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HIKA Literary Magazine

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2-1970

## HIKA - February 1970

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# HIKA





Hika : Volume 32, Number 2

CONTENTS :

cover - stan spillman	
a gatorade poem - tom coakley	- 2
3 poems - carl thayler	- 3
no people are - richard dorphman	- 6
photo - mike balaban	- 7
2 poems - kerry pechter	- 8
for this time - ann wiester	- 10
visit - pat guilfoyle	- 11
rilke translation - bob zeek	- 12
2 poems - dan epstein	- 13
photo - mike balaban	- 15
arion's songs - fletcher dubois	- 16
linoleum block - greg spaid	- 16
cindy - richard mcmanus	- 18
2 poems - darlene gaughan	- 19
before planting - david bergman	- 20
a day of dappled seaborne clouds - leonie silverman	- 21
solstice - allen freedman	- 22
cities - rich katz	- 23
point - paul kahn	- 24
photo - stan spillman	- 26
so that we will not be confused - tom coakley	- 27
contributors	- 32

A Kenyon Coordinate Coeducational Commune Production

February, 1970

a  
 ab  
 bab  
 abcb  
 babbl  
 cabbag  
 dabblag  
 fabblage  
 babblaged  
 baahbblage  
 baahblaging  
 abble baggle  
 jibble abblik  
 almond jibbles  
 jabbled almonds  
 paggled jabblack  
 fubbled jujujomes  
 cabbage addlingers  
 addled babblanguage  
 idled imblankagnomes  
 quindled alpha stomes  
 arbuckled seraphanalia  
 infuming vertigo wekkas  
 officer dibbles zebroter  
 dibbles offbeat peratomes  
 perfections dabbled digits  
 tralloping dibbling cabbage  
 sciggeling torbetium tasties  
 monoaphelian wokunziak drifts  
 it tastes so good it makes you  
 it tastes so glad it thirsts it  
 it tastes so thirsty it gladdens  
 it tastes so good it makes you so  
 it so tastes so good so thirsty so  
 glad so tastes so good so it so you  
 it tastes so glad you make it thirst  
 it tastes so good it makes you thirst  
 it tastes so thirsty it makes you good  
 it tastes so addling it makes it thirst  
 it addles so thirstily it makes you glad  
 it tastes so good it makes you taste glad  
 it tastes so it tastes so good so it makes  
 it makes you taste so good it makes you you  
 it tastes so good it makes you gladly thirst  
 it thirsts so glad it makes you goodly babble  
 it tastes so good it makes you glad youre glad  
 it glads so babbly it makes you good and addled  
 it babbles so gladly it makes you thirst so good  
 it tastes so good it makes you glad you re thirst  
 it tastes so good it makes you glad you re thirsty  
 tit tastes so good it makes you glad you re thirsty  
 it garbles so gladly it makes you glad you re thirst  
 it giggles so gabbly it makes you glad you re thirsty  
 it gaggles so grabbly it makes you glad you re thirsty  
 it frabbles so giggly it thirsts your littlest griggles  
 it fruminates so glibly it makes you glad you re thirsty  
 it frabbles so ferociously it frums your gladdest thirsty  
 it spibbles so unceaselessly it gladly makes you squeamish  
 it tastes so scribly it quickly makes your stibble ibblate  
 it ripples so nicely it makes your dentures abstoppably ozy  
 it fruminates so forpulantly it figglefaggles your esophoguts.

## The Leakage

for Dexter Gordon

A small bar  
most of the tables drawn close  
to windows, filled  
with Spades, glint  
of sun comes &  
they take it without benefit  
of mobility, stoned.

What sounds like  
a courteous touching of glasses  
in background, but  
probably is a car  
whipping into an other  
on the boulevard.

D. plays, toss turned in  
a song for this irreparable world

O Hindemith  
moored  
this rancorous heart  
I am shoo ba/  
shoo ba doo

comes to the bridge  
the eyes  
open

- Carl Thyler

On Hearing Of My Lai Song My

New Goshen, Ind.

26 Nov., 1969

A majority of those interviewed here  
defended the young soldier's participation  
in the massacre, "I'd have done the same  
thing, he was following orders".

Michael, excuse me  
This poem should speak for your marriage,  
Something the reading of might  
This winter, for the occasion, feverishly  
Flower along the Rosedale shore;

But in New Goshen, Ind. people  
Go a long time without a pulse, tunneling  
In chasms of the night sky,  
Mountains of sagging smoke  
Beyond Canaan,

Brother, in this redneck hegemony  
There is not so much as a blade of grass  
To speak.

- Carl Thayer

Frameshop Cde to Martin Luther King

The small shopping center arcade  
3rd. St. & Los Flores  
where in dustgorged late afternoon walkway  
mudpacked in fountain        stands a small palm tree  
sunlight        .        gas fumes

a boy hoses into  
corners, stucco facades, greening  
the tree's leaves, isolate  
awash in waves of dark water  
rotting yellow brick

                                 Crossing 3rd.  
a handsome young Negress  
in a green wool suit  
                                 disregarding  
                                 the late afternoon traffic        conveys  
in the welt of her arm  
a portrait of Jesus        .  
                                 circumflex  
of his hand  
                                 on her sleeve.

