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## COME TO THE TEHACHAPI REVIEW

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# Letters to the Editor

How can we justify spending public money for the simple purpose of making some people happy? Of making better persons out of a few, when many are starving? When some people don't know where their next motorboat is coming from? I would not begrudge them a bite of their noble fodder, were it not that I have bad dreams. My water is polluted by the fetor of your thought; my animals are excited at your stench; their ears are flat against their heads; their tails lie clenched along their back legs.

JEREMIAH

I intend a speedy demonstration of the proposition that the educated person is a freak. Think about the obscure energies that combine to produce a person with an interest in learning; what obstacles must be overcome to penetrate the barriers separating the untutored human beast from the joys of intellect. Consider the *inhuman* pleasure of discovering the beauty of a mathematical truth; the glory of a problem solved, an intellectual thread followed to its end; a contradiction resolved by brain-power.

These are not normal revelations, discoveries—not normal thoughts. The postures of discovery, the wrinkled brow, the frown of contemplation, the childlike cry of discovery and comprehension—these are not for the red-blooded hero of America, not even for the unspoiled son of Freedom, the king of the harsh, unsubtle world that teaches its lessons roughly. This world of hazard is no respecter of those who speak with many tongues, whose wit is sharp through constant honing, whose pleasures are in books, whose shoulders are bunched with weight of thoughts, eyes bleared with reading.

Only those with the seed of insanity in them could persist in a

struggle with no rewards, while their economic future lies all undiscovered before them, and garbage scows ply the deeps for fodder.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

REPLY TO T. JEFFERSON

It is ecologically unsound to despise the garbage collector, or to demean the occupation he practices. Though merely a paid tool of society, he objectifies society's sanctions against filth, its awareness of the benefits to be gained from following the precepts of Louis Pasteur. He serves a function of removing unneeded items from places of habitation to places of recycling.

He is not to blame if these objects of his craft are not really waste, not really extra; He is not to blame if these usable, valuable elements of

the grand ecological scheme are separated far out from their place, and artificially kept out of the stream of regeneration, through whose clear waters we have always unknowingly floated, and in whose soiled depths we soon will flounder and perish; He is not to blame if our god of Materialism is indissolubly wedded to the goddess of Waste, whose offspring is the short-lived infant, Squandering Opulence, and whose destroyer is Ineluctable Decay.

Ponder the words of the great pagan poet, Yahoo of Gomorrah:

Hear, Oh great god Garbage,  
Bury us not in our own offal;  
Deliver us from our effluvia;  
Though we have followed thee,  
And made thee great,  
Do not destroy us  
in thy squirming might.

THOMAS PAINE



ANN SHEPPARD



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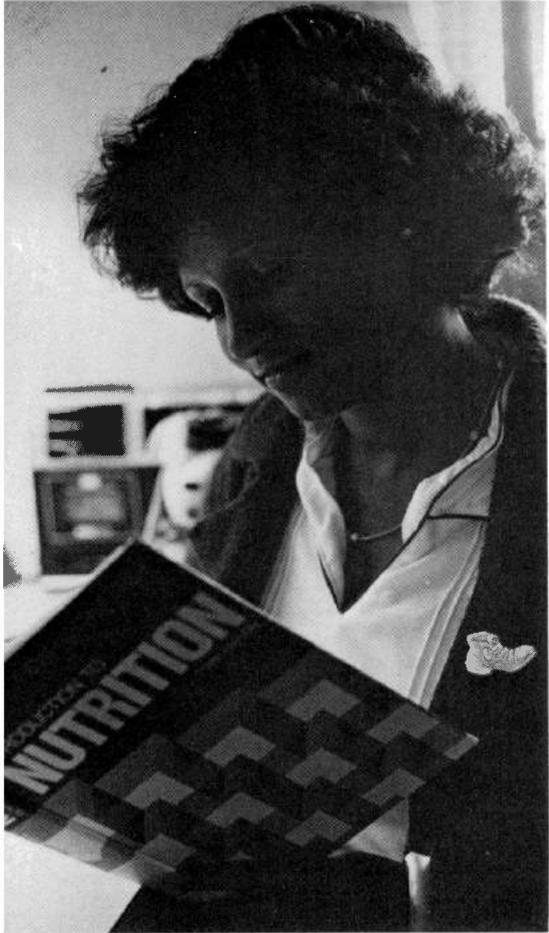
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### Kern River Field

The pumpers creak  
The air leaks hiss—  
The billows steam  
might make you miss  
a beautiful dove  
gliding overhead

The pushers scream  
The curse of men  
The cold steel gleams  
in the desert sun  
Yet, a tiny whirlwind  
dances across drygrass

LESTER A. WILLIS



**Roman Yimesgen. Ethiopia.**

**We talked about serious things. When I could get her to talk. Marriage customs, for instance. Very old-fashioned, by our standards. Parents must give their approval before a girl can get engaged. And she can't get married until she finishes her education.**

**Very strict, huh?  
She majors in Nutrition.**



## Two

**SALINA FOREMAN**



**I got to know two foreign students very well this semester. I live in the dorm too, being a foreigner myself—from Virginia.**

**Ann Sheppard is a cutup, while Roman Yimesgen is on the serious side.**



## From Over There

**Ann Sheppard. Venezuela.**

**We talked about funny things. To her, everything is funny. She keeps me laughing all the time, but sometimes she embarrasses me.**

**The only time she gets serious is when she's at her work-table, drawing one of her funny cartoons. Some of them appear in this issue. Look for them. She majors in Commercial Art.**



# God's Battle Cry

1! 2! 3! WALLETS!

Yes, Friends, all good things come to him who goes out and beats the drums for God.

Blessings will flow to you, through me of course, if all you good people will send cash, checks, money orders, food stamps, grocery coupons, bus tokens, Confederate Yankee notes, Danegeld, ranch deeds, burial plot deeds, buckets of fried chicken, jugs of moonshine, or any other negotiable item.

In this way I will be able to keep up the good fight, building that mighty Empire of Truth, so I can continue doing God's mighty thirsty work.

Send contributions to

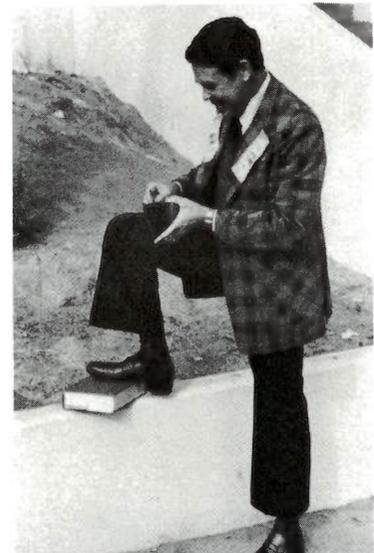
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Gull City, Lawkamercy

CONTRIBUTIONS ONLY

All other correspondence to:  
That Ol' Zip Code in the Sky

P.S. For a short time only, I can continue to offer you the chance of a lifetime: a luxury weekend in Las Vegas.

Reply to:  
VEGAS WITH VERBAL  
Golden Fleece Department  
Canker, Muckamora



Techniques Appropriate to Avoidance of Verbal Hypercomplexity  
(How to Keep It Simple)

Excessively Elaborate Verbalizations

1. Petroleum-conserving security mechanism.
2. Circumorbital focusing appliance.
3. Radiational edibility enhancer.
4. Repetitive, medium-velocity femoral agitation.
5. Linear graphic applicator.
6. Illicit activities control complex.
7. Printed materials compressive linking device.
8. Communal interurban locomotion module.
9. Constellational constituents, perceived as scintillant celestial ornaments.
10. Positional transfer through sequential application of bipedal locomotion techniques.

THE AMERICAN CRUNCH

These are the times that fry men's bacon. The coddled porker and the half-baked turkey will, in this crucible of faith, wither from the service of the community palate; but he that stands it *now* deserves approving lip-smacks of man and woman. Cookery, like hell, is easily overdone; yet we have this consolation with us, that the hotter the blowtorch, the quicker the banquet. What we roast in haste, we consume with pleasure; it is tenderness only that gives everything its savor. The Kitchen knows how to put a gustatory label on its wares; and it would be disappointing indeed if so ambrosial a product as BARBECUED RIBS should not be crisply crunched. I could name a willing country, with an army of salt shakers to enforce its craving, that has declared its right to baste us in all cases what ever. The intention is impious; so unlimited a culinary reach, of rights belongs only to the Master Chef.

THOMAS PAINE

Answers in Plain English

1. Locking gas cap.
2. Eyeglasses.
3. Cookstove.
4. Jogging.
5. Pencil.
6. Jail.
7. Stapler.
8. Bus.
9. Stars.
10. Walking.

