



SEARCHING . . .



THE
BIG
BOOK

There have all the flowers gone

THE THORN OF DEATH

TURN

REACT

HEAVEN

DIE

DEATH

WARREN TRAVIS WHITE HIGH SCHOOL
LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOLUME I

NUMBER I

EDITORS: Annette Craze
Glenda Davidson

EDITORIAL
BOARD: Annell Barentine

Kathy Barrett

Olive Carter

Nancy Knieff

Diana Lam

Bob Little

Gwen Livingston

Diane McCall

Rose McDermott

Linda Morris

Georgia Ramay

Rosemary Thomas

CONTENTS

SEARCHING...

FOR MEANING

"RAINDROP PATTERNS ON THE LEAVES"
RICHARD SAUNDERS

★ "PATTERN OF LIFE"
CAROL KARCHER

"CONCRETE ROADS"
JOHN TOPPINS

FOR IDENTITY

"IDENTITY"
ALAN GALPERT

"BOOM"
MARK WILLIAMS

FOR LOVE

"SUMMER MOON"
KAREN HUNDAHL

"A PARADISE RAINED UPON"
CAROLYN KALLDIN

FOR BROTHERHOOD

"IRON WHEEL TRILOGY-PART I"
RICHARD GILDER

SEARCHING...

FOR SOLITUDE

"RED RIVER"
SUSAN CAMPBELL

"SLEEP DREAM"
RICHARD SAUNDERS

"WHEN LIVING GREEN AROUND YOU
FLOWS"
RICHARD SAUNDERS

"THE PASSING BREEZE"
BRYCE MILLIGAN

"WHERE THE WIND REIGNS ALMIGHTY"
BRYCE MILLIGAN

FOR UNDERSTANDING

"PRAISED BE"
ALAN GALPERT

"CONFRONTATION"
ALAN GALPERT"

FOR NATURAL BEAUTY

"THE GREAT GOD"
DEBBIE ZIPPEL

"WHY I WENT TO THE BEACH"
ALAN GALPERT

SEARCHING...

FOR TRUTH

"AMERICA AS I SEE IT OR
THE ETERNAL OPTIMISM OF YOUTH"
PAT MCMANEMIN

"THE ART OF SPEECH"
ALAN GALPERT

"WAITING FOR A BUS"
ALAN GALPERT

FOR TIME

"TIME"
RICHARD SAUNDERS



TOM WHITEHURST

RAINDROP PATTERNS ON THE LEAVES

Raindrop patterns on the leaves
Are walking crystal fantasies
That tread a soft and varied dance
Upon the limbs of trees and plants.
A shattered prism, sparkling bright
As each upon the lawn does light.
Bringing life to green and brown
They trip and tumble on the ground,
Then wearied sink in deep black earth,
Bestowing life and bringing birth.

RICHARD SAUNDERS

PATTERN OF LIFE

DUST
at
first.
We
are
new
to
life-
a
tiny
babe.
Held
and
held
back
from
life,
our
game.

Existence
broadens.
Entrance
to youth..
Reasoning,
learning,
searching
for truth.

We become young adults.
Life is a mine.
Experience and stretch.
Enrich your mine.
Questions and doubts,
Going against rules
Mines also have dust,
Not only the jewels.

We take a new step; adults fully grown.
Life is all ours. We're out on our own.
We find one to love and start to settle down.
A cycle to repeat, a family to found.

Life reduces its pace
Without our consent.
Tired, weak
We feel ourselves get.
Realizing and fearing
The bridge soon

TO

cross.

Remembering,

Missing

All that

Is lost.

Old

age

creeps

in.

Gone

are

the

dreams.

Live

in

the

past.

Hold

memories.

Death

is a

fact.

Die

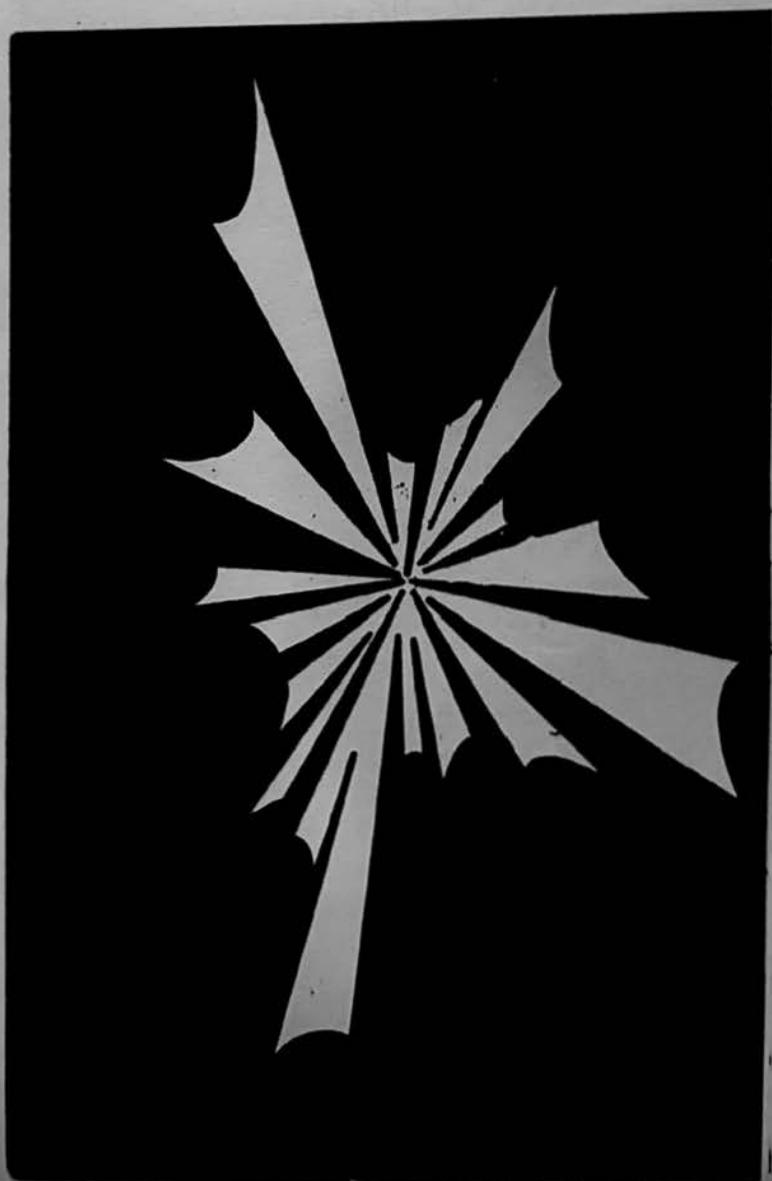
we

must.

