

Nancy Tracy

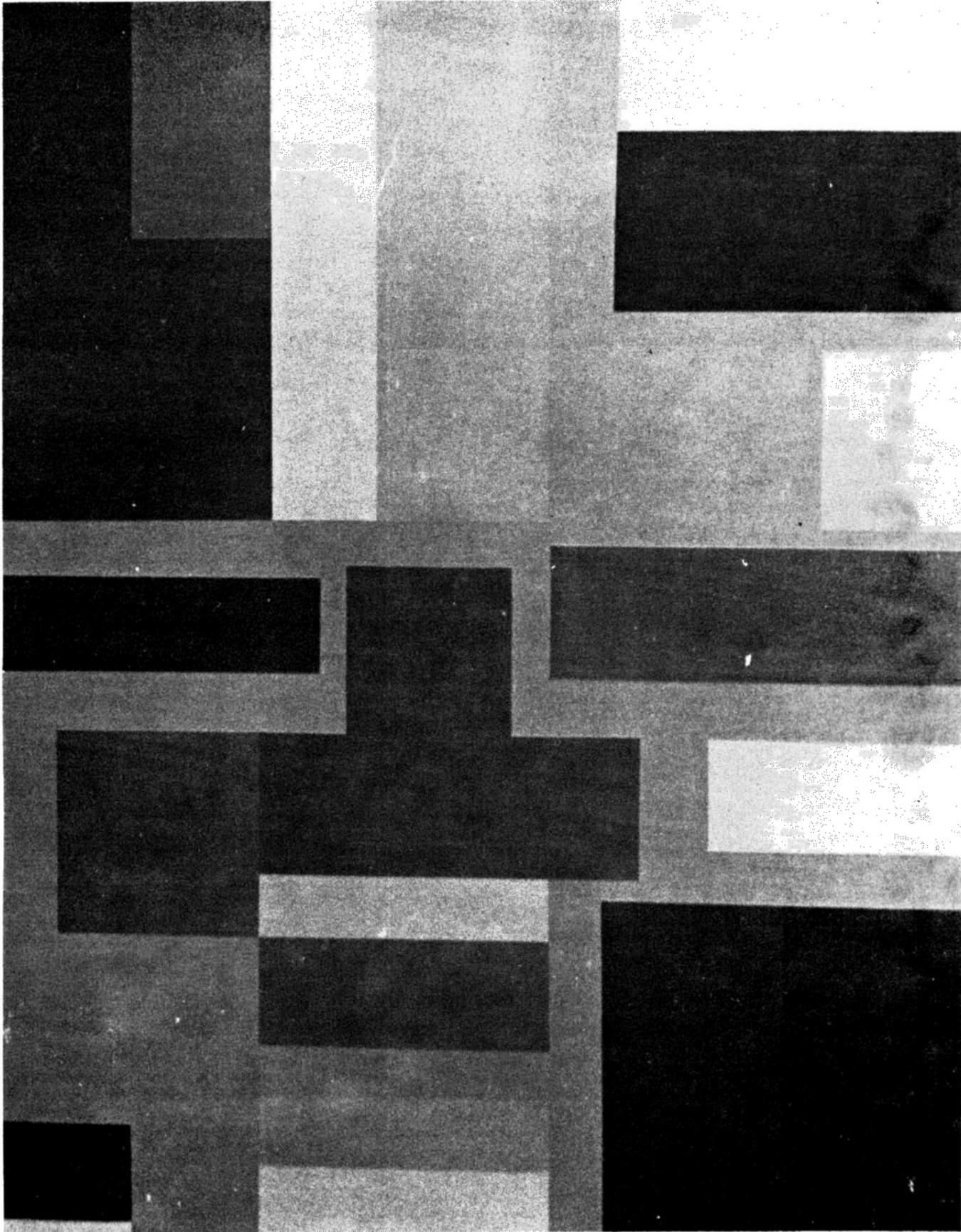
Keys To Cañada



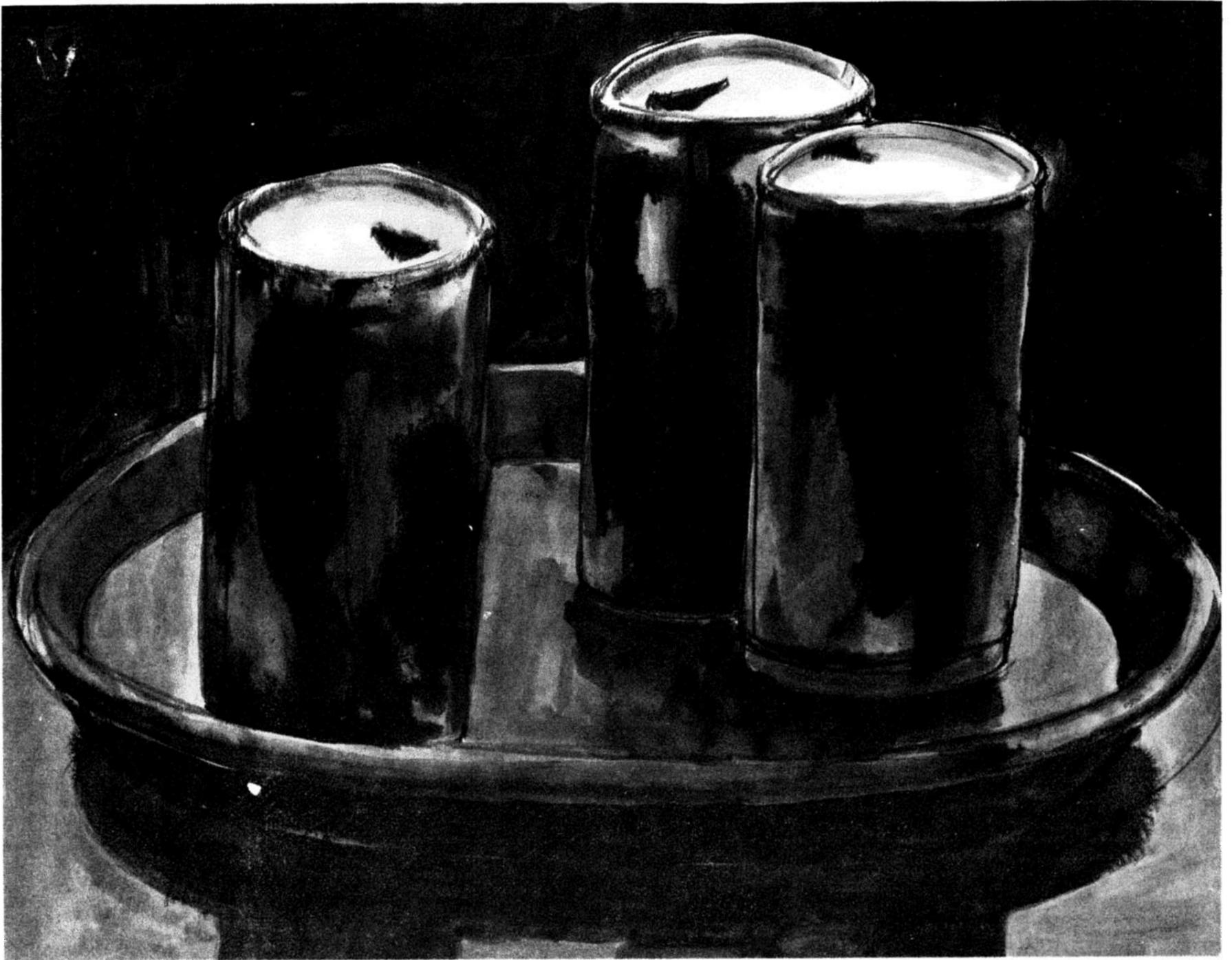
To Me, From You
I tell myself, sliding across mounds of memos into winter,
That since desire is so much windblown,
And will a slippery cohort of pride,
That I-become-you is still, as always, the magic trick to learn.

