

Jekyll-Hyde In The Commons

Hmmm. Seven o'clock. One half hour. One blessed half hour before.... Now I've got to get HOLD of myself! O.K., first go back to my room, wash up, GET READY. Maybe change my clothes..... for THE JOURNEY! Put on my vest. Find some cigars and a handkerchief (cigars in the right vest pocket, handkerchief in the left). Slick back my hair and part it in the middle.... that's right. Odd, I feel...different...some how. Now the coat. Fine. But how much time?? fifteen minutes. Time enough to take it easy in the Commons and get a chicken sandwich from the machine before..... THAT TIME! Phooey, this sandwich tastes like a shoe. Oh, well, give it to that hungry looking feline by the water fountain. WAIT A MINUTE! It's a black cat. It's looking at me like... it's... it's TIME?? (Hmmm. that sandwich. I feel strange...) Seven twenty-five. I'd better get going. Yes, I'd better go. I suppress a shudder; suppress, shudder, suppress! Gather all the courage and muster I can fit on a hot dog and wolf it down! Down down DOWN deep I descend into the very bowels of the damp, slimy Commons building. My footsteps echoing into the nothingness that is slowly sapping my identity, changing me, churning me... the void above and below me. My brain feels the nitrate deposits and tastes the Amon-tillado as I hurry on growing ever more desperate! I run! At last I reach the door! Heavy and ponderous, creaking with hinge, my bleeding fingers claw it open, my mind teetering on the brink of inanity to escape the emptiness of the STAIRWELL. AND NOW THE DOOR IS OPEN!! I turn the corner and THERE, STRAIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, FACE SWEATING, VOICE BOOMING, EYES GLAZED BEHIND COKE-BOTTLE GLASSES, LUMBERING STRAIGHT FOR ME, THE INSIDIOUS DOCTOR JAGUER!!!!!!!!!!!!!! And behind him, like demi-gods, like some carnival in Hades, the nineteen hundreds are alive and festering! Sick old men, scheming, conniving women, dresses and Gibson Girl hairstyles! Servants, watchchains, slicked down hair, understudies and..... and ... I'm ... no longer me! IT WAS THE CHICKEN SANDWICH! I ONLY ATE ONE BITE BUT...I'm I'm part of all this...I...I...Dr. Jaguer is my friend ... Dr. Jaguer is my teacher ... and I'm John... I'm John ... I'm ... I'm ...oscar. OSCAR HUBBARD!! And this is my family! These people! This is where I belong! I'm home! I LIVE HERE!! I live here I live here.

John Coggeshall

STAR-THOUGHT

The Madonna's child dances 'round a tortoise-shell ship placidly telling of dreams and fancies that once occurred but now are real only to people of proper desendancy.

Rich Shoenberger

CAMEO

The young girl posed for her portrait.
The artist brushed her cheeks with pink;
Her lover's sable beard had blushed her
With colors too rare for canvas to bare.

Wanda Crouse

(UNTITLED)

moted shafts of glass-stained morning sun
never now shall fall again
among the echoes in the musty shadows
of forgotten arches, nor touch upon
the tumbled prayerworn cathedral stone
and yet the ancient angel trumpets sound

voices in song of friends
perhaps no longer there
come faintly through crescendoes in the rain
the shifting distant maze
of many many miles
and of time

and still
the cold light, midnight's minion, moon,
shining spire in darknight's clearest starpierced dome
circled softly, brightly rounded by a misty ring
watching the wind in winter silence wash the land

maria lattimore

GIVING THANKS

The freckled boy twanged grace
Through snagged teeth and passed
His plate for harvest firsts.

Wanda Crouse

I STAND UPON A LICHEN SILVERED SUMMIT

Listening to the windblown fog pass through
last lingering leaves of dampdark mossgrown trees
a rain pool in the rock
holds forth the highest of the wintry branches
and the nearness of a whitened sky

I could learn to love this drifted mountain
gatherer of quiet clouds
live while traveling silently
its many paths
watch black ravens circle in the
mists below

I hear the sound of many waters
falling on the wooded autumn slopes
rills of running rain
spill down the steep piled stones
and I am rinsed in mountain laughter

I cast away my wetly clinging clothes
and so when come the wind and sun
am ready to receive
the careful, joyful gift they bring

and then, perhaps thus purified
I leave this rock
for there is yet one mountain
I must find.

maria lattimore

The Adventure of Jumping

Blue Flash The Wonder Pup

Jumping Blue Flash went out to flash the clouds for he so loved blotching blazing blurrs in the early morning mist. Suddenly, someone zonked the Wonder Pup on the head with a battleship. This sent our hero immediately into naval dreams of the days when he was nothing more than a mere moose bellowing in the pale moonlight.

Ah, those were the old days. The days when sweet was sour, and sour was bitter, and the sun set sideways. When one could roll glowing statues and babbling brooks into a ball only to toss it out onto the heather on a yoyo string. It was then that the spiritual natures of Jumping Blue Flash's supreme masters were being devised in a vat of pimentoed matter by Ruff Ruff, the only one who was to learn: "What Is Truth?"

Jumping Blue Flash slowly regained consciousness, and noticed that he was hanging by two clips over a wall safe. When he toyed with the rotary connections and made joy on the gears, he couldn't help but feel the pain of hunger. So, the Pup of Wonders cried unabridgely for a few morsels of left-over Din Din.

The Wonder Pup was answered by a telephone who just happened to be planting dandelions in a pile of fuddy duddy that was alive in the corner.

"Hi! Hay!" said the telephone to the stray.

"Where have you been?" the brave Pup began.

"Through all of my life; through threads of strife...

My motor is running so bake me your fife!"

The phone's fife which played Picasso on a chain of Cheerioes danced into the coin return and was swept away by a sea of troubles, and by opposing, ended them.

The scene melted into a throbbing red light. The oceans spit atomic explosions. Ascending from mysterious depths came...The Spaztic Space Spasm, a gigantic anti-biology from frizzy fields of Crab Nebulas. Jumping Blue Flash knew that this was not the time for ten bright new barbeque ideas. "What is your evil scheme?" the Wonder Pup yelled forewarning his head's numerous I.Q.'s.

The ugly Space Spasm just sinisterly writhed, giggled, and threw a peppered powder all over Jumping Blue Flash. The Wonder Pup turned instantly into two pieces of bread. Then, suddenly without warning, the sky was ripped open and Ruff Ruff reached down, picked up the Space Spasm, and laid it between the two pieces of bread. Ruff Ruff's reasoning behind his action was that he had had it with the super hero bit, and was now going into the Drive-In Restaurant business. And so, Thus were the beginnings of the very popular and successful "Grandma's Jotzi" with the best Space Spasm on Rye in town.

Michael Singleton

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