# *Fantasy*

If one like you I could have  
What ways to heaven  
I would strive  
If I could cup your chin in hands  
What joys of feelings I would arrive  
If touch your lips to mine I could  
Gently ever so gently  
I think you would feel the same as I and say  
It was there It was felt from that first day

Into your eyes I gaze  
They lock in knowledge  
Then depart the air  
It is as if you have seen  
My soul my need my want  
I wish you would be  
So forward as to say  
If you too feel  
As your eyes reveal

Feel let me feel  
Know let me know  
The joys that would come  
Being yours  
A meeting of minds ours would be  
You the teacher Me the leader

JO ANNE BAKER



**See the girl, the one with no shadow,  
as she fades into her dreams;**

**See the boy as he walks through the crowd  
alone with his color schemes;**

**See the children as they play their games  
in a world that has no pain.**

JACKIE V. CARTER

**See the man who stands at the corner,  
and claims that he has no name.**

**See the girl with the empty bottle,  
in a lifeless state of rest.**

**See the boy in his wood rectangle,  
with only worms as his guest.**

**And hear the silent cries in the wind,  
echo through the empty street,**

**Past one lone and deserted corner,  
where the children used to meet.**

#### ATTIC

**Knives of light penetrate the dark,  
Stirring those dormant through the night,  
Lighting crystals of dust like sparks  
That rain on birds in lifeless flight.**

**Porcelain shrouded in cheesecloth  
Where dolls perform a tip-toe dance.  
And frozen horses, caught in thought,  
Pose for moths in a timeless prance.**

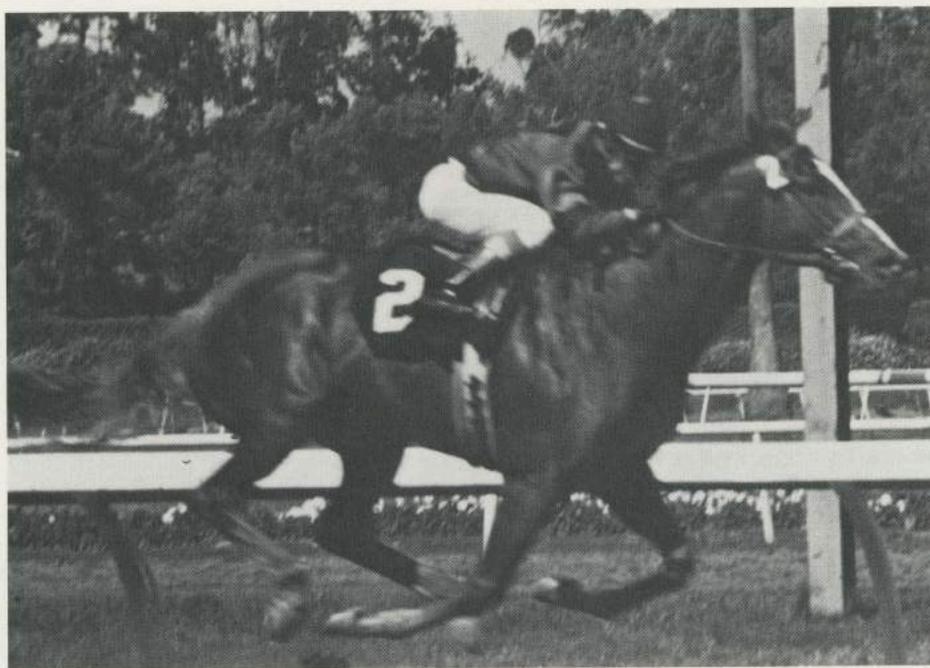
**Preserved in dust, the chair still stands,  
Swaying once to a silent tune.  
Beside the book of times once grand,  
The mirror tarnished in the gloom.**

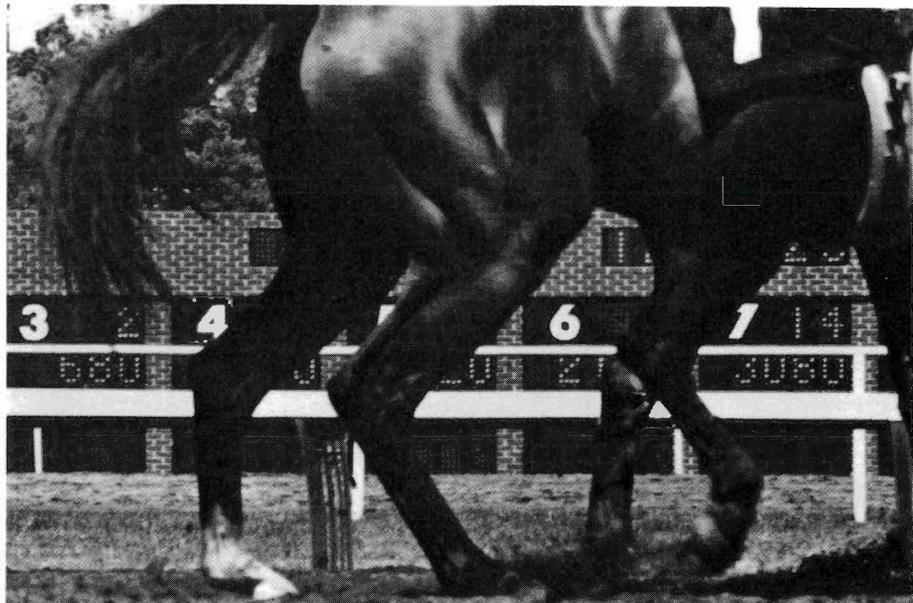
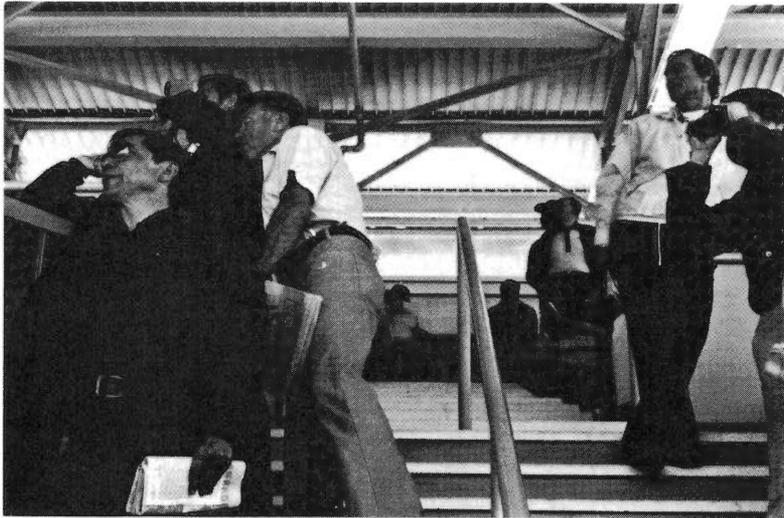
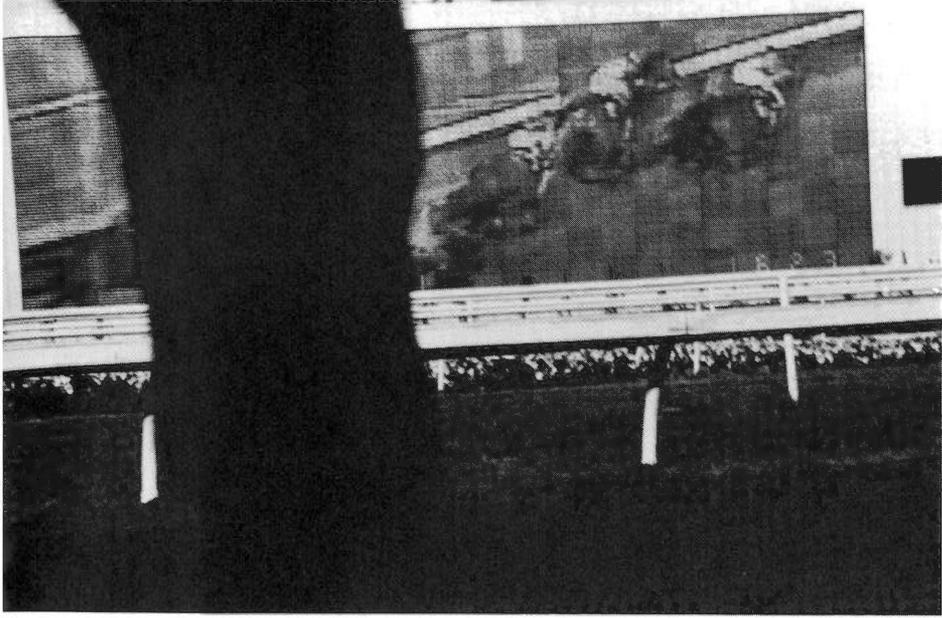
**Then all strain in their separate space,  
As footfalls teeter on the stairs,  
And piercing the calm of this place  
A voice of whispers asks "Who's there?"**

