned from the window and started dressing, unaware of the stench of his filthy garments. He could hear the children's cheers for the bully change to an excited roar, and he could feel the younger lad's defeat. In sharing the boy's defeat, he felt guilty that he







had not tried to stop the fight.

When he finished dressing, he went out; and with most of the money he had left, he bought two bottles of the same size and brand of whiskey he had smashed the night before.

A few minutes after he got home, there was a knock on his door. It was the small boy, beaten but obviously unconcerned about it. His spirit had not suffered the same defeat as his frail body.

"Mister, is there something wrong?" The small voice was serious and showed true concern.

"Yeah, kid. But it's nothing you could help with." He felt a momentary kinship with the boy, and had difficulty swallowing the lump that suddenly formed in his throat. "Kid, don't mess up your life like I did. Everything's messed up with my life. You . . ." The lump made it difficult to continue, and he gave a half-hearted smile instead.

He looked at the boy, and the boy looked at him. The man learned a great deal about the boy from that brief, but unwavering look.

"Yeah, kid. You'll all right," he said, placing his hands on the small, thin shoulders. He reached into his pockets for his remaining change, forcing it into the boy's hand. The boy refused the handout, but the man persisted.

"Take it!", he said, dropping the coins in the boy's shirt pocket. He turned the boy to face the open doorway and pushed, gently but firmly. "Now get out! Leave!"

"Don't tell anybody you've got the money. Okay? Buy a book or something like that with the money. Don't fail me, kid."

The boy scurried away, shouting "Thanks" from the stair landing, where he paused uncertainly before continuing on down the stairs and onto the street.

The man felt pretty good, until he realized that the boy wasn't old enough to know or understand what the man had said; and the boy would surely forget the incident by the time he was old enough to understand.

"Just another reason," he told himself, "to become a drunk."

He went back to lying on the bed and sulking, and waited for nightfall. He had decided to wait for dark to launch his new career as a drunk. The dark of night seemed a more logical time for drunkenness than the bright light of day.


About three o'clock in the afternoon the sky began to get grey. "I'll wait until eight," he told himself. He rolled over in the bed and slept peacefully, the first time in a month, until 5:30.

Rain was threatening more than ever! He walked over to the table where the two bottles sat waiting, sat down in the hard, squeaky chair, and picked up one of the bottles, setting it under the table out of sight.


"Hello, bottle!" he said to the bottle remaining before him. "How have you been?" He paused to stroke the bottle's sparkling, smooth amber surface. "I've been in a terrible way, you know. Do you want to hear about it?" He lifted the bottle slightly from the table, gripping the ridge at the top of the bottle, spinning the bottle slowly, first one way then the other. Reflections danced, captured inside the smooth amber color. He set it down again. "Do you or don't you?" he asked, matter-of-factly. "Answer me."

He waited expectantly, and was surprised and disappointed that the bottle refused to respond. He was certain after the way the last bottle had kept his attention the night before by its hypnotic glittering that the bottle and its contents had an intelligence and life of its own. After passing several more minutes in unsuccessful coaxing, he felt a surge of superiority.

"You know, bottle—you may not believe this, but I'm master and you're







slave. I bought you to use you. I own you. I am great, bottle; I'm better than you. . . . Starting at eight tonight, I'm going to prove it by drinking up your insides. Yes, I'm going to prove that I'm superior. So, 'ha ha on you,' bottle, 'ha ha on you!' Whaddya have to say to that!?" The bottle, of course, did nothing.

"Too stunned by my superiority to speak, huh? Or maybe you're not intelligent—just stupid, in other words. Maybe your brother will be less of a dumb-bell."

He put the bottle under the table. "Hey, whiskey, I'm better than you!! You heard what I said to the other bottle, and that goes double for you. You missed it, but last night I not only completely demolished a bottle, but spread its insides all over the floor in a glorious victory. Too bad you'll never see how the war between alcohol and me comes out. I'm going to battle *you* tonight and devour your guts, and then your brother's; and then I'll throw both of you into the P.O.W. camp, that garbage heap over there. Then I'm going out in the rain and see if I can destroy myself out there. You're not going to find out whether I do or not, either!" He sat around making small talk to the bottle until six o'clock.

It had started to rain. He donned his raincoat and hat, which, together with the clothes he was wearing and the two bottles of liquor, were all that he owned. He went out into the rain with a special purpose.

