



# SYMPOSIUM

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# SYMPOSIUM

*Volume 3, Number 1, May 1980*

## **Symposium Gang:**

J.P. Crangle • Casey Dunn  
Brian Jaffe • Sally Jenkins  
Ken Sepos • Joan Smith  
Lisa Sporleder • Kathie Steinke

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\*Symposium award selection



## Betty

Betty was twenty two.  
Before then, she had gone to college.  
She liked to paint.

Betty had a hard time at this college of art.  
People asked if she had been a cheerleader.  
People asked if she had a monogrammed sweater.  
Betty said no, twice, and did not understand.

She threw away her make up mirror.  
She would not bring her cookies from home back to the dorm room.  
She would not mention her boyfriend had played football.  
Betty met someone who admitted she still had a hair dryer  
Underneath some drawing pads in the back of the closet  
and they became friends.

Betty graduated. She went home.  
Her mother told her to stop wearing black all the time.  
Her sister would not talk to her because she was too thin.  
Betty lost her hometown friends because she didn't like faggot jokes.

Betty had not taken typing, ever.  
She did not know how to use a ruling pen.  
She did not make a success in sketching people's homes.  
So Betty went to work in the clothing store her mother worked at.

The manager did not like Betty's clothes.  
Betty bought new ones.  
She bought a curling iron.  
She put on some pantyhose and went to the lingerie department  
in this clothing store her mother worked at.  
She had never seen a girdle or a garter belt or a longline bra.  
And Betty hated to see old ladies come in to ask for them.  
She did not know what part of them to measure.  
She did not know what contour cups were for.  
When Betty went to the breakroom, she was quiet.  
She could not follow their conversations.  
They talked about diets and cancer and car accidents  
as Betty ate her sandwich.

Sometimes, they would ask her if she didn't think it was disgusting the way women were allowed to try on and even return underpants. they told her how they stopped the return policy in swimsuits, describing the stains they found on them.

One day, Betty learned a man in the store lost his son. At twenty two, Betty felt very old to this son, who was to have graduated from high school that week. Betty went to the breakroom, where they were talking about diets and cancer and car accidents. The topic turned to the accident of this man's son and Betty did not finish her sandwich. When Betty was home that night, she was irritable and her mother went to bed, mad.

The next morning, Betty went to the store and counted the money and opened the register. The other employee was usually late. She always tried to do her banking and errands before work, as her husband liked her to be home when he got home.

Betty wrote her name on the register envelope and put the pen back in the pen and pencil cup. She opened her new purse and walked out among the racks. She began to pat the mannequins. She took off their clothes. She took off their wigs. As Betty was pulling the eyelashes off the half mannequin on the counter in front of the pink, smoked glass mirror, the other employee came in.


—Christina Reynolds



## **Sometimes I Feel As Though I'm Walking Through A Supermarket's Produce Section:**

Lettuce, tomatoes, eggplants,  
Cauliflower and green beans.  
Apples, oranges, bananas,  
Peaches, grapefruits, and plums.  
Blueberries, strawberries,  
Potatoes and carrots,  
Celery and cucumbers and grapes.  
So why do I feel like a kumquat?  
Not cellophane wrapped, or preweighed,  
Or having my own niche among the rest of them?  
You can't put kumquats in a casserole,  
Or a tossed salad for lunch,  
Or between delicate slices of bread  
For the ladies that come for tea.  
They don't go well with cottage cheese, or yogurt, or cakes,  
And the juice is bittersweet.  
Nobody thinks of kumquats  
To eat while making love,  
Or watching TV, or reading a book.  
Maybe it's better that kumquats stay on the trees  
And fall to the ground  
Making more kumquat trees.  
Maybe its not so bad to feel like a kumquat.

—JU  
9/17/79



EILEEN CALLED

My friends are all married  
and moved into  
two people places  
I live in a one person palace  
that borders on loneliness  
but endures as independence.

I am myself  
and no one can change me  
I like  
who I am  
and share her  
with my one person people.



screaming along  
in eight hundred miles per hour of good feelings  
and then suddenly  
crash to a stop  
with a force the coaster brakes  
never could muster

four  
three  
two  
one  
go  
push it to the floor  
mach one two three four  
redline redline  
rewind  
rewind  
play it back  
on the reel to reel

the kisses  
touches  
gropes  
and sighs

speed it up. slow it down.  
stop action FREEZE

wind the main spring oh so tight  
running ticking running ticking running ticking

hurry up to fall in love  
time  
is  
running  
out  
hurry hurry  
pant pant  
hurry hurry  
pants off pants off  
hurry hurry  
beat off beat off

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNG

oops, time to wake up

## Morning and Evening slices From the lives of my mother and step-father

I. She stood behind him as he awkwardly walked from the bathroom to the kitchen. Taking a deep breath, he put his left foot forward, scuffing the rug, his right leg buckling slightly. He supported himself with a tripod cane he held in his left hand. With his useless right arm held close to his body, he slowly made the short distance to the waiting wheelchair. Finally reaching it, he slowly turned his back to it while she held the belt loop of his pants to steady him. She helped ease him down, his legs shaking as he sat.