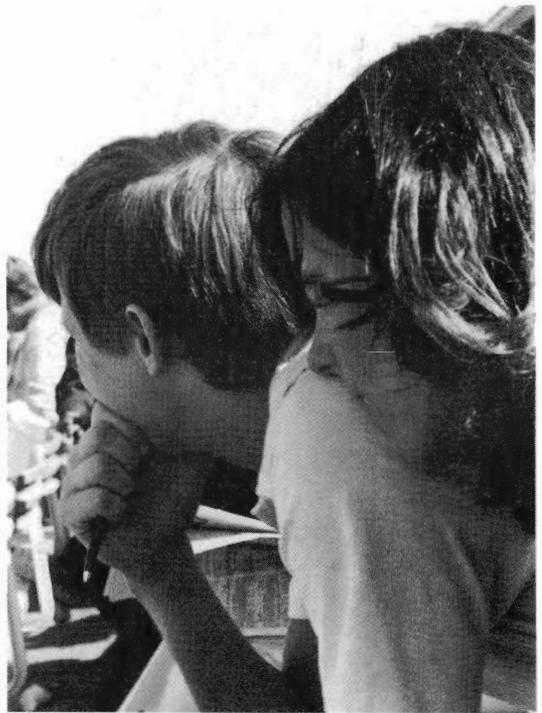


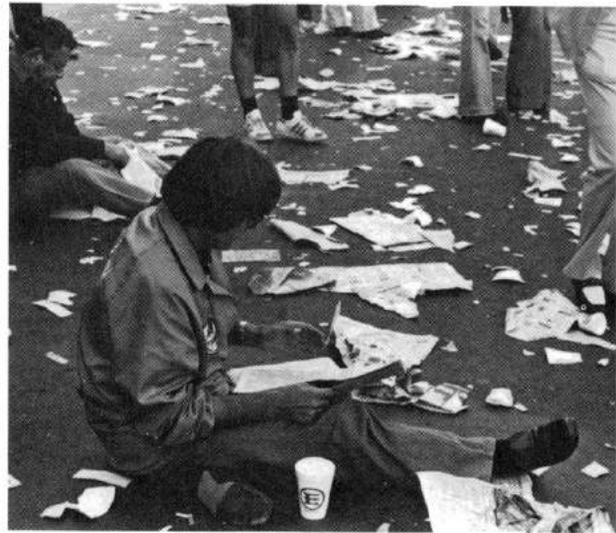
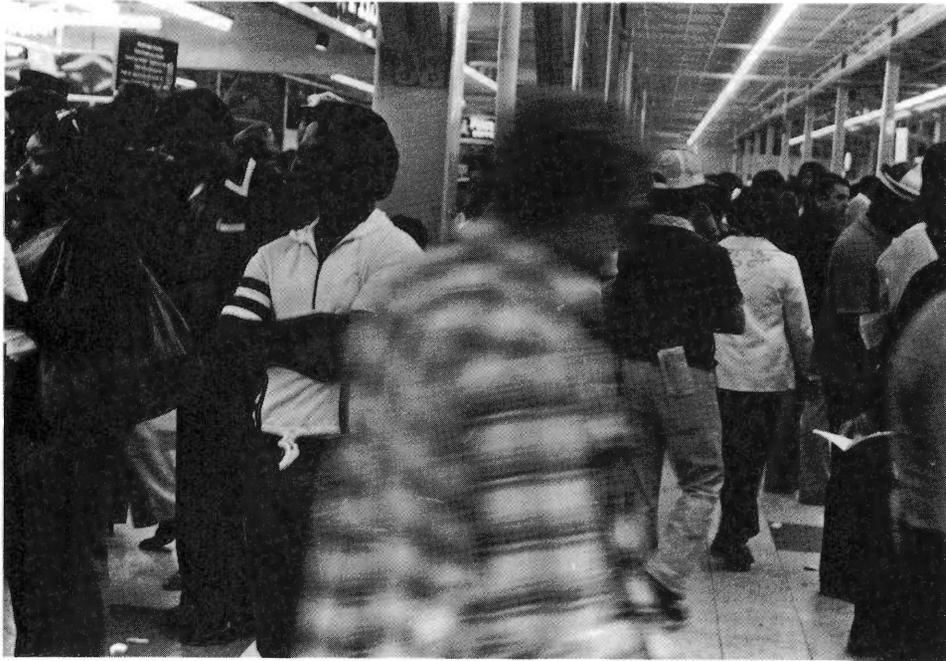
# A Day at the Races

PHOTOS BY SAL PORTILLO









## Ants On My Merry-Go-Round

Radio blaring  
Sun filtering through dirty windows  
Traffic buzzing by  
Peace on campus  
Sleepy, drugged by smog  
Commercials selling statesmen like toothpaste  
Oil wells spewing crud, just to make the world go  
Turmoil in my head  
Acrid smoke, thick air.

Love, sweet love.  
What's the use—I can't function  
My fountain pen a connection with the world.  
"Fair and cloudy, highs in the 80's"  
Screams of loneliness, but it's not reality  
Just the radio.  
"Come sail away with me." I would if I could,  
But you are just sounds from the box in my car.  
Desolate.  
"It's not the real thing, it's just a fantasy."  
You got it.

Snug in down that Daddy bought  
Hair fluffed around my face like shaggy dog  
Dressed in my denim security.  
A person on the outside  
But on the inside, what?  
Rushing emotions, kaleidoscopic and stark  
Thoughts like debris clogging my flow.

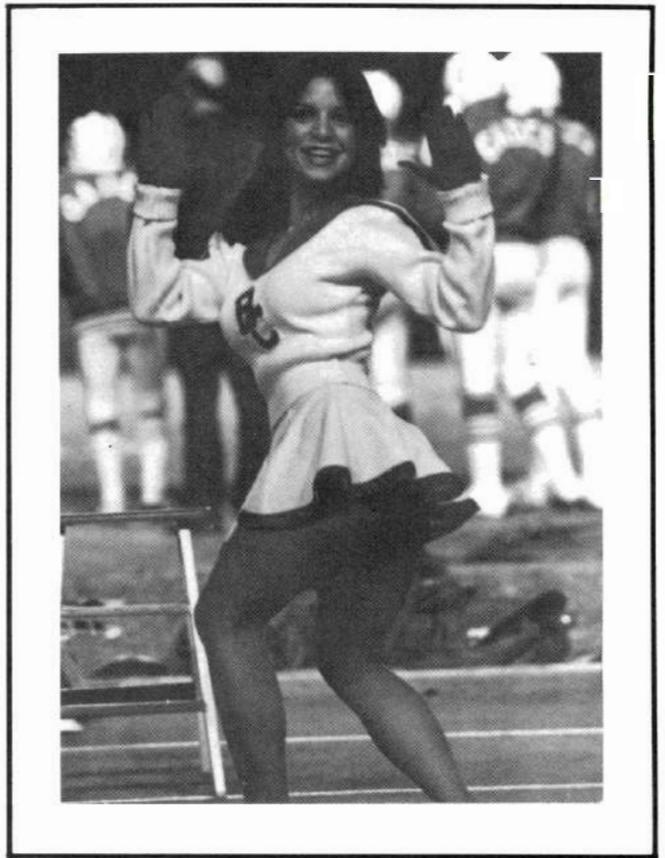
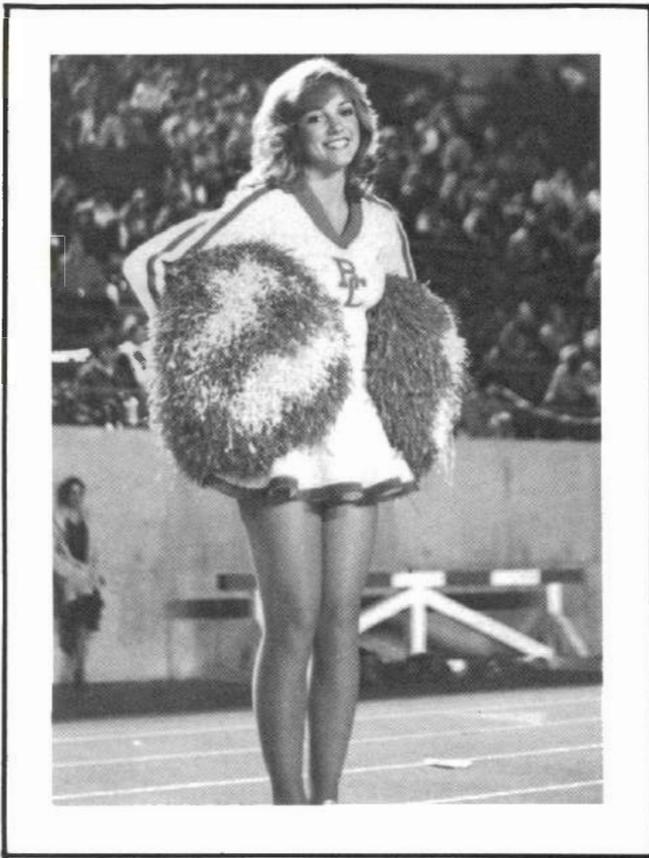
"You think too much," he said.  
"What!??!" I screamed.  
"Just relax and be yourself, and everything will be all right."  
Myself *thinks*. What you're saying is  
"Relax and be the way you were."  
But my toes stick out the end of those tennis shoes.  
Should I apologize for the holes, or the fact that my  
toenails are dirty?

Oh *shit*.  
Why do I write so good when I feel so bad?  
Obscenities wail out as the record ends after the plug is pulled.

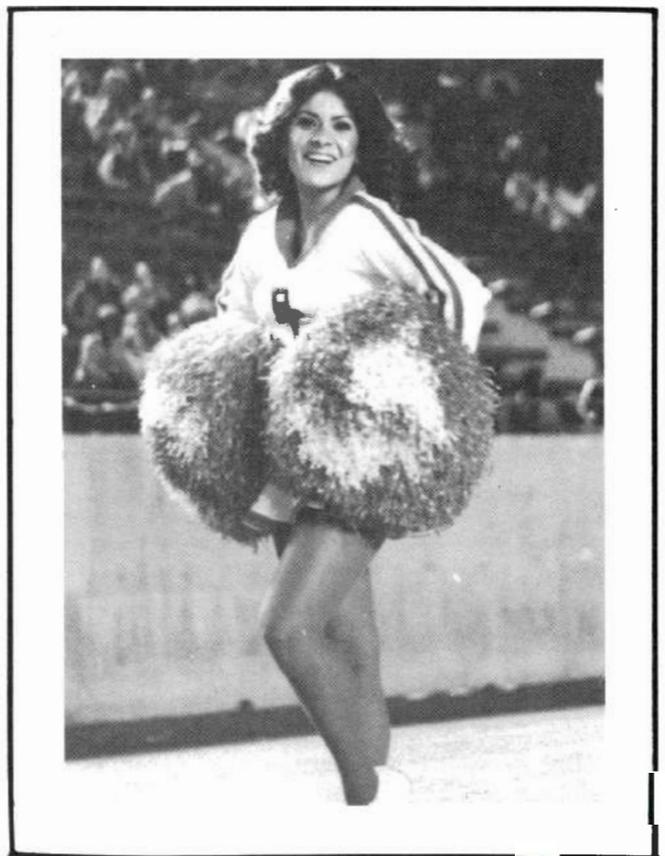
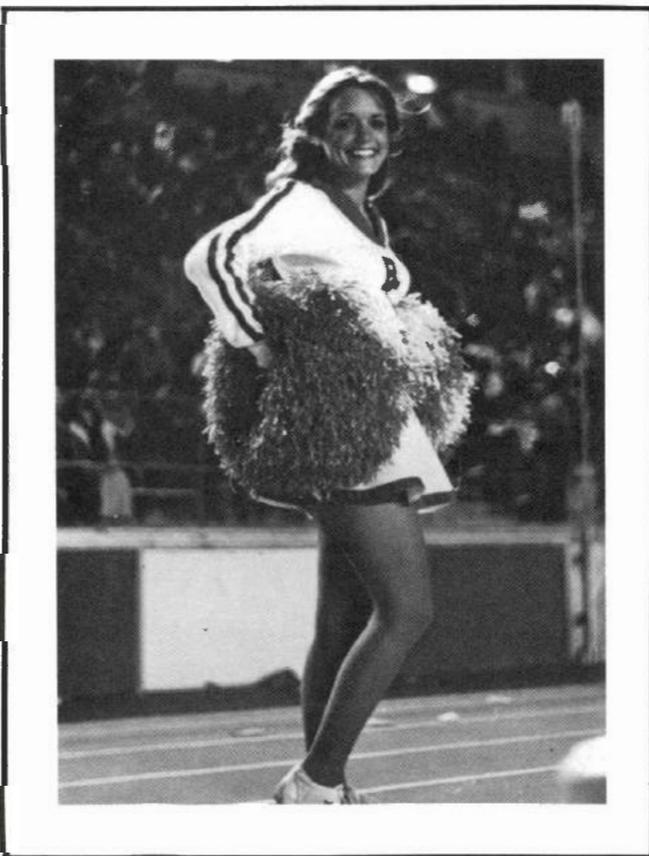
The beginning of my life sans Dennis.  
Sitting on a merry-go-round between the red and the blue  
Cowboy hat, blue jeans, glasses  
Emotionless this morning.  
The sun is warm, but not me.  
A time of reckoning.

