



*reveille*



One-footed ducks never say "pink."  
The light in this room is so deafening I can hardly grasp a taste of your beauty.  
A good word is worth .001 picture.  
Remember the blind pig finds an occasional acorn.  
The proof is in the rum pudding.

Right now is the very best time to smile.  
Roanoke: Your big sister is watching!  
A kiss is a smiley animal.  
Clydescope!  
Silly pink sheep eat oats.

The world is only a thesis project for God; He wants to graduate from the UNIVERSITY.  
Indifference is the opposite of love, whate is the opposite of hate?

The problem can be dissolved in a solution.  
The milk truck is a minstrel at the dawn.  
Brains are in vain this year.  
Lumpy beds are hard to write in.  
e. e. cummings is an anti-capitalist.  
St. Vitus wore army boots.  
If you're not a part of the solution, you must be a precipitate.  
You can lead a good horse to mustard but you can't make him drink.

THYNQUES



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# *Carnival of Soul*

## *A TEAR*

*A tear is beautiful like the  
Morning dew that caresses  
A new born flower.*

*It's sweet like a  
Spring shower;*

*For there are so many  
Reasons to shed a tear;  
Happiness for what is here;*

*Sadness for fear  
That soon it will be  
Gone.*

*Most of all is loneliness,  
A cold and shameless  
Place concealed in  
The soul,  
Which I have revealed  
And it has brought a tear.*



#### CHILDREN OF THE SUN

We are the children of the sun,  
Gay and bright;  
Our tears bring the rain.  
Summer is our life.  
Warm are our hearts.  
Bright is our soul.  
Together,  
We are the children of the sun.

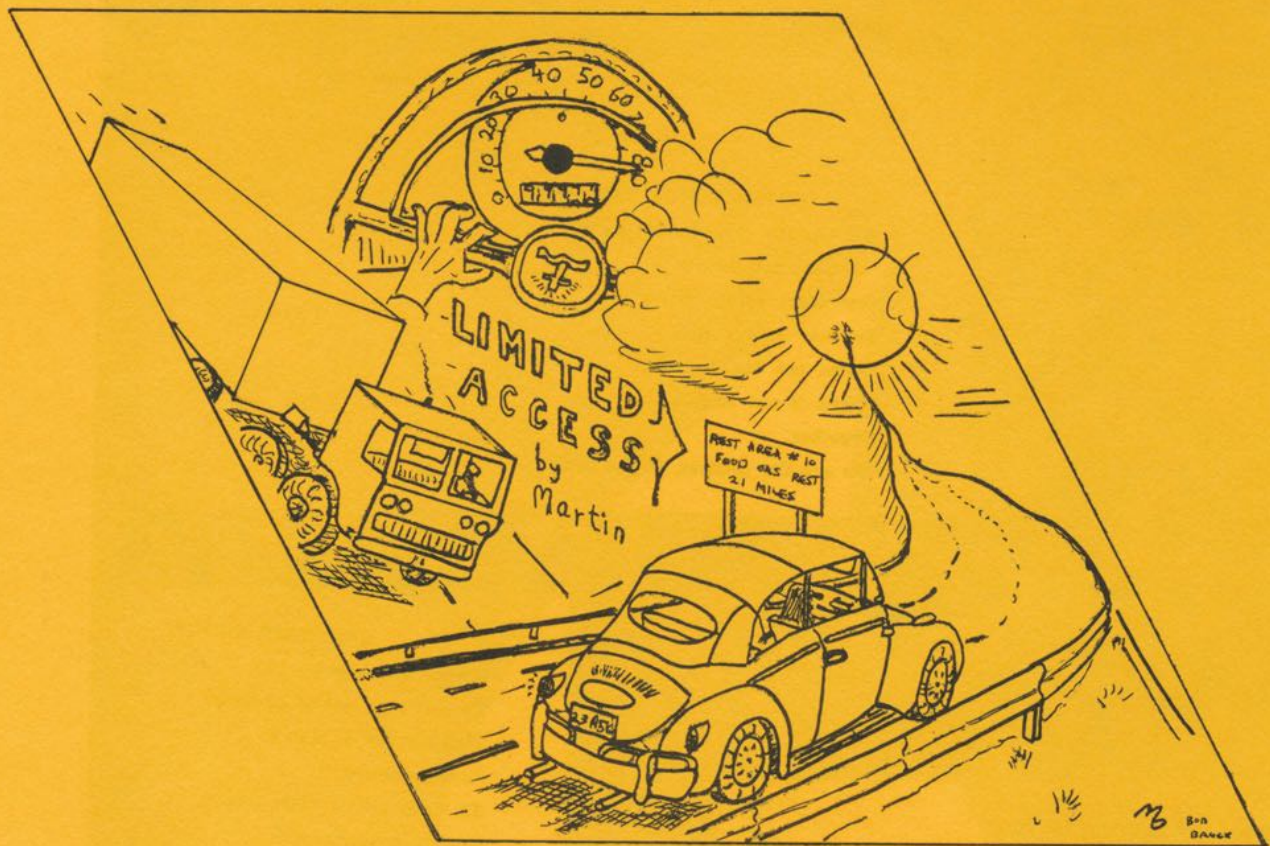
#### PART TWO OF ANOTHER DAY

It's so quiet now,  
Only the sound of the clock  
Moving forth to another day  
Of sorrow which breaks  
The silence of my mind.  
In those short times  
I lay curled up next  
To you.  
That I could have died  
At your side without a sound;  
And giving no warning that  
I was leaving you for  
My grave.  
Now you have faded.  
The house, once ours, took  
One long hour to tear down.  
All that is left is a metal  
Lunch pail and the older  
Lumber that will be sold  
For twenty cents apiece,  
For the children to build  
A tree house.

#### HAS TIME GONE

Where has time gone?  
To rest in a bed of flowers,  
Waiting for a simple  
Spring shower  
To wash all its tears away?  
Has it gone to visit  
Loneliness which needs company,  
Giving it love and sympathy?  
Or has it gone to find  
A better peace of mind?  
I don't think it has  
Ventured so far  
Look inside yourself  
You will find it sleeping.  
Why?  
It's just thinking.