Bob Stiff

M. Santoriello Thurston



Wine and Habit
Alan Mai



Nancy Tracy

At "The Glowworm"

*Laughing yet not quite bold
I am smug in your bourbon-drinking scene.
I hang my arm casual, limply
over the arm of the chair.
I sip, not knowing the stories
you laugh at me and only the ends
of sentences rising like stones
in the sandy eyesight of a jukebox;
my eyes lean down to those rhythms,
you smile your gambling way,
rolling the dice and talking.
I do not move, as you wait
for me to begin;
that is how we stay,
your laugh approaching me,
I bending in my icy glass.*

Philip Brown

*Got to go fix, so I can get my kicks
sisters on the corner turning tricks,
but I don't care
I'm on welfare.
Energy gone feelin' weak, I'm drifting slowly
down a stagnant creek.*

*Heard the other day that the war ain't over
they just took it off tv,
The war of the mind ease it, and please it,
but I don't care I'm on welfare.*

*But can't you see, but can't you see the misery right
before your eyes. And, if it seems too real you can
always say it's only a movie, It's only a movie, it's
only a movie.*

Albert Franklin

The puzzle stretches out before him.
 Waiting for the right time he reaches for a piece.
 Fumbling he searches with blind fingers.
 waiting for the right time he leaps,
 falling with the windless voices he hears around him,
 scraping his knees.

The puzzle stretches out before him.
 Now he speaks with thoughts that come from within.
 And now he reaches out, hoping to feel the rest of
 the puzzle.

With blind fingers and the quiet of his deafness
 he listens to the blackness and cries in the
 void he alone has created,

Now the puzzle fades and he lies quiet in death
 and his soul leaves the shell.

And the puzzle stretches out before him.

with his eyes he finds the answer and
 laughs in the void he had created.

And he laughs and laughs as the puzzle moves to
 cover him.

Maurice Vercoutere

NIGHTS OF MARCH

Wine and laughter fade, in time they will be re-called.

When age has come to stay.

When children are no longer children,
 and never will be again.

When vision is blurred by sights remembered,
 and memory plays on a broken screen.

Then, if the machine still functions,
 nights of march will be seen again.

Maurice Vercoutere

If I had known I would have flown on
 silver wings of fire.

Light as air, over you, to break the chains
 inside you.

To encircle your mind.

yet, knowledge escapes as fast as a
 thought at midnight sleep.

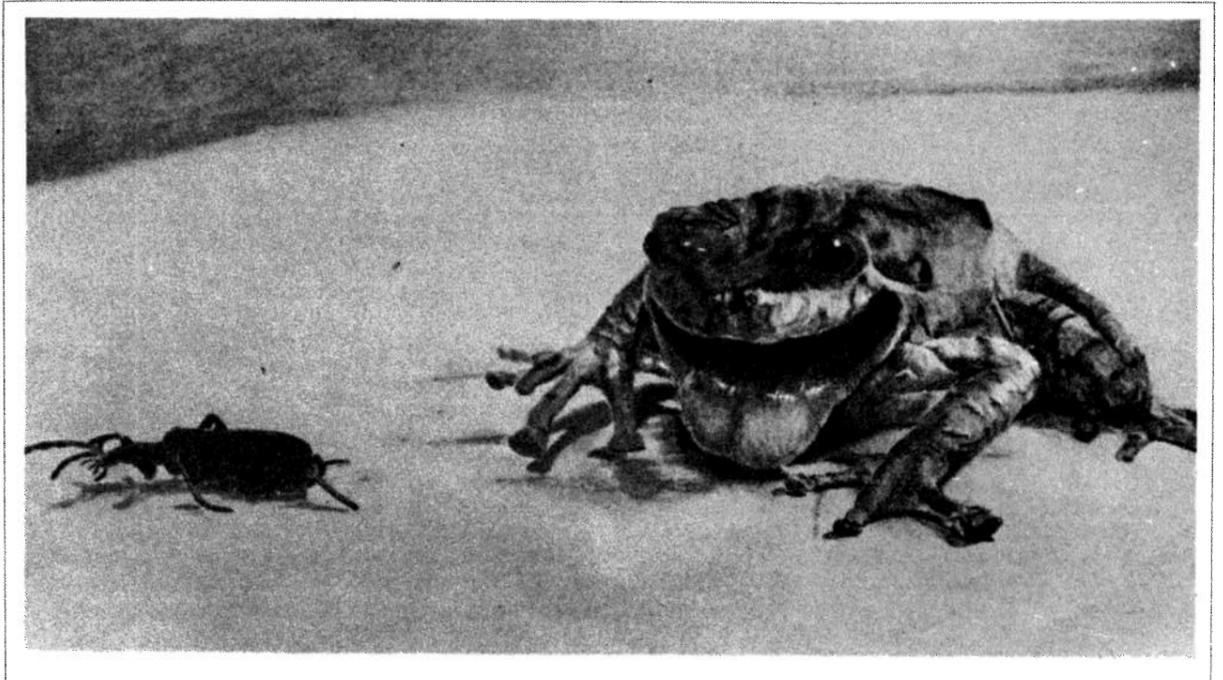
And your pain was intensified, and knowing was
 when I entered.

Maurice Vercoutere

Nancy Tracy

*Despair pronounced as Age and showing?
Succumbed in years, rusty, bitter.
Plowed once, thoughts great and knowing?
Egress in time, for to wither.*

Jean Moore



*Inside a wirlwind whips around me
Blowing my hair wildly, washing away my focus
Causing the fire within me to burn brighter, hotter
Hysteria is on the brink of my sanity
Screaming excitement is trying to escape
How long can it be caged from view*

Nancy Woods

Winter's Rain

*Early in winter, late at night
still awake, peering through picture
windows from my hillside home, I
gaze upon diamond laces of
sprawling metropolis.*

*Dark shadows of nearby trees,
waving and veering in gentle whispers
of winter wind, somber clouds
scurry in from the West, and leaves
scamper about the lawn still
green from summers warmth.*

*I feel the breath of winters cold,
which somehow found its way in,
and witnessed the effacement
of stars
by starry grey clouds.*

*As I slept one night it came, but
was gone when I awoke, leaving behind
the fresh brisk smell of winter,
the ground damp and soft, air
clean and cool, the plants so
green and alive.*

*I slowly scanned the depths of
blue sky, in search of clouds
that might bring rain, only to find
it filled with birds
and planes,
but void of those clumping fluffy,
dusky, and sometimes menacing clouds.
Patiently, I await its return.*

11-8-73
Joe Sosa



The Hobo

Tweed coat man, gray hat brimmed
gutter to the barrage of rain.
Hopping park benches, and riding silver
rails. He's a hero to plump pigeons
and homeless dogs.
Home lies where his eyes look
next

Tom Ballew

Soldier's Dream

A mother and her husband,
By a house now gone.
Their children were alive inside it,
'Til we dropped our napalm bomb.

In my madness waking,
A sea of troubled thought.
I find my hands are shaking,
Oh, why must wars be fought.

James Griffin



Nancy Tracy

War's Recluse

30 bodies huddled in a Bog trench
one shared heart beat
how!
Pain now
A small thought of madness spun
my old shell
my reversed butterfly life
now the cocoon that won't break
Lungs that once held breath
now liquid
this man-forsaken harbor of
khaki colored turtle shell skins
was I or the Life snatching bullet
Right.
with one eye open and one shut
I think
Mankind once killed for food
now for ideals.
(my sleep is no longer blissful)

Don Curry

I want to smile, unafraid.
I want to hold
freedom
tenderly.
I want to rule the
earth,
I want to dance & with
my dancing steps
crack
the floor of
the Whole
Universe,
I want to Laugh,
& Sing,
I want to hear
faces
as they show
expressions,
I want normality,
I want to live
inside a
house,
instead of a
cell.