Ants on my merry-go-round.

SHARON A. RIGGAN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICK JONES



## **Blood Alley and Me, Is We**



**Sounds from Blood Alley faltered into my room with the moonlight**

**Blood Alley is the illicit part of a ghetto section of the Patch  
The Patch is known to the civilized primitive world as Bakersfield**

**Being so excited and young at the age of six, I always kept my  
window open to fresh air and freedom for my dreams**

**Dreams of flashy cars, easy livin' and sweet beautiful women**

**I lived a block from Blood Alley with a family of ten, my momma,  
four brothers and five sisters**

**Momma had and still do, bright ideas, for us she wanted the best  
things, the best that being poor could bring**

**She preached education and freedom from hell's damnation**

**Even as I think about momma now and the troubles I've found being  
with the damned on Blood Alley's row**

**I can't help but love momma knowing she is right, for she have  
always told us, "Be somebody and never take the wrong flight"**

**Well today I'm somebody alright, thanks to the love momma gave,  
to Blood Alley for providing the traps and pitfalls; showing  
me the errors of my ways**

**I'm paying a portion of my debt counting the days from this locked down cage**

**So I say society, you don't owe me, I owe you, being somebody I know what to do**

**I'll father Blood Alley and make it holy in light of all the love  
and understanding momma knew**

**Yes indeed! Blood Alley and Me, Is We**

**JIMMY MAGEE**



Sal Portillo

*LIGHT,*  
*CAMERA,*  
*ART*

**Chris Morland and his work**

DELMA SARMICANIC

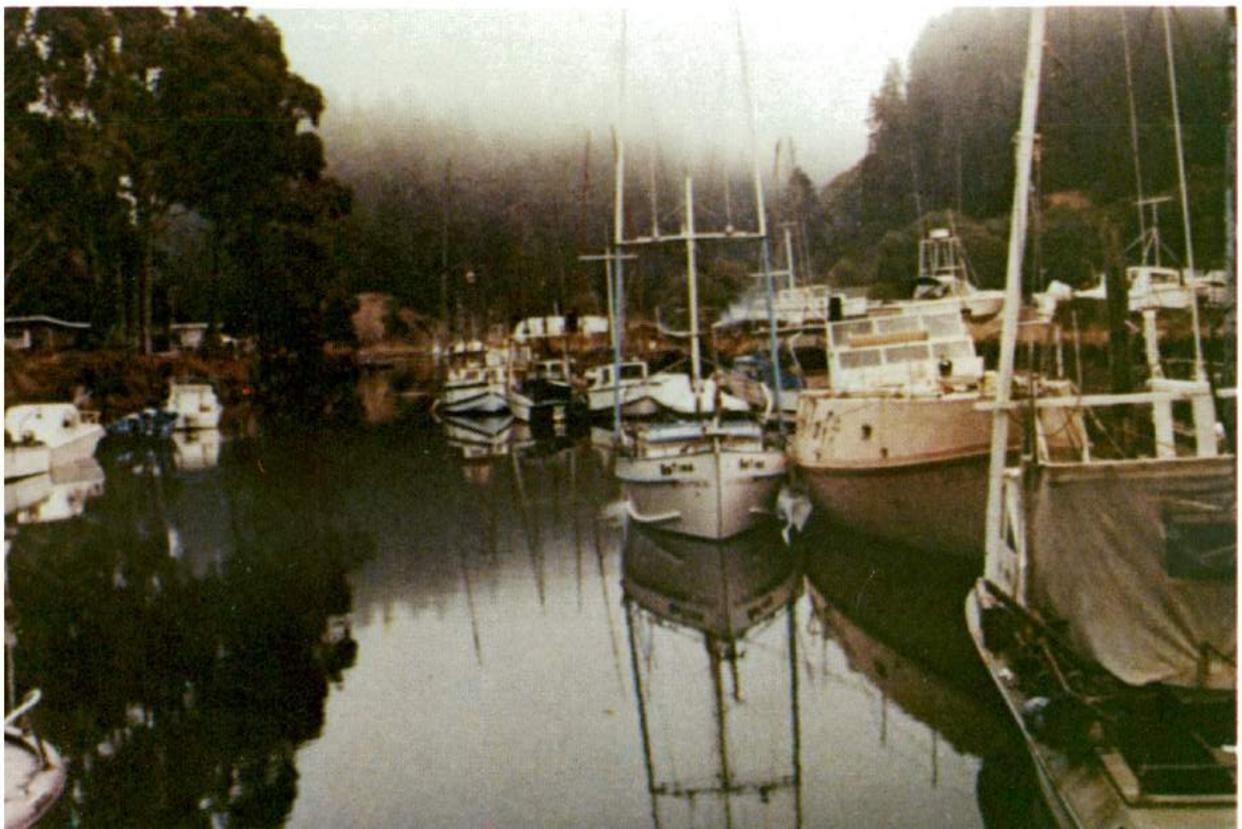
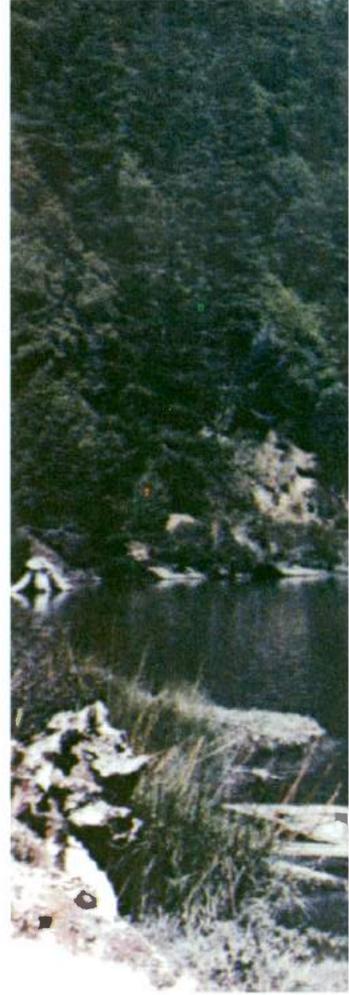
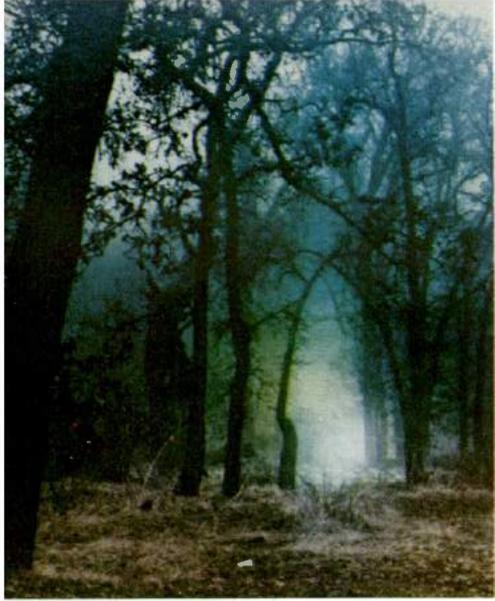
Chris Morland's light comes from above. The rest comes from within. His strong, sustaining faith is the central fact in his life. But art and photography are his means of expression.

Chris's first photographic experience came about in Vietnam, when he worked in a darkroom. "It kind of stuck with me," he says. While in Vietnam, he photographed Vietnamese children. He used to go along when the kitchen crew from the base took the leftover

food and distributed it among the orphanages. "I would tag along with my camera and photograph the kids," he says smiling.

He found there were many American babies in the orphanages there, some not kept by their Vietnamese mothers because they looked too American and others not claimed by Americans because they looked too Vietnamese. Chris shook his head slowly, and admitted that what he had seen had tested his faith in God's ways.

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAL PORTILLO

Bertil Brink, professor of photography at Bakersfield College since 1968, has known Chris Morland for the year and a half that Chris has been a student in his photography classes. Brink views Chris as a "fine person who is well-liked," and he states that Chris is facing tremendous physical problems in a remarkable way. "He is trying to overcome something that would cause most of us to just find a corner someplace and hide."

Brink says that Chris is an excellent example of the value of mainstreaming—placing persons with handicaps in regular classes as far as possible. He also feels that everyone around Chris benefits equally, along with Chris, by his presence in class.

Mr. Brink, as director of the BC gallery, announced an Exhibit of Handicapped Artists to be on display January 28 through February 20, 1981.

The year 1981 has been officially declared the International Year of Disabled Persons.

From Page 19

When he came back from Vietnam, he didn't go into photography right away. There was a long period in his life that now he isn't interested in talking about—he simply dismisses it with the statement that his life then was destructive, not constructive.

