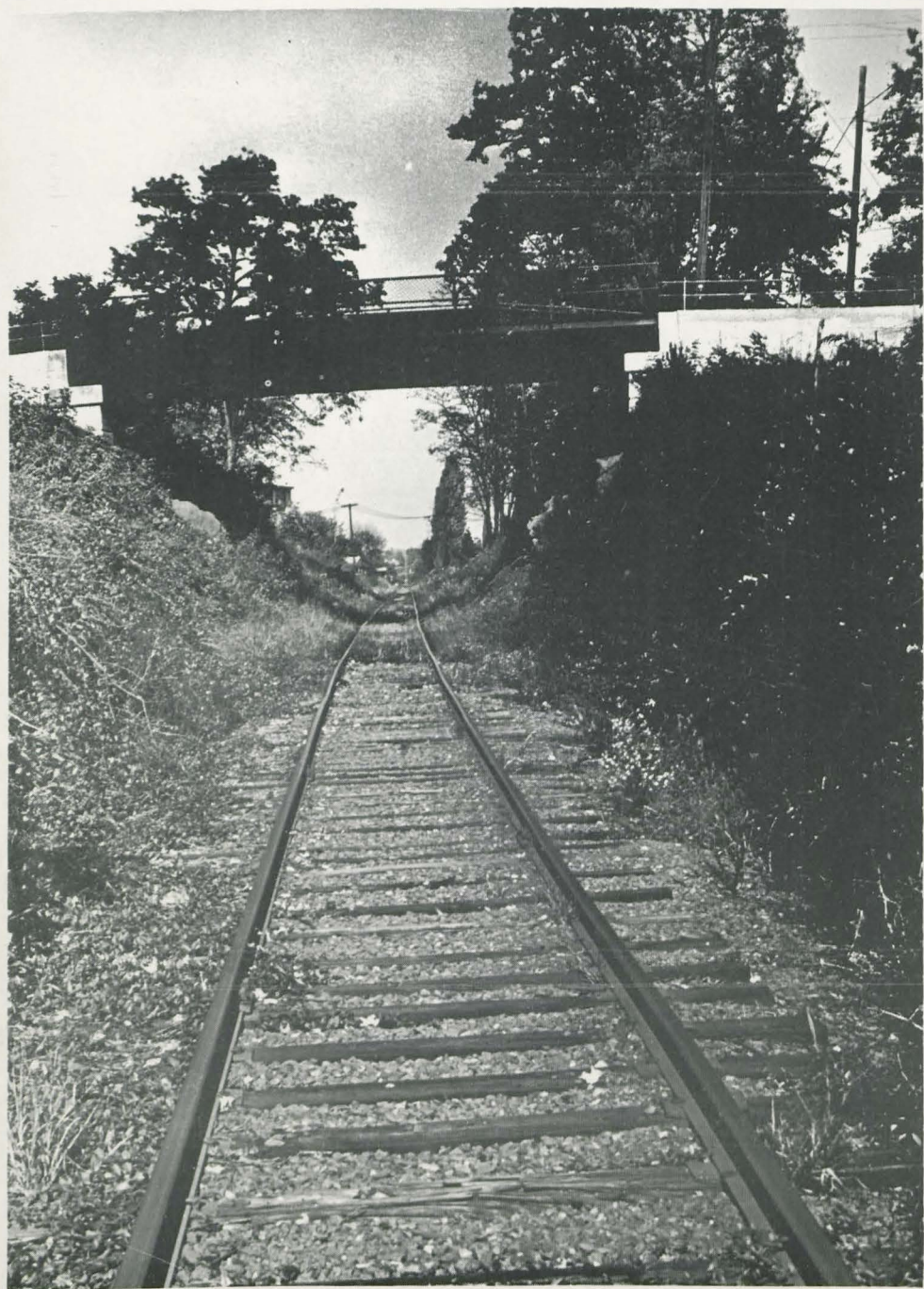


CONTRAST



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ALL THINGS BEING

FAVORABLE

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CONTENTS

GOOD SEASONS		Stephen Weiner
REFLECTION IN A BRASS DOORKNOB		Nancy Niner
WHY?		E. R. Reed
HE WALKED HERE . . .		Judy Biauce
PEOPLE IN A LINE		Steve Grant
BALL-MORE, MERLIN		Hiroshima
KING ZIG AND QUEEN ZAG		
WON'T YOU COME SEE ME		
TO KNOW THAT I AM NOT ONE		
kissing on a city bridge		Jim Bean
PHOEBE		
FREAK DREAMS		John Douglas
RAILROADS	a photo section	Van Horn and Sanders
ONE DAY WHEN WALKING		M. Dale Timmons
A. D.		
ONCE DRUNK		
LETTERS		Richard N. Anderson
BROKEN CHINA	a short story	John Douglas
THE FACULTY TABLE	a short story	Jonathan Fast
CLASS REUNION	a short story	Celisha Harrison