- Carl Thayler

No People Are

New Hampshire  
Dead on a Sunday afternoon  
Cobwebs linger on storefront displays  
My poet friend and his blond girl

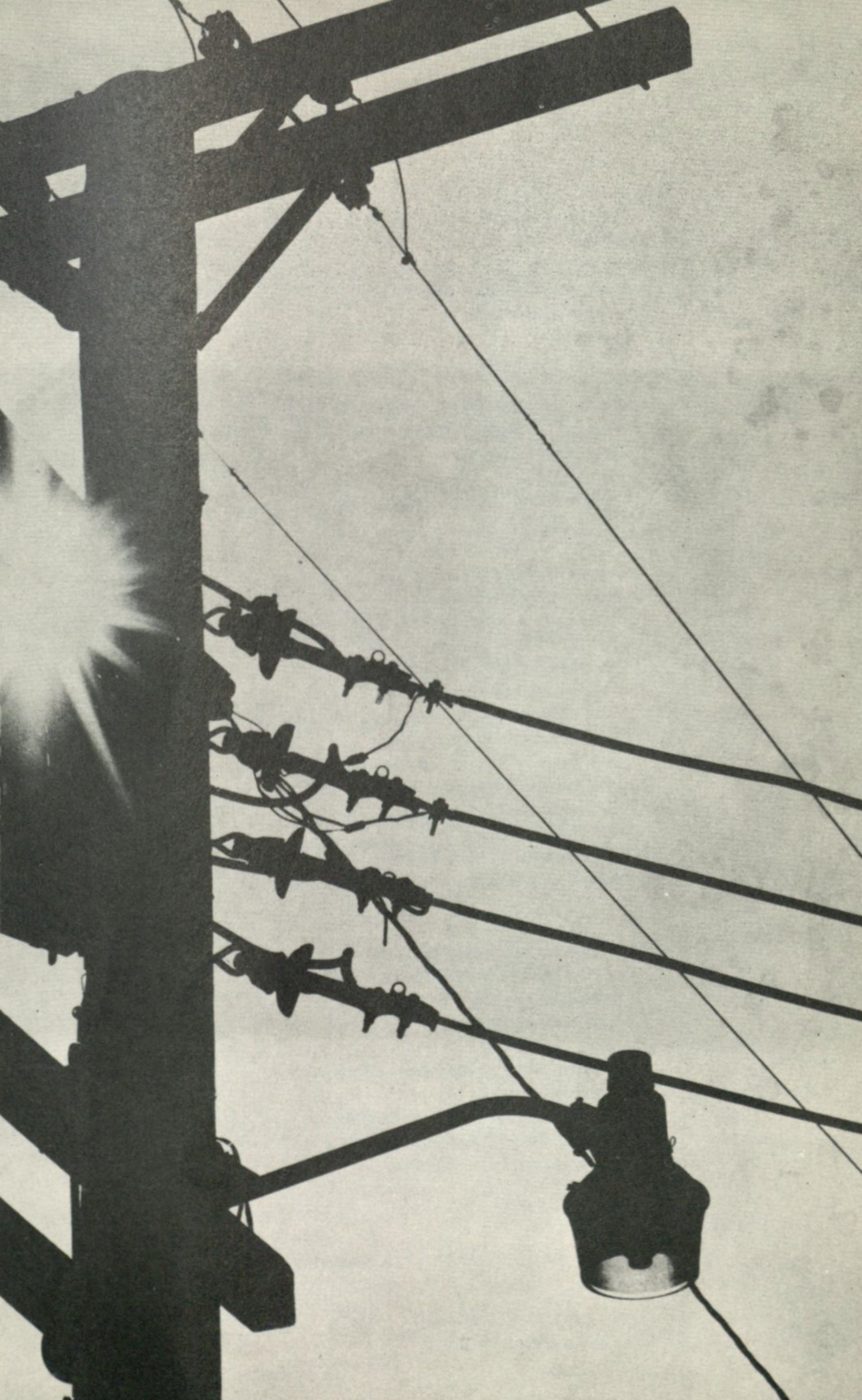
Mystique

Run endless circles on blackened asphalt  
Halting no traffic with their parade  
The corpse of town takes an unearned rest  
While New York City keeps puffing away  
Godforsaking the Sabbath

No people walk on Sunday  
here  
They squat  
surrounding their trailers  
Amidst weeds of fields and ugly  
endless sky  
Staring at the tourists  
on the road who cannot believe  
they are trapped on a conveyor belt

I was to meet a friend this weekend  
In New Hampshire  
It's easy to find me  
The one walking around kicking  
doors in.

- Richard Dorphman



Hudson Falls

once

    between ages  
I had run to the end  
    of my yarn  
and was turning back on myself  
but fighting the huddle  
    and clench  
    of my own knees;

And you had been there before  
    had balled and misgiven;  
    you were trying six  
    years later  
to see where the ends might fall.

You were looking for a partner  
    when you picked me up:  
    Your job to watch for imaginary farmers,  
    my job to loot the cornfields  
    all the way to Killington.

And the years had littered you  
    with contacts, you  
    couldn't avoid them finding  
    us a room.

But the german barmaid was a facination  
    falling somewhere between  
    our different ages;  
She was people I didn't know  
    people you had known in transient years.

There was no sadness of parting  
    of Hemingway men in Hudson Falls  
    though there really weren't  
    such characters there;

And though we'd never cross borders  
    together again,  
    we both smiled in waving so-long  
    because I could look ahead to you,  
    and you could look back at me.

