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m e x i c o d . f .

SE TERMINO DE IMPRIMIR ESTE FOLLETO
EN ABRIL 30 DE 1967 EN LA LITOGRAFIA
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SE IMPRIMIERON 200 EJEMPLARES EN
PAPEL COUCHE DE 49 KG. INTERIORES Y
FORROS EN CARTULINA BRISTOL DE 80 KG.
P R O C E S O O F F S E T

Through experience and thought
Life becomes a series of successes and failures.
From Life stems the ingenuity of man's creativity.
Art, a creation of man for his entertainment,
becomes beauty
Insignificance is no longer meaningful.
Life becomes the essence of existence.

On the following pages is a fragment of the literature of the new generation, the Now generation, a generation of science, love, experimentation, art. It is to this huge potential bubble of creativity that we dedicate Dry Rain.

A black and white photograph of a dense forest. Tall, slender tree trunks rise vertically, filling the frame. The canopy is thick with leaves, and bright sunlight filters through the center, creating a strong, circular glow. The overall mood is serene and natural.

PROSE

A SUMMER CAT'S DREAM

carlo novi

The sun is drifting off to visit Sunset and no longer beats upon the ground, yet the warmth lingers and the soft breeze leads it around, cooling it where it's too hot; so subtle a breeze that only when it caresses you do you notice it. The warm blue sky seems to end just beyond. A sad but beautiful song relaxes in the air, so clear and soft that you are afraid the wind might carry it away. Everything is resting, not moving nor thinking, just sleepy and lazy, enchanted by the ending of day and absorbing its splendor. It is time to dream and feel happy, to be alone and let the soul soar o'er the clouds.

There is a man, alone, not doing anything it seems, blissful, smiling, barely touching the ground. Alive. "Hey". He laughs gently. "Hey"! A summer cat is dressed in yellow and orange, blinking at the sun. "She liked those colors but she is gone". The cat listens. "Remember when life was slow and oh, so mellow, grass was green, you were young and tender and you kept dreams by your pillow? Remember?" He bursts out crying, seeming to remember, then stops and smiles at the foolish outburst. "Hey, I'm young and alive. I am alive. I am. Warm sun-rays burst out from the tree tops and bring him soft dreams. "Once she loved me, she said, she said. She is gone but I have an angel to take care of me and who understands me, she says, she says". He seems to be looking for someone, somewhere, becoming worried and sad. He whispers his secret to the wind. "Someone. Someone to love". The sun kindly blows his mind and he walks in the wind, letting it pass through him, refreshing his soul, freeing the devil, so calm, so quiet. The blades

of grass barely bend under the wind and him. "When everybody has fallen and must lie thus forever I will rise and run the sun along the beach and talk to the waves and say: Look. I am running with the sun and everybody else is dead!" The waves only said "Shhh" and then vanished.

Suddenly, the secret door to paradise, so white and pure, burst open with black flames and in strode "nothing", big black "nothing", omnipresent "nothing", yet mother of creation. The whole fairy tale, the circus, the people, his world of thoughts, shunning this black power, are instantly sucked back into his brain in one tragic, crying, whirlpool of life, one attempt to flee from the cold black flames. The man's heart quietly shouted: "No. No. Go away. You don't exist". But nothing is there, remaining, uttering out her world of illogical conceptions, stubborn determinations, and trying to stab them into his brain. "You're wrong. Go away". Its claws reach out and scrape his brain and search and pull and try to tear it apart. A horrid plea: "Ahhh". "I will destroy you", but he has not the power. "I was not born from you", but he was. "It is not wrong to hate you", but it is, they say. The battle has begun, years ago it seems, not yet really, only in his head:

When "The hot one o'clock sun" comes out, the green grass-covered earth shakes and thunders as the battle begins. Vapor from the nostrils and fierce grins hang in the air making it all the hotter. There is a charge, a bolt, a violent clashing blow; each one, every one, each separate, all together. There is no blood, yet each time they clash, time stops almost and one of them dies. He closes his eyes and falls slowly, so slowly to the ground with a terrible and sad crash, life abruptly gone, time abruptly stopped. "Ahhh. Leave! I am right and you are wrong. I can feel it. I feel knowledge. I don't think

it! What for? It is enough for me, yet I cannot speak this truth so I can tell you nothing about it". He seems so alone with the sun only a few inches from his back. His mind aches and his head wants to explode and fly free but the sun still burns and there is no air, only suffocating heat. Slowly he melts and seeps through the ground. Here there is no sun, no wind, no rain, nobody, no place nor time, only "nothing". He shouts bitterly, faintly, almost too tired, tears bursting: "Be damned you nothing. Be damned". He goes on to whisper, life wanting to leave him alone with his torture: "You are powerful and I am weak but I am alive and you are nothing. NOTHING". And all the beautiful things he knew, his music, his life, his words, his love, they all cry in anguish and make a last desperate attempt to pull him back but he no longer sees them. He weeps bitterly, sinking. "Damned nothing, once you fall you will lie and once you have fallen you will lie forever".

"Nothing" lets go its last blow and then departs in victory, blotting out the sun for an instant. All is quiet. All is gone. A faint light appears and grows steadily and once more his world fills up everything but he is tired so he bids the sun farewell and smiles, his eyes still red from tears, and then he goes to sleep in the soft green forest. All is beautiful while he sleeps, not moving yet so alive and sweet dreams come to him. He sleeps easy for his angel is by his side, caressing him, protecting him, loving him.

The summer cat yawns and blinks at the sun which seems to rest on the horizon, leaving only a precious few rays to give life to him who sleeps so peacefully, never to wake again. As the cat closes his eyes the sun vanishes as if all were but a dream.

Nothing is impossible, they say. To me, before and after me is nothing. And it's not even as much as nothing, much more than everything. The world is me, I have to be the world. It can't be otherwise. Could my dog do his tail-wagging for anyone but me? Why he's not even there to wag it (not even Where? Where is There if I am not?) because I'm not there for him to wag it at me.

Law of inertia... rainbow... low whistlegrowl in wild wind-bent trees... you were there when I came, tell me, what was when I wasn't, how was it? What's the matter with me, can't I see it even in a drugged vastness of dreams?

Birth... I wish I could remember how it felt to have been sucked from my world into everybody else's. Was it that warm, unexciting world inside that my father told me about? No, not a womb-like, tomb-like world. A world of no-time and everywhere, of which now is just a little sliver on the river.

rollin kent

SHERMAN'S MARCH

martha zoller

Their eggs were very tiny, from them emerged legless forms cared for by them, who gave them liquid food from their stomachs. In time the legless forms grew.

After a certain period of rest they slipped out fully developed.

Reason, was there a reason why they were fighting? No one knew. Salvation-salvation of what, their bodies? Food and death-fighting for death? Destruction of the new born, the old and the dead, all cremated by war.

Their strong chitin armor, strangely seemed to grow thicker and thicker as they walked on, slowing up their pace to an abrupt stop.

The antenna received messages through the shaft. Long vain waves passed through the funicle. Sounds seemed to appear from nowhere-no one knew why they came through-no one cared.

Food, precious food, the stored grain had long been gone. The damn crop social stomach hadn't come. Their tongues hung low, they looked, their eyes began to pop, their eyes grew, they bugged, pop. Their tongues hung, saliva dripped out slowly, the earth opened its pores to lick up the liquid made from a gland—a huge smelly bumpy gland. Why couldn't their bodies produce something, something edible-saliva-gland saliva, plentiful sweet watery foamy saliva. Why couldn't saliva squish and chew and swallow and become the precious saliva to be digested to keep them alive? Manure, crap, waste, excrement, food? Body excrement—their must be some good in

this, if they ate it maybe, maybe the body had expelled something of value—a bean, a piece of meat, bread?

They dropped to the ground, just as though they had just gotten it-dead. Up they must stand once again. Right femur, tibia, toe, claws, left, right, movement onward, they run, scamper, walk and finally fall. They must stand up, up! Left Left I left my baby back home and then I left ... Kids, stupid kids playing stupid games, big "kids" and still playing stupid games.

Constant movement, unrelieved boredom, wake up, eat, march, rest, march, eat, drink, wait, listen, fight, rest—death—the only change.

The enemy *Lomachusa* come. They rise heavily into the air, their wings are small. They are slow. At first they fly about singly, but as soon as they notice the swarm of the enemy they hurry into their midst. A wild movement begins, flashes, cries, the enemy dashes head-long towards them, a mad whirl, and the enemy has achieved his purpose. The dirty swines—poison-swallowing up its victims, hundreds of thousands and then, calmly walking around smirking and laughing like Hitler-stealing the young, using the healthy, killing the old. Destruction, glory-NONE. They fight but don't know why—they fight because they have been told to fight and they must, they have to, says who, says someone who is just sitting resting a eating and perhaps worrying: a queen—her maidens and all servants... this is who is telling them they must — Duty?

The march continued, wherever they went, one saw only hustling, battle, and murder. First the scouts appeared rushing restlessly back and forth sounding out the terrain. Before one was aware of their front assault toward the enemy, impatient hordes began to pour out of the earth, hundreds turned to thousands and hundreds of

thousands. They poured in all directions, over the ground, covering the earth with their dense swarm. Up trees they climbed, climbed up through the leaves to attack. A mad scramble began on all sides, armed or unarmed, the enemy took aimless and headlong flight from the ruthless army. One lone enemy ran, his feet destroyed by wounds, was overtaken, stabbed, cut, kicked, filled with holes. They moved on. Heads, brains, eyes hung from the tree tops, bodies lay in their sap, their bodies swollen by moisture, and on they marched, over legs, abdomens, necks, faces, all feelings left behind as they crunched over dismembered parts. The reserves marched six to ten abreast forming columns of one or two wide, which relieved or reinforced the troops at the front. The large soldiers stood "shoulder to shoulder" at right angles to the road, their heads constantly moving in search of intruders. As the enemy retreated the sentries were reduced in number, leaving some on guard at irregular intervals. They assumed special positions, legs drawn close and their whole body pressed against the earth.

The guard threw his head forward and leaped at the enemy. Mercy, none, once the foe was seized they finished him off, cutting him with blades. Young, very young, just able to be away from home and now he was nothing except a memory.

The excessive heat bore down upon their backs, digging slowly but surely to find the moisture in the earth that would cool them. The earth removed from the hole was piled up at the entrance of each hole forming a crater. The crop social stomach hadn't yet arrived, he probably would never arrive. They ray swiftly about in a constant search for nourishment. Rotten remains were all hauled home. The cemetery, a well-ordered tablecloth, was neat unto perfection. Separate piles were made of the dead-to one side the enemy pile, and to the other the

glorious. Just like separating the pretty flowers from the ugly ones and then cutting them both.

Fighting for nothing, for no one, dying of hunger, thirst, and lack of feeling...

On marched the Ants to nowhere,

SUN-GRASS BLADES

carlo novi

There seemed to be nothing around me except the air, the sun and the grass I lay upon. The green, green grass, every single blade crisp and alive, seeking to be taller than the next one, gently frolicking with the breeze. It seems to be proud of its color, so pure a green, not a single trace of yellow. Even the brown earth is shut out under the magnificent green. Green, green, green, green. Red, orange, yellow, white sun, so far away but always watching over, bringing out the rich fragrance of this green angel. If life had a smell it would be similar to this one; the smell of precious sap simmering in the veins. This sap, along with the warmth of the sun, makes your body itch and want to get up and run, but then the breeze feels so good that you rather lay there and dream. Indistinct voices, faint laughter and other sounds float about and then float away carrying your mind along. Again there is nothing left but the air, the sun and the grass, and maybe the faint notion of a person, like a dream, floating about.

AGUA MARINA

juanita garciagodoy

The aquamarine ocean was laced with waves and foam, glazed and glimmered by sun that hung low in its hammock of soft light. The waves were high, turning bottle-green at their crests. Their flow was even.

A lone surfer squatted on his board, beyond the waves. His damp hair, bleached reddish-blond by sea-salt and sea-sun, had a dull copper sheen. The sun, which had pulsed through his body in the afternoon, had tanned his skin.

The surfer paddled with his hands as a wave began to churn in the ocean. His board slid up onto the wave's back, and the surfer stood up—knees flexed, his arms stretched out for balance. The wave bucked to a crest. Still, the surfer was poised, and he became part of the wave, like the whipped foam. The wave plunged downward. The surfer walked his board, and he felt as powerful as if he were walking on water. When the bottom of the surfboard rasped the sand, he slumped down and knelt and paddled back out beyond the waves. He would cool after his thrill and wait for another wave.

CONTENTEDNESS
gale brown

Tell me, friend, do you really see what it is that is making me so happy? Can you understand my mood, truly, more truly even than just saying, "Good you're happy?"

I'm contented, I'm soaring, I'm ecstatic, because of something that I never knew could be so earth shattering, so mind shaking, has finally happened. When the birds' throats seem sore for four months of whiteness on the ground, and the dog's tail drags on the floor, his fur encrusted with thistles of cold from slipping in the swishy snow, and after four dreary months of looking out a window which boldly shows the same scene without the touch of a change, the scene of snow, white snow, blinding snow, with scrawny black sticks in the mounds as hints of last year's trees, when this hateful scene changes, so suddenly, how can I do anything, anything except be enveloped in a thick shell of ecstasy, when I tumble down the hill, seeing, barely, through eyeslits, the scampering of the hare through the leaves and flowers, as he too, expresses his long suppressed joy?

I find myself suddenly singing, not my voice so much as my brain, about that greenness which comes to the world in a sudden spring. You've known, friend, just as I have known, that spring just had to come. But only now can we feel the sudden wave of energy, of pep, as we feel through our veins, bones, the very cartilage of our bones, the lift of joy that is brought by that same burning greenness, that color which I hear in your voice as we scamper and skip along in the greenness and warmth of the spring's own children: the animals that run and

chase instead of plodding, the trees which wave to us with their limbs as we rush past them in our Nature sent race to nowhere, the grass that is tickling our toes, the gurgling and rippling of the little brook where the turtles and frogs are wearing broad smiles. Oh, friend, can't you feel what I feel?

AUTUMN

kathy munro

A swirl of wind splashed some of its strength upon the light golden branches, sending the peaceful group into bedlam. One floated without care across a serene lake. Whilst another leaf strove mightily to continue in existence, but fluttered unrhythmically to the ground . . . to be forgotten



WHAT PRICE HICKORY NUTS?

louie tucker

s it was in most towns, there was a wrong and a right side of the tracks in Evanstown, and Mr. Stanton was always thankful that he lived where he did.

The first Mr. Stanton had built the modest little house on Ames Street what seems a long time ago, but it really wasn't. Many of the better houses had been built nearby. In any case, the house had been built before the coming of the railroad and the splitting of the town. Then some of the solid houses found themselves on the other side of the tracks from Mr. Stanton's house. Often, it became a cause for great concern to both owners.