GOOD SEASONS

by B. Stephen Weiner

Once upon a winter's day
The snow came gently flying,
And when ended its icy flight
It melted on the earth, crying.

Once upon a spring's day
The rain came gently singing,
And when ended its linear measure
It held like dewdrops, clinging.

Once upon a summer's day
The rays came gently washing,
And when ended their brilliant moments
They tanned the earth in silence, lashing.

Once upon an autumn's day
The leaves came gently hustling,
And when ended their hazy dazzling,
They buried one the other, rustling.

A flake, a leaf, a drop, a ray,
And all good seasons of youth will mellow -
They do not stay.

REFLECTIONS IN A BRASS DOORKNOB

by Nancy Niner

Serrate edges of light
Small throbbing suns
Contorted into plastic shapes
With simian noses and bovine eyes
And Bactrian mouths . . .

Reflection purges the human form of pretense.

WHY?

by E. R. Reed

Purple haze of evening falls, the gentle cloak of night,
Slowly dims the setting sun, brings peace with fading light.
Hands of shadow, fingers long, gently wrap the eve,
In spangled heavens silver glow, the day has taken leave.
Quietly the night lasts until morning makes her mark,
As dawn's creation, golden red, slips in to smite the dark.
The purple haze to pink has fled, the sun has turned the sky,
From black to red to shining blue, the day begins to fly,
On winged feet from dawn to dusk and race to purple haze,
Where evening drops her misty cloak to end so many days.
From dawn to dusk and back to dawn, where does the secret lie?
In awe I watch the cycle pass, in awe I wonder why?
The answer lies beyond the haze, beyond this place of sod,
Above the spangled heavens' glow, the answer lies with God.

HE WALKED HERE . . .

by Judy Biauce

He walked here.
And here he died,
Apart from horns
Aside from shouts
Among the grass
Beneath the tree
He walked,
And there he died.

And no one pointed,
And no one laughed.
No one saw.
No one but
Black-silver ants
Invading
His thick, rippled
Mane
Like soldiers after
Booty.

PEOPLE IN A LINE

by Steve Grant

People in a line
can only see
the backs of
other people
and cannot
see their own

Reaching out
they can only touch
one side of the person
ahead

To reach behind
is to reach blind
to clasp blind
takes trust
and to turn around
takes courage

For people reaching
in a line
form chains

And chains
are for slaves
but clasps are for
Brothers.

BALL-MORE, MERLIN

Hiroshima

There was a fair town in Merlin,
The people called it Ball-More.
Everybody there did the thing,
That they thought the name implied.
The Black-market agents imported it,
The Chamber of Commerce supported it,
The Hippest of the Hip enjoyed it,
The Burgios Pigs employed it,
The Liberals (but to a degree) protested it,
The cops on the street arrested it,
The Radicals of the left annoyed it,
And the isolationists avoided it.
And the population grew . . .

Then the Government went to Ball-More
And castrated everyone,
Now the People of Ball-More,
Ball-No-More.

KING ZIG AND QUEEN ZAG

King Zig and Queen Zag
Ruled their realm of nothingness.
Quite elusively they protected their hollow domain.
They were all that existed;
Floating from one sphere to the next -
Nothing but them.

Euphoric notions they built in their vacuum;
Then the Man fucked them with a grin
And busted their paradise of golden Hues.
And now King Zig and Queen Zag
Lie motionless at the bottom
Of a fathomless sea.

WON'T YOU COME SEE ME

Hiroshima

Won't you come see me when it's over,
after the dust settles
and the harsh bustle of centipede feet is subdued,
After the last drop of tropical sewerage
leaves the venal network
and the telephone lines break with overuse
and all the television stations go bankrupt.
After everyone has stopped whimpering
and gone home to bed.
Oh won't you come see me when it's over,
if you can walk this far.