He bummed enough money to get to the high-class section of town and back. He had many memories there. Often, especially when it was raining, he walked to now alien streets that had once welcomed him and harbored him in his own house. He had to walk the streets one more time.

He got on the bus. When he got off a few minutes later, the rainfall was torrential. He walked around a bit and soon found himself in front of his former house. Good old 3456. His former wife still lived there.


The sight of the house brought a stream of memories of the better days he had enjoyed with his wife. They had liked walking in the rain together. He would hold her chilled hands to warm them, the warmth of his own hands changing hers from cold and wet to warm and wet.

He was sure that, were he still capable of emotion and happiness, he would still love her. The more he recalled his former happiness with his wife and realized that that happiness was gone forever, the greater grew his sense of complete desolation and hopelessness. Tears flowed down his cheeks, blending with the rain. His remorse quickly changed to anger, and he felt like killing somebody, or running into the house and telling his wife and children who he was, ripped and filthy clothes, three beard and all.

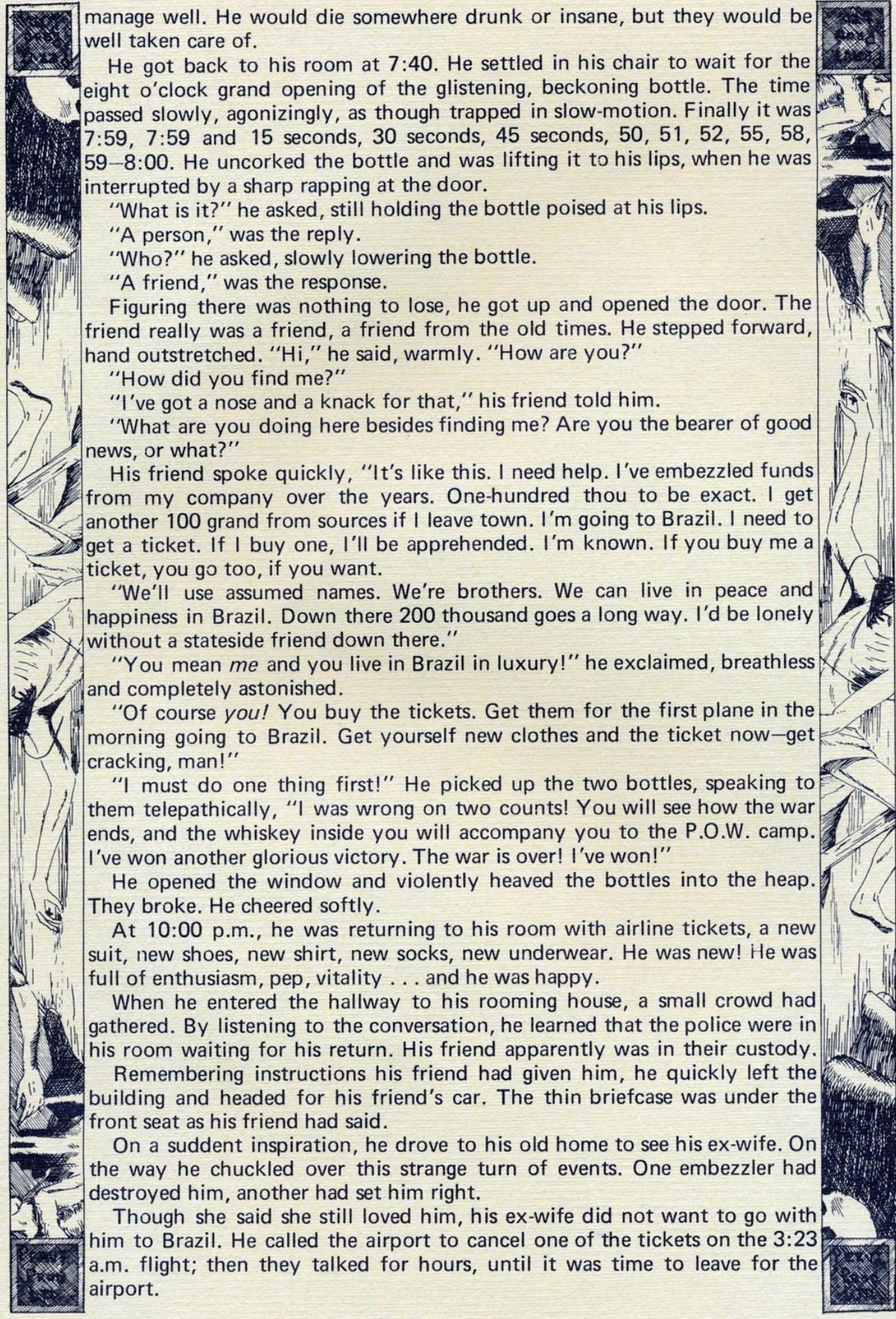
He soon controlled himself and continued on his way, tears still rolling down his face. A former friend passed him without recognizing him. He had only seen a dirty, unkempt bum who bore absolutely no resemblance to the always-clean-and-neat friend he had known.