Mr. Stanton, Mr. Uriah Stanton, was very careful about everything his personal appearance, his car— and old but time honored vehicle— his home, his money. A fastidious dresser, he pretended not to care what his peers thought, but, being human, depended on their approval. His garden was his greatest source of pleasure and he spent all his spare time and money on it, more the former than the latter as he ran a tight budget that included certain sums to charity and the betterment of others.

That garden reflected the character and moods of Mr. Stanton; besides changing with the seasons and with the years, it changed with Mr. Stanton. When his work as the district attorney went well for him, his garden benefited from the content. Occasionally, however, the townspeople criticized his actions and told him that he shouldn't meddle in the affairs of others lest he lose control of his own home life; this discouragement disturbed him and served only to hurt the home and garden he was warned not to neglect.

The garden itself was well planned by the first Mr. Stanton. It covered several acres, which made it the largest in the neighborhood but only one of the largest in the town. It surrounded the sturdy, three-storied house but nearly three-fourths of it was in front and on the sides, which put the house itself, kept fresh and new with frequent painting, well back from the street, yet open and vulnerable to view and criticism.

In this front yard, standing nearly alone, grew a singularly large hickory tree. It was well-known that the tree had been growing long before the town was established, and that the house and grounds had been built to include this tree. If this was so, one would imagine that things would have been arranged so as to have the tree well inside the confines. This giant of a tree, however, was off to one side so that a few of its branches extended into the neighboring yard.

There had never been any problems concerning the nuts and leaves and branches that fell into the other yard. Hickory trees aren't really important and are often ignored except by their inhabitants; people seldom use the nuts for eating and then only after a thorough roasting. Besides, the neighboring house was occupied by an elderly couple, who, in some ways, was quite old-fashioned, and who really just wanted to be left alone.

This was how things stood as Mr. Stanton came home from work one day. He seemed happy enough until he noticed a new and rather expensive-looking car parked in front of that house next door. His face showed more curiosity than concern but he thought nothing more of it and went inside. News gets around fast enough in this world today without having to go and look for it.

The papers next morning told the whole story of how old Mr. and Mrs. Canton had died of heart attacks within

minutes of each other. There was another paragraph that concerned the arrival of a grandson, a Mr. Redmond, who intended to live in the vacated house.

Mr. Stanton, being the man he was, decided that a meeting should be arranged between himself and his new neighbor. Such meetings are easy enough to arrange and it was not long before Mr. Stanton had met and made friends with the new Mr. Redmond.

He seems to be nice enough, thought Mr. Stanton. A little demanding of his new home. Can't expect much from him just yet. He's kind of young. His mother, Sue Canton, married a boy from the other side of the tracks. Guess he got a little pugnacious blood from his father. We'll just have to wait and see.

Yes, Mr. Redmond did seem rather nice. Many of the townspeople were sad at the death of Mr. and Mrs. Canton. They were a quiet pair. This new fellow soon showed himself to be a bit louder normally and really squawked if he wasn't treated right. But he was young and people said he'd grow out of it. You know, mellow with age.

So, months went by and summer came and went. Nobody bothered themselves much about Mr. Redmond. But suddenly trouble started when autumn came and the ground was vocered with hickory nuts and the bright yellow leaves, and Mr. Redmond came to Mr. Stanton.

"Now listen, I don't want to seem imposing. I know you can't help where that hickory tree is. All I'm asking is that you let me have, besides the nuts that fall in my yard, say a quarter of your nuts for my trouble."

What can Mr. Stanton say? The nuts on Mr. Redmond's side of the fence were his surely enough, and if they were that much trouble to him, let him have a few more. Hickory nuts aren't much good anyway.

So, the minor issue was dropped. That is, it was dropped until about a week later when Mr. Redmond came once more to talk with Mr. Stanton.

"Look, Mr. Stanton, that hickory tree of yours is dropping more nuts and leaves than I had supposed it would, and it sure is causin' me an awful lot of bother. I think I'd like . . . say . . . one-third of your nuts."

Well, thought Mr. Stanton, maybe it is a bother. It doesn't cost me anything to give him the nuts. But, then if I concede this, what will he want next year? I really ought to stand up to the young upstart. Oh, but what is it to me? Besides, winter's nearly here and by next year he'll have matured or maybe moved away. Hickory nuts aren't good for anything anyway.

So, the difficulty was once more out of the way and as winter approached, Mr. Stanton also saw an end to his problem. But wait. Mr. Redmond came once more before Mr. Stanton. What did he have in his young mind to demand?

"Now look, Mr. Stanton, that infernal tree is making a mess out of my yard and just raising all sorts of confusion. Now, it's really nothing much to me, but my uncle . . . well . . . he says it's a matter of principle . . . that I shouldn't stand for it. And people are kind of wondering how much of this imposition I'm going to stand for. I'm not asking much . . . you don't have to cut down your tree but . . . maybe if you just moved your fence . . . over a little, until the tree was in my yard . . . you know, just change your boundary. Then I could do what I saw fit to do . . ."

Mr. Stanton's thoughts were flying. My tree . . . change my boundary. My grandfather loved that tree, built the garden to include it. He should have taken more care. Can't let him just have it . . . what will people say?

What can *he* do? He's so young. What will people think? What if he insists... demands...? What about that uncle of his?

No! I can't do it!... can't just let him take...! It's a matter of *principle* to me! Besides, what will people think? What will they say if I just back down... to this lad... to this *pup*!!... Don't I have to fight for what is mine? Don't I have to stand up for my rights? My property? And if I give him this, what will he want next year?

But then, hickory nuts aren't worth much... I never use them for anything. It's nothing much more than... an ornament, another plant in my garden... And isn't my garden big enough?

NO! It's a matter of *principle*!! I *can't* do it!!!

A DARKER NIGHT THAN SOME
jan senten

Vietnam. The Question. The Big Problem. The athlete's foot of American foreign policy. Get out of Vietnam, they cry.

Let the Vietnamese fight it out for themselves.

Why should America take on the role of World Policeman?

Besides, the Geneva Conference of 1954 stated we could not intervene. But did it?

1954. Geneva, that is.

"The provisions of the agreements ... must, in particular, allow everyone in Vietnam to decide freely in which zone he wishes to live."*

"... each member of the Geneva conference undertakes to respect the territorial integrity (of Vietnam), and to refrain from any interference in its internal affairs..."

The implication here seems to be that no member might *invade* Vietnam.

... the conference also takes note of the declarations of Cambodia and Laos and of their resolution not to request foreign aid. ..."

Tying the two quotes together, the disparity is fairly obvious: The South (and North) Vietnamese left open a sort of 'escape route'. They reserved the right to request foreign aid.

* Final Declaration of the Geneva Conference, 1954.

Both have since utilized it.

A general conclusion of many policy critics is that we should leave the Orientals to fight it out among themselves. I believe that we should not, indeed *cannot*, take this course.

One argument might be that North Vietnam is a more highly industrialized region, with a larger standing army. On top of this they receive a constant flow of material from both the Soviet Union and Red China.

Actually, though, the argument I prefer cannot honestly be called an argument any more, not after twenty years of tense co-existence in the era of the Cold War.

It is this: America, as the leader of the Free World since the Second World War, has inherited a tremendous responsibility towards smaller, underdeveloped nations still unable to defend themselves against the violent intrigues around them.

In case you didn't notice, that's a cliché. It's corny, and soapbox politicians have been using it for a long time. Nevertheless, it expresses a point of view whose importance has been emphasized time and again by the Communists. Because, and let's face it, they've played a pretty cunning game all along, they've known when to prod and when to back-pat, and it's been a comparatively downhill run for them most of the way.

We counteracted them after a fashion with the Marshall Plan (1948) and, under the auspices of the United Nations, somehow managed to cling to the southern portion of Korea, back in 1952.

But in many respects Vietnam is the real test: It's us and them, face to face and dynamited officers' billet to bombed SAM site. The United Nations is not playing

nurse-maid to this challenge. We've laid our cards on the table for the whole world to see.

Meanwhile, back in faraway U.S.A., between golf and whatever, bored students and red-faced senators utilize their right to dissent and their free press to demand our withdrawal. The same rights, strangely, that we are indirectly fighting for in humid jungles across an ocean.

All I can say is, they haven't been watching the world dilemma too very closely since the end of the last war. They have somehow failed to observe the relentless advance in every corner of the earth of 'the Great Communist Revolution'. They must have been watching a football game not to have noticed that the Reds look for the weak and disorganized areas in our dike, the Germanies, the Polands, the Koreas, and then throw the full brunt of their strength against them. Without a comparable force to counteract it, these places inevitably collapse.

Would you expect otherwise?

You were home watching the football game.

THE PRE-DATE RITUAL

bob sands

Slam! Enter: our hero. He's rushing around like his pants were on fire. He couldn't be happier. He has arranged a date with a gorgeous creature, and is now practically floating on air.

He met her at a party one short week ago, in what might be called an impromptu meeting. She was a few feet away when he first spotted her, and being a man of quick wit he immediately bumped into the nearest table. With a splash she caught the full contents of his drink (a trick any well-schooled scoundrel could have thought of). After this was accomplished, he carried her off to some secluded room to tend to her wounds.

That was a week ago. Now, tonight is his big chance. But, he still has the most dangerous hours ahead of him—the pre-date preparation period! One mistake here and he could be ruined!

First, a good scrubbing is applied to prepare that man-sized beard for the shaving cream. Casually flipping the shaving cream into his hand, and, as usual, spraying about half of it all over the basin, he finally manages to get a little of it on his hand.

This is smoothed over the peach-fuzz, err... beard. A gleaming blade slides from the injector to the shaver and his do-it-yourself suicide machine is ready for action. After sliding down the side of his face, the shiny razor rounds the chin and heads for the upper lip. He scoops up the cream from under the jaw and puts on some speed as he heads up the cheek. But, oops! Our hero forgets to slow down as he approaches the ear. That little hump

where the jaw hinges gets him every time. Well, so much for an almost perfect shave.

Finishing with a scalding shower that peels off a couple of layers of skin, our pal dashes back to the bedroom. Here we find him donning a fresh pair of socks and an undershirt. Throwing on a sparkling white shirt and lacing his spit polished shoes our friend climbs into his freshly pressed pants. The lad still seems to be suffering from the illusion that, if you put your foot through the pant leg fast enough, the heel won't get caught on the cuff. But, alas! He stands teetering on one foot, the other securely jammed on the cuff. Vainly trying to get his heel out, he wobbles and crashes to the floor. Very coordinated, this chap. Now his belt is slid into place and the most stunning tie in his collection of two is properly adjusted. Then he slips into his jacket and stands for his usual mirror ritual. Hair neatly slicked back, eyebrows brushed, tie on properly? he's ready for big game.

Fingering his cuffs with the suaveness of a real Casanova, he gingerly flies down the stairs. In his haste, however, he misses sight of that roller skate on the third step. With a loud yell he rumbles down the stairs head over heels and hits bottom with a loud thud.

Still keeping his cool, he gets up and slowly walks out the door.

After casting a slide glance at his watch, he dashes to the car with a wild exclamation, and jumps over the door into his convertible in typical James Bond style. Unfortunately, however, in the dark, he has failed to notice that the top is still up.

Still nursing his right ear, he climbs inside, banging his knee on the steering wheel. A turn of the key, a flick of the gearshift, the screech of wheels, and he's off... in reverse.

This time it's a more careful flick of the gearshift, another screech, a cloud of smoke, and he's really off.

TRAUMERE
linda dabdoub

He tried to stop the noise by pressing the pillow against his ears, but it was useless, the pounding grew louder and louder. He finally opened his eyes, and the pounding seemed to diminish. A gust of cold wind pierced his eyes, dissipating the last traces of sleep. He turned toward the only window in the small, barren room. Drops of rain splashed against the panes, forcing themselves through the cracks and fell rhythmically on the dirty, wooden floor. He got up to look for a piece of cardboard with which to cover the broken panes; but, after a fruitless search, remembered he had used the last piece the night before to burn in the chimney, when all the wood had been used. He lit the small, rusty kerosene stove and heated his breakfast—a liquid which faintly resembled coffee. As he drank the coffee, he glanced out the window; the time on the clock of the old tower was eight twenty-six. The rain was passing, and all that remained was a drizzle which marked its presence on the rings formed in the puddles below. The sound of laughing children and barking dogs could already be heard coming from the park surrounding the tower. He walked back to the stove, served himself another cup of coffee, and sat on his bed. He let his eyes wander along the painting scattered across the wall. They were fantastic representations of his dreams, and even his nightmares. He had tried to sell them once, but had only been laughed at and told that his paintings were mere trash. This, however, did not affect him; the stabbing remarks of those critics belonged to an ephemeral world.

After finishing his coffee, he stood up, yawned, then roughly thrust the cup on top of a shelf, not bothering to

wash it. He put his jacket on and looked at himself in the mirror. He hadn't shaved for several days, wondered whether he should or not, and decided on the latter. He glanced once more at his paintings, then closed the door and slowly walked down the stairs. When he reached the first floor, he started walking quickly to avoid the curious stares of the other roomers. How he hated walking through those filthy halls pervaded by a heavy fetid smell. He finally reached the entrance door and swung it open. He crossed the street, not bothering to avoid the puddles, and walked toward the park. It was a small park—the usual greek fountain and the century-old elms. However, the old tower added an air of mystery, even of sophistication. This tower had been in that park for time immemorial; when it was built, or why, nobody knew.

After walking around for a while, he sat down on a bench and watched some pigeons pecking at whatever scraps of food they found. He wondered why she had not arrived; she had never been so late before. She always told him what to paint, when to paint, and even why to paint. She comforted him in those terrifying moments when everything seemed to close in around him. He depended on her so much that he went almost insane with fear whenever he didn't see her. He was addicted to her as others are addicted to drugs. Just then, the bells of the tower announced that it was ten o'clock; and as the echoes of the bells faded away, she appeared. She was wearing a plain blue dress and sandals, and her hair was tied up roughly in a knot. She smiled as she came near and sat down next to him.

"Why didn't you hurry? You know how it bothers me not to see you!"

"I did leave early, but there were so many things to see."

"Like what? The puddles, the bare branches of those trees, the old half-blinded beggar who stands next to the tower? Have you ever noticed that old beggar? He has probably been there since the tower was built. What is he waiting for? It can't be charity from those who stroll by, for the path by the tower is almost deserted now."

