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ICARUS
A MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE WRITING
VOL. XII 1977

BRIGADIER GENERAL
JESSE C. GATLIN, JR.

ISSUE

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
AND FINE ARTS
USAF ACADEMY
COLORADO
To
Brigadier General Jesse C. Gatlin, Jr.
USAF Retired

Professor and Head
Department of English and Fine Arts
1965 — 1976

Gentleman, Scholar, Soldier

Who
Encouraged the inception of Icarus,
Created an atmosphere in which Icarus
could flourish, and
Supported each publication of Icarus
enthusiastically

Icarus 1977
is
dedicated.
FOREWORD

Although this volume is the twelfth for *Icarus*, it is only the ninth as "A Magazine of Creative Writing." In the short space of nine years, *Icarus* can tout cadets' continued interest in poetry and short fiction as well as their increasing participation in drama and drawing, and renewed interest in the informal essay.

Much of the continued interest and enthusiastic participation results directly from the support which our Creative Writing Symposium receives throughout the Academy. *Talon*, another cadet publication; the other academic departments; military training; our library; and, of course, English 406, Western World Literature, English 475, our newly added Creative Writing Course, and Fine Arts 460, Studio—all provide avenues for publicity and encouragement for the cadets' creative work.

After the manuscripts are in, however, another host of people unselfishly devote their time and resources to the myriad tasks associated with the magazine. Our judges, who again spent considerable time and effort in deciding relative merit; Ms. Majel Billingsley, our typist; Ms. Carol Kopulos, Ms. Renee Smith, and Mrs. Helena Petrullo, composers; and Mr. William M. Redding, DPTT. To Mr. Ansis Berzins, illustrator and layout editor, we owe special acknowledgment. Of course, to Mrs. Paul T. Cullen, our continued gratitude. Finally, we thank all cadet entrants, whether published or not, whose response makes *Icarus* worthwhile.

The opinions expressed in *Icarus* are those of the individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the faculty and staff of the United States Air Force Academy.

We are pleased to dedicate *Icarus* (1977) to Brigadier General Jesse C. Gatlin, Jr., USAF Retired, and former Head, Department of English and Fine Arts.

Department of English and Fine Arts  The Editors
United States Air Force Academy 21 February 1977

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THE BRIGADIER GENERAL
PAUL T. CULLEN AWARD
THE BRIGADIER GENERAL PAUL T. CULLEN
AWARD FOR THE OUTSTANDING CADET
CREATIVE WRITING

Brigadier General Paul T. Cullen, USAF, disappeared over the North Atlantic on 22 March 1951. Still listed as missing, General Cullen leaves behind an envied record of military and scientific accomplishments. Equally important, moreover, was his love of flight, a love reminiscent of the French pilot-author Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. It is fitting that General Cullen, a man of high ideals, calm personal courage, and rare intelligence, be thus remembered by cadets at the United States Air Force Academy.

The Brigadier General Paul T. Cullen Award

THE CRACKING OF WATER ON DRY STONES

"It is a dance we do in silence
Far below this morning sun
You in your life, me in mine
We have begun"
—Jackson Browne
OUR LADY OF THE WELL

I. COMIC DEBRIS

On their bellies sprawled across the countertop
every moment they witness
the crucifixion of the world:
Their sides are pierced by crystal spears,
drawing Blood & Whiskey from tap veins.

Every night every moment
from every
the moon
hurls vertical beams...
... till nobody answers
light is shed
unearthed casket:

Rats scamper across our bellies,
searching for an ugly death.
II. MORNING CALLS THE SPECTRAL GHOST

"ex nihilo nihil fit"¹

Nel mezzo del camin di nostra vita
mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
ché la diritta via era smarritita.²

Last night it snowed for the first time. And, next morning, the magpies couldn’t dance their silent shadows in the sun, couldn’t cackle, scream, or pounce upon the weighted branches; just to share a moment’s pleasure, prancing their dilatory ragtime, in the morning’s presence.

How many angels dance on the head of a pin? How many? Vade retrome, Satan!

"Vedi Napoli e pol mori" requiescat in pace est non sequitur quo vadis, quo vadis? heretofore, being neither eloquent or impartial, rudely struck by this melancholy in its fashioned manner, measure by measure for each for all

for some of us are dreamers, and all of us are fools . . . In furtive, creeping movements I crawled across the terrazzo

¹"From nothing nothing is produced."
²Cf. Inferno by Dante Alighieri; Canto 1: In the midst of my journey through This our life, I found myself in a dark forest, Because I had lost the right road.
But—it was more than this; more than that, in the end, it's better to trade injustice for unanswered questions.

... to understand a thing so simple and so huge.  

aussi dit, aussi fait

The crowd,
The finger reaching for a button
the whirring of motors
like some processional vision,
this yawning gash of earth
we stood above,
the steel precision, the stated moment
face to face
the careful folds on an embroidered cloth;
Somewhere, far off in the distance, a white gyrfalcon sat on a window perch
blinking, turning her head, gazing out voicelessly
into the fog,
and the words were issued from their lips, *their selves sotto voce*
but somehow the feeling still wasn't right
The snow draped in its rustled veil—a gossamer shade
And the spectral ghost was there beside us,
and the icy fingers of his upraised hand spread apart and closed in one swift movement;
In the shadow of a Norwegian pine, some tired fellow squeezes a few precious notes
from his freezing lips, drops his bugle to hang by his tired side.
with a little patience,
with even less understanding.
Glass shattering on pavement
*The distant echo of voices...*
with the echo of the final gun's report, the past is gone.

So—with sullen eyes thrown upon our somber feet—we stood, as the crowd slowly dissolved, as I went down on my knees, but ah, sweet jesus, how I wanted to cry
But—God, I don't know,
how, why?

*Ed elli a me: "Le cose ti fior conte, quando noi fermembi li nostri passi su la trista riviera d'Acheronte."*  

The sullen coach crawled out of the lot, expectantly, waiting as eight shivering people began again
the slow ascent into the fog
prepared to resume their rightful place
Among the living.

And, in the afternoon...

my friends strolled back across the terrazzo, laughing and joking and glad the day was over.
Wishing to hell the year was over, passing a half-staff.
And a falcon soared above me, the earthbound fool, with obvious and evident enjoyment (though immeasurable to me),
And the sun finally broke through the clouds...

Stronger than any burst of reason.
And, again, the magpies began to cackle and scream, dancing their silent shadows.

We buried him this morning.

---

3*Dante's Inferno; Canto 3, 76-8:* In this scene, the poet Dante and Virgil (Dante's guide through Hell and Purgatory) prepare to cross the river Styx, the waters of death:

And he replied: "These things will be clear to you when we pause
On Acheron's sad shore."
III. ARROGANT TRUTH

Dream inconsistent content 140
follow through, wake your hands
rake across your eyes
feel your fingers, fleshless
tear the shadow of the skies from a hollow nest
You inconsistent being
built in harmony, but not accord
silent laughter, insufficient trading off

IV. THE CALYX
—quotidian tertian

It was not the words he wrote nor, perhaps, the life that long Since now has ceased a measured breath. In the dying eyes of the wounded man In the stately procession of the peacocked hordes that lit the dance of Michelangelo On golden heartstrings, boulders heave their tortured sighs And in the somber, hastened gaiety of these hordes, so he hastens to admit not doing rather than doing nothing the silent being, the very moment of life, where life exists With even the notion—thought destroys Neither fish nor flesh

doing little, disinterested, hollow scream can state its worth.
Sirrah, be kind he gentle for this my subjective hosannah

Full, the wind catches the sail of your gown’s sleeve dancing crested shadows on these hills, the pond the cattails stretch the fingered breeze, and the wind fills the eye of the sunline. bent and bowed my ear to listen to you the hollow god Smiles turn to certain raindrops that cling romantically, tenaciously, ostensibly, audaciously with some felt tenderness to broken boughs eventually they’ll fall it was not the words he wrote. it was not the life he gave.

V. THE CRACKING OF WATER ON DRY STONES
i. Enter, All fools Depart

The peace which passes understanding, mindless words Which cannot say in passing moments when they pass away. Struck with this didactic and unclassic pose, Death’s shroud When swept before the throe is like . . . but it’s just a joke, these days,
Yet, it walks among us; it doesn’t stammer, thrust amid the crowd.
Along the corridors we passed, where love’s transgressions still occur,
And the visage of those sterile grins will never fade.
Standing at his bedside in the final moments like some dark
and silent blur,
The wraith gazed up from broken eyes. His wife
I had never seen her cry.
She stumbled on her words (but of course it’s understood).
We left.
Not thinking clearly, we stumble through revolving doors.
And as we passed away, the world turns, the locks crawl
Inch closer to the turning toward this peace.
It’s not my worth to prove my life or that I’m sane,
The hand that reaches from the grave,
this song will call me home again.

ii. The Falcon

Melting streamed lines in images abound
The arched embrace of fireflies dancing on water,
This autumn beauty descends on mute, wordless figure, lying
Discontentedly on my fist, quixotic
Idiot, so be it, distracted by the hovering humming
Bird that circles, and descends,
That turns, circles, and prepares
Only to return again.
That cares not anxieties that once you saw,
Recalling reeling wild duck’s cries;
Disguise in the ambushed vision
Of your eye. This autumn bounty
Ascends on two figures straddling a brook,
Death waits patiently, by the speechless, hooded falcon.

iii. Sic Transit Gloria Mundi
—For James M. Glass

And when all the laughter dies in sorrow,
And all the planets bid their deepest sorrows die,
All fools depart. Yes, even I, by soundless laughing borrow
From the lives of thieves—Endless whispers, sighs, the sigh
Of Life—my bleeding rage erupts!