The drunk-to-be shuffled on, thinking of the changes that had so recently affected his life. He had once been the president of a plastics company. A fantastically lucky accountant had embezzled most of the company's funds, and thereby had ruined the company, which went bankrupt and was dissolved.

He had lots of money stashed away, so there really had been no financial problems. It was more a matter of boredom. He had become intolerable the three months at home before his wife finally sought a divorce. He had turned everything over to his wife, except for a bit of money to run on, and had left his home. His house was paid for, and his ex-wife was skilled and could easily get a good job. He was satisfied that she and their two daughters would







manage well. He would die somewhere drunk or insane, but they would be well taken care of.

He got back to his room at 7:40. He settled in his chair to wait for the eight o'clock grand opening of the glistening, beckoning bottle. The time passed slowly, agonizingly, as though trapped in slow-motion. Finally it was 7:59, 7:59 and 15 seconds, 30 seconds, 45 seconds, 50, 51, 52, 55, 58, 59—8:00. He uncorked the bottle and was lifting it to his lips, when he was interrupted by a sharp rapping at the door.

"What is it?" he asked, still holding the bottle poised at his lips.

"A person," was the reply.

"Who?" he asked, slowly lowering the bottle.

"A friend," was the response.

Figuring there was nothing to lose, he got up and opened the door. The friend really was a friend, a friend from the old times. He stepped forward, hand outstretched. "Hi," he said, warmly. "How are you?"

"How did you find me?"

"I've got a nose and a knack for that," his friend told him.

"What are you doing here besides finding me? Are you the bearer of good news, or what?"

His friend spoke quickly, "It's like this. I need help. I've embezzled funds from my company over the years. One-hundred thou to be exact. I get another 100 grand from sources if I leave town. I'm going to Brazil. I need to get a ticket. If I buy one, I'll be apprehended. I'm known. If you buy me a ticket, you go too, if you want.

"We'll use assumed names. We're brothers. We can live in peace and happiness in Brazil. Down there 200 thousand goes a long way. I'd be lonely without a stateside friend down there."

"You mean *me* and you live in Brazil in luxury!" he exclaimed, breathless and completely astonished.

"Of course *you*! You buy the tickets. Get them for the first plane in the morning going to Brazil. Get yourself new clothes and the ticket now—get cracking, man!"

"I must do one thing first!" He picked up the two bottles, speaking to them telepathically, "I was wrong on two counts! You will see how the war ends, and the whiskey inside you will accompany you to the P.O.W. camp. I've won another glorious victory. The war is over! I've won!"

He opened the window and violently heaved the bottles into the heap. They broke. He cheered softly.

At 10:00 p.m., he was returning to his room with airline tickets, a new suit, new shoes, new shirt, new socks, new underwear. He was new! He was full of enthusiasm, pep, vitality . . . and he was happy.

When he entered the hallway to his rooming house, a small crowd had gathered. By listening to the conversation, he learned that the police were in his room waiting for his return. His friend apparently was in their custody.

Remembering instructions his friend had given him, he quickly left the building and headed for his friend's car. The thin briefcase was under the front seat as his friend had said.

On a sudden inspiration, he drove to his old home to see his ex-wife. On the way he chuckled over this strange turn of events. One embezzler had destroyed him, another had set him right.

Though she said she still loved him, his ex-wife did not want to go with him to Brazil. He called the airport to cancel one of the tickets on the 3:23 a.m. flight; then they talked for hours, until it was time to leave for the airport.



He was happy, whistling a foolish tune as he parked the car at the airport, and walked toward the terminal, briefcase clutched tightly at his side.

He climbed onto the plane and took his seat.

It was not long after the plane took off, about an hour out, that a hijacker pulled a gun on one of the stewardesses and forced his way into the cockpit.