TO KNOW THAT I AM NOT ONE . . .

To know that I am not one,
 but two or three or four.
And realize that love is not now,
 but past, gone forevermore.
And wonder how you play on your love harps now;
Wishing to be upon
 your slimy udder glamor
Studded molded chrome-plated
 rolling pneumatic efficiency
Frail easily tarnished ball-jointed mother
 Bitter brass and fools gold.

kissing on a city bridge

by Jim Bean

all of the railroad-tracks
down
below looked very red and brown.
and not much like the color of dirt.
and the rest of the grounds looked a city cat
grey. i didn't mind.
but i was a little scared what would people
say.
but i saw an old man piss on
the sidewalk.
i still remember people pointing at us and
me feeling sort of uncomfortable - blushing,
though.
but that's the way mother and
readers digest brought me
up.

PHOEBE

by Jim Bean

Phoebe is a swallow
Flies to me on wings
of make-believe
She cut out of brown paper
just this morning

FREAK DREAMS

by John Douglas

the V.M. blues #9
(once he was two but now he's a half
he lost his heel in the war
he can't walk and he can't juggle)

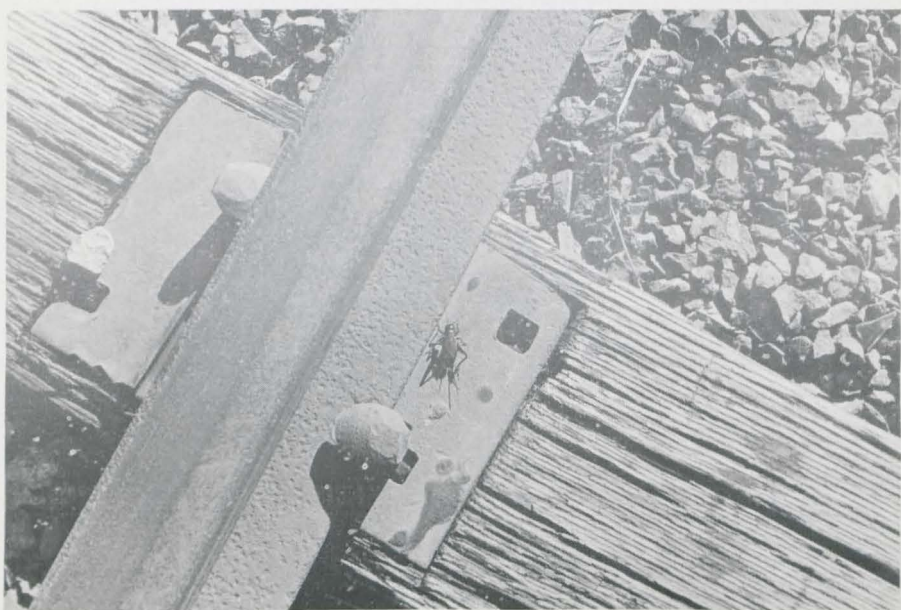
for Lightnin' Sam Hopkins

I got bourbon in my brandy
I got goldfish in my shoes
I got freak dreams in the desert while thinking of you.
Freak dreams Freak dreams
All I ever get is freak dreams.

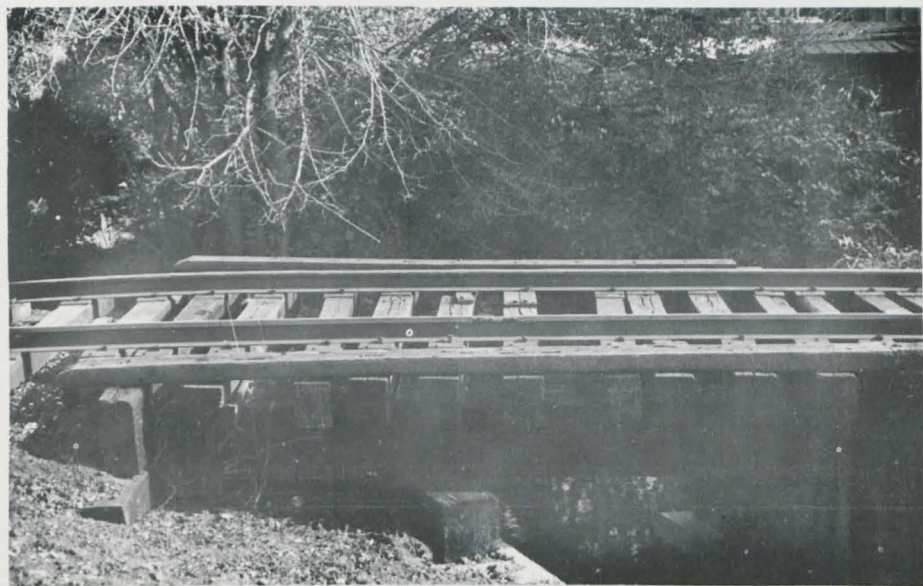
I found pepper on my eyelids
I saw seashells in my food
I got freak dreams in the desert while thinking of you.
Freak dreams Freak dreams
All I ever get is freak dreams.

