

HIKA Literary Magazine

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**HIKA - October 1969**

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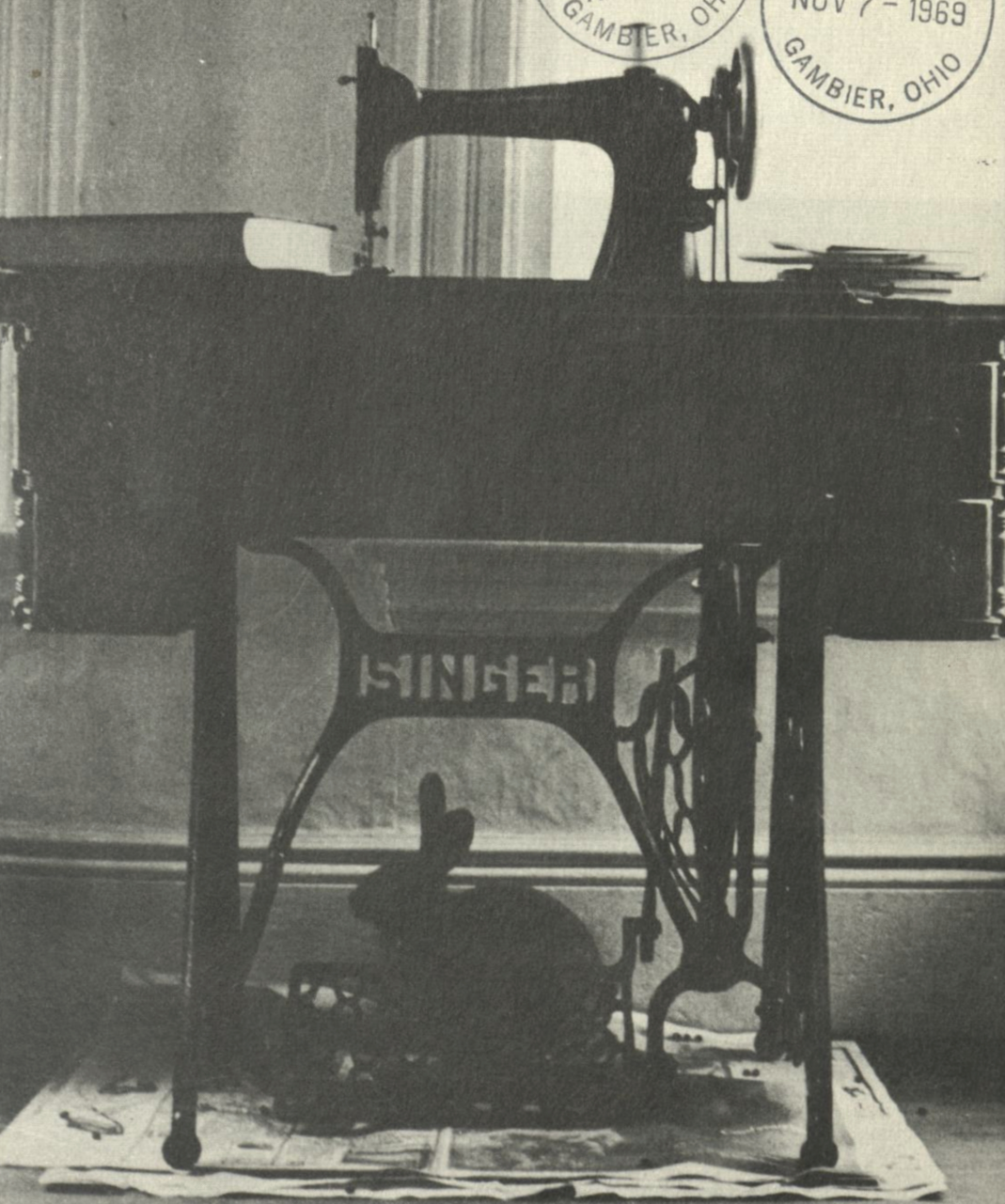
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HIKA : Volume 32 : Number 1

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for his earth guidance , all of whom have worked on this issue in  
various states & without whose help this movie could not be possible .  
paul kahn (an editor)