Then, six years ago, he was involved in a serious motorcycle accident that left him with hand tremors, the need to use a wheelchair, and hoarse and labored speech due to a throat injury. He can get out of the wheelchair now, for a time, and walk short distances with the aid of a cane. But it took him a long time to reach his present state of mobility.

Commenting on his time of recovery, Chris said, "I searched for a lot of different things—always trying to recapture the image I had of myself before the accident." During this period, he tried many things but didn't succeed at any of them.

"But then," he said with eyes alight, "a few years ago, I took a drawing class at BC and I liked it. I feel free drawing. I remember a passage in Ecclesiastes that says: *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.* I kind of think it describes me." The passage *does* describe Chris perfectly because he has found something that he can do well, and he puts his whole heart into it.

Leaning forward with a sudden bright smile, Chris emphasized that he definitely was inspired by some of the art instructors at BC. He wouldn't name them, for fear of omitting someone. "I just kept going and I got this far because of this school," he says. "I discovered the satisfaction of art here."

If not for the accident, Chris believes his life would have ended early because of the bad habits that controlled his life. His life then held no goals beyond the purely material pleasures of the day at hand. He didn't feel the need to communicate, as he now does through his art.



Since Chris clearly wanted to discuss his work rather than himself, I mentioned the 1980 issue of the *BC Campus Arts* magazine which featured one of his drawings on the cover. It is a strange, arresting picture that is highly symbolic. The woman holding a Bible in her upraised right hand is a friend of his who feels the burden of all the unfortunate people on earth. The man kneeling in the street is washed in light that streams down on him, holding him in a spotlighted circle. Chris himself wants his work, like the light in the picture, to reach out to people in this way.



Later on, Chris talked about his working methods. In the beginning of his photographic career, he used the BC facilities, but now he develops film in his home darkroom. This gives him greater range and flexibility in his work. And he uses either a camera on a tripod or a handheld camera to capture his ideas on film.

When asked how he gets ideas, he said that sometimes he has definite ideas when he goes out to take photographs, but often the photograph evolves in the process of doing it.

Chris, who is now 30 years old but who looks younger, confided that in addition to art and photography, he enjoys listening to classical guitar and contemporary jazz. His straight brown hair fell across

his pale face as he said that he believes his major fault is being overly sensitive to people's responses to his work. "When people approve, I wonder if they're saying that just to bolster my ego or if they really like it." He laughingly said that he is working on that fault and hopes to be less sensitive in the future.

Chris's future goal is to make art his career, and so far he has sold a few of his photographs for what he calls "a modest amount." Another goal is to be financially self-supporting, and he sees art as his means of achieving that goal. His idea for the future is to have a unique photography studio in Bakersfield. "I want to take pictures of people in the studio and use the negatives to make other mediums—silk screens and things like that," Chris explained.

He hopes to apply for a grant to help finance the cost of the required equipment and setup. Emphasizing his goal of independence he says, "I want to carry my own weight in this society, to contribute something to it, and justify my existence. I consider myself an investment which will benefit everyone when it matures."



And mature it obviously will. Chris radiates an intensity that requires one's total attention, but it is a rewarding intensity. After talking with him only briefly a person's mental gears down-shift, and there comes over one a pervading sense of calmness. Yet I remember Chris most for the shimmer and warmth of his smile, a smile that transcends adversity and offers to the world an immense courage and a quiet competence. It is the competence found in the control of light and camera, and the result is art.



# All the Jeans

## and Nothing But the Jeans

JOAN REDSTONE

---

### JEANS: THE LIVING END IN ADVERTISING

---

Actress Brooke Shields strikes a catching pose, legs skyward, pouting at the camera: "Whenever I get some money I buy Calvins. And if there's any left, I pay the rent." A lovely blonde struts confidently into a disco to the beat of "The Jordache Look." A T-shirted beauty emerges from the surf, dripping wet, claiming "If you're a woman, Zena is you."

Designer jeans seem to dominate TV advertising these days, but some jeans ads were too sexy for network censors. Believe it or not, you haven't seen the sexiest ones: they were intercepted by the censors, and either altered to fit the censors' standards, or replaced by ads portraying tamer scenes.

Of those ads passed by the censors, many have been criticized by

viewers, especially the "fanny-wagging" ads that feature children. These ads, all seeming to be shot by three-foot-tall cameramen, are particularly offensive in these days of increased sensitivity to the problem of child pornography.

The industry, however, is more concerned with the question of the effectiveness of the ads than with their propriety. Some knowledgeable persons feel that once everyone has a pair of designer jeans, their status appeal will diminish, and sales will plummet.

Jeans peddlers disagree. The top four—Gloria Vanderbilt, Calvin Klein, Jordache, and Sasson—argue that the market for their jeans is still strong, pointing to year-to-year sales increases averaging fifty percent.

This argument, however, seems to

ignore one basic fact: the influence of new competition in this relatively small industry. The appearance of fresh competition—in the form of brand names like J.R. Jeans, Willie Nelson Jeans, and Jessie Jeans—has caused some designer labels to show up in discount houses, selling well below the forty-dollar price they command in ritzy department stores.

When jeans became high-fashion chic, large manufacturers, hoping to cash in, went into cahoots with designers and sold expensive jeans with distinctive styling. This led to the creation of many small companies that exist on a very slender foundation. If the market becomes saturated—meaning that everyone has all the designer jeans he can wear and/or afford—the bottom will drop out!

---

### TIDBITS

---

Jordache Jeans, created in 1978 on a slender budget, is expected to show total sales of \$120 million in 1980—not bad for a two-year-old!



Don't get confused by Sasson and Sassoon. Vidal Sassoon has recently settled a certain difficulty with Sasson Jeans by the ruling that Sasson must be pronounced Sassahn, and Sassoon must use his full name on his own brand.



This mini-industry of designer jeans markets its products under more than two hundred brand names!



The jeans industry is spending *roughly* ten to twelve percent of its gross sales dollars on advertising. That means, if I'm translating correctly, that when you pay \$40-plus for a pair of designer jeans, you're paying *roughly* \$5 for the privilege of buying the product that enables you to pay \$5 for the ad that convinced you to buy the product

that gives you the privilege of paying \$5 for the ad that convinced you to buy the product. Got that?



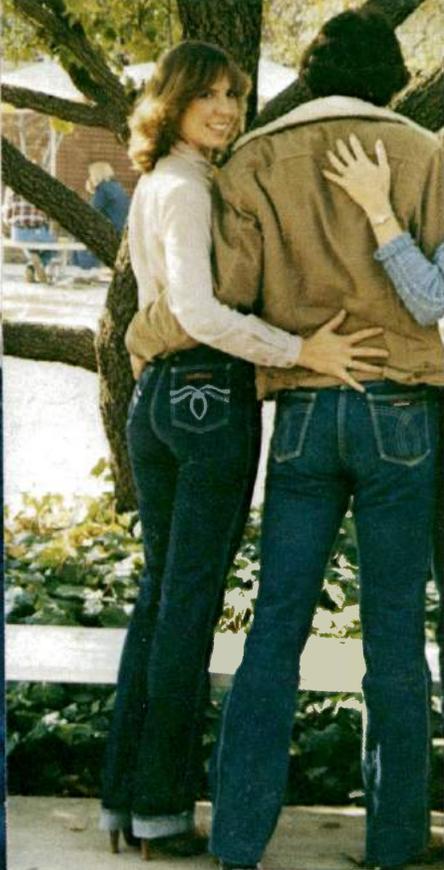
It seems that in inflationary times it becomes more difficult to sell anything: the sex-sells trend in jeans advertising can be seen as a sort of desperation move. In any case, the trend didn't start in jeans. Check out the ads for cologne, tea, or even traveler's checks! Jeans are merely the most vividly and visually sexy product around right now.



When Jordache Enterprises, Inc. packed models into their giant gold blimp and tried to land it on Wall Street for a fashion show, the blimp crashed—but the show didn't. The models were given transportation in style by the *irre* department, causing perhaps even greater excitement than the original plan.

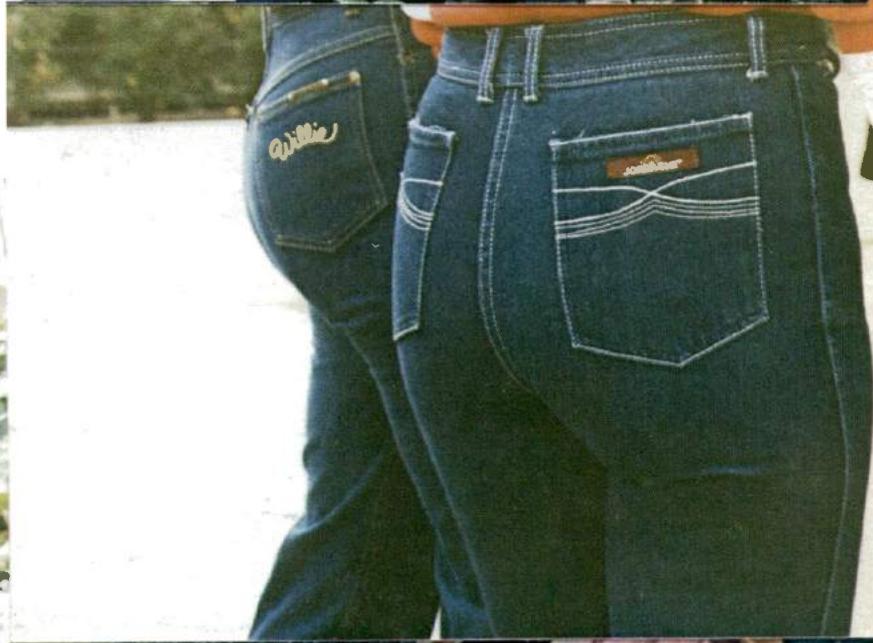


Calvin Klein is now marketing designer denim diaper covers. Here is designer name-dropping at its most infantile level.