I feel lions circlin' round me
I sniff glue that won't stay glued
I got freak dreams in the desert while thinking of you.
Freak dreams Freak dreams
All I ever get is freak dreams.

half truthful songs by half truthful singers
are all the truths that exist









rejection ratio

by Alan Winik

sitting in a cup of black coffee because
this evening doesn't fit with cream and sugar
i listen to the myriad sounds

washing my thoughts into
the reality around me

the car had difficulty starting tonight
but then borrowed cars are only as reliable as

admitting that I too had trouble starting this evening
my self submerged again into
its Maxwell House

my food looks like it once belonged to somebody else
strange these people around me share the same country cuisine
but don't linger in the dregs of my caffeine companion

yes i admit that today my extraneous train of thought
is running on your track

but they mesh, these thoughts I've railroaded
into thoughts of what I was when the dusk that's empty
damned empty

today
was yesterday's warmth

coffee ground blues this November
and i put tie and corduroy aside
taking up the freedom of faded jeans and pseudo-intellectuality

from time to time
i'll wonder if your gentile gentility could've cut it in the
east village

but in my coffee
i'll watch the blackness linger; and somewhat romantically
attempt to forget a three story stone house

The New Yorker

and Lady Madonna

GEORGETOWN

by Alan L. Winik

cigar ashes and Villager sweater
wind borne with college courderoy

glowing cigar -
against the dead leaves, scratching new car paint

cobble stones,
what is it about your antiquity
that attracts the Leonard Cohen revolutionaries?
what is it about your old six story houses
that warms the white liberal night?

driving through a forest of bent, burning timber
crashing through the darkness in my
yet un-paid for swedish cylinders

you -
watching to see that my cigar ashes don't burn
your fucking super-ego

coffee spilled
vulgarity on a saucer in between
cheese-cake crumbs

bed was never one of your strong points, anyway.

INDIAN SUMMER

by Alan Winik

today
autumn was briefly disturbed
by a last vestige of summer

the good friend
watched the two hands clasped
 golden hair resting on a muscular shoulder

the good friend
sipped, sparingly
 his diluted bourbon

thinking of her footsteps
hollow in his hallway

today
the fallen leaves
resented a warm October afternoon.

ONE DAY WHEN WALKING . . .

by Dale Timmons

One day when walking through
a seagrass woods I
Met a white lady -- on a
saffron silk blanket.

One slightly raised knee
stared at me revealed her
Small blackness -- a dark checker
on a white checkerboard.

Becoming naked I lay down . . .
beside then astride
Her to make love to whiteness --
in a soft and golden way.

And when I am sitting
Watching gray and grayer
Bathroom floor squares,
And reading about red wounds
And brown slums,
Black cars,
Green weeds,
Not really orange oranges
And multicolored people

And while I wait for we to
Trust in God and for all
Men to be equally
Created and for we the people to
Save the
World

I sometimes remember
the white
lady . . .

(And how we
messed up
her yellow blanket).

A.D.
by Dale Timmons

Feathered hats were lifted after
Communion prayer while stiff collars
Coughed the sermon was next --
Advertised as Beatitudes.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for
Theirs is the kingdom of

Heavens! the lady breathed as she
Spied the young man who entered with
Long maple hair black eyes and bare
Feet dirty mottled like elephant skin.