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For M. Before Her Wedding

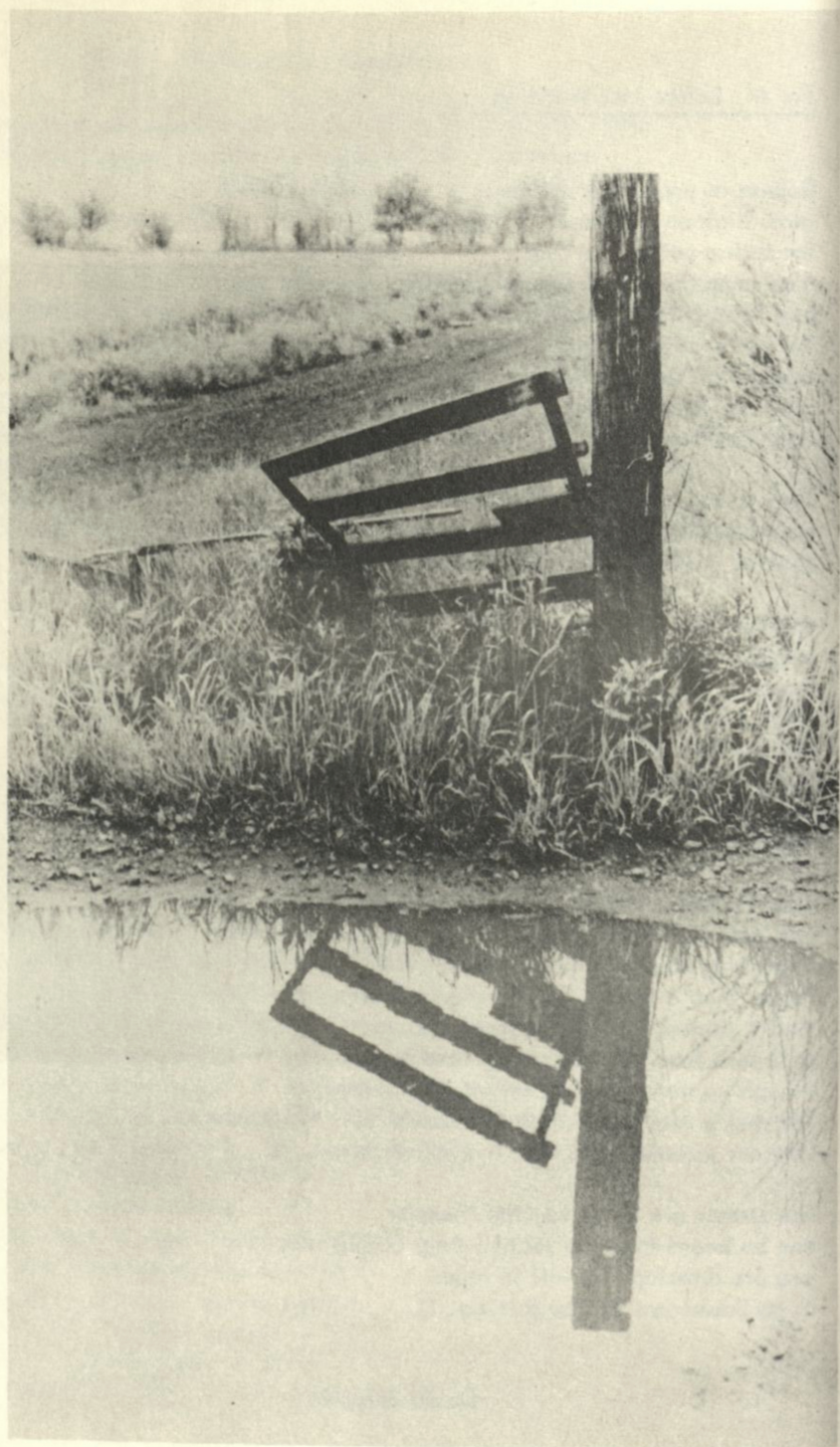
Scenes as you speak appear,  
grass high on the beach too early  
for spring yet call it that.  
You jump the waves spaced, I think, too wide apart  
and toy with the fisherman.  
We never saw the street; we are  
always too far down the beach or in interiors  
with maids practicing falconry above the sofas,  
and listening to music, thick velvet on the air.

I am trying to remember a day and you,  
your hair falling to waves about your cheeks,  
shaking it back in a frenzied pendulum, skiddish  
and afraid,  
reprove me, in his words, that 'I will love X,'  
sounds overly Germanic. "To love and will are opposites,"  
he said, but what could be the relevance of that  
when I have loved you too strangely to have made love  
and you've made love too swiftly to have loved me?  
No one is jealous of us. Birds sit on your wrists  
and prey. The beach we watched stretched out to plains.  
The dream remains unammended and undenied.

I started this poem to give you a present  
you could give him, something of your own which  
I foolishly thought I had, words  
larger than a mouth, bigger than a brain.  
And it turned out to be a shore and you  
still pale from winters, untouched by suns  
though no conscious art was at its making.  
We feel a few things in our dreams so like the future so  
like our present times that is what we know.

The streets are crowded, the clamour  
can be heard from the second story balustrade,  
you are dressing yourself in robes  
to go downtown for the joining.

-David Bergman



On Quarry Chapel Road

i.

He hanged himself.  
The roof did not give in.  
Neither in cruelty nor pity.  
Enough. He said. Enough.  
His world had bred those limits.  
Enough of room. Enough  
house. Enough land to be good  
as the thing itself but not  
good enough for more. The horse  
did not look  
away. Ropes  
are discreet. The temperature was mild.  
And a chair's falling is muffled in dust.  
The ease of wind makes a similar sound  
in trees. When finally down, he fell  
softly like fresh laundry  
from the line. The horse need hardly force.  
He wipes his droppings with his tail.

ii.

Once the tin roof  
had been the color  
of the chapel stone,  
gray, even as the sky, clouded in early spring  
is gray - now rusted red  
with springs and falls.  
The shack stands, old  
caretaker beside the chapel's  
remains, remaining roofless  
through the rusting seasons  
and before.

Beyond  
and around  
the farms plod  
now into grassland  
now into corn. The sheep stand  
far out and the horses drink  
down the spring. Their eyes toward  
the road. Only distantly  
do trees sway re-echoing  
the crop of  
shade.

iii.

I begin with the road and  
turn, I see the chapel  
bent to the earth  
bearing its burden of gravity.  
And then before his house  
the door, open for the first  
time in memory -  
a woman stands outside  
and watches the dusk melt  
into the black wax pasture.

He and I  
have been neighbors  
only since his death, but in  
this stout woman turned sternly to the sun,  
like a weed in a dying garden  
whose dress is in fact the shape of flowers  
sparking the imagination, groundless,  
their stems a wire,  
was he returned.  
The treads of a ghost  
live in her spine.  
Her hair stiffly fallen  
senses the wind, the ranks of grass,  
the accounts of the sun.

iv.

The chapel was a prow with  
dusk light. She did not turn  
as I drove by and was gone  
in an instant. How could I stop?  
No mirror picked her figure from  
the landscape. But the horse who was  
drinking from the pool ran down to the road  
and followed me to the end of the field  
to the beginning of the grove.  
A mare was there and they,  
as I left, stretched to snatch  
the apples off the tree.

-David Bergman

There's a private library  
in my head  
when I give you Yuri's key  
you can check out the biography  
I've written about you  
you'll find misquotes no doubt  
but that's how I hear you  
that's how I see you

-Linda Peterson



"Hey Jeffrey!" Mamb shouted across the long field.

"Hey Jeffrey. Come on over here." He shouted through the picket fence to the little boy who was playing in the sandbox. Jeffrey had just packed a bucket full of sand and was turning it over some toy soldiers. He saw Mamb and wiped the sand off his knees.

"What do you want?" He shouted back.

"Come on over here. You want to go to the Jansen place with me?"

"What?"

"I said you want to go up to the Jansen place with me?"

"Why you want to go up there?"

"Because I haven't been there all spring. Not since last November when the house burned down. You remember that don't you?"

"Yeah. Look Mamb I'd like to go with you but I can't leave the yard. I'm not allowed to you know."

"I know, I know. If you don't want to come you don't have to. I just didn't feel like going alone that's all. So I asked you. I see it was a mistake so I'll see you around."