Jerry Garcia

I detest shopping

*I went grocery shopping
So tired and weary
Everything I touched kept dropping*

*A friend of mine said to me
Did you notice if they have a rack of lamb
I thought rack of lamb be damned*

*He was grinning with delight
His eyes sparkled in anticipation
The food he cooks is fit for the*

president's inauguration

*I am jealous of his lovely wife
For I have no one who can do anything,
but open a can of beans*

*But one thing for sure
When someone asks me for my hand
I'll ask him, how good he is with
pots and pans.*

— Lillian Rolleri



*'X' rated movies
Cops on the buy
Lysol your kitchen
Use arid—dry.*

*Pot's up to thirty
Who's heard of the Lord?
Parents without partners
President Ford?*

*Men on the moon
Lots more out of work
Laws full of holes
The world's gone berserk.
Deb Macaire*

*SPOON RESOUNDS CHINA,
STIRRING SUGAR, CREAM, COFFEE
INTO ONE.*

*i, grappling for a space
to contain
my separate identity,
refusing to lose myself,
curdling visibly
spoon takes, discards me
drainwards.*

Maureen Skingle

*She awakes in the morning
Her illusion stained mind
Greeted her parents good mornings,
Dreams and memories dropped to decay?
Yet fallen fruit fertilized the canals of her mind*

*As the industrious earthworms aerating the soil
the words like sweet fruit from an ageless tree
pecked on the old typewriter
majestic, green, wrinkled she sat
reading her words to me.*

Muffy Ingersoll



Joan Liles



Love Poem

*Love became a Lion, clinging
like sheeted lightning
to a dark body.
Slow me to the earth
tossed in space;
burst me forever like God on his
knees within stars,
unbending wings from the
chrysalis of our eyes.*

Philip Brown

Library Resident

*What strange
circumstances of life
brought in this man
in crumpled rain coat
to sleep on the dictionary*

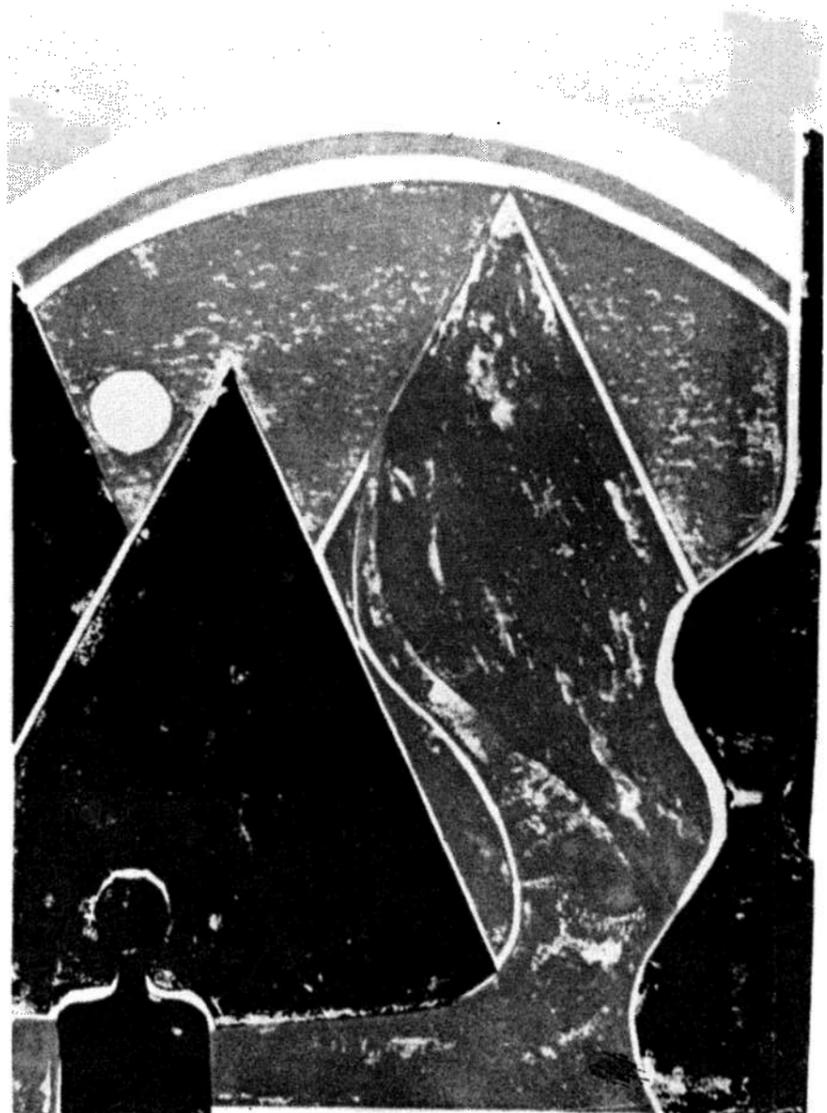
Kathy Albrethsen

*I control the uncertainty of tomorrow.
I will be, no matter what you do
to your world.
I supply your life.
I'm there when you're born.
I'm there when you die.
Known to all. Despised by some.
others, don't give a damn.
I've heard it said,
I'm never enough.
How absurd! I never end.*

Deb Macaire

*I ponder a river,
an icy river. Roaring.
Roaring madly!
Such so, my ears ache.
Beauty, and Beast.
What splendid power.*

Deb Macaire



The Ressurrect

by
A. Whitson

Rosalie half opened the screen door as she watched Gino hurry toward her down the ranch road, dust flying angrily about his square frame.

"Watsa' matter old man, I live with you forty unmarried (she crossed herself) years and you never run before?"

Usually Gino ambled slowly back from his weekly trip to town, calling to his friends in the fields, until he stopped at his own white-washed gate. Then he would begin to tease.

"Hey Rosalina, the mail brought a letter from your sister, Angelina, the bossy one. She is coming with her seven children and her new husband, the one who drinks, but no matter, they only stay for six months." ... Or just last week when the strawberries were first in season, "Hey Rosalina, Mrs. Jovenetti sent her chauffeur to market early this morning to buy all the strawberries. Ah, no matter, she is young and beautiful; let her have them." ... whereupon she, Rosalie, would fly into her usual rage until Gino would sink into his chair with a devil's grin, produce a letter from home, or two boxes of strawberries bursting with beauty.

"Buffano! Tormentore!" Rosalie would lunge at him, beating his chest with her tiny fists.

Like a boxer with a child, he would buffet her blows, laughing, "Your temper is good for you, makes your blood rush, keeps you well and happy."

Sometimes he would plant a kiss on the top of her hair, still black at sixty-five. "When you learn I tease you, Rosalina?" Oh how she hated him — with love!

"Nunca! Never! You are no-good tease, Gino!"

"But still sexy?"

She pinched her answer — his belly — expanding daily on her pasta and wine.

But today was different. Today Gino did not tease. He burst through the gate leaving it banging helplessly. His hand trembled as he thrust a piece of yellow paper at her.

"It has come," he rasped.

"Don't tease me, old man." Rosalie's eyes glittered with warning.

Gino crossed himself in promise.

Rosalie gasped, pounced on the paper.

Hungrily she read it, over and over. The telegram was from Italy, the news they had waited forty years to hear. "Dear Rosalie," it read, "Your husband, Anthony Rosenelli, died yesterday. Your sister, Lucia."

Clasping the paper to her heart, Rosalie closed her eyes as the events of the past forty years swam before her. She could see herself standing waif-like beside the wealthy jeweler, Anthony Rosenelli, taking her marriage vows with tears in her eyes. And later that same night she had left her own wedding feast to run away with Gino, the baker's son, the boy she loved. He waited in the dampness in the alley behind the bakery, cap squeezed in his hand, eyes downward. Did he think she would not come? But she had come — on wings — and together they had run, not daring to look at one another, to laugh, to cry, to breathe — afraid their dream of boarding the boat to America would

become, after all, just a dream.

Not until the boat whistle announced they were at sea did they dare to speak. Then Gino had taken her face in his strong hands, now tender with love. To this day she carried his words in her heart. "Someday cara mia, we will have a wedding, with candles and white flowers and people we love. Someday you will be my wife."

And now, with the simple dispatch of a piece of yellow paper, the day had come; with the death of her husband in Italy, she and Gino were free to marry.

"Gino!" Rosalie screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Rosalie," Gino whispered in great wonder.

Suddenly he was swinging her around and around like he used to do when they were young, before his big stomach. Like small children they danced through the hollyhocks and fell exhausted in each other's arms.

"We tell the world," Rosalie panted, "Elma and Chet and—"

"And Mr. Deluth and the Renalti's," Gino agreed,

"and Mrs. Jovenetti," he laughed and their voices died away as they ran through the Zinjandel vineyards instead of the roads to reach their neighbor's sooner.

Glasses of wine, some Christmas cake in the middle of summer, heads bent together, the singing of voices, the singing of souls. Gino and Rosalie were to be married! But when? when? Why on their



anniversary of course, one week from today — the day they sailed from Italy so many years ago.

To the next house and the next they hurried, until home at last, Rosalie leaned over to gather up the kittens rolling in the dust. Suddenly she felt a sharp pain knife through the side of her head and down her arm and leg. She tried to hold the kittens as she fell, crashing among their scattering softness, but she could not; the earth seemed to pull her into it. Vaguely, she remembered strong arms lifting her up. "Just the flu, Rosalina, just the flu."

When Rosalie regained consciousness she found herself in her own bed. She knew because the sheets smelled of sunshine. The Doctor was nearby speaking to Gino ... "A stroke that had paralyzed

on of Rosalie

her face and left side." Rosalie wanted to jump up and scream but she found she could do neither. "It is better that you care for her here, Gino. But she must eat and exercise every day."