## LIMITED ACCESS

The concrete world was endless, eight lanes split by a green divider, reaching to the horizon. And on either side he was trapped by the long corrugated nickel steel safety rails, the rails that stopped him from throwing the car down one of those long green slopes, a tumbling bit of wreckage. The scenery was like a montage of photographs, jerking past at twice the proper speed, possessing an eerie sameness. Ahead of him he saw the sign, an ever-repeating reminder of his futility, the long highway's only marker. It was dark blue, with the words that said "Rest Area #10, Gas, Food, Restrooms 21 miles". He was struck by the pointlessness of the sign. Why #10 when he had seen no signs of #1, #2, etc.? The last time around he had watched the mileage indicator. Twenty miles beyond the sign he had passed it again, but during the entire cycle the road had been straight and the sun had always been directly ahead of him. His name was Jenkins and inside of him the panic grew and grew, a dark malignant cancer in his mind.



*But he couldn't stop, instead the panic pushed him on, until the battered red Volkswagon was going a steady seventy-eight miles an hour, weaving slightly from lane to lane, the small engine protesting the strain in a high-pitched roar. His window was open and the wind rushed past, catching the fabric of his shirt, a continuous reminder of his predicament. Jenkins thought about a guinea pig he had once owned. He had loved to set it running for hours on end, in one of those little exercise wheel contraptions, the kind where you run forever but never get anywhere. It ran because he would dangle a bit of food just out of reach, then sit and laugh at the animal's efforts. And Jenkins went round and round in a gilded cage at seventy-eight miles to the hour.*

*He drove as if hypnotised. All his eyes saw was the glare of sun on concrete, the quivering needles on the dashboard. All he heard was the roar of the engine and the sound of the wind. All he could smell was the sickening fragrance of automobile exhaust. All he could feel was the vibration of a ton of molded chrome and steel, the soothing pressure of the seatbelt, his foot convulsively pressing the accelerator into the floor.*

*Next to him was a girl with long brown hair. She was stretched out asleep, a volume of poems by Shelley still in her hands. Jenkins looked at her and thought. To her the steady roar was an accompanying lullaby, not a compulsion, not a death rattle.*

*Jenkins drove on. His face was a mask, his features drawn back by the wind, his eyes squinting into the glare. But Jenkins' mind still functioned and he thought.*

*"How in hell did I get here?" The words echoed in his brain and he thought back.*

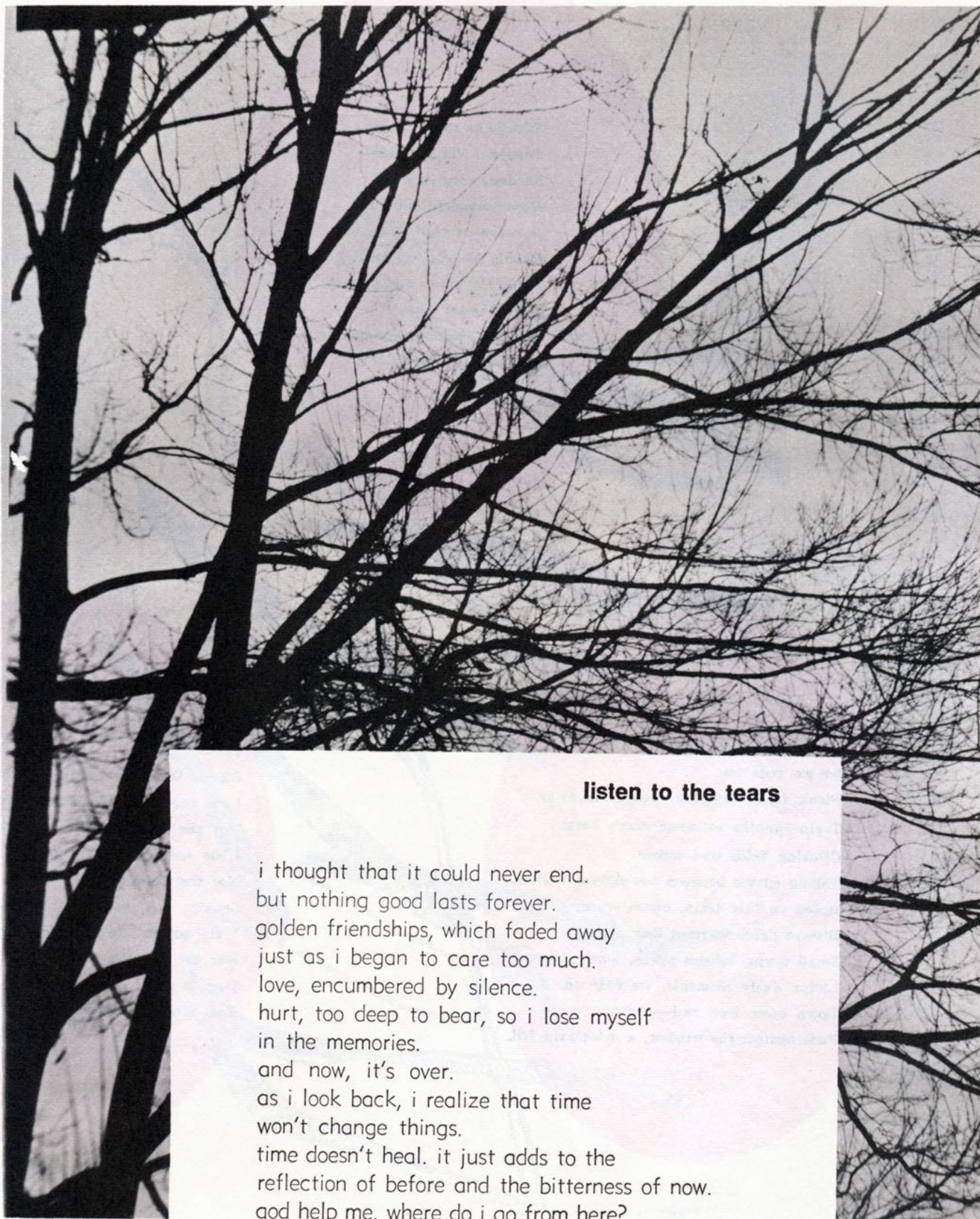
*He had been reading the day's copy of the Washington Post before going to school one day. A small ad had attracted his attention. It was strangely placed in the front section, between a Pentagon press release and the area's latest crime statistics. It advertised a new ski area and gave directions which told him to take Interstate 17A from the Beltway and drive fifty miles before exiting to a small town near the area. His maps didn't show the small town or the interstate, but they were old maps. So he had called a girl he knew, and that morning they had left in his family's old VW, with the car crammed with skis, coats, and a big lunch.*



*The wall went up  
I can't understand it  
It fences me out and fences you in  
Your own little kingdom  
I've been planting flowers along it  
And waiting, hoping that  
When the flowers bloom  
So will love*







### **listen to the tears**

i thought that it could never end.  
but nothing good lasts forever.  
golden friendships, which faded away  
just as i began to care too much.  
love, encumbered by silence.  
hurt, too deep to bear, so i lose myself  
in the memories.  
and now, it's over.  
as i look back, i realize that time  
won't change things.  
time doesn't heal. it just adds to the  
reflection of before and the bitterness of now.  
god help me. where do i go from here?



