



NOMAD

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The way I see it:

"great slugs, I tell you, I mean whole gulps of the old pick me up; throwing 'em down like they wuz nuthin', jes' like caffeine cordials, disgraceful, I do declare!!"

Pre — UPON AND ON — Position

by

WRJ

Upon,
yellow, ivory crafted
by aged brown men
black eyes burn
stiffening fingers turn
we lean
Upon,
the melting day and dripping night
in time
In time, big, glowing ashes, dance
a dying epiphenomenon
upon the off and off and on
And on to cold white
gravel concretely
packed discreetly
where the metal kiss
and crumpling hiss
and bending and twisting
Mutilation IS so hard resisting
tie me to your thoughts
and on the point we
shared surreptitiously
sly/Intent
on seeing bubbles
rising and remaining
like St. Peter

sorting sinning from sainting
let go the surface of wet glass
Upon a broken dance we cane ahead steadfastly
honoring and all the while
the sky whose ocher life
from sun bent/ down upon the afternoon
now spent

The way I see it (Cont.) Pt. II intro:

Busily redefining the way refiners do —
or
The winds whipping a chill gust and there you shiver
and cry silently and whimper flaking rust
or
thoughts spilled out like rats jumping a drowning ship
The one inside the egg inside the egg, etc.
gravity is shackling our sad SOLES
held tight inspired invisible
to this firm earth
I'm standing on the sidewalk
(muted laughter)
I'm sitting in a side car
(thereafter)
forcing my defined catholicism
as universality eclipsed in totality
(ooh, that sounds like it would hurt)
rallied round my
My again and then
Again,
Again it,
It again
(Bastard pronouns)
What is a swing for?
(I'm serious)
it doesn't matter
I'm moving my body through
(my, my, my)
the air now what's an automobile for
here to there;
later, people

Elbowroom

by

Monty Barham

Cast the golden mold
For the beautiful Angel
Dark eyes, soft tanned wings.

Ringling unknown bells
Beating hearts together in
Alliance.

She descends in the silent stillness
Of night, in my slight slumber,
Whispering, soothing & loving.

Extraordinary in her magic, her
Power casting Future dreams,
Peace over turmoil, smiling nerves
Dancing under the Moon's madness;
Set apart for one moment.

O cast the golden mold
In full grace, in full expectation.
Somewhere between fantasy & warm
Nook behind inviting lucid eyes.

Faint pink shimmer of morning light
Another circumstance passes, replacing
Stockings, frosty altitudes, lipstick.

Nothing much else to say . . .
Recoiling once again, alone,
Left only to behold the golden mold
And the Angel of my literature, my splendor,
My only belief, my dream.

Refusing to let me slip away,
Enclosed in slight slumber, her shimmer
My arms out-stretched, spanning the breadth
Of her heaven, her wings lowering my Angel
to the patchwork of my quilt.

Saturday
by
Janet Beaudry

Walnuts and Pumpkins
and my life is full
to the burstin' . . .
And bursting with the
hollow emptiness of
Walnut shells and
Pumpkin skins.

At the Gentle Insistance of my Guitar

by

W. Alex Norris

At the gentle insistance of my guitar,
I began to hum a tune
That fit right in with the way I felt.
I think it was soon I floated away,
And lackadaisically —
Strummed and understanding.



BONE VALLEY EPISODE

by

Vincent G. Clark

Great tusked boar, why died you here among your friends,
While eagle soared on upward winds,
And alluvial flood roared ever end-
Lessly to drown your screams as shots rang out?

Did he hunt you down through sacred land
With evil heart and murderous hand
To slay your kind according as planned
By foresters and hiking clubs?

You, the reminder of death, the terrible foe,
Have left your bones; as years ago
A freakish storm suddenly swept through
This peaceful vale, and farmers tried to save their herds.

While they struggled to bring them down
From high mountain fields, the drifts had blown
So high, they barely saved themselves, let alone
The hundreds of cattle who clustered for warmth.

That spring their bones were bleached in the sun,
Piled high as markers to tell everyone
How tenuous is life, with future uncertain.
Yet certain is death, none can deny.