She asked him what shirt he wanted to wear and he pointed to the living room where the green pullover from yesterday lay. She brought it over to him, rolling it up from the bottom and holding open the top. She pulled it over his head as he picked up his useless arm to put it through the open sleeve. She helped him pull it through and held open the other sleeve for him. Leaning forward, he pulled down his shirt in front while she pulled it down in back, smoothing it so it wouldn't roll when he sat back. "Need a clean hanky?"

"Eee-ess, igarettes," he said, pointing his finger close to his mouth in the effort to form the words.

Taking the hanky and the pack of Marlboros she had brought him with his good hand, he smiled.

II. "Supper's ready," she called from the kitchen as she bent over his dish cutting up the chicken and potatoes she had prepared.

He pulled the wheelchair over to himself and locked it. He pushed himself off the couch and landed heavily into the chair. He guided himself with his able arm and leg through the livingroom to the T.V., turning it off. Backing up from the hall into the kitchen, he positioned himself at the table and reached for the towel on the doorknob that she had made into a bib.

"Want some bread?" She asked as she turned on the small portable T.V. on the counter to the station he had been watching. He nodded. Returning to the table, she buttered him a piece.

While they ate, she checked his dish frequently, pushing his food towards the middle of the dish for him to reach more easily.

"Want some potatoes?"

He didn't answer. She repeated the question. He looked up and shook his head.



When he had finished, he removed the towel and replaced it on the knob. He backed up from the table into the hall and made his way through the livingroom to the television, turning on the news. He wheeled back to the couch and reversed his earlier maneuver. Once settled, he reached for his cigarettes.

—Catherine Polizzi

## For the Bedouin Women

because they have no running water, but the windmill on the roof which was made to power the TV is constructed out of blue and yellow cans of similar tints to the womens clothing.

we remain at home because we are women.

their eyes disclose acceptance and shame, there are tatoos around the mouths of these women green symbols forsaken on the younger women's faces and they still embroider fabrics to cover them.

they play together as boys and girls but the women and the men drink sweet tea in separate places and the young men get educations wear modern clothing and have no place, and the young women sit as their mothers did

there are many wives and everyone's children wrapped in embroidered nylon on hard floors: they have rotted teeth which match the partly buried jaws of their animals in the sand and there are postcards on the walls

—Nancy Cohen  
9/14/79

## Here I Sit

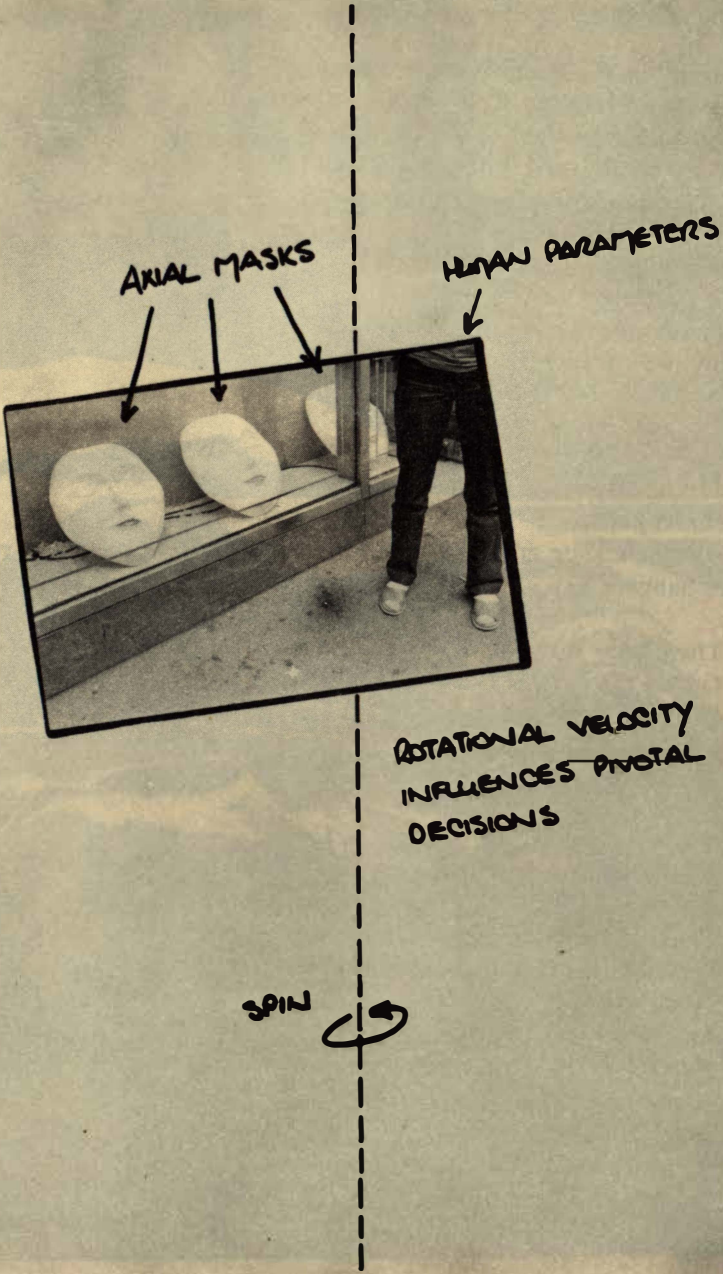
Here I sit getting a terminal case  
of nine to five hemorrhoids  
pushing paper for IT&T  
or was it the SDS  
the yippies or something like that  
I can't remember anymore  
because I'm burned out  
on materialism and dope  
sucking down a michelob  
watching Jane Fonda on TV  
leading her nooky against nukes campaign  
and Hayden looks too comfortable  
in the Diane Von Furstenburg three piece suit  
Shit if we failed at a revolution  
how can we succeed at an Economic Democracy  
(just smoke up a joint in the voting booth)