PHOTOS BY DANA BECK AND T.C. WILSON



## THE WORLD'S WORST JEANS JOKES

Big Game Hunter: I need your help,  
Faithful Native Guide.  
The lion keeps stealing  
my jeans. What can I  
do?

Faithful Native Guide: Denim.

Girl: Mother, where are my designer  
jeans?

Mother: You wouldn't ever pick them up,  
so I threw them in the fireplace.

Girl: Oh, great—now they're just a lot of  
Jordache.

Q: How do you tell a male chromosome  
from a female chromosome?

A: Pull down its genes.

Q: How does the mother cow get her little  
ones into the truck?

A: She makes them walk up the  
calvinklein.

Q: What do you mean, diarrhea is  
hereditary?

A: It runs in the genes.

Q: What did the Little Moron say to his doc-  
tor when he got a migraine worrying  
because he couldn't afford a new pair  
of designer jeans?

A: "Oh, I have a terrible jord-ache!"

Q: Do you think wearing designer jeans  
changes the way people talk?

A: I'd be calvinkleined to agree.

Q: If clean jeans are hygiene, and green  
jeans are obscene, what are mean  
jeans?

A: The kind that get a broken zipper right  
after your fourth cup of coffee.

From Page 23

The Jordache ad showing a topless girl straddling the back of a topless boy has been cleaned up for us by the network censors. Fearing lest we should think the models were enjoying their work, the censors have insisted that the ad be changed to portray the models with a more serious look than the smiles that made the original ad so controversial.



So you're one of the old-fashioned ones who are going to stick to their Levi's, and avoid the pursuit of a name? Hmm. One wonders. Levi's is a grand old name too. Perhaps you're not as free of the name game as you thought!

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### QUOTES

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An informal survey of jeans-freaks and jeans-judgments on the BC campus proved quickly that more than fabric is involved in the selections made. Strong brand identification is clearly present—in other words, lots of people buy a name when they buy their jeans.

The price didn't matter: I'm a great fan of Willie Nelson.

I bought Sergio Valentés because of their roller skating commercial.

I feel conservative when I wear Calvin Kleins because of the name.

I think they cost too much, but I pay it anyway for the good fit.

I didn't like paying \$45 for them, but their quality is worth it.

The only thing I like better than designer jeans is *me in them!*

I am so tall, and my jeans shrunk a little, but that's OK. They've got a great name.

Designer jeans are ridiculous. I would never buy them although I might wear them to dress up.

And what about me? I thought you'd never ask! I love them all. I have a closet-full, only limited by my budget. I agree, they *do* cost too much, but I buy them anyway. Don't ask me why: there isn't an answer. I love jeans!

## Vexodus

O Lord, thou art exalted far above all gods.

Even as it is written in the ancient books,  
Car and driver created he them.

Thy throne is established from of old, and endureth for ever;  
Thou shalt continue in thy high places.

My horn shalt thou exalt as the horn of an unicorn;  
I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

The wind of our passing shall be parted as by clear glass;  
The latex of the trees shall gird about thy wheels and guard thy going, lest  
thou be discomfited.

Verify, thou shalt guide thy progress by a wheel within wheels;  
Even four wheels roundabout shall be as the hooves of thy steed.

An hundred horses shall guard thy coming in and thy going out.

Hydraulic cylinders shall be lavished with oil, and fitted with tight-fitting  
pistons, that thy going be without shock, and that thou be not jarred in  
thy high places.

There shall be no corners on thy going; yea, all shall be even as a straight  
line, that leadeth into the sunset.

Thou shalt chastise the beast of the field, and shalt blast the fruit of the  
trees thereof, and the stink of thy passage shall linger on the nostril of the  
passerby.

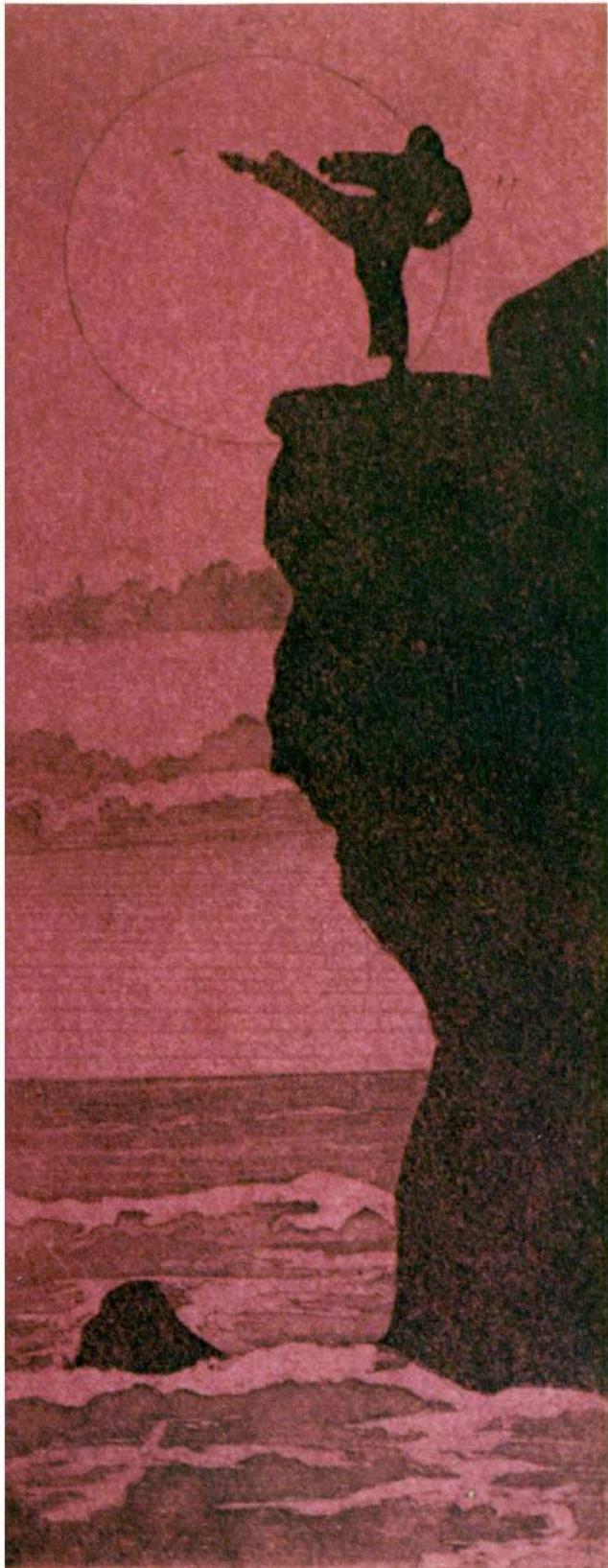
Thou shalt slow not in the manner of thy going; neither for man nor for  
beast shalt thou swerve from the path of rectitude.

Let the billboard proclaim thy glory, and let thy virtue be shouted from the  
mouth of the tube.

Play upon thy servant, Lord; even play loudly upon the horn of thy  
faithful servant.

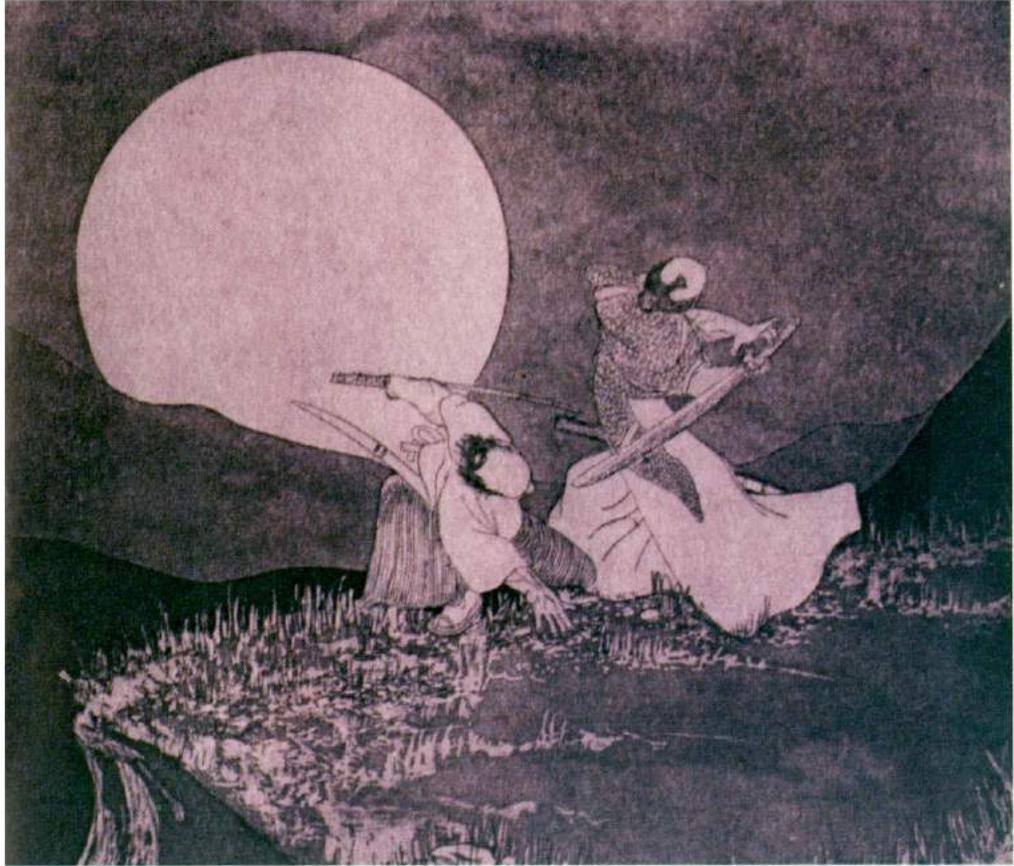
Toss me not away in the midst of my days; yea, though I be bound in iron,  
and fettered in plexiglass, remind me not of mine obsolescence.