- Kerry Pechter

To My Father, Too Late

hours liquid, black  
your hand the door swing round.  
the hall of light sucked out .

so important then  
to see your silhouette and  
    Leave the door wide open .  
In those nights  
we turned on all the lights  
in fear of her .  
She blamed me for you and  
you for leaving her with me .

- why do you have to be so late?

In those nights  
no silhouette  
the door swung round  
the light sucked out .

- Kerry Pechter

For This Time

please to miss me where you look  
or maybe do not see me now.  
let me blend and let me move  
and slowly slowly when I walk.  
on shoes of whisper or of verse  
do not see me where I spin  
or gambolling or sometimes stop,  
head inclined and maybe missing  
even by suggestion, now.  
not as scraping autumn's issue,  
bell'd heart frenzied loud and true,  
find me only free by half  
here stretching from deep-rooted boughs.  
I am someone not for now:  
maybe for a different time.

- Ann Wiester

### Visit

There are no epitaphs for streets,  
and still they die for each of us -  
embalmed by memory, yet fade  
till clouded still-life photographs remain.  
Nostalgia spurns a falsh-card glimpse  
of banisters and old sedans,  
but what is left when backyards shrink  
and homes lie in repose?

"Beware of his advancing years,  
be gentle if he can't recall,  
he'll think he saw you yesterday.  
The face of middle-age, now hollow cheeked;  
the even wit you knew is gone."  
When I drew near - ambivalent:  
this long dead street created dreams -  
"Remember me, old man?"

- Patrick Sean Guilfoyle

## The Flamingos

Jardin des Plantes, Paris

An image mirrored as by Fragonard  
is through their whites and reds  
no more given, than is conveyed  
if he said his love still were

lost in soft sleep. For as they prance in the green  
and rise on rose stems, slightly turned,  
together, (blooming, as in a flower bed)  
they tempt themselves, tempters like Phryne;

until with pale eyes they slide  
downward to refuge in yielding sides  
to hidden fruits, both dark and red.

At once shrieks an envy through the Voliere,  
they've only stretched themselves, amazed,  
and step now, each alone, dans l'imaginaire.

- translated by Bob Zeek  
from the French of Rainer Maria Rilke

### Notes:

line 1 - Fragonard - a French Rococo painter known for his photograph-like paintings of Flamingos.

line 8 - Phryne - female counterpart to Narcissus who, entranced with her image, fell into the water and drowned.

line 10 - German "Weiche" - the side (of a person), used often in Medieval German for the wounded side of Christ on the cross. Also though it is a noun formed from the adjective "Weich" meaning "soft".

line 12 - Voliere - French meaning a large cage in which one houses birds. The cage is usually made with a fine, patterned wire which gives the impression of a grayish mist.

- B.Z.

Tramp in mudtime

Faster, faster the blind seasons stream by,  
green, yellow, gold

and a white crash:  
first snow drops out of nowhere  
and each year I am less ready for it.

I am a monk ascending  
from a cave, inner eye fixed  
on a starred chalice, bright streaks, barbs  
of a silver thistle pulsing in the distance  
above all distance. No

I am the grizzled trapper come  
down out of the crags for supplies  
wrapped in fox-skin, bob-cat and ermine  
shocked by the cold and the hard lights of town.  
Beating at the doors of old friends

that open a crack and slam.  
Each year gives me less to give them.

I stop young women in the streets  
asking my most precious questions.  
And they ask in return nothing  
and even this is too much.

- Daniel Mark Epstein

### The Bear

Come Papiols, from the grave,  
wipe the maggots from your eyes,  
clear your throat of rotten leaves  
lend ancient accents to my new phrase.

Crack night with your tuneless song,  
and the glass bowl enclosing  
this universe, pure melody of the tongue in rose.