Too
soon
we
are
gone.
Mixed
with
the
DUST.

CAROL KARCHER

TOM WHITEHURST



CONCRETE ROADS

We're moving down on concrete roads,
Past trailer trucks with heavy loads
And exit signs for towns unknown
Or billboards that the winds have blown
Until collapsed and bent they stand,
The watchguards of a barren land.
The whistling wind blows all around
And howls down empty streets in towns
And whips and snaps the single flag
That waves above the Post Office.

And bleak and barren, drab and dull,
The grocery store, the empty hull,
Gas stations that had long since gone,
The shells remain, stay on and on.
The houses come from ages past
Each day, it seems, might be their last;
The occupants have lost the torch,
The broken rail, the broken porch
And rotten steps before it.

The shops and signs are grey and old,
Their secrets must remain untold
For no one comes and no one goes,
And no one gives, so no one owes.
Foot steps echo on the street,
The time-worn pace of weary feet;
The echoes are the only sound
And only God knows where they're bound,
I know not where I'm going!

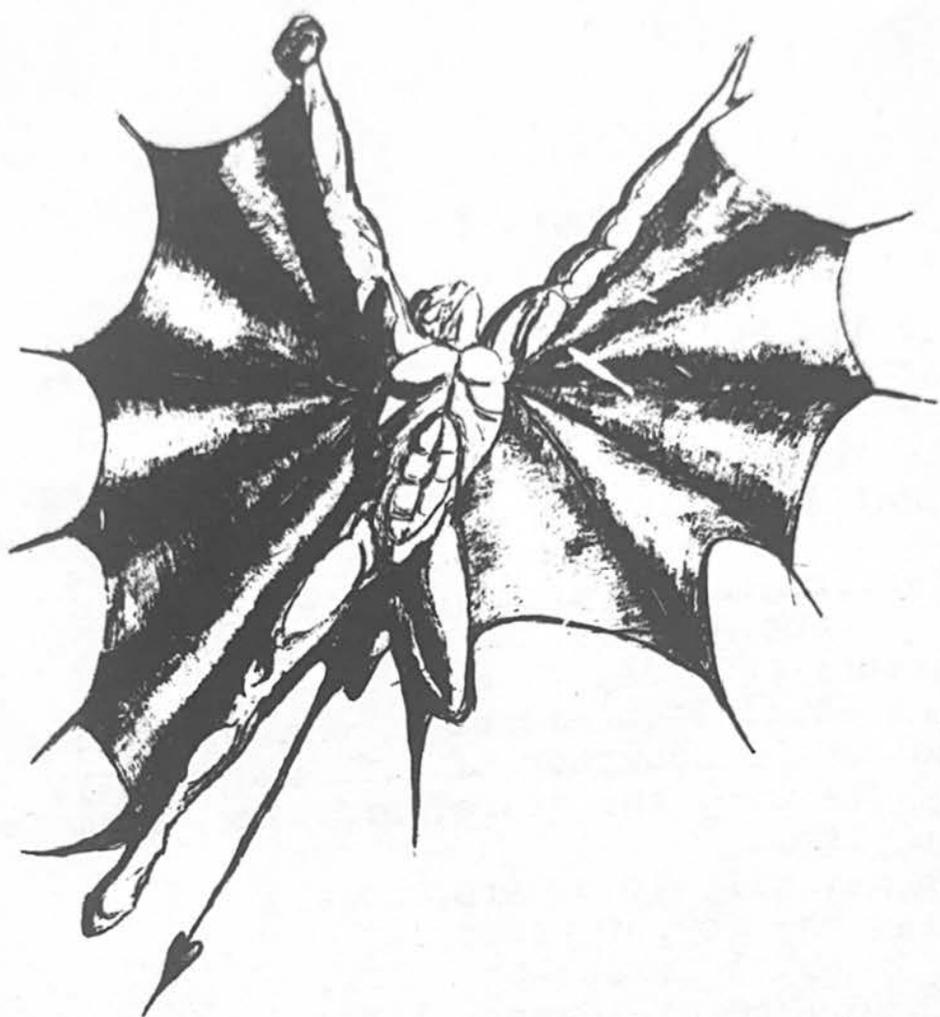
A distant sight, a distant town,
A distant smile, a distant frown,
A girl who waits in some far place,
If only I could see her face;
The people that I see must hide
Their thoughts and fears down deep inside
For no one speaks as I pass by
And no one ever sees them cry;
They cannot be that cold.

To ride the road you pay the price
Past waving wheat and blighted rice
And roll on by the recent crash
Pushed off the road amongst the trash,
A battered car which overturned,
A blackened shell which rolled and burned,
And no one sorrows o'er the lost,
Instead they argue of the cost
To build another highway.

JOHN TOPPINS

IDENTITY

In the void of time and space I dwell,
At the ends of eternity,
But yet at its middle,
Not knowing my place, nor fully caring.
That I am, and in being, fulfilled, is all;
That I have a place, my main concern.
Part of nature am I,
 but as I watch and live and die,
Nature endures.
But still I am singular, one and All,
To me the sculptor of life and beauty,
To the sun, the stars, and time, I am folly,
Nothing.
To me, all; to others, none.
I am the toy of tempests,
 but I create tempests,
As do I create everything,
For all conception takes place in my mind,
Embodiment of spirit, yet creator of Spirit.
The Great One created not me--I created Him.
All nature, all pervading forces,
 bow to my perception;
When I die, all die.
The twilight of my day draws near.
Nay, not just my twilight,
 but the twilight of all.
Our time is but a drop in the sea.
Yet to me I am singular.
I strive eternal in Faust.
I have conquered the air
 and routed the water,
But the trees hang high above me.