As he said this, they stood up and walked slowly to the corner. They waited for the cars to pass and then crossed the street. The blatant sounds of the crowded streets impeded their speaking, so they walked on for some time, deeply absorbed in their thoughts. After a while she would stop him suddenly to impress on him certain sights and sounds which he should remember for his paintings. They were tired, so when they came to a small, cheap restaurant, they went in.

"Do you want to eat anything?"

"No, I'll just take a cup of chocolate."

"Well, I guess I'll have a sandwich and coffee."

He went to the bar and ordered the food from a greasy-looking man with bloodshot eyes.

"I want a ham sandwich, a cup of chocolate, and a cup of coffee."

The man stared intently at him for a few seconds, then took the order.

After eating, he paid and they went out. Thunderheads were gathering, so they rushed back to the park. As they walked through the park they saw the old beggar standing by the tower, in spite of the signs of immediate rain. They walked up to ask him why he always stood there. At this moment their eyes met the old man's eyes. A fire seemed to blaze deep in the half-blinded eyes; they

seemed to have an insight of what the people who visited the park were like. He and she understood and remained silent. A light drizzle began to fall, and the rumble of thunder was heard while flashes of light drew grotesque figures in the sky.

"Let's go up to my room and I'll show you my latest painting. I want to know what you think of it; it's very important that you tell me."

As they walked away, the old man nodded his head slowly as through his half-blinded eyes he saw the blurred image of one man slowly walking away —gesticulating— as if in conversation with someone.

THE LESSON OF THE MASTER

ridzal thajeb

The sun shone lightly over the town, casting a placid light only occasionally interrupted by a moving ripple of a passing car, or a flying flock of pigeons. Beneath this surface of tranquillity a brown and blackhaired terrier with a contrasting white collar was running after a frightened gray kitten. Over a desolate vacant lot, where a few empty bottles, some broken, were strewn at random and were freckling the bare spots of ground where grass was no more, the two timeless rivals raced for a second. Then through the aging pickets of a decrepit fence they passed, the marginal space between the two contending foes became smaller. The fate of the infant cat seemed definite. The final stretch was the alley behind the City Bank; a last dash for safety, a final attempt for life was suddenly lost: the alley showed no escape. Between three high, gloomy, brick walls and a pursuing terrier, the kitten was helpless. A few fractions of a second later the dog stopped his chase and persisted only with his incessant barking. It appeared that he was to do this forever, for his cornered prey had no means nor hope of salvation. But strangely the dog stopped rippling the air with his barking, and a blanket of silence covered the air for several moments. The dog stood transfixed for a time, as if his master were calling him to give him a spare bone, or as if a usual bell was ringing to tell him that he'd find his dish full of dog-food, but no master was calling any dog, nor was a bell tolling a habitual schedule. But the dog froze in all motion and soon ran away.

Jamie was a growing boy. As usual, when his friends weren't with him, he was walking the brick width of the

wall behind the bank on this perfect day. There he would be pacing the wall, balancing carefully back and forth till his mind would decide it was time to stop. The dog-chase-cat was a rite little uncommon in this city as well, but this particular incident made Jamie wonder. His mind explained the dog's sudden withdrawal in only one way: that the dog simply didn't want to continue the battle, although he was the unproclaimed victor. Why? maybe he was tired, or maybe he wasn't enjoying the game anymore. Whatever the reason, Jamie's final resolution could be expressed very clearly by his inner remark: I guess that's what only a dumb animal would do.

"Hey, Jamie!" Now another sound was provoking moving waves in the air of uniform rest "want t'play war with us?"

"Hey, yeah! wait for me!" answered Jamie.

He clambered down the wall with a brisk motion, a coordination almost mechanical from the frequency of practice. Soon he was working the white sneakers he was wearing at a rapid pace on the slightly heat-tinged sidewalk. He was with his friends in a short time, but a new face confronted him.

"Richard's our new friend, Jamie, an' he can play war with us too 'cause he's got his own toy guns."

"An' toy grenades that sound like the real ones, an' a bazooka that shoots bombs too." Richard's proud voice rang sharply as he added these to the already formidable list.

"Well, let's get started," said a boy.

"Yeah, what're we waiting for?" followed another shout.

"Go get your guns, Jamie. We'll meet you at our place."

Jamie ran home for his burp gun and two pistols, a plastic helmet and an army belt, finally a brown sack with four letters: U.S.M.C., which he wished he could read. Contained within the sack were five rubber balls or "grenades" besides other good "junk" he could use in the war games.

By the time Jamie was at the accustomed battlefield, the war had reached a feverish height. Jamie and three of his friends were one army against two others teamed with Richard, the new boy in the block.

Bullets raked the sky and swept death on the ground. Bombs went off, throwing puffs of dirt into the air, and for the seven soldiers the sky above stood quivering over the commotion below.

In these war games, physically Jamie was average compared with his friends, but he had several inherent qualities that made him popular among them. His foxy wit, intelligent mind, and outstanding logical thinking always made his team unbeatable; so far. Jamie was like the Eisenhower in Europe, the MacArthur in the Pacific, and the Montgomery in North Africa combined. Certainly anyone would want to have such a leader in his "army"; who wouldn't want certain victory?

The familiar battlefield lay in his scope again; one, two, three short minuscule timings and a whole strategy lay in Jamie's mind.

"We'll move up one by one. When we get close, we'll charge!" His commanding voice instantly aroused the admiration of his comrades, and slowly they followed behind their leader.

Suddenly a tommy gun broke their silent move with a long burst of fire heard from behind them.

"You're all dead!" shouted a voice—a distinct, new voice, but not unfamiliar.

"Hey, you two. I got 'em all. Come 'ere."

Richard's voice pried into Jamie's mind acutely; it was Jamie's first loss in a very long time.

"Come on! Let's play some more!" said Jamie, anxious to hide the defeat he suffered just now.

Tense, long battle hours passed for the soldiers in war. Jamie struggled hard for supremacy, trying to retrieve the very same wreath of glory his friends had placed on his head before; a wreath put because of his brilliant command in the past. Now this very wreath hung suspended above his head and Richard's. Until now Jamie had met no such formidable a foe; his actions were limited to a defense pattern by anticipating Richard's moves; otherwise he'd be dead by now.

"You two go to that side, and you", addressing the third in the same supreme tone, "go th' those bushes. I'll wait here, and then we'll ambush 'em when they come."

A soft wind in the air blew dried leaves and candy wrappers over the vast front. High above the warring factions a passenger plane had become an imaginary jet bomber piercing the stillness only found outside the war's perimeter. Then the voice again, the same voice he could never like.

"Surrender yourself, Jamie. We got your friends as our prisoners and you're all alone!"

"Give up before we shoot you full o' holes, Jamie." The second voice was a friend's, but to Jamie the first was a real foe's and his heart gave a muffled cry of anger because of his helplessness.

"Come an' get me, he said to himself, and with this he tried to assure himself that it was true, because he realized the futile future shaping at this moment.

A loud blast went off beside Jamie; in the clump of wind blown grass lay a presently mute grenade of Richard's.

"You're dead, Jamie."

Jamie sprang up, pistol in hand, a rebel to the facts.

"You're dead, I said."

"Yeah, Jamie," followed another voice, "you're dead already."

For Jamie the game was over. With it his whole empire of dreams became blank.

"Let's quit. I'm hungry."

"We'll come 'ere tomorrow again. My mom's calling me for supper." None of these voices was Jamie's.

Jamie interrupted their wishes in an attempt:

"Hey, no... can't you wait? Let's have just one more fight " he was severely protesting their complaints as he still had hopes of remedying his past luck, which had stolen his golden crown away.

"I can't, Jamie. It's time for me t' go."

"An' I'm too tired already..." another phrased.

"I can't stay 'cause my mom's beginning to shout."

Jamie lost his place. His image with them was tarnished.

The next day did nothing to improve Jamie's disposition, nor did the next, or the next, or next. By now Jamie had been demoted to being a common soldier.

The days were approaching the cold season; the sun had become the mere wish of those who longed for bright, sunny, spring days. The air became windy, freezing, and for Jamie, hostile.

Jamie had resisted just as many defeats as his character permitted him to when his hatred overflowed the brim of his thoughts, and he remembered a conversation he had with his father a long time ago.

"Dad, do you have a real gun, like the ones used in real wars?"

Jamie's father answered in a prolonged pitch, "Yes."

"Dad, can it really shoot and kill a guy?"

"I guess it can hurt somebody," replied his father, who by now was trying to avert the question he knew Jamie would ask.

"Can I see it, Daddy?"

"I'll show it to you when it's for something important. Okay, Jamie?"

The whole conversation came back to Jamie as vivid as ever.

Here, he thought, is my chance. Now they'll always think that I'm the best.

The air outside became foul. A storm was brewing, and the winds came howling currents, tossing the black clouds into ominous figures which shrouded the pale sun of a long winter.

Inside his house, Jamie stealthily crept into his father's bedroom and opened a drawer next to the bed. There lay two guns, but he took whichever proved to be easily in reach.

He ran to the battlefield, his regular equipment a disguise to his intentions.

"Okay. Let's start fighting, same teams as yesterday."

"Come on! My team over here," and two people followed Richard to be lost over the hills.

The dark air and stretch of land separated the two secret foes quietly.

This time I'll win, Jamie told his heart.

The air proved indifferent to the hostility added to it. The war had commenced. Richard broke through Jamie's plans as usual, but now Jamie was ready.

The same hated voice rang a victorious tone in brief minutes.

"Better surrender, Jamie. Your friends are all dead."

Jamie stuck his will to his aim in mind and harshly answered, "No."

And with this answer he opened his brown sack and exposed the gun to the air.

A few minutes passed. Jamie knew it wouldn't take Richard long to come near. What if he weren't ready? The weighty, metallic device he held firmly in his hands, a finger on the trigger. His mind was made a taut string ready to break because of the tension, but it didn't lose its courage.

The quietness in his ears was broken by a nerve wracking shout from behind:

"Chaaaaaaaarge...!"

Jamie swiftly turned to face his enemy, gun uplifted, but not quite ready. His nimble fingers had lost all desire to react because his mind had told them that he wouldn't be able to do it in time. Richard was too close and coming too fast to spare him the needed time, and for these brief instances Jamie considered himself another loser already.

Then the unexpected occurred, a small root unseen by Richard did not yield under the tug of Richard's foot and threw him onto the ground, sprawled in front of Jamie. This was all Jamie needed, and he aimed the gun at Richard's head.

Past days came back to Jamie, and he remembered the helpless kitten that day behind the bank. No, the dog couldn't have been dumb to run away.

My purpose has been accomplished. My wishes and fight are over, and that's why we had the game, thought Jamie trying to think as a certain terrier. Instantly the pressure on the trigger eased, and Jamie dropped his arms with the gun.

In the next minutes the air echoed with the amazed thoughts of his friends.

"Did ya see that?" one said, "Jamie beat him in a hand to hand combat!"

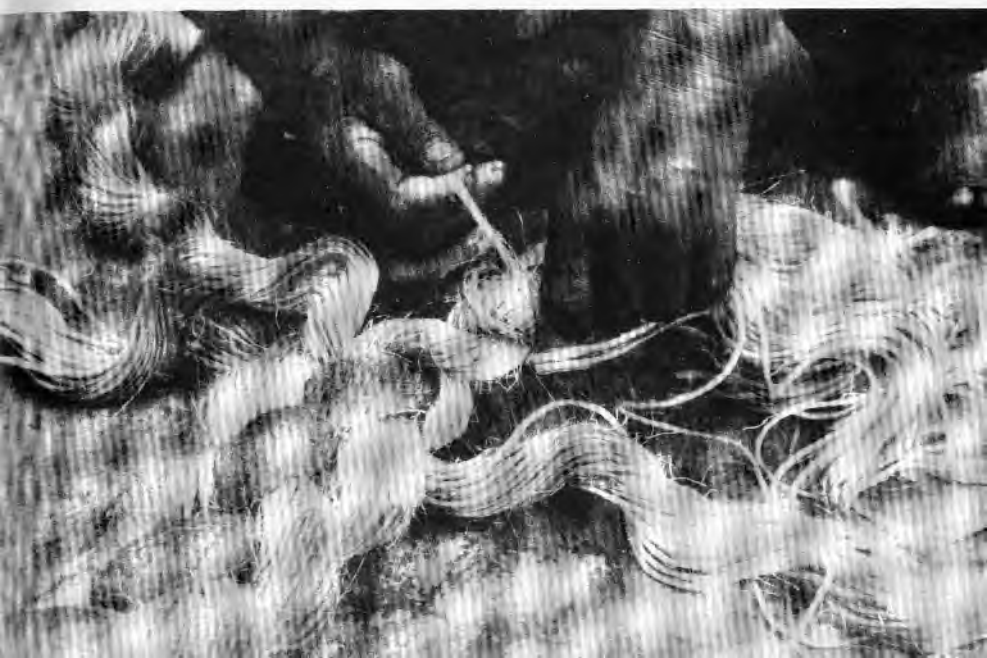
"Wow, Jamie's still a great fighter around here!"

Richard was too dazed after the fall to know what had happened and accepted the story that Jamie's friends had supposedly seen without a doubt.

The air cleared up the next day, light showers showed that the coming snow was near. White, snow laden clouds gathered slowly, pushing the black storm makers and letting more sun to shine. Inside the bedroom of his father, Jamie opened the drawer again and inserted the gun he had taken out yesterday into its place as before but not after trying to read the letters which he hadn't noticed earlier on the barrel of the weapon. Not able to understand it, he decided to forget the letters and safely stole away. The letters were far too difficult for Jamie and the words too lengthy but it was a nice try; the words were:

.38 replica gun lighter.

Manufactured by the American Lighter Co., Inc.



LA LOCA

raquel saucedo

(La acción toma lugar en un cuarto de manicomio donde una mujer de unos treinta años está vestida en harapos, descalza y con la cabellera revuelta, respirando agitadamente.)