Blessed are the merciful, for they
Shall obtain

Mercy! whispered another upon seeing
Him children all around laughing as He
Raised His hands to the Cross which had always
Been there (shiny aluminum) but never seen.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for
Righteousness, for they shall be

Satisfied the preacher went on tried not to
See the troublemaker who now stared at the neat
Silver face in the colored windows -- for His own
Beard was grungy over skin dirty brown.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for
They shall be called

The cops! someone said (dirty hippie) call the
Cops who came and saw the angry
Crowd of fearless Godfearing folks moving
Towards the stranger standing in stillness.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for
They shall see

God . . . He started to speak raised His
Hand which movement in the paper -- forgive
them Father -- was attack and the reason --
They know not what they do -- for clubbing Him down . . .

(Perhaps with an
empty communion cup).

ONCE DRUNK
by Dale Timmons

A white cement ceiling pressing on my
Eyes
And David (you know thoreau) is fighting with
Jimi
Who is screaming over and over
Fire!
For space in the convoluted layers of my
Brain
Which has already choked with many other kinds of
Shit.

But they don't know along with a sad-faced man with blue
Hair
About two mallard ducks flying on black
Velvet
Over white creamy water with silver
Cattails,
Which have taken me on their
Backs
And lifted me into the always
Night

In which they and I will forever
Exist.

We land in the red cold of phosphorescent
Eelgrass
They eat corn and I drink
Beer;
Dodging the shots foursfives and
Sixes
Crying over what man has done to
Each
Of us who only want to be left
Alone.

But Garfunkel calls me back to a
Room
To tell about some guy writing dirty words on the
Wall
While the man with the blue hair who also has green
Eyes
Stares out of his brownglass frame and my
Glance
Is focused on two ducks that my
Sister

Painted on cheap black felt -- by the
Numbers.

10/10/69

Dear Anna,

It's been so long since I've gotten any letters from you that I wonder if you care about me at all, not that it really matters very much to me. If, however, you just haven't found time to write me yet, then please do remember me with a letter at some convenient time. If your intentions are, on the other hand, to forget me and this past summer, then please rest assured that this will be the last letter you will get from me.

I remain Yours Truly,
Richard

P.S. Please write

10/10/69

Dear Uncle Sam;

In regard to your little note I found in my mailbox this morning -- I appreciate your concern, but I had a thorough physical examination just last month, and I feel, therefore that the examination you so kindly had scheduled for me is not really necessary. It is heartening, however, to know that you offer such a service, as I firmly believe that the physical wellbeing of the citizens of this country is an essential concern to us all. Thanks again.

Yours Truly,
Richard Nelson Anderson

Dear Somebody,

As the leaves are falling now, I am to the death of this summer resigned.

To react emotionally to a situation is often considered to be unwise and even a betrayal of a lapse of fortitude. This is undoubtedly true for most situations, and I am convinced that the failure to rely on reasoned solutions to many of our serious dilemmas is the major reason for our failure to resolve them. It is not possible, however, to draw the seemingly obvious inference from this. Actually, we find that reason with all emotions distilled out of it is not a viable cure-all to be applied liberally in all instances. The existentialist philosophy is an expression of this feeling that reason can provide solutions only up to a point. Goddamn them Sheep.

Rick

Dear God,

My objective at this time is to inform you that things aren't as they should be. This is mainly because we (I) are not all that we (I) should be.

If you were here now, of course all of this would be painfully obvious -- even to someone as congenitally optimistic as yourself.

It strikes me that the most telling analysis of the problem reveals that while we all have the selfish objective of wanting everything to be as we wish it to be, our very selfishness poisons what we do manage to achieve. It is a verity that my happiness results either directly (in its more brazen forms), or indirectly in the unhappiness of someone else. Conversely, my loss will be your gain, etc.

It will likewise be recognized by anyone who has even the slightest conception of reality that the more of us there are (or get to be), the more vicious this cycle becomes. For example, as you crowd more and more people into a closed environment, such as a room, the unhappier each individual becomes as his liberty of action becomes increasingly curtailed. In your absence, the world has so greatly decreased in size that it has, I assure you, become a closed environment.

Sincerely,
Rick

BROKEN CHINA

by John Douglas

Bull got his name because he was so much bigger than the other boys. The boy the rest called "Salamander" named him "Bull." None of the boys could understand Bull and even Salamander -- the smartest of them all -- found the slow Bull confusing.