Turns the scale beneath these rotting fluted Doric columns
(Or interwoven choice), different fools corrupt
In varied ways, with weary, burnished, solemn
Faces of implored and then imploring loss. So we lose inside
Ourselves, though poets stammer for this lost intent;
Surrender is the cruellest moment, breeding lies
From faith to glorify the worst offense:
I die, indeed, each moment of the day
To be as well, life’s birth by twisted ways.

the unicorn was dying

VI. TONAL

in the blue night
after the moon-set bends
breeze before sunrise
coyotes yowl, eagles nest
padded soft thud among the firs, where
snow blue-white haze
held close fades
the sky, the frost, the stars.
the creak of hiking boots.
squirrel tracks, bear tracks
i am alone,
an uneven murmur

PETER HEARNS LIOTTA
Class of 1978
AUTHOR'S NOTE:
As ludicrous as it may seem, when submitting a manuscript in competition, I feel "The Cracking of Water on Dry Stones" deserves some words of introduction, precisely because it is such an important poem to me. Succinctly put, the work concerns Death. Over the past two years in my life as a cadet, my existence has been scarred and struck by its immediate reality. Although the individual movements, of which there are six total, may vary considerably in tone and form, I regard them as a collective whole. I cannot separate them. And if they mean as much to me, whether concerning a homage to Ezra Pound, the pain at being a pallbearer at Col James C. McIntyre's funeral (former Officer-In-Charge of the Cadet Falconers), or the simple achievement of peace in the forest snow, they mean also a great deal to those who are close to me. I intend them to mean a great deal for the reader. I am not intentionally trying to be didactic, but have written the poem in the same essence as thought Conrad when he said that art must deal "in matter as well as in the facts of life, with what is fundamental, enduring, essential."
The first person I remember is not my parents, not my sister, or even Grandpa. The first person I remember is the nameless, faceless, slightly warm body who babysat me while my parents worked. And the first thing I remember doing is being toilet trained. And they wonder why I'm such a romantic.

And in the summer we played baseball, not with uniforms and parents' clubs but with reckless abandon. It didn't matter if the coach liked you, it wasn't a matter of skill. In our league everybody played, even a girl once (I thought she was a boy!) She sure played a mean second base. Our league had no color barriers, strikes, contracts, agents, stadiums, umpires or anything else extraneous. We just had fun. But we screwed up; one summer we joined the Little League and turned Pro.
EARLY III

Graft and corruption on an elementary school level, structured from dirty words and sexual jokes that we laughed at but never quite understood, an underworld populated by miniature extortionists and future anarchists, bathroom scribblers and cigarette smokers (later certain to become dopers!). Oh Mother! What have you done to your son?
A SMILE IN THE MIST

A smile in the mist, a glimmer of hope
and at the moment you reach to touch each other's souls,
it's time for the quiz.

Wandering motionless, separated by chins and squared
corners,
men and women of steel nerves, emotions circuits
removed,
step on one another, hurriedly uncaring, for it's time
for class
and dare not be late.

My heart not yet aluminum plated, my mind not
a series of ferrite doughnuts;
something's amiss.

Sweat blood to get in
Successes of beast past
Shortcomings of present burden and clutter
Contrastless future waits silently.

Remoteness the key!
But souls weep bitterly for love
where love is despised;
emotions seen as liabilities,
and compassion is just an entry
in the dictionary;
placed on the bookshelf and carefully dusted.

Plug in! Beam down!
Down to dreams of long, lonely hauls
through the night with an
unfamiliar popular station making
friendly noises.

Stutter and stumble at making love
Excel at making war, nothing more.

GEORGE S. FALCON
Class of 1980
THE STREET OF BRASS AND POLISH

My brother died in Vietnam.

Who looked so dashing, resplendent in his uniform of starched linen and brass, trimmed and tailored and meticulously fitted to that uniquely powerful frame, for him to better lose himself.

My but he was a fine man (so they all said) and good, who would place freedom and democracy about life’s dizzy tumult.

Who died the martyr’s death, his death stench spread through the humid air of a hot Asian night.

My brother died as they died at Attica at Harper’s Ferry at Kent State at Haymarket Square for democracy. For freedom.

For the people. For the rich people. For the male people. For the white people. For the Protestant people. For the Aryan people. For the middle-aged people. For the powerful people. For democracy. For freedom.

Blown away by a claymore mine, his entrails and limbs and head and torso shredded and scattered in a putrid, bloody mulch. More garbage on a battle-trampled rice paddy.

A hero’s death.

CURTIS L. HEIDTKE
Class of 1980
THE RAIN

Sometimes the loneliest sound I know
is rain tapping on the windows
of a place I can’t call home.
In a way it seems to trap you there,
holding you inside.
And yet, I’m thankful for the rain;
for those lazy popcorn eating-nap days
that save me from going outside
where I’m more alone than now.

RICHARD D. TURNER
Class of 1977

HYPER

"You man, drive on out here!" he said,
As I came around the corner doing ninety.
"Fall in mister! Shoulders back and down!
Those shoes aren’t very shiny."

"Your nametag’s crooked,
And your hair’s too long!
And if you call that a good tuck, mister,
You’ve got it all wrong!"

"Look at your shirt hangin’ over
Just flopping in the breeze.
You’d best not ace through the air gardens,
Or you’ll catch it in the trees."

"Who’s your Element Sergeant mister?
Don’t you even know that?
You report around to him and . . .
What’s that crap on your hat?"

"Better yet, to the Wing Sergeant Major
And tell him you were trashing me out.
Then come see me and I’ll teach you a few things
That you need to know about."

ROBERT R. COOPER
Class of 1980
ONLY CHILD, PLAYING ALONE

Only child, playing alone
Lonely man, lying alone
In the endless dark

The child cries, no one there to share his toys;
The man cries, no one there to share his joys
And his sorrows

No confusion, no delusion, he knows where he's going,
A bright future ahead, built on a sparkling past.
The spotlights dazzle, the audience applauds;
But the actor is unsure.
After the curtain calls, he remembers where he's going,
And cries.

No greasepaint smile for him, he's all actor
And needs it less than he pretends to need Her.
It shows tear streaks too easily,
But it clings more closely than She ever will.

He's the best, the sharpest, and straight,
But for his time, too late.

He just bumps about in the dark, sometimes running into
someone who almost cares;
almost dares
to love,
and then moves off again in search of someone stronger . . .
and less romantic.

The bumping hurts more than he remembers,
And he recoils in pain,
But soon he forgets, and does it again.

Still, with his hopes and dreams, he goes on,
hoping to be the light at the end of someone's tunnel

and the light of someone's life, reminded each time
that the next time
could be
the
last.

The tap seems endless;
Endless endurance, resistance to pain, compassion,
Endless

GEORGE S. FALCON
Class of 1980
IT HANGS UPON THE NAKED WALL

It hangs upon the naked wall,
preventing nothing more than its essence,
boring most
causing some
to ask its price,
but no one buys.

“Too much,” they say;
“Too much for such a plain painting,”
they walk off, shaking their heads
and looking over their shoulders.

Casually She walks through,
unsure of what to buy.
She stops, looks, and like all the others,
asks the price.
She sees the spark, the subtle shading,
and doesn’t listen as she’s told the price;
but She buys.

She takes it home, hangs it upon the wall;
Comparing it to the others next to it.
She sees the spark, the color,
And smiles.

Complimented again and again, she beams
and looks moresearchingly
at the haunting canvas;
But she doesn’t see the shading, the color—

Confused, she compares again
and still doesn’t see, though she knew
it was there once.

Shaking her head, she puts it in the closet,
saying,
“Too much space for such a plain painting.”

Protected from the spotlight
and the sunshine,
the colors slowly fade.

GEORGE S. FALCON
Class of 1980
THE LAST MEMO

I always wanted to be somebody.
Bright-smiled and recognized,
A wizard on Wall Street,
Options and issues, bankers and lawyers.
Flying in for a meeting
Or greeting my friends at the club.
With a beautiful wife, society rich,
Feeding the poor with a smile.
But I failed.
Now my life is a shell,
Empty and barren of hope.
No future to live for,
Friends who’ve forgotten my name.
They’ve left me but one thing to do.
And this I can do for myself.

JOHN R. HASLETT III
Class of 1977

LETTER FROM HOME

Dear Mama

I wanted to go see you in the box, because I wanted to wake you up and tell you about the pretty day.

But Aunt Magie said too let you sleep, so I went outside and waited for everyone to finish church.

father John must have been good. Everyone was crying when they came out.

I try to make Aunt Magie happy again, but she just cry more. Even when I showed her the bird egg I found.

So I went and played with the dogie that lives in the Park. And I showed him all the pretty flowers and we heard the wind whistle in the trees like I whistle when the radio plays sometimes. He smiled all time and wagged his tale alot.

Then the boys came and were starting calling me dummy and retard and I got mad and told them stop, but they dint and I runned home. They threwed rocks at me but them dint hit me.

I got home and Aunt Magie she said come with me Tommy and I’ll take care of you. I said whereas my Ma and then she sed you were gone and was never come back.

I dint wanto beleave her. I told her I saw you in the box, and I said you were probly upstares sleeping. But she said no, your Mamas far away and cant ever come back again.

Then I told her I dint want to live with her. She cant take care of me like you.
Know she's looking for me so I got too finnish before she will find me. Please come back Momma. I love you so much.

I'm 26 years old and I got a lot to learn yet.

"Religion is dead!"

So they all proclaimed,
Those scientists bold
(But in hushed voice lest they waken the spirits of times long past).

"But wait!" cried the preachers and rabbis and monks.

"We have seen the great light that shines from without, that healeth the stricken, and humbles us so. Would you now tell us that all we have seen is but a panacea, jumble of myths?"

"Aye" cried the statesmen, with pitying gaze.

"We know about death, all the mysteries of life. We know who we are, where we're going, and why. And, from our statistics, you've all been quite wrong."

"Then what shall we do?" wailed the faithful in grief.

"What shall we turn to, where shall we seek?"

"We're glad that you asked," came the answer with glee. "You see it's quite simple, so simple that we have put all of life's answers, its questions, its problems, its heartaches, successes, pains and professions into a grand program, and thence we have taped it all on computer, to end all our woes."

Then the sounds of rejoicing sounded through the great halls of the new World Trade Center, fifty-fourth floor.
While three football fields down, unaware of the noise
of the raucous birth of a new way of life,
A human being died.
Who had given his life as a humanist would,
Seeking the light which comes not from without
But the brighter illumine which shines from the soul.

On the fifty-fourth floor no one then paused to think
Of effects which could happen from taking man's soul
And dissecting, numbering, filing thus
Would destroy't with formaldehyde, ten cents a quart.

Instead they stood laughing long into the night
While the mind-battered masses thankfully slept,
Unaware that tomorrow would find that their souls
Had been classified fourteen-five-six-one-H-Red.