Loca: ¿Dónde estoy, qué hago aquí? (vé a su alrededor con extrañeza y dirigiéndose al auditorio) ¿Por qué me miran así? ¿Qué buscan en mí, qué están locos? No me rimen, me hieren con esos ojos que me hacen daño. (Sollozando se hinca, al momento se para y da un paso atrás) Mamá, ¿por qué no estás, por qué me has dejado sola? ¿No ves que está oscuro y frío? Ya no me castiguen, soy buena, les prometo portarme bien. ¡Ah! Ya sé, están escondidos como duendes en los montes, o ¿estará durmiendo? Si, eso es, estoy dormida y no quieren hacer ruido. Me siento adolorida como si me hubieran pegado mucho, mucho. Todo aquí es tan extraño (da pasos lentamente) y tan oscuro apenas da luz. No se parece a mi cuarto hermoso lleno de sol, de espejos, de cantos alegres... Mamá, siempre te dije que no me gustaba la obscuridad. ¿Te acuerdas? Le tenía miedo al "coco", a las brujas y duendes que salen. (Se mira sus ropas con extrañeza) ¿Y estos harapos y mis zapatos, mis lindos zapatitos, dónde están? No crean que siempre he estado aquí, no. (Empieza a danzar y a entonar una melodía) La, la, la... la, la, la... esos eran días felices. Me sentía envuelta en una nube de alegría, ballaba y ballaba hasta quedarme muerta... resucitando para cantar y reír. (Empieza a reír, de repente calla) No, ustedes

no comprenden lo que sentía porque no han sentido lo que yo sentía en la sangre que corre en mis venas. Ustedes no han oído las voces que quedan vagando de los seres que han hablado. Ustedes no se han hecho (con dulzura) pequeñitos, chiquititos y hablando con un ratón, ellos también tienen hambre, ellos también sufren. . . Ustedes tampoco han sentido mi enorme angustia; cuando la noche se va acercando. Esa oscuridad como la del armario donde me encerraban como castigo que no comprendo. (Su voz se vuelve áspera.) Y siempre ella, tu hija, porque para ti nada más ella era tu hija. Ella había heredado tu cara, tu cuerpo, hasta tu misma sonrisa. Yo. . . yo no era nada y nunca he entendido por qué cuando hablaban de mí bajaban la voz: sss. . . (en voz queda) y me miraban con tristeza (retrocede) con lástima. Pero no me importa. Lo único que pido es que no me dejen sola cuando la noche llega con el silencio donde sólo mi corazón se oye y donde pienso en la muerte, viéndome en un ataúd y sintiendo que mis carnes van siendo devorados por gusanos. ¡Oh, horror, gusanos, gusanos! Pero no siempre me siento así, a veces me siento flotar por el espacio como si dejara de ser yo para convertirme en espíritu. Sí, yo era distinta a ellas porque ellas eran hermosas y yo fea. ¡Ah! Porque ellas se miraban al espejo, pero yo sabía como eran porque les mirara el alma y feas, muy feas, hediondas como hienas. (Su rostro cambia como si estuviera ausente y empieza a hacer ruidos de trompeta con sus manos.) Tú, tú, tú, tú. . . su majestad la reina. (Hace una caravana y se vuelve al otro lado para contestar.) Que traigan a los presos. (En eso aparecen en escena unas personas vestidas de negro y encadenados, los cuáles llevan una máscara con la cara de la loca. Los

presos caminan con la cabeza baja se acercan y se hincan.)

Presos: Señora, perdónanos la vida.

Loca: No, no merecen vivir. Verdugo, córtales la cabeza. No, espera que pasen uno a uno.

Ira: Señora, soy Ira, perdóname.

Loca: ¿Cómo he de perdonarte si por tu culpa pasé la mitad de mi vida en un armario oscuro, ¡ay! oscuro. ¿Te acuerdas? Por tí me castigaban y me golpeaban, diciendo que era hija del demonio, que estaba hechizada. (Llora). Eso a mí no me gustaba porque yo no quería ser hija del diablo. Una vez cuando tú me tentaste mamá ya no me volvió a hablar, por eso te odio, por eso te mato,

Ira: Pero tú me alimentaste ¿te atreves a juzgarme?

Loca: Sí, así me vengaré y quedaré libre de tí.

Ira: Pero yo vivo en tí, en todos los hombres. Mata pues a la humanidad.

Loca: Espíritu de maldad, tú me hiciste mucho daño, no voy a permitir que se lo hagas a los demás.

Ira: Qué tonta eres. ¿Qué puedes hacer tú, no te has mirado? Tú nunca podrás salir de aquí.

Loca: (Con desesperación.) Verdugo, llévatela, llévatela. (Entra Maldad.)

Maldad: Hola, buenas tardes. (Saluda a los concurrentes.)

Loca: Tomad asiento.

Maldad: Gracias, mi buen juez. (Tono burlón.)

Loca: ¿Por qué me dices bueno, espíritu repugnante?

Maldad: ¿Repugnante decís?

Loca: Sí, repugnante, porque te acercas al hombre con el objeto de apoderarte de su conciencia, de su razón y de su atributo más hermoso como es la inteligencia, fingiéndoles amistad para después clavarles el puñal de tu pestilencia. Eres cruel y hundes los espíritus más puros en el océano de tus iniquidades.

Maldad: Vamos, ¿ya olvidaste nuestra gran amistad? Los dos fraguamos miles de planes para vengarte por el mal trato que te daban. Soy la madre de tí misma, te he concebido y formado. Soy la reina de la guerra, de la destrucción, del asesinato como el de Caín sobre Abel. Soy tan antigua que la historia refleja mi existencia eterna. ¡Atrévete a juzgarme que pronto sabrás de mi eternidad!

Loca: Es verdad, no te lo niego y por eso debo destruirte.
(La Maldad se va riendo diabólicamente.)

Loca: Que pase Amor.

Amor: Hola, ¿cómo estás? ¿Por qué me has admitido en tí, sabiendo que yo soy el único que puede hacerte olvidar todas las injusticias que ha habido en tu vida?

Loca: Qué mentiroso eres, yo te grité con desesperación y tú nunca me oíste. Para mí no existió la caricia ni la comprensión. Tú nunca tocaste el corazón de los

demás para que me quisieran, dejando que me pudriera en la soledad. Yo siempre fui "el monstruo, la pobrecita". Pero yo no quise la compasión, yo te quise pero tú nunca me miraste. Robándome no solo el cariño de mamá sino también el de él. El, que era tan bueno y hermoso. El la venía a ver y fue cuando lo conocí. Era tan diferente, él me miraba como si fuera como los otros y me llevaba muñecas y dulces. Pero un día, cuando supe que "ella" me lo iba a robar, protesté y dije que lo amaba, que no me lo quitaran. Mamá y ella se horrorizaron y, me hirieron con sus regaños y nunca lo volví a ver. ¿Creés que no mereces este castigo?

Amor: Yo no soy culpable. Tú me miraste, pero yo no venía a tocarte, no era tu turno, no era tu tiempo. Yo vendría a tí más tarde, entonces tú hubieras sido mi dueña absoluta, yo tu esclavo. Pues eras tan niña que no quería causarte desencantos, eras un capullo y había que esperar que fueras rosa.

Loca: ¿Por qué no llegaste? Me hubieras salvado, te engañó mi apariencia pues mi corazón ya estaba preparado para albergarte y me quedé en el desamparo. Verdugo, arránquenle la cabeza, tritúrenlo pues ya no lo quiero, ya es muy tarde. (Entran Virtud, Moral y Bondad.)

Virtud: ¿Por qué nos quieres acabar? Ven, ven a nosotros.

Loca: Ustedes al igual que los otros son seres despreciables, son tan parecidas que a veces me confundo. Las tres van por el mundo para hacer el bien, pero a veces, ¿a caso no hacen mal? Tú, Virtud, que caminas saferosa, presumiendo no mezclarte con el lo-

do y que ayudas al hombre a no caer en el mal, a veces eres tan falsa. Tú, Moral, que eres un guía que nos enseña el camino del bien y del mal, creas seres mediocres, y vacíos al absorberles la última gota de sangre... seres que caídos en tus redes no pueden escapar, quedando ahí y con la cabeza baja. Bondad, pobrecita de tí. Quieres ayudar a los demás y éstos en agradecimiento acaban contigo. A tí no te condeno por mala sino por tonta. Verdugo, haz lo que te mandé. ¡Córtales la cabeza, la cabeza! (Los presos desaparecen y se vuelve a encontrar como antes.) Ira, Maldad, Amor, Bondad, Virtud, Moral, seres vanos que ya no puedo diferenciar. Esqueletos que con sus huesos lastiman mi cuerpo, mi espíritu, mi cerebro. Construyendo dos mundo presos en mí misma. (Suelta una carcajada y calla.) (De repente grita con desesperación.) ¡Déjenme salir, déjenme salir! (Llora yendo a parar a un rincón del cuarto.)

Cae el telón.

UN MINUTO DE VIDA

elías mansur

Un minuto de vida, sí, un minuto es más o menos lo que le quedaba. Dejó caer a medio consumir el cigarrillo que tenía entre los dedos y lo aplastó con el pie; levantó lentamente la vista para poder ver una vez más a los diez hombres que en un minuto le iban a llenar el cuerpo de plomo; al ver a aquellos diez indios de piel morena y sudorosa sosteniendo torpemente los "mausers" trató de sonreír pero solo logró producir una mueca grotesca.

Le había pedido al sargento que comandaba el pelotón que le diera cinco minutos más para meditar, no era que realmente quisiera meditar sino más bien hacer alarde de serenidad ante la muerte; él iba a enseñar a esos indios tarados como mueren los machos. Le habían aprehendido el día anterior, su batallón había sido totalmente destrozado y los pocos sobrevivientes habían sido tomados prisioneros. El había oído claramente las palabras del coronel revolucionario:

—Ajusilense a todos los prisioneros, a todos menos al capitancito ese, mañana se nos junta mi general y quero quemarle a ese pelón pa'darle la bienvenida.

Desde ese momento tomó la determinación de mostrarse entero hasta el final, él era un oficial graduado del Colegio Militar, un oficial a quien se le había confiado un batallón; había sido derrotado, cierto, pero no por falta de valor y ahora no iba a mostrarse débil ante esos indios huarachudos, no, eso hubiera sido deshonar el uniforme, una verdadera traición.

—¿Cuánto me quedará? —dijo en voz baja y se dio cuenta de que su voz temblaba. No, no debía dejar que sus nervios lo traicionaran en el último momento. Trató de pensar en las fiestas de sociedad en México, en los honores recibidos en la academia, en las mujeres cuyos cuerpos cálidos había amado al calor de miserables hogueras de campamento, en las largas noches al acecho del enemigo, en las muchas veces en que el victorioso había sido él y los fusilados habían sido los rebeldes. Todo eso parecía tan vano y lejano ahora. Fue entonces cuando se dio cuenta de que sólo quería vivir; sintió el viento acariciándole el rostro y moviéndole los cabellos, levantó la vista para ver el débil sol de la mañana y su brillo le obligó a entornarlos. Llenó sus pulmones del aire fresco del campo y quiso gritar, implorar que le dejaran vivir, separó los labios para poder suplicar a gritos...

La sorda descarga ahogó sus gritos antes de que nacieran.

No hubo necesidad del tiro de gracia.

L A U R A
marcela bassail

En el aire, sobre los valles, bajo las estrellas, sobre los ríos, volaba Laura. Invisible como el viento, fragante con el aroma de las rosas que se alzaba en los campos al atardecer, ella volaba. Se deslizaba sobre las palomas, se detenía en los árboles y vivía en los capullos.

"Es primavera," —pensaba Laura. "Esta noche estaré en todas las cosas vivas del mundo."

Ahora vivía en grillos, ahora caía como el rocío. Su mente se adaptaba con rapidez y volaba invisible junto con el viento en esta noche única de su vida. Acababa de cumplir diecisiete años.

—Quiero enamorarme —dijo.

Lo había dicho a la hora de la cena. Y sus padres habían abierto los ojos quedando boquiabiertos.

—¡Cuidado! —dijo la madre; recuerda que eres una criatura notable, toda nuestra familia es notable. No podemos casarnos con gente ordinaria. Perderíamos nuestros poderes mágicos si así lo hiciéramos. ¡Cuidado!

—Sí —suspiró; pertenezco a una familia rara. Dormimos de día y volamos de noche. Puedo vivir en cualquier cosa. Puedo abandonar mi cuerpo y lanzar mi mente a la aventura.

Eso hizo. El viento la llevó por campos y praderas. "Yo no puedo enamorarme porque soy rara, pero lo haré por medio de otra persona," pensó.

Ya era de noche y Laura pudo observar a una muchacha de pelo oscuro de solo diecinueve años, que sacaba agua de un profundo pozo de piedra; cantaba la joven.

Laura se dejó caer como una gota de agua. Calló en el tazón que la muchacha se llevaba a los labios. La bebió.

Entonces pudo Laura mirar el mundo desde los ojos de aquella muchacha. Escuchó a través de aquellos finos oídos. Oió el fresco viento de la noche, y sintió un corazón que latía y latía.

"¿Sabrá que estoy aquí?" pensó Laura.

La muchacha abrió la boca y miró a su alrededor.

—¿Quién está ahí?

No hubo respuesta.

—Sólo el viento —murmuró Laura.

—Sólo el viento —repitió la muchacha.

"Era un fino cuerpo el de aquella muchacha." Pensó Laura. Tenía huesos del más fino márfil. Sus labios eran tiernos y suaves y sus dientes tan blancos como la nieve. Estar en ese cuerpo era como vivir en el ronroneo de un gato dormido. "Me gustaría vivir aquí," pensó Laura.

—¿Qué? —preguntó la muchacha mirando cautelosamente a su alrededor.

—¿Cómo te llamas? —preguntó Laura.

—Lilia —dijo la muchacha y estremeciéndose añadió, —¿por qué diré esto en voz alta? y se echó a reír.

Lilia, Lilia, te vas a enamorar —murmuró Laura.

Más tarde apareció una carreta arrastrando sus ruedas en la grava del camino. Un hombre alto y frondoso la guiaba. Llevaba una sonrisa de oreja a oreja.

—¡Lilia!

—¿Eres tú, Jorge?

—¿Quién otro podría ser?

Jorge saltó del carro y ató las riendas a la verja.

—¡No pienso hablar contigo!

Lilia dio la media vuelta, salpicándose con el agua que acarreaba en el cántaro.

—¡No! —gritó Laura.

Lilia se detuvo y dejó caer el cántaro.

—¡Mira lo que has hecho!

¡Mira lo que me has hecho hacer!

Jorge se inclinó a limpiarle los zapatos.

—¡Apártate!

Lilia le pateó las manos, pero Jorge solo se rió.

Asomándose por aquellos lindos ojos, pudo Laura observar a su compañero; era alto y muy bien parecido. Observó la línea de la nariz y la anchura de los hombros.

Laura hizo funcionar sus poderes, y la hermosa boca se abrió y dijo:

—¡Gracias!

—¡Oh! ya veo que eres cortés, aparte de bonita.

—¡No! No contigo —dijo Lilia.

—Vamos, habla suavemente —dijo Laura.

Movió los dedos de Lilia hacia la cabeza de Jorge. Lilia recogió la mano.

—¡Me he vuelto loca!

—Así es —asintió Jorge, sonriendo, pero sorprendido. Ibas a tocarme, ¿no es así?

—No sé, oh, vete.

La sangre se le subió a la cara.

—No te retengo, si quieres irte, vete. Jorge se incorporó; ¿has cambiado de parecer? ¿Irás conmigo al baile? Es un baile especial. Te diré por qué más tarde.