"I will make her well," Gino boasted, and from that moment on he was not hovering over her, he was hovering over the stove. "Fresh chard soup

Gino scratched his head sleepily. "No! No hospital for Rosalie. I take care of her. Listen to Gino—" Quickly, he closed the door so Rosalie could not hear.

When Gino hung up the phone and returned to her room, he did not look at Rosalie, but dressed in stoney silence, fixed himself a "vulgar" breakfast of three eggs, half a loaf of panettoni; then, without speaking to Rosalie, not even washing her face or braiding her hair — not even a pinch? Nothing! He walked straight out the screen door slamming it as he went.

A tear rolled down Rosalie's face. So then — he had forgotten their day; he no longer cared for her, now that she was no good to him, in fact, he was sick of her. Well, she would show him. She would simply — die. Today. But she would die with great dignity with a smile on her face as her Neapolitan ancestors had done before her. And he would be grief-stricken and become a monk — well, at least a recluse and probably go out of his head.

In the hours that followed, Rosalie tried desparately to die but disturbing thoughts of Gino kept interrupting. "His pockets, they bulge

with money when he goes. Maybe he does not forget this day. Maybe he brings me a present instead? Oh, nothing much, lilac soap, or a beautiful silver comb for my hair? She wished she could melt into the sheets away from the eyes of heaven because she, miserable old rag, had nothing for Gino. "Anyway, I wait to see him come, to see if he carries a package. If he does not, I die quick."

Time passed, and Rosalie, in and out of sleep, awoke to the sound of voices. She listened, afraid to open her eyes. "Angels? Coming to get me? Men angels?" Rosalie's eyes flew open. From her bed by the window she saw that the angels walked toward the farmhouse, one tall, one small. Gino and Father Domonic, the priest from the church. "One angel, one devil!" And she saw that Father Domonic wore his best robes of wine velvet and carried his golden prayer book. "For only one reason Father Domonic would wear his best robes — Rosalie held her breath — to marry she and Gino. Side by side, rivers of joy and sadness flooded Rosalie's being. She had waited forty years to marry her Gino and now that the beautiful day had

come, she looked like an old witch and could not even say "I do."

Father Domonic and Gino tiptoed across the room. Gino knelt by her bedside with a grunt. "He never get up," Rosalie snorted inwardly. Then she squinted one eye, just enough to see Father Domonic turn the tissue pages of his prayer book and lean toward her.

"Go forth from this world, oh Christian soul, in the name of God, the Father Almighty—"

"Bene." "Good." "Go on," Rosalie listened as his voice rolled on. "A nice prayer for Rosalie." Then she began to wonder, "but a prayer for what — for sickness — for marriage?" She did not understand, but then — as she heard him drone on, she did understand! Was not Father Domonic saying a prayer for the dying? Last rites? Last rites over the body of Rosalie Delle Maria, whose arteries were suddenly so young they ran races together? So this was Gino's gift! Not to marry her but to bury her!

Then a fury so great surged through Rosalie that it spread through her paralyzed arm and leg and face and tingled the very roots of her long hair. Never, by all that was holy, would she marry Gino now, and more important, she Rosalie, would outlive Gino and Father Domonic and — she bolted herself up on one elbow, her beady eyes enormous with anger, and opened her mouth to shout the blasphemies that flooded her brain but only one whisper came forth, "Gino." And his arms caught her as she fell from so great an effort.

"Rosalina, Rosalina, you speak! Now! Now you see," Gino grinned through his tears, "your temper will make you well and happy."

And over his shoulder she saw people. Friends she and Gino loved, come quietly, holding candles and white flowers.

And she heard with infinite joy Father Domonic's words, "Father hear our prayers for Rosalie and Gino, who, this day, will unite in marriage before your altar..."

And they mingled with a soft voice in her ear, "When you learn I tease you, my Rosalina?"



with chicken, your favorite ... hot wine, Rosalina?" ... but she could not open her mouth, even shake her head. Finally the nurse had to visit from town and feed her intravenously.

Gino would sit and hold her hand, the tears making patterns down his sun-seamed face. For a few days he tried to sing to her, "badly off tune," but in despair he gave it up and Rosalie noticed he was beginning to stoop. "So sad you are, old man. You know too that I will not be well for our wedding day."

Even though Gino did not mention their day when it arrived, Rosalie knew. She had counted the water stains on the ceiling. Seven. Today was the seventh stain, their anniversary, their intended wedding day. It came with an early sparkling sun and a phone call.

"What you say, Doc?"



Distant man, lonely man,

you are a stranger to me.
Pin-heads fill your eyes
ending sharply inside you
somewhere.

Distant man

whose strained smile is for my benefit.

Lonely man

clinging tightly to a pencil, as a dream --

I take you by the hand,

stranger to me,

and lead you into a tea-kettle,

distant lonely man,

and hear you mutely scream

as life's water boils inside you,

and the steam carries away

your life's desires.

Distant man,

I want to draw you into warm water,

dissolve the emptiness

in a cup of tea,

stranger to me;

ride helter-skelter

and merry-go-round

wrapped in cotton-wool.

Ask no questions.

Stranger,

Take hold of today

distant man

lonely man.

You are a stranger to me

like myself.

Maureen Skingle



Alan Mai

This Revolting Man
He has a bloated ego like a balloon
He doesn't know it but he's a goon
I gnash my teeth whenever I see him
Full of evil and hate
Made him cause so much agony
Devoid of any humanitarian emotion
Like the devil himself
He's stifled the laughter from his house
He's lost his family, for they have
Flown away, to keep their sanity
The house is just an empty shell
At night he doesn't cuddle his children
Or his wife
He cuddles a bottle of burgundy
Lillian Rolleri

El Camino
Rolling home down the El Camino
Splashing on my empty seat a neon
Show.
Jousting headlights stab dark
hour faces.
Mirrors send fleeing taillights
other places.

Tom Ballew

Past Bedtime
Out of bed, the late hours still held me
at the window, staring, thinking of you
the stars glowing like constant cat's eyes
ransacked the sky and seemed to shake the window.
In this lonesome quiet, inside I was like a wolf
howling at the moon, cloaked in clouds, so lonesome.
Now and then an ever-so-often drop would
wrench its way from the shower faucet
tapping the porcelain, like bored fingers
I stayed there at the window
spinning magical dreams till
the morning sun tugged the last
of nighttime from the sky.

Tom Ballew

Moving

My spirit like tattered drapes, hang,
without the winds disturbance
the sun is so cold today, bathing the splitting
pavement.
Sitting inside, armchair King over
tables and books in boxes on their way out
My eyes again run out the window and
find the trees that I conquered in my
boyhood heroics
I'll miss the sunday hum of the lawnmowers
or the snoring neighbors lost underneath their
straw hats abandoning lemonade for sleep
The pines are bending now as if to wave
me off yelling "bon voyage" and crying its
sappy tears.
I wish only to stay until the autumn
birches wake and tell their stories
Only then will I move



M. Santoriello Thurston

*Perfectly voiceless,
Widen the crannies,
Shoulder through holes. We*

*Diet on water,
On crumbs of shadow,
Bland-mannered, asking*

*Little or nothing.
So many of us!
So many of us!*

*We are shelves, we are
Tables, we are meek.*

We are edible.

*Nudgers and shovers
In spite of ourselves.
Our kind multiplies:*

*We shall by morning
Inherit the earth
Our foot's in the door.*

Muffy Ingersoll



M. Santoriello Thurston



REQUEST

You ask for what I just can't give,
To me this is unreal,
For there is nothing one can do
Until their wounds are healed.

A man will seek with half-closed eyes
As he looks into the sun,
And well before his sight returns
He'll think he's found "The One".

We're all amidst this fallacy,
And most will know defeat.
Friends and foes and passers-by
Eventually will meet.

And he, or she, will turn in fright
From what they think they've seen;
For what is real is no substitute
For desperation's dream.

So turn away and go, my friend,
And someday you will find:
It's true that 'tis a one eyed man
Who often rules the blind.

Sharon L. Pitts
Political Science

The Men
The men they come – the men they go
In pompous, loud procession.
In they walk and out they run
In rapid, quick succession.

At times I'm touched yet do not feel,
I look but cannot see,
For times of love are oft confused
With times of loss for me.

Something died inside of me,
I can't remember when –
Waiting for some sign of life
Dare I try again?