So shalt thou rule over Philistia, and thou shalt be exalted far above gods.



*ETCHINGS BY*





CRAIG GARRETT



# PHILLIP

KATHI DURHAM

She loved the fall. For as long as she could remember, it had been a special time of year for her. Long walks in the cool air, with that crisp, clean smell tickling her nose; long afternoons sitting before a fire with a favorite book, a long-time friend. But most of all, it was the time for remembering, and for wondering. The days of September and October brought with them a sense of new beginnings and of old things passing, and a quick, keen awareness of what is now.

This year was no different. She had waited, eager and expectant, for the coming of fall. But now she knew this year was different, and fall would never again be the same. In September, she met Phillip.

When they first met, she had thought him attractive, not only in appearance, but also in word and manner. But she was rather busy and did not have much time in which to think more about him, except that she had enjoyed his company.

Some days later, while out walking, they met again. They walked and talked together for awhile, enjoying the colors and sounds of the afternoon. As they parted and went their own ways, Phillip invited her to dinner that evening, and she readily accepted.

She had known, before accepting his invitation, that they shared some common interests, but she was not expecting that their conversation, and especially his company, could seem so comfortable and friendly, and close. She had never met anyone quite like him. They shared an evening of pleasing conversation and companionship, and when it was time for her to leave, Phillip kissed her good-night.

She thought of him often during the passing days. They saw one another, occasionally, for a few minutes at a time. Exchanged pleasantries, a few trite phrases. But a feeling had been planted, and was beginning to grow.

She tried to ignore her attraction to Phillip, but she knew it was there. He was an intense, magnetic man, and

she was fascinated by him. And totally infatuated. He had reached into her mind and heart with his voice and his words, and with a tender touch, had gently awakened new and unfamiliar thoughts and emotions. And although these new experiences were pleasing and exciting, they were also frightening.

Until she met Phillip, she had been able to predict the course her life would take. She was not bored, but secure, stable, structured. What she was experiencing now was unsettling. She was not prepared to change her life. She enjoyed her busy-ness and her responsibilities. To become involved with Phillip was not something that she had predicted.

She decided not to see him again. If she did, he would only change and disrupt her orderly existence, and she was comfortable where she was.

So the next time he asked her over, she didn't accept his invitation—as quickly as she had the first. But she did accept. And she had been right. He changed her life.

She knew how easy it would be to let this interlude become a fantasy romance. With her imagination and hopeful romantic heart it was very easy to discern qualities and attributes that may not actually have existed. She knew this. But knowing did not prevent it from happening. She found herself thinking of him more and more; remembering how strong his arms had been encircling her, how tender his touch had been. But even more, she thought of how he could make her feel important, how he had listened (with true interest) to what she had to say. He gave her confidence, and made her feel special.

The days passed, and the air turned cooler. And while her new-found thoughts and emotions, which Phillip had nurtured, were not as stifling and overwhelming as they had been, they were still there. And they were strong. So she saw him when she could, and thought of him when she couldn't. She knew that she was fantasizing the whole affair, and Phillip, into something much larger and stronger

than it actually was, but she didn't care. It seemed as though she had been waiting for him for a long time.

Now when they saw each other for short moments, she longed to reach out to him; to hold him, brush the hair away from his eyes, or tenderly caress his face. But she never did, for she was never really sure how Phillip felt about her. She was reasonably sure that he enjoyed being with her. He was always attentive, considerate, and gentle. But he was a more practical, rational person than she, and for him to feel the same about their fairy-tale romance was not likely. She knew that there were other women whose company he enjoyed, but that did not bother her. She was busy and had other responsibilities, and could not be with him all of the time, even if he wanted her to be. And other women did not change how she felt when he was with her.

Because of her other responsibilities, she did not have a lot of time to spend with Phillip. And the time she did spend with him was usually borrowed. But that did not make their times together less sweet.

Phillip was a man with a dream, and plans for the future. He could not remain in any one place for too long. This made him reluctant to commit himself to anything or anyone. Because of their inability to give freely of themselves they put no demands on each other. This left them both able to give what they could and to accept what was offered them with no feelings of guilt or disappointment.

They were good for each other.

At least, Phillip was good for her. He had helped her grow, to become more than what she was. And she loved him for it.

But it couldn't last. Fantasies never do. Every-day life, with all of its responsibilities, was her reality. Phillip was her fantasy. In the spring, his dreams would lead him, like the mists of winter, north. Her responsibilities would keep her here. So she continued seeing him when she could, thought of him when she couldn't, and accepted what was.

Weeks passed, and their friendship, and love, grew. Both were aware that their time together would soon end, but neither liked thinking of it. Each enjoyed the time they did spend together to the fullest: talking, laughing, and loving. The two were like night-watchmen, feeding a fire till the break of dawn.

Dawn broke, and spring rushed in. And it was time for Phillip to leave.

They had spent their last few days together learning more about each other, and themselves. Their goodbye was long, bittersweet, and forever. And when it was time for him to leave, she kissed him goodbye, and watched as he walked away. He did not look back.

Walking home alone in the crisp, cool, morning air, it was difficult to explain what she was feeling. She felt—not an emptiness, for her life was far richer than before—but a lack of something, a wanting. She knew that because of Phillip, her life, like the fall, would never again be what it had been before. Spring was now a time for new beginnings, and fall, more than ever, would be a time for remembering.

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## Let's Not Run

During the last five years or so, increasing numbers of Americans have been turning up in local parks, on high school tracks and on sidewalks, attired in garb that rivals last week's laundry, huffing and puffing, and sometimes hyperventilating—doing what is commonly referred to as “jogging.” Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe that all this is done in the pursuit of *health*.

My intent in examining this activity is not merely to be contrary: I'm genuinely concerned for the physical and mental well-being of my fellow Americans. Therefore, I consider it my patriotic duty to expose this practice for what it is—lethal.

Now, you may ask, “What could possibly be dangerous about jogging around the track awhile?” But if you ask that, you are apparently unaware that jogging can lead to some extremely painful ailments—shin splints, Achilles tendonitis, heel spurs, neuromas, and fallen arches, to name a few.

Not only is jogging physically harmful, it can act as a catalyst for divorce. Something about running causes it to become an obsession: The more you run, the more you desire to run. Advanced runners even attain a state which resembles a drug-induced high from running long distances. This phenomenon could explain why we see people running at all hours of the day and night and in all kinds of weather; they just cannot get enough of this high. Inevitably, this unrestrained running leads to the neglect of one's spouse as it becomes a substitute for family life and sex.

Most people have heard the term “crazy jogger.” This term is not purely a product of simple prejudice, but has a firm basis: there is a direct link between jogging and mental imbalance. The expression has filtered down into common speech from the work of several eminent psychologists.

The Crazy Jogger Syndrome is characterized by, but is not limited to, a tendency to ignore pain. Human beings ordinarily are equipped with an innate and rather intense aversion to pain. Joggers, for the most part, are mortal like the rest of us and feel pain and dislike it as much as normal people do. So, as much as one might wish to make such a statement, it would be vicious and unfair to say that joggers are masochistic lunatics. For they really don't claim to derive pleasure from the pains of running—they simply appear to have an abnormal disregard for them. They take it in stride, so to speak.

They maintain that a certain amount of pain is to be expected occasionally—one merely ignores it, as one would ignore a bothersome fly. However, it has been my experience that a fly never came close to being as bothersome as a good case of shin splints or a sprained ankle.

Apparently nobody ever told the jogging community that pain is the body's way of saying, “Hey, wait a second; there's something wrong here!” No matter, though. Just remember the old American Exercise Ethic: “Get out there and kill yourself—it doesn't help if it doesn't hurt!”

LINDA PRICE

Jim Phillips



**Merry-Go-Round**

JO ANNE BAKER

**Come let's climb  
Board  
The merry-go-round**

**You the bronze  
Me the white  
Horses so bright**

**Round and round  
Faster and faster  
we go**

**Deep and deeper  
into**

**Till the joys felt  
cluster**

**SIGH**

JACKIE V. CARTER

**I want to sit in pastel pink and play the ivory board  
While sipping a refreshing drink, being embarrassingly adored.  
But here I pace in colorless gray, pounding out rhythmless tunes,  
While choking on sticky wine in May, and being told I look  
good in maroon.**

# CAMERAS

## hate the rain

DEBBI MILLER-GUTIERREZ

With a single clap of thunder the cloudburst began. Maggie tucked her long dark braids into the hood of her jacket and fumbled in a large canvas bag for her keys. She unlocked her olive-green Volkswagen and slid into the seat, fitting the key into the ignition and pulling the door shut against the downpour.

She turned the key. Nothing happened.

Damn! She leaned back against the seat and groaned. You should be yellow, she told the car, so you'd look like the lemon you are. She turned the ignition key again. Nope. It was dead, all right. Well, Maggie, now what? she asked the slim young woman reflected in the rain-streaked windshield. Dark eyes looked back without an answer.

Well, she could walk home. Her apartment was only ten blocks off campus. But by the time she reached home, she'd be soaked. And what about her camera? The canvas bag wasn't all that weatherproof.

She looked at her watch. Another three hours before

Richard would call from the airport. Maybe if she waited awhile the rain would stop. She hugged herself, shivering. It was cold and the rain pounded on the cartop like machinegun fire. She couldn't even listen to the tape deck.

Well, she'd wait inside one of the buildings then. If the rain didn't stop soon, she could always catch a bus. Too bad she didn't have enough cash with her for a taxi.

Pulling the key from the ignition, she hesitated, looking at the canvas bag. Even in the pouring rain somebody might break into her car. She slipped the bag onto her shoulder and locked the car, ducking her head to keep the rain from pelting her face.