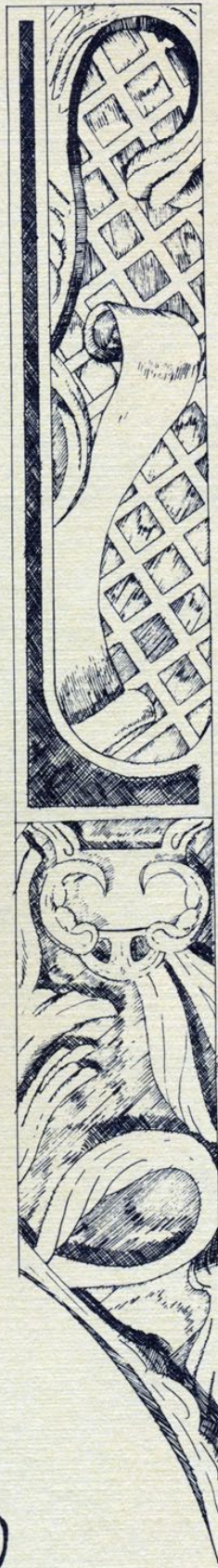
He saw this and knew that one way or the other the police would be soon involved and that he probably would be discovered. He had to act. The only way he could possibly save himself would be to jump the hijacker as quickly as possible.

He went forward from his seat in the first class section, to the restroom to await the hijacker's exit from the cockpit. He heard the door open and planned to quickly force the restroom door open into the man's face.

He waited tensely as he heard the man talking back through the still open door, giving orders to the pilot. The speaking stopped and the door closed. . . . Now!

He pushed the door open and felt the following contact and heard a scream. A woman!

He stepped out of the restroom. The hijacker fired. He had misjudged and the door had struck the stewardess in the face. He saw her limp form on the floor as he fell to meet it, a bullet in his chest, in his new suit.









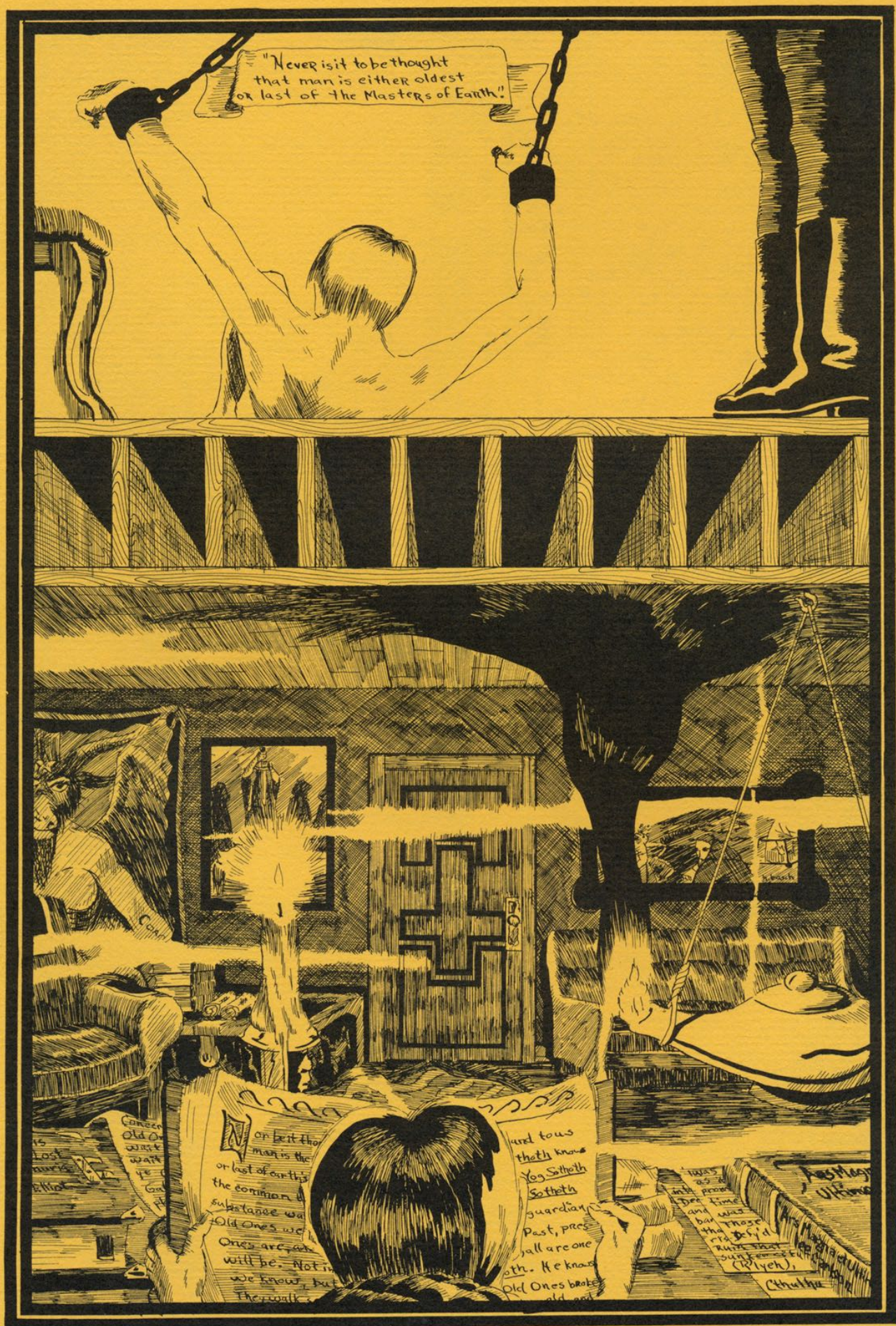
The white, wooden horse sway-  
ed to the rhythm of the  
winds. The once handsome  
steed now showed the  
traces of faded wood. His  
honor shamed, the dirty,  
string mane fell pitifully into  
peeling eyes. Across from the  
swan, the silent roar of a  
lion cried out in the even-  
ing shadows. A splintered  
paw touched the wet pud-  
dles of tears. The endless  
cries of the animals can  
be heard when the wind  
holds back the tales of  
time. And on icy, moon-  
lit nights the battered  
frame sounds out a  
sorrowful lul-  
laby of better  
days.