---

THE LOSSES IN THE POEM

these lines between stilted
is the pain, the silence misunderstanding,
even regret at attempt.
not justifying; is
itself is).

---

CURTIS L. HEIDTKE
Class of 1980

PETER HEARNS LIOTTA
Class of 1978
SUNRISE

By your side this morning,
My soul is at peace;
My stormy person at last calmed,
By your force of giving;
My urge to wander
from myself,
Has been stopped in mid-stride,
By you hard-loving girl;
And now I can't see any purpose,
Except being by your side,
this morning forever.
UNKNOWN WATERS

What happens when your dream dissolves,
When you find the golden egg is hollow,
When you see the mask behind the mask?
Do you cling to it,
Like a spoiled child with a broken toy?
Or do you let it pass (with a heavy heart)
To enter contented adulthood,
Grasping at life’s minor triumphs,
Because that’s all you have?
Those that are true at heart and mind
Search for the dream, in other forms or people:
Like a tireless fisherman wandering unknown waters,
Waiting for the ultimate catch,
Knowing that it will come — eventually.
Dreams never die, just the determination to fulfill them.

GREGORY L. MARSTON
Class of 1978

HITCH-HIKER

watching
and waiting
hoping for a friendly face
or a kind smile
but knowing what’s important
is moving
down the road.

JEFFREY A. PERKINS
Class of 1977
GO

Far be it from me to tell you how to live
your life.
You could be a lemming and jump into the ocean
for all I care.
But maybe not,
maybe, just maybe there are too many lemmings there
now,
and if you will listen to a word of advice
listen to this—
Go.
No, there isn't any more, no crutches,
no "suggested guidelines," nothing to hold
except yourself.
No, that doesn't mean that you're isolated,
you can look around yourself and see that.
Just look inside yourself,
find a direction, and
Go,
maybe someone will follow.

JEFFREY A. PERKINS
Class of 1977

ON NOT BEING ABLE TO WRITE
ABOUT A CLOSE FRIEND

Why is it so hard
to write about such a close friend?
Surely there are a thousand things
we've done or thought that
I could write about.
It seems that I just can't give you away
to words,
for unthinking, unknowing eyes
to dissect.
And I must confess that in exposing you
I lay both of us bare.
So much of us is shared.
Sorry.
PAINTED SMILES

I never met you at a disco,
or in a bar,
or a smoke-filled night club.
The people I met there
came only to dance
and show their practiced moves,
all hollow behind painted smiles
lapsing into their act at a touch or an emotion.

You wouldn't believe how many hours
I've spent in off-color places,
probably more time than it took to paint the Mona Lisa,
looking for you
through stinging eyes.
Sitting, watching, waiting for you
to make an entrance.
I felt I'd know you by your smile,
your look.

Maybe I did see you once but your face turned
to plastic and anyway
how could you know me behind my painted smile?

JEFFREY A. PERKINS
Class of 1977

FRUSTRATION

His mind a collage
of desire and hesitation,
a solitary figure
sits in contemplation.

Frustration takes its toll
in silent deprivation,
sneaking in the backs of minds,
destroying concentration.

SCOTT B. SCHOFIELD
Class of 1977
MESSAGE

It's funny how
in these concrete days
of men going to moons
that barriers can
still exist
that can't be climbed—
broken down.
There has to be more
than the occasional
knotholes in the fence
for forcing through messages
and hoping to be heard.

TO BE CONTENT

Have you ever run straight into the ocean?
At first, it is hard . . . and you grow tired.
Finally a wave attacks you head-on
and you are down.
You stand up only to be once again
struck down.
Again you stand
and are washed to the shore . . .
content at last to run the beach.

RICHARD D. TURNER
Class of 1977
YOU ARE EARTH AND I THE MOON

You are Earth
and I the moon
My life—revolving around you
You so big and I so small
Earth so full of life
while it seems the moon has none at all
... at least at times
Earth appears so colorful
the moon, so bland
It seems that you could share some life
with this God-forsaken land
But I realize this cannot be
the Sun is life itself
and we both are too drawn
to life
to come together
So even though I am drawn to you
and you to I
that ever-present non-visible
life force will keep us in its grip—
will keep us from coming
together
For you are Earth
and I the moon.

RICHARD D. TURNER
Class of 1977
THE HIDDENBERG TRIP

Scene I

1. Long shot of a German Staff car rounding a corner and stopping in front of a large impressive building. A guard opens the door for the General to get out.
   - **Guard:** "Heil Hitler."
   - **General:** "Heil Hitler."

   General walks up the stairs of the building a short flight and two door guards come to attention.

2. Medium long shot of General walking to a receptionist’s desk from the left of the camera, but diverting his direction after the receptionist speaks.
   - **Receptionist:** “Good morning General Baron Von Klinger. Go right inside. Dr. Hiddenberg is ready to see you.”

3. Medium shot of Hiddenberg working as General walks into a room that looks like an outer laboratory room which is connected to a much larger working area. Again General walks in from left of camera.
   - **Dr. Hiddenberg:** "Heil Hitler."
   - **General:** "Heil Hitler."

   Dr. Hiddenberg: “The time machine will be ready for the test tomorrow at 1000 Hours for the first experimental test of Warp Mine.”
   - **General:** “I will not be here tomorrow so explain the exact test.”

4. Medium close up of Hiddenberg’s face.
   - **Dr. Hiddenberg:** “Dr. Branig and myself will use the monkey for a test of any effects that may be harmful to
humans. We are just finishing the receiving pad tonight."
5. Close up of General's face.
General: "Send Major Branig with the results to me personally. I want to see very good results."

6. Medium shot of both men talking and facing each other.
Dr. Hiddenberg: "Yes General, you will see good results. And then we can weed out the dogs from the world faster than the death showers are killing those dog Jews now."

7. Close up of General's face.
General: "Send Major Branig with the results to me personally. I want to see very good results."

8. Close up of Branig's face.
Dr. Branig: "Quick, Doctor, leave now before it explodes, use the machine."

9. Close up of Branig's face.
Dr. Branig: "Quick, Doctor, leave now before it explodes, use the machine."

10. Shot over and behind Hiddenberg's left shoulder showing his left side and Branig on the floor dying and the machine with lights on and an instrument panel and pad with red button. Hiddenberg hesitates as to show his meditation on the thought but quickly goes toward the machine and pushes the red button while jumping onto the pad.

11. Medium shot with machine, pad and Hiddenberg with a little bit of equipment on the screen.

Scene II
12. Long shot of General Klinger at his desk with a picture of Hitler and the Nazi Flag in his office and him writing in an open folder.
Secretary: (Over intercom) "General, you have a call from High Command, Berlin."
General: (Over intercom) "Heil Hitler." (Pause) "It was an accident." (Pause) "All the papers were destroyed." (Looking more distressed and concerned) "Yes General, but only one body was found" (Pause — Stands up) "Yes General, I will not use precious research on useless trifles." (Pause) "Yes General, the war effort, (Answering as if someone has already hung up) Heil Hitler."
The General sits down, hangs up the phone and closes a folder marked "arp Mine" and stamps it with the word "CLOSED" across the name.

Cut Scene II and let Scene III open with a blurred wide shot from dark to light.

Scene III
13. Wide shot which is blurry as if someone is awakening
and focusing into a long shot of a white modern scientific room with a screen and control panel in the middle of the room. A woman is standing close by the bed of Hiddenberg who is awaking; as he tries to get up she goes next to him and pushes him down back onto the bed.

Girl: “Rest.” (as she walks to the screen)

Girl: “Pro Consul, the man is awake.”

Pro Consul: “I’ll be right there Julie.”

40 seconds later a man in his late 30s, tall, intelligent looking, enters.

Dr. Hiddenberg: “Where am I?” (Dazed)

Pro Consul: (Pointing to the girl with his hand) “Julie found you outside when she was walking from Lab 6B. You are in Alpha Radian station, Earth. From your clothes you look like a time traveler from the 20th century, 600 years ago. However, we don’t have any records of a time machine or developments as such on earth at that time.”

Medium shot focusing between Pro Consul and Hiddenberg as Hiddenberg is sitting up.

Hiddenberg: “I am Dr. Hiddenberg, an Officer and Scientist in the Great Third Reich.”

Pro Consul: “Julie will see to your needs. Dr. Hiddenberg, you will find that earth is much different now than it was then.”

Hiddenberg: “How and what has changed? I see you understand my language so the Third Reich must have won the war.”

Pro Consul: “No, the Third Reich didn’t win what I believe was your Second or Third World War. And my commuter on my belt allows the conversation to be understood in both languages.”

Close up of Pro Consul (Medium long) Just his body from over Hiddenberg’s shoulder.

Pro Consul: “We are a different people now.”

Pro Consul: “Equality, Love, Honesty, Chastity, and all Virtues are firmly established within our society. We are brothers and trust is held high among my people.”

Pro Consul: “We had a Fourth and Fifth World War, around the turn of the 22nd century. Mankind was almost totally destroyed. Together the survivors established a new society without crime, and this is the final result.”

Close up of Pro Consul’s face.

Pro Consul: “At first food was scarce and only the strong would live. The leaders had to decide when children would be born and who would be the parents.”

Medium shot of Hiddenberg.

Hiddenberg: “That was exactly what the Third Reich was doing, destroy those inferior Jews.”

Medium shot of both men.

Pro Consul: “Our forefathers were more scientific and our medical skills were far superior to yours.”

Hiddenberg: (Faltering and Pro Consul helping him back into bed) “I understand.”

Pro Consul: “Now I’ll leave you to rest and get freshened up. Julie will provide you with new clothes.”

Julie walks toward the bed and Pro Consul walks toward the door as the scene ends.

Scene IV

Long shot. The Pro Consul and a few other men enter a room that is used for living. Hiddenberg stands up to greet them.

Pro Consul: “Good morning.”

Hiddenberg: “Good morning.”

Pro Consul: “You have been with us a few weeks now Fritz, and you understand that you may never go back. But, I would like to show you something that might interest your scientific mind.”

Medium shot over Hiddenberg’s left shoulder, showing
him and Pro Consul and followers with Markus on Pro Consul's right who is partially turned toward Markus.