Or should I live a cloistered life
Safe from outward harms,
And suffer naught but lonely times
Spent longing for your arms?

It saddens me to see you go,
For time will play its game
And long before your image dims
I shan't recall your name.

For the men they come and so they go
In pompous, loud procession.
In they walk and out they run
In rapid, quick succession.

Sharon L. Pitts
Political Science

You say you must be free; I
also feel the same.
You participate in love, yet you
fear to say its name
And in this way, only, are we different.

Since love's a state of mind, I
fail to see the threat
Of naming it. True the mind
can change, and yet
To me, this is what makes love beautiful.

It asks naught but to give, and therein
lies the soul
Of beauty, peace of mind; the
epitome of a goal:

To give myself completely to a fellow human being.
Sharon L. Pitts
Political Science

I
Wanted
To
Stay
But
Part
Of
Me Was
Walking away.
Away.

I
Had
To
Follow.
Nancy Diven

I
Only
Think
Of
Death Twice A Day --
Once
At
Breakfast
And
Once
At
Dinner.

I
Don't
Eat
Lunch.
Nancy Diven



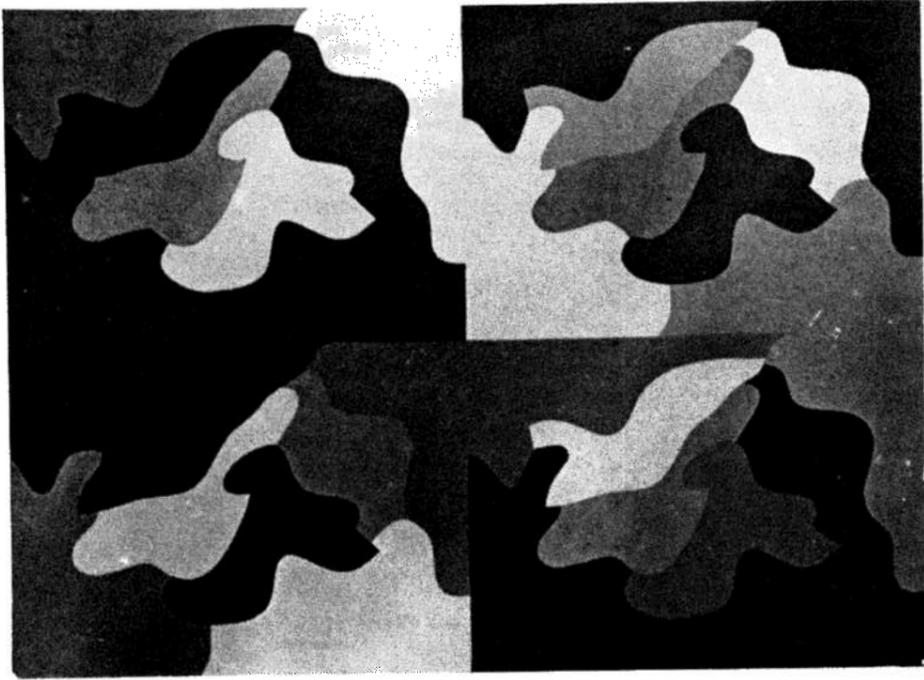
I
will
Hum
Softly
And
Call
Your
Name
If
I'm
Ever
Confused
Again.
Nancy Diven

I
Didn't
Run
From
Your
Feelings -

I
Ran
From
Mine.
Nancy Diven

M. Santoriello Thurston

When
I
Die
Please
Put
A
Mask
Of
Pearl S. Buck
Over
My
Face
And
Trade
Me
Away
On
"Let's Make a Deal".
Nancy Diven



Elaine Leeb

Storms Rage

On a clift under a tree
overlooking the vast
blue and white ocean I lie.

...listening to the whisper
of the wind as it passes by.

A gentle breeze glides
over me, like a silken sheet,
it feels soft and gentle to the touch.

Scanning the sky
I see into the distance
the Nimbus

...huge, awesome it swiftly covers
the painted sky,
enveloping the beautiful
red-yellow sun, leaving behind
A grey and black mass.

Superseding the temperate breeze
a cold and howling wind.

Flowing rhythms of oceans waves
were lost to a turbulent, disorganized frenzy.
The gulls in flight [along coastal water]
yield to this unwanted intruder.

Nearby, I hear the deafening roar
of the mighty surf as it crashes
against the shoreline,
erasing away all traces of today,
leaving only the dull and jagged look
of yesterday.

Lightning rips the dark sky
with flashes of blinding light.
Thunder drums through the air
and the wind strongly sweeps
the ground.

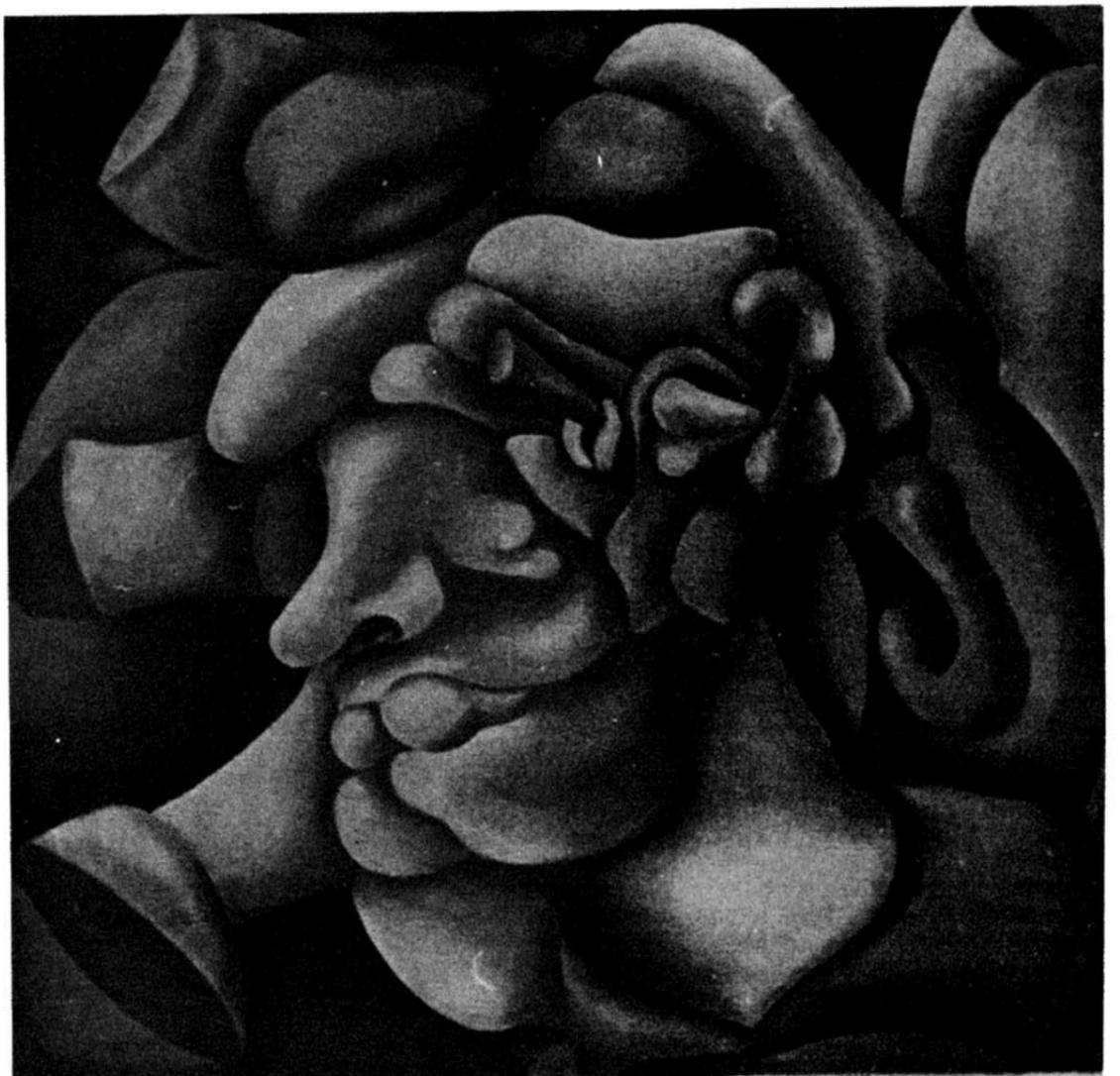
The climax of this spectacle
is reached when
the heavens open and
the rain teems down.
joe sosa

Rain Cloud Vision

Clouds like broken pieces of a puzzle are
crowding the sky and between cracks of
blues and greys I see my friend poverty
her hollowed cheeks moistened with tears
she rocks me to sleep in her lap and I
dream of suckling off unholy tubes of
television, diluted imaginations packaged
in cellophane plastics, cola-coated intestines
coiled in confusion. Her clouded face rains
on me, oh my poor poor child she murmurs.