I think I'll go masturbate  
to abbie hoffman  
in a retouched cosmo centerfold  
carefully covering his erection  
with a homemade pipe bomb  
while sniffing coke  
through a rolled up sixty dollar bill

I listen to dylan  
sing about christ  
Jesus! what happened  
to the zimmerman  
who used to bitch and complain?  
there's nothing worse  
than forty year old revolutionaries  
with smiles on their faces  
out disco roller skating  
in people magazine  
with cher bone allman whatsit

—Steve Capps





## Struggle of Eyes

What has the struggle of eyes between,  
Deaf and Hearing, who shall meet each other  
Yet  
They becalm here thinking of each other,  
Their insight impending yet—

The stain of love,  
Is upon the earth  
Touch, touch, touch,  
Immediately  
It changes into leaves.

Smears with the wildflower,  
The horned branches lean  
Heavily  
Against a slate grey sky  
A hanging Sky.

There's no sunlight  
Only a tawny, sticky stain  
Dripping from leaf to leaf  
Spoiling  
The earth loves of the Creator.

Deaf is alone!  
The weight of love up  
Buoys  
The head of Hearing  
Which knocks against the leaden sky.

Interface Hearing  
Bravely  
Embrace at final—  
Arms and hands lay idle  
Among windly white daisies.

—Kevin Mulholland  
10-79



DURATION

There is no comfort  
in rainbows  
But there is here  
in my arms  
and there's a bed  
that you can sleep on  
when you don't  
want one  
of your own

So come and stay forever  
or longer  
if you will

There is no comfort  
in rainbows  
so come  
stay with me until  
the tears out-number  
the kisses  
and we cry  
more than we caress  
then you can go back  
to rainbows  
and I'll go back  
to clouds  
I guess.



## Christmas Help

Across the street from where I work there is a holiday landscape painted on the windows of a bank. Santa and his reindeer, elves, and lots of snow are there. The entire glass side, extending up two of the many stories of the building, is covered with snowflakes drifting gently down upon evergreens. When I stand behind the cash register and look directly in front of me, blocking out everything in my peripheral vision, I see that snow and try to imagine being cold

A glance to either side reminds me that I am not cold, I am in California. Beverly Hills. It's the palm trees that give the whole thing away. The city tries to create winter here on Wilshire Boulevard, for all the displaced souls from New York, Milwaukee, and Lincoln Nebraska, who say they miss it but don't really. The lampposts are adorned with giant blue and silver snow crystals. Unnaturally tall trees are centered in the lobbies of office buildings, decorated. Neiman-Marcus and Bonwits and Giorgio's have been dropping Christmas hints into their windows for weeks, and at the Right Bank Clothing Company one can drop in for some holiday vodka and a pair of hundred dollar sandals. The Beverly-Wilshire is full of tourists and foreign dignitaries, the street is full of Rolls-Royces with chauffeurs.

My father is dead. It has been less than a month since the funeral and I am looking at snow scenes on a glass bank, in California. I came here because I've never been to L.A. I've never spent a winter without snow. Three days after the funeral I came here and found an apartment. Two days later I found a job in a store. I am what is known as Christmas help. I sell things to tourists and movie stars. Cary Grant. Mr Allington from Indianapolis. Salesladies from Saks, on their lunch hours. One of the Sheik's wives.

I guess I like working here. I never worked in a store before. I said on my job application that I had. After I was hired, I had to pretend that the cash registers here were very different from the ones I was used to using. Now I'm almost as good as a grocery clerk. Not quite.

Charles, the manager of my department, is thirtyish, thin, always dressed to the nines, and very funny. A woman and her poodle approach him and ask him if the soap dishes come in brown. No, he says only in red, yellow, and blue. The woman consults her poodle. Do they come in green? She asks. No ma'am, says Charles, almost whispering the words, coolly. The woman now feels it is her duty to buy all the soap dishes, red, yellow, and blue. Charles is usually the first one to arrive at the store in the morning. I am usually the second. We drink coffee and I always borrow a cigarette. he borrows my newspaper. I like Charles.