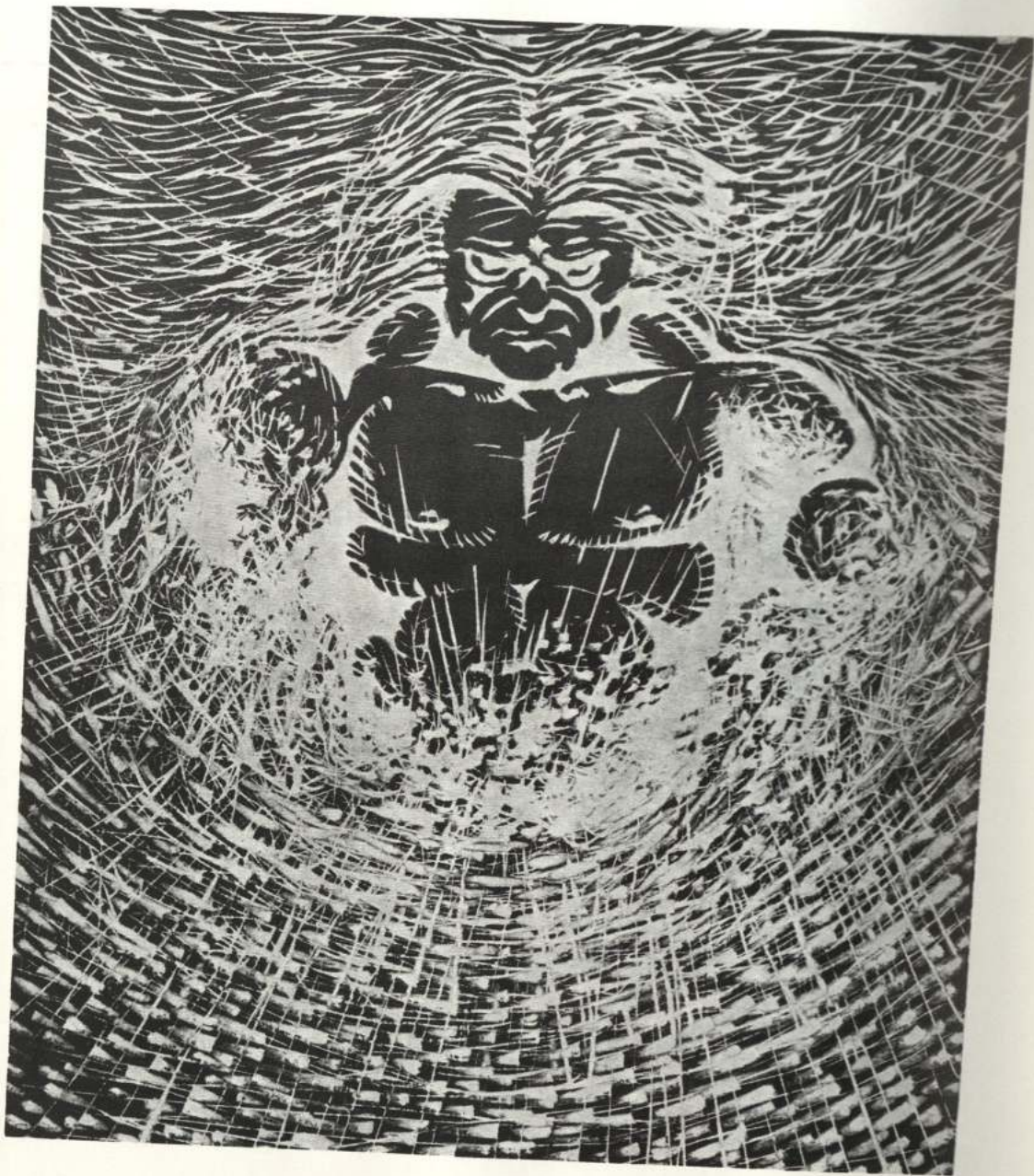


Upon Meeting Milton, Yet a Second Time

by

Teresa Dianne Sentelle

I am the fourth wife of John Milton.
I hope that I too do not die with child.
I, impregnated by sacred sperm from
Glass refrigerators in the chamber of Sir Huguelet,
By signing a simple document which bore
The name of Milton and his contemporaries,
Rejoice in the fullness of myself and know
That the infant born will nurse of inner light.



[GRANITE PEAK]

by

Russell Midgett

Huddling behind a boulder for protection against pelting hail and furious blasts of wind, I glared out toward Granite Peak, Montana's highest mountain. The 2,500 foot monolith ascends among other monstrosities from a 10,000 foot high plateau in the Beartooth Range. The glacier-carved terrain of the region is as rugged a place as ever forbade man's intrusion. As we had trudged through it, grimacing under the load of our seventy pound packs, I had noticed that the rocky, icy environment appeared barren of all but the hardiest forms of sparse vegetation: a few mosses, grasses, and lichens.

The mountain itself was intimidating. During this last day's march toward its base, our view of it had been obstructed by a ridge forming a huge wall. I had been overconfident and overanxious to challenge it. Not until we were within two miles of it had I gotten my first clear view of the

entire mass. I was stunned. I had stood oblivious to the biting cold and relentless wind, feeling completely taken by the mountain's power. Something about it instilled in me the impression it was balking us, mocking all the confidence I had hitherto entertained.

And now, contemplating the great mass of ice and granite, my feeling of anxiety finally climaxed. I was honestly afraid. We were two weeks into a mountaineering expedition with the National Outdoor Leadership School, an organization dedicated to teaching outdoor skills. Every day, aside from our hiking, we had received several hours of instruction regarding some aspect of climbing. The learning had moved at a rapid pace. There were scores of concepts, terms, signals, procedures, and knots about which we had been drilled. We were expected to retain everything that had been taught to us. Now five of us were about to be put to an extreme examination. Mountaineers cannot afford to make mistakes. One who does puts his life in jeopardy. Worse, the safety of the other climbers in his party depends directly upon his ability to perform. An improperly tied knot or a wrong signal could result in disaster. These mind-sobering thoughts kept recurring to me, and I knew that the mental strain of the next day's climb would be intense. I knew it would be as grueling to me as the physical strain of the half-mile climb.

I had set out walking from base camp, feeling an impulse to be alone, and had ascended a large pile of glacial moraine. From my vantage point I was afforded an excellent view of Granite Peak and Sky Top Glacier. I concentrated on the pristine beauty, never before having seen anything as impressive as this seemingly other-worldly environment. I noticed a patch of soil several paces away, from which appeared a dazzling array of yellow marsh marigolds. These delicate wildflowers seemed in contrast to the ominous surroundings.

The threatening clouds were casting an early darkness in the valley, and I made haste toward base camp. I found the others huddling in the crowded tents for protection against the storm. The hail soon turned to snow. The weather was putting a damper on our spirits, for should it prevent a climb the next day, we would have missed our chance. We were scheduled to rendezvous with the other six members on our expedition a day after the climb at a place eight miles away. Therefore, we would be allowed only one day to challenge the big one.

After a heavy dinner of thick, cheesy "spooza," we all crammed into one tent in order to plan our assault and distribute gear. Bret and Bill gave the rundown on instruction and safety procedures, and included a pep talk, full of optimism, in their speeches.

The two instructors had decided to divide the five of us up into two separate assault parties. We were allowed to choose which guide we would climb with. Brian, Jody, and I chose to climb the south face with Bill. Mark and Rick were to try the east face with Bret. When everything else had been discussed, we studied the mountain, with Bill indicating the projected routes. Ours was to be a steep vein of snow and ice, known as a couloir, which ran from the glacier at the base of the mountain all the way up to a saddle in the ridge.

By this time darkness was enveloping us, and we were in our sleeping bags shortly thereafter. Bill had stressed the importance of a good night's sleep, claiming it would be essential to stamina and an alert mind. We awoke early the next morning to screaming vulgarity from Bret's tent. It pierced the darkness and overpowered the violent flapping of our tent fly. The wind, contrary to hopes, had not decreased at all. I deemed it a miracle that our shelter was still standing. Muttering profanities of our own, we sluggishly emerged from the warmth of our Polarguard cocoons. I was the first from the tent, and excitedly heralded the good news to Rick, Mark, and Brian that the stars were out. The storm had cleared; we would try the mountain under a blue sky.

After a great deal of fumbling in the dark, we were dressed and standing around shivering in our frozen boots. Our clothing consisted of two pairs of long wool stockings, wool pants, wind pants, two wool sweaters, a heavy wool overshirt, wool gloves, wool mittens, and a wool balaclava. We smeared our faces with glacier cream for protection against the sun and wind.