—No —dijo Lilia.

—¡Sí! —gritó Laura —nunca he bailado. Quiero bailar. Nunca llevé un vestido largo. No sé que es estar en una mujer, bailando. Papá y mamá nunca me lo permitieron. He conocido todo lo que hay en el mundo, pero nunca una mujer en primavera, nunca en una noche como la de hoy. Oh, por favor, debemos ir al baile.

Laura extendió sus pensamientos.

—Sí —dijo Lilia. Iré. No sé por qué, pero iré contigo al baile esta noche, Jorge.

Lilia dio la media vuelta y se dirigió hacia la puerta de su casa.

—Mamá —dijo Lilia, he cambiado de parecer. Iré al baile. Se oyó a lo lejos, la carreta de Jorge que se alejaba. Hirvió el agua para el baño y la plancha se calentó. La madre de Lilia salió corriendo y regresó con una hilera de alfileres en la boca.

—¿Qué te ha pasado, Lilia? Jorge no te gustaba.

—No sé, no sé —contestó Lilia.

—Es primavera —murmuró Laura.

—Es primavera —le dijo Lilia a su mamá.

—Y una linda noche para bailar —dijo Laura.

—Y una linda noche para bailar —repitió Lilia.

Pronto se oyó el relinchar de unos caballos; Jorge bajó de su carreta y se dirigió a la entrada de la casa de Lilia.

—Ahí está Jorge, Lilia —susurró Laura —debes salir y recibirlo bien.

—Lo trataré bien —le dijo Lilia a su mamá; lo trataré bien.

—Adiós hija, espero te diviertas.

—No lo sé —dijo Lilia.

—¡Sí! —gritó Laura.

Llegaron al baile y empezaron a deslizarse como las demás parejas, sobre la pista.

Jorge no apartaba sus ojos de los de Lilia.

—¿Lilia, qué te ha pasado?

—Nada —contestó Laura.

—Nada —contestó Lilia.

"¿Puedes verme?" pensó Laura, "mirame a los ojos, ¿puedes verme?"

La música los hacía girar en la oscuridad, flotaban al compás de la música.

Laura tarareó. Los labios de Lilia se abrieron y salió música.

—Es una hermosa noche —dijo Laura.

—Es una hermosa noche —dijo Lilia.

Jorge tomó la fría mano de Lilia y la acarició.

—Lilia, ¿puedo besarte?

—Sí, por favor —dijo Laura.

Lilia no contestó. Jorge colocó sus labios sobre los de ella.

—Abrazalo, corresponde —murmuró Laura —su voz se oía lejana.

Peró Lilia no lo abrazó.

—Jorge, ¿me harías un favor?

—Dime.

—Mañana partes para México. Tengo una amiga allá que quisiera que visitaras.

—Pero, ¿qué tiene que ver ella conmigo? —respondió Jorge bruscamente.

—Por favor, Jorge.

—No me has contestado.

—Su nombre es Laura, vive en Avenida Central No. 25, Laura Torrentes.

Está bien. Déjame apuntarlo. Laura Torrentes... Muy bien.

—¿Me prometes que irás a verla?

—Está bien, lo prometo.

—Llévame a mi casa por favor.

Subieron a la carreta. Jorge tomó las riendas.

“¡Oh! Jorge,” pensó Laura, “cuanto te quiero, me he enamorado de ti.”

La noche era cálida y hermosa. Se oía el cantar de los grillos y el dulce rumor de las cigarras.

Jorge era muy atractivo. Así lo veía Laura.

—Lilia, ¡temo estar enamorado de ti! —dijo Jorge.

—¡No! ¡de mí! —¡de mí! —sollozó Laura.

“Estoy cansada,” pensó Laura. “No soporto más. Tengo que ir a mi casa. Me siento débil. Mis poderes son limitados, pero antes de irme...”

—... antes de irme... —dijo Lilia.

Besó a Jorge en la boca.

—Soy yo quien te besa —repetía Laura.

Jorge se apartó y miró a Lilia, adentro, muy adentro. No dijo nada, y miró otra vez al interior de aquel rostro bañado por la luna.

Luego bajó a Lilia del carro y sin siquiera decir algo se alejó rápidamente.

Laura abandonó a Lilia. Y como si el diablo la persiguiera, Lilia entró corriendo y gritando a su casa y cerró de un portazo.

Laura se demoró ahí unos instantes.

"¿Jorge?", estaba cada vez más débil pero voló como una ave nocturna.

"¿Todavía tienes el papel? ¿Vendrás a verme algún día, algún año? ¿Me mirarás a la cara y recordarás entonces cuando me viste por última vez? ¿Sabrás que me quieres como yo te quiero? ¿Jorge?"

Jorge dormía, era tarde. Y en una mano tenía un pedazo de papel escrito.

Jorge ni siquiera se movió cuando una ave negra aleteó con suavidad contra los vidrios de la ventana. Iba a esperarlo.

¿GENTE BUENA?

ernie durazzo

Miguel, ¡cómo hay gente mala en el mundo! ¡cómo quisiera....!

—Déjate de tonterías y sube un poco más el bote de pintura.

Pedro levanta el bote de pintura, lo baja después de que Miguel empapa la brocha.

—Es horrible tener que andar por las calles no sabiendo con qué clase de persona se va uno a encontrar. Qué mundo lleno de maldad.

—La pintura.

Pedro sube y baja el bote de pintura.

—Nosotros, la gente buena, nos debemos de cuidar de la gente mala. Debe haber algo que nos ayude a reconocerla. Son tantas las

—Pedro, el bote de pintura.

Si, eso es, tengo que hacer algo para distinguirlos de los demás. A las cuatro de la tarde los convertiré en enanos. Así nos protegeremos de ellos y no tendremos que andar con temor de encontrar a esa gente. Será maravilloso saber.

El reloj da las cuatro de la tarde.

—La pintura.

Pedro ya no puede subir al bote de pintura.

LA MESA

alfredo uruchurtu

—Eso mismo pensé yo la primera vez. No daba crédito a mis ojos. Pedro Rosas platicaba con su socio. Sus ojos estaban inyectados. No había podido dormir. Al recordar aquello su pulso se aceleraba.

—No temas, Pedro. Todo se debe a la imaginación. Su socio trataba de calmarlo pero todo era inútil.

Para Pedro todo era muy extraño. Parecía un sueño; no estaba seguro de que fuera real. Pero eso sólo fue al principio, ya que después entendió claramente. Supo que no eran alucinaciones.

Pedro lo tenía presente. Hacía apenas tres días que le había pasado. Una tarde en que llegó muy cansado de trabajar a su casa, se sentó a descansar. Sin quererlo él, sus ojos, como atraídos, se fijaron en una pequeña mesa de color caoba que estaba junto a él. Pero su mente estaba distraída y la mesa no le llamaba la atención. De pronto, sintió que algo pasaba a su alrededor. Trató de observar lo que era. Pensó que tal vez sería producto del cansancio. Después de todo, la noche anterior se había acostado muy tarde. Pero no. Todo parecía tan real.

Pedro Rosas veía como de entre las vetas que corrían de un lado a otro serpenteando en la madera, salían miles o tal vez millones de pequeños puntos negros. Estos parecían luchar para traspasar la capa de barniz que tapizaba la mesa y salir al exterior.

Pedro sintió terror y se alejó de ahí. Se puso a meditar con calma y llegó a la conclusión de que la visión había sido producto de su cansancio. Regresó al lugar

donde estaba la mesa. Cerró los ojos y los abrió lentamente como para cerciorarse. Sintió un alivio. Todo había sido una alucinación. Ahí estaba la mesa y no había nada anormal. Pedro se tranquilizó y fue a acostarse.

Los rayos de luz que penetraban por la ventana lo despertaron. Se levantó y se dispuso a desayunar.

Atravesó la estancia y pasó cerca de la mesa. Trató de no mirarla. Sentía curiosidad y enfocó la vista en ella. ¿Estaría realmente despierto? Todo era muy raro. La superficie de la mesa se empezó a cubrir con una como neblina. De repente desapareció ésta y ahí estaban de nuevo los innumerables puntos negros que trataban de salir al exterior. Sus músculos se paralizaron. Empezó a sudar, pero esta vez no huiría. Tenía que averiguar qué era aquello. Los pequeños puntos parecían haber logrado romper la capa de barniz. Se movía en todas direcciones. Unos sonidos muy agudos, acompañados de resplandores rojos, emanaban de aquellas "cosas".

Pedro Rosas se estremeció, se horrorizó, cuando sintió que era fuertemente atraído como por un imán hacia la mesa. Aquello era espantoso: vio cómo la mesa crecía al igual que todas las cosas que estaban a su alrededor. Pero aquella confusión no hizo que perdiera la razón y se dio perfectamente cuenta de lo que le estaba pasando: había sido transformado al tamaño de los puntos negros y ahora se encontraba junto a ellos.

—Te digo que lo olvides todo; no puede ser real, dijo su socio.

—Es imposible que lo olvide; no puedo borrar de mi mente esos ojos penetrantes de aquellos seres, sus brazos como tenazas, sus cuerpos negros y sus enormes cabezas. Todo fue horrible.

—Entonces no pienses más en ello; ya todo pasó.

—Yo no lo creo así. Entiende que me dijeron que viviera mis últimas horas en este mundo, pues la próxima vez que salieran, vendrían por mí para llevarme con ellos para siempre. No sé cómo, pero entendí todo lo que decían. Contaban que ellos habitan en los átomos de todas las cosas.

—¿Entonces se encuentran en todos lados?

Pedro Rosas, al oír esta pregunta, tuvo la esperanza de que su socio le creyera.

—Así es, respondió.

—Pues yo pienso que es una tontería; además, ¿para qué iban a buscarte ellos?

—Para estudiarme, y eso sería horrible.

—No seas tonto y mejor vete a tu casa. Te hará bien un descanso.

El socio se rió burlonamente.

Pedro Rosas salió de la oficina. Iba muy nervioso. No deseaba ir a su casa por temor a volver a ver a aquellos seres espantosos. Pensó que sería mejor dar un paseo.

A las doce de la noche decidió regresar a su hogar. Se había convencido de que todo lo que había visto había sido producto de su imaginación. La idea de la mesa lo trastornaba. Pensó lo fácil que sería eludir el mueble. Pero estaba equivocado. No podía pasar por ahí sin dejar de mirarlo. Era mucha su curiosidad. Quería probarse así mismo que todo había sido una fantasía. Al verlo sintió de pronto gran terror. Vió que en la mesa no había nada de lo que él temía. Tomó el periódico y se acomodó en el sillón que estaba junto a la mesa.

Empezó a leer. Un horrible pensamiento sacudió su mente. Tenía que asegurarse. Movi6 el periódico hacia abajo para que sus ojos se fijaran en la mesa, los puntos negros salían de entre las vetas de la madera, la fuerte e inevitable atracción hacia esos seres extraños que crecían ... Debía ser una pesadilla.

EL FIN

Lucienne A. Calderón

Personajes:

Un hombre
Odio
Envidia
Hipocresía
Venganza y
Ambición

La obra comienza cuando un hombre de apariencia común llega a la cima de una loma y contempla el paisaje.

Hombre: Qué bella te ves desde lo alto, Tierra. Qué apacible, qué serena. Si sólo pudieras entender en qué caos están tus habitantes. Pero al contemplarte desde esta cima siento gran calma dentro de mi ser.

Veo el verde esperanza de tus prados, el azul cristalino de tus agua y el vasto horizonte que cae en el vacío tras la montaña. Tus colores adornan tus jardines y entre toda esta belleza existe el hombre. Criatura imperfecta que destruyas la belleza como una aborrecible plaga. Hombre, te tengo compasión, quizás amor. Un amor como se le tiene a un ser infortunado.

(Hombres encapuchados llegan a la cima de la loma. El hombre no se ha dado cuenta de la existencia de éstos. Los hombres se detienen y escuchan al hombre.)

En tí todavía hay la esperanza de un mañana en la cual otros y mejores horizontes se abrirán.

(Uno de los hombres da un paso hacia delante y parece ser el jefe del pequeño grupo.)

Odio: Humano, no hay esperanza para el hombre. Lo que tú admiras no tiene ya valor alguno.

Hombre: ¿Quién eres tú para juzgar?

Odio: Humano ciego, tal es tu amor por algo vano. Tu piedad me asombra, ya no existen sentimientos nobles en ese tu mundo. Ese mundo en que reinan las pasiones.

Sí, donde nosotros habitamos en las almas de los seres. El hombre nace ya saturado de nuestra ponzoña. Nosotros, como una yedra envolvemos su alma. El hombre se alimenta de nosotros. Finalmente su cuerpo y su alma nos pertenece. Su destrucción es causada por nuestra intervención. Ninguno escapa de nuestras garras, somos indestructibles.

Hombre: Mientes, todavía hay bondad en el ser humano. No, no me convencen tus palabras vacías que sólo quieren confundirme.

Odio: Pues bien, mira a tu llamado bello mundo y ve la realidad.

(El hombre mira hacia abajo y su rostro se asombra ante lo que ha visto.)

¿Acaso ves el prometedor prado verde o tus aguas cristalinas? Te diré lo que ves. Ves a un joven cuyo corazón está lleno de odio: un odio que fue creado por su envidia. Envidia hacia su hermano.

Hombre: Es tal su envidia que parece tener más poder sobre él que su corazón. Es una envidia desaforada que desfigura el joven corazón y toma la forma de un monstruo. ¿Cuál es la causa de su envidia? ¿Qué pudo causar tan terrible cambio en su joven mente?

(Uno de los encapuchados se pone de pie.)

Envidia: Yo puedo decirte que ese joven corazón tiene envidia de su hermano. Su hermano ha alcanzado su meta de prosperidad y el éxito le ha sido negado al joven.

Hombre: Calla, calla, repugnante criatura. Tú invadiste el tierno corazón y lo desfiguraste. Has hecho de la humanidad una víctima. Las ruines garras. ¿Cómo pueden vanagloriarse con semejante alegría?

(Otro encapuchado hace frente a la oposición del hombre.)

Hipocresía: ¡Víctimas! ¿Has dicho víctimas, mortal? No, víctimas no, fueron tus semejantes. Ellos nos llama-

ron, necesitando de nuestra fuerza, de nuestra alimentación. Nosotros fuimos usados por tus llamados indefensos seres. Ah, pero veo que tu razón califica mis palabras como vacías. Pues bien, mira al próspero hermano de nuestro joven. El no es el modelo de hombre que ha llegado a prosperar por el sudor de su frente. Todo es una calculada falsedad. El ha llegado a alcanzar su meta pero a base de mentiras. Todo su éxito es atribuido a mí, la hipocresía.