*Silently he came for me,  
Though I did not call—  
Shadows covered a life.  
Hymn mournful and low,  
A raven perched in an oak.  
Quietly he took my hand,  
Down the stairs and into the parlor,  
We talk—the past.  
Raven's black shadow on the wall,  
I heard the song of life.*

*So we rode on,  
Blank faces—sleeping their lives away  
Train running on some man's back,  
Crossing fields and moods.  
Taking curves between two different times,  
Rolled on that train, unconcerned.  
Distant lights warmed that night.  
Small towns, solemn towns, lonely towns—  
Living dusty moments, we rode on.  
Down some iron rail—where?  
Face against the window, a quiet rain fell.*

*Clouds that drift into the trees, pass over me  
I am not the window in the wooden church  
Nor the candle without a flame—  
I am not the noisy voices.  
Nor the distant stars—  
Seasons are not known to me.  
I am not the sleepy willow bent to earth  
Nor the running hours—  
I am a child. A simple child,  
Two streets down, on the corner.*











faded brown

pages

fall from a book

that once was

our green shared Spring



376a

the soft wind nudges  
the new green leaves

into a gay and happy  
dance of spring

sunshine peeking through  
surprising my eyes,  
lighting up my face, and  
warming my soul.

The sure beat  
of my heart  
is singing-shouting-screaming

*LOVE!!!*

Midnight leaves flutter  
near my lookout windows

a soft summer breeze  
plays 'round the tree

as love's night fever  
comes to me on

fireflies' wings, while  
loneliness waits in the

blue-dark, biding its time  
like a stalking cat.

And while I lie here, a  
tireless spider has spun a new web  
symbolic of the eternity  
of such passions as love and hate.

Number 16

*My toes in the sand  
cool and  
wonderful*

*With the  
sun coming up  
and a cool breeze  
stirs  
my hair*

*I sat out today*

*and felt the rain  
felt it slide gently down my neck  
felt it hit and bounce off my hair  
felt it glide down my arms*

*and dribble off my hands  
back on to the ground*

*I felt it*

*slowly, steadily penetrate  
my overalls*

*felt it*

*puddle up in  
creases in my windbreaker*

*and felt it*

*seep through the fabric  
of my windbreaker*

*when it could hold no more  
and because the bell rang*

*I went*

*Inside.*

*while I sit*

*serene*

*and the ocean reaches  
long fingers to*

*touch my toes*

*cool and*

*wonderful*



quiet moments  
call forth joy  
when lovers rest  
and babies sleep  
when sunshine shimmers  
on a sparkling lake  
when morning dew crystals  
hang from grassblades  
when night breezes whisper  
through green-leafed trees  
when the ocean's tide  
ripples 'round my legs

and sand swirls up  
between my toes  
when seagulls keen  
and dive for fish  
when mountain animals  
emerge from cover  
and let me see  
their calm souls  
then I feel  
that serene joy  
that comes from  
quiet moments.

Number 276

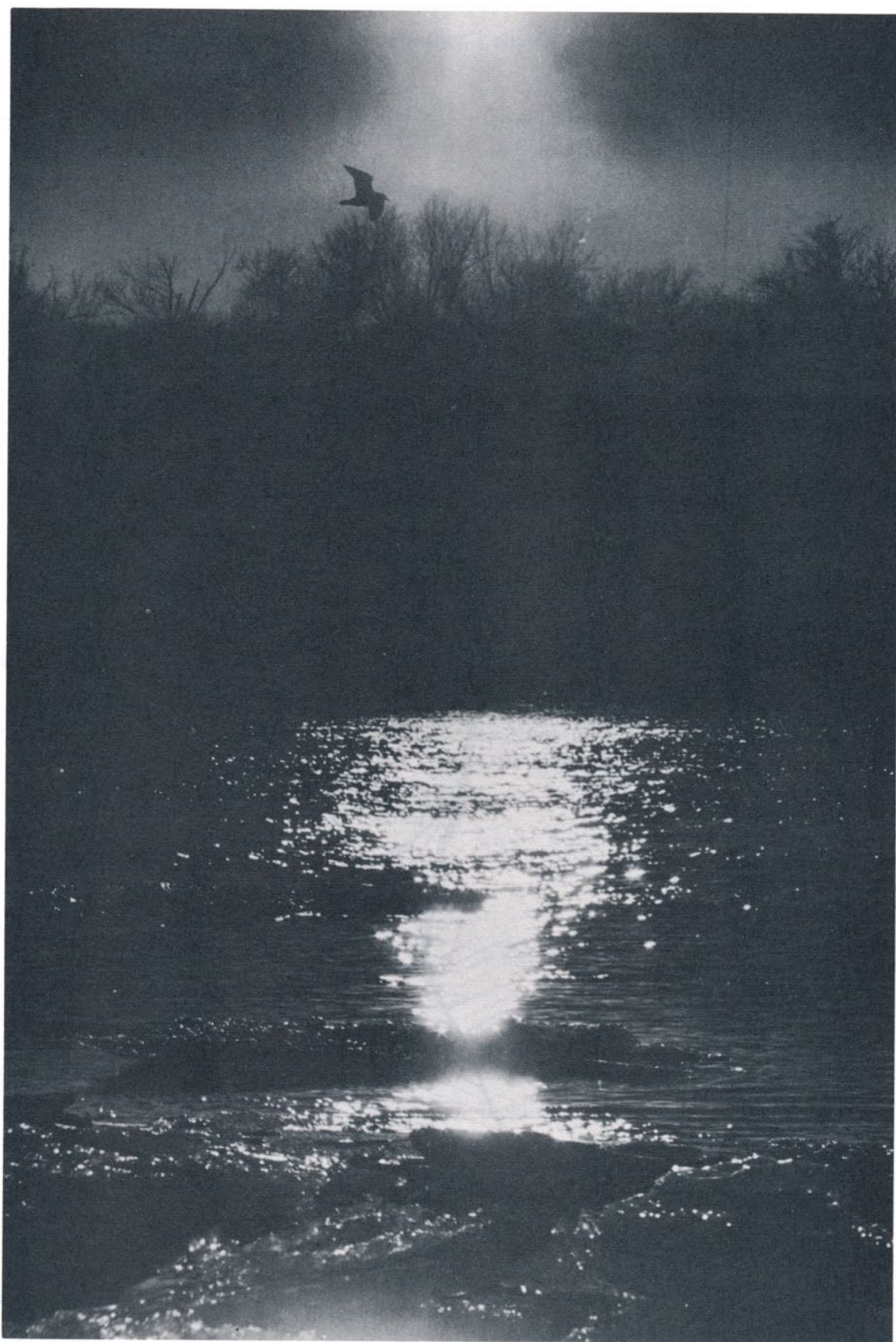
*I stand  
in the bracing  
air of autumn  
and the wind  
paints red  
on my cheek*