Pro Consul: “Markus will explain our energy power sources that man of your time never dreamed of, and our time machine.”

Hiddenberg elated and others leave on a tour.

22. Medium shot of Pro Consul and Brutus first walking down a corridor for about 12 feet, then stopping and finishing their conversation.

Brutus: “Pro Consul, I have been looking into our records about man from his time period, especially his kind. They are not to be trusted; watch him carefully.”

(Stopped)

Pro Consul: (Taken back and a little shocked) “Brutus, my friend, have you not noticed the man’s reactions the last few weeks.”

Brutus: “Yes I have, but he is very intelligent and capable of a deception such as this.”

23. Long shot following both men continuing on their way around a corner.

Pro Consul: “He understands the laws of this society, the way of life; trust him, Brutus.”

Brutus: “I suppose you’re right Pro Consul.”

24. Camera angle moves to a long shot that is behind the two men looking through a doorway into Hiddenberg’s room. Both men walk into Hiddenberg’s room.

25. Long shot in room as men enter, Hiddenberg is speaking excitedly.

Hiddenberg: “That was fantastic. Have you ever used the time machine?”

Markus: “I myself have not used the time machine but many others have. One can go anywhere any time.”

Markus: “George has traveled many times and I believe he has made it to your era.”

26. Medium shot of George and Hiddenberg.

George: “I traveled back to the 20th century a few times and the last trip I was in Berlin in 1936 and met your Fuhrer at the Olympics.”

George: “I’ll show you some relics I brought back for our museum.”

Hiddenberg: “I would like to learn all about this new invention, and more about the time machine.”

Markus: “Don’t worry, there is plenty of time for that, Fritz.”

27. Fade out into darkness as Scene V fades in from darkness to a very dim light.

Scene V

Several weeks later at night in Hiddenberg’s room, he gets out of bed and sneaks off to the laboratory.


29. Long shot of him going around the corner into the laboratory. Hiddenberg enters the laboratory where Markus is working.

30. Long shot of Markus behind equipment with Fritz coming through the door.

Markus: “Who is it? What do you want?”

Hiddenberg: “It’s me, Fritz.”

Markus: “Oh, Fritz, what do you want?”

31. Medium shot — With this Hiddenberg picks up a tool and hits Markus over the head knocking him into equipment which falls with a sudden large noise.

32. Medium shot of Hiddenberg over body with time machine in background; Hiddenberg contemplates his plan one more time as he quickly sets the dials for Germany 1942.

He steps upon the transport with Pro Consul and Brutus running into the laboratory at the instant he disappears.

Scene VI

33. Long shot. Hiddenberg is in a dark room; his figure is discernible, but other figures are not. A dim light and the camera focus on a medium close up of Hiddenberg’s face as he begins to realize in horror where he is.
34. Hiddenberg quickly turns around near the light. A view of him is taken as the camera is over his right shoulder and focuses on a shower nozzle at the same instant a green gas is coming out of it, and Hiddenberg screams in horror.
"I'm going to give this party just one half hour more," he announced, half to convince himself, half for the benefit of those around him.

"Give it time, Ace," Stu soothed. "It'll start to pick up soon — just be patient."

Patience — if there was one thing he was rapidly losing, it was patience. He stopped to consider it, his whole life, not just tonight or this party. Up to this point Ace had always been willing to be the one to adapt, to smooth things over. If a waitress brought the wrong order, he wouldn't mention it. When shopping, after trying clothes on, he always felt obligated to buy something, not necessarily because he liked it, but simply because the sales clerk had spent time helping him. Ace admired people who never paused to ponder these things. But he thought about them — or used to. Tonight, things were going to change, either at this party, or somewhere else. Things definitely had to change.

He moved behind the bar, taking in the room full of scattered people around him. Small groups had already begun to form, making mixing all the more difficult. He passively observed the scene around him, thinking it was hard enough to ask one girl to dance, let alone confronting a whole group. He caught himself and stopped short: no confidence, no faith.

Ace sat down on the counter next to this sink and crossed his legs. In this position, half defensive, half resigned to
not having a good time, a slight feeling of uneasiness surfaced from somewhere within. Another wasted night. There had been too many of those lately. He sighed. Well, there was nothing to do now but wait. He glanced down at his watch for what must have been the tenth time that night. Stu was right. It was only 8:30 — the night was still young.

Across the room somebody was already hustling a girl. Even from his distant vantage point, Ace spotted all the unmistakable signs — the laughter a little too loud, the number and variety of gestures slightly overdone, the polite, passive look on the girl’s face. Her expression gradually changed as her eyes quickly darted about the room. Ace smirked. She was probably looking for an escape. A smile began to break around the corners of his mouth. She caught him looking at her, but her expression changed only slightly. Her face registered neither approval nor disapproval, Ace noticed. The smile left his face. He thought he should do something, but copied out. She could take care of herself, if she was at a party like this alone, he rationalized. And concluding that a person couldn’t change all at once, he got down off the counter to get another beer.

"Can you open this, please?"
The voice broke through his clouded thoughts, and he realized it was directed at him.

"I can never get these damned things open now that they’ve put the new tops on ‘em," she apologized, holding the can of beer out.

Ace realized he was being set up, but he figured what the hell. He took the can she held in front of her and opened it, the foam spraying his shirtsleeves slightly.

"Who said male chauvinism is dead?" he asked, smiling as he returned the beer to her. For the first time he looked at her closely. Not a bad face — interesting, smiling eyes, an expressive mouth, and a head of brown curls. She returned his gaze, and they looked at each other as only two people do at a party when meeting each other for the first time.

"I’m giving this party a half hour more," she asserted. For the first time that evening, he laughed out loud.

The next hours passed quickly. She was a natural dancer, moving easily to the music. Ace noticed she didn’t get that hard, disinterested look while dancing, as did so many other girls he knew. She noticed he was looking at her as they danced, but she once again acted differently from others and didn’t flash a false smile at him. She simply returned his look, her face meeting his straight on. The moment passed.

They went through all the preliminaries to a real conversation — the usual questions — school? interests? hobbies? goals? Although both realized they were playing a game, they had to perform the ritual.

He took a cigarette when she offered him one, and lit hers as well as his own. He wasn’t sure why he had accepted it; he generally didn’t smoke at all. The musty sensation in his mouth felt strange. He noticed his hands were sweating as they talked, and he casually wiped them on his jeans.

She had been breezy, confident throughout the evening. Not controlling the conversation or dominating their discussions, but trying to draw him out, to get him to open up. He was reluctant to give details of himself, though for no conscious reason he could think of. She was the exact opposite; she seemed to know where she was at every moment of her life. Not that the future was completely planned. Nothing in this life ever really is, she admonished. But her active acceptance of what happened to herself amazed Ace — active because she was doing things, expressing herself, making life interesting for herself, and, Ace realized, for those around her.

"What’s the matter? You gotta be a million miles away," she said.

"It’s not that, Christie," he quickly countered, "it’s just that, well." He drifted off.

"Well. Go on!" she urged. It was now past one in the
morning, and the place was thinning out. Couples were busy in various corners, a few still danced. Their conversation, formerly so animated, had, with the lateness of the hour, turned serious.

He took a deep breath. “It’s just that there’s so much to you. I get the feeling that you not only know where you’re going all the time, but that you’re enjoying the trip, too.”

It sounded like a line, but he meant it.

“That sounds like a line,” she said, her eyes smiling.

“It was.” They both laughed. “But you have to admit, you do laugh a lot,” he said.

Christie responded, “I laugh when I have a good time,” she answered simply. “And have a good time when I laugh.”

They got up to leave, the party unmistakably over, although a few steadfast individuals refused to believe it. He helped her on with her coat, and as he did, she said, “Funny, you don’t seem like a Jason to me.”

Ace didn’t know why he had introduced himself with his formal name instead of his nickname. It had seemed like the right thing earlier that evening. Now, it seemed unnatural and foreign, even to him.

“Well,” Ace admitted, “my friends call me Ace.”

“Ice!” she exclaimed. “Well, that’s more like it. You seem more like an Ace to me.” She repeated the name several times.

“Yep,” she concluded, “that fits you.”

Maybe it did at that, he thought as they headed out the door. Maybe it did at that.
THE MAGICIAN

October brought leaves of different sizes and colors scuttling across the Harlow campus. I remember that it was colder that month than it had ever been in previous years. The wind had an unpleasant bite to it that chilled the very cores of our hearts. It was not uncommon for the best of friends to pass each other by, oblivious to all but the weather. This did not bother me, for at the time, I was deep within my studies and was more than grateful not to be caught up in the banal social amenities that went on around me. The sciences had taught me well in how to deal with the everyday problems that hampered my friends. I had developed a theoretical base that I found readily applicable to everything. I prided myself on my technique, and found I was confident to take chances where others would not. In a word, I knew I would be successful. This certainty grew stronger as I watched my peers drop steadily by the wayside, as I pushed on.

My analytical approach to life was powerful but not without its faults. There were many nights when I must have been the last college student to bed down. Never did I challenge what I was, where I was going, or if there existed a better lifestyle than mine. My strength resulted from my unquestioning belief in the sciences, and what they had to offer me. Fatigue was not uncommon, but even then I found ways of dealing with this. It was during one particular week of work that I decided it was necessary for me to take a break. There were posters displayed about the school that announced a magician in town who was supposed to be exceedingly good. I do not know whether it was curiosity born of a theoretical mind or a desire to destroy what had fascinated me as a child, but I decided to go.

Magicians are a different breed of cat. Like religion and the occult, magicians lurk in the recesses of the mind that deal with doubt and superstition. Their tool is magic, and with it they have no limits. When they can make you believe in something, they have you. When they are a bit too slow or the mind that watches is a bit too quick, they are at a loss. I went to see the magician with something less than an open mind. I remember how he first appeared to me as the embodiment of everything I was not. His smile was outgoing, and his movements were quick and adept. He dressed more like a Merlin than like his contemporary stereotype. There was something about his face that could make you want to believe in him. The eyes held a crystal clarity in their beckoning depths that called out, "Watch me for I am real, and my magic is real."