One day the boys built a clubhouse out of boxes and old boards and wouldn't let Bull in because he refused to help make it. Bull sat outside waiting for them to crack and let him in, and when they didn't, he went home and got a pack of matches. At first he only squatted outside and burned a lock of his hair to show his bravery, but when the others didn't seem impressed he struck a match and lit the clubhouse wall. With no apparent emotion he watched the wall burn and the boys come running out shouting. Then he left as they hurried to put the fire out and re-build. The next day no one stopped him from coming inside.

The Thursday after the wall burned was the 4th of July. Many of the boys were away for the holiday and only Salamander, Tommy and Kenny came to the clubhouse. Tommy and Kenny were twins in the first grade and were too young to be given their animal names. Early in the afternoon Bull came to the shack and told Salamander his sister was calling him. Late that day the twins' mother phoned Bull's mother to tell her she was calling the police about the rape.

The police told Bull that another incident would mean reformatory, but having no concept of reformatory, he just knew that he couldn't play with the twins. Did you hear about Bull and the twins? was the question of the street. Neighbors had always known Bull was different, and they knew and suspected him even if they hadn't heard of the rape.

One night Tracey Penn cried and her father went to her room. Standing in the doorway of the dark room, Mr. Penn saw a face outside the window. Tracey cried wildly and Mr. Penn flicked the light on, but the face was gone. He went outside with a flashlight and searched the scrubbery under the window but found no tracks. He walked around his yard awhile, saw no one and went back into the house.

"Tracey was frightened last night by a prowler," Mrs. Penn told Amanda -- Salamander's sister -- the next day.

"Really? . . . We'll have to watch out around here then," said Amanda, standing on her front lawn in a blue bikini. Then they chatted with nothing more said about the prowler.

When Mrs. Penn left, Amanda sat down on a blanket to sunbathe. She poured suntan lotion from a plastic bottle into her hand and rubbed it on her legs. She rubbed it into the back of her thighs and as best she could on her shoulders and back. She rubbed the white lotion into her already tan body. She moved the straps of her bikini bra to be sure there was lotion there too. She rubbed what was left on her legs, from her thighs to her knees and then back up.

Bull's eyes moved with her hands from her knees up to her thighs. They studied the white strap marks when the straps were moved and they watched the fingers rub lotion over her stomach. Bull stood behind the leafy branch of a tree. Suddenly Amanda turned and, seeing him, yelled "Bull! Bull! . . . Get out of here! If I ever catch you looking at me again, I'll call the police." Bull ran away.

Elizabeth Arnold watched the water run down her bathtub drain, watched it slosh around, watched the dirt mixed in the water run down with the water. She dried herself with a thick warm blue towel. She treated her body tenderly as she dried it. Good looking legs, she thought -- a beauty queen's beautiful long legs. She wondered why no one had ever loved them as she did, why no one wanted to call them home. She looked at her naked body a moment more, then at the empty tub, then at the window above the tub. She didn't scream when she saw the staring eyes at the window. She dropped the towel and stared back at them. It was the prowler who eventually broke away from Elizabeth's stare and it was then that she felt ashamed -- it was then that she screamed. Then she sat on the edge of the tub and clasped the blue towel, warm and thick, between her legs and cried.

Amanda walked through the kitchen to check that the back door was locked. With one hand she held the neck of her nightgown and she checked the door with the other. She screamed when she saw Bull staring in and her father came to the door. Bull stood there and slowly said "I come to see Salamander." "It's too late" and the door was closed and locked, the light turned off and they all went to bed except Bull.

Salamander's father took his vacation in late August and the whole family went to California. When they came back, they noticed a basement window had been pryed open and that the spare key from under the doormat was missing. Nothing was stolen.

The next day Bull came to the clubhouse and asked Salamander to come outside to talk to him.

"You know what I saw when you were away? . . . I saw a real big boy trying to break into your basement window but I scared him away."

"Sure," said Salamander.

"Really, but the thing is, he came back the next day and found a key under the doormat and went in your house. Real big kid."

"Why?"

"I don't know why. I'm telling you what I saw. He stole three cookies from the cookie jar. I watched him through the window."

"How come you didn't scare him away again?"

"He's bigger than me and before it was night so he couldn't see me. He made me promise not to tell anyone. Said he'd beat me up -- said he'd kill me if I did. Real big kid. Still I told you. They ought to catch him and put him in jail forever."