Mamb climbed over the back fence and started to walk towards the road.

"Hey Mamb!" Jeffrey called with his hand raised. "I'm going too. Just wait for me. I'm going."

Mamb turned around and smiled.

"OK Jeffrey but you have to walk as fast as I do because I'm not going to have some little kid tagging along."

"No, I won't Mamb, I was just a little afraid because I'm not supposed to you know."

"It's all right. I'll bring you back before your parents even know you've been gone."

"OK Mamb. I'm with you. I just gotta be back before they find out I'm not in the backyard. OK Mamb?"

"Sure."

Mamb and Jeffrey walked along the road up to the old Jansen place. There was a stone fence which ran around the house property. Inside the fence only the foundation of the house remained. It was filled with charred timber and looked like a square ashtray.

"Not much left after the fire is there Jeffrey?"

"I thought they were going to build it up Mamb. Didn't they say that?"

"Well they were, but after Mrs. Jansen died I guess Mr. Jansen didn't feel any reason to build it up again. He said he didn't know how it should look. He couldn't build it up like before because it would remind him of the Mrs."

"What do you mean Mamb?" Jeffrey asked with a young fat look on his face.

"Oh Jeffrey you wouldn't know what I was talking about would you? Mr. Jansen just won't build it up again that's all. No sense to. That's all."

"Who's this thing belong to Mamb?"

"What thing?"

"This big black thing."

"You mean the house?"

"Yeah."

"It belongs to Mr. Jansen I guess."

"Well then how come he don't fix it up again?"

"I just told you. He doesn't want to. He wants it the way it is.

That's the way he wants it. Just like this. Just like it was when the house burned down and killed Mrs. Jansen."

"Mrs. Jansen died? What do you mean Mrs. Jansen died? I saw her last November down at the store buying something. Just a little while ago. I'm sure I did. She was right there talking to the man who runs the store. Didn't I just see her Mamb?"

"That was last November Jeffrey, that was before the fire."

"What do you mean the fire? Aren't they going to build up the house again Mamb?"

"I don't know why I brought you along. You should have stayed in the yard like your parents told you. What did I have to bring a little kid along for?"

Jeffrey didn't say anything. He lifted his head and pointed behind Mamb.

"Look at all those flowers Mamb. Look how high the garden grew!"

Jeffrey ran over to a little garden behind the Jansen house, and started to run through all the flowers.

"You don't think anybody'll mind do you Mamb? I mean it's ok if I pick the flowers if they're not going to build up the house again do you think Mamb?"

"No Jeffrey. Go ahead. It doesn't matter."

Mamb went over to the stone fence and sat down. He watched Jeffrey playing in the garden next to the dead house.

Mamb felt a hand on his shoulder. His chest jumped and he grabbed his shoulder as if to pull it away from the hand. Mamb yelled and turned around.

It was SM., Mamb's old friend. SM was older than Mamb and they had been friends since Mamb was Jeffrey's age.

"God SM don't do that. You scared me to death. What'd you do that for? You almost scared me to death coming up like that. Hell," Mamb said pushing his hand out to SM, "It's great to see you. How'd you know I'd be here today anyway? Did you see us coming up the road?"

"No. I just felt like coming here today myself. Not much left is there?" SM said looking at the ruin.

"No not much." Mamb said.

"Hey Mamb!" Jeffrey shouted from the garden, "Why'd you shout like that Mamb? You scared me yelling like that. What were you yelling about?" Jeffrey shouted. He could not see SM.

"Nothing Jeffrey," Mamb said, "You go back to your flowers. I just felt like yelling that's all. We all have to yell sometimes. That's all."

"Why did you bring Jeffrey up here?" SM smiled, "Isn't he supposed to be home?"

"I didn't feel like walking up here alone that's all. It's ok., Jeffrey can't see you. He's in the garden. He doesn't even know about the Jansens."

"Why don't you tell him?" SM asked.

"Why should I? He doesn't have to know. He wouldn't understand anyway."

"How do you know? He might."

"I already practically told him. He just wants to know why they don't build the house up again."

"Then you didn't tell him did you?"

"God! You'd think it was my duty to tell him or something."

"Isn't it?"

"Don't look at me like that. All right I will. I'll try. It doesn't matter. Hey Jeffrey! Come here. I want to tell you something."

Jeffrey obeyed and walked over to Mamb holding a bouquet of daffodils.

"You like my flowers Mamb?"

"No!" Mamb knocked them out of his hand. "No I don't and I have something to tell you."

Jeffrey looked down at his flowers. His hand hurt, and some of the flowers were broken.

"What did you do that for Mamb? I just picked those flowers. I was going to give them to my mommy."

"You can't give them to your mother because she'll want to know where you got them. Anyway I have something important to tell you."

Jeffrey bent over to pick up the flowers.

"Jeffrey!"

Jeffrey looked up at Mamb and put his hands behind his back. He looked like he was ready to be talked to.

"Jeffrey," Mamb said, "Do you know what Mrs. Jansen was?"

He wasn't listening. He was looking at the daffodils. He looked up. He was being talked to.

"Do you know what -"

"Mrs. Jansen."

"Yes. Do you know what she was though?"

"No what?" Jeffrey looked interested now. Mamb pointed this out to SM who merely smiled.

"She was a woman." Mamb said.

Jeffrey was puzzled.

"So?"

"So? She was a woman Jeffrey that is what is so."

"I'm going to pick up my flowers now ok Mamb?"

"No, it's not ok. Do you know what a woman is Jeffrey?"

"It's like Mommy."

"Exactly Jeffrey." Mamb smiled now, "Did you ever see your mother?"

"Sure," Jeffrey said, "I've seen her lots of times. I just saw her. She was in the kitchen window watching me."

Mamb and SM laughed. Jeffrey did not see SM.

"What are you laughing at Mamb? What'd I say?"

"I'm not laughing Jeffrey. Only smiling. I meant did you ever see your mother without, you know, clothes?"

"Sure. Lots of times. Like on the beach."

"Jeffrey I mean like when she's dressing. You know, without any clothes. You ever see her like that?"

"No." Jeffrey was listening, but he didn't want to listen anymore. He wanted to pick up the flowers.

"You never saw her? Then you don't know what she looks like then do you?"