He was good. I feel no qualms in admitting that. One trick in particular amazed me and bothered me throughout the whole performance. The trick was done with a deformed, crippled rabbit and a small black box. The magician placed the miserable creature before the audience for all to see. Then, grasping the smaller white ears, he deposited the rabbit in the black box. There was a momentary silence while the magician fell into a trance. Then, with one quick motion, he rapped the box three times and opened it to reveal a rather healthy, fat, white rabbit. There were gasps from the audience, and even I was astounded. When I looked at the magician again there was a twinkle in his eyes and a mischievous smile that seemed to say, "You see, I am a wizard."

The performance ended almost as quickly as it had begun. There was a long applause which the magician acknowledged with a nod of his head. I watched him disappear into the backstage darkness and then followed after.
in turn. I cursed myself for my curiosity about the trick, for surely he would not reveal how it was done. As I walked to his dressing room, I thought of a subterfuge I could use to get what I wanted from him.

The dressing room was well hidden backstage. I found it only because I was perceptive enough to notice the magician’s trunk outside the door. I knocked twice and then entered on his beckoning. The dressing room was almost in total blackness. The magician was standing by the window with his back toward me. As I crossed the threshold, he requested that I turn on the desk lamp. I had quite a start when the light filled the room, and I was able to take in my surroundings. About me were at least a dozen mirrors of every conceivable dimension, many of which reflected my opposite back at me. I felt as though I had stumbled upon a world of doubles which peered at me from amongst the flowers, colorful scarfs, and uniforms. I felt naked before this jury, and I knew that trickery in this room would never work.

“What can I do for you?” said the magician as he directed me to a chair.

“I am very much interested in finding out about one of your tricks,” I said seating myself.

The magician shrugged and motioned me to continue.

“I know it is uncommon for a magician to give out his tricks, but could you tell me how you changed that rabbit?”

The magician smiled and shook his head. “I am sorry my inquisitive friend. I will not and cannot tell you about that particular trick.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because it ceases to be magic when you know why,” he replied.

“I realize this,” I said, “but I hold the value of truth far above that of magic.”

“Then you are a fool, and you do not understand magic at all,” he said.

“What is there to understand that I do not?”

“Magic is not founded in science. It is founded in magic. When science can define magic, it no longer is magic. What I did tonight with the rabbit was magic and cannot be defined away.”

“I sit here and listen,” I said, “but you can’t expect me to believe you, do you?”

“Why not?” asked the magician. “There are many things that we must leave unknown in order for us to believe in them. Many things derive their strength from belief, not from science.”

“But science to me is everything,” I said. “It has gotten me this far and will carry me still further.”

“This is somewhat true,” said the magician, “but there will come a time when the sacrifice you have made will reflect upon your life. Someday you will not be able to define away your predicament. What will matter at that time is what you believe in and nothing else.”

“I do not believe that time will ever come,” I replied. “Then I feel sorry for you,” said the magician, “because when it does arrive, you won’t be ready for it.”

I felt disturbed. I wanted to leave the room of mirrors and banish him from my mind. I got up to go, but he motioned me to stop.

“Before you depart,” he pleaded, “please let me tell you something. Think about it and if you do not agree with it, cast it aside and go your way.”

I turned to face him again and looked deeply into his emotional eyes.

“Please remember my friend,” he said, “that the greatest magic you can own is within yourself. When it dies... when it dies, you can be certain that you will die with it.”

With that he turned his back on me, and I left the room.

I remember that I had departed the theater very disturbed with what I had heard. The night air had its usual chill, but this time I felt it more than I had ever before. My coat was little or no protection against the cold that was in my heart. I had known that the magician was correct, and it had filled
me with a deep sadness, that I had no cure for. And though I huddled deep within my topcoat and I faced the people of the earth with the same fierce pride, the magician had succeeded in piercing my armour. As I walked into the blackness that night, I had known that I could never be the same again.

BRUCE B. McDERMOTT
Class of 1977
From his perch high on the rock face, Mal stared down at the village below. Through greyish haze of campsmoke he could almost make out the faces of his people as they ambled about. Most of the males his age were already leaving the camp. Their bows slung over shoulders, and spears gripped tightly in their hands, they slapped each other playfully. Even at this distance Mal could hear the guffaws brought on by some slight jest. The laughter turned Mal cold; hatred washed through him, blurring his gaze. Anger seethed inside him, churning his stomach, fighting for some way to vent itself.

Wrapping his arms about his knees Mal rocked back and forth, shutting his eyes tightly, his mind wandering. Ever since the death of his brother, Mal had truly been alone. Kym was the only real friend he had ever known. They hunted together, laughed together, and even fought together. When Mal had been young and the purges of the other children had been too much, Kym would always be there, helping, watching. And now he was dead, and Mal was forever an outcast to his own people.

Bitterness welled inside him as the memory of Kym's death returned. How could they accuse him of his brother's death? He loved him. They had been hunting east of the village. Rising long before the sun, they made themselves ready, testing their weapons and packing a slight meal of dried fruit and meats for mid-day. With a gleam of expectation in their eyes the two hunters set out.

The first few miles were familiar country; both had traveled through it many times. It was good land. Towering deciduous trees rose straight, tall, reaching for the sky. The brush sparkled many shades of green, brown, and amber. The colors of midsummer. The sun was just beginning to pour from the trees, creating a mist as the heat melted the dampness from the earth.

After encountering tracks of elk about two miles back, the hunters separated, leaving a space of about three-hundred yards between them. Tracking became easier now. One would follow directly the path of elk, and the other would flank him, both ready at a second if they were to come upon their quarry. They were now far from the village. Absently Mal thought of the land that lay in the direction of their travels. If they kept traveling always towards the sun in the morning, in a week they would reach the giant river 'Sipi. Mal often wondered at the size of that great body of water, ponderously moving southwards to the sea, its banks so wide, it was said, that it was difficult to see the other side.

Mal's head jerked up from his scrutiny of the ground. A lilting whistle could be heard off to his left. It was the hunting signal that he and Kym and devised to alert one another without using the harsh voices of their kind's natural communications. Placing his bow across his shoulders, he silently ran to his brother. Springing over a fallen rotting log, dodging a reaching limb, his feet briefly touching the ground, he came to rest at Kym's side.

Kym was on one knee, pointing toward a fernlike plant. Mal's breath billowing white clouds into the morning coldness, he looked to where Kym was pointing. Holding back slender green leaves, Mal saw the spoor which so alarmed Kym. The track was that of a treghar. Both immediately understood the danger which the track represented. Without a word Kym gestured for Mal to flank his right about a quarter of a mile. Then, cautiously keeping a wary eye out for further signs of the treghar, they could still track
As Mal moved out he became even more alert than before. Everyone knew the deadly threat of a treghar. Since the days of the Disruption strange forms of animal life had slowly begun to evolve. Mal never really took the ancient legends of the god’s wrath for truth. Many of the elders would recite for hours about the Disruption. Stories were handed down from father to son for generations. Never varying, always keeping to tradition, they were ever the same story of an earth gone mad.

The treghar, supposedly, was one such creature of the Disruption. Its ancestors, according to legend, inhabited the many passages and dark corners of the great cities. The Disruption caused (here Mal’s knowledge of the actual legend became unclear) “changes.” It was once thought that the treghars were much smaller but infinitely greater in number. Like man, they escaped the burning death of the cities and like man, they changed. Their weak died, their strength and cunning slowly emerged. They became the deadliest enemy man had yet encountered, besides himself.

It was funny, thought Mal. The same force which changed the treghar also produced a change in Mal. Once, many years ago, his father explained it to him. Mal really didn’t care at the time, for the explanation did nothing to soothe the taunts and jeers of the other children. But Mal was a “recessive,” his father had said. It sounded to Mal like something unspeakable and degrading, though his father had tried to convince him otherwise. His father had said that fair-skinned people like Mal were the first to succumb to the spreading sickness, and all had died. But somehow their descendants could still carry a part of them inside, and if chance decreed it, a light-skinned child like Mal was born.

His father had wiped the tears from his eyes and fluffed his golden crown atop his head smiling. Mal could always remember what his father had then told him. “Be proud, Mal, for someday you will show your people that you are an equal and a man who is as proud as any other.” That was two years before his father had died, leaving another void in his life.

His attention returned abruptly to his surroundings. Pausing, Mal tilted his head, like some golden bear sniffing out danger. Almost unconsciously his right hand dropped to the knife at his waist. Silence, thought Mal; the valley was too still, too quiet. Turning his head, he peered in the direction of his brother, hidden some distance away by a grove of trees. The total lack of sound began to work on Mal’s nerves. It seemed as if even the wind was afraid to disturb the uncanny calmness which befell the area. Not a sound could Mal detect, though every fiber strained to hear, if need be to wrench some noise from the very earth itself.

Mal backed slowly over the rough ground, nearly tripping over a fallen limb. His back felt the contact of the massive oak behind him. He could feel the hardness of it, the pain where a broken stub pressed between his shoulders. The sense of security only briefly relieved the stifling fear which grew in Mal and flooded his senses with reeling nausea. Sweat trickled from his brow, stinging his eyes, turning his clothes to sponges. It seemed as if a wall were approaching him, slowly crushing him, his mind, his body, to nothingness. His stomach was a twisting whirlpool of activity, the very stench of the fear seemed tangible. He could feel something warm run down his leg as his body lost all control over itself, adding little to his already battered senses.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, a part stood separate realizing, with terrible clarity, what was happening. This was the treghar’s power over life. Their minds could send fear to assault a victim before it even appeared. Like a cobra’s deadly venom, blinding helplessly its prey, there was no defense. Mal furtively glanced from side to side, trying desperately to spot the white flanks of the approaching beast. He could see only the dense shrubs that surrounded him, the leafy foliage from which at any moment the savage treghar could leap to rend its helpless victim.

Out of the corner of his eye, Mal caught a flash of white.
The fear had now reached an unbearable capacity; it completely paralyzed him. Every muscle fought for movement, but was relentlessly frozen, as if hewn from stone. Headless of sound the creature charged, its bloodlust filling it entirely. Crushing through saplings, tearing gouts into the ground with its passage, the monster swiftly approached. Mal felt he could see the lustful gleam in its eyes. The huge mouth opened, revealing rows of protruding white teeth, which glistened in the sunlight.