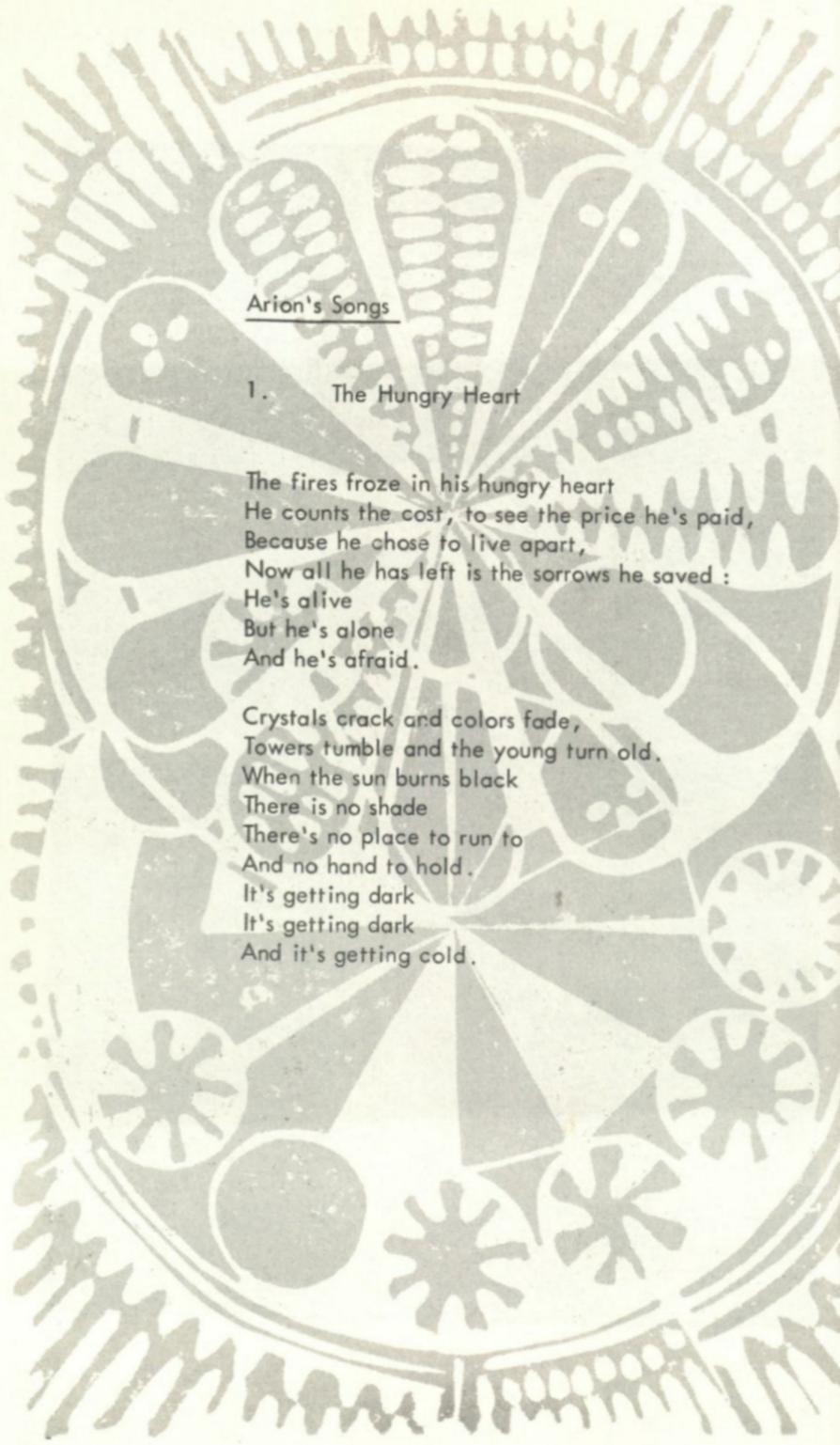
This heavy English, never  
too nimble on its feet, and the stuttering  
bastard American plods  
into a second millenium, limping. Come!  
Your words are worth a thousand pictures,

we will make the bear dance.

- Daniel Mark Epstein

(Note : Papiols - a jongleur, who chanted lyrics of the troubadours. Ed





Arion's Songs

1.      The Hungry Heart

The fires froze in his hungry heart  
He counts the cost, to see the price he's paid,  
Because he chose to live apart,  
Now all he has left is the sorrows he saved :  
He's alive  
But he's alone  
And he's afraid.

Crystals crack and colors fade,  
Towers tumble and the young turn old.  
When the sun burns black  
There is no shade  
There's no place to run to  
And no hand to hold.  
It's getting dark  
It's getting dark  
And it's getting cold.

Tramp in mudtime

Faster, faster the blind seasons stream by,  
green, yellow, gold

and a white crash:

first snow drops out of nowhere  
and each year I am less ready for it.

I am a monk ascending  
from a cave, inner eye fixed  
on a starred chalice, bright streaks, barbs  
of a silver thistle pulsing in the distance  
above all distance. No

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down out of the crags for supplies  
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### The Stationhouse

On an unpretentious platform  
In moist anticipation,  
Yet with sullen comprehension  
Of the dryness in the air;

Discernment and resignation  
Of the present, to the future;  
Still I listen with intention  
For the whistle of the train.

### My Friend The First Lieutenant

I cannot touch him  
Nor do I want to.