"Sure I do. She looks big and pretty. I know what my mommy looks like. So do you. You've seen her before. You know what she looks like."

"Jeffrey," Mamb said kneeling next to him, "You know what a woman looks like down here?" Mamb pointed to the blue shorts that Jeffrey was wearing. Jeffrey was interested again.

"No. What do you mean?"

"I mean she's different without her clothes on that's all."

"What do you mean different?"

"I mean people are different without their clothes on. She looks different than you do."

"She does?"

"Sure."

"How do you mean Mamb?"

"Well look for yourself silly."

Jeffrey pulled down his shorts and looked at himself. He pulled them up again and started to cry.

"What's the matter?" Mamb asked laughing. SM was smiling behind Mamb.

"Didn't you ever think of that before Jeffrey?"

Jeffrey was still crying.

"Why don't you pick up your flowers now Jeffrey?" Mamb asked.

"I don't like you anymore," Jeffrey said, "I'm going to tell my parents what you said."

"Hey Jeffrey wait," Mamb said putting his hand on Jeffrey's shoulder and looking back at SM who was smiling, "Wait you don't understand. I didn't want to hurt you. I just wanted to tell you that's all. It's ok. She's different that's all. OK Jeffrey?"

Jeffrey stopped crying.

"Was Mrs. Jansen a woman?"

"Of course."

"Well I'm going to tell mommy." Jeffrey said. He started to walk over to the garden next to the ruins of the Jansen House.

"You know," said SM, "that now you have told him he will always hate you."

"Why should he hate me?" Mamb asked, "I only told him something he had to know."

"But now he knows he will always hate you, although he will also be your best friend."

"What do you mean by that?" Mamb asked.

"Well it's true," SM said as he walked over to the stone fence. He boosted himself up backwards. "He just will. I know."

"You're crazy." Mamb said. Mamb walked a little towards the ruin to watch Jeffrey.

SM smiled as he sat on the stone fence. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. His chest jumped, and he felt the hand go towards his throat. When he turned around the left side of his neck was cold.

"Oh," SM said, "It's you. I didn't know who it was. If it weren't you I think I'd die of fright. You almost scared me to death."

"Sorry," TM said, "I just thought you might need some company."

TM was well dressed and much older than SM.

"What are you doing with Mamb and Jeffrey?" TM said.

"I just met them here." SM said.

TM smiled. SM could hear laughter somewhere.

"What's Jeffrey doing over behind the Jansen place?" TM asked.

SM looked over at Jeffrey. He was crawling along the ground.

"Hey Mamb!" SM shouted, "Ask Jeffrey what he is doing."

"Why?"

"Because I want to know that's why."

"Hey Jeffrey!" Mamb shouted, "What are you doing?"

"I'm pretending I'm a cow and I'm eating because it's supper-time."

Mamb heard something.

"Where's that laughter coming from?" Mamb asked SM.

"What laughter? I'm only smiling." said SM as he walked over to Mamb.

"Why don't you tell Jeffrey to stop acting like a cow? He will choke on that stuff he's eating."

"He has the right to act like a cow if he wants. What does it matter?"

"Of course it matters. It's a gutless way about things you know."

"It is not," Mamb said. He is beginning to side with Jeffrey. TM stands back and looks like he will mediate between SM and Mamb.

"Who's that you were talking to?" Mamb asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I saw you talking to somebody. Were you talking to someone SM?"

"Yes, but you can barely see him," SM turned sideways so that Mamb could see TM if he wanted. "See him?"

"Vaguely. You sure that's who you were talking to?"

"Quite sure. Too bad Jeffrey can't see him."

"Why can't he?"

"Because he's leaving shortly," SM said. Mamb looked at SM.

"Well at least you can't see what's his name." Mamb pointed past TM who was standing against the stone fence with a large smile on his face. Mamb and SM begin to hate TM. TM knows this, but he knows they will not harm him.

"Where is what's his name?" SM asked, "Everyone else is here."

"You mean Mr. Jansen?" Mamb asked. Mamb wasn't sure about whom SM was talking. Both Mamb and SM were sorry about calling him what's

his name, but they couldn't remember what he looked like after the fire. They feel very small talking about Mr. Jansen. Mamb feels very small even when he stands next to Jeffrey. Jeffrey is still pretending to be a cow. He is very happy.

"Some people are completely disorientated," someone said. Who said that? Jeffrey is still in the garden. Mamb and SM look at each other. Perhaps Mr. Jansen had come and said it. But no. It was a comment from TM. He was sitting on the stone fence tossing out comments with his hand. Mamb and SM look at TM. Who does he think he is anyway? A rush of resentment comes over them. They pass it over quickly in order to keep it invisible. TM sees it anyway. He knew it would come, but he keeps smiling to himself. Mamb and SM come out of their daze. They keep messing up the thing. Which thing?

"The whole thing," TM tells them.

Mamb suddenly realizes that the ruin had become his whole concern. Jeffrey lifts his head. He feels trouble here. He wants to walk down the road and go home, but he feels TM standing there against the gate in the stone fence.

Mamb and SM are silent. Nothing has been said for several minutes. They think of Mr. Jansen. They think of Mr. Jansen walking around the ruin last Christmas. The ruin was frozen and black under the snow. TM is right they think: there is no direction inside the stone fence.

Mamb walks over to Jeffrey who is frozen by the silence.

"Don't worry old boy," he tells him, "We'll look after you."

SM snickers behind Mamb's back. SM wants to know, he says, how Mamb will explain it to Jeffrey's parents. He wants to know how Mamb will explain to them how he stole Jeffrey out of the backyard. Jeffrey gets up out of the garden.

"Mamb," Jeffrey says, "You're not going to take me home are you? I mean now I'm with you. Come on please. You can't take me home."

Mamb and SM sigh. They do not know what to do. TM is behind them, still leaning on the stone fence.

"I just won't go home," Jeffrey says.

Mamb sulks. It wasn't his fault. "Jeffrey came along on his own free will," he says.

Laughter seems to burst from the ruin.

"You know they won't believe that. They will stare at you and his mother will start crying and the father will say, 'You had no right to do that Mamb. We brought you up like a son.'"