Suddenly an arrow appeared, quivering in the neck of the treghar. The fear snapped like a branch under a great weight. Mal nearly collapsed as the tensed muscles suddenly relaxed. Blood oozed slowly from the wound, staining the sheet white background. Bellowing its rage and pain, the treghar swerved in midstride, turning to face its new opponent.

Reaching behind his back for another arrow, Kym stood and defiantly faced the oncoming beast. Notching the feathered shaft, Kym raised the powerful recurved bow, and froze. Mal stared in horror as his brother's limbs twisted in desperation. Sweat stood out on his brow as he tried to squirm, fighting courageously against overwhelming fear in an attempt to break the mental anguish.

Mal cried out, grasping his knife and speeding at a tangent, racing desperately to intercept the speeding death. Branches whipping his face and arms, briars slashing at his ankles, Mal struggled with every ounce of courage to overcome the beast's rampage.

Tears coursed down Mal's cheeks as his mind agonizingly recalled the final moments of terror. He could see that the treghar would reach Kym before him. In Kym's eyes the knowledge was also apparent. That is what Mal would always remember, the look in Kym's eyes as the last seconds of life held him.

Mal stood up, visibly shaken from his moments of recollection. He brushed back the yellow hair from his eyes and turned to look at his village. The jambles at which he stood were about a quarter mile up river of Kaish, overlooking the extended lower end where the fields were cleared for the sparse farming his people did. The swaying of the treetops as the wind moaned through them drew his attention. For a moment that was all there was, Mal and the towering green fir and the peace which he felt sitting high above the ground.

The momentary hypnotic effect passed as Mal again turned inwardly to his dilemma. Going back to the village was hopeless; he would only be an outcast again. Being rejected was what most angered Mal. The injustice of his people was almost too much to bear. Their long hatred and fear of him had finally reached its limit when he stumbled into Kaish that evening carrying the mutilated body of his brother.

Expecting sympathy, he was scorned. The words of Jolar, the tribal elder, came clear in Mal's mind. "So, Mal of the yellow hair, you have sacrificed your brother to the treghar, so that you could save yourself."

The words fell like the shutting of a tomb, stunning Mal to shocked silence. The torches which were now lit cast long wavering shadows across the barren circle where Mal stood. The faces of his people stared blankly back at him. The rolling voice continued, "By your silence then you admit to your guilt. Have you nothing to say?"

Mal's head slowly lifted, his gaze fixed on Jolar, a slight grimace coming to his lips. Emotions raged inside him, each clamoring for attention. It seemed his mind had become a vast maze, entangled and jostled in the many corridors which echoed hollowly of death. Moving the piece of wood which served as a tongue Mal croaked back an answer, "I loved my brother."

"I tried, the gods know I tried, but that accursed animal was not like any other. The power was too great, I... I tried."

His voice fading he lowered his head. The sea of blank faces washed over him. In that
moment he realized he would forever be an outcast. Their hatred would rule common sense. With the unspoken command ringing in the air Mal slowly turned his back to the crowd and walked out of his womb.

Feeling the warmth of the sun on his neck, Mal realized he would have to leave this valley entirely. Leave the memories and pains behind him. He knew it would be hard to forget, to find a new life with meaning, but there was no future where he now stayed. Turning to look a last time at the place of his birth, he clambered down the rock face and left the sun-filled valley behind him.

For weeks he traveled, living off the land, using his hunting skill to provide food and warmth. He traveled in a constant easterly direction. He kept to the trails and wooded areas, avoiding the ancient roads of stone, which legend said harbored many strange beings. Gradually the land began to change. Once Mal had traveled between the great towering trees of hemlock and pine, with mighty rivers pouring life into fertile valleys filled with an abundance of animals and birds. All this was slowly dwindling. Now the air was becoming drier, less fragrant. He had to struggle through tall grass for miles with seldom a break in its continuity. In many places the grass reached his chest, causing the stems and seeds of the grass to stick to his sweating chest and shoulders. When the wind blew, he was engulfed in a great golden ocean that rolled infinitely onward to unknown shores.

Hunting was no problem in these massive grasslands. There were unlimited small herbivores, which Mal could hardly avoid. They constantly scurried underfoot through the deep grass. Their apparent large numbers assured Mal the territory held no really dangerous predators. Many small streams ran the length of the plains. They were easily detectable as they caused the grass for yards on each side to show a slightly tinted green, like miniaturized canals on a ruddy martian surface.

It was, Mal estimated, on the thirty-eighth day of traveling that he noticed the smoke drifting his way. It was not the thick smoke of a large fire, but rather the varying haze of small fires together. Shading his eyes from the blinding rays of the eastern sun, Mal could barely make out a tenuous column of grey. Standing still, he could almost discern a darkening of the land. Might there finally be an end to this infernal grass he thought? New hope kindled inside him, he trudged on toward the source of the smoke.

Dusk was falling rapidly. The sky burned yellow, orange, purple, as if splashed by a child on a field of blood. For about an hour Mal had been traveling on firmer ground. The constant sea of grass had finally dwindled, leaving only clumps among the heartier brush which was now becoming more dominant. The pillars of smoke seemed only a few miles away, and Mal believed he could be at their source shortly after darkness fell. After drinking from a gurgling stream, he hurried into the night.

In the darkness Mal could see the blazing fires like beacons on a sea. Approaching cautiously, he peered over a small bank to the clearing where people were busily moving about. With only the radiance of the fires for light, Mal could not make out the faces of the inhabitants, but he could see that all appeared to be healthy and strong. Whether he should approach at night or wait until morning was his first concern. If he appeared at night they might think him a scout for an unfriendly tribe. But if he waited for morning he might be discovered sleeping, which would be even harder to explain.

Shrugging his shoulders in a gesture of non-committal, Mal slowly made his way into the firelight of the new village. He was nearly to the first fire before he was finally spotted by a young child who gave out a shout. Disregarding him, Mal strode on into the light. Once near the warmth he turned to face the massing crowd which now surrounded him in a semicircle. At a closer vantage point, Mal could better see the structures in which the people lived. They seemed to be constructed of logs notched out and fitted
together with a precision Mal had never seen before. Each cabin, as he later learned to call them, had a door constructed also of wood, with an effective latch that was secured from the inside, protecting the property of the owner.

His scrutiny of the building was interrupted by the presence of a large man shouldering his way through the crowd. He stopped short of Mal, an arm's length away. In the pallid light Mal saw strong features. The man was somewhat taller than Mal, with broad shoulders tapering to a thin waist. His brown hair hung shoulder length, but was held out of his eyes by a leather band around his forehead. Despite the impressive stature of him it was his eyes that most affected Mal. They seemed somehow solemn, wise, as if he had experienced all there was to life and now contemplates his knowledge. When he spoke, his voice belied his appearance, for it was strong, yet gentle.

"Welcome stranger, this is the tribe of Fallerin." He crossed his arms then, waiting for Mal to return the greeting.

Not wishing to give his entire story at present, Mal replied, "I am grateful for your welcome. I come from far away to the west. I have traveled many days and you are the first people I have met." He hoped that would hold him for now. Then remembering, "I am called Mal from the tribe of Kaish." The leader nodded slowly as if in affirmation. "I am Lothar, chief of the tribe of Fallerin. What brings you such a great distance from your homeland, Mal?"

The idea of telling the truth appeared somewhat unsettling to Mal but he could not avoid Lothar's question. "I am a traveler by nature, preferring the unknown to the daily life of a tribe. I hope that I am welcome as such." Mal preferred not to lie, but he didn't know how these people would accept an outcast.

As if he were able to read these thoughts, Lothar put a heavy hand on Mal's shoulder. "Come," he said, "you must be weary from your travels. Rest now, in the morning we will speak of this further."

With evident relief Mal followed the tribe's leader to one of the cabins. Opening the door, they were greeted by light and warmth. Inside a fire burned brightly in a rock-layered brazier. On a shelf a candle burned sending its radiance to every corner of the room. Along the wall kittycorner to the fireplace, rested a cot with animal fur draped over its sides, a welcoming niche of rest. In the middle of the room a table squatted on its four massive legs. Two chairs fashioned of the same wood were placed at opposite sides of the table.

"Sleep here, I shall send someone to wake you in the morning." With those final words echoing in Mal's mind, he sighingly accepted the sleep which overcame him as he laid his weary body into the soft furs.

He awakened to the soft touch of a girl. In the befuddlement of waking he didn't notice that his clothes had been cleaned of his long journey's dirt. He did notice however the aroma of food drifting to him from the table. Raising from the cot, he stretched his cramped muscles and approached the table. It was laid with sizzling meats surrounded by baskets of freshly picked fruit. The smell sent pangs of just-remembered hunger through his stomach, causing all manner of disconcerting growlings from within.

The girl, whom he didn't have a chance to thank, had already left him alone to sate his gnawing hunger. The meats were unlike any he had ever tasted; the texture was that of calf steak, but had a distinct flavor all its own. The fruits were succulent, ripe and juicy. The entire meal was the best Mal had eaten in weeks.

The door opened and in stepped Lothar. Mal stared in wonder at the impressive man who now stood before him. His garb was unlike any Mal had ever seen; his clothes were of leather, beautifully dressed tan deerskin, very close fitting. On his feet he wore knee boots of a darker, more supple leather, with reinforced soles for walking long distances. At his side was strapped a great knife, similar to a massive sword, with a very slight curve along its length. His arm rested on a long, straight spear with a six-inch blade
set firmly at one end. In his boot a wicked, two-edged knife was strapped with its bone-white handle showing through the leather. But what drew the most awe was his face, for it was painted with a design not unlike that of a serpent wrapped sinuously around the shaft of a spear.

"You will come with me now, Mal." Gone was the gentleness that Mal had experienced the night before. Mal's questioning eyes gazed back at the dark cold ones eliciting no response. "We must delay no longer; I shall explain all on the way to the 'testing grounds."

Mal felt he caught a note of regret when Lothar said those words, but quickly strapped his knife in place and reached for his weapons. Lothar reached for his wrist and grasped it with a powerful grip. "You will not be able to use those today. Leave them here."

Mal withdrew his hand. Following Lothar to the "testing grounds," Mal learned what it was that had brought Lothar to his room dressed in such accouterments. He was to be put through some ordeal that would test his skill, courage, and stamina. Lothar could not reveal any more, only that to fail was to die.