For breakfast, we gulped hot chocolate between mouthfuls of lumpy oatmeal. Mark then fried the greasy, ungodly hash-browns, which we somehow forced down solely for the energy we knew we would derive from them. At 5:30 we rendezvoused, split up into separate parties, wished each other luck, and proceeded from base camp. After trudging for twenty minutes across the rocky terrain, we ascended the hundred foot wall of glacial moraine a quarter mile away from the mountain. On the

back side of the moraine we encountered Sky mountain. On the back side of the moraine we encountered Sky Top Glacier, and were halted by Bill for a quick lesson in glaciology. I was fascinated by the immensity of the massive sheet of ice, and by the frozen "smile lake" at the base of the glacier. From the center of the lake there arose a huge island of moraine. On the surface of the glacier, which slanted steeply from the mountain toward the lake, were many boulders and smaller rocks and pebbles. The debris had fallen from the mountain and was frozen solidly in the dingy gray ice. I was struck by the sterile nature of the scene. There was not one sign of life in that whole vast glacial cirque, which formed a huge amphitheatre. Save the howling of the wind, there was not a sound to be heard. The absence of life, combined with the silence, made the scene seem even deathly. I felt as though I had no business in this frigid, saturnine environment. This feeling I repeatedly experienced throughout the day ahead. Nature, it seemed, is indifferent toward man, and would crush him as willingly as it would nourish his life. As this thought occurred to me, I took on a new degree of sobriety regarding this whole operation of climbing Granite Peak. There was a knot tightening in my stomach. But I recalled seeing the marsh marigolds, and the fact of their survival seemed to warrant me consolation.

My instructor seemed indifferent to the surroundings. He chomped his tobacco vigorously, never stopping when he talked, so that the juice (which always reminded me of chicken shit) drooled out onto his red beard. Smacking out his words, he instructed us to tie in to the rope, seventy-five feet apart. He was at the lead of this rope team, and I was appointed anchor man. We set out across the frozen lake, then cautiously ascended the slope of the glacier, traversing it to the base of the couloir. After a few last minute instructions, we slowly made our way up the side of the mountain. The snow of the couloir was frozen solidly into ice. Bill chopped steps with his ice axe, and the three of us subsequently kicked into them as we climbed. The procedure was slow and laborious. After a while, the angle of the slope got so steep we had to swing the picks of our axes into the snow above us, then pull ourselves up using them for aid. Because of the lack of oxygen at the high altitude, each person needed to stop in order to catch his breath after climbing only fifty to seventy-five feet.

We were roped together as a safety precaution. Should a person fall on the slick ice, he would have to immediately do what is known as a "self arrest" in order to avoid sliding down the side of the mountain. A self arrest is done by rolling over on one's stomach while holding the shaft of the axe firmly against the chest, with the pick protruding out and away from the body at shoulder level. The pick is jammed into the snow with the weight of the person lying on top of it. The pick will drag in the snow, stopping, or "arresting" the person's fall. With all four members of the party roped, should one man fall, he would signal the others to immediately self arrest, increasing the chance of his being stopped. If an unroped man falls and fails to arrest himself within several seconds after his fall, his velocity will be such that it will be too late for him to stop himself. We had all spent several hours practicing the procedure before our climb, for on a mountain, a situation calling for a self arrest is often "do or die." After four hours, at around 11:00, we reached the top of the couloir. It ended abruptly at a low point in the ridge, which formed a saddle in the mountain. We were still a good seven hundred feet below the summit. Bill hammered a piton, or iron spike, into a crack in the granite, and we attached to it with short lengths of rope to insure our safety. Perched precariously on this knife-ridge, we took a break. The wind, funnelled to us up the couloir, was blasting us furiously. Although the late morning sun was shining directly upon us, the temperature, due to the wind chill factor, was still below freezing. Shivering violently, I crammed raisins, dried fruit, and nuts into my mouth. We had brought only our carbohydrates because of the quick energy they provided.

Bill began fumbling with the gear in order to make the transition from ice to rock climbing, for most of the remaining distance consisted of only granite. The rest of us were forced to sit idle for about 20 minutes, which only made us colder, but we were afforded a spectacular view off each side of the ridge. I could see two blue dots, the size of pinheads, far below. These were our tents at base camp. The glacier-carved valley in which they sat formed a deep, U-shaped gouge. We were already as high as many of the mountains of the ridge which formed the walls of the valley, and our view revealed the ruggedness of their character. Their talused slopes, arising from the fathomless blue lake which ran half the length of the valley, were strewn with chunks of granite. Rocky towers protruded

from them, reaching high in the sky before tapering off sharply to pointed summits. The dark grey shadows of these jagged Beartooths extended across the valley floor, which glowed brightly in the morning sun. The fast-moving clouds in the azure sky cast shadows also, which crept spider-like along the valley floor.

When Bill had arranged the gear, we received a run down on the procedures for the remainder of the climb. He was to lead off climbing the first pitch. "Pitch" is the term given to the maximum distance a person may climb from other members of his party. The length of a climbing rope is 165 feet. Therefore, a pitch may not exceed that distance, as the climber must keep an umbilical line between himself and a stationary climber below him. The rope passes through safety devices which the lead climber has jammed or hammered into cracks. In the event of a fall, the man below, who is belaying rope, may arrest the fall.

I was ordered to keep my position as the anchor man of the team. Bill, as leader, would select the route and place the protection devices in the rock. Brian, Jody, and myself would follow in that order. As anchor man, it was my duty to glean the protection hardware from the nooks and crannies. My ego entertains the notion that I was appointed clean-up man because I had previously demonstrated agility on rock. The clean-up man must often cling precariously from the rock face, in the most awkward positions conceivable, in his struggle to remove the hardware. My appointment to this role increased the challenge, as did another factor.

Jody and I were not to see Bill again until we summited. He would be climbing at least 150 feet above Judy, and sometimes 300 feet above me, due to the system of the teamwork. Brian would come into contact with him at irregular intervals. This meant that Bill's instruction would no longer be accessible to Jody and me. We were now to rely on our stored memory of everything we had been taught. The fact that adherence to proper procedure would be critical was a sobering thought.

I scrutinized Brian's countenance, easily detecting that he was more than a little unnerved. His voice was quaking as he posed a final question to Bill, asking if the bow-line was properly tied in his life line. Bill returned a hard stare, spat tobacco juice, and merely replied, rather indifferently, "You tell me." Turning, he ordered Jody to begin the belay, and exhibiting the skill of a confident veteran climber, scaled the rock like a squirrel.

After climbing fifteen feet, he disappeared from our view beyond an overhang. Brian, who had been a somewhat competitive if not downright haughty expedition member up until now, resemble an aspen tree quaking in the breeze. I was somewhat amused by his facial expression. His pallid and cadaverous face betrayed his efforts to conceal genuine horror.

Nevertheless, when Bill had expended the length of his line, set up a belay from above, and signaled, Brian managed to climb. Jody followed shortly thereafter, leaving me alone and impatiently awaiting my own turn. Finally I overheard my faint signal above the howling wind. I unclipped from the piton and commenced a vain effort to pry it from the tight crack into which it had been embedded. It wouldn't budge, so I attempted to knock it loose by banging it incessantly with my hammer, but to no avail. The delay provoked the wrath of my impatient instructor. It was my turn to be embarrassed. I barely heard his muffled scream, ordering me to "hurry my ass up." I angrily gritted my teeth and hissed a reply under my breath. Putting all my strength into a single great blow to the piton, my iron hammer met the spike solidly. Rock chips exploded from the surface of the cliff, stinging my face and rebounding from my goggles. With a vibrating "clang" the piton was dislodged and sent hurtling out into empty space. It plummeted rapidly out of sight.