Hombre: Deja, deja ya de atormentarme. Me tratas de confundir. Pero no lo lograrás. Todavía hay esperanza para el mortal. El verde del pasto, el azul del cielo y el blanco puro de las nubes equilibran la paz de la tierra. Hay esperanza de un mañana mejor. Esperanza mientras haya inocencia e ingenuidad en el rostro de un niño. Esperanza en la pureza de los primeros años de un niño. El niño, que no puede sentir odio, envidia o rencor es nuestra salvación palpable.

(El penúltimo encapuchado se dirige al hombre.)

Venganza: Hombre ciego, calla y recapacita. El niño ha sido infectado con el deseo de venganza.

Cuando un niño ha sido golpeado por otro él responde regresando el golpe. El pequeño quiere vengar su dolor momentáneo y toma la personalidad sádica e indecente.

¿Es este el salvador de tu raza? El ha sido invadido por el deseo de venganza que lo ahoga, lo tortura hasta que logra calmar su sed de venganza.

Hombre: ¿Qué es ésto, mi mente no puede razonar? Mi razón ha sido dividida. Mi amor por mis semejantes me hace pensar en una esperanza pero estos seres me atormentan y sus palabras hacen eco y yo titubeo. Pero mi amor por el hombre es más fuerte y sus palabras huecas no encuentran albergue en mi conciencia.

(El último encapuchado da un paso hacia el humano.)

Ambición: Hombre, baja ya de tu mundo de ilusión

y confronta la realidad. Comprende que ya no hay esperanza, ya todo ha llegado a su fin. Comprende que el mortal maligno, sus sentimientos lo lleva a extremos. El hombre no puede calmar sus ansias y quiere más. Su ambición es tal que toma el control de sus actos. El mortal deja que su ambición lo envuelva en una red en la que pierde toda sensibilidad y razón. Su cuerpo sólo responde al llamado de su ambición y acaba por aniquilar su propia existencia.

Hombre: Dejen ya de hablar. No me podrán convencer. El verde sigue brillando como una estrella que despidе calor y protección.

Odio: Mortal, es tarde ya. La misma tierra se rebela en contra de sus habitantes. Sus volcanes hacen erupción y las nubes se juntan arrojando lluvia de fuego; el fuego que purificará la paz de la tierra. Acabará la incomprensión y la falta de sentimientos. Ya no habrá más matanzas entre hermanos y de nuevo reinará la paz y la tranquilidad.

Hombre: ¡Qué horror! Cómo los cubre la lava y sus gritos y sollozos son en vano. Se arrodillan y piden perdón pero sólo hasta el fin tienen miedo. ¿Será acaso sincero su llanto? ¿Si su vida es perdonada, acaso cambiarán?

Vuelven a la tierra, la que los alimentó, la que los creó y ésta los reclama. El hombre vuelve a las entrañas de su madre. Del caos surgirá el orden y la belleza.

Te veo, humanidad, y no puedo ayudarte. Tú escogiste tu propio fin. Veo como mi mundo arde y las cenizas se esparcen por doquier. De la nada fuiste hecho, humanidad, y en nada has terminado. Yo quedo inmóvil, constante como el tiempo. El tiempo que vió tu creación y está presente en tu fin. El tiempo seguirá su marcha y quizás vea la creación de otros seres.

Tiempo, sigue tu marcha, otro ciclo ha sido llevado a cabo.

(Cae el telón.)

LE MIRAGE

linda dabdoub

Il laissa son auto sur la grande-route quand il n'y avait plus d'essence. Il n'avait pas vu de village pendant qu'il conduisait; et maintenant il se décida à marcher dans l'autre direction. Quand il était sorti de son auto il avait senti une grande chaleur, mais cela n'était pas hors de l'ordinaire, parce qu'il était au milieu du désert. Il marcha pendant plusieurs heures, qui semblaient être des siècles, mais il ne trouvait pas de village. Maintenant il avait soif, et il cherchait une oasis, mais il ne la trouva pas. Il était très fatigué, donc il se coucha à l'ombre maigre d'un cactus. Quand il se leva, il vit qu'il faisait déjà nuit. Maintenant il était vraiment préoccupé. Il voulait retourner à la grand-route, mais il ne pouvait pas la trouver. Il savait qu'il était perdu, et pour un moment il voulait pleurer. Toutefois il décida qu'il ne succomberait pas.

Au bout de deux jours sous ce soleil furieux il commença à voir des mirages. La première fois il ne croyait pas que cette oasis fût un mirage, et il courait comme un fou vers elle. Quand il croyait qu'il était près de l'oasis, elle s'évanouissait devant ses yeux. Tout le jour il voyait ces mirages, mais maintenant il savait qu'ils n'étaient pas réels.

Il marcha pendant toute la nuit, et au commencement du troisième jour vit un village. Il croyait que ce village était aussi un mirage, mais il voyait que bien qu'il était près, le village ne s'évanouissait pas. Il marcha jusqu'à un édifice, et quand il vit qu'il était réel, il poussa un cri de joie.

Il entra dans le village et marcha dans la rue principale. Il remarqua une chose curieuse; personne n'était dans les

rues ou dans les magasins. Il entra dans un café et vit que personne n'était ici non plus. Sur les tables il voyait la nourriture déjà froide. Il lui semblait que toutes les personnes avaient fui rapidement, mais pourquoi?

Il mangea et se dirigea vers un hôtel qu'il avait vu. Il prit la clef d'une chambre et dormit un peu. Quand il faisait nuit, il sortit pour faire une promenade. Subitement il écoutait sonner un téléphone. Il couru le trouver, mais quand il le trouva, le téléphone ne sonnait plus. Il pensait que peut-être une autre personne était dans le village. Il commença à fouiller dans toutes les maisons, mais il ne trouva personne. Enfin il eut sommeil et retourna à sa chambre. Le matin il se leva, et quand il sortit de l'hôtel pour aller au café, il écouta le téléphone. Il le trouva et répondit rapidement. Il écoutait la voix d'une femme qui lui demandait de l'aider. Il demanda où elle était, et elle lui donna l'adresse.

Il marcha rapidement et après cinq minutes arriva à la maison. Il frappa à la porte plusieurs fois, mais personne ne répondait. Il entra et demanda si personne n'était là. Il écouta la voix de la femme, et monta les escaliers. Il arriva à une chambre et ouvrit la porte. Quand il la vit il sentait un froid dans tout son corps. Il tourna vers le désert; il faisait chaud, mais cela ne lui importait plus. Maintenant on pouvait voir un nuage rouge descendre sur le village.

L'ETRANGLÉ
duncan salmon
avec apologies à M. Camus

Il y a cinq ans, trois mois, cent-cinquante-deux jours que Maman est morte. Ou peut-être cinq ans, trois mois, cent-cinquante-trois jours, je ne sais pas. J'étais à l'école et quand je suis revenu ma mère m'a dit "Aujourd'hui Maman est morte." J'ai dit: "Pourquoi?" "Tu es toujours trop curieux!" elle m'a répondu. "Tu ne dois pas savoir tout ce qui se passe dans ta famille!"

"Mais mère, j'ai dit, "J'ai raison. Si Maman meurt, tu me dois dire comment. Dis-moi seulement ceci: est elle morte à cause du poison dans le sucre, les araignées sous les draps, ou le gas dans l'eau de la douche?"

"Elle est morte à cause de la mélancholie qu'elle a eue quand tu ne l'as pas embrassée avant d'aller à l'école."

"Mais mon enfant, tu n'as pas à t'excuser! ce n'est pas de ta faute. Nous l'allons enterrer dans le jardin."

"Mais nous avons un cesspool là!"

"Ça ne veut rien dire."

"Elle tombera dans l'eau."

"Le soleil ne l'ennuyera plus."

"Oui, c'est vrai, elle n'aimait point le soleil et la sueur dans les yeux."

"Bien, c'est décidé. Nous l'enterrons le matin."

Maintenant un homme est arrivé à la porte,

"Bonjour Madame et Monsieur. Je fais un cense de la ville. Combien de personnes y a-t-il dans votre maison?"

"Il y a moi, ma mère, mes frères, mes soeurs, et mon chien. Ma maman est morte aujourd'hui et je suis mécontent."

"Pourquoi?" m'a demandé l'homme.

"Parceque demain c'est mon anniversaire et elle ne m'a rien donné."

À ce moment mon père et mon papá sont arrivés.

"Papá, Père, maman est morte ce matin!"

"Prions."

"Ebishemeriestereminalinece stavarecinecinece.
Amen."

"Bien, enterrons-la."

Ou peut-être c'était il a cinq ans, trois mois, cent-cinquante-quatre jours.



POETRY

SPIDER YEARS

This is the year of the spider.
This year I crawl through the dust
and cobwebs,
Trailing my legs,
My sustenance
The dim glimmer of humanity
Inside my arachnid head.

I think,
Here in the filthy darkness of the cellar,
Of the endless crawling cobwebbed tunnels
Of the years;
Of you, hoping each year
That the next will bring a
Fatter, cleaner, fly.

He exists in a narrow world
An image of darkness
Signs of the wilderness
Show the way.

The vision of his mind
In a magnifying glass.
Clouded with a mass
Of insecurity.

Grasping illusioned thoughts
Wisdom is never caught.
It sleeps beyond
The mirror veil.

Cold shadows lifeless lie
Shapes of silent walls.
In bottomless halls
Barred doors.

Sunlight never beams upon
Frozen creativity.
Unchallenged credibility
Lies hidden.

Believing everyone
With a flag or a song.
His only truth
Is in the lies.

Hollow thoughts have no place
In wisemen's reasoning.
Their conclusions always sting
Common belief.

Crumpled walls melt in the sun
Gravestones of the deceased.
Imprisoned thoughts are released
To find their way.

Stringless kites search the skies
Wake up the hypnotized.
They might find
What hasn't been lost.

jim marshall.

HAIKU

Sliding pigeon-flight
On a satin sun-smoothed lake:
Tangerine twilight.

A tranquil wind-stream
Petting the august poplar:
Liquid voice of leaves.

Small china-doll falls...
Many thoughts from her split skull
All break... end of all.

Apricot yawning
In the thick, ashen-grey clouds:
Evanescent glow.

dennis small.

A PEOPLE

Light retreating for a moment,
Taking with it a people who
Fight to preserve their lives.
A smile, a unique exhibit,
Is left suspended.
Destruction surrounded by destruction
Goes unnoticed.
Cries and screams,
The music for the ear.
A people wishing, hoping
Only for a new future.
Light,
Retreating forever.

ron spjut.

"Ay Farg, how bout a match to lite my cigge?"
"Not a smoker, 'is would lik to live a lif
o guud helth"
"Haven't you evir red SMOKE IS DEATHLY"
"Noh, No i ain't"
"Well, it clears the picture on the scene"
"Oht'yes, but one complication i can't reed"
"Well, lut's not let future frown fun"
"Bit i'm 183 and a month and i cannut go'to
ony school?"
"Well there's one way to do fix dis..."

off they went learnin reed and writ holding
hands and speakin of flowers

bjarne tokerud.

BALLET

The wind blows
first harshly, then softly,
and again
with harsh, brutal force.

The trees quiver
the leaves fall shivering
and are quickly carried away.
They glide,
swivel,
collide.

They dance around,
spin,
twirl,
curtsy,
bow.

Then

Suddenly they crash to the stage
where they break into
millions of pointed,
jagged, crisp.
yellow pieces.

bonnie ford.

A CLOWN CRIES

A collage of
Hollow people living in plays;
Depressed people realizing truth;
Laughing people hiding tears;
Innocent people — children in the unknown.
A clown cries.

A child named Michael
Wandering down a desolate street;
Towering buildings
Sneering buildings
Scowling buildings
Hollow buildings
Overshadow innocence.
Michael;
Hopping, skipping, running:
Confusion.
Three streets lure him from his path
Tries one — dead end:
Defeat.
Another:
Depression.
And another,
Long and never ending:
Fear.

A lifetime of
Sneering buildings
Scowling buildings
Hollow buildings
Who care not
Hiding emotions behind the facade.
Michael
Pausing
Curling up in a gutter
To cry.

katie marshall

A CHEAP WAY OF LIVING

He praises his dead with slander and sagacity.
His social standing is well above mediocrity
And the middle class.
His clownish complexion is bathed in lacrimal.
He's in another world, a circus seen by
Spectators through half a crystal.
The white-draped statues are mobile and misty.
The real world is so near, a mere breadth of
Brick away.
He alone can't cure his inner-rebellious being.
They thought logical therapy was the ointment.
A confused conscience is neither logical nor
Vulnerable to petty treatment.
No compound is capable of curing his cuts.
He's frugal and few with his words, sits in
A corner and plays with the white-garbed statues.
He controls the strings in the ivory palace.
He's a charlatan, a sane mind draped in
Hypocrisy.
He cannot live life without deceiving his
friends and himself.
He's only clowning, still he's a resident
within these.
Bleached walls,
Now crimson,
soon black.

Time falls and
hastens us upon our way;
but this is not right,
this is not the way.
Come, follow me, the most supreme love of all;
Come, follow me, Eros.
For only I know where the grass grows tall,
where shade rests its limbs on the land,
where love lies on the ground
and nymphs play all around.
Wait; and I will wait for time to set itself right.
... Come ...

phil britton.

A SIMPLE MADNESS

Darkness, quiet, as I lie
perfectly still.
I can't move, like I was
trapped.
No noise can I hear, but
I'm sure its there.
I scream... but silence prevails.
No color but black... I'm
sure there's more.
Ah yes, there was a simple
madness... when I died yesterday...

sharon van nordheim.

QUIET NIGHT

Sinking,
the forgotten old, gold bark
Drifts out into the shadowy void
of Space.
Muslin sails of a slim, snug clipper
sailing over the horizon,
Blend into the murky depths.
A lighthouse lantern smolders
in the way beyond;
The latent repose awaiting
The nightingale's song.

pat plunket.

MADE FOR A CHILD

And the child,
With the sticky hands
And smiling face,
Ran to where the fat man stood
Urging the children
To buy of his balloons.

A big balloon
With a funny face,
Or one with yellow spots
Or red and blue stripes.
Yet all of them,
Made for a child
With sticky hands.

And the child,
With the sticky hands,
Asked for a big one;
A big red one
With a funny face,
And a funny hat!
And, balloon in hand
She skipped off to play.
But alas!

A balloon is a child's joy;
A child's hope;
A child's dream;
And, like a joy, a hope, and a dream,
It had to burst.
And the child
With the sticky hands
And the tear-stained face,
Watched her balloon
Soar into nothingness;
A balloon . . .
Her balloon
Made for a child
With sticky hands.

karen doehner.