KENT SKINNER

Two parts there are to me,
Each so far apart and yet so near.
Part of me returns to dust and dusk;
The other, whither?
My mark in earth's soft clay is faint.
Follies and foibles are my rule;
Age mellows me, but makes me none the wiser.
Poets flaunt me, tease me, scorn me,
But all is for nought, for all the writing,
 all the words
Cannot answer the question.
Who am I?

ALAN GALPERT

BOOM

Boom is near the ocean. It has never grown much because the soil and air are damp. Its sturdy houses decay quickly in the cold and wetness. The sandy hills around the village support no crops and the sky is weathered forever by the fury of the cold ocean. Only scrub brush and the thin sallow birches thrive on the brown hills. Most of the folks that live in Boom are old--too withered to escape the forbidden coast. They are grey and talk of the days when they once fished the great sea. Pale and shriveled are their faces, and during the winter months which never cease, the old ones huddle in their small homes around the fires and whisper and wail about the time when pirating on the high seas had a profitable income with a journey of excitement added. My ancestors have lived here since the place became a place. They have all lived in the same ancient house. It was built for the rich family in the fishing village. Placed on the eroding slopes of the bay, it overlooks the ocean and the wharves that in past years harbored the great boats. The wind from the Atlantic has chipped the house's paint and blown the shutters into fragments of board jutting from the windows. The house leans slightly as an old ship lists into the sea.

I live alone in the house. My sister stayed with me until about a year ago.

She was drowned in a shipwreck when a sudden storm caught the ship's crew unexpectedly. But living in the house alone has not been hard. I like to read about the Greek and Roman sailors in their voyages in the distant Mediterranean. The brave Ulysses and loyal Aeneas are my favorites. I have a nice glass and when the sun glares through the clouds, I can spy on vessels miles away. Twin windows staring like eyes on the heavens are in the study's wall facing the ocean. From here I spend hours watching the ships at sea. While the fish run, I see at least six vessels a day. I can see the faster ships with lateen sails, their lashings tightened to the mainstay. And I watch the bulky ones with their foremast, mainmast, and mizzenmast swaying to the rhythm of the waves, the officers always strutting on the quarterdeck. The house is big and the rooms are castle-like consuming all the warmth of the fireplace. I only use three rooms of the house so nights will be warmer. The entrance hall which has greeted famous seamen from ports all over the world is my galley. The servant's retreat is now my study, and the bedroom I had since youth I kept. The study I enjoy more than the other rooms since the galley is small, and my bedroom has only a pallet placed on the floor and its windows are sealed with canvas to close out the winds. The old house would be comfortable except that the clammy, cold atmosphere of the ocean never leaves the rooms.

I have told all of this because something strange has happened. I never had believed the tales of the old people until yesterday. A squall, awaking with the early morning, blew down from the north. I watched it through the windows of my study. It was larger than most storms, and the gusts from the tempest shook the plaster from the lathing within my retreat. It raged over the rafters with greater emotion, forcing everyone within their dwellings. The trees swayed together with an undulating motion while the waves capped white with anger flooded on the ancient wharves. Many of the rotten piers broke from land and disappeared off shore into the foaming upheaval. The leafless birches were bent to the ground by the wind. Their limbs were lithe and did not resist the power of the squall. Oddly, one tree remained upright. It stood in the front lawn fighting the winds as if it had a cause for not giving itself to the power of the sea. It was old and stiff with age, too massive to touch its top to the earth. I marveled at its endurance. Finally, the squall gained momentum, and the huge birch leaned to one side. The tree did not bend its body, but tilted more as the soil beneath was raised inversely. A furious wind struck and with all its power slammed the beaten birch to the ground. Its bottom lay open to the blasting rains of the tempest. The grey roots flowed like tentacles across

the wet soil. Clods of mud stuck to the wiry roots which were dissolved. A shadow formed in the wrinkles of the roots and a gleam shone from the dark spot. I shouted joyfully and scrambled outdoors into the winds. I ran down the slope to the defeated tree. A chest holding the treasures of a ship's cargo was tangled in the roots. Pirates before the age of Boom had hidden their booty in my front lawn! Coins glistened with raindrops flowing across their faces. I fought the roots and grabbed at the corner of the delapidated chest, a lock uselessly hanging from its side.

Now I would be free! I would leave the nightmarish ocean, live in the mountains fully surrounded by sky, or travel the dry plains. One more tug and the money would be free and mine. Again the winds picked up, and they screamed jealously in my ears. I could not hear anything but that inhuman cry. The winds twisted my face and stung my eyes. The box seemed to slip away--pull away. The winds lifted the entire tree and dragged it--toward the sea. I grabbed the entanglement to weigh down the birch. The gales still enticed the treasure to the sea. I cried with desperation, and I cursed the ocean. The top branches met the fury of the waves, and the tree increased its motion from the house into the churning waters. I gave one more hopeless jerk, and the root slipped my grasp. I fell to the ground exhausted.



KAREN BOOTH

The birch, the guarding roots, and the
freedom gold vanished from sight. The
winds ceased and the sea became calm.

MARK WILLIAMS



MEREDITH MILLER

SUMMER MOON

Remember moon
on a summer's night
when you were aglow
and the stars were bright
and the stream was clear
while the breeze brushed by
you hung so low
and watched me sigh
for winter days
when the world is white
and the stream is iced
with your glazed delight?

Now the winter year
has made its way
to freeze our grass
and dim the day
and I wonder now
as I huddle near
the raging flames
and dream of dear
forgotten days
of summer shine
when for winter I cried
OH! Will I ever be satisfied?

KAREN HUNDAHL

A PARADISE RAINED UPON

Your hand, in mine, I want to take,
and run freely
through the field of life.
I want to feel the wind, icy and cold,
turn our faces to a warm pink,
And, under our feet, feel the miles go by.
Yes, in our hearts,
our freedom's won.

Above us, a sky so clear and blue floats by.
A butterfly, to us,
its destination's unknown,
breaks through our fluffy clouds of thought.
And a small bird,
its southward bound,
Reminds us of our flighty youth of today,
and our happy memories of yesterday.