"Well," Mamb said, "I'll tell them that they shouldn't have trusted me. There's a difference between a real son and a person who was brought up like a son. It was bound to happen anyway, why not with a friend?"

"Some friend you are." SM said.

Mamb and SM start to quarrel again. TM sits down on the stone fence. He never stops smiling. Mamb and SM turn towards him.

"OK then if you're so high and mighty above us, then you tell us what to do."

TM picks up a pipe and lights it slowly. He puts it into his mouth and

keeps it there as he talks. It makes him smile more.

"I have nothing to say to you two. Keep on quarreling. It amuses me," TM says. Smoke comes out of his mouth and the wind blows it over his shoulder where it disappears.

"I won't tell them anything," Mamb says to SM. "I'll just take him home and leave him there. I won't say a thing."

"He'll follow you," SM says, "You know he will."

Mamb goes over to Jeffrey. Jeffrey is talking to himself. He picks up pebbles and pretends they are the toys in the sandbox. He sees mirrors in the pebbles, and his vision is bad and he squints at them. He begins to talk to one pebble angrily. It doesn't matter what he says to the pebbles anymore than it matters what he says to the toy soldiers in the sandbox. The little mirrors listen to him quietly, allowing him his turn to speak. Then Jeffrey stops talking, he is intensely interested in what each pebble has to say.

"Yes I agree with you," Jeffrey says rubbing his body and looking up at the sun, "It is beautiful isn't it?"

Mamb looks at Jeffrey and shakes his head.

"There he goes again, talking to mirrors."

"What did you expect?" SM says. Jeffrey looks up at Mamb and crawls over to him.

"You see?" SM says, "You see that look on his face? He worships you Mamb. He will never do that with his parents. He merely respects them. Did you ever look at your parents the way Jeffrey is looking at you?"

"You know I have no parents."

"No that isn't so. You simply can't find them."

"I don't know what is so. I merely want to get Jeffrey hom without his parents knowing that he got out of the backyard."

Jeffrey looks up at Mamb. There is worship in his eyes. He does not see SM, he can only see Mamb.

"Isn't he wonderful?" Jeffrey thinks, "He can talk to the wind and get answers. He comes to decisions by talking to the wind. Isn't he wonderful?"

"Look at him," SM says, "Drooling over you as if you were his god. That's the biggest laugh I ever saw."

SM starts to laugh. He looks at TM. TM laughs so much that he nearly falls off the stone fence. TM is laughing at SM, and SM is laughing at Mamb. Jeffrey is still on his knees drooling over Mamb who feels helpless.

"All right! All right! Cut it out. I have enough problems without you laughing at me. Quit it!"

Mamb turns on Jeffrey and kicks him. Jeffrey howls and crawls over to the side of the stone fence holding onto his side. He is crying.

"Why did you do that Mamb? I didn't do nothing. Don't you like me? Come on please, I didn't mean anything."

Jeffrey has stopped crying and starts to take off his clothes.

"What do you suppose he's doing now?" Mamb asks. He asks this in a bitter manner, and SM remembers this.

Jeffrey has taken off all his clothes, and does a sommersault in the grass.

He does another and stands on his head, his feet, thrown backward, rest on the stone fence directly underneath TM. TM grunts like he is going to laugh, but keeps smiling holding the pipe in his mouth with his hand.

"My god!" Mamb shouts, "He's gone crazy! God, it's too horrible to watch. Jeffery, cut that out. Right now, you hear me?"

Jeffery turns over and sits on the ground.

"You see why Jeffery won't go home?" SM smiled, "You've become a parent, only more important in his eyes."

"What eyes?" Mamb asks as he watches Jeffery put his clothes back on.

"Come on, help me. We've got to get Jeffery home. Suppose Mr. Jansen came along and saw us?"

TM on the stone fence burst out laughing. He almost laughs the wind out of the sky. He laughs between chokes. Laughing, he gets off the fence, looks at Jeffery for a moment, and then kicks him. TM turns to look over the fence while Jeffery wonders where the kick came from. He picks up a pebble and looks into it.

"Where do you suppose that kick came from?" he asks the pebble, "Do you suppose it was Mamb? No? Neither do I because he didn't move. Maybe it was just my side hurting from the first kick I got from Mamb when I did something wrong. Could be. I'll ask Mamb."

Jeffery shouted across the long garden to Mamb. "Mamb! Did you kick me again? Did you Mamb? I just got kicked and it hurt. Did you do that to me? Come on now, what did I do wrong? Didn't you like the way I stood on my head? What'ya do it for? How'd ya do it, Mamb? I was over here. How'd ya do it, Mamb?"

"I didn't do it!" Mamb shouted back. He turned to SM, "God, he thinks I do everything! I'm only limited you know."

Mamb turned back to Jeffery, "You idiot. You did it yourself!"

Jeffery picks up his head, "I did it myself? I did? How'd I do it, Mamb? How'd I do it when I don't even remember doing it?"

"Christ," Mamb says to SM shaking his head, "Okay Jeffery, I did it. If you want, I did it, Okay? That make you feel any better? I did it."

Jeffery looks at Mamb, "What ya do it for?"

SM starts to laugh. Jeffery lifts his head because he hears laughter everywhere. TM turns his eyes around and looks at Mamb and SM. He starts to laugh.

"Hey Mamb. You hear all that laughing? I hear laughing. You aren't laughing. How come, how come I hear all this laughing, Mamb?"

Jeffery starts to cry.

"It's because I took off all my clothes, isn't it, Mamb? People are laughing at me because I took off all my clothes. Wait til I tell my parents on you, Mamb. You're laughing at me because you did this to me. You're laughing, Mamb, admit it. You're going to be in trouble when I tell. They won't like that about me taking off my clothes. I'm going to tell them you took them off, then you made me crawl around like a cow



eating grass and dirt. And I'm going to tell them you kicked me. I'm going to tell them you did that and then you told me to take off all my clothes and stand on my head leaning against the wall without any clothes on. I'm going to tell them that you made everybody laugh at me. You told me to do it."

Jeffery is still crying. He picks up a pebble and cries into it. He points to Mamb and throws the pebble at him.

"Cut it out, Jeffery!" Mamb shouts, "Cut it out or I'll come over there and give you another kick."

Jeffery keeps crying into the pebbles and throwing them at Mamb.