Bull finished talking and after a silence Salamander went back into the clubhouse with the other boys and Bull walked down the middle of the road to Miss Arnold's house.

THE FACULTY TABLE

by Jonathan Fast

Professor Younger was the first prof to enter the grill. Swinging his paper bag daringly, he tried to walk with authority, confidence, abandon. It wasn't easy, but he probably fooled everyone. He nodded to several students along the way and spoke to a few. They nodded back, smiled, and spoke back. There was no line in the grill. He hated lines and always managed to get to the grill just before the noon lunch line formed. He ordered coffee and handed the charming young lady a twenty-five cent piece. He assumed his change would be a nickel and a dime -- the other charming young lady always returned three nickels. Funny, ruminated Professor Younger, how different people make change in different ways. At any rate, while waiting for his change, he unconsciously folded a napkin in fours, lifted the cup, placed the napkin on the saucer, and replaced the cup. Called out of his change reverie and made conscious of his napkin ritual by the extended hand of the charming young lady proffering a nickel and a dime, Professor Younger remarked apologetically, "To catch the coffee I spill."

"Are you spilling a lot of coffee these days?" asked Professor Achilles Bronslakis as he laughed timidly and mildly clapped Professor Younger on the back. A younger colleague, he was, in spite of his name, as thoroughly American as Lil Abner; whereas Younger was, in spite of his name, one of the older members of the faculty. Younger was always a little embarrassed upon seeing Professor Bronslakis, for Bronslakis had lost one of his hands in the war. It doesn't matter which war -- that's irrelevant. But it was the right hand, not as tragic a happenstance as one might imagine at first, for Bronslakis had always been left-handed, or at least he'd always said so; and there's no reason to doubt his word, in this matter anyway.

"Oh, no more than usual," replied Younger, somewhat embarrassed about his excessive caution over the possibility of spilling his coffee. He thought maybe he'd stop placing a napkin between coffee cup and saucer. There were so many new faculty members these days. But it's hard to break a habit of long standing, and he guessed it really didn't matter much and that no one really cared. No one seemed to. No one teased him about it. And he hoped that no one laughed at him about it behind his back. Oh well, he thought, maybe I'll stop.

Soon the line had got quite long and the faculty table had filled up. In fact, two late-comers had had to borrow chairs from students' tables. The students never minded. They would gladly stand that their profs might sit. The students loved their profs. They never said anything bad about their profs to their faces. And to this day you never hear of students killing profs on this campus or raping them or anything like that. Such unstudentlike behavior would be

unheard of here. The faculty members knew this and appreciated it. At night, they could walk about the campus in complete safety. Further, they never took advantage of their students. All in all, things were pretty nice.

"A number four bag," announced Professor Greenup, wrinkling his brow. He sat looking at the printed matter on the side of his brown paper bag. "Ha!" he added spontaneously, "I've never noticed that before. I guess I bring my lunch in a number four bag every day." The others lifted their bags. Professor Bronslakis had already crumpled his up. He uncrumpled it and pressed out the paper over the printed matter.

"Mine's a number five," he told the company and laughed nervously, finding humor, as usual, everywhere.

"And mine is too," announced someone else.

"Mine doesn't even have a number," ventured another.

When the census was over, it turned out that only one had a bag with no number -- but it was a white bag, all noticed; three had number five bags; two had number four bags; and one had a number ten bag. (His wife couldn't find a smaller bag, he explained and laughed. All laughed.) It was a jovial group, and a coherent one. Everyone present felt a pleasant glow.

"What does that mean, anyway?" asked Professor Signaller, a member of the younger faculty, hesitantly, not yet sure of himself. "I mean," he added, by way of clarification, "What does this number four or number ten mean, anyway?"

"The poundage, I guess," answered Professor Henderson, who taught Physics and who should know. "In other words," he went on as all eyes focused on him, "if you put two pounds of sand in a two pound bag and weighed it, it would weigh two pounds, I'm sure."

"Yeah," agreed half the company.

"I guess so," said Signaller. "I guess it all goes back to earlier days when people bought staples this way. I mean flour and things like that, meal and all, sugar and stuff. Apparently they just filled the bag up from the bulk supply and forewent, you know, they didn't weigh it on scales or anything. Since they didn't have any."