At least it is a fine day to die if I must thought Mal as he walked next to Lothar. The sun overhead was bright and hot for this early in the day. Following the village, Mal could appreciate how these people lived. Their pathways to and from each cabin were well trodden, but neatly kept. The embankment which Mal had crossed the night before seemed to circle the entire tribe, thus providing an excellent defense if attack presented itself. Each cabin was laid in a hexagonal pattern within the circle of earth. A deep, swiftly moving creek ran tangent to the embankment. As Mal crossed the flowing water by means of a bridge of lashed saplings, he could see that the creek had been deepened by the Fallerin to provide yet another means of defense.

Passing the creek, the men moved out towards the forest, passing under the welcome shade of the reaching firs. The land seemed more rocky than Mal's homeland. In places, the trees grew from cracks in the stone. Mal passed a strange purple bush with tentacles brushing the ground and asked Lothar what manner of plant it might be.

"It is no creation of Nature, but a cause of the Disruption. Do not get close to these devils, their growing tentacles can wrap around a man's body and crush the life from him. Then the thing ingests the carcass at its leisure." The voice seemed to carry a hatred so murderous that Mal felt it wise not to continue the discussion.

The trail finally came to an abrupt end, leaving Mal somewhat taken aback. Before him lay a circular clearing about one hundred feet across. All visible signs of life had been completely razed. At its perimeter stood a score of warriors all dressed in garb similar to Lothar's. Silent they stood, impassive to the utterly alien events which Mal had so unexpectantly been cast into. The grim atmosphere filled him with unease. The growing apprehension inside him seemed to heighten his awareness.

A figure strode from between two warriors and walked to the center of the arena. When the word arena popped into Mal's head, he realized that he had been thinking of the clearing as just such a place. From where he was all Mal could make out of the face was lines and angles. A dark shadow covered each eye set deep in its sockets. He carried a short sword, holding it at right angles to his hand. His build was nearly the same as Mal's, though his chest was more barrel-like. After reaching the center of the circle he stopped, feet slightly apart, arms crossed on his chest, the sword grasped tightly in his right hand.

Lothar turned and faced Mal, handing him his sword as he faced Mat. "You must fight." The words fell heavily on Mal's bewildered mind. Almost involuntarily his right hand closed around the solid hilt. His grip was firm and the handle fitted his hand almost perfectly. His questioning gaze lifted from the weapon and found Lothar's imploring eyes upon him.

"There is dishonorable death for the man who refuses to enter the circle," said Lothar, his face stern. "Only a
death will end this and only one may leave the circle alive. Go!" He turned and moved to a position within the circle of warriors.

Mal looked fleetingly towards the dense growth about him. The thought of escape dwindled as he saw two burly guards off to his left, spears hefted in readiness. Breathing deeply, he walked into the arena, and the gap closed behind him. As he approached the lone figure, he became acutely aware of his surroundings, the glint of sunlight on metal, the flash of wrought mesh. A shadow passed briefly as some winged creature made its way through the sky.

Diffidently he faced his opponent. "I do not know why I . . . " His words were cut off abruptly as the warrior lunged with his sword. Instinctively Mal raised his blade to intercept the thrust with a hallow dang. Immediately the warrior turned, followed the direction of his blade, and easily detoured Mal's slight counterthrust. The warriors leaped backward as both men warily circled each other. Mal no longer had any questions concerning the outcome of this duel. He would have to use every skill at his command to live.

By now the blistering sun was becoming a second enemy, relentlessly sapping his strength. His mouth was dusty, his tongue a stone growing larger with each passing second. A malicious death's grin spread across the face of his circling adversary. The man leaped and struck. Quickly, Mal raised his own sword to ward off the blow. Seconds before the metal blades clashed the warrior moved, releasing his sword and passing it to his other hand. A feint! Mal struggled to swing his blade down, but the quickness of the maneuver caught Mal at a loss. He winced as the sharpened metal cut into his sweat-soaked skin.

Mal backed swiftly away, trying to gasp in a few life-giving breaths. But with each heave of his chest the pain became worse. He knew it would not be long before he fell, a helpless victim of slaughter. The warrior sensed Mal's fading strength. Raising his sword and emitting a deafening
have just been reaped and tanned hides are in abundance.”
A slow gleam came into his eyes, as a circuitous smile passed his lips. “And they also report that the women are very nice. Our warriors will revel after the attack.”
At one time the content of Lothar’s words would have shocked Mal. Now, though, he shared his friend’s mirth. The years as a fighter and warrior had hardened him, so that now he would face death like any man among the Fallerin. Clapping Lothar on the shoulders he replied, “That is good my friend, these constant travelings have weared me to no end. Some action and a good fight is what this body craves.”

“Worry not, brother; this tribe seems formidable enough. Their system is unique, though they are farmers and cattle raisers, yet they also hunt, and the hunters seem much skilled at their weapons.”
A certain cold penetrated deep into Mal, as if the mist about him had suddenly seeped through his skin, running cold gauntlets in his blood. His response was also cold. “Maybe these hunters would be too much of a risk. We need not waste our good men on such.”
Lothar eyed him speculatively. “Nonsense Mal, these will be no match for our cunning and strength.” His gaze turned from Mal to the surrounding trees. The tall monoliths stood impassive, while the petty will of mankind struggled beneath their boughs. “It should be clear within a day or so. Come, we must make ready for battle.”
The day was spent drilling the men and repairing battle gear. Mal watched as men expertly checked their equipment, sharpening to an even greater degree edge and point. Each spear was carefully inspected to make sure that all bindings were sturdy and in place. Archers methodically placed arrow after arrow into the humanlike targets placed on trees. By nightfall the warriors were ready for battle.

By nightfall Mal was also ready. The growing unease had spread to a firm conviction, especially since Mal had spoken to Rowen, one of the tribe’s scouts. Rowen had told him of a large rock formation facing south towards the village. The familiar surroundings, the plants and animals about, all led him to believe that this was the land of his childhood. That the village they were going to attack in the morning was the same one which cast him out years before. But he must be sure; that is why he felt he must go tonight to find the truth.
Stealthily, he crept from the camp, making his way silently past the smoldering campfires, treading cautiously around the sleeping rows of men. Reaching the perimeter he ducked low to evade the wary guards. The fact that they were looking for intruders from the outside, not within, made his progress even faster. He crept snake-like along the ground. The musky odor of decaying leaves and humus assailed his senses. The cold damp leaves striking his face added to his growing excitement. Once out of the guard’s sight he rose to his feet and began to run. Keeping the bright orb of Venus as his beacon, he raced recklessly into the darkness. The half moon provided the faint glow he needed to keep his path.
After hours of steady travel beneath the moonlit forest, he finally reached his destination. Peering over the rock escarpment he could see his old village below. There the familiar stone houses and the precise rows of freshly reaped corn and wheat stacked up neatly beside them. Oddly, Mal could not find the hate which had driven him so far. Looking down now all he could feel was pity. The years had done much to him, the acceptance of the people of Fallerin had been a new awakening. Turning, he made his way back to his people, to prepare himself for the coming battle.

EDWARD G. GOGGINS
Class of 1980
"Bunk."

Damien laughed quietly to himself as the bright colors of the television disappeared in response to his demands of the remote unit.

"Reincarnation. Hmpf. A hard day's work and I have this ridiculous program to come home to."

The protest bounced aimlessly off the walls of the room. The only one to receive his words was the dark-grey cat who only raised a brow and relapsed into its quiet purring.

Thoughts slid back and forth in Damien's mind as he pondered the silent screen. Ten years prowling the streets in a taxi had left him cold and unfeeling. For him, the realities of life were hot coffee and money. The constant stream of junkies, lost tourists, anxious businessmen, and prostitutes gave life a meaningless purpose. The only rationality came from the constant humming of the meter in the cab.

"Something. If only something..." The words trailed off into a series of deep breaths which signalled his inability to keep sleep away. Recognizing a chance for a better pillow, the lone companion of the sleeping human cautiously placed itself on Damien's lap and both unconsciously awaited a new day.

Yet, Damien's sleep was a restless one. Dreams filled his head in unexplainable kaleidoscopic patterns. Normally, dreams did not seem to bother him — they were just manifestations of his imagination and therefore, explainable. But tonight's dreams went one step beyond his imagination. Erie shapes ran frantically before his mind's eye. In his dreamy consciousness he could feel a strangeness enveloping him with a none-too-comforting grasp.

Morning came as usual — cold, agonizing. The unexplainable shapes of the night before still remained in his memory as he methodically prepared coffee and the milk for the cat.

"I wish I could explain it to you, old cat," he sleepily mumbled over the now growing-cold coffee.

"The best damn dream I've had in ages. Made me feel like I was experiencing a whole new world. Mystifying, I must admit, though."

The only response was the constant lap, lap, lap of the cat's tongue. The futility of remaining in his seat hit him and within an hour Damien felt himself at ease behind the wheel of his cab.

The first customer of the day was the Executive. Damien knew his name but preferred to call him by the universal term. The starched collars and the constant smell of Musk aftershave made him nervous.

"Hello. Damien. How's business on this wonderful day?" the Executive enjoined.

"Fine. Fine. Where to?"

It was neither a wonderful nor even a good day, as far as he was concerned. The frivolous chattering of the Executive was lost in the crescendo of horns, motors, whistles, and the sounds of people on the sidewalks.

"Where in God's name are you going? You just passed the Plaza a block ago."

The words of the Executive woke Damien out of his city-inflicted hypnosis.

"Uh, sorry. Must have been thinking of something else."

"Well, just stop and let me out. You need to keep away from those bars at night. Why, I was telling my wife just the other day. . . ."

Damien left him talking on the corner. For ten years he had never missed a stop and today was just another day. Or was it?
Betty hopped in at the light and quickly requested her usual stop. Damien had known her for five years, picking her up at the same light and taking her to the same dingy hotel.

His eyes gazed onto the rear-view mirror and looked into the questioning face. Betty must have had a busy night, he thought. All smiles and a disheveled countenance.

“No. Just thinking, Betty. Had a weird dream last night that I can’t shake off. Almost like I was in outer space, you know.”

“Can’t say that I can. I don’t dream much in the daytime and as for the night . . . Well, you know I don’t have much time then,” she replied.

