

I will be free
 Peacefully if possible,
 Fighting if necessary,
 but
 Always free
 J. Eubanks

WRITER TO SPEAK WED,
 (con't from pg. 1)

has scaly fingers with bug knuckles,
 a farmer's hand. Under my feet,
 shoes on the wrong feet as usual,
 there are periwinkles of the blue
 that I have always searched for in
 cloth. Then the scene starts to
 move through the dark woods. The
 memory of growing up in the South
 really begins here because I can
 feel being small...

At first, to remember a childhood is
 to remember only the hurts; the
 sicknesses and the deaths, my grand-
 parents and my dog. Sickness was a
 kind of fear when it brought wild
 dreams of being crushed by falling
 mountains, but in the daylight it
 was being trapped in bed and not al-
 lowed to go outdoors.

In the South the fall belongs to
 the mountains. If the summer is wet
 and the forest thickly tangled, the
 old men say the colors will be the
 best ever; if it is dry, the leaves
 will turn brown and fall away or
 they will turn so quickly you might
 miss them."

AND WHY DO I DANCE?

All
 of Life is contained
 compact in the Dance
 and the body is
 the finest of instruments
 for it sounds the soul

Convulsions

Explosions

- Joy caught voiceless in my throat
 carries me surging
 upward
 in a leap
- I droop down into the
 writhe (or shuffle)
 of my alone
 Spasms of sorrow
 in sobbing arms
- I bounce child-high
 or stretch cat's legs
 in a womans walings

Dance flows from states of being
 and I dance my different dances
 in expressing a Self
 that has no other releasing.

by Kathy Fitzgerald

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Beautiful People, for indeed
 you are, thank you for a wonderful
 year of excitement, achievement,
 laughter, pain and a few tears. It
 is really over now; everything draw-
 ing to a close--for some of us, a
 permanent ending--and it is hard to
 believe. Only yesterday we fumbled
 with each others names, learned
 schedules and began a new school
 year together. Only yesterday we
 were singing Christmas Carols, ap-
 plauding a concert, laughing to-
 gether at the Wagon Wheel, the Cur-
 tain Call, or the Dairy Bar. Only
 yesterday we checked our make-up one
 last time in the dressing room mir-
 rors before taking our places behind
 the sets of a ballet or drama.
 Thank you for all of that.

Now we leave for a while.
 Those of us who will return next
 fall will deeply miss those of you
 who will not be returning. Just re-
 member that you will always have a
 place here--in our hearts and in our
 campus life.

Take with you--all of you--the
 memories of this place and of our
 days together. They were priceless
 times, you know, and because of them
 we are a year older--a year wiser.

Think of this place while you
 are away this summer. Breathe a
 prayer for all it stands for; for
 all it could be; for all it has be-
 come because of people like you.
 Never lose track of the friendships,
 you made this year, for as time pas-
 ses, the love deepens and becomes
 even more beautiful.

More over, you must not forget
 the hurts you suffered here, for
 they are as much a part of life as
 the easily remembered joys. Because
 you suffered, you appreciated the
 happy moments even more and made
 them last. Now you understand a
 little better, the meaning of this
 constant struggle called Life.

Leave this place to live, grow,
 reflect, remember--and one day,
 someday--to return. May God bless
 you and keep you in His care until
 we meet again. Good bye.

David Wood

Digging into sand
 Squishing through mud
 Tipping through flower gardens
 Drawing pictures in wet cement

Toes.

Celia Sparger

 Happiness is a slightly
 insane being,
 Dancing madly with excitement,
 Living life as it comes
 following the stars.

TRADITION

by Tom Cavano

Into the misty morning day the dewy darling came
 with fresh balloons and innocence that never could know shame
 And when the blind policemen with their laws and prisons came
 She wilted like a dogwood dies, and never knew her name

Into the early afternoon a cynic hot was born
 to speak sarcastic epitaphs on children of the morn
 and judges in the land blew on their fearful golden horns
 And made sure from his mouth his dissillusioned tongue was torn

In the deafness of a night imaginations turned
 to a widow of the wood who lived alone and yearned
 to sing her life away with ancient melodies she's learned
 So her frightened neighbors took her out and had her burned.

Death; a welcomed cold sting,
 A relief to misery it doth bring
 From this solitude I will gladly part --
 Death, cold sting, approach my heart.

Walls of blackness surround me
 Visions of happiness too dim to see
 Without a door through which I may dart --
 Death, cold sting, come take my heart.

Esther Young