

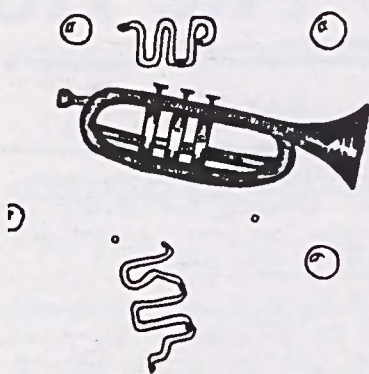
QUEST FOR FAME

hot. I pull out my handkerchief for the hundredth time to wipe the perspiration from my forehead. After putting the handkerchief back into my pocket and slipping my trumpet case to my left hand, I continue walking. — that's all I've done in the last two hours, just walking and looking. The street suddenly is crowded with people, each one looking at the other. It must be Sunday. I continue walking down this never-ending boulevard.

The only thing I hear is a voice. "What are you doing here? What are you doing here?" Here I am, alone, lonely, and scared amidst a big city — the biggest in the world for that matter — looking for a job. I have left my family, my loved ones, and my friends. I've forsaken even Christianity. I've done all this just to appear to have my fortune and satisfy my desires.

Attention forces me to look up. A man with red, yellow, and blue hair stares me in the face. The man has attractive lettering, "The Jazz Club," is no different from the other club names; but my appearance suggests that I try to fit in. I shift my trumpet to my left hand, and with great dignity I walk down the street. A low cloud of smoke, with a yeast-like odor, permeates the atmosphere. I stop as I grow accustomed to the darkness. My attention is attracted to a small combo in the distance. Each of its five members is going through his individual warmup. Unnoticed I walk into their presence. The tanned man playing the tenor sax looks up. "Can I help you?" he asks. "This is it; this is my opportunity," I think.

"Buddy, how would" — he swallows and looks at Joe — "how would you like to join us?" A job, a chance for success. My answer forms on my lips. I look around. I see my former competition. Joe



case on the chair, snap it open, and lift my trumpet from its velvet bed. Taking the mouthpiece and inserting it into the horn, I blow a few tones as a warmup. Seeing the other musicians taking their places, I grab a chair and a stand and place it beside the trumpet player.

"We've got only a few minutes, fellows," the leader barks. "Let's warmup with 'One O'Clock Jump.' Joe, give, the new boy the first trumpet part."

Joe stares at me and hands me the music. His lip twitches, and as the saxes start off with an introductory theme, his eyes narrow. A sudden burst of anger passes over me. I see that Joe is not used to competition. Noticing that it is about time for the trumpet entry, I prepare for the oncoming duel for fame. I take a deep breath — more for courage than anything else — and begin to play. My first notes are crystal, and as my tone improves, I relax. I kiss each note as though I loved it. As the last measures approach, I make sure I stand out over Joe.

Four pairs of eyes are focused on Joe and me. The sax man scratches his head. He walks towards my stand. "This is it; this is my opportunity," I think.

"Buddy, how would" — he swallows and looks at Joe — "how would you like to join us?" A job, a chance for success. My answer forms on my lips. I look around. I see my former competition. Joe

NELSON TUNSTALL

Thoughts

I
Beauty fell
Delicate,
Transient . . .
Neglected.

II
The death
Of the child
Affected . . .
Eternity.

III
Life is an exquisite shell
Which is too easily broken.
Isn't the end the beginning?

IV
Life is . . .
Just nother book
In the library . . .
Of God.

V
Hey Beth!
Doff your hat!
Be you!
Life's like that!

ROSA LYNN GRUITS

Young River

Taste of the world, young river;
Know all its ugliness.
Moan and twist in exorcism
Through the land where a
skeleton sobs
On the breast of a dream that's
dead
Taste of the world, young river;
Devour all its beauty.
Bubble and dance in ecstasy
Where earth is wrapped in mystic
white veils,
Laced with ribbons of rose-gold
light.
Live, young river;
Taste of the world,
Growing into the sea.

CARLENE CRISP

is a lanky, muscular man. There is the drummer, a sleepy-looking man. There is no question as to his habit. I look at the boss, a tall man whose face is seemingly scarred with emotional pain. "Well, son, how about it?" the boss asks.

It is cool now. The moisture-filled air kisses my face. The distant sounds of music still ring in my ears. I start to walk.