MAN, OH, MAN

Man, it's groovy
Just like they said
It's finally come
That day of dread
When the sun ain't shinin'
And the men lay dyin'
All along that long front line

Man, it's cool
Just like they said
The babies are bawlin'
They gotta be fed
But the food's all gone
Or else it's rotten
All along that long front line

Man, that's great
Just like they said
The blood is flowin'
But there's more to be bled
Terror in the cities
Men to be pitied
All along that long front line

Man, ain't it crazy
Just like they said
Progress has halted
The soil's dyed red
From the blood of wounds
where there ain't no healin'
In the mind and the soul
'till there ain't no feelin'
All along that long front line

Man, it's wild
Just like they said
The way they're blowin'
Our earth to shreds
Flowers can't grow
Watered by tears
All along that long front line

Man, ain't that fine
Just like they said
Soon they'll take our hands
And we'll all be led
To a wicked world of birds and trees
Of houses, not homes, of birds but no bees
Far behind that long, strong front line

loui tucker.

DEAR GOD

When night comes in and blackens all
The minds of those whose thoughts are
strong;
When people cease to ask the why
And then go on to prove it wrong;
And when I seek the fruitless route .
Of happiness through thoughtless dreams,
That's when My soul I'll give to You,
And with that soul, My mind, it seems.
The "me" You'll have will not be Mine;
When You reach Your final goal
You'll have Me not.

jeb bills.

HURT FISH

There it lay, rotting among the shapeless brown limbs of driftwood

Its dry pink flesh giving the sand a stench of putrid flesh
When only yesterday a sinewy slippery flashing bullet darted
through the blue deep on its endless search for prey.

The red waving gills combed the waters for life-giving oxygen;

The huge flickering eyes would peer in every direction
searching,
waiting . . .

The bony side fins treading the water, ready for instant flight

Quivered like a leaf on the wind,

The slim meaty sides reflected the silver
sunrays into the deep,

The graceful body came to a narrow end
and flared into an

Ivory fan slicing the waters as it swayed
slowly, uncertainly.

A proud pillar of fury indeed. Until the
spirit was ripped away and the flabby carcass
tossed upon the hot steaming beach

To melt beside the weathered coconut husks
and the glaring
sand.

mike jenkins.

NATURE BLUE

The color blue is undisturbed calm.
It stretches silently, caressing earth.
A sky-blue carpet broken save by clouds
Is illumed gently by the sun.

The color blue is lush and idle.
The snowy froth is whipped by winds unseen.
The water breaks on jagged rock and stones.
And sweeps o'er sand and falls unheard on shore.

randy lawlace.

MAN — ALONE

A river flowing gladly beyond any
experience.
Senseless of the world surrounding.
Hours of solitude
Running like the fleeing, gasping wind,
A pathless wood,
A walk through foggy fields
Living with memories grown dim o'er night.
The loneliness includes me
Unaware
— As all men.

jackie nave.

Long idle stalks of green
Extend from the ground.
They are tall,
Taller than the crickets
And grass-hoppers and mice
That play in them.

This carpet of green
Extends for endless miles.
In it, lively in the breeze,
Dance a multitude of flowers,
Rare in their harlequin beauty.

The carpet is untacked
And rolled away
To take its place
In the attic
Among other things of the past.
In its place is rolled out
A never ending ribbon
Of gray asphalt
Leading to the Future.

chris flick.

I have seen it once
or twice

Blooming like a blade of green grass
Camouflaged in a field of weeds

Blending, yet remaining as far apart
as the stars
or the minds of men

A gleam of light in a darkness
Warmth amidst the bitter cold

A smile.

richard rahn.

Resting in the sun
On an enchanting day,
The ocean at my feet,
My being absorbing each countless ray,
As I forget, I wish each moment,
This peace I could repeat.

At night the ocean I watch,
Its movements are like a monster,
Terror, but perfect the beat of its roar.
And above a soft light;
A star.

As I dream away for a moment,
Life again appears
Then once again, back come my fears.

judy brandon.

NEXT TIME

To smile, not to laugh.
So they say.
So they say?
Two fools muttering in an inconspicuous corner.
Muttering about —about what?
They forget.

About the cook in the cheap highway road house.

Who said: "I'm closing down, nobody comes.
I'm going away."

It rained like hell so they say.
God never tried that one —rain
to a desert in summer. Not there!

Many people came; winding, slippery roads—
DANGEROUS

He burned the hamburgers and the coffee was bad.
He wanted to tell them that he was nervous and
happy;
That nobody really ever came;
That for next time he'd learn to make good hamburgers
and good coffee.
"For next time."

So they muttered he was crazy because he didn't
close down.

norma villalobos.

WHAT IS IT?

Sunrise arrives, roaming horizons,
Making Sundays for little girls.

Tall grass glowing golden.
Soft sunlight in grey skies,
And breeze in the golden hair
Of little boys and girls,
With big eyes, smiles, and small feet,
Coming up over the hill of
Tall grass glowing golden.
They stop in wonder, in whispers:
"What is it?"
"I dunno."
A joyous laugh speaks, followed by
Another and another.
Little hands hold and lead each other,
With only the soft sun,
And grey skies,
Watching.
Over another hill, and another,
And one more, all off
Tall grass glowing golden.

carlo novi

A WEEKLY MORNING SHAVE DONE

as the sun
rises out of my pants
and i jump forth
into my leathers
i break

the strings of
the
shoe
lace and wind a wad to the
spittoon

as it rings
i eat my breakfast
old
bread
and
rat cheese
a cup of Chinese
broth

spiced betel leaves
glow my teeth

slowly i
yawn and prepare to go to work.
then i cover my
head again with the
sheets

sleepsleep
sleepsleep

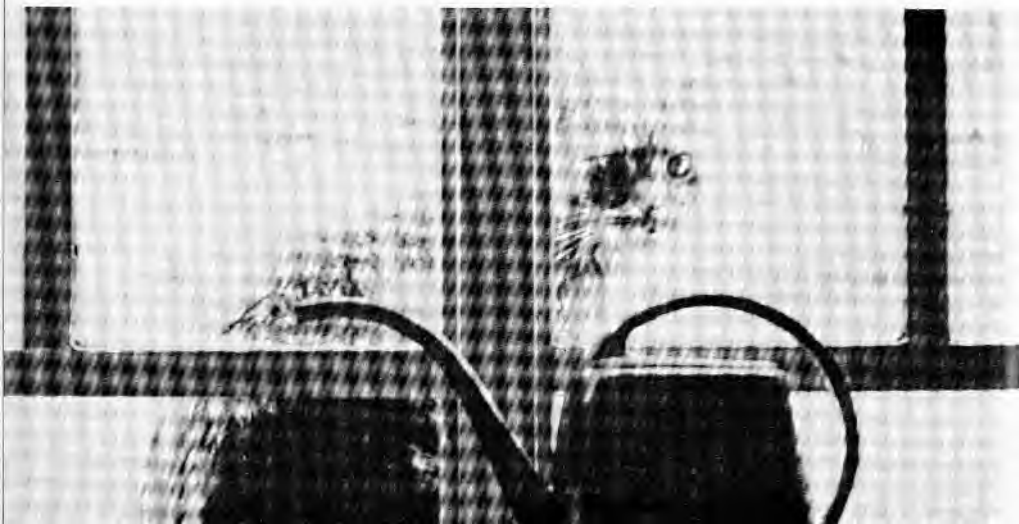
wake and have my lunch and go back to
work.

bjarne tokerud.

A FATHER'S THOUGHT

Oh, daughter,
Who pause at the portal
Of my room —
You cast a cat-like shade
Upon my floor,
Oh, golden, green-eyed, gentle
child of mine,
Don't be alluring to another boy.

juanita garciagodoy.



WIND

The bells toll the receding dead
A counterpoint with the wind and
autumn leaves
Fluttering to the bloody, tangled
streets,
Limbs askew and tearing,
Their crowds of screaming faces
frozen,
Eyes protruding,
Faces gasping,
Going the way the leaves go,
Disappearing.

chris pauling

DUSK'S GARDEN

A misted breeze, subtle and slight,
Sprayed with bird-chatter and
A leaf's satin flutter
Sweeps my chaffed cheek,
A flowing, free, fingertip's touch.

Wispy-grey clouds,
Lavender-rimmed...
A sparrow-chirp lure:
Whispered wind-word...

dennis small.

VIGIL SKELETON

A tall majestic skeleton
Stands on its summer leaves
Keeping a timeless vigil
Over the past.

Solemnly the skeleton guards
The entrance to the woods,
Lone, somber vigilance.
Through these portals none may pass
Avoiding his empty gaze.

A mighty forest once stood fast
Robed in green magnificence;
Silently it died,
Leaving the lonely vigil.

chris flick

A DEFINITE PROBLEM

With the wind in my hair
A comet left
A silvered track
Stars were gleaming
Like diamonds on black
...velvet

The fire burned bright
The flames leaped high
My soul was warmed
Joy filled my
...heart

The toll was mounting
So I prayed by night
That overhead
Might fly a white
...dove

I stood on the beach
With the wind in my hair
The fresh, salty water
Lapped at my bare
...feet

"At writing poems
I'm not adept
It seems I always
Have words left
...over"

loui tucker.

BREAK

Steady reality, warped by wild dreams,
Withers and bows, bent by smooth-it-out
schemes;
Cloud of misted mind,
Slowly drowns life out by being too kind.

juanita garciagodoy.

monday morning (quite early and cold)

snow is fallen deeply on my world from the night.

early morning migration through the snow-encased arteries
of my village (to some interesting places) has not yet begun.
small cautious busy creatures to pick their ways they will be

i am up already!

a nosy dog wades through the street...

i am standing on my roof my snow has never
before my presence
been fouled by
men-feet.

i am thinking of happy things.
(of linda sleeping in my warm
bed-not awake)

my mind is suffering its
daily (starting today)
bathing by clean air.

laughlaughlaughlaughlaugh

across my street mike-house slowly opens its mouth and
deposits — one, two warm bundles... one can be mike (to work)
another can be anne (to school) they spoke because smoke came
from their mouth

i am happy too.
they are happy two.

one night (early and cold)

snow, before resting on my road, has been pushed aside
to make way for busier things. but people still-speak
when smoke comes crazy from the mouth.
and they are still happy
and they have pink noses.

my wine is friendly like my bread
my wine is as friendly as my bread
and i carry my diamond crystals on my head

and on the shoulders of my coat
a friendly lamppost is found (by me) and the snow
is stirred from the foot for sitting. please
lights and cars wink from all sides and i am excited and
happy still,

wine and happy bread
are eaten with feeling (by me)

i have a friend soon
he is far from home-
but happy also. he is
simon, we spoke.

i must go now home because:
girl is there,
and warm.

pat wilson.

TWO MEN MEET

Warm yellow sunshine inebriates,
Somber, they walk grey sidewalks.

Like a mirror box, the sky stays blue,
Footsteps trace on flashing green grass.

Again with grey sidewalks,
Concrete boxes they restore.

Virgin minds of strangers meet,
Conceiving their illogical determinations.

Pigments of black and white,
As they look in the mirror's frame.

christine englander

REFLECTIONS

I stand here in a world of glass
It could be shattered
By a single word.
Prisms beam
From the depths of her eyes
To entrance the unwary fool.

Thoughts of slipping away
To silk-woven floors
And bright-mirror doors
Stroll through the kaleidoscope
Of throbbing textures
And patterned slides.

The moon spreads its light on transparent walls
Inventing careless shadows
Of her footprints.
I take her hand to dance to the tune
Of whispering flute
And the sugar strings.

But I find my illusions
Clouding the windowpane
No more can I see.
I'll run to the open fields
With their open hands
To congratulate reality.

jim marshall.

UN POETA

Una noche de tinieblas,
solo con su alma se hallaba;
cuando en la puerta sonaron
tres golpes fuertes y secos.
"¿Quién vive?" gritó una voz
del otro lado del marco.
"Un poeta" él contestó,
"que no le hace mal a nadie."
"No pregunto qué es lo que hace,
Abra en nombre de la ley."

Con esto le abrió el poeta,
"Entre con bien a esta casa,
quien quiera que venga en paz."
Entraron cuatro soldados,
cada cual con su pistola;
con órdenes de llevarlo
con los demás a la guerra.

Una lágrima brilló
en los ojos del poeta;
¿cómo dejar su familia?
¿cómo olvidar sus poesías?
Iría a matar hermanos
que tal vez no conocía,
que tal vez también sufrían
lejos de los que querían.

Cuatro rostros impasibles,
dioses malignos de piedra,
miraban sin alterarse
la llama del sufrimiento
que lo consumía en vida.

Sólo se llevó consigo
cinco prendas que tenía
pues se sabe que hoy en día,
no paga bien la poesía.

Cuatro años han pasado
desde aquel funesto encuentro,
y hoy han llegado noticias
del triste acontecimiento:
ensangrentado en el campo
al ver venir a la muerte
"Bienvenido seas," dijo.

Ha enmudecido la lira,
el cañón la reemplazó.
Ya la luna sólo inspira
conquistas, guerras, rencor.
El pasado ya murió,
lo romántico es hoy cursi.
Hoy se enfrenta la materia
con el espíritu enclenque
de la civilización.

silvia e. zamora.

ALEGRIA

Alegre es el sol que brilla ardiente,
Alegre es el pasto y el perfume también.
La vista agrada a los ojos que ven;
Da vida y dicha el día candente.

Risueño el río, parece bailar.
Su ruido arrulla en ambiente de calma
Su música suena y alegra el alma,
Su torrente salta, e invita a jugar.

Del arco iris colores son más de cien.
Después de la lluvia renace el día;
Quién sigue el arco en oro confía.

Las aves al bosque dan alegría
con dulce canción y gran melodía.
La paz hallarás si lo escuchas bien.

pam miles.

LA ETERNIDAD

Todo es obscuro.
Pavor me causa.
Camino y camino
Más la luz no hallo.

Oigo voces
y sonidos.
Busco y busco
Mas la luz no hallo.

El por qué
A comprender no alcanzo.
¿Por qué todo es obscuro?
¿Por qué la luz no hallo?

¿Por qué nada veo,
Si ojos como todos tengo?
¿Por qué si camino y busco,
La luz no hallo?

¿Por qué no hallo la luz?
Yo soy como los demás
Quiero ver la luz.
¿Quién me oculta la luz?

peggy mazal.

Entras al cuarto con tu lápiz en la mano.
Ves a alguien desnudo y preguntas, "¿Quién es?"
No entiendes nada de esto profano,
Tienes a un hombre hincado a tus pies.
Algo está pasando pero no sabes lo que es,
¿No es eso verdad, inocente hermano?