I  
The black iron gate swung slowly to the  
song of the wind. Its painted eye was hum-  
med softly to itself as a patch of dry yellow  
grass brushed tenderly under the cold frame.  
The endless throngs of iron stood out strongly  
against the muted autumn colours of the  
a small, white marble stone stood boldly up  
from the damp earth. The silent peace of the  
ending day was protested loudly above it a crow  
laughing harshly settled abruptly onto the gate.  
The white marble. Disgusted, the coal  
black feathered wings flapped quickly to  
under the gate. The song of evening had  
begun.

III  
The soft, mellow shadows of evening crept slowly  
into the streets of Maudon. Across the corner  
bridge the dry leaves screamed caustically to the  
other side. The grey walls of brick held the pale  
streaks of light that dropped the iron balconies  
and dirt-stained windows. Within the town  
a deep moon of the sea sounded and  
odourously through the distance drifted  
mess. In the distance a hymn of the  
song of the dead drifted  
into a hymn of the  
night and children  
cried.

— Linda Ann Hudson —







"Yog Sothoth knows the gate. Yog Sothoth is the gate. Yog Sothoth is the key and guardian of the gate. Past, Present, Future, all are one in Yog Sothoth."

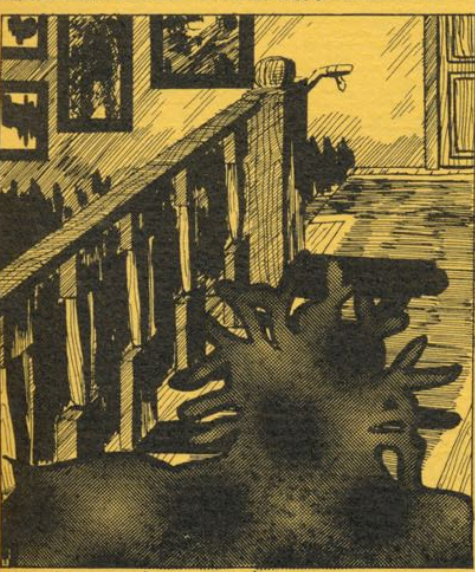
He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old, and where they shall break through again.



He knows where They have trod earth's fields, and where They still tread them, and why no one can behold Them as They tread.

Great Cthulhu is their cousin, yet can he spy Them only dimly. Iq! Shub-Niggurath! In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.

"That is not dead which can eternal lie, And with strange cons even death may die." "CTHULHU FTAGN!"



"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyehwgah'nagl fhtagn." "In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming."



comes in and out  
to some, not many,  
try hard as you may  
it will not pay  
until you are ready  
you are ready  
ax and live  
learn to love  
do, not think  
go  
you will know when,

Cary Hornsby