The bright yellow walls
with the tiny blue flowers
which cradled me
away from the wind and rain and cold;
that protected me from the noise and fears
from outside
Are crumbling down around me
leaving me exposed and unsteady.
So I stumble through the rubble
and reach for the door in order to be
reluctantly
free at last

Nancy Woods



Donna Rossbach

To Be Or Not To Be That Is The Dilemma

by B. Schumacher

"Do your thing," "Keep on trucking," "Get it together," "Let's get it on," these phrases are the slogans of youth. Still they are relevant for most age groups because they state the importance of self-fulfillment. The more impersonal our culture becomes, the more important it is for the individual to have a strong sense of personal identity, and possessing self-identity is a prime prerequisite in finding self-fulfillment. But questing a new philosophy of living can be perilous and lonely, and finding a new life style demands great perseverance. For some women exploration into new life styles can be not only hazardous but particularly frustrating, for their cultural conditioning has strictly limited their personal expectations. Even though a middle-aged, middle class woman is given verbal approval and encouragement to step out of her stereotyped role of suburban housewife, such a woman will suffer numerous frustrations because of the inbred inability of family and friends to factually accept her new life style. I should know, I'm such a woman.

How did I arrive at this point in life? My past holds part of the answer. I have spent more than half of my life being a wife and mother. I never questioned those roles for that life style was one I willingly choose. Those past years were filled with the satisfaction of accomplishment for I was needed. But, life moves on, and as each child reached young adulthood, the need for my ministrations fell proportionately. Where once there had not been enough time, each successive year provided more and more of its abundance. Progressively, my goals became oriented to filling those extra hours. I did fill them with those activities suited to my social-economic status as middle class, suburban housewife. Charity begins at home, but when such charity is not needed there one's direction turns to the community. So I gravitated to those organizations established to help the less fortunate. Then came the golf syndrome. What a marvelous way to combine physical and social activities in one

fell swoop. I devoted as much time and energy to this new-found play as I had in rearing my four children. I was consumed. My emergence from this addiction was gradual, but, at some point, I realized the futility of my life style. There was more to life than those traditional options I had so dutifully pursued.

How does one move ahead when answering the cry for change? Being middle-aged and somewhat obedient, I thought it prudent I interrogate family and friends as to their reactions if I were to step out of my stereotyped, suburban housewife role. Since I was answered with unanimous approval and encouragement, I immediately investigated my options. Since my working experience had been limited to that of

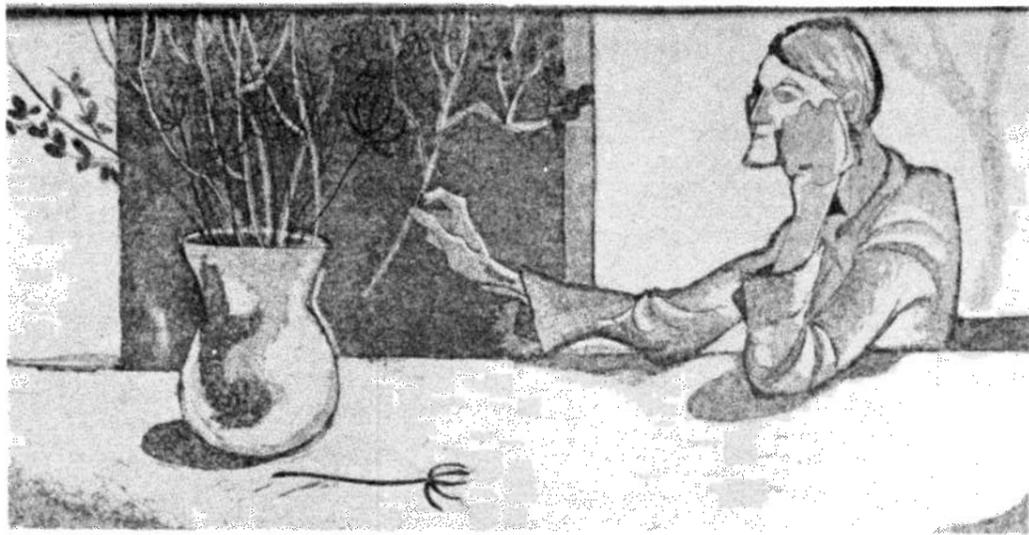
problems, but, for the middle-aged woman who is seeking a new identity in fields other than those of a traditional nature, such problems can turn into a dilemma. Although everyone allegedly wants me, the wife-mother figure, to be a success in my educational endeavor, no one accepts my study requirements. Being a full time student, I must have time to study, so time, once again, becomes a cherished possession. The demands upon this precious commodity are a continual source of irritation, and thus frustration, to me. Menial household tasks are the prime thief in the time-stealing operation. No one but me it seems is capable of changing a bed, cleaning a bathroom, using a dust cloth or running a vacuum. Sup-

mother. And what a time consuming function it is. Now that I am no longer on call for this diversion, I find a sullenness creeping into our family relationships.

But these time-caused frustrations are not as emotionally significant as are the attitude changes which reflect an inbred inability to accept my new life style. The prevalent attitude is that if something IMPORTANT were to arise, I would leave school without a qualm. I'm not taken seriously. They think, perhaps hope, I'm going through a phase, like menopause. I have the horrible, and I hope false, feeling that my husband would like me to flunk out of school. Since mid-term grades arrived, he realizes that is not about to happen. Lately, I've been receiving

aged, middle class woman when she attempts to step out of her stereotyped role can be very profound. Does she have the right to do her own thing? Should she put self-interest above mothering her family? Can she still accept the traditional patterns of thinking held by family and friends when entire new concepts are now available to her? And if she solves all these problems and attains her goal, will her new life role be worthwhile? No wonder family and friends long for the old relationship. It's hard to release the known for the unknown. Seeking a new role has the drawback of frustration for all involved.

So what is in the future for this middle-aged, middle class suburban woman? With encouragement and approval she's stepped out of her stereotyped role of housewife and she is now suffering numerous frustrations. She knows many of these frustrations are due to her own guilt feelings resulting from her no longer being the servant cultural tradition demands of wife and mother. She knows her new independence is a source of annoyance for her family and friends. Her resulting frustration is again a source of personal irritation for she wants to be liked and understood by those she loves. She hopes all involved will at some future time be able to accept her in her new life style. But, if they are unable to do so because of inbred cultural forms, she will have to go on alone. This quest has produced irreversible changes in her personality. Self-esteem has never been higher. Self-strength and self-love have never reached such a lofty level. She belongs to self, and to preserve this new identity she will continue to grow, whatever the obstacles. I should know, hopefully I'm such a woman.



N. Lelland

housewife and mother, I realized my present job qualifications were not too high. I did not covet a sale's position at Macy's. Those fields that held my interest demanded more education than I possessed, so, back to school I trotted. The trauma of those first weeks was balanced by the tremendous mental stimulation I received. It was a whole new world and it remains so today because of the inherent excitement generated by education. I am no longer stagnating in the dilettante pursuits that characterize the stereotyped roles of so many middle-aged, middle class women.

Unfortunately, such self-enrichment carries with it the price of numerous frustrations. Undoubtedly, any change in one's life style precipitates

port for my new role has yet to manifest itself in this lowly area. My family fails to recognize that attending school is a full time job, and for me to consume precious hours doing tasks that are within the capabilities of an idiot is more than frustrating, it's maddening! If only someone else would just once sweep the floor. What a gift!