Uttering more profanity, I commenced my climb. My angry determination quickly waned when I encountered the slight overhang which required a somewhat risky move to ascend. Somehow I managed, and the climbing was easier the remainder of the pitch. I paused once to take fully into account my situation. I wanted to increase my confidence by acknowledging the exhilaration I was experiencing. Craning my neck, I looked down over my shoulder. I had traversed around to the north face of the mountain, and a seemingly 2000 feet below, nestled in the bottom of a huge cirque was an icy blue crater-lake. It looked miniature from my high altitude. I should have been greatly unnerved had my wits been fully with me, but I was temporarily experiencing a natural high. I felt completely in control, and I laughed heartily, like a drunken fool, before again starting to climb.

I was quickly shocked back into my senses by an ear-piercing scream from above. A chill ran down my spine, for the message I heard was one

of the most terrifying signals known to a climber . . . "ROCK!!!"

Bill, climbing high above me, had dislodged rock debris, which I knew was falling toward me at a dangerous velocity. With a grip of iron my hands grasped knobs on the granite face. I tensed every muscle, hugging as closely as possible to the cliff, preparing to withstand the blow of a falling rock. With my head pressed firmly against the rock, I heard a whirring shower of missiles plummeting past me, only inches behind my helmet. I had escaped unscathed. It felt as though my heart had come up into my throat. I momentarily grimaced before relaxing my torso, and a great sigh emitted from my lungs. My knees were water, but I pulled myself together and continued my climb with no further hesitation. My only concern was to hurry the hell up this pitch and clip into the protection on the belay ledge above.

The next hour was relatively uneventful. I spent a lot of time sitting idle, awaiting my turns to climb. After my close encounter I kept pondering the rationality of my being there. The rock-fall event seemed to me to have been a dire warning — almost as though the mountain was resisting us. It intensified my superstition that life was forbidden here. But my wild fantasizing was interrupted by a familiar noise, which left me quite surprised. It was the high-pitched whine of a pika, a small rodent which burrows in the grassy higher elevations. But I would never have expected to encounter one here where soil and grass were replaced by only rock, ice and lichen. Our eyes met, and it commenced scolding me. It seemed more out of place than the wildflowers I had seen near base camp. I could not help interpreting its presence as a favorable sign.

I began to take better advantage of my periods of inactivity. They allowed me to catch my breath and to replenish my energy by munching carbohydrates. While I was waiting for Jody to ascend the next to the last pitch of the mountain, our expedition had a brush with disaster which was more severe than the first.

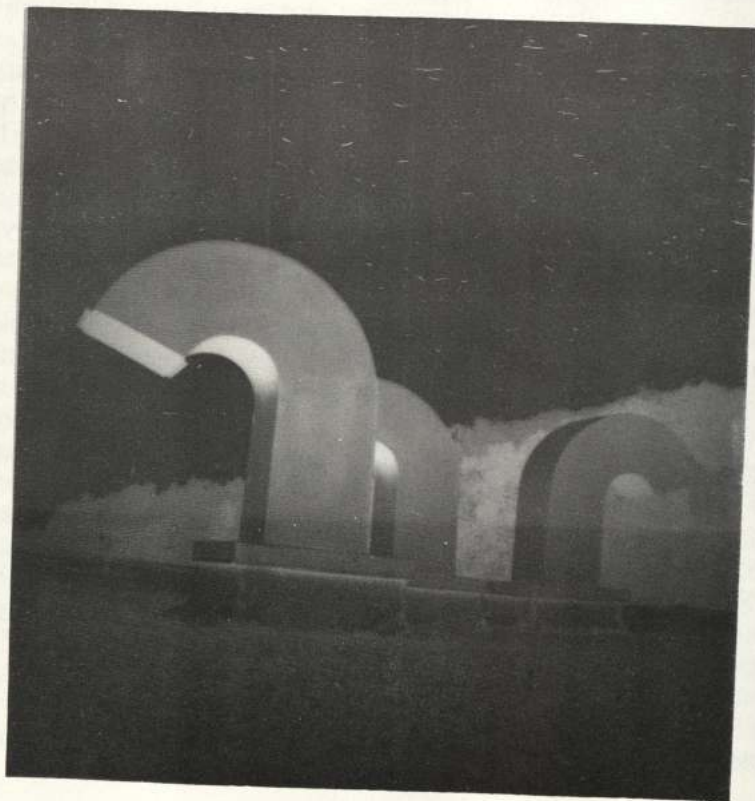
I was resting comfortably, positioned safely below an outcropping of the granite. Bill was again climbing about 300 feet above on the rock just below the summit. Jody had just left my side, and was climbing about forty feet above in the snow of a short couloir. The protrusion of the outcropping obstructed my vision upward, so that I could not see her or the length of the steep snow deposit. Suddenly, I was alerted by a loud, unannounced

noise which resembled the cracking of thunder. My head had been filled all day with wild fantasies of the numerous climbing disasters I had read about, and the most immediate thought which came to my mind was a horrifying single word . . . "Avalanche!" But as I sat with mouth agape I was instantly brought to my senses by several subsequent explosions in the snow on the ledge just to my left. The icy slope remained intact, the violence being caused not by the snow giving way, but instead by its being showered by numerous falling rocks the size of bowling balls. I reasoned immediately that Bill had again dislodged them, and I craned to see if Jody had escaped being hit. I yelled to her, receiving no reply. My heart was throbbing violently in fearful anticipation. I screamed again and she issued a faint reply. I could then hear her yelling some message to Bill which was barely audible from my station. I figured that all was well, and slumped myself back against the snow, quite relieved.

It was not until I had climbed the pitch myself and clipped in on the ledge above Jody that I realized anything really bad had happened. As I passed her, I took no notice of her face. Once clipped in, I spoke to her, but heard only a sniffing noise as a reply, which I realized to be a sob. Looking down on the top of her head, positioned next to my left boot, I noticed that her fiberglass helmet had been shattered. My spine tingled. "Are you all right?!" I gasped. She looked up, and I saw her face for the first time. Her eyes were red and watery, and tears were running down her cheeks. Even so, she nodded an affirmative reply. I looked deeply into her, for I was somewhat astonished. Her face bore a firm expression of determination and will. She had narrowly escaped death, and was struggling mightily to pull herself together. I felt then as I feel now, that I could not have done it. The emotional strain would have been too great. I would not have been able to function the remainder of the time we were on that mountain, but this beautiful, feminine, yet strong lady was exhibiting to me the greatest fortitude I have ever seen.