The small flowers, above all, symbolize
love blooming fully,
as once did you and I.
The tall trees, with branches outstretched,
Are like us,
reaching outward for one another.
The grass around us is soft and green,
As were our quiet moments
spent together.

All these, of Paradise, are happy and great.

Into this Paradise came the hills,
Yes, our mountainous
misunderstandings.
The rocks over which we stumble,
They're in reality
only our harsh words.
Then comes the rain, so sullen and dreary,
As did the tears,
hurt, and loneliness.

All these, of Paradise. too,
are sad and crushing.



KAREN BOOTH

Yet, after every storm,
the sun shines through,
The skies turn blue,
baby birds fly,
Flowers bloom much more beautifully,
The grass grows greener,
and the trees grow stronger,
The hills are beaten down
and the rocks are washed away.

A rainbow then appears before us.
A new beauty is laid before us.
It's a beauty of free love and devotion;
A love and devotion
that can't be cast aside,
It can't be cast aside
no matter how much
unwanted, unloved,
It's a love that's there,
waiting...

CAROLYN KALLDIN

IRON WHEEL TRILOGY

PART I

The man that made this boxcar,
Didn't build it for a bum.
I've traveled 'cross the countryside,
Heard of many places, been to some,
Hitched' a ride on all the freight trains,
I knew both rot gut gin and rum.

Them Iron wheels keep on turning,
Through the day and at midnight,
And my mind wheels keep on turning,
Wonderin' where I'll be tonight.
That lonely sound is just me yearnin'
To be on that freight train windin' tight.



ALAN DWELLE

At the start, all bums are brothers,
Just as the ending of this road,
is but the starting of another.

Now way off in the distance,
Comes that lonely clickity-clack,
And throughout my existence,
I drank coffee, had friends,
Both good and black.
Well that sound is mighty special,
Travelin' on down that endless track.

The Moon is shining down, on ev'rything,
As silver light.

And when that train comes rolling round,
You get a chill, alone, at night;
Cause those iron wheels have a wail,
That makes cryin' sound all right.

At the start, all bums are brothers,
Just as the ending of this road,
Is but the starting of another.

And the man that built this boxcar
Didn't build it for a bum.

I drink cowboy coffee, some,
With friends both good and black,
And we while away the hours 'n water towers,
Ridin' on iron wheels down the track.

At the start, all bums are brothers;
Just as the ending of this road,
Is but the starting of another.

RICHARD GILDER

THE PASSING BREEZE

As the wind gently ripples,
The treetops as it whistles,
Through the branches and the leaves,
Of a thousand different trees;
It passes finally upward,
And the clouds are torn asunder,
As it whistles and it howls,
Passing all upon the ground;
Joining other currents which are passing
Through the air,
Flying, swiftly climbing,
As they rant and rave and tear,
At the flag upon a pole
Or the leaves upon a tree,
Or the waves passing endlessly
All across the sea,
Clutching at a mountaintop
Or sailing past with ease,
'Tis just the wind that rustles leaves,
'Tis just the passing breeze.

BRYCE MILLIGAN

WHERE THE WIND REIGNS ALMIGHTY

In the high steppes of Asia,
On a plateau with not a tree,
Lies the heartland of the winter,
Where the wind reigns almighty.

The snow here has no drifts,
For there is no place to stop,
Just a fine even layer,
Soft, white powder on the top.

The people who have lived here,
Care nothing for the snow,
But regard it as a curse by God,
Who sends the wind to blow.

A few miles to the north or south,
Or to the east or west,
Whither the wind may rush about,
It comes at last to rest.

And rest it does on hills low slung,
On trees and rocks and ice,
Giving all the kiss of snow,
And clothing all in white.

The branches of every leafless tree,
Left barren long ago,
Clothed with a soft white covering,
Bright with the kiss of snow.

In this still white paradise,
The cold wind still reigns free,
But to disturb a setting such as this,
Would be a crime it seems.

For even God who rules the wind,
Who sends it over land and sea,
Would rather dwell in this fair place,
This sanctuary of silence and serenity

BRYCE MILLIGAN

PRAISED BE

Depraved leech, destroyer of morality
and virtue, thief of honor;

Prostitute, full of guile,
immune from scruples;

Pusher, lascivious wretch who designs
the ignominious death of poor souls;

Religious heretic, sinner, Godless atheist,
sacrilegious in the house of the Lord;

Murderer, how ironic your poisonous blood
that will not freeze;

Bigot, hater without a cause, wrapped up
in your own selfish desires;

Misanthropist, you followed Hitler
and Mussolini
and burned Joan of Arc
and hanged the witches;

Traitor, heartless quisling, dead
to the world of
moving patriotism;

Dissenter, butcher of the status quo,
our cherished equanimity.

All Godless men, thieves, beggars,
spitting out venom,
Slaughtering everlasting happiness--
not a chance to be saved.

I worship you all,
for you are the last hope
against Utopia.

ALAN GALPERT

CONFRONTATION

"It shall forever be our duty to protect the third world nations from encroachments upon their freedom to decide for themselves and their people the type of government and the type of economy they desire."

The commander spoke resolutely to the general sitting in front of his mahogany desk, strewn with various papers, mementos, and urgent problems of foreign policy. He, of course, had other dealings, too, but a statement in one of "their" shifty newspapers made necessary the foregoing of all other concerns. Their press, the commander felt, never had been equitable, but this time their irresponsible propaganda had pushed him too far. The scandalous paper lay open on his desk. Just a moment before, an interpreter had left the air-conditioned office after having spent nearly an hour explaining to the commander the peculiarities of "their" language, and how "they" had purposely used difficult figures of speech to sweeten the excoriation. Those foreign tongues across the ocean have always been strange, what with all the odd characters and such, the commander mused.

"As soon as my business has been completed here, sir, I will dispatch a message to all our foreign correspondents to step up our peace and reform efforts. That way we can fight fire with fire and maintain our unsullied image in the nations we have befriended." The general did not play around.



"I like your attitude. That's why you're in the position you are now in." The Commander pulled a pack of cigars out of his desk, offered one to the General, lit up, and started puffing slowly. "Much as this paper displeases me, it is good to know that our efforts everywhere are nearing success. You realize, as do I, that we have always tried to use as little force as possible, and we must continue to win them over by reason and by showing them that our way of life is better." He stopped for a moment, and then smiled. At least we don't stoop to their level by pulling the wool over their constituents' eyes and deliberately feeding them false information."