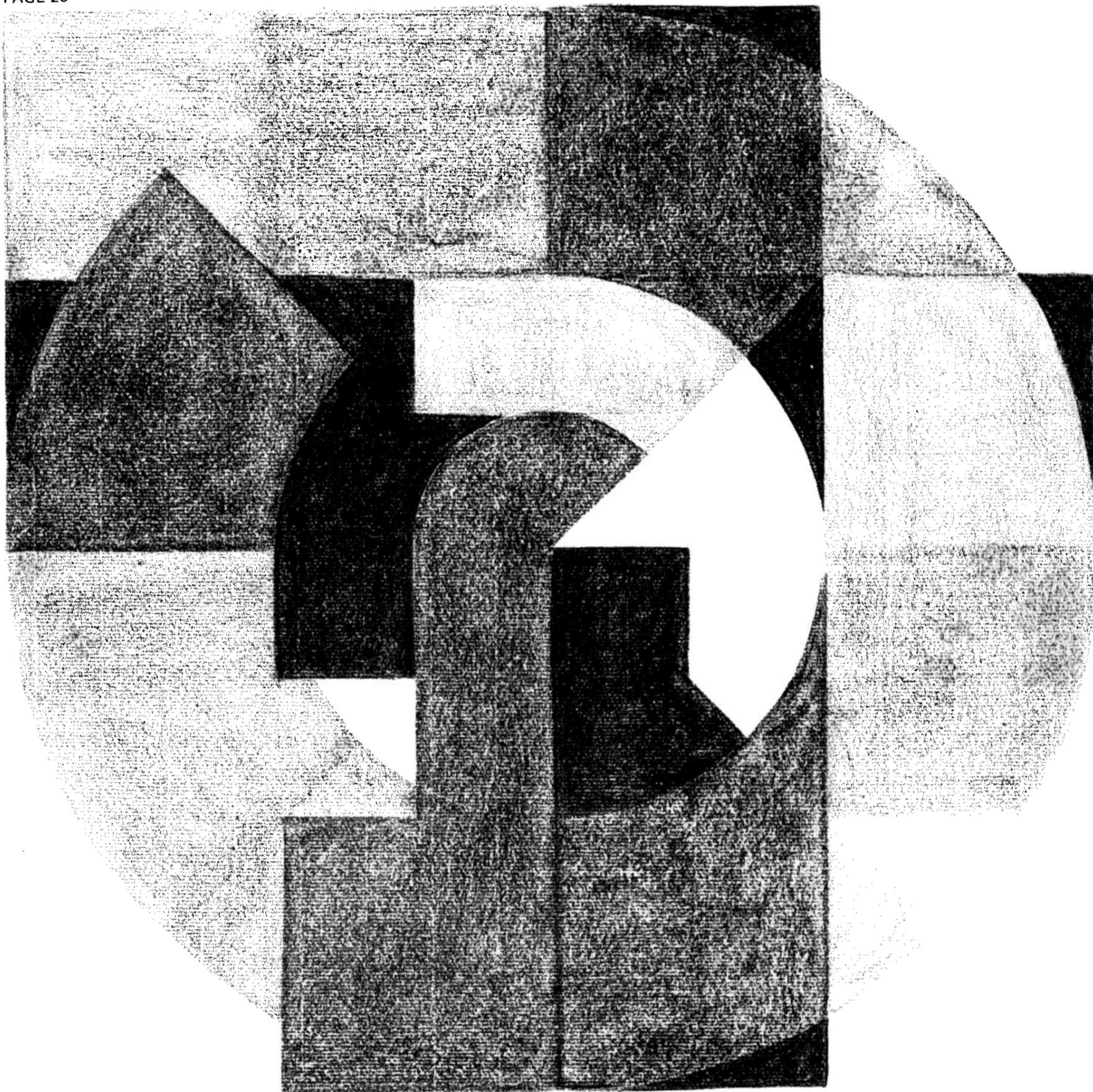
When I do have free time, it's not for my own use since recently I've been made conscious of an attribute I never knew I possessed. I am an entertainer, not only for friends, whom I literally entertain, but for my family. Now that I'm rationing my energies, the realization has dawned on me that entertaining has always been one of my prime functions as traditional wife and

messages relating to content quality of my studies. These demeaning remarks, usually made in front of friends, intimate that my educational goal is impractical. Hopefully, these attitudes will change into more supportive thoughts. In the interim, I must change some of my thinking and rid myself of those frustrations that I alone control.

The guilt and insecurity experienced by a middle-

Take a lesson
from the little pill bug
as he crawls
undaunted by the vastness of the sidewalk
towards his bush

Kathy Albrethsen



Nancy Tracy

'O' is for Operator

Nameless voices,
Behind constant yellow blinking lights.
I say, "May I help you?"
I'm asked if, I'm a recording.
don't laugh
I've seen with my ears,
Behind those constant lights.
I answer your light.
I pleasantly say, - "I see you!"
You're either on the john or
Picking your nose,

Whatever.
Nameless voices
Depending on unknown O's...
Life or Death.
Constant blinking lights
Wanting to give me cais,
Spell a word—
Go to bed?
Nameless voices,
Behind constant, yellow blinking, lights.
Deb Macaire

Lost & Found

You say that unless in California there
exists solutions to your unremitting perplexities,
that to journey on Impulse to seek them
could be confused with Divine Inclination.

I don't have the answers, but
do have the questions, also a clue
as to the location of the lightswitch.

You say a westward trip would be a possible
psychological lobotomy, (irreversible, I know).

I have a band-aid & will heal
your wounds with gentle understanding

You say you are aching, still-always aching
for renewed oneness with your world, suspending
for now the "I-love-you's" or the breath of today.

I say I feel love for you and
I too think of you often with peanut
butter & jelly eaten in a barber's chair.

I know of pain, & tears, & wounds like you.
together for a brief passing in eternal
time, perhaps we can touch the stars
that hold the secret.

Jean Moore

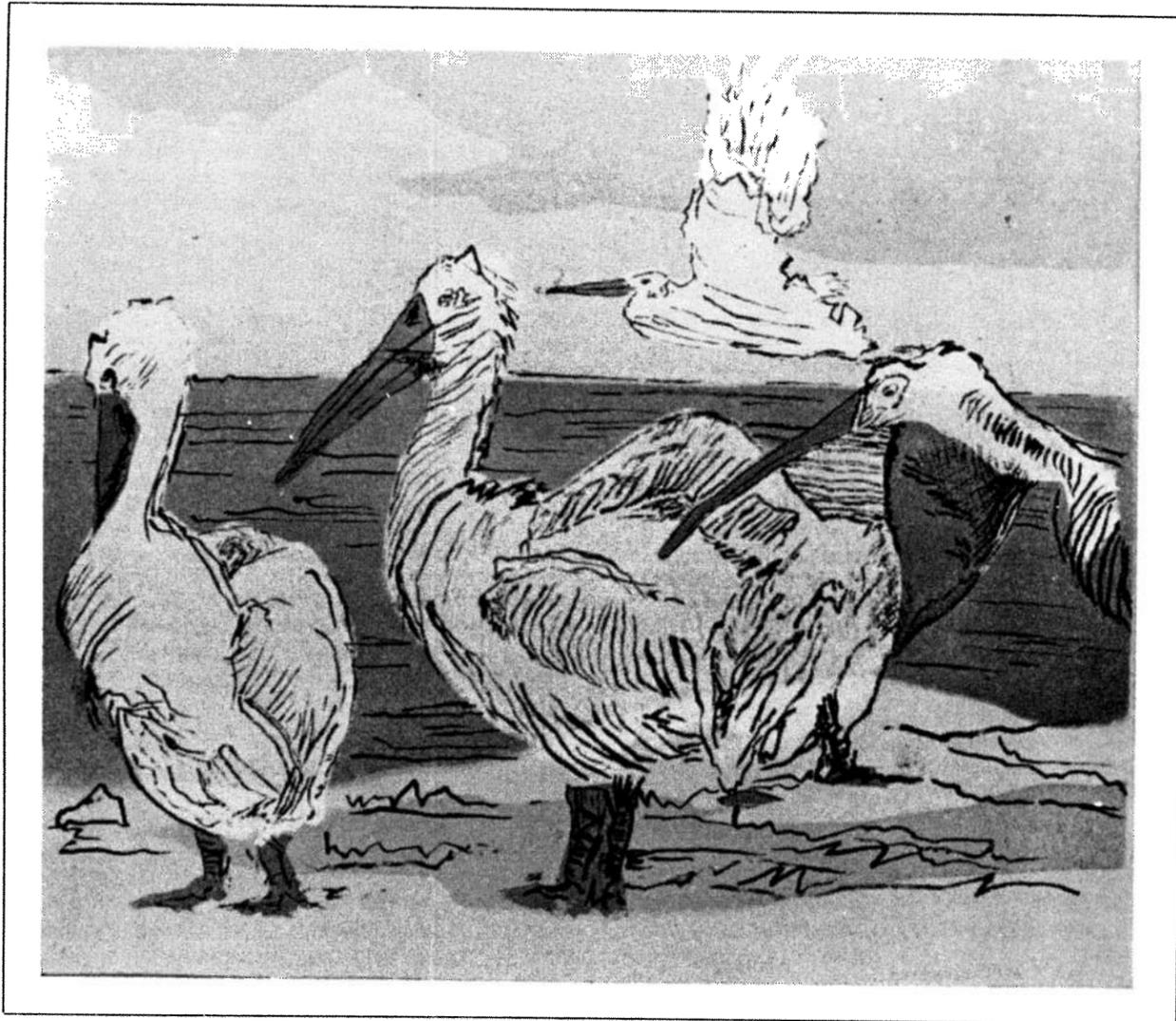
Park

People sitting on grass
Watching little children pass
Some laying in the sun,
Trying to keep their body warm.
Sandra Watts

Sunset

The sky melting, a hot buttered blue
softly sleeping hung stormy swirls
of wispy white
caging my eyes but setting my mind astray
until the dusty brown mountains
swallowed the sun and spat out
the stars.