"Jeffery, stop!" Mamb takes a step toward him. Jeffery looks up.

"I was only kidding, Mamb. Honest."

"You want another kick?" Mamb asks. Jeffery is on his knees.

"I was only kidding, Mamb. I wasn't really going to tell. Really."

"Mind that you don't." Mamb says. He starts to walk back towards SM.

"Mamb?" Jeffery asks as he gets off his knees, "Why did you make me take off my clothes? Why'd you do that?"

Mamb stops and turns around.

"You foolish little boy. I didn't make you take off your clothes. Don't you see that?"

"Well how come I was standing on my head without any clothes on? You didn't think of that, did you Mamb? I bet you didn't. How could I be standing on my head if you didn't tell me to? I know one thing, my parents never asked me to do something like that. I never saw them do something like that. So how come you told me to do that?"

Mamb stands directly over Jeffery. He puts his hands into his pockets, "Look Jeffery." Mamb says taking a nickel out of his pocket, "If I give you this nickel will it make you feel any better?"

Jeffery takes the nickel out of Mamb's hand. He looks at it as he would a pebble, "Is it a real nickel, Mamb?"

"Yes. It is real."

"Well Mamb, thanks. I mean thanks alot. Wait til I show this to my parents. Won't they be happy? I'm going to give it to them Mamb, wouldn't that be nice?"

"Why don't you keep it yourself?"

"Okay, Mamb. I guess you're right. I keep it. But I'm going to tell them you gave it to me. You, Mamb. You're my best friend, Mamb. I can tell, a real friend would give a nickel away for nothing. I think you're nice, Mamb. I really do."

"Then you'll go home like a good kid and you won't tell your parents where you've been all day?"

"Sure Mamb, if you don't want me to I won't say a thing. Cross my heart."

"Okay Jeffery."

"Okay Mamb, I'll see you tomorrow? Won't I? You're my best friend, and I gotta see you tomorrow. If I don't I don't know what I'll do. Tell me you'll come, Mamb?"

"Sure Jeffery. I'll drop by. But don't say anything to your parents. Okay?"

Jeffery shakes his head.

"And you know your way home? Okay then. I'll see you. Now go before it gets dark and your parents miss you. Here, button up your shirt. There, that's better. Now you're all set. Goodbye Jeffery."

"Bye-bye." Jeffery shouted as he walked back down towards home.

"Bye-bye," he shouts, smiling, waving.

Mamb waved back. SM and TM waved at Jeffery as he walked down the hill, but he did not see them because today Jeffery had found his best friend and he was going to see him again when he woke up tomorrow, and the day after that, and the day after that, as long as he lived, Jeffery was going to see him.

- Rick Reynolds

Excerpts of a letter from Barbara Church - 6:20:69

" at one point or another  
still mowing,  
I decided that if I were a poet  
I would write  
a poem about Penelope  
and the rejected suitors.

That,

I decided must have been  
some scene. Ten years of  
waiting, lounging about the house,  
eating the food, watching  
Telemachus grow up.  
Meanwhile  
the lady up-  
stairs pulling each day's weaving  
to bits.

Incredible,

it's amazing any  
of them could  
sustain their roles.

\* \* \* \* \*

" the garden is marvelous.  
today I hoed  
most of it.

we are eating fresh lettuces,  
radishes and green onions.

The tomatoes are now  
forming  
and  
the corn is  
knee high. "

The Gift of a Shell : A Parting

did you search the  
debris on the beach  
before you came to stay with me?

the clotted brine of the seaweed  
carried a scent  
which stayed on your fingers.  
grains of sand  
remaining on your white ankles,  
they now lie safe in  
the corners of an empty bed.

you left me the small shell,  
the sea gift found by the tide line.

its washed brown color appears  
to me at times  
to be a red, a  
humming of soft blood.  
i place it by the open window now.

the wind turns

i watch the cat pace  
silently the distance between the white walls.

- Paul Kahn

In The Crossfire

i can not make the music  
i can hear -  
the day : a series of cigarettes & mouths.  
& night is closed fists  
pressing my own legs  
down into sleep.

some singing tongue harp  
putting out intricate tunes  
into ears separated by  
a burned out head.

the man i love is sleeping  
without my rest in his arms.

i love him sleeping :  
his insane eyes burned out  
& the cycle of his  
breath the only movement .

i've bound up his thighs  
or he might have torn them apart,  
vein by tube by muscle ;  
hysterical love of  
him for him, everything  
swallowed.

now i remember that woman  
sweet & rich as earth,  
blossom & sap to cradle  
each fire he stabbed forth

but not the music  
she never heard, not  
the rhythm but  
the fearful cry of  
joinings with a sick  
& tender mate :

come back to him, woman  
& he'll burn you too in  
the crossfire between us,  
friends, lovers, the  
watcher & the watched,

but tonight he rests  
in his own ashes.

Washington Square Piece

Garibaldi sheaths his  
sword, with a furtive glance  
at the fountain circle, high  
noon, people of the sun sleep  
in a concrete circle covered  
by their natural blanket. someone  
makes it up to blow on a  
flute, her plaintive loss  
of identity given over to  
the recirculated life  
of the fountain water. You  
ain't nobody, a black man  
shouts, four people raise  
their heads towards the shout, the  
sun stops, Garibaldi reaches  
for his sword & stares down  
a faggot in a bathing  
suit & a blond wig.

- Paul Kahn

On Escaping After Supper

i lay curled, thumb held four times  
tight in fist curled  
sit stand walk curled.  
so tight greet-my-feet curled  
and discuss Plato with them, ten.

monday, bend and touch next  
sunday curled,  
round and round peirce tower:curled  
finger round my pencil:curled  
Quiver, let me arrow free

straight on harrison twp thirty-three  
STOP to watch a streight train  
rackle by.  
then knees again pumping out melodies  
nose again clear of its allergies  
as i shift neatly into third.

tonight, curled, leg comforting leg, i'll  
whisper in my ear that tomorrow  
or October i'll fly out again;  
but recurl, because though, says the road,  
i set out towards, there is  
no where, but gambier.