There came a rap on the door, and a breathless messenger was ushered in. "Sir," he began, "there has been intense fighting not twenty miles north of Saigon. The best estimates are that about 200 of our men have been killed to over 2,000 of theirs. I will keep in touch if anything further develops." He left hurriedly.

"I'll lay you odds," the Commander said sardonically, "that their papers will come out tomorrow with completely blown-out-of-proportion reports of how many were killed. They'll have to make it appear as though only a handful of their men killed thousands of ours. We don't use that sort of dirty propoganda in our country."

"In keeping with what you have been saying, although, of course, I fervently hope against nuclear confrontation, they try to convince themselves that their

nuclear overkill capacity far exceeds ours. All the figures bear our position out, but they refuse to put faith in facts."

"Not only that, but they thwart all our attempts at settlement at the conference table. We tried disarmament talks and they rejected even our most sensible offers. They are the most unreasonable, uncouth people I have ever come in contact with!" That last statement was an angry one. "The only thing left for us to do is to keep plugging away at our reform efforts and stirring up favorable sentiment. After all, all our interventions can hope to accomplish would be to better their lot sufficiently so that they won't turn quisling to the opposition. But above all we must help them shake off the chains imposed on them by the ruthless aggressors, and make them free to choose something other than those contrived, illogical economic doctrines the aggressors espouse." He took a last puff on his cigar and put it out. "For now, though, the best we can do is for you to get out that dispatch early tomorrow morning."

The general stood up, straightened his tie, and exchanged goodbyes with the Commander. It was already late, and the General was more than happy to get home to his wife and kids. As he left, he slammed shut the big oak door with a bright red five-pointed star painted on the outside.

ALAN GALPERT

THE GREAT GOD

Wide, flower dotted valleys, deeply forested hills, a blue smiling sky shining over all and the gamin eye of the sun casting its golden glance over the earth. Perhaps there is a small stream, gurgling down a hill and filling the valley with its exclamations of joy. A little bird opens its mouth to sing and then catches a glimpse of itself in the water and immediately begins to chat with its reflection. Permeating even the stones is a sense of deep happiness and peace.

That's what I think of when I dream about the underside. You see, I've never seen real grass or trees or flowers or anything else that I've told you about. I've never stood on the brown earth and chances are I never will. I heard that they closed up the last bit of free ground for a freeway. In the name of Progress, they say. The great god, Progress. He is truly a more demanding god than any who demanded human sacrifice. At this "god's" feet, we lay the entire world with all its beauties and joys. To this god, we sacrifice all the wild life of the world, animal and vegetable. And what miracle does he work in return? He, the mighty god, has made it possible for us to look out of our windows and see concrete and metal structures, nothing but white and silver. These cold buildings are not softened by a pastel-tinted sunset either. No, the sunset and sunrise were done away with long ago because of "danger to motorists."

What danger, you ask? I asked, too. I've never heard of anyone being killed by the sunset. Maybe the danger was in distraction to the motorists. I don't know, and now I never will. Of course, there are some people who think that what we have now is far more beautiful than nature ever was, and sometimes, when the moon shines on the towers, I agree and say that there is nothing more beautiful than this in the entire world..You know what? I am right. There is nothing more beautiful in the world because there is nothing else! The world is nothing more than a mass of concrete and steel. How I hate those short-sighted fools who began the process of encasing our earth in concrete and metal. Now we have not only given the world to the great god Progress; we are putting ourselves on his altar. My father is a scientist and he heads a team of food researchers. They have not discovered a way to make artificial food, and now it is too late.

The world is dying. Isn't it odd? The god that was to make us great has finally destroyed us. Mother Nature will always have the last laugh.

I wonder how long until.....

DEBBIE ZIPPEL

WHY I WENT TO THE BEACH

The grind, the smoke, the filth, the din- all had become too much for me, and I felt compelled to free myself from the distasteful fetters of industrial civilization. I went to the beach to front the essential facts of nature-to savor in the pervading forces of the natural wilderness which transcend all. In the final analysis, what greater pleasure can there be than to behold the limitless expanse of sand stretching to the end of the horizon, strewn carelessly with broken Coke bottles, paper cups, and soothing cut glass? Is it not euphoria to relax, free from all worldly cares, under the golden orb above, basking in the ultraviolet rays emanating therefrom, and eventually contracting either skin cancer or acute sunstroke? The beach embraces all possible reflections of a spirit greater than animal desires, for example those gently soothing zephyrs which quietly blow across the plain sweeping up sand into one's face. Of course, one who goes to the beach cannot overlook the boundless blue, replete with sewage; its magnificent green and azure which have allured the seafarer for time immemorial unbroken save for the ugly oil masses floating on its surface. And the flora and fauna, the soul of all nature, abound here, too. Instantly one can appreciate the dead waterfowl, decimated by pollution, lining the beach's edge, and the lovely pieces of driftwood infested with vermin.

Above all, the beach holds for man a greater Being which swims in the sea, climbs on the sand, and floats over the clouds above the blue. It is a divine feeling which will never leave the soul that breathes and touches it. Perhaps it is a little sullied, but it is there; all that is necessary now is for man to find it.

ALAN GALPERT



.nimrev

MEREDITH MILLER

AMERICA-AS I SEE IT
OR
THE ETERNAL OPTIMISM OF YOUTH

In the city
some see poverty, racism, graft,
and pollution,
Yet, I see
the activity of a bustling metropolis,
the arts, opportunities
you might not find someplace else.

In the country
some see pollution, litter,
destruction of natural resources,
and not enough food.
Yet, I see
God's beautiful creation, peacefulness,
a great nation's heritage.

In the young generation,
some see the "typical" demonstrator
as seen on TV

but

for every one of those

I see

Ten kids who love their country.

Ten who,

even though they may not have crew cuts,
care enough that they

recognize the problems of today

and are willing to knuckle down and do
something constructive about them.

Something besides throwing a tantrum
in front of everyone.

Yes, we do have problems.

We can't ignore them.