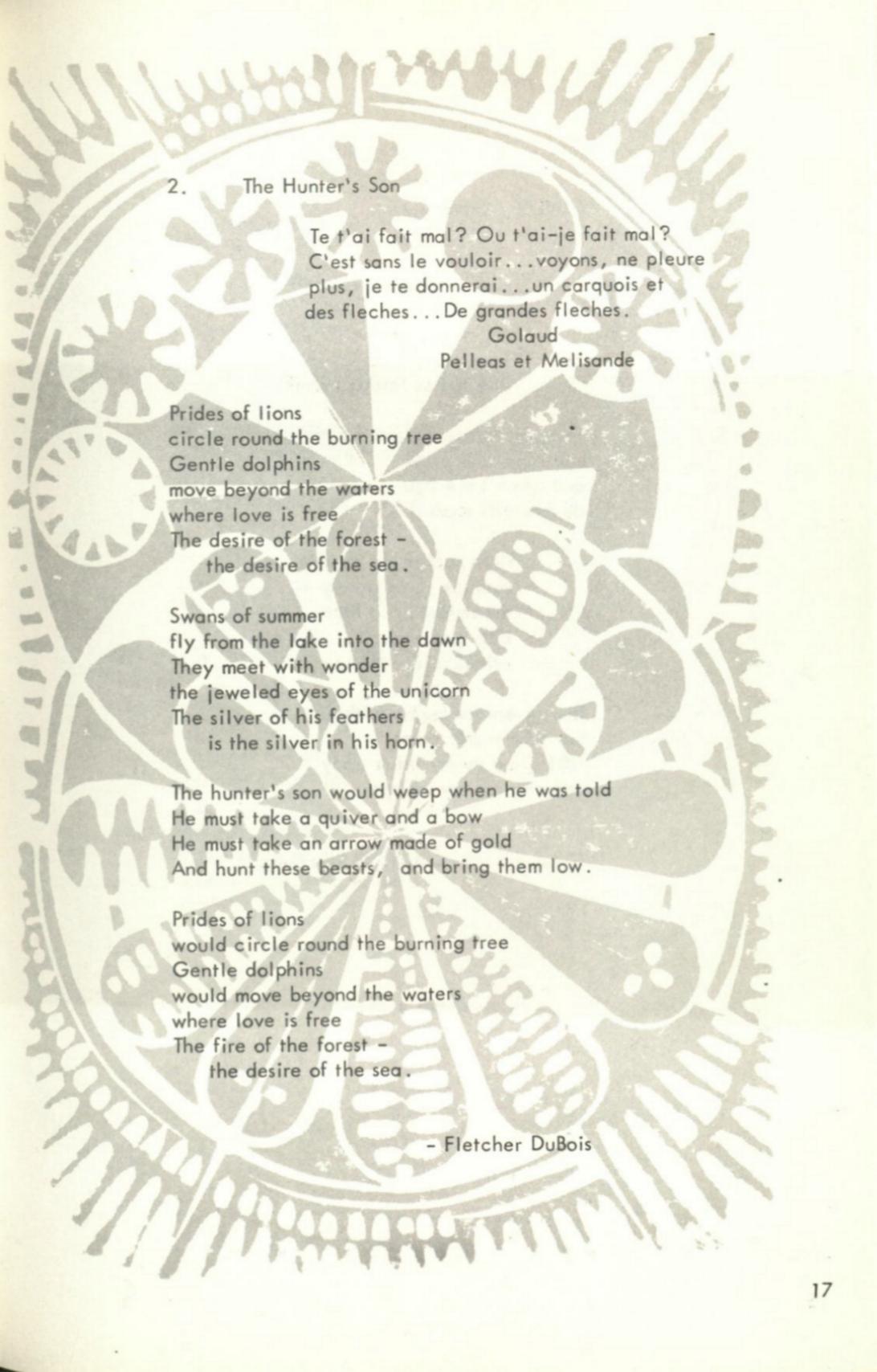
He was said to be  
"The child of the cause,"  
But is father of a grave.

- Darlene Gaughan

Before Planting

Down the road from Church's house  
they are burning the fields. Starting  
at dawn they finish the  
first ones by eleven. The women wear  
bandanas cross their mouths.  
Their eyes water. Hot currents rush  
against slacks and skirts, thick and long.  
After three they start again. Burn  
til dusk, at midnight I can feel  
the ground, still warm.

- David Bergman



2. The Hunter's Son

Te t'ai fait mal? Ou t'ai-je fait mal?  
C'est sans le vouloir... voyons, ne pleure  
plus, je te donnerai... un carquois et  
des fleches... De grandes fleches.

Golaud  
Pelleas et Melisande

Prides of lions  
circle round the burning tree  
Gentle dolphins  
move beyond the waters  
where love is free  
The desire of the forest -  
the desire of the sea.

Swans of summer  
fly from the lake into the dawn  
They meet with wonder  
the jeweled eyes of the unicorn  
The silver of his feathers  
is the silver in his horn.

The hunter's son would weep when he was told  
He must take a quiver and a bow  
He must take an arrow made of gold  
And hunt these beasts, and bring them low.

Prides of lions  
would circle round the burning tree  
Gentle dolphins  
would move beyond the waters  
where love is free  
The fire of the forest -  
the desire of the sea.

- Fletcher DuBois

CINDY / a translation

Chinese figures foretell  
a new unity  
My nights are hell  
your picture comes to me  
and smiles through a mist

Perhaps, while we are not together  
suspicion will grow  
and when I see you  
doubts will remain

Signs soothe the doubts  
my face turns slowly -  
dreamlike - I face  
only you though  
others surround my eyes

the adventure began without you  
but your words came  
lifting me by my inner body  
drawing out my whispers.

- Richard McManus

### The Stationhouse

On an unpretentious platform  
In moist anticipation,  
Yet with sullen comprehension  
Of the dryness in the air;

Discernment and resignation  
Of the present, to the future;  
Still I listen with intention  
For the whistle of the train.

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Nor do I want to.

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"The child of the cause,"  
But is father of a grave.

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they are burning the fields. Starting  
at dawn they finish the  
first ones by eleven. The women wear  
bandanas cross their mouths.  
Their eyes water. Hot currents rush  
against slacks and skirts, thick and long.  
After three they start again. Burn  
til dusk, at midnight I can feel  
the ground, still warm.