I ride the bus back and forth to work. Everyone says that you can't survive in L.A. without a car. I am twenty-four, my father is dead, I have never spent a winter without snow, and I have never owned a car. The bus in L.A. is exactly like the bus anywhere. Maybe this bus has a few more old people swaying in the aisles. That's because the neighborhood I live in has an average age of about eighty-nine. I am on my way home. I offer my seat to an older woman in an overcoat, wool hat, and gloves. It's eighty degrees outside and the woman says she's cold. It's winter, she says. I say yes, and give her my seat. I move closer to the back of the bus. A black man is asleep. The girl sitting next to him is talking to no one. She says she was thrown out of Oral Roberts University. In the very back seat, the long one, teenagers are smoking and playing their radios. It seems they've been to the beach. I wonder what ever happened to high school. I stand midway between the back door and the back seat, in the open area where the seats face each other. I try to balance without hanging on the silver pole. It's entertaining.

I get off the bus a block early in order to shop at Honest Max's Bargains. I always buy something from Honest Max. When I first moved to L.A. Honest Max rescued me from his wife, who was accusing me of shoplifting. Wadda ya talkin' about, he said, the girl ain't takin' nothing. Today I buy a clear plastic umbrella with a red handle. I don't know why. Rain is not expected. I walk up the block to my apartment.

Charles calls. He says come out for a drink, you shouldn't sit around alone and get depressed. He knows my father is dead. His father is dead too, only it's been years. When I am thirtyish, it will have been years. I say no, but maybe another time. I don't drink.

I put the radio on. It's opera. I hate opera, though I try to listen when it's Beverly Sills. Her name used to be Bubbles. One should know what Beverly Sills sounds like. Tonight it is not Beverly Sills. I turn the radio off.

wall music brings back memories. Opera reminds me of a lover in Ann Arbor. Folk music makes me think of being a college freshman. The Brandenburg concerti mean Christmas. Whenever I hear the Stars and Stripes Forever I think of Arthur Fiedler...and my father. They are both dead.

Before I can go to sleep, I check and recheck the locks on the front and back doors and all the windows. There are deadbolts and chainguards. A few nights after I moved in, I woke up to the sound of someone trying to break in through the front door. The sound was a quiet clicking, a tool being used to force the standard lock from its slot. I frightened the man away by pounding on the other side of the door and yelling "You get out of here you get out of here". Then I called the police. I stayed up all night, knowing that

he would come back. He did not. Often now, late at night, I stand in the darkness peeking out from behind the curtains, waiting for him to come back.

The bus is crowded. It is morning and the old women carrying five year old shopping bags from places like Saks push ahead of me to get to the seats. I let them.

I don't read on the bus. I like to look out the window and think. Yesterday, I was absorbed in thought and slowly became aware that the man next to me was feeling my leg. I moved to a different seat.

Today the woman next to me wants to talk. She asks me where I am going. To the Museum, I say. I am going to work, but I say I am going to the museum. Do you like modern art? She asks. Yes I say. So do I, she says. She likes Van Gogh and Chagall. But who could afford Chagall? She says.

—Mary Margaret Lum

## The Commuter's Prayer

A psalm of Maria Bernhart.

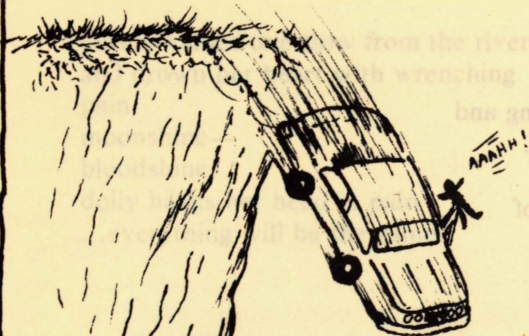
The LORD is my cab driver;  
I shall not want.  
Through stop signs and potholes he gives me repose.  
Beside ten-car pile ups he leads me.  
He never lets me stall out.  
He guides me the right way on a one way street  
for his name's sake.  
Yea, though I travel through the can of worms at rush hour,  
I fear no evil; for you are at my side  
with your four-on-the-floor and  
your ever running meter.  
You keep me on my toes  
in the sight of my foes.  
You anoint my car with oil:  
my radiator overflows.  
Only routes clean and green shall I follow  
all the days of my life;  
And I shall stay on the inside lane  
for years to come.

—Maria C. Bernhart



D. H.

INSTIGATED BY  
LORENZO AND  
THE INSPECTOR



CONSTANT  
ACCELERATION  
(WITH OR WITHOUT  
AN END POINT)  
OVER A CLIFF,  
INTO A CROWD  
OF INSURANCE  
SALESMEN  
BELOW



## now let me give you a piece of my mind

brown dirt  
silently caressing  
the roots of the forest.  
green moss  
gently grasping  
the brown dirt.  
crystal dew  
beaded on  
the green moss.  
sunlight  
sparkling through  
the crystal dew.  
crisp air scented of morning and  
unwarmed by the sunlight.  
pine needles  
swaying from the breeze of  
the crisp air.  
quiet rustling  
from the brushing of  
the pine needles.  
peace  
in being alone with all that accompanies  
the quiet rustling.