- Kerry Peckter

## SIX PARTS PAPER / ONE PART BLOOD

an un-orchestrated symphony

The only figure thinks to himself that he is alone. He has absolute power he thinks, and the entire city may be dead around him, is, in fact, dead around him. He knows he can't dream, so he speaks in a sing song voice, building as he sings a heaven for his words to go to. He listens to himself and his prayers are good - better than anything he has ever done alone before, and his prayers he decides to answer. He can only speak, of course, but he knows enough to find a subway, and he moves to do that. As he moves he disregards his voice, he makes all of his music with his feet and the distinctive clatter of keys in his pocket.

The subway is harsh - too much steel and too much concrete. His vision is obstructed by too many lightbulbs, and his noises are amplified. Four tracks away from him a second figure appears - the night watchman of the station, assuring that nothing will be stolen from the station and that no sins will occur there. Cringing, the first figure flattens into a chair, rigid with fear. The policeman whistles random improvisations, and the light becomes brighter until neither of them can be maintained any longer. The shape of the first figure gets on the train and the doors close. He is leaving New York from that moment, and his awareness makes him stare at his face, curious to see it as it looks in New York, studying it to see if changing position so rapidly will contort it. As he sees it contort, he begins to believe that it is his studying it that causes the fear on his face. There is some element of hiding from himself, and that his search will be superficial, to avoid destroying future curiosity. He must look at something else.

A figure in a darkstained overcoat is sprawled on the bench opposite him. He becomes aware that he is dreaming; he has not moved since he came into the car, and he has only a dim recollection of moving before he came into the car. He grips frantically all his keys, rattles them, then relaxes and begins to focus on the stain shaped overcoat. The entire subway car is shiny and new. He could curse it but the blots on it are sufficient. He examines the cloth of the other's coat, his distance assured by the other's closed eyes. This other person is naked under his clothes, though only by looking at his hands can even the disembodied observer be aware of this fact. The person's face is made of burlap, or some material like it, and does not say anything on it, though it is not decorator burlap. The second stain is darker, and his face is patched together, each seam promising some incredible story, a huge leak in the desert - but there is nothing there, the only lie that lives is the promise itself. No movement comes from this body, no heat seems to hold his hands. The observer becomes more and more lost and begins to search advertisements for messages from his god, hoping to see some sign that he is to be successful in leaving New York. He decides to overlook every screaming sense that tells him that the figure he sees is death itself. It will be simpler for him outside of New York, it will be a smaller area, with many fewer possible places to stand.



He gets off the train hours later (or, by the clock, forty one minutes) and begins to speak more happily with his feet and his keys and the flopping of three advertisements, which he has stolen to use as baggage. When he reaches the highway he knees with a switchblade in his hands and cuts a stencil saying BOSTON in the sign saying PREPARATION H SHRINKS HEMORROIDS and then stands back a little to regard his work. There are holes where the O's are and the B is a little empty, but it will do. Now he scans the other posters. He decides that the huge Negro in YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE JEWISH will be the only suitable background, and he puts this sign behind the BOSTON he has carved. The third sign he puts last assuming that its existence is in the future, and that it can be ignored. He wishes that the S he made did not look so much like an inverted five, until he looks at it from the other side, and then wishes he had not put so many other holes around the five he has carved.

Leaving his work he walks around the leaf part of the cloverleaf, kicking beer cans and overlooking broken glass bottles until he finds some string. With this he rushes back to the sign he has made, pulls out his knife again and puts two holes right through all three posters. He cuts the string into short pieces and uses it to tie all three advertisements together, carefully tying square knots in each piece of string. He is increasingly pleased with what he has done, and puts the rest of the string into his pocket. He kneels once more, then picks up his art work once more and walks to the edge of the concrete, where he hopes for automobiles.

Of course, lots of cars do not stop, but it is only when they do stop that they are important. A car does stop, and there are actors in it, going from a guerilla theater seminar at NYU to Boston, where they intend to entertain the Harvard students, who are striking, and to polarize the Cambridge area by enacting several mock battles in Harvard Square. The car is an old Pontiac, and the back seats are missing, so there is a huge mattress going through to the trunk. The hitchhiker sits with two 17 or 18 year old girls on this mattress, and they pass him a joint which they have just lit. One of these girls has a name Patricia and insists on it, and the other girl has a name Chris, and is blonde and doesn't care about either of these facts. He is not at all aware of the people in the front of the car yet, though they smiled at him when he got in and seem to be generating warm feeling from their position. He absorbs it hungrily, though he senses that he will regret each minute he sits there.

Patricia likes to talk - she tries to enfold the hitchhiker with long stories - "I am a goddess, I hunt for men. My eyes see the future, and I smile with them. Each day is behind me and I speak to you from the burning New York, five years from now where I see children crying and dissolving plastic in the subway - my body is tired and bloody, but I have not been stabbed yet - the blood belongs to a policeman but my friend killed him and the blood is mine - O but the policeman is angry and has guns. And she never shuts up," says Chris, "she always says she is in the subway." The hitchhiker is in panic and grips tightly the armrest of the car's rear door. He is afraid of her stories and now wonders about escape. The girl Chris is less able to talk, and he is grateful for that, but what she had said had bothered him. As fearful of Patricia's speech as he was he was more afraid of someone

with the power to stop it. Patricia was lying back with her eyes closed, her lips moving and only a few small noises coming out. The joint goes by again and he inhales but is not happy about the idea. He is beginning to think of Boston as a sort of Grail - he lectures himself on the necessity of avoiding all uncivilized areas of Boston - though the words he says do not seem to mean that, and he speaks only quietly, saying repeatedly the word movement.

The two girls are curious about him - he knows that dimly - he can no longer be amused by this idea, but he is still willing to return curiosity. He is squirming in his mind, though to the eye he appears numb - stiff and frozen. Chris would like to know what he is saying - she sees his lips moving and is aware that something he is doing interests her. He looks like a run away priest, young but hooked solidly on religion. Perhaps he is praying, his mouth keeps moving in the same way over and over. Chris turns to Patricia and asks her if the hitchhiker is in a trance. Patricia is too stoned to be very aware of anyone but the strange figure, and she herself would like to know about his words. She has been mimicking his mouth shapes, and has decided it is either moment or movement or perhaps each in turn. It doesn't seem to her to be a litany or even a magic charm, but rather a simple repetition. She enjoys it and continues to speak softly the two words. Chris is bewildered totally and decides to give up on each of the chanters. She climbs over Patricia and ignores the folding up hitchhiker to kneel on the mattress, arms folded over the seat top, watching the road ahead.