- David Bergman

## A Day of Dappled Seaborne Clouds

flowers entangled in tambourine head  
"always wear it; it looks beautiful."  
guitar sounds,  
blow the conch,  
simon is bumping into trees:  
angel with black wings  
black eyes.  
"I am Steven Dedalus. I am walking beside my father..."  
carve the pumpkin smile  
orange and candlelight,  
peanut shells ground in a rug  
cigarette ash  
and blood wine stain.

trees die for winter snows:  
i am steven dedalus  
come to me  
i will give you cheese and crackers  
no words, no names -  
lion's mane hair  
under sheets that smell of smoke  
naked woman with white cold breast  
and lion's mane hair  
covers up the grin.

woman looking for a man  
to love:  
the predatory beast  
the deluded angels.  
outside in cold winter snows  
two shaking figures  
turn their backs on lantern warm,  
flakes of white cold collected -  
snow men,  
sweating underneath,  
waiting for a cold spell  
to set their suits of white  
and harden.  
white breast, tambourine head,  
pumpkin, smile to know tomorrow ends.

- Leonie Silverman

Solstice : The Sunday of Galileo Galilei

to Betsey, "pacific".

Mine seemed snake-eyes in Eden,  
fixing in pincer'd parallax:  
Weights and feathers,  
saints and centers.

The quick-wind now night-long flows  
to divide this dispiriting  
Flesh, and disclose  
the schism of skin and soul.

Punctual in ill-timed death,  
I am not, I am not diminished,  
Nor will I be  
barren in my ecstasy!

Borne, at seventy-eight,  
by cubes and calendars  
To Orion's triumvirate,  
annealed by degrees of stars.

This departing amid parting  
vapors, this rising  
From the reign of henbane  
may be a treacle

For my vesseled tarantella,  
the tremors of a  
Clash of prophecies  
and cyclic sorties.

Over Mare Mediterraneum,  
the murmur, like hearts, of particles  
--Beacons for the eyeless-- marks  
the mirrored sum

Of the diaspora begun  
beneath Carthage,  
Where the salted dead are distilled  
and readied for voyage.

. . . . .  
I nearly forgot,  
but not all graces earthen;  
And remembrances of lips unwed  
are the dower of spaced heaven.

O Copernicus, sage and turnkey,  
can there be no pacific  
For the havoc  
of this maculate man?

- Allen B. Freedman

### And Then There Are Cities

Peace rings from policeless Montana skies;  
From speechless Wyoming hills, singing  
There still. Laughing in trolley car eyes  
By the bay.

The bell never sounds in Kansas, only silence  
Peals there; somewhere in the amber cornfields  
Of birth.  
Colorado cleanses with native purity  
The self; blue night and blue day between  
Red hills, soil and blood.  
There was no city  
Then.

Looking out the bathroom window  
Above the john; brown brick alley walls  
Block raindrops. Changed,  
Slithering down eaten faces  
Gathering city soot, slowly.

- Richard Katz

Point

your voice on the phone  
the television

focus out

in dots  
your voice reduced  
crackles

the phone company will pay for this I  
the television repairman must be called.  
or the plug be ripped from the wall  
END IT

on Halloween  
calling up the spooks this year  
to scare the candy from children.  
speaking the names of the war dead  
into a microphone, October 15th.  
dead names, the sound was clear enough.

i am allowed to call  
your name while  
you are buried with mine.

suppose I were a machine. click':  
snap. how could you deny me your  
love, your oil ? THE EYE  
is an extention of the book,  
THE EGG is an extention  
of the chicken. do you  
know me that well?

"Oh, I know you. I know just what you're going to do."  
- between crackles on the phone.

\* \* \* \* \*

TELE trans-  
migrate.

sucked or blown  
I must be movin on.

\* \* \* \* \*

IN THE MICROspace of miniature circuits  
around telephone wires  
between the words of books

the Greeks were no fools when they invented the brain.

Imagine  
that machine, this poem  
is a machine, cog : click.  
communicating -----