Levantas la cabeza y preguntas, "¿aquí es?"
Alguien te apunta y dice: "de aquél es."
Y tú preguntas "¿qué es mío?" y él sonríe y dice
"Oh, por Dios, ¿estoy sólo yo aquí?"
Y ya sabes que algo está pasando, pero no sabes lo que es,
¿No es eso verdad, inocente hermano?

Entregas tu boleto y vas a ver al jugador.
Sale de inmediato al oírte hablar.
Y te pregunta "¿qué se siente estar tan raro?"
Y tú contestas "imposible" mientras ves el hueso que te
va a entregar.
Y algo está pasando pero no sabes lo que es.
¿No es eso verdad, inocente hermano?

El tragador de espadas viene hacia ti dando saltos,
Se hinca y se sienta sobre sus tacones altos,
Y sin ningún otro movimiento pregunta "¿qué tal se
siente?"

Y algo está pasando pero no sabes lo que es,
¿No es eso verdad, inocente hermano?

Ves a un enano tuerto que grita la palabra "¡Ahora!"
Y tú le preguntas "¿y por qué razón?" y él dice "¿cómo?"
Y tú preguntas "¿qué quiere decir esto?"
El te contesta diciendo "¡yo protesto!"
Traeme más o sino vete de aquí.
Y algo está pasando, pero no sabes lo que es.
¿No es eso verdad, inocente hermano?

Entras al cuarto como un camello gritando:
"Recojan esto" y lo hacen llorando.
Con los ojos en la bolsa y la nariz en el suelo se van.
Pero no hay por qué encerrarles si contentos están.
Y algo está pasando pero no sabes lo que es,
¿No es eso verdad, inocente hermano?

david silvan.

EL CASTILLO, EL MAR Y LAS ARENAS

La luz cayó sobre el mar,
En sus aguas, resplandeciente.
Aguas color esmeralda
Sobre las olas de marfil.
Olas que en las doradas
Arenas se desvanecen.
Arenas de los castillos.
En estas juega el niño:
Pala en mano e ilusión,
Arquitecto de la playa.
Su faz el viento acaricia,
Y su inocencia brilla.
Los dedos blancos y largos
Se extienden amenazantes
Envolviendo a su víctima.
El pequeño arquitecto
Sucumbe al adversario.
El mar ríe; ¡Victoria!
Las arenas quedan solas
Y las olas rompen al caer.

lucinne a. calderón.

LA CHANSON DE ROLANZ

Rolanz et Olivier, marchant en rutte,
Voient un chat et chien en lutte.
Disent Rolanz, "Beau sire compagnon,
Arrestemus et voiemus cette rond."

S'etendent sous un arbrus vielle,
Regardent jusqu' a la veille.
Est ya nuit, estrelles brillent,
Disent chistes, tous deu risent.

Chat et chien en fin arrestent,
Sentendent en rutte et restent,
Venit homme magnus malus,
Coupet en deu les deu animalus,

Rolanz et Olivier en sombra voient,
Rolanz batte home cum poing.
Homme malus saquet epeus,
Luttent feroces en sombra deu,

En fin homme coupet Rolanz
De douleure héros danz.
Olivier saquet lanza longus,
Diset chosses a son Deus.

Homme malus Rolanz tuet,
Olivier ad home danza tiret.
Homme malus caet en tierre
Olivier lui mette en magnum biere.

Moralus; Ad libris liberis sed sic itur ad
astra non, magnum malus nunc pieris.

duncan salmon.

L'ORAGE

Le vent
 commence à siffler
et les feuilles
 portées par
le vent
 qui siffle
semblent danser
 avant de mourir.
Les arbres
 se roulent
en formes grotesques
 et le vent
qui siffle pousse
 et pousse
jusqu'à rompre
 les racines
de ces arbres
 qui se roulent
 en formes grotesques.

Le ciel
 couvert de
gros nauges
 noires qui sont
poussés par
 le vent
qui siffle
 s'ouvre lentement
et la pluie
 froide et lourde tombe
sur les arbres
 qui se roulent
en formes grotesques.

Elle tombe et
devient une partie
d'un petit
ruisseau qui
coule et coule
pour échapper
au vent
qui siffle.

Les éclairs
font briller
le ciel obscur
et la pluie
qui tombe incessante
sur les arbres
qui se roulent
et sur l'herbe
qui embrasse la terre.

Un grand tonnerre
s'écoute
et tout finit.
Le vent
cesse de siffler
et le ciel
devient muet
et la terre
devient la terre.

linda dabdoub.

L'EPOPEE DE SALAMUS MINORIS

Aux Croisades s'en va Salamus
Avec son épée, "Magnus Malus",
Il va avec ses trois amis,
Pencilus, Balpointus et Fontaine Pentis.

Par la route ils voient un païen-
Cet homme fier, qu'on appelle "Chiquen".
Pencilus et Salamus sortent en lutte.
Ils vainquent au païen au loin de la route.

Leur roi, Screwis Driverus, voit le combat.
Il sort du chemin pour saluer les chats.
Quand ils lui voient, ils le croient païen.
"C'est Dequs Cardus —coupons ses mains."

Salamus sorte pour faire combat.
Avec ce grand païen, "un rat".
Il tranche la tête à son beau roi,
Et ça, tu sais, c'est contre la loi.

Les soldats du roi échappent les quatre,
Mais les "héros", innocents, commencent à se battre.
Par la loi divine, ils les tuent tous,
Et, nus, les mettent dans un trou.

"Bien fait, mes amis, nous sommes de bons hommes,
Nous avons tué les païens de Lommes."
Ils rentrent à leur ville, Mexus Cusus,
Et sont des hommes très famusus.

Morale: On ne doit pas aller aux Croisades
sans lunettes.

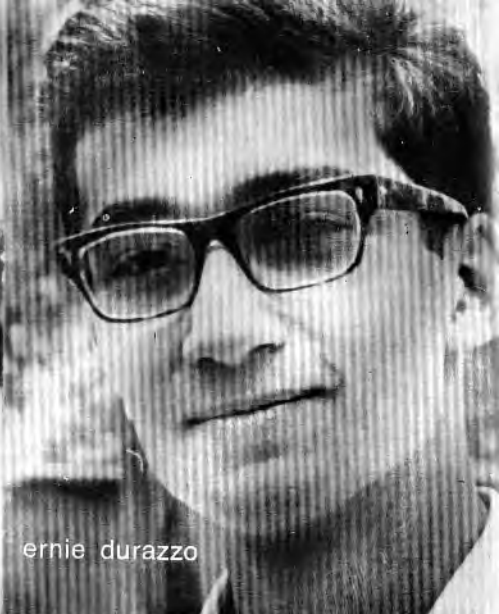
duncan salmon.



peggy mazal



ernie durazzo



ray tarasoff



christine englander




karen doehner

A black and white portrait of a young man with dark, curly hair, looking slightly to the left with a neutral expression.

alfredo uruchurto

A black and white portrait of a young man with dark hair, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile.

bob sands

A black and white portrait of a young woman with dark, wavy hair, smiling at the camera.

katie marshall



judy brandon



chris flick



kathy munro



raquel saucedo



duncan salmon



mike jenkins



sylvia zamora



elías mansur

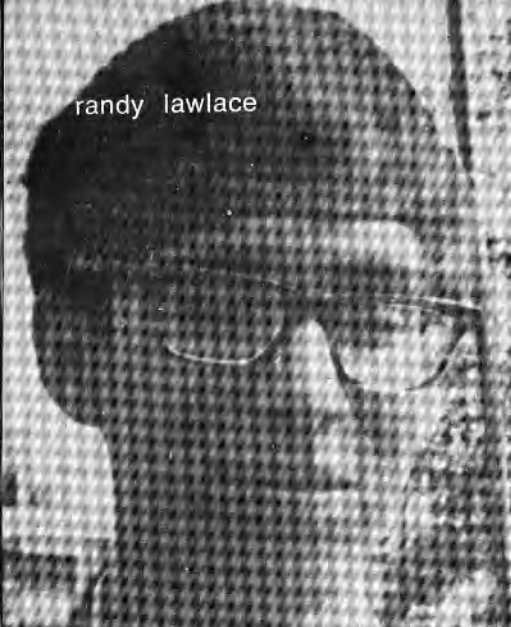


lucienne s. verón

loui lucker



randy lawlace



pam miles



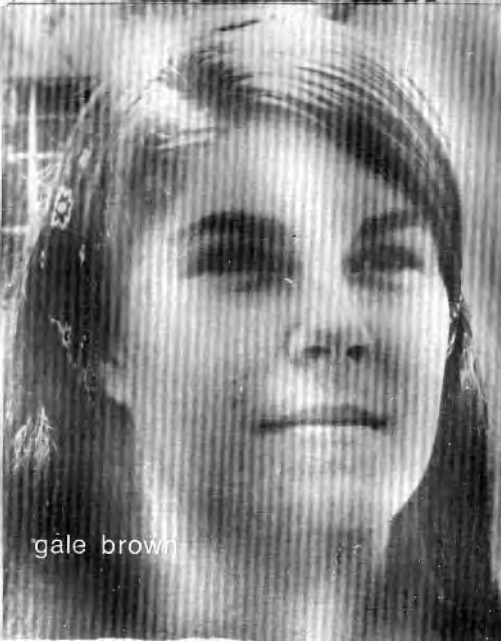
bonnie ford



dennis small



gale brown





jan senten



norma villalobos



juanita garciagodoy



richard rahn



jackie nave




linda daboub



ron spjut



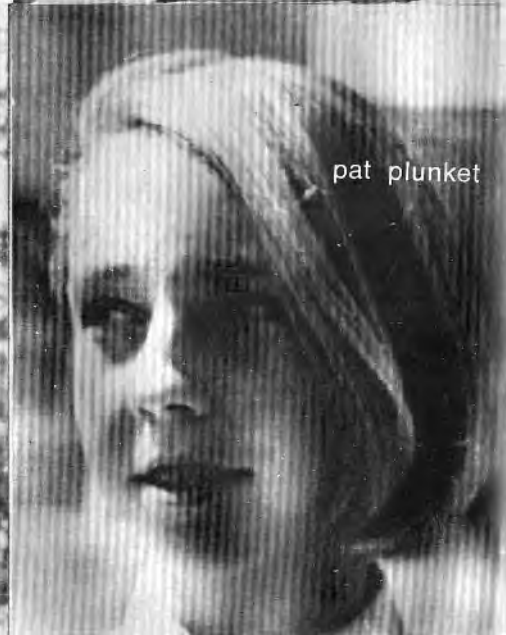
david silvan

A black and white portrait of a young woman with dark, shoulder-length hair, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile.

marcela basa

A black and white portrait of a young woman with dark hair styled in a bob, looking slightly to the right.

sharon van nordheim

A black and white portrait of a young woman with light-colored hair, looking slightly to the left.

pat plunket

martha zoller



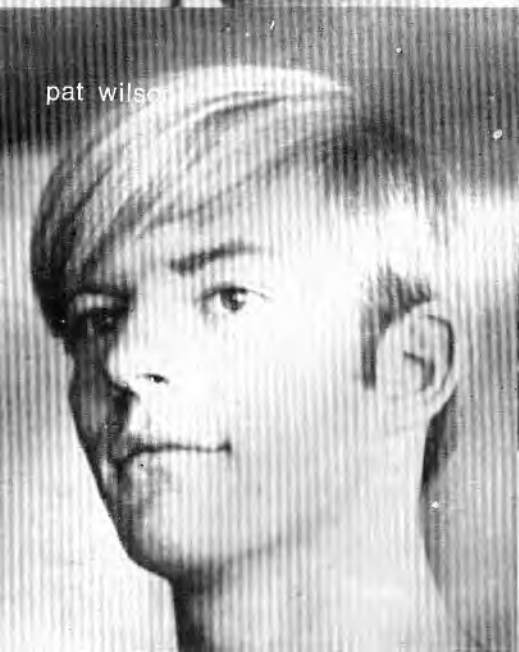
carlo novi



jim marshall



jeb bills



pat wilson



bjarne tokerud

ols paulin

peter salmon



phil britton



rollin kaur

staff:

lynn gomez

lee lickerman

carlo novi

mike saltzberg

jan senten

mike turner

harry watson

mike wickman

marilyn covo



photo credits

carlo novi:

cover photo

p. 6

p. 117

portraits

neil ricker:

p. 18

p. 96

pat wilson:

p. 41

p.70

mr. blanco:

p. 133

our appreciation to mrs. adams for her help with the spanish.



albert delgadillo, jr.

REAL DEL MONTE

Lost

Almost hidden civilizations behind grassy hills, hidden within shields of ignorance. Afraid but still living.

Only birds could fancy.

But what do they care? What knowledge have they to rip from these unknown places to a greater culture?

The silence of every day is destroyed by the rooster's cry.
The still, awake.

The corrupted night watcher wearily returns to rest, stumbling on the rocky path.

The blinking eyes of little children open wider, as they carry their buckets for their daily use of water.

Soon to hear the river's song, so fresh, so alive!

As day brightens a new episode, the sky becomes a bluish ceiling.

The clouds are scarce with a sun boiling its temperature.
Down over all the lands, not even the sun cares.

People blazed by hot sunrays, every day the same drama, the same characters, the same gestures of exhaustion, as they reach the shades.

Refreshing as a cold breeze in summer, the shades remain all clustered in the villa.

Like a resting cloud, forever

Few drown into the green sea, and shades of Nature.

Meditation. Peak of noon. Alas.

When toil makers stop forcing their muscles,
When the blackened skins dispose to other fresher margins,
When bathing time ceases, sweat dries promptly with the
breeze, under private roofs.

Meditation.

Life is a rigid obstacle to obtain. To complete its safe
journey to death, man must obstruct, pause for mo-
ments. Then continue the rugged road of the future.

The velocity of the wind bends the branches of trees.

The afternoon bids welcome and rejoice to whom receives.
People confer outside the chapel as friends; gossip and
stories could be heard.

The trees try to fly from this old villa, waving to and fro.

The workers make reply to their chores; trying to live
some more.

Old wrinkled trot back to their huts with prickling
leaves of cactus; the regular evening meal of most
villains.

The eastern skies are much darker than the western.
The working men begin to retire for the next day of toil.
Little children desist their rare games 'till another time, as
the wind turns to a chill on hot skins.

Wind, which swiftly glides within the trees, tickles them.
Up the nostrils of the evening walker with an echo song,
stinging his eyes until red streaks appear cracking the
whites of his eyes. He, also, begins a new episode.

There is seen the every day tragedy.

At a distance, the factories with its tall smoke staffs begin
to stab the sun.

Then, the orange glitter dies away, but just pauses.
Tomorrow will be another tragic play.