But

We also have Faith in America
and all its ideals.

And where there's a will, isn't there
a way?

And when someone asks "Why?"

We'll say, "Why not?"

PAT MCMANEMIN

THE ART OF SPEECH

It is not always correct to assume that politicians have a tendency to engage in an excess amount of euphemistic parlance or other mellifluous speech which tends to mesmerize the people who are listening but do not really pay much attention. Of course, there are those paragons of the public conscience who, it is true (in accordance with popular belief) sometimes circumlocute their audiences. We must, nevertheless, analyze both aspects of the situation, those being, namely, that a politician can either talk around his audience or talk to them. Taking into account both of these possibilities, we find that while one cannot be taking place at the same time as the other, and that the second cannot occur simultaneously with the first, unless it happens that the first is the same as the second, in which case the audience is unable to distinguish between the two sides of the aforementioned dichotomy, it is often a characteristic of public orators to make it appear as though the alleged facts are indeed legitimate enough, or, if not entirely valid, at least not so reprehensible as to make it justifiable to ignore any attestation for their supposed veracity. At that point, after having secured an assurance of confidence from his listeners, the orator then proceeds to embark on a flight of eloquence establishing fraudulent, or in actuality, biased,

opinions which are accepted without reservation because the audience has previously committed itself (tantamount to suppliance, or at least titular obeisance) to believing the contrived hypotheses already put forth.

While I am not in any way intimating the profession of jactitation, it can be inferred that persuasion by the means of engaging, expatiatory circuitousness is sometimes practiced. Having approached a comprehensive conclusion to this debacle, we come to realize that tergiversation, while perhaps only an heuristic allegory for the sake of inculcation, is often resorted to after the orator realizes that by saying little, he has indeed said too much, which is, nevertheless, a direct result of his having given his audience only the straight facts which can be easily understood. Eloquence, in the final analysis, often follows from a lexiphanic, or sometimes sesquipedalian, satiation.

ALAN GALPERT

WAITING FOR A BUS

They made an odd pair. The one, a robust, balding man around forty, with a girth of as many inches as the number of his years; the other, skinny but about the same age as the first. The robust one was the sort one might expect to find as a preacher at a fire-and-brimstone sermon, or perhaps serving ale at a London pub. An extremely loquacious person, it was a wonder that he was able to keep from collapsing from asphyxiation. His companion--perhaps we shouldn't call him a companion, for until this time they had never met--rarely opened his mouth except to eat or reply to a question. He was wearing a spanking new army uniform, neatly pressed but showing a few signs of recent wear. So there they happened to be, sitting in a bus station on the same hard wooden bench with little else to do but wait. And wait. And wait. Not surprisingly, a conversation developed--if it can be called a conversation. More accurately, it was a one-sided conversation, with the skinny one patiently listening.

"So you're an army man, huh? I've always had a lot of faith in our armed forces, and I'm happy to know that you are patriotically serving your country. It's really too bad that we have to have war. Truthfully, I think this world's in one helluva mess." The robust one was adroit at starting engaging, but contro-

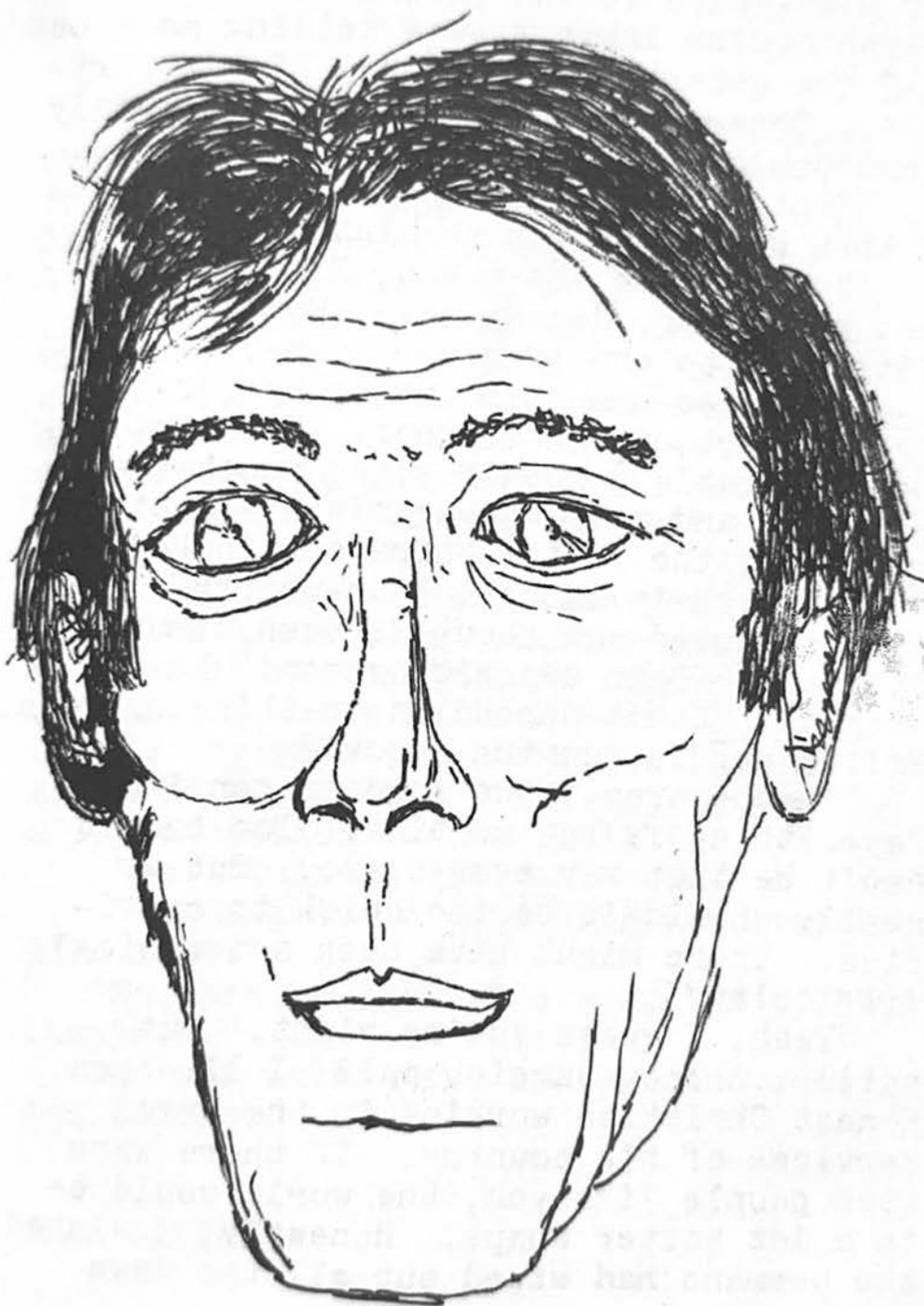
versial, conversations. The skinny one nodded. "I mean, take today's paper, for example." The fat one drew said paper from his waistcoat and peremptorily flipped it open. "Look at this. Nothin' but shooting or sex or sumpin' about those dodos in Congress. I guess we, the people, did elect them, but that just goes to prove the point I'm making. People today are so stupid, they'd probably even elect a Communist, or even a...a...Buddhist or a Negro to Congress!" After that last statement, he burst out laughing. Imagine that! He leaned close to the skinny man, as if to convey a confidence. "Just between you and me, I think those minority groups are out to get the country." Disgusted, he jammed the paper back into his pocket.