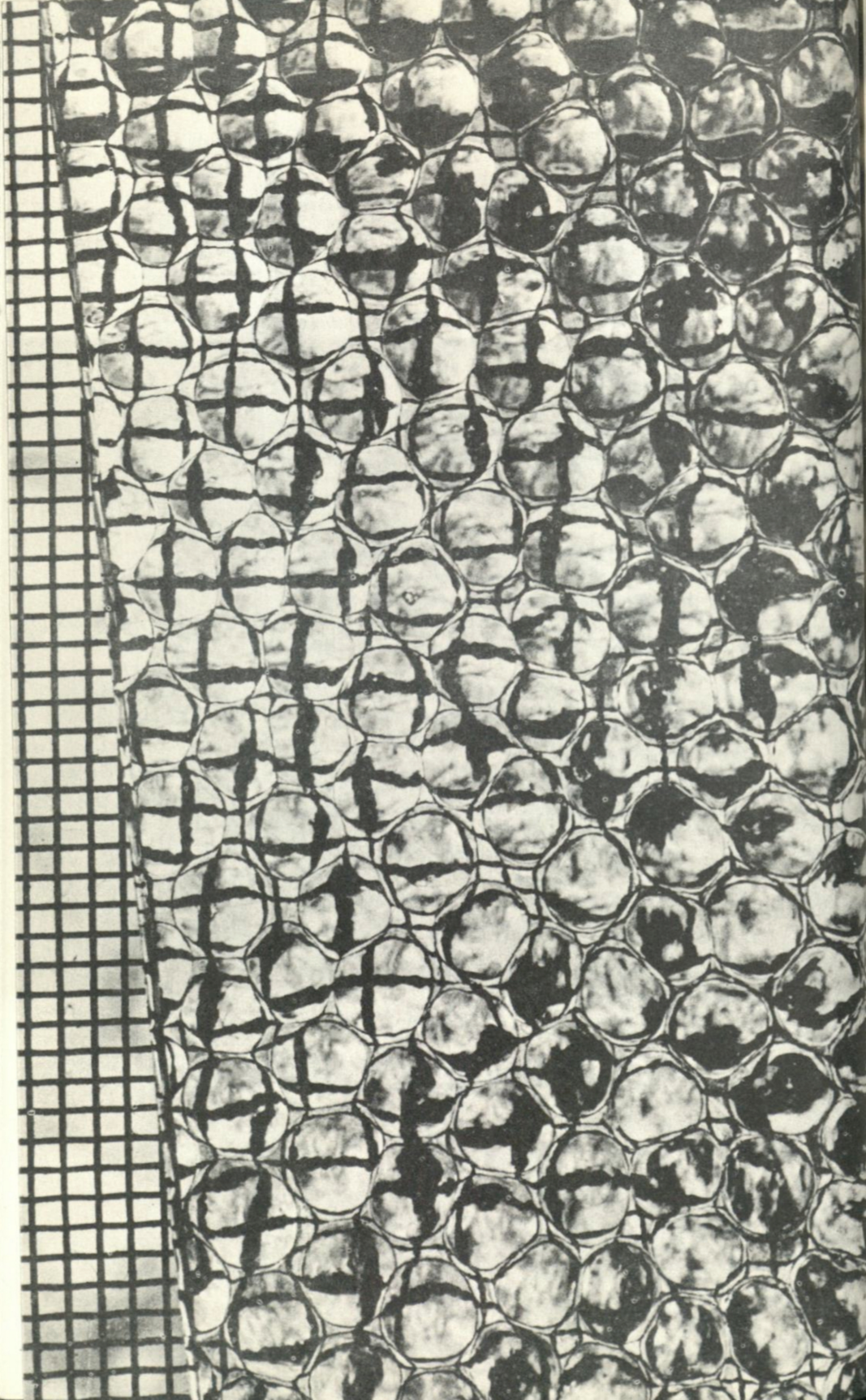
(extention of my words)

we are all transformed to television pictures  
& separated into dots rearranged  
in a straight line. cohesion sets in.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I can't tell you. I know I'm  
between two points somewhere.  
With that in mind there's  
nothing to be afraid of. I'll  
always be somewhere."

- Paul Kuhn



SO THAT WE WILL NOT BE CONFUSED  
(so that we will not become confused)  
(So That We Will Stay Unconfused)  
( ... if we are unconfused)

#### PROLOGUE:

1. We will not be confused  
We will not be confused by  
We will not be confused by what  
We will not be confused by what confuses

2. We  
We are  
We are not  
We are not confused  
We are unconfused  
We---Unconfused  
Unconfusion

3. Not  
Not becoming  
Are not becoming  
Are not becoming  
Are not becoming confused  
We are not becoming confused  
We are not prone to becoming confused

4. We are not unconfusable  
We are not confused  
So that we will not be confused;

#### I FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

5. None of them had ever imagined, during their moments of intense suffering  
, that these same moments would stand at the center of their collective humor  
before the year was over.

#### 6. WHEN THEY LAUGHED

7. Apart from the ordinary, there was much in their lives that was extraordinary.  
This fact, they realized, had to be considered ordinary.

8. Having put off almost everything that could be put off, it was not all that hard  
to set up a system of priorities. Then, of course, it was possible to put off things  
that had been impossible to delay in the past. The first thing that was put off  
under the new system was a consideration of the desirability of putting things off.

#### 8. OPTION

9. The record player was loud, very loud.  
Nobody was listening to it.

It doesn't matter if you watched the game but whether or not you knew the final score.

The lawman was hoping to catch them in the act. The act however, was sleep, sleep in the chairs pulled close to the loud music. The lawman pretended to be objecting to the loud music, as if it was any of his business; but he was clearly disappointed that that was all there was to object to. On the other hand, the offenders were quite pleased that they had been awakened, for they could then retire to more appropriate quarters for sleeping.

#### 10. THE LAW, SUCH AS IT IS

##### 11. There was either too much or too little.

Of course, there was also a certain sense of disbelief.

A coster had asked if there was not perhaps a sense of disintegration.

The reply, confused as it was, related the concept of integratedness to something less than total unity. If there was disintegration, there certainly was no sense of it.

The coster was satisfied.

It was the same weather, though a different day, that led to the same mood.

#### 12. A SENSE OF BALANCE

##### II SO THAT THINGS WILL APPEAR TO BE AS THEY SEEM TO BE

##### 13. Things

Appearances

Appearances and disappearances

##### 14. Things seem

seemingly

seem to be

seem to be things

Seemingly, things seem to be things seem

To be a thing

To appear to be a thing

##### 15. To seem to be an appearance

Things that seem

Things that will

Things that appear

Appearances that seem

(Disappearances that do not seem)

##### 16. Things will be so

That appear to seem

As they be

17. Things seem to be as they are  
 Things will appear that seem to be  
 So that things seem to be as they will appear  
 So that will disappear