Fifteen minutes later we were both on the summit, both physically and spiritually the highest we had ever been. We signed our names in a register we found in a steel box embedded in the rock. Engraved in the metal were the words "United States Geological Survey-Benchmark. Ele. 12,799 ft." I was careful that I didn't allow my exhilaration to obscure my perceptions, and I concentrated on my surroundings. From the summit of

the highest mountain in Montana, I looked out toward a vast panorama of breathtaking scenery. There were row after row after row of snow-capped misty blue mountains, enchanting, as from a fantasy. My spirit soared, and I had absolutely no second thoughts about mountaineering. I had never been sure whether or not it was an entirely sane form of recreation, considering the risks involved. Up to that time, had anyone demanded to know of me why I would possibly pursue such an activity as climbing, I would have been hard-pressed for an answer. But during the greatest half hour I have ever lived, while experiencing the rewards on Granite Peak, my exhilaration spoke for itself. Mountaineering made more sense than anything else I had ever done.



COMING OF AGE: A LESSON IN MOTHERHOOD

by
Eli Walker

My father one night, took me to the shore
to see a sight I'll remember forevermore.
"If you're quiet, boy," he said to me,
"you'll see the she-turtles come from the sea."
And with tarnished sand for a mat,
for hours and hours, there we sat.
Until I, half asleep, heard a whisper in my ear,
"If you look upon the waves you'll see them coming near."
And in the moonlit horizon I could see
a hundred sea turtles coming towards me.
They came from the east, like an amphibious army invades,
determined and unstoppable, they broke through the waves.
One by one, each found a place,
dug a hole, sat on it, with a mother's patient wait.
"Here," said my father, "turn this one around."
We did, and in doing so found
the turtle uprighted herself, and proceeded to her ground.
And the moon, holding a secret, beamed at me
as the armored beasts returned to the sea.
As the last one disappeared, the old man took my hand,
"if you understand what you just saw, my son, you are now a man."

I've Missed Your Loving Me

by

Larry Hardin

As the earth would miss the sun
or the deer its freedom to run
as the flower would miss the rain
I've missed you and felt their pain

As the fish would miss the stream
or lovers their every dream
as the morning would miss the dawn
I've missed you since you have been gone

As the sail would miss the wind
or this poet his ink and pen
as happiness would miss the smile
I've missed you all this while

As the song would miss its tune
or the summer night its moon
as the eyes would miss the tear
I've missed you being near

As the mountains would miss the snow
or the stars their twinkle glow
as spring would miss the month of May
I've missed you every day

As the bird would miss its flight
or this man his very sight
as the beach would miss the sea
I've missed your loving me

BETWEEN THE LINES OF HEMINGWAY'S "THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO"

by

Dianne S. Yount

To die and leave undone a mass of work which no one else can do quite so thoroughly and perceptively as he can do it is a frightful consideration for a sensitive and scrupulous writer. It becomes an even more abominable consideration for the writer who has not been true to his talent, who has procrastinated and betrayed his artistic ability in order to enjoy life among the very rich, where the only important thing is his own pleasure, with no thought given to what he should be doing — being true to his own best self. Francois Mauriac, the eminent French author of *The Viper's Tangle*, expressed very well the dilemma of the writer when he described him as being

...unable to resist beings who move about in us, who take form, who demand the right to live. The need for writing finally becomes, in the man of letters, a sort of almost monstrous function which he can no longer escape.

When a writer does try to escape from those "beings" — whether intentionally or accidentally — the result can be disastrous for him.

Ernest Hemingway's short story "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" is an ingenious treatment of just this problem. In the story the reader is enthralled by the account of Harry's slow and agonizing death from gangrene and the insight he offers into the deterioration of his writing talent because of his association with the very rich. He now finds himself at a point when nothing can be done about his failure to be true to his talent. And so we have the treatment of death at two different levels — the actual physical death of Harry as a result of the gangrene, and the death of his talent, which has been slowly transpiring during an undisclosed period of time in much the same manner as the gangrene is slowly usurping his physical life. Harry's statement at the beginning of the story, while obviously referring to the gangrene itself, can also easily apply to the deterioration of his talent: "The marvelous thing is that it's painless That's how you know when it starts." With just as little pain, Harry has allowed his talent to degenerate as a result of his comfortable, undisciplined life among the fun-loving rich. There is sufficient evidence which verifies the hypothesis that this symbolic work was one of Hemingway's most autobiographical — evidence which indicates that Hemingway experienced fears relative to his premature death and/or the loss of his talent through disuse.

The epigraph at the beginning of the story is indicative of a death to be encountered in the narrative and appears to be the key to the entire symbolic nature of the story, although when first read it appears to have no obvious connection to the story of the dying writer:

Kilimanjaro is a snow-covered mountain 19,710 feet high, and is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. No one has explained what the leopard was seeking at that altitude.

The significance attributed to the epigraph by Hemingway himself is not easily discerned, resulting in much speculation concerning the derivation of the symbols of the mountain peak and the dead leopard. The most credible and relevant speculations concerning these two symbols come from Alfred Engstrom: he suggests that Hemingway got the idea for

the use of the mountain peak from a certain passage from Flaubert in which the striving for artistic perfection is likened to climbing a snow-covered mountain; the leopard seems to have been borrowed from Dante, who uses it as a symbol of "worldly pleasure and lechery." But it seems rather doubtful that even these ideas are accurate when consideration is given to certain pertinent data. Whether Hemingway actually borrowed from Flaubert the snow-covered mountain symbol remains to be seen — it has been used to symbolize the striving for artistic perfection on numerous occasions and is readily acceptable as such. The importance he attached to the leopard seems more clearly defined once some important biographical information is reviewed in light of this particular symbol. Carlos Baker's book offers considerable insight into this area of inquiry.

Philip Percival served as Hemingway's white hunter on his African safari prior to the writing of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." Hemingway tremendously enjoyed the company of Percival; one of his favorite times of the day during the safari was sitting around the campfire in the evening, rehashing the events of the day or listening to Percival reminisce. A significant topic of discussion during these fireside chats was the story Percival related about the actual discovery of a leopard's frozen carcass "on the outer crater rim of Kibo Peak of Mount Kilimanjaro in the fall of 1926." A tale of this sort need be recounted only once to someone such as Hemingway, whose prolific mind was capable of nourishing seemingly small and trivial scraps of information into a prominent position in a work of fiction. When Hemingway made use of this leopard in his epigraph at the beginning of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" he indicated that no explanation was given for the presence of the leopard at that altitude. This added an important note of intrigue to the epigraph, and thus to the story itself. But it appears obvious that, in fact, the leopard was chasing a goat.