"I see your point. In fact, only a little while ago..."

"Sure, I know how you feel. Don't we all?" It was purely a rhetorical question. "After all, who can really like those filthy people? The Negroes, the Jews, too--all they are are penny pinchers with no heart or love for the Almighty."

"Yes, I see. Of course, we must consider..."

"They used to be all right, I suppose they've just degenerated. Actually, though, I wouldn't mind them so much if they'd just go back into ghettos or something like that and leave everyone else alone. That's be fine. But it's when they try to corrupt the rest of us that makes me mad. Just the other day a friend



MARK WILLIAMS

of mine--nice fella, partner with one of those Jewish lawyers--was telling me about all the underhanded dealings of his partner. Those Jewish lawyers are absolutely unscrupulous."

"That's very true. When I was a kid I knew a Jew who was absolutely..."

"To tell you the truth, I never have met an honest, decent Jew. Wouldn't live next to one if you paid me."

The buses had been coming by for the better part of a half hour. The station, uncomfortable to begin with, was becoming stuffier and more unbearable. A little restless, the jovial character looked at his gold chain watch. Four-thirty. The bus he wanted was about fifteen minutes overdue. "Damn transit system!" he roared. "Can't depend on anything anymore. Efficiency is running amuck!"

"In the army," the soldier continued, "everything is run on time. Too bad it can't be that way everywhere. But we really shouldn't be too quick to criticize. There might have been a technical difficulty."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. But still... Know sumpin, pal? I like you. Honest Christian working in the armed services of his country. If there were more people like you, the world would be in a lot better shape. Honestly, I wished the Germans had wiped out all the Jews in the war."

"That just might have made things more pleasant, at that. For everybody."

At that moment an announcement came over the loudspeaker. "The bus for Boston is now ready for boarding. All interested persons please prepare to leave immediately," it bellowed.

"Well, it's time to go," the fat man mused and inserted his Bible, the one he always carried with him, reverently into his briefcase. "We can talk some more on the bus. I think we could get to be good friends. You play cards?"

"No."

"No matter. I can teach you. It would be a pleasure teaching you, since we have so many things in common. By the way, I don't believe we've been introduced. My name's John Mitchell." He extended his hand. "Tell me, do you see a lot of action on the field?"

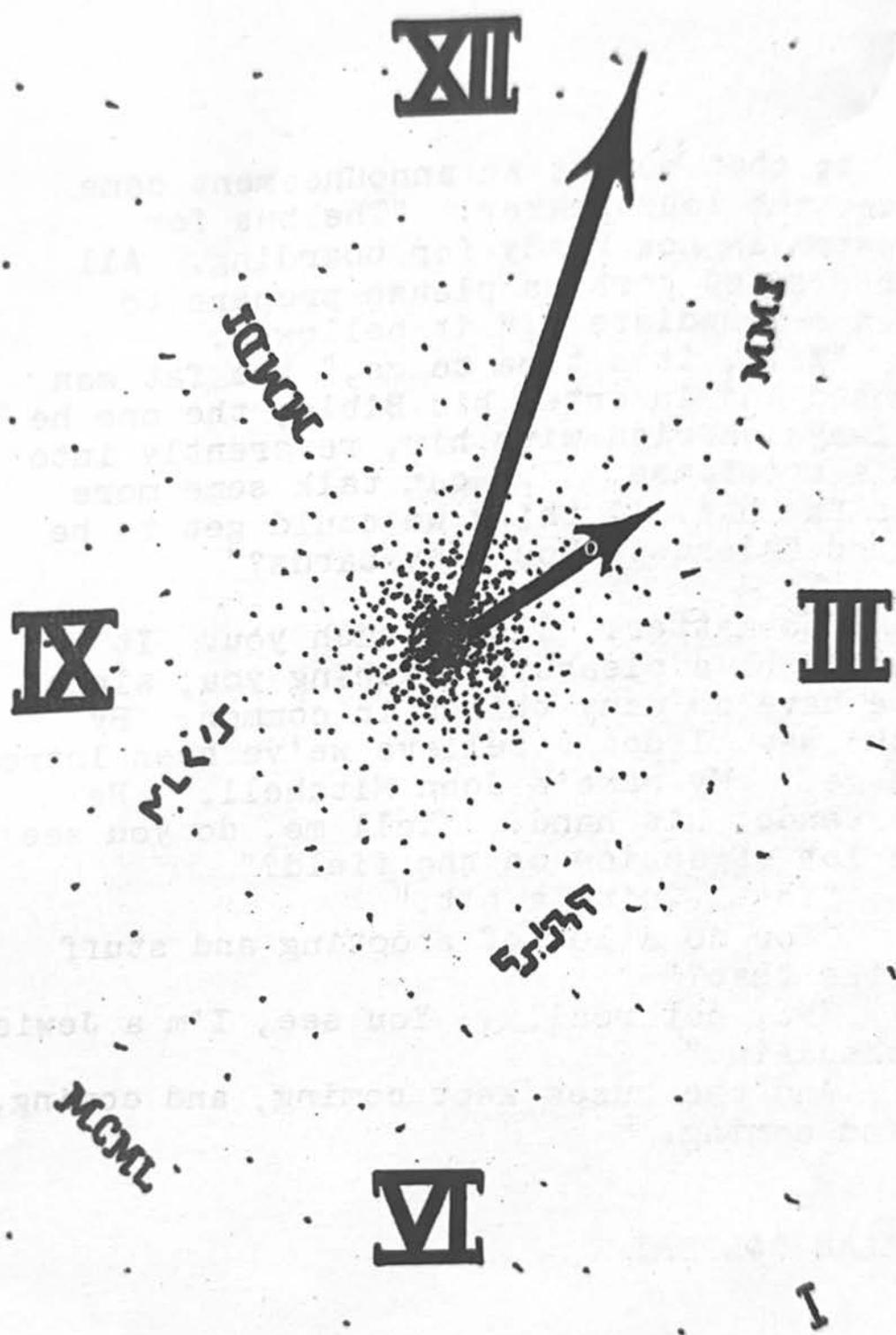
"Yes. Quite a bit."