“You know, Bet. Just for kicks, you should get away and find a new life, out of this city.”

“What’s wrong with you today? Lecturing, and on a Friday, no less. You should be ashamed. That dream must have messed up your mind. Well, here’s my stop.”

As Damien let her out, he gazed after her onto the pavement. Suddenly, the pavement turned a deep black before his eyes. Figures like the unexplainable ones of his dreams danced before his eyes. In the void the faces became clearer. Unable to fight the visions, he tried to observe them more closely. The faces on the beings were not human; rather, he compared them to reptiles: slit eyes and colorless skin. But what was frightening was that the faces were calling him, imploring him to help.

“Hey. Heeey there!”

The policeman’s protests were daggers in Damien’s ears and the figures were swallowed into the black abyss which turned into the common grey of the pavement.

“Get this cab out of here, now, you idiot!”

The policeman was adamant and Damien did not want to hear anymore. He sped off into the heart of the city, leaving the blue figure standing in the street.

He did not know how long he drove around the city before stopping at a familiar corner. Beads of sweat covered his face and white knuckles still gripped the wheel. The vision of the strange, pleading faces still remained in his mind.

“Jesus.”

It was all he could say, all he wanted to say. He wanted to shake the vision out of his searing head but it persisted. The old woman knocked on the window with a vengeance. The opening of the door let in a draft of cold air which brought him to his senses. “Young man, I’ll have you know that I’ve been knocking on this window for a full minute. Nice way to treat an elder. Twenty years ago a cabbie would have hopped out and opened the door for an old lady. Today, huh! Can’t even get anyone to acknowledge my existence.”

The woman’s words passed through Damien without effect. He did not care about feelings or respect or much less old women. Too much feeling got one into trouble. Without uttering a word of apology, Damien drove the raving woman to her destination and turned on the “Off Duty” sign which was on top of the cab. Coffee would eliminate these stupid visions, he thought to himself.

Walking on the sidewalk in the city was annoying. People invariably trespassed into his personal region of domain. Some even bumped into him and made him alter his course. The neon bulbs of his familiar restaurant beckoned like a Siren on an island in the distance as he shuffled past the people.

“Reality,” he joyfully sighed.

Passing the window of the coffee shop, Damien looked in and could make out the form of Fat Madge hustling from table to table. Opening the door, he was greeted not by the familiar sound of cups contacting saucers, but by crying. Stepping through the door, Damien walked into a room filled with faceless figures draped in flowing robes. He frantically looked behind him to find the door but it had been replaced by more of the same figures. The faces became visible and the taxi driver gasped in disbelief. The same reptilian features looked at him. Some were weeping and others patiently stared off into space. The feeling which
captured him was, strangely enough, one of compassion. He had not felt compassion for many a year, but the feeling was unmistakable. He reached out to touch the face of one of his weeping companions and contacted the face of Madge.

"Christ in Heaven, Damien. What's wrong with you?"

The ruddy face of Madge shocked Damien back into reality and the hand quickly withdrew. He was frightened now. Scared out of his mind, beyond his wildest beliefs. Instead of attempting an explanation, he fled from the room and ran back to the cab, shoving and upsetting people on the way. Inside the cab, he wanted to scream. Scream like a child who had been thrown into a dark closet. But it was useless. Screaming could not eliminate the agony which shook him. He had felt as though he had become one of the creatures in the shop. The figures had become real and he had felt their unexplainable sorrow and misery. Driving any more was out of the question. Without thinking, he drove the cab back to the garage and found his way home.

His cat stared curiously from behind a corner as Damien walked through the door. The half empty bowl of cat food overturned as he mindlessly walked into the bedroom. Flinging himself upon the sunken bed, Damien hoped to escape a dream which had turned into a living nightmare. Breathing quietly after a few minutes, he allowed himself to open his eyes and stare at the ceiling.

"Over. It's all over. I know it is. It has to be."

Damien cried out to reassure himself of his sanity. But his nightmare had just begun. The ceiling exploded into a panorama of spinning lights and bright shapes passing into darkness. Damien covered his face with the pillow and curled up, hoping to keep himself from seeing more. But the visions were in his mind and refused to disappear. The spinning lights faded and were replaced by a white fog. Mirrors appeared out of the fog and Damien felt himself drawn to them. His mind totally obsessed with the nightmare, he gazed upon his figure in the mirror. What stared back sent him into a fit of screaming. He looked at himself as one of the creatures of the previous dreams — dressed in robes and composed of the same alien features. His body was not his own and his mind allowed the vision to take control. He felt himself walking towards a mass of similar creatures and raise his arms in a consoiling fashion. The group returned looks which indicated understanding, but filled with sorrow. The ground beneath him trembled and the white fog was replaced by explosions of fire. Everywhere about him the fire lept. The burning was so real as to make him cry out in horror. And then it stopped.

The inquisitive meowing of the cat assured him of his return to reality. Weakness engulfed him and he could feel the sweat in his drenched clothes.

"Why? In God's name, why?" he cried out in the stillness of the room. Something within his mind snapped. The pain of understanding drove him onto his feet.

"Reincarnation, Reincarnation! They were right. Oh, God, they were right!"

Damien's realization of what he had experienced drove him to madness. He had experienced the past as no man had ever done. He was the spiritual embodiment of another galaxy's soul. Time and Space, in their unexplainable means, had made a mistake.
I look out the window and down into the street. It is 5:00 a.m. and nothing stirs in the intersection below. The only sign of life is the traffic signal. A lone sentinel marching through his dull pattern of yellow—yellow—yellow, and keeping a watchful eye on the sleeping city.

A piece of newspaper from the empty lot next door is liberated by the wind and rolls silently up the street. The sentinel like every other inhabitant of the city has grown used to the trash that covers the streets.

It is 5:30 a.m. A strange noise pierces the silence in the street below. I look at the vigilant sentinel on the corner of the intersection. His other two eyes have opened and he has settled into the familiar pattern of green—yellow—red. The noise gets louder and conquers the silence of the gray morning. A rusty sedan with its muffler dragging and smoke pouring from its tailpipe is approaching the wary sentinel. His red eye flashes angrily, "STOP." He recognizes the car and flashes a friendly green, "GO." The car speeds away with a clanking of gears and grinding of metal and disappears up the street: a puff of white smoke is the only evidence of its presence as the silence once again prevails in the street below.

Soon another car approaches the sentinel, and another, and another until they are too numerous to count. The sun burns through the gray, smoggy sky. The sentinel flashes his never ending sequence of green—yellow—red patiently heedless of the horns that blare out to criticize his every action.
I MAY NEVER GET THIS DONE!

How can anyone expect me to write an English paper, "No, I didn't borrow your clothes brush," when I am being, "I don't know why my Playboy didn't come in the mail today," constantly, can't wait to go to Denmark, "No, Jimmy Carter said that our military strength will be maintained 'so sufficient that it need not be proven in combat,'" interrupted by, "So who cares if Farrah Fawcett-Majors has sold 2.4 million copies of herself in poster form?" extraneous distractions? Every time I sit down to create an English theme, Buffalo got thirteen feet of snow this week, my mind, I got a good uniform grade today at the noon meal formation, my mind seems to wander, a 22 out of 25, not bad! Oh my God! I've got a meeting with Major Williams tomorrow, why don't I start, I wonder if he is mad at me, writing the paper, la-la-da dum di da, good song, I wish I had a stereo, a little earlier in the week? I seem to have a, a quiz in math tomorrow, I had better study for it, strong desire to procrastinate - I'll get to math later - finalize, "Yes, the Wing Training Sergeant is Cadet Senior Master Sergeant Stephen M. Goldfein," when I approach the dreaded assignment, which keeps me, "Who is it?" from doing a good job. If Air Force Academy cadets, like myself, had a place to get away, yeah, like Hawaii for the weekend, from all outside interference, no, I would be punished for being absent without leave of the, "No, Steve, I haven't seen your toothbrush," cadet dormitory. I can't understand, that assignment in psychology that's what I can't understand, why I don't try to find another place to study,
I MAY NEVER GET THIS DONE!

“I'm almost finished with it,” tomorrow without all the in—who won the game tonight—who's playing the guitar next door—ruptions.

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

W. T. ELIASON
Class of 1980
George S. Falcon — who calls New York City home — graduated from Glen Cove High School in 1973, enlisted in the USAF in 1974, and attended three colleges before coming to USAFA. Interested in wrestling, lacrosse, pistol, and guitar, he writes that he tries "to stay in contact with human beings."

Edward G. Goggins — "the idea of helping man while at the same time aiding nature has always appealed to me." Consequently, he plans to major in Civil Engineering. From Oregon, his other interests are science fiction and gymnastics.

Curtis L. Heidtke — a former "Air Force brat" — confides that his "writing experience to the present is considerable, but mostly consists of long-forgotten tidbits dreamed up on lazy, muggy summer days." In high school he was a staffer for the lit mag. His interests waffle for now between aeronautical engineering and English. Good luck, Curt!

Peter Hearns Liotta's background is as varied as his poetry. From Tehran, Iran (among other places), his interests include falconry, rock climbing, backpacking, swimming, music, and literature. He states: "I consider it my most significant achievement in climbing Mt. Dharmavan — altitude 19,031 feet — in Iran last summer (1976), where I saw, from the mountaintop, the U.S.S.R. for the first time." A Humanities major, he is the third recipient of the Cullen Award.

Timothy S. Martin began navigator training at Mather AFB, California, on 14 July 1976. His interests include swimming, skiing, and reading. He says he joined the Air Force "for the excitement, glamour, and to see the world" (an unsolicited advertisement, but see your local recruiter today).
Bruce B. McDermott — another New Yorker — is an Individual Behavior major who counts among his hobbies art, astronomy, squash, tennis, and soccer.

Jeffrey Alton Perkins, also a former "Air Force brat," majors in history and likes people, books, and contact sports. He was selected as an Outstanding American High School Student before coming to USAFA.

Richard D. Turner — born in Greenville, Ohio — enjoys a variety of hobbies: guitar, reading and writing poetry, tennis, cars, and would you believe, girls. A General Studies major, he plans to go into computer systems operations after graduation.
CULLEN AWARD RECIPIENTS

1978  James A. McClure
1975  No award
1976  Lance Perdue
1977  Peter Heans Liotta