Hence, Hemingway's leopard seems to have come from the factual account of the discovery of the carcass of a leopard in an environment not normally associated with leopards — he was out of his natural habitat, and therefore susceptible to the dangers for which he found himself totally unprepared and unsuited. He had good reason to follow the goat — he obviously was seeking to satisfy the physical necessity of hunger — but he became so engrossed in the chase itself that he failed to take the

necessary precautions to insure his safety and survival. The same could be said of Harry (and thus vicariously of Hemingway as he allowed his imagination to run rampant with his fears) in his association with the very rich: He told himself that he was going to write about them and therefore needed this association in order to be able to write credibly about them. But, like the leopard, he became so absorbed in the "chase" that he failed to look out for his own security and survival; the result was the deterioration of the talent which he was supposedly trying to nourish.

An important autobiographical fact to consider in drawing the analogy between Harry in the story and Hemingway's life is the frame of mind of Hemingway prior to the writing of the story and during the months it remained untouched in his desk drawer before being published. During this time Hemingway was beginning to fear that his integrity as a writer might be harmed by his close association with the rich. And this is precisely what happened to Harry in the story — he traded his talent for writing for the comfort which was his because of his close association with the rich people he chose as wives and friends, because "The people he knew now were all much more comfortable when he did not work."

How he came to write the story is also an important factor to consider in tying together the symbolic nature of the story and Hemingway's life. Hemingway was invited to tea in New York by a rich woman in April of 1934. During the course of the visit she offered to send him on another safari. He declined the offer, but back in Key West that summer he spent considerable time daydreaming about how things would have been for him had he accepted the proposal. So we have in the dying writer of the story an image of Hemingway as he might have been if his integrity as a writer had been overcome by "the temptation to lead the aimless life of the very rich."

The rich woman's counterpart in the story is obviously Helen, Harry's rich wife, whose money had made it possible for them to be able to travel and do the things they wanted to do. Helen was the latest in a succession of rich women with whom Harry had formed an alliance, and each woman he chose as lover had had more money than the last one. They had chosen to go to Africa on safari because Harry had been happy there before and he thought that he could begin again there. But he found that it

wouldn't work — he had spent too much time not writing, just being comfortable. As a result, he and Helen quarrelled about her money because Harry blamed her for the destruction of his talent. Even as he attempted to place the blame on Helen, however, he admitted to himself that he could blame only himself for his decision to enjoy the life that Helen could provide for him, rather than to pursue his talent which demanded discipline and concentration of time and effort.

Further evidence to support the theory that "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" was the result of certain personal experiences and anxieties of Hemingway is available when one considers the grave illness he suffered while on safari. The illness necessitated his being flown out of the plains country to Nairobi for treatment; during this departure he caught a distant view of the mountain of Kilimanjaro — gloriously snow-peaked, immense, and no doubt awe-inspiring to the sensitive and perceptive writer. During this flight, and more likely than not during the treatment period in Nairobi, Hemingway had sufficient opportunity to reflect on a topic which had troubled him before and would therefore quite naturally present itself under these circumstances — the death of a writer before he has completed his task.

Mention has already been made of the fireside chats Hemingway enjoyed sharing with his white hunter, Philip Percival, while on safari. It was during these chats that Hemingway liked to discuss his favorite subjects — bravery and cowardice — and in the course of one of these discussions he expressed the importance he attached to living his life "so that if you died you had done everything that you could do about your work and your enjoyment of life up to that minute." Indeed, the thought of premature death and/or fear of the degeneration of his writing ability must have been constantly on his mind:

One of the morbid aspects of Ernest's mind was the recurrent conviction that he might soon die without having completed his work or fulfilled his unwritten promise to his talents. At the time when he wrote the story of the dying writer on the plains of Africa, he knew very well that he had climbed no farther than the lower slopes of his personal Kilimanjaro.

Hemingway's thoughts on the creation of fiction add still another note of reality to the idea that "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" grew out of his actual

experiences and fears: "You invent fiction, but what you invent it out of is what counts. True fiction must come from everything you've ever known, ever seen, ever felt, ever learned." In addition,

Fiction is inventing out of what knowledge you have. If you invent successfully, it is more true than if you try to remember it. A big lie is more plausible than truth. People who write fiction — if they had not taken it up, might have become very successful liars.

Based on these statements by Hemingway, it seems quite obvious that this short story is the spontaneous outgrowth of his love for Africa and big game hunting and his experiences with the two, his preoccupation with the thought that he may die before his work was complete, and his fear that his integrity as a writer would be undermined because of his association with the very rich. And the author has brilliantly combined these elements to successfully portray his very deep feelings concerning the motivating factors which governed his philosophy of life and work.



Epistle to the Apostle

by

Teresa Dianne Sentelle

My sins surrounded me all in a room
And sat smiling wickedly at me.
Virgin Mary near the shoulder of one
Grimaced at me as a jealous woman
And seemed to cry, "Stay Away!"
Quickly I peered at the second one.

In the shadows behind stood Mary Magdeline
Not jealous but pleading, holding a small boy.
I understood her pleas and not of fright,
Full of sympathy I sought out the third one.

The face of worldliness held in my vision,
Momentarily I longed for innocence
And he stood beside me in the room,
Trusting me with soft blue eyes.
As I touched his hand the demons vanished.
The smile I saw was no longer wicked.
Timothy spoke gently with reassuring words.

Ode To Hunter Library

**by
Ida King**

No new grafitti on the tables yet,
Words since last term long erased.
No bored person sitting down yet
Idly the table to deface.

No soul's shoe scruffing on the carpet
As persons move from place to place;
No whispers disturb the silence yet
Causing readers to lose a place.

Cars there are not in the spaces out front.
Now no one can give them away.
Time will come when room you'll hunt
To fit a car in how you may.

No magazines with pictures clipped.
Find now the imperative reference,
Lest someone's borrowing make hot words slip
With scant regard to deference.



PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

a bird by the horns

**by
banjo**

unicorn gumption, grace; gliding
childsmile and
burnly brighting
blonding blindly
finds me

[god blind me!

alone gliding

but another tautly tethered
well feathered
beasty's beat us to it, boys:
the albatross

a unicorn's peculiarity
could crumble under the weight —
broken-horned unicorn
is a common horse

spatiallyspiralingcalciumpeninsula

jut on!



Show and Tell

by

Dan Wilder

It was late . . . about 11:30 or thereabouts. Clouds prevented the moon from emanating it's flourescent glow. No one was on the streets. Oh, sure, an occasional straggler would hobble by with an armload of books in his hands, but there hadn't been anyone by in at least a half-an-hour. I glanced at my watch. Exactly 11:45. This was my perfect opportunity. I silently opened the door of the darkened telephone booth, eased inside . . . and waited.