—Ada Boone

### 3

time food is  
deoxyribo nucleic acid  
and it keeps us going in  
molecules of hope in the light of the  
milky way galaxy and keeps us going in time  
keeps going ever so carefully toward hope in time  
keeps going in God we  
have no more food  
in end of time  
we are  
DNA

—Roy F. Rasmussen

## Plastic Values

moonshine on innocent terrestrial planes  
she know his rivers and his valleys  
but she know nothing of his crystal visions  
she's a doll with pink pursed lips  
her head is cracked  
her heart is split

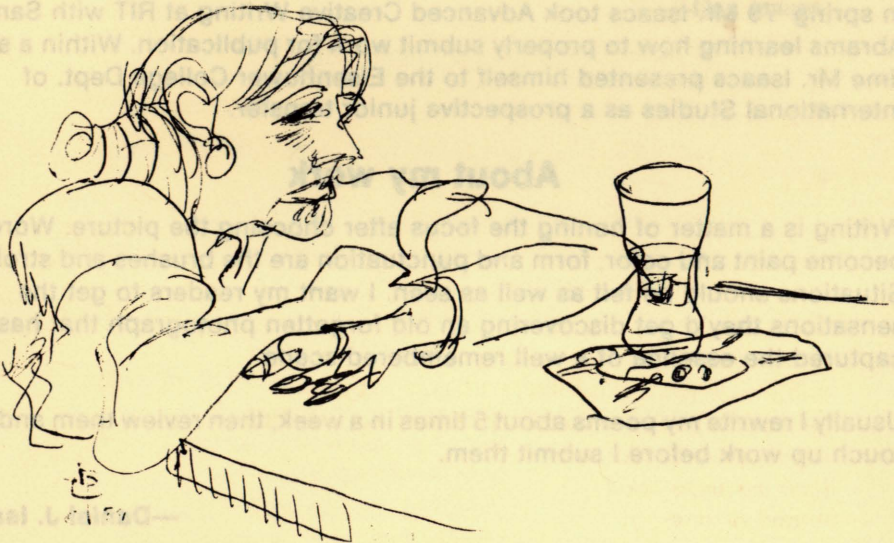
who am i? she cry  
who am i? she high

plastic values overflow from the river  
and drown her heart with wrenching  
pain.

moonshine—  
bloodshine!

dolly hangs her head in pain  
...everything will be the same.

—M.P. McDonald





# SYMPOSIUM FEATURE

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## **About Daniel J. Isaacs**

Mr. Isaacs has been interested in writing poetry since 6th grade. At the age of 13 he went to Israel, dropping a 5hr/day TV habit cold turkey and discovering Asimov, Ellison, Vonnegut and Frost.

He finished high school in the US writing mainly for friends and teachers. At SUNY Buffalo Mr. Isaacs was encouraged to take his writing seriously in a Creative Writing class with Mac Hammond. He invited Isaacs to an open reading where he met another UB poet/professor, John Logan. "In John's graduate seminar" Mr. Isaacs says "I learned to refine my visions and to express more clearly what I was seeing."

In spring '79 Mr. Isaacs took Advanced Creative Writing at RIT with Sam Abrams learning how to properly submit work for publication. Within a short time Mr. Isaacs presented himself to the Eisenhower College Dept. of international Studies as a prospective junior transfer.

## **About my work**

Writing is a matter of honing the focus after choosing the picture. Words become paint and color, form and punctuation are the brushes and strokes. Situations should be felt as well as seen. I want my readers to get the sensations they'd get discovering an old forgotten photograph that has captured the essence of a well remembered scene.

Usually I rewrite my poems about 5 times in a week, then review them and do touch up work before I submit them.

—Daniel J. Isaacs

### Chanson D'enfant Terrible

This French cheese breast  
(bleu veined bulb of pale white skin)  
Swells large for no baby,

This pink nipple  
(small hydrant softened & dried)  
Stands alert to my tongue:

Pump as I suck  
(taste the jets of your within).  
What if I'm the second

That hungry gummed  
this flesh (on a hot June night)?  
Now that daddy's asleep

This bleu cheese breast  
swells large for no baby swells large for nobody  
but me

—Dan Isaacs



## (the bad part)

we sit on our butts a lot and get bored

or

we take your butts, spent matchbooks, camel packs, beer  
bottles cans & tops and trash them,  
we impale baby ruth wrappers on nailed broomsticks, starving  
the flies, feeding the mosquitos,  
we wipe & sponge & scrub & paint tables smeared with must  
turd obscenities,  
we clean the cabins of your excrement and shovel shit off  
trucks into dumpsters,  
we split wood in rain, pull tulips in sun or fork hay,  
we push push push the bladed baby carriage  
that shaves the green hairs from Earth's pocked face,  
and pulls the blackhead ants from sandhill zits,  
that skims or chips or bats rocks or rock hard unripe  
pine cones and acorn pellets at your feet,  
that splinter sticks and spits them in your face,  
that belches gassy smoke clogging on clumps of steaming  
grass green and gold,  
we start work at 7:30 everyday and weekends,