"You do a lot of shooting and stuff like that?"

"No, not really. You see, I'm a Jewish chaplain."

And the buses kept coming, and coming, and coming.

ALAN GALPERT



TOM WHITEHURST

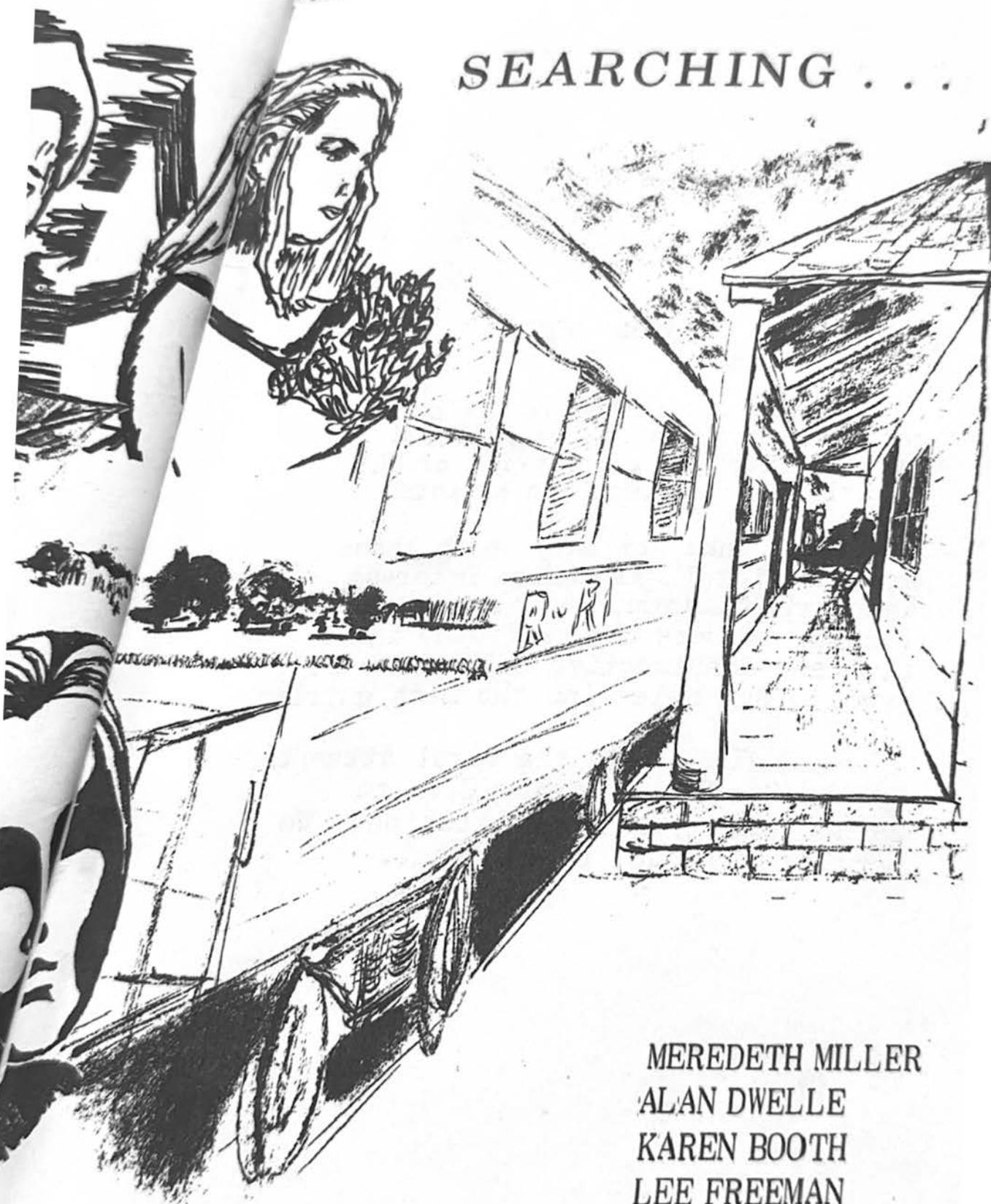
TIME

Before all things he comes
And after too, he follows.
He moves between the happenings
Of happiness and sorrow.
These things to him amount to nought;
The sun is but his measure.
The universe is just his toy
To be observed at leisure.
We human playthings cannot be
The equal of eternity,
Nor ever even hope to see
A fraction of this entity.

RICHARD SAUNDERS



SEARCHING . . .



MEREDETH MILLER
ALAN DWELLE
KAREN BOOTH
LEE FREEMAN

EDITORS' NOTE

SEARCHING... is the result of the concerted efforts of the Creative Writing Club and the entries of 230 contributing writers and artists.

Many thanks not only go to these students for their active interest and participation, but also to the faculty members who proffered their time and constructive criticisms in judging and selecting the best entries.

SEARCHING... is the first attempt by the Creative Writing Club to establish a yearly publication. We hope it will not be the last.