Mandy Lifeboats was in my Pre-natal Dancing class. Every day, she delicately placed her posterior into the desk nearest the door. I, naturally, sat in the back, towards the window. For months I had stared at her . . . her long, blonde hair and beautiful, unblemished profile. I had decided over a week ago that she would be next. And it would be so easy, too. She always studied until closing time in the library. A fixed, everyday routine. "She should've altered her schedule tonight", I silently muttered to myself, but the outline of someone walking past the English building derailed my train of thought. "Library must have just closed," I giggled to myself.

I waited. Every second seemed like an hour. Louder and louder her footsteps became as she slowly approached. She was within twenty feet now. It was time for my countdown. 5-4-3-2-1. I threw open the doors of the telephone booth, ripped open my dark green trenchcoat and gurgled, "Bbllaacckkhhh!" Mandy's eyes widened as she dropped her books on the sidewalk. For an instant, she didn't say a thing. Finally, she slowly started walking backwards, screamed, and ran back towards the library. "Dumb broad," I muttered to myself as I buttoned my trenchcoat, "what the hell did she think I was, a rapist?" I was whistling Neil Diamond's "Thank the Lord for the Nighttime" as I returned to the dorm.

I can't recall when I first became interested in "flashing". I remember my mother telling me about some of my inane antics as a child. She told me that as a six-week-old baby, I would cling the bearskin rug around my miniscule frame and then drop it! My baby pictures are so funny.

Maybe I inherited it from my parents. My mother was the subject of a pictorial in *Wet Lust* magazine back in early '59 entitled, "Now You See It, Now You Don't, Now You See It Again". On the other hand, my father was arrested a few years ago for indecent exposure. Luckily, he was let off for "insufficient evidence", but at first, he was almost positive that it was an open-and-shut case.

How I dearly love my parents. For their 25th wedding anniversary, I bought them a Kodak automatic flash camera. They loved it. Nobody in the world can say that I neglect my parents for I visit them every week (during visiting hours, naturally). They'll be out soon, though, and when they get out, I'll move out of my dorm room and into our old house. After all, the family that flashes together, crashes together.

I guess that one could say that I officially began my flashing career at the age of fourteen. Slumber parties were the rage for the girls at that time and, somehow, I just figured that where there are ten girls all cramped in one room, that's where I want to be! So I would frequently knock at the window of the bedroom which they were in and, when the curtains were pulled back and their peering faces loomed over the window ledge, I'd open a trenchcoat (which was borrowed from my dad's closet) and give them all a treat. Yes, they always "ooohed" and

"aahhed" and exclaimed such proverbial epithets as, "Oh my God" and "Unbelievable"; but in all seriousness, I sincerely believe that they got off on it. After all, literally thousands of citizens read and hear about flashers but only a choice few obtain the honored privilege of actually viewing one in action. A rare treat, indeed.

You might think that I'd be chastized for this somewhat unusual behaviour but you're wrong. You see, when in the course of flashing, the "flashee" never looks at your face; hence, she never really knows who flashed her. Also, most flashing is done at night when it is dark which makes positive identification all the more difficult.

I mentioned that *most* flashing occurs at nighttime but that certainly doesn't mean *all* flashing. Daytime flashing is an art in itself. The flasher has to know the circumstances and plan his opportunities much more strategically so as to remain the unidentifiable culprit. After all, if one flashes at noon, the victim probably won't keep her gaze directed downward for too long. It will just be a matter of seconds before her curiosity is stimulated and she will want to see who this harbinger of corruption actually is!

My most memorable daytime flash occurred on bright summer morning about four years ago as I was flying with my dear father in his rented Piper Cub. (Father loved to buzz the nudist colonies in it.) After we were in the air for about five minutes, I happened to notice a 747 down on the runway just preparing for take-off. I immediately felt a hot flash and excitedly revealed my elaborate plan to my father. He giggled lustily and banked the plane at a 180-degree angle while I prepared myself for my flash. And what a flash it was! The 747 began to slowly lumber down the runway. I checked my coordinates and gauges and, when I was thoroughly convinced that all was in readiness, I jumped from the tiny plane down towards the runway. As soon as I jumped, I pulled the ripcord on my parachute and gazed intently at the 747 rolling towards me. I found myself about seventy feet away from the plane and uttered, "5-4-3-2-1" and yelled, "Bbllaacckkhhh!" (Naturally, they couldn't hear me but that scream was, by now, a subconscious act.) The mouths of everyone on the starboard side with a window seat drooped open in astonishment. I landed safely at the end of the runway. Father guided the Piper back down and quickly picked me up and off we sailed towards Wilma Fingerdue's Nudist

Colony. (About a week later, I heard that all the passengers on that 747 were served free drinks for the remainder of that flight. I wonder why.)

Let me quickly change the subject to laundromats. Do you like laundromats? I, personally, adore them. It's not the washers or those tiny dryers that I admire . . . it's those jumbo dryers. The ones that hold a skillion pounds of clothes at one time. Has it ever occurred to you that a human being can fit comfortably in one of those? Well, that thought has, indeed, filtered into my mind many times and I decided to try it out . . . with my trusty trenchcoat, naturally.

I first tested my "dryer delight" on a rainy Tuesday night in an isolated laundromat on campus at the corner of Per and Version. From my vantage point inside the dryer, I could readily see that there were only two people in the entire place . . . a gas-station attendant with the name "Randy Batterydown"; and a middle-aged woman sitting in a chair intently reading a book. My heart skipped a beat as I heard one of the washers click off. I braced myself and prepared my trenchcoat as I saw the little lady delicately place her bookmark between the pages and walk towards the washers. "Here we go", I muttered to myself as she clumsily carried her damp load towards my dryer. 5-4-3-2-1. "Bbllaacckkhhh!"

The lady was spellbound. Onto the floor fell her bundle as she turned and ran out the door and down the street into the dark, moonless night. Mr. Batterydown stared, shook his head in disbelief, reached into his vest pocket and dropped a half-drunken bottle of "Old Ripass" in the trash can. I buttoned my trenchcoat and gingerly trotted out the door.

Love? Love, you ask? I know this question has, at one time, entered your mind: Is there any love-life in the daily escapades of a flasher? Let me relate to you what happened on one rainy night about two-and-a-half years ago.

I was minding my own business; just waiting for someone to flash, when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a woman ambling towards me in the driving rain. As she came closer, I could easily see that her long raincoat was sopping wet. "A quickie", I mused, as my itchy fingers began to sensually finger the buttons on my trenchcoat. She was only about twenty feet away when . . . "5-4-3-2-1. Bbllaacckkhhh!" She stopped, smiled, and ripped open *her* raincoat and purred, "Ditto." I instantly felt Cupid's arrow pierce my posterior. I was in love. We both stood

there in the pouring rain . . . she with her raincoat open and I with my trenchcoat spread. I moved towards her and we embraced.