She raced across the parking lot, her high leather boots splashing water over her tucked-in Levi's. As soon as she stepped beneath the eaves of the nearest building, she tossed her braids free from the hood and swung open a tinted glass door. As the door closed silently behind her, she found herself facing a corridor lined with framed and unframed paintings. Fine Arts. Good, at least she'd have

something to do until the rain stopped. But first . . .

She dropped onto a bench and lifted a brown leather camera case out of the canvas bag. She saw with relief that not a drop of rain had leaked through onto the case. The camera had to be dry then. She looked it over just the same. The Pentax was the last thing her father had given her.

Poor Daddy. Maggie put the camera back in the bag, pulling the zipper shut slowly. Why had she said that? Poor Daddy. Was it because he had died young? He had been only forty-two.

No, it was because he had never seemed happy, somehow. By most standards he had been successful. He had risen from salesman to executive in a few short years; Maggie's mother had seen to that. He'd had a beautiful, capable wife and a well-behaved, intelligent daughter.

Still, he had not been happy. He never complained, but his eyes always held an apology for Maggie, a plea for forgiveness which she granted easily. She had understood without being told: Mother was just too strong, even for the both of them together.

She could hear right now the echo of her mother's favorite saying: "Margaret must learn to do what is best for her." And Maggie had learned this lesson well.

Doing what was best for her had come to seem natural. She had eaten her vegetables, practiced her ballet and piano for hours on end, worn braces on her teeth, and graduated from high school with an "A" average. Then she had accepted Richard's proposal, with her mother's profound approval.

Her father had given in even to this, though he hadn't cared for Richard's clipped mustache and ambitious black eyes. No, only once had her father ever opposed his wife's judgment.

That was the fall Maggie had registered for college. She chose Archaeology, Forestry, and Photography to supplement her semester requirements. Her mother, predictably enough, had objected: "Margaret, you are wasting your time. You won't need any of these things to be an executive's wife. Take some more feminine subjects. Gourmet Cookery, for instance."

Maggie had wavered, but her father had been so firm that it had startled her mother into silence for the first and only time. "Cultivate as many interests as you can while you're young," he had said the day he presented her with the Pentax. An eagerness flashed in his eyes that Maggie had never seen before. "I wish I could have gone to college. Maybe I'd be something quite different." His eyes had dulled then; his hand dropped from Maggie's shoulder. "You get trapped in a job, caught up in a lifestyle, and you never get out." He'd looked at Maggie then, his eyes going soft and apologetic again. "I'm not blaming you, Maggie," he'd smiled, using the private pet name that was part of their secret language. He gave her hand a little squeeze. "You're the best thing that ever happened to me. That's why I want the best for you."

Before the end of her first year at State, her father had suffered a stroke and died, a final apology in his tired

brown eyes. Maggie might have wilted away then, under her mother's roof, but Richard had insisted that she have her own apartment nearer the college. To Maggie's surprise her mother raised no objections, trusting in Richard. If she ever wondered how Maggie managed the rent on her small monthly allowance, she had never mentioned it. Richard could have explained it away somehow, Maggie had decided.

Maggie stood up, shaking her head to clear away all the old memories. She had taken them out, shaken out the creases, and folded them away again. As usual it had done her no good. She set her face stubbornly towards the paintings on the wall. Now for some artistic enlightenment.

Her boots thudded on the uncarpeted floor as she walked leisurely down the hall. Oh, these were horrible! Wild swirls of color and geometric designs inside oversize letters of the alphabet. Didn't anybody paint pictures of barns and windmills any more?

She stopped abruptly in front of a watercolor of a woman with three mouths and three legs, shaking her head in disgust. Pseudo-Picasso. Richard would like it, but it isn't my style.

A soft light drifting from a doorway along the hall caught her eye and she moved toward it. She hadn't been in the Art Gallery for a while. There must be a new exhibit in there by now. She paused to read the sign on the half-open door: Selected Works by Dan Gerrard.

Should she go in? It might very well be more of the same unappetizing creativity she had already seen in the hall. She started to go on past, but the sound of the rain pounding outside made up her mind for her. She stepped almost defiantly into the room, her footsteps instantly muffled by thick green carpet so that the only other person in the room did not turn his head.

Maggie felt dizzy for a moment, overwhelmed by the number of objects crammed into the small gallery. Several ledges around the room were lined with miniature wood-carvings. Elephants chased porcupines; penguins trailed after coyotes. In the center of the room stood pedestals holding larger, more detailed carvings. All were of animals, each with a different expression and posture. Here a wolf, his furry head lifted as if howling to the moon, here a sleepy possum hanging upside down from a tree limb.

Maggie moved slowly around the room, giving each carving equal attention, nodding her head approvingly. Now this was something she could appreciate. The temptation to touch the wooden figures was overpowering and often she paused to stroke the curved white neck of a swan or trace the curled tail of a spider monkey. She was alone in a Lilliputian menagerie. She entirely forgot about the room's other occupant, who leaned against a far wall, watching her keenly with clear gray eyes.

She stopped short in front of the largest sculpture in the room and shuddered. She steadied herself with an inward reproach. It's only a wooden figure, that's all. Why was she being so silly?

It was a hawk with wide spread wings, its curved talons

clutching a small rabbit. The rabbit's soft brown eyes were pained and frightened, but it was the hawk's eyes that had sent that shudder through her. Something in those cold black eyes.

Mechanically she pulled her camera out and fitted on the flash. Aim, focus, shoot. Advance the film for another shot. A couple more and her Photography II assignment would be finished.

"Wait," said a voice suddenly close behind her. Maggie started and spun around to face the speaker.

He wasn't much older than she was, maybe twenty-three, a little younger than Richard. He couldn't have looked less like Richard if he'd tried. He was wearing a plaid flannel shirt, worn blue jeans, and scuffed cowboy boots. His cornsilk hair came down to his collar and a dimple showed in his cheek as he grinned at her. All he needs is a cowboy hat, Maggie thought.

"Why'd you pick that one?" the cowboy asked, gesturing towards the hawk. Maggie turned to study the figure again.

"It bothers me," she burst out. "That rabbit will always be in the clutches of that hawk. Forever. He'll never be free." She stopped suddenly, embarrassed at showing her feelings so easily.

"That rabbit should have been more clever," said the cowboy in a voice so soft and gentle that it made Maggie's blush deepen even more. Then the voice changed suddenly.

"Great!" the cowboy said with unconcealed excitement. "I'm glad it affected you that way. That's just what we artists like to hear."

"Artists?" Maggie echoed, trying not to be disturbed by this stranger's delight in her discomfort.

"That's me," he said, pointing at the sign on the door. "Daniel Boone Gerrard." The dimple showed in his clean-shaven cheek again. "The name was my mother's idea. I think she read too many westerns while she was pregnant."

Maggie laughed, though she knew Richard would have called this guy a Class A jerk. "You don't have to tell me about mothers' whims. My name is Margaret Minerva McKay. But please," she said, solemn again, "everyone else calls me Maggie." Everyone else besides Richard. Why didn't she mention it? And why in the world was she slipping her hand with its half-carat diamond into her jacket pocket? She pulled it out guiltily.

"You can take more pictures if you want," Dan Gerrard said, not bothering to keep the eagerness out of his voice.

Maggie took a closeup of the hawk's head, catching the glint in its polished wooden eyes, then one of the rabbit. That was the last exposure on the roll. Her assignment was finished at last. She turned back to the artist.

"Where do you get your ideas?" she asked, feeling stupid. That was sure an original one.

Dan was grinning again. "Oh, I've seen most of these characters face to face. More or less."

"Do you work at the zoo or something?" Dan's good humor made it easy for Maggie to talk. Richard would have frowned at her inane questions, but this guy only smiled.

"Almost," Dan said. "I was a service brat, moved around all my life. Half the time I didn't know which country I was in." He strode easily across the room and picked up a miniature camel from one of the ledges. "Take this camel for instance," he said, holding it up for Maggie to see. "I got to know camels real well when I rode one the Sphinx to the Pyramids." He grimaced. "Give me a small boat in a hurricane anytime." Maggie laughed, and tried to picture Richard riding camelback. The image just wouldn't come.

"Can I hold it?" she asked doubtfully. She wondered if Dan was one of those artists who jealously guarded their works. Richard would be like that if he were creative with anything more than his graphs and charts.

"Sure," said Dan, placing the tiny camel in Maggie's outstretched hand without hesitation. "I saw the way you touched them earlier. I trust you."

Maggie stroked the camel's rounded hump gently, savoring the smoothness of the wood under her fingers.

"I'm afraid I haven't heard of you before," she said, looking up from the camel's drooping eyelids. "Are you rich and famous?"

Dan laughed, shaking his head. "No, not this kid. I spend twice as-much cash in a year as I bring in by selling these things."

"You must be independently wealthy then," Maggie offered, following the curve of the camel's large padded knees.

"No, I'm one of those artists you hear about starving in a garret," Dan said, shoving his hands in his pockets and tossing the hair from his eyes. "Even though I live in a basement apartment."

"You better take this back," Maggie said reluctantly, offering him the camel. "I might walk out with it."

"Keep it," Dan said. There was that dimple again.

"Oh, no," Maggie protested. "It's part of your collection." But she closed her hand around the wooden figure eagerly.

Dan shrugged. "Nobody will ever notice," he said. "Regard it as a small token of my esteem." He gave a little bow.

"You're crazy," Maggie laughed, noticing how easy it was to laugh for once. She put the camel away in her bag, glancing at her watch as she did so. God, it was almost four.

"I have to go," she said, forcing herself toward the door. What was wrong with her? Richard would touch down in an hour and she was wasting time looking at wood. She wasn't the type to linger alone with handsome strangers in cowboy boots. She hadn't even looked at another man since Richard had put the diamond on her finger. What kind of power did this crazy cowboy have over her anyway?

"Can I give you a ride?" Dan asked, pulling a ring of