## (the good part)

we sit on our butts for the hourly wage

or

we drive long around the park with eyes for women or a  
beer,  
we drink miller's & genny, play gin and get high a lot,  
we read miller, & london & bellow & hustler & motor  
home magazine,  
we pick raspberries, black  
raspberries, black  
berries & cherries,  
we bullshit a lot (even the lifers, the parkers,  
the 10 yr. crewmen/friends  
with bordering farms and  
matching blazers or 4  
wheels & tractor...)  
we go home at 4 o'clock.



## Women

They waggle their tails in infinite patterns,

Like bees,

they allure you to sweeter than honey.

They spin silky ribbons of near non-existence,

Like spiders,

They weave webs of intricate beauty  
with delicate fibers stronger than steel.

Like flies

They move merrily

Like a fool

Do I chase them

like moonlight

They vanish

In the face of the dawn break.

They leave you feeling empty and hollow

Like a log

They consume you in sweet fire

Like pine

You're cheap and disgraceful

like pressboard,

like wormwood—

They're pure and fair fragrant

Like birch

Like balsam.

They fill you with hope

Like a seed sown in sand.

—Daniel Jay Isaacs

From *Empires by Seeds*  
(translated by Daniel J. Isaacs from Hebrew)

## the ancient house

the chaste house joins  
the sky's rejoicings;  
the sun sends to its center  
his flaming gold,  
and the night  
coats it in stardarkness.

there, beyond the house,  
on the horizon,  
living their mute lives  
the high hills, that wrap  
their secrets in a gray veil,  
and below the house's floor  
lives his secret life,  
his special life,  
the dirt,  
and all that's hidden within—  
seeds, roots, springs...

and the humble house is not  
singing songs on the chasm's nearness,  
on the rule of the void,  
and the quiet house nods not,  
and the peculiar house isn't—  
drunk.  
an expression of vagueness spilled  
on his dull rock face—  
and behold this is almost security.

From **Emphasis** by Zelda  
(translated by Daniel J. Isaacs from Hebrew)

## paper tiger

pert baubles bursting of femininity  
loose, in a blouse undone

She smiles ivory and cream and cherry red  
lips parted berry-fresh  
pearls in an oyster revealed  
lustrous, luscious with mother-of-pearl

eyes sparkle gem lightning under bangs  
flowing gold; rays of sun and hay and offers  
of pleasure doing business with you.

He's heard of fish belly-up, dead  
(full of rubber-worm lust;  
David and Batsheva,  
Samson and Delilah,  
Adam and Eve/Snake/Apple,

but this vision grasps at beauty—gasps choking  
touched, cluched like a diamond  
radiant in a heart of black coal...)

And closes the magazine.

—Dan Isaacs  
4/22/79



## Hawk

Strapping on the wind like  
A shoulder holster you hold motionless;  
Addressed to the kill. Your skill  
Full eyes press the green and yellow field below  
The cliff,       below you.

A rabbit moves and a quarter mile  
Beneath the wind you teardrop drop  
Through windlessness, returning  
Not empty handed. Grateful  
Now you and your prey play  
The wind beneath your shoulder  
To the cliff's nest.

A deadly game.

—Daniel J. Issacs  
9/16/78

## Loony's Tune

I have a long sharp knife  
With which to take my life.  
When I get good and pissed  
I'll slash it 'cross my wrist.

But if this is no threat  
To you, do not forget.  
If I can't do myself  
I'll do in someone else.  
(And I haven't missed one yet.)

—Daniel J. Issacs  
10/23/79

## cobb's hill: the night of the second

wind sprints past naked trees streaking brakeless breathtaking, slaloms  
each bare trunk, slaps the face with Aeolus's cold calloused hand, coats  
each gloved hand, hat and coat, covers corduroy bottoms and boots unbuckled  
fill with snow, snow clothes oak illuminated in starlight shined silver  
from the snow to say I bared you ( with my coming) I buried you (now  
I'm here) you're mine the dead body till spring, the wind sings bitterly,  
snow dances as white ghosts flowing and maples wave surrender under  
the brilliant moon rendering the woods transparent Tayhouse to Nunda

—Dan Isaacs  
7/20/79

## Indian Summer II

October is a fraud! There being  
no clouds, no cold, and on grass  
students with their heads on books,  
faces full of sun skip classes.

Birds singing October is a fraud!

The grass never tires of greening  
or the squirrels from finding new nuts  
and the sound from the trees is  
the lazy sigh of leaves

procrastinating  
not falling on this day that is not fall.

—Daniel J. Issacs  
10/22/79



## SIGNS OF LIGHTNING

People, in their breathtaking sight,  
See the signs of lightning.  
But, unlike the thunder of speech,  
It gives no actual harm.