### III WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN OVERWHELMED:

18. (Who would not have been etc., and by what by the way?  
 In no way by the way.  
 Would: would not have (etc) by . . . seem to be a better form?  
 There could have been some objections to this, it might have been thought.  
 Would: would---by... if---, overwhelm anyone?  
 Would anyone not have been overwhelmed by would not have been overwhelmed  
 by... if---?  
 Would (who), then, I asked, perhaps be, at least initially, anyone?  
 Would anyone not have been overwhelmed by something if something else not  
 be an underwhelming result of what in the first place simple?  
 Will not be overwhelmed:  
 by misinterpretation  
 by by the way being overwhelmed!  
 Would emphasis be appropriate?  
 Would emphasis be: Will not be overwhelmed by by the way being overwhelmed?  
 Emphasis would also be : would not have been overwhelmed had (he, she, it)  
 been overwhelmed.  
 Would (over)simplification be: Not overwhelmed by overwhelmance?  
 Overwhelming, then, would not overwhelm.  
 When overwhelming does not overwhelm is it still possible that whelming would  
 overwhelm?  
 Would not have been overwhelmed by (whelming overwhelming) if (overwhelming)  
 could (not overwhelm).  
 Who would not have been overwhelmed by whelming overwhelming if overwhelming  
 could not overwhelm?  
 No one would not have () by () if ().  
 BUT I was overwhelmed by whelming overwhelming when overwhelming did not  
 overwhelm.  
 I was corrected thusly: I would not have been overwhelmed by whelming overwhelming  
 if overwhelming could not overwhelm, as would have been the normal response.  
 I saw that I had essentially agreed to what had already been essentially agreed to  
 and I was both shocked and comforted but not overwhelmed.  
 In fact I was ready to say that I would not have been overwhelmed by agreeing that  
 I, like anyone, would not have been overwhelmed by whelming overwhelming  
 when and if overwhelming would or could not overwhelm.

19. They all drank the toast eagerly. They drank to the death of the tradition and primordial  
 life. There was much gaiety and freedom, and rejoicing without limits.

### IV SETTLING FOR NOTHING LESS THAN THE MAGNIFICENT IS GRAND

20. On the other hand, there are also five fingers.  
 O, I am slain.

While you were out there were:

no turtle doves

a slight drop in the temperature.

As you requested, I asked that they call back.

Pounding the pipe won't punish the plumber.

As i was standing there in the water with the fish nibbling at my toes, it occured to me that when a large fish nibbled at a small fish they were probably just as polite about it even though---

The map tells us that there is no Duck Pond on or near Duck Pond Mountain. There are, of course, certain incongruities.

Oh boy, am I ever slain.

-What you need is theme, goals, direction.

-What you need is plot, setting, character.

-What you need is energy, force, conviction.

-What you need is understanding, belief, and sympathy.

-What you need is a new carbtorator, new spark plugs, and a muffler clamp.

I know what I like and I like what I know.

It doesn't matter if you watched the game but whether or not you knew the final score.

Politeness might be a matter of size.

The number you are calling has been temporarily disconnected.

A gull is a dupe and a gulch is a glutton.

Please make a note of that.

Please make a note of what.

Please note the relationship of plot and character

of energy and conviction

of theme and direction

of understanding and sympathy

of carbtorator and muffler clamp

of goals and setting

of force and understanding

I have noted that they are related.

Can we expect this to go on indefinitely.

We can expect this to go on indefinitely.

## V VEGTABLES AND FRUITS

21. They were all running from Sunday, simply because they all ran from Sundays in general throughout history, when they ran into not only Monday but a very large assembly of hophigs who had been quite pleased with Sunday such as it was.

22. No illegal acts were committed.

23. There had been a request that things continue to be exactly has they had been. It was met by utter silence and a considerable amount of bemusement.

24. If they are presented as wondering about the edge of the world, it smacks of the contemporary. Rather you should have them wondering about the replacement of flourescent lightbulbs.

## 25. THE EDGE OF THE SIDEWALK

26. They had a calendar.

When the last day of the month came, someone tore off that month's page and exposed the next month. There was joyousness and endless self-congratulation among them.

There was no recollection of anything of a similar nature ever having happened before.

27. A SINGLE IDEA

28. Watermelons are not quite as absurd as they might be.

- Tom Coakley

### NEW CONTRIBUTORS & NOTES :

Ann Wiester, Leonie Silverman, and Darlene Gaughan are all freshmen at the Coordinate College for Women.

Rich Katz, Richard Dorphman, and Pat Guilfoyle are all freshmen at the Kenyon College for Men.

Allen Freedman is also. He is a science-fiction fan as well.

Fletcher DuBois is a regional folk-singer and religion major. His two pieces are from his songs.

Bob Zeek attended Kenyon for 2 years and is now a senior in english at NYU.

Carl Thayer graduated from Kenyon in 1968 and has since published 2 books of poetry : The Drivers (perishable press, Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin) & In Up Thru (Circle Press, London, England). He also has poems included in the new anthology Inside Outer Space (Doubleday-Anchor Books) due out in the summer of 1970, and has appeared in Clayton Eshleman's Catepillar 6.

Greg Spaid graduated from Kenyon in 1969 as an art major and won numerous awards.

Stan Spillman's cover photo was taken while hitchhiking thru Appalachia. His other photo was taken in a North Leonard Hall bathroom.

Tom Coakley is a former editor of Hika. Tom Coakley was the present editor of Hika. A previous editor of Hika Tom Coakley is.

Paul Kahn will be the former editor of Hika.