Tom Ballew



The hummingbird darts to and fro
Up in the sky throughout the day's hours,
A tiny jewel in the sun
It drinks in the beauty of the flowers.

Kathy Albrethsen

the light fails steadily from
the sky
as the golden sun sets
and the sky turns orange
as a golden pink rests
upon the fleecy clouds once
white
the beautiful prelude before
night.
As if a final word from the sun
sun
a silvery haze surrounds the
last arc of one

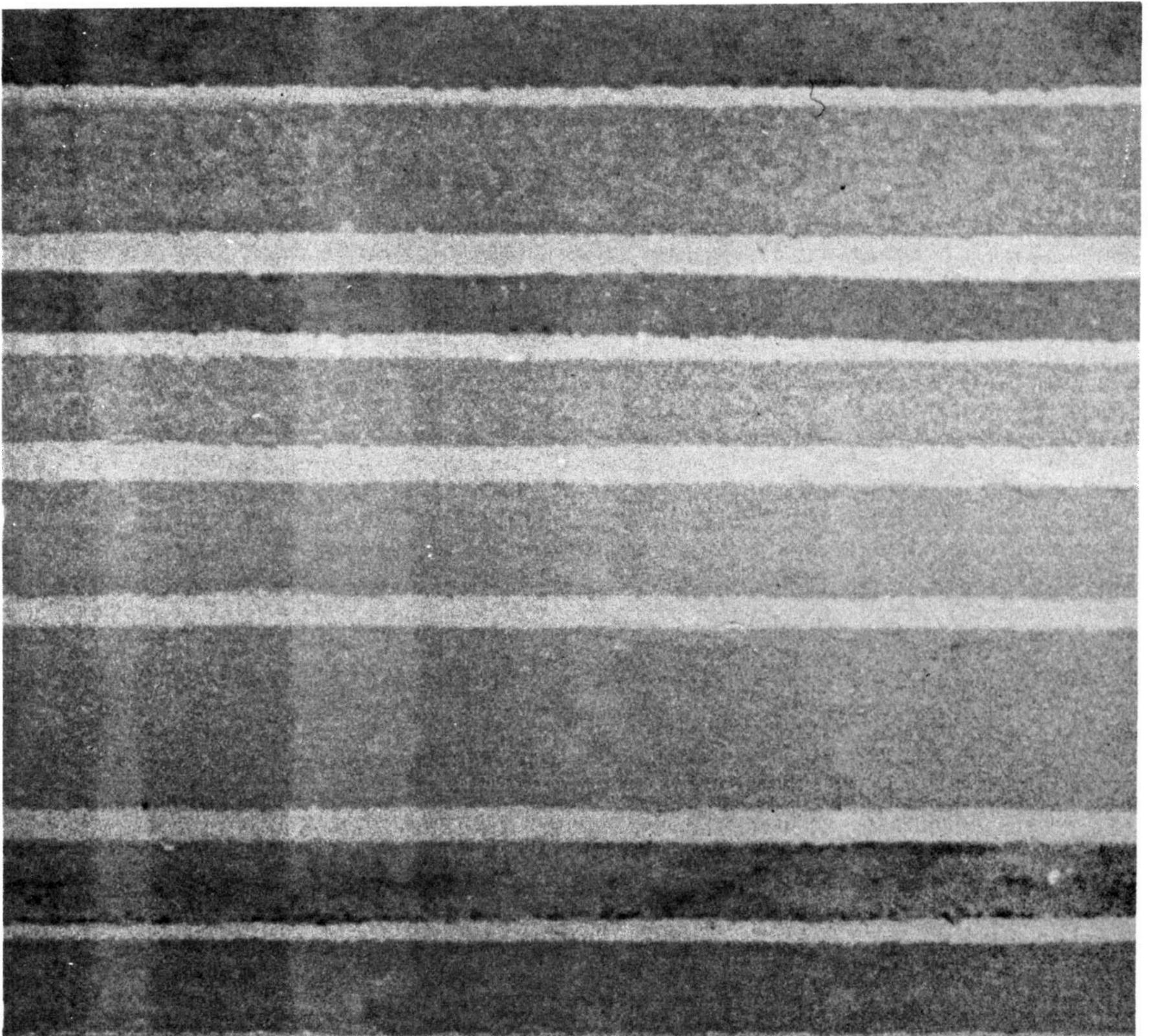
honey sun.
plants and animals alike
slowly slip on their covers of
night
as a small child in a darken
room
covers himself-shadowing
make believe doom
settling in for a good nights sleep
so quiet as not to make a peep
to awaken to the rose colored dawn
and the soft covering of dew
on the lawn.

K. Gard

Exercise in Objectivity
Piggy-Back attempt No. 1

Struggling infant arms
reach, reach
to nestle in the bosom
of the
mother
of us all.

Jean Moore



She Wears an Egyptian Ring, It Sparkles Before She Speaks
Stan Andrews

Leaving a Movie on Burning Embers

I left the movies;
out in the dark on the sidewalk
nothing moves,
not even inside of me:
a fish with silver scales,
caught in a sudden swell,
for an instant splashed with sunlight,
then washed away.

Embers
glowing
are thrown by some ascetic wave
onto my saffron shores,
leaving my feet with ash.
My life is life
My life is lifted for an instant,
transparent,
the street lamps shining through me,
like a glass bell lifted and struck.
Life, the silver-scaled fish,
swells, flashes in the sunlight,
and washes away.

Philip Brown

Kiss of Peace

My senses lifted as the leaf upon liquid surface
Moving toward you the bending branches of
My heart so naked
Until the moistened lips of our minds touching
bent the gentle ripple of the leaf upon liquid surface.

Muffy Ingersoll

The warm kiss of tree-filtered light
nudges slumber from far-away eyes.
Breezes tell secrets to morning from night,
While fragile leaves taste freedom of skies.

Quietly flows my sad thoughts of you,
in blue shallow pools touched by the sun.
Moist is the moss of velvet morn dew
as early-day sounds nimble in one.

Reclines now alone near fleeting streams,
my mind seems shadowed by hazy mist-veils.
Where once I envisioned sensitive dreams,
all that is left is memory's trail.

Your promise of care and delicate miracles,
fades now in silent, liquid, circles.

Jean Moore

Woodstock

A solitary walk... the crisp autumn
air filled with the smell of wood burning.
A cat sleeps inside on a window sill.

Someone has left a crayon-box in the sun;
unlikely hues merge and ooze down
covering the hills with color.

Sometimes I feel I was born to kick
abandoned leaves on this street. . .
trying to stop time.

Jean Moore





Nancy Tracy

The Weathervane

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This issue of the Weathervane is a reflection of the mood and tempo of the people of the Canada Campus community. The diversity of feeling reflected herein is one of our greatest learning resources.

It is hoped that The Keys to Canada will open another dimension to your experience on this campus. We are grateful to the creative people who have seen fit to share their inner selves. English instructor, Craig Hoffman, and student artists, Stan Andrews and Alan Mai have given special assistance in putting this issue together.

Special thanks to Jay Hall, Weathervane editor, Jeff Weiss, photographer, and Terry Wilson, our intrepid advisor, for their expertise and unrelenting support. The entire staff, which includes: Tony Ar-nason, Jaleh Far, Jill Maxim, Scott Rayer, and Jim Schwartz, wishes you a very meaningful new year.

*Janet Santos
Art-Literary Editor*