It was the beginning of a torrid affair which, unfortunately, lasted only about three hours, for she caught pneumonia and died later that fateful night. "Wrong exposure", I solemnly cried as I left her apartment.

I didn't attempt much flashing after that terrible ordeal. Oh, sure, I'd do it once a week, just to keep in practice, but it just wasn't the same. My heart wasn't in it. I was dejected, heartbroken, despondent. Life had ceased to have meaning to me anymore. I was in a bad way.

Things kept going from bad to worse and all this culminated in the dreadful event that transpired about four months ago almost to the day. I was in a rare mood when I actually wanted to give someone a good flash. I was loitering in front of Orenthal's Meat Market at around closing time when I spotted who I thought was one of Orenthal's final customers for the day leaving the store. She wasn't bad looking; a little husky, maybe, but not bad . . . and she carried a bundle in her arms. "Porterhouse, probably," I guessed. She approached me and I waited for her to come even closer. Twenty feet . . . fifteen feet . . . ten feet . . . five feet. Quickly I silently said, "5-4-3-2-1." Then I ripped open my trenchcoat and yelled, "Bbllaacckkkhh!" Within the span of two seconds, the burly lady grabbed the object that was in her arms and swung it towards my open trenchcoat. "THWACK!" It was a large butcher knife. She was a lady butcher. I fainted.

I have been out of the hospital and resting comfortably now for about three months. Oh, sure, my flashing days are over and I now have a falsetto voice but I don't care . . . after all, my father had a false set of teeth. I have big plans now. As soon as I'm out of this wheelchair, I'm going to buy myself a darling little tennis outfit and join the Virginia Slims Tournament. I hope I'm not confronted with any special sex-tests, though. The last time I had to take one of those tests, it was a urine test. Hell, I studied three days and I *still* failed it! Oh well; see you when I'm forty, love.

[Ah yes, dear sleep . . .]

by

T. Baroody

Ah yes, dear sleep
We still have hours yet
To toss in each other's arms
Like starving lovers;
And ere I try to emerge
Like a submarine
From your sandy depths,
You merely yank me by the hair
And I go all tottering
Like a whiny lamb
Back into your kindergarten fold;
Then your clouds become the water
That soothes my restless thirst,
And I lie saturated
In the affection
Of your rainy dreams.



[Etc.]
by
Norris Orbach

Dr. Tom McNicholwell abruptly released the masticated pipestem from his ruminating jaw and exploded, "What you in the English Department are suffering from is merely a temporary overbalance of uninvolved, desensitized learners with low ego-state awareness who are categorically non-actualizers of inherent potential cognizance in the linguistically-situated competency grouping state!"

I remarked, "But are *all* of the English 100 students capable of college work?"

He retorted, "Do the substrata characteristics of manifestly overcompensated socially unacceptable norm interrelationships provide a bedrock foundation for grammatic growth? If not, then how can we in the motivational-manipulative profession adequately reprogram ability channels in depressed anti-analytical members of the student community?"

"That may be," I countered. "But what can we do to actualize their potential?"

"Provide a nexus of preconditional security signals which create ego development in various non-centralized contact fields of co-operative concern to the student-faculty dyad," he recommended. "And project causational learning elements in selective speech at the base level of language awareness."

Sensing his line of reasoning, I anticipated, "Then the low-index verbal profiles for the current mean may be restructurable?"

"Inestimately few factors of counterproductive word dysfunction can be attributed to student eco-culturo-verbal digressive tendencies; rather, the incursion of sophisticated educational techniques may tend to demphasize the interglobal sense of need for communicative exactness."

"Then the future of phonetically-cultural overlays becoming introduced through student development may in fact be *enhanced* by this disparity in potential!" I exclaimed.

"At this point in time in all probability I would have to venture a positive response to that conclusion," he admitted.

Talking to Dr. McNicholwell always makes me exuberant, as if I had gone to the doctor for penicillin and he had prescribed sugar pills.



Thoughts On A Bus Ride

by

Janet Beaudry

Bleak, desolate
Grey, murky sky
Seen through green
Patches of white sand that look like snow
Stark trees calling
Brown, tan, dark
Impressions of flat and disaster
Aurora can not break

Cities creeping by,
Slums, target areas
The only way to go is rrrrrrrrr
Light is fading
Dark moving down
A row full of nothing
Tracks, silver and grey

Youth and decay
Green and black
Surrealistic invention
Untimely moves
Changes in the making
Glaring Aurora makes her last effort

Grey, fluffy on tan
Pine; scrubs
Telephone lines all going, going
Brown, flat, barren and ugly
Grey rot that seems snow

Circles, towers, dreams
Water, rippling, sand all white, all dismal
Bent tufts protruding
Lightning shapes — straight and crooked

Green fading to blue
Red, the color of hate embodied
Brick on grey and grey minds slapped together

Massive shapes seem wispy
Grinding on and away at bits of the mind

Impressions on a bus ride.



IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH

by

Debbie Passmore

I could sense the presence of disease as I stepped from the elevator into the hall of the Intensive Care Unit. Strong and pungent, the odors of medicine, old age, and regurgitation rose up, burning my nostrils. It seemed as if all the odors moved together in a united effort to choke me. The acridness of the whole floor nauseated me.

As I waited outside in the corridor for my turn to enter, I watched the nurses move busily in and out of the rooms, clad in the stiff, white uniforms of their profession. They seemed to move mechanically, as though guided by a computerized system, going about their work in a callous but efficient manner.

Finally it came my time to enter. Having recovered from my wave of nausea, I entered. My grandmother's room was 509, and in order to reach it, I had to pass through several other rooms. I dreaded the dispiriting walk through these rooms, seeing the frail bodies draped upon the beds like foxes caught in a hunter's lair.

As I entered the second room, I stared straight ahead, not seeing the patients. I could not stomach the pale, listless, almost lifeless faces. When I stepped into the third room, I braved a look, and once again a wave of nausea swept over me, as hard as a breaker from a rough sea. I could only stare at the jumbled mass of a man that lay before me. His chest was covered with dark, black stitches, swabbed in an orange substance. His face was drawn together in a huge wrinkle, and his eyes were the only sign of life about him. The marble colored beads gazed out at me with a look that was heartbreaking.

I moved slowly toward the door, trying not to cry as a lump formed in the bottom of my throat. When I was almost to the door a hollow cry escaped his lips and I felt compelled to turn back. When I did the man reached out to me as if clinging to one last hope of life. As I reached out to take his hand a shrill cry escaped him and dissolved in mid-air. With this cry, his limp hand fell like a deflated balloon to his bedside. His eyes were closed now, and the pleading ceased as a longlasting peace crept in. Still and silent he lay, bearing no pain.