*deep in the night  
I dreamt of destruction  
and of love and resurrection  
in a city filled with fire and flood  
exploding man- and woman-holes  
where loved ones lay rotting  
and the children and the aged  
wandered the streets  
wiser ones lay low  
in newly bombed out buildings  
where the guerrillas  
had not yet ventured  
fires in the edifices  
and floods in the avenues  
blazing unchecked, those  
blood-colored flames  
ravaged the city  
of its flesh and skin  
the ever-rising floods  
silently death-threatening  
and in the still-standing building  
a crying Chinese child and I  
watched and waited with other  
well-known strangers*

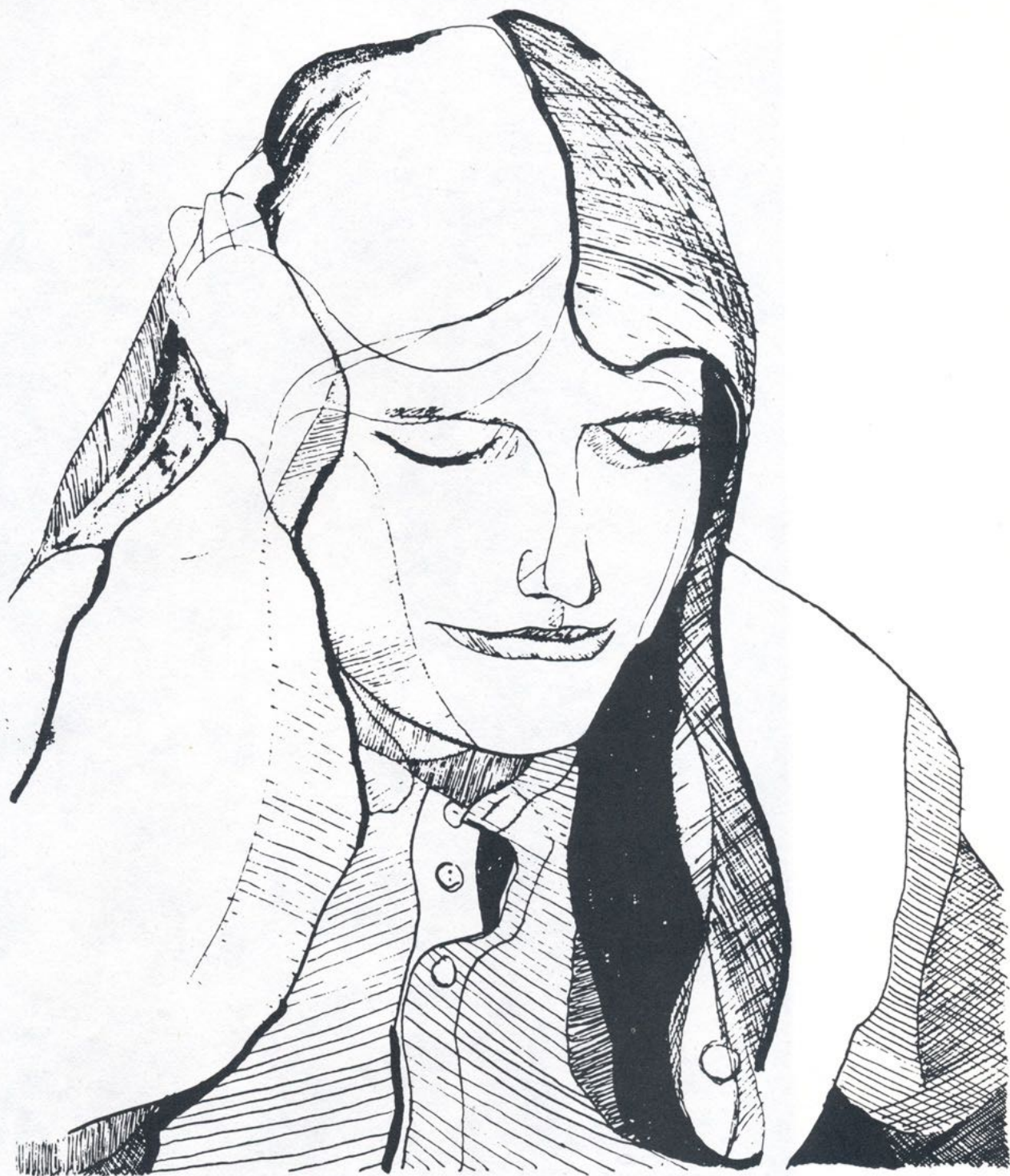














won't somebody tell me whether i should laugh or cry?

i am alive

reaching out

to touch

anything

all that i can

at once

hoping

i will always

celebrate

as much as i can

before

it's time

to go

i am down

i don't want to go on

i see nothing better

for the future

a smile

a touch

or a word

could help

but no one has the time

i am hurt

why do people go by me

on the streets

seeing

but not

looking

refusing to acknowledge

human existence

inside my body

not caring

even if i scream

just pausing to wonder

if they're not too busy

panorama of moods

## panorama of moods



# THE SPOON



HE WAS a child who was not quite of ourselves. Perhaps he had been born with just one molecule out of place; the most descriptive adjective that anyone had ever applied to him was the word "different." His favorite pastime was sitting in the exact middle of the floor in his darkened room, on grey corduroy leg crossed over the other in semiautistic wonder. A strangeness, a questioning often shrouded his consciousness now—why was he here, with us, with them, why was he not in the pure darkness that some inner raging longing told him was right and natural for him? He felt only partially corporal, as though the most integral part of him was in another, incomprehensible dimension. And yet, alone and estranged even from himself, he often found his days with them pleasant and even on rare occasions satisfying. But still the split would grow, confusing and malignant, and none of them could answer the queries in his eyes; it even seemed to him that as yet no one had noticed his confusion, which seemed at times to involve the most basic problems of mankind, and at others encompassed only the futilities of the moment.