Deaf choose their words  
With their signs  
To fit a message  
Which darts, glides, jabs and flutters.

In the mind, people sense  
The signs of lightning.  
These are not deafening to them;  
Their eyes won't turn away.

On turn the vacant face  
Lop-eared, sleepy-eyed to stare  
At the fireworks display  
Of lightning strokes signs!

—Kevin Mulholland  
10/79

## Coffee...

BLACK, as a pool of  
dark visions. A beginning  
crossed by everyone.

—Patricia Triscari



## Vignette one: the Kinneret, the Golan

Before I saw the mountains or the water I knew many songs  
legends of their beauty. In a lake there can be no storms  
at sea. I have learned sweet water  
can have bitter strength. The mountains  
stand as fossils of lives, the audience  
and harborers to unrecorded wars timepieces  
vestiges narratives

Every traveller from the water to  
the mountains and down is drawn to  
the growing rainbows. I knew no songs  
about these spectrums of warm colors their exterior  
is forbidding

I photograph these as they  
clump together gather line up touch stretch  
out far. Their taste is ripe orange and  
their flavor sweet  
temptation. as a child I never took dares,  
I had no mountains to read history from. Children  
have more spirit where lives are more bold  
very much like the fruit she grabbed, for her exterior  
had thorns. I should keep my distance but her surface  
is the encasement of more sweet liquid as we are our environments.  
Perhaps, because we are products of our environment  
I photograph people.

—Nancy Cohen  
9/79

## Scars On Stars

America's got fifty states  
of mind  
for whichever state you're in  
or leaning toward.

You can hopscotch across borders  
and play volleyball  
with your intellect  
while your emotions change  
for the sake of change.

This country's got everything!  
check your supermarket.  
Stars for each state of mind  
and red and white stripes  
that clap for a freedom  
won in the wind  
of once upon a wish...

Every child pledges  
to the stars on blue.  
Their milk money jingles  
with past presidents.  
They play on blacktops  
bordered by green  
hemmed with a fence.

They play  
until the stars call them  
to change,  
exchanging baseball caps and sneakers  
for berets and boots.

—Patricia Tiburci



It didn't have to be a war  
but the games  
became more than sport  
and everyone noticed.

Grab  
another star and swing far  
away from there.

“You deserve a break”  
a change for the sake of  
changes sake;  
The hopscotching becomes an  
inescapable mistake.

America's scars emblazon her knees.

—Sally Jenkins

## I. I AM NOT

### A. Responsible for:

1. Pickup and delivery
2. Damages incurred:
  - a. After leaving the premises
  - b. Through excessive abuse
3. Quoted prices
4. Supply and demand

### B. Paying for your labor

### C. A Miracle Worker

(Although they sometimes occur.)

## II I AM WILLING TO HELP YOU

—Bob



*Poor Girl* has been selected by the Symposium advisory staff as the best literary work in poetry. The selection was made after a careful review of all the pieces submitted in the poetry section.

## Poor Girl

Poor girl was preached with her mouthful movement  
Her father mailed her fear  
Her mother mooned on pure-oralism.  
Her schoolmaster ruled her mouth.  
The wafer in her mouth  
Flavored like sod.  
Light failed frequently then  
She can't see to rhyme clearly  
Praise for a floating leaf,  
Although she learned to sign.

Father cursed several bones,  
for practicing no tongue.  
Mother said: My dear girl  
To sign is bad, To loud good.  
Schoolmaster scolded her,  
For breaking rule.

(Poor girl, poor innocent lily—  
The cackling crows, odd ball jerks  
Flap around her, enciriling,  
Pecking at her lips.)

But she escaped to college  
And met interpresigner;  
They kissed and fled away  
Like a new leaf in the wind.  
Divided such as those  
Who listen, look, and find  
Heart's flesh is blossoming  
Mouth can't, but sign can be kind,  
For her!

—Kevin Mulholland  
10-79

Trying hard  
to freeze dry my thoughts  
before you slip away  
and run off again  
with some rubber band  
from the midway  
with tatoos on his arms  
covered by grease from the ferris wheel

The red lights are on  
to preserve my night vision  
I invert the eight ball  
which says reply hazy, try again  
so I throw it in the fireplace  
and it brokenly predicts very doubtful

But I can never hear your voice  
over the long distance hum  
or his idling 57 chevy  
purring out the three minutes  
so I don't pick it up  
and it goes on ringing and ringing

—Steve Capps



*Pip Count* has been selected by the Symposium advisory staff as the best literary work in prose. The selection was made after a careful review of all the pieces submitted in the prose section.

## Pip Count

He was contemplating the morning after the morning before when he had one unsuccessful breath in midstride.

It could not be her playing backgammon with the bearded Georgetown foreign service—Winston's was not her Berkley's Boston. I had last seen her months before in a red carpeted Allegheny departure lounge. We had last touched as she walked from my arms into a weapons detector.

Tech students spent too much time on heat transfer problems, she thought as she began to bear off and reached for the doubling cube.