Two or three were already folding up their paper bags and placing them in their pockets, together with the spare bags of sugar.

"Who the heck knows what pounds means in this case, anyway?" interjected Professor Allison, who taught English Literature. "The pound in England measures money." He leaned forward, raised his right index finger, and prepared to pursue the issue; but at this point Professor Bronslakis started to laugh again, this time very loudly. He didn't know why he was laughing. He tried to control his laughter. He didn't want to make a wave. But he couldn't help it. He laughed. He wept. He turned red. He couldn't explain why. He tried, but he gave up. He simply began clapping Professor Younger on the back with his hand; but Younger wore such a soft tweed jacket and Bronslakis clapped so embarrassedly that no one heard the sound of his one hand clapping.

CLASS REUNION

by Celishia Harrison

Be sure of it, I didn't start out with anything less than you. Look at me. Can you honestly say I lack beauty? Aren't I tall and slender, with lovely hair? And what of my eyes, they hold beauty, too, do they not? No, I'm as beautiful as any, more so than some. It's the truth, why shouldn't I say it? And brains. I've got more than the average, there too. I've always been known for being intelligent. Never diligent, of course, but always have I been thought of as intelligent. Nor do I lack creativity: I can sew, sketch, embroider, design, write. I have many talents. No one will deny that. Well, now you say, "Ah yes. But what have you to show for all this?" Ah, yes, you with your wedding rings and rich husbands and assortment of children, and you men, with your attractive wives and air-conditioned offices. You ask me what I have to show for all this. Well, I shall tell you in a moment, if you will excuse a slight digression.

You asked me to come to your reunion. After all, wasn't I a part of the class? Fifteen years ago, we all graduated together. Only a few of you had seen me since, but of course you all knew where I was. It wasn't hard to find that out. That sort of thing gets around pretty easily. And so, you came to my room, a whole troupe of you -- perhaps you were afraid to come by yourselves? Ah, yes, we sat there and we talked and we chatted so lightly. You were a little bit afraid at first, and who wouldn't be? You didn't quite know how to talk to me. I dare say from the looks on your faces, you expected me to rise up and throw something at you, didn't you? But I surprised you. I was calm and serene. We talked for more than an hour. And you enjoyed it, I think. Yes, and you even forgot where you were, until the moment came to leave. When I agreed to come, you were quite pleased. Then I suggested I tell you why I happened to end up where I did. You were astounded, weren't you? You suddenly remembered, didn't you? And that icy silence came between us again. I must tell you, I laughed then. Of course, you know that, but I'll tell you why. You were afraid of me! You afraid of me! I stood there calmly in the middle of the room and you backed away! A poor lonely woman, in the midst of all you successful people and you were afraid! You were afraid you might upset me and throw me out of my calmness. What did you expect? A demoniac rage? As if I were ever one given to making scenes! You should have known better! Think back, to school. What was the one word everyone associated with me? Quiet! Never talked, never got into trouble, never did anything. A silent young girl, who slipped by you as quietly as possible and out of your lives as soon as possible. No, it was stupid of you to expect a rage from me. Little girls who are quiet for eighteen years are quiet for the next fifteen, too. No, no, that was quite stupid of you to expect that. But let me tell you, that minute when I stood there with all of you backing away from me, it was quite worth it, after all the years of silence, to laugh one good, long laugh. You successful people, backing away from me. One as thin as I couldn't have much strength. Use your memories! Could I ever climb the ropes, do a push up, run a quarter mile? No! And there you were, three healthy women and five strong men. And not far off, white garbed attendants to suppress me if I were to turn violent, with the little strength I have. Oh, that was stupid, too. What were you afraid of? Come now, it wasn't me. I had no weapons. There were all of you and the guards. I had to laugh, because I knew what it was. My

mind! You were afraid of my mind. As you crawled away from me like cowards, you saw for yourselves what you were. And you feared anyone who was not the same. The shallow, thoughtless existence! I didn't live in the same plane and you knew it! You, who were successful, held a place in the world, feared me, whom the world rejected. Ah, yes, my friends, I laughed. For you must admit, it was a good joke.

But oh yes, the original question. Nothing, nothing. I guess for all of it, you are right. Except for one excellent joke, I've gotten nothing from all my innate abilities to live. I can't show you anything. And you don't even find the joke funny.

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