He had never involved himself with his classmates or their activities, and was the subject of much speculation among the neighboring hausfraus and farmer's wives. However, he had never bothered any of the women or their children, and thus assured that he was not a troublemaker, most of the good ladies took no more than a passing, gossiping interest in him; certainly none of them, not even his mother, could feel the grasping wonder or sense the hunger for knowledge of himself and others that he so often unconsciously tried to communicate. It seemed that they had unknowingly shut him out when they decided that he would not cause any trouble with his oddity and that therefore it was of no importance to anyone.

The mother was what kind-hearted people call a good woman; actually, seen through the eyes of a sophisticated realist, she was an ugly, uncreative housewife whose body was shaped like a large butter churn and whose mind often worked like one. She too was confused; secretly she had often considered taking her child to what she thought of as "one of them edycated psych fellas," possessing the faith of the ignorant that those with superior education would be able to solve all of her problems, had they only opted to do so. However, this furtive thought was only prompted by the fact that her shallow motherly instincts had taken notice of the difference between her child and those of the other mothers; as in most communities composed of families, the children were subconsciously viewed as competitive possessions by which each woman hoped to prove her superiority. She realized that within this situation she did not stand a chance; even so, some hidden pride or perhaps even doubtful fear prevented her from taking him to the city for "help," and it was better this way, since it wouldn't really have made any difference one way or the other.

She had never really observed her child closely, other than physically, and had never thought about attempting to understand his personality (if indeed it could be called that). She did not see any real need to, as long as he more or less kept to himself and caused her no disgrace. Although



she had once tried to give him some religious training and he had accepted it with docility and what might even be termed "interest," she knew that he had sensed that her mind did not really comprehend any sort of mysticism, even simple religious faith, and neither of them mentioned the subject at all anymore. In spite of this silence, she sometimes wondered if he might retain some small vestiges of his near-interest in the mystic, and that perhaps some of these leftover scraps might account for some of his actions (which she thought of as strange or maybe even abnormal). It was the only explanation that her uncreative, undeveloped brain could possibly come up with.

For instance, ever since he had been able to walk he had had a fascination for mirrors. It was not, he knew, his own face which interested him, but the mirror itself, and the fact that anything which happened on earth could be duplicated exactly in reverse on the smooth glassy face. Sometimes he would sit and stare for hours at the tall polished mirror in his mother's bedroom, and although she came in at intervals to scold him, or tell him to do something else, he continued to sit, knowing that his actions (or inactions) were not really displeasing to her, simply puzzling. He himself did not know exactly why the mirror held such a fascination, but it gave him an almost satisfied feeling to think about it.

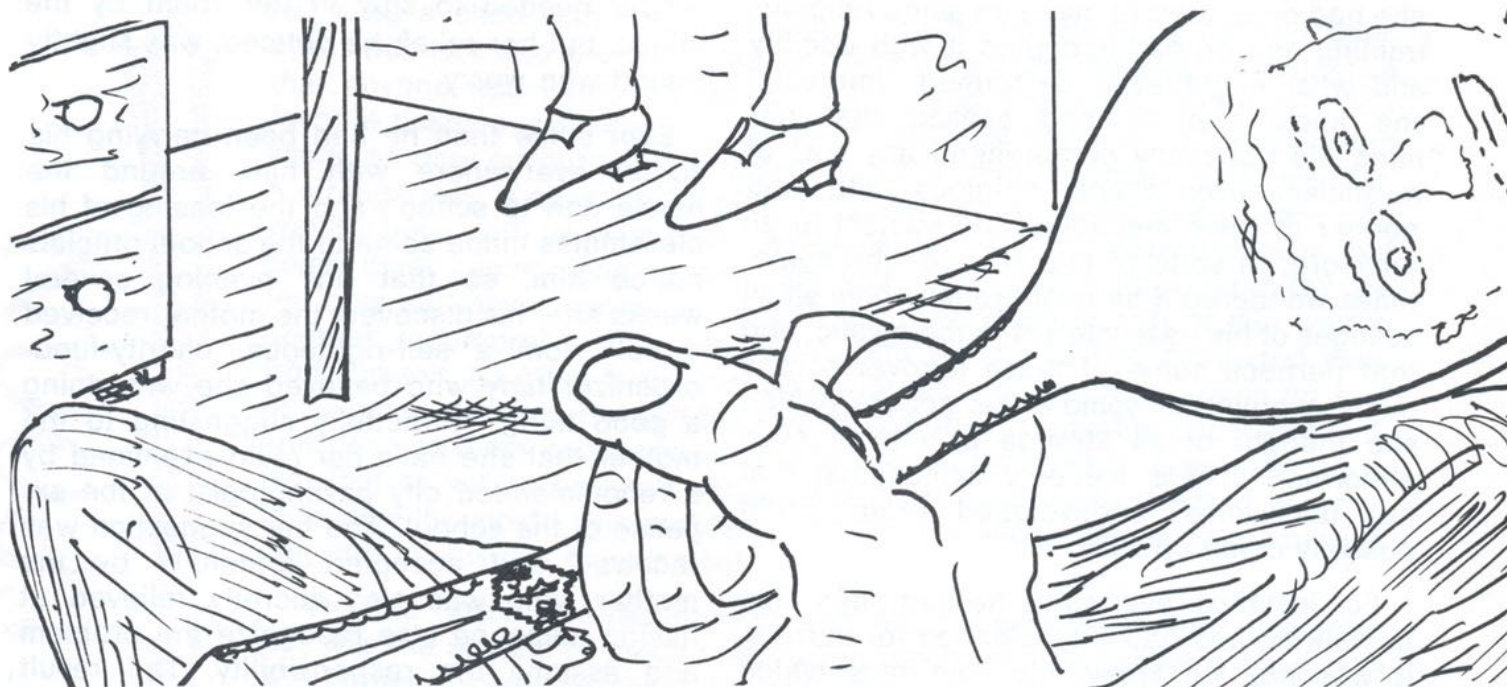
Then one day while his mother was polishing silver, he discovered that the bowl of a spoon not only reflected his image, but turned it upside down! This minor discovery, small as it was, gave him the tiniest bit of hope of finding the missing facets of his personality. More preoccupied than ever now, all of his time was spent staring at the bowl of the spoon, trying to understand the added dimensions of the reflection. As time passed he became more certain that he was somehow a vital part of his reflection and its inversion, but this knowledge left him even more confused than before. The discovery seemed to make his mother happy, now that he no