The people in the front seat are older than those in the back - they are married and satisfied - perhaps even over content. They are revolutionaries in the sense that they believe each gesture they make will affect the ultimate overthrow of a destructive culture. They listen to Hair! and like it, but they have never said very loudly that they like it. At one time they had been hippies, but they were first interested in theater. Each turn of the wheel in the man's hands is overloaded with meaning - he and his wife travel theatrically, and when they approach a town they slow to read the signs that local clubs put up - sometimes the woman writes down what the signs say, using a fibre-tipped pen on the back of a program. They have a box full of programs from a collapsed play they had acted in - a car passes them, a big one, and the expression on the driver's face frustrates the hitchhiker in mid chant, his mouth is surprised into a painful expression by the sudden lines on the driver's face.

Movement outside the car startles each of the riders as well. Un-slaved by the momentary distraction, each turns inward - only the driver can still display his face, and he continues to perform lonesome gestures of age; perhaps he believes in failure, and certainly if he does he believes he has achieved it - even his long hair becomes expressive of decline; he turns on the radio and listlessly searches for music. The hitchhiker alone can bear to watch anyone; he finds himself more observant when he is totally withdrawn.

The driver's wife is a pretty woman; her face is like old cheap wood, but so finely carved that all the cracks are expressive - her face shifts slowly, each feature swimming slowly into another - in short, her face moves like the sea, in hooked ripples; the hitchhiker, shattered, clasps the back of the seat. He would like to have seen this moment forever - until he was struck by thoughts of the face on the train, and, germridden, his mind reeled the endlessness of the two moments together. "Moment" bubbles on his lips as

each light on the subway car ceiling comes near enough to burn, and the burlap strands crawl like worms on the face of the other passenger. If he had not faced the decision so many times before he would not have known so well what to do - but as it had become he knew his action was automatic - more than he once had felt contained in a single frozen action, himself all crystal with the exploded never to be explored possibilities. He puts stop signs across every road in his mind, his vision flickering down and down and down and a wire rap on each movement. Sheer effort allows him to black-out and the car loses all dimensions .

## II.

Sound funneled into the hitchhiker's ear - the sounds spiraling and inseparable, each linked somehow to the crumbling rubber beneath his ear. He could hear cockroaches though he knew there could be none - the cockroaches seemed a part of the noise too - scrabbling - he could see the outlines of the noisemakers - all bugs, chewing and scuttling.

His vision began to move outward - gradually including the ear of Patricia - "Leaf" he said, and she came alive all over, all writhing and gradual. "We're at a gas station" she said, "somewhere near Boston - I think."

More claws beat on his ears - sounds - "I'm getting out." (his words) - climbing over her body the door is open and he walks on his hands, then gets up. "My sign." - a nervous look backward. Back into the car to find - to look anyway. To find nothing. He sat down cross-legged, knowing it didn't suit him. Patricia moved more - more sound - it seemed to come from her thighs - "You should have glued it." she said, she flowed now, "You shouldn't have used string. Can I have it?"

"No - I ..."

More words, each totally seductive - offers she could make - he wrinkled his body and looked old at her. He asked himself about Sundays, what could he do - what way would be open. "I really want it." more noise more movement. He wouldn't go anywhere. The knife, the man on the subway stabbed straight through the burlap and cardboard. A shining moment of real blood and then cardboard again and the road and all the noise. No end.

- Richard McManus



Till

Too many scenes that should  
have been made in a  
Motel  
Clammy skin as the breeze  
of those forgotten seasons  
hits my naked body and  
I remember again  
Where are my pants and goodbye  
I'm glad though I had  
No  
guilt to them but  
to me of course  
they were under me but  
they sucked my life out of  
the control factor

together  
for once the only dream  
worth having has to  
be shared .

- Mike Berlow

La Porte, Indiana

In the Glass House in Indiana  
Lana says time changes  
far away

Pure Oil Walter likes  
limericks and balls the  
girls for a gallon of gas

We stopped thinking in  
Mansfield and singing in  
Sandusky.

As You Sleep

I watch, seems for hours  
clothes scattered all around the bed  
sheets once torn off now wrapped  
around you  
I won't wake you up but  
I wish you would  
Why did they knock on my door  
What did they want from  
me?

- Mike Berlow

The Sink

Three in a row  
Of these I choose one  
The middle .

Three in a row  
The middle occupied  
I wait .

- Henry S. Maxfield Jr.

For Burt's Brother

At 4:00 A.M. you set the phone back on the hook,  
the static voice ringing in your ears.  
Tonight you lost your brother,  
folded up in a car wreck, and he loses,  
tomorrow, another day. You stood up  
leaving sweat stains in the leather chair,  
your wet shadow. Through the late streets,  
past the shops half-lit for burglars,  
we drove to an all night diner, stainless steel,  
green neon buzzing in the window  
of a battered railroad dining car de-railed,  
hiked up on cinder blocks.  
What did we have to say at that hour  
over grey coffee, that we couldn't touch?  
What did your brother have  
at eighteen, at loose ends, whiplashed in a joy-ride,  
awkward beyond all but the breakneck will to live?  
My joints ache, your bloodshot eyes  
burn in the cold fluorescent glare. The stink  
of burning rubber cuts the black morning.

- Daniel Mark Epstein



### The Secret

She would not pick up stones  
even the most beautiful ones  
or keep them, let alone  
keep them, they never look  
the same on the windowsill, or in  
a bowl as in the brook,  
she would not  
pick flowers either  
and they grow  
so much faster than stones.

- Daniel Mark Epstein



CONTRIBUTORS :

David Bergman is a sophomore english major & last year's winner of the freshmen - sophomore poetry award.

Myer Berlow doesn't even want to think about it.

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Daniel Epstein's first book of collected poems APPEARENCES will be published here in Gambier by the Pot-Hanger Press this fall.

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Rick Reynolds spent last year at Tulane and is not a senior.

back cover lettered by Peggy Goodman from Scarsdale.

something's happening here  
and you don't know what it is,  
do you, Mr. Jones ?

- Donald Rogan  
( used with permission )