Her hair was held back with a leather barrette. It was the same that I had given her for an anniversary that had once counted our time.

She had two men to go and then he would buy the next drink. He was cute and caring but not very sharp—she liked the Woody Allen type.

"Gammon", she said, "this time I'll set the board but I'd still like two slow comfortable screws."

She must of seen me as I came in. She was turned toward the door. Why hadn't she acknowledged me with a wave of a smile? Had I changed in these long months?

A 5-6 roll she opened with a "lovers leap"...

Was he a lover or just a friend?

then covered her blot.



Why had she come to the district without letting me know?

She chewed the too-salty-buy-another-drink-popcorn and watched his hopeless tactics to come in from the rail. She thought he might be losing to eventually take advantage of her. She adored stereotypes.

“A fatburger and beans”. We used to come here, together, late at night, and order the special as a chaser for Rocky Horror.

She was wrong. Her state of mind was better than his...he probably was a virgin, anyway.

We would talk until close and then she would take me home.

She had backgommoned him. God, he was a bore, she thought as she dropped another quaalude. He had preyed on her as soon as she came through the door. They had played the game for hours and he had hardly said a word.

We would always go to her place. I sometimes felt lost in the rose budded sheets and quilted comforters.

If only he would make a pass at her so she could leave him in disgust.

The Fatburger's onions brought me back. She was with him and I was alone. I had come for a purpose.

A blond purpose smiled and I thoughtfully offered to freshen her drink.

She offered me a nightcap

He offered to take her home.

We were getting our coats when we encountered.

—Clint Potter  
11/2/79

## A Meadow Walk

A meadow walk in solitude is what I need to take,  
For there are few remedies for heartache and Winter's on the way.  
Life is fast abandoning this field of new mown hay,  
And I am Joe-Pye blue and black-eyed over Susan.

Last season's flower has taken wing and flutters in another field.  
The milkweed packs silken fibers firm like tiny breasts painfully swollen,  
And bottled up with gentian tears my mood is oh so sullen,  
To recall the wild ambitions and the servile plans together made.

The one who turned my life around is now forever gone.  
A wounded deer could hurt no less nor hide from its own fate,  
And would the wild goose travel forth without its lifelong mate,  
To share the safe high journeys and the danger fraught descents.

A meadow walk in solitude is what I need to take,  
For sense to make of loss beyond all reason of a wife.  
The narcotic bee now stings away his very sober life,  
And I am Joe-Pye blue and black eyed over Susan.

—James C. Aumer  
Fall 1979





BOO

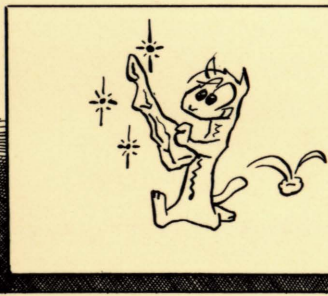
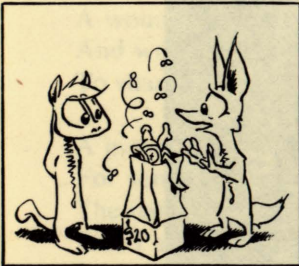
THE WILD

GUARDIAN SHRUBS

AN AMERICAN CAMP



# Harold the Weasel



Vinegaroon 199

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## PRINTER'S NOTE

This issue of SYMPOSIUM was composed on a Variable Input Phototypesetter (VIP), a top-of-the-line 2nd generation phototypesetter. Editing was done on a stand-alone MVP editing terminal.

The typefaces selected were *Times New Roman* and *Baskerville*.

*Times New Roman* was designed by Stanley Morison and drafted by Victor Lardent of The Printing House Square in 1931. The original design was intended for the *London Times* but its popularity grew quickly and was soon being used in foundries around the world. The wide spread acceptance of *Times Roman* is due to its slightly condensed form and heavier strokes allowing for a more economical use of space and better legibility.

*Baskerville* was originally designed by John Baskerville from Birmingham England in 1757 for Dr. Edmund Fry's type foundry. The original typeface enjoyed moderate success. It wasn't until 1923 when the Monotype Corporation recut it did it start to become more popular. Baskerville now holds the position of being one of a half-dozen standard book typefaces in the world.



**MARS**  
Mars is a cold world 4218 miles in diameter with a thin atmosphere of carbon dioxide. The reddish color is caused by oxidized (rusty) iron. The South Polar Cap is composed of frozen carbon dioxide (dry ice) and water. When closest to the Earth, Mars is a little less than 36 million miles away. Photographed with the 60-inch Telescope Hale Observatories.

HELP KEEP  
MARS  
BEAUTIFUL



**STEREO VISION**  
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**YET BLACK LICORICE**  
**HANGIN IN THE TREES**

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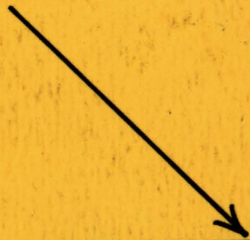
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BALANCE OF INPUT



THE ULTIMATE CAR

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