longer needed to stay in her room by the mirror, but her relief, he noticed, was slightly tinged with worry.

Ever since then he had been carrying his spoon everywhere with him, around the house and to school, and the teasing of his classmates made some of the school officials notice him, so that one evening several weeks after his discovery the mother received a call from a self-righteous, charity-fund-organizer lady who believed she was doing a good thing by tactfully suggesting to the mother that she have her child examined by a recommended city psychologist at the expense of the school. And her suggestion was received and accepted gratefully by the mother, who was also secretly relieved at having someone else recognize the problem and assume the responsibility. The result was, of course, that the mother and child did go to the city, accompanied and supervised by the self-righteous lady, who took charge and talked to all three of them (including the analyst) reassuringly, as though they were her children and needed encouragement. On the second visit, however, the mother and child came alone, and the child, having never had so much attention paid exclusively to him in his life, felt dimly that maybe the analyst could help him to find the other parts of himself which he so vitally missed and needed. The visits continued, and finally the child gained enough trust to tell his new friend about the mirrors and the spoon. His words were halting and stumbling, for he had never attempted to communicate his feelings before, but the analyst suddenly seemed to understand everything he was trying to say, and the child felt as if a little window had opened inside of himself.

After that day, however, the trips to the city stopped; the child was puzzled and disappointed. Sometimes on his rare jaunts outside his bedroom he would find his mother sniffing inexplicably, but he did not have enough courage to ask her why. He noticed that his classmates, to whom he had never



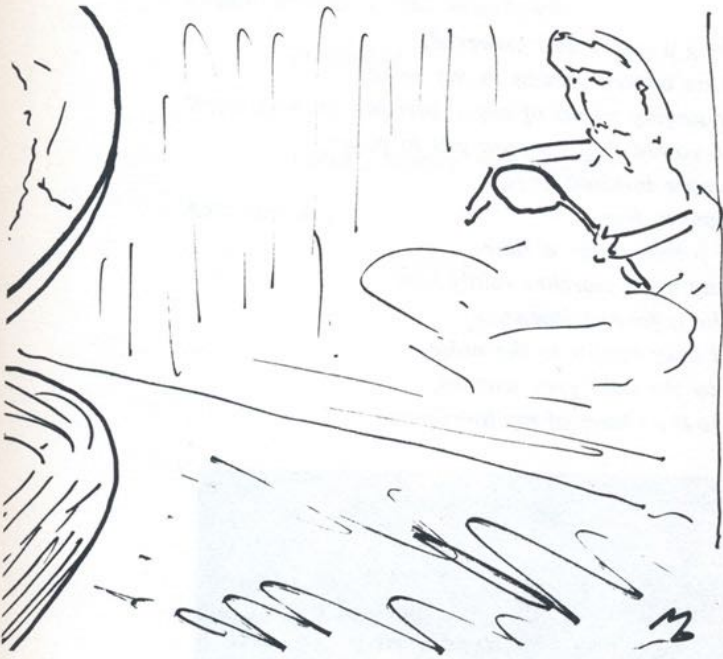


before bothered to pay attention except when they teased him, now seemed almost afraid of him, avoiding him even more than they had previously. One day his mother came to get him from school, saying only that they were going to visit his new friend again. The child was almost happy on hearing this, although he saw that they were following a route which he had never seen before. He still wondered over the spoon, carrying it with him everywhere, but he felt that if he might just see his friend one more time they could find some answers together. The mother stopped in front of a building which said "County Hospital" over the door in small, stately letters; she began sniffing again as she led him into a paneled office where the analyst sat smiling rather seriously. This time, however, he talked only to the mother; he seemed to be saying something about an observation period, and then consoled and reassured her when she began to cry outright. The child, now more confused than ever, was taken up an elevator and into a plain, small, sparsely furnished room, where, seeing nothing better to do, he began staring at his spoon again. He noticed immediately that the room contained no mir-

rors; however, this was of no consequence to him as long as he had the spoon. In the course of the next few days a number of uniformed doctors and nurses came to talk to him and bring his meals; among them was the analyst, who talked with him very kindly for a long time. Even after this, though, the child had gained no new insights into himself, and a conviction that he might have to find them himself, without help, grew strong within him. It seemed that since he had come here the spoon provided a sort of refuge; the child soon felt closer to his inverted reflection than he ever had before, and with this closeness came a sort of intuition about himself, his whole self, finally. He gradually felt closer to an answer which was still elusively out of his grasp.

The other parts of himself, of which **he** caught close glimpses through the spoon, composed a nether-personality which inhabited a world as definite as the earth on which this part of him lived. Theirs was, as far as he could tell, an enticing environment of darkness which was maddening to see and not be able to touch or sense with any other part of himself. He did not share these new





developments with his friend the analyst, following his now firm conviction that he must discover things on his own.

The child himself had no conception of time, but several months passed before the mother again came to visit. He did not wonder at her absence, or particularly miss her, but felt dimly glad when she came to see him in his room. They both went downstairs to see his friend, and this time also the analyst talked to the mother and the child caught snatches of conversation — “observation”, “dementia praecox”, “developing schizophrenia”, “catatonic”, “. . . here indefinitely” — which meant little or nothing to him. His mother left in tears again, and he returned complacently to his room, where suddenly . . . suddenly . . . looking at the spoon, he not only saw his nether-personality, but felt *united* with it, sensed its being fusing with his and the inviting moist blackness all around, beckoning. Yet the unity lasted only a second before the vision disappeared, and he was left with his own inverted reflection in the curving bowl of the spoon. Exhilarated, triumphant and exhausted, he lay back victorious on the bed before realizing that his mo-

mentarily united personality had instilled in him a new eloquence of thought. And only then did he realize the ultimate dilemma swirling in his head; the full comprehension of his mother’s conversation with the doctor dawned upon him . . .

They think I’m crazy, insane, bats, they want to keep me here locked up until my mind returns to their world . . . But how can I explain, how can I possibly tell them I can’t go back that way, my mind doesn’t belong to them or theirs, my real personality, my nether-being is schizophrenic too, and that’s the real one—I can cure myself and be whole if only . . . if only . . . I knew *how* to get there, to find the rest of me . . . how can I find it if they keep me locked up? When I know where I want to be but not how to get there . . . The most excruciating agony is right here, in the limbo, the split . . . How do I get to the other side?

The child’s thoughts continued in this manner through the night with agonizing clarity; he had never been confronted with such a terrible dilemma before, and the effects to his physical being were devastating. Yet out of his now dimly remembered past, one of his mother’s religious lectures came to memory, and with it the hope of finding a way out. But, he thought, what if that isn’t really the way? Suppose I go that way and find that it’s wrong, then what? The child’s newly precocious intellect temporarily abandoned the terror of the situation, and reasoned carefully about this new and completely final way out . . .

His decision was finally made. Proceeding gingerly, clutching his spoon tenderly, he found that the pain only lasted for a second, and suddenly he was hurtling through the nothingness of time, past the horror on his friend’s face, his shocked classmates, his mother standing in the cemetery; all this was behind him now as he fell, finally united and whole . . . through ecstatically blinding blackness.



## VISION

*I was sitting on a bus,  
Feeling cold toward those around me,  
Oblivious to the noise surrounding  
Staring at a blank grey surface,  
When she appeared before my eyes,  
And I saw her as I'd seen her last  
Laughing during summers past,  
Walking toward a slope to lie,  
With me beneath the bright lit sky,  
Talking well into the night.  
The vision stayed, entrancing me,  
Starting my brain in mournful rhyme,*

*To bring a poem that flowered,  
From an unseen garden in my mind,  
Softly singing words of angry sorrow,  
And I vowed that I would put to paper,  
Two score inspired lines,  
To show to her,  
But I forgot it for a time,  
And my mind searches vainly now,  
But she is forever lost,  
And I must return to the noise,  
And to the cold grey surface,  
And to the winter of my loneliness.*





EVERYTHING IS A FIRE YOU KNOW

IT STARTS

WITH A SPARK AND

LIVES A BRIGHT JOYFUL LIFE

AND DIES SLOWLY

SLOWLY

SLOWLY

### ALONE

I walk down a busy street,  
through bustling crowds—  
But I am alone.

I ride on a packed subway,  
pressed on all sides—  
But I am alone.

I eat in a crowded lunchroom,  
elbows bumping elbows—  
But I am alone.

I sit in an overflowing classroom,  
peering over heads—  
But I am alone.

The crowds, are crowds,  
and nothing more.

### PROBLEMS

Problems like bubbles . . .

Linger just a moment,  
before they burst, or  
Float out of sight,  
on a passing breeze.

*Two walls  
Of red brick  
Three feet apart  
The sun rises,  
Sets  
The moon glows,  
Fades  
Day, night, day.*

*The air stirs—it carries  
Pollen along in the breeze.*

*Two white seeds  
Lodge in the cracks  
Of the unwary walls.  
Soil gathers there,  
The sun rises,  
Sets  
The moon glows,  
Fades  
Day, night, day.*

*Thirst quenched by the rain,  
Fed by the soil—  
Two green shoots reach out;  
So slowly downward  
Against the earth they lie  
The green stems of the climbers  
lengthen,  
The sun rises,  
Sets  
The moon glows,  
Fades  
Day, night, day.*

*Climbing vines strive upward—  
This nature commands  
The sun rises,  
Sets  
The moon glows,  
Fades  
Day, night, day . . .*











# The Innocence of Children

*"Harold."*

*The voice greeted him with a faint touch of warmth in its steel quality.*

*Harold stood quietly in the doorway. He was a tall slim boy with light brown hair that fell in wisps over his forehead. He had finely cut features and a long slender nose that protruded from his face in a manner that was somewhat becoming.*

*"Come in, Harold, I've been expecting you."*

*Harold took a cautious step forward and the door behind him slid closed with a whisper.*

*"Well, don't just stand there; come over here and sit down."*

*Harold obeyed, not saying a word. Perhaps he was too busy to say anything for his eyes were drinking in the contents of the room.*

*It was a massive room with only a desk and two chairs. The walls, ceiling, and floor seemed to be metallic and his footsteps resounded in the room as he walked. The source of light could not be determined for it seemed to be coming from everywhere.*

*He sat in the chair and looked at the man he was facing. He was, it appeared, in his late forties, a little overweight, and graying. But what fascinated Harold was the fact that the man had one blue eye and one red eye. He seemed to remember seeing them before, but he couldn't remember where. Piercingly they observed Harold.*

*"Harold . . . Are you listening?"*



Harold snapped back to reality.

"Yes, sir."

"Good. I understand that one of your friends brought you here, I believe it was George?"

"Yes, sir."

"He tells me that you're having trouble with your parents. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"My, you certainly aren't a talkative one, are you?"

"No, sir."

"Why don't you tell me about yourself? How old are you, and where do you live?"

"Well, sir, I'm thirteen years old and I live on Manchester Avenue here in Allentown, and I'm in the eighth grade." Harold hesitated.

"Tell me about your trouble with your parents," said the man.

"Well, sir, they never let me have any fun. They always make me work all the time. They keep pushing me to do better in school. My father expects me to be as smart as he is. He's in the Nuclear Weapons Bureau, Department of Defense. I can't take much of it anymore. If I complain, my father hits me and sends me upstairs to study until I go to bed. I've really gotten to hate them for it at times. I've often thought of running away to make them feel bad, but I wouldn't know where to go; I don't think they would care anyway. Then George told me about you. He said you would help me."

"I understand your situation completely, Harold," said the man.

Harold stepped out in the sunlight and he squinted his eyes as the glare burned them.

George came running up.

"Hey Harold, want to play a game of catch over at my house?"

Harold hesitated. "No, I don't think I should. My parents would get mad." There was something different about George that he couldn't place.

"Boy, I sure am glad I don't have to worry about what parents might think! Well, I'll see you!" yelled George as he ran off.

"He was right," thought Harold. "He doesn't have to worry about parents! Since his parents died last year, he's been able to do just about anything he wants; his aunt sure doesn't care!"

Harold proceeded down the street wondering what his punishment would be for being late. It was already getting dark and he should have been home hours ago.

A slight, cool breeze blew up from the north-west and Harold shivered a little . . . not really from the wind but because of his apprehension of going home. Dark, ominous clouds were gathering in the sky as he turned into the walk that led up to the house.

"Harold!"

The booming voice struck him in the face as he walked into the warm house, the smell of his mother's cooking coming from the kitchen.

"Harold, where have you been?" A large powerful man with dark gleaming hair and flashing eyes confronted his son in the hallway.

Harold did not reply.

"I demand an answer from you!" his father yelled.

Harold stood quietly trying to collect his thoughts. He opened his mouth several times as if to answer, but shut it again.



"Have you been out there playing with those ruffians when you should be doing your homework? I told you not to associate with those boys anymore; they're not good for anything!"

His father glared down on Harold and he loomed large in his anger. He was average in height and he was of muscular build. His face had squared features with a crooked nose and his nostrils flared in his rage.

"Well, don't you have anything to say for yourself?" he said.

Harold stood there and said, "Well, sir, I . . . No, sir, I guess not."

"Then get up to your room and make up for that lost time and study 'til it's time for you to go to bed!" cried his father.

Harold nodded soundlessly, walked up the stairs to his room, and closed the door. His thoughts were running wild. He had tried to answer his father but he couldn't remember where he had been. All he could think of was the burning sensation in his eyes. He looked in the mirror. There was something different about himself, but he could not place it.

Harold rose early the next morning for a reason he could not explain. It was Saturday and he usually slept late. He dressed and went downstairs. His parents were still asleep. As he went through the kitchen he grabbed a dish cloth from the hook beside the sink, opened the door to the garage and closed it quietly behind him.

Harold woke from his deep sleep with the sun in his eyes. He clambered out of bed slowly and began to dress himself. He glanced at his hands and noticed there was black grease on them. He could not remember where he had gotten it. He pushed the thought aside and ran down the stairs to breakfast. He remembered that his parents were leaving to go to his aunt's for the day.

"You'll have to fix your own breakfast this morning, Harold," called his mother from upstairs.

"All right," Harold replied.

He was fixing a piece of toast when his parents came down to leave.

"You be good while we're gone," said his mother. She was rather a plain woman with pale blonde hair. She was thin and fragile-looking and she had dark circles under her eyes. She kissed him good-bye. "I left a list of things I want you to do. Be sure and have them done by the time we get back," she called as she and her husband started the car and drove off down the street.

Harold walked back to his toast.

"I'm so sorry to hear about your parents," Mrs. Pleachert said to Harold in her bitter-sweet voice. "I understand that it was carbon monoxide fumes in the car. How terrible."

Harold walked on and left her to her rose pruning.

"If you need anything, you just let me know!" she called.

His eyes burned. From the sun? From tears? He did not know. Ever since that day . . .

"Margaret."

The voice greeted her with a touch of warmth in its steel quality.

She stood in the doorway, a small girl with an impish face and scraggly hair.

"Come in, Margaret, I've been expecting you," said the man. "I believe a friend of yours sent you? Harold, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

Margaret stepped out in the sunlight. Her red eye and blue eye squinted as the glare burned them.



# FLY ME TO THE MOON

a Story by Martin Buchanan

$$\begin{aligned}
 \frac{d^2 s}{dt^2} \text{ m/sec}^2 &= \left\{ \left[ \left( \frac{W_p \text{ gm}}{M_c \frac{\text{gm}}{\text{mol}}} \frac{\int_0^t F(t) dt \text{ nt-sec}}{I_+ \text{ nt-sec}} \right) \right. \right. \\
 &\quad \left( \frac{22,400 \frac{\text{cm}^3 \cdot \text{SP}}{\text{mol}}}{(S+S_0) \text{ cm} \cdot A_c \text{ cm}^2} \right) \left( \frac{\frac{1}{2} M_c \frac{\text{gm}}{\text{mol}} V_c^2 (\text{m}^2/\text{sec}^2)}{\frac{1}{2} M_{a \text{ av.}} \frac{\text{gm}}{\text{mol}} V_a^2 (\text{m}^2/\text{sec}^2)} \right) \left. \left. + \frac{S_0 \text{ cm SP}}{(S+S_0) \text{ cm}} \right] \right. \\
 &\quad \left( 1 - \frac{\int_0^S \vec{F} ds \text{ nt-m}}{\frac{1}{2} W_p \text{ kg} \frac{\int_0^t F(t) dt \text{ nt-sec}}{I_+ \text{ nt-sec}} V_c^2 \frac{\text{m}^2}{\text{sec}^2} + \frac{1}{2} \frac{S_0 \text{ cm} A_c \text{ cm}^2 M_a \frac{\text{gm}}{\text{mol}} \cdot 0.001 \frac{\text{kg}}{\text{gm}}}{22,400 \frac{\text{cm}^3 \cdot \text{SP}}{\text{mol}}}} \right) - 1 \text{ SP} \Bigg\} \left( 1.036 \frac{\text{kg/cm}^2}{\text{SP}} \right) \left( 9.806 \frac{\text{nt/kg}}{\text{kg}} \right) A_c \text{ cm}^2 + F(t) \text{ nt.} \\
 &= \frac{\frac{1}{2} V \text{ kg/m}^3 A_c' \text{ m}^2 (ds/dt)^2 \frac{\text{m}^2}{\text{sec}^2}}{W_+ \text{ kg} - W_p \text{ kg} \frac{\int_0^t F(t) dt \text{ nt-sec}}{I_+ \text{ nt-sec}}} - g \left( \frac{r^2 \text{ m}^2}{(S+S_0+h+r)^2 \text{ m}^2} \right) \frac{\text{m}}{\text{sec}^2} \sin \theta
 \end{aligned}$$







# Rat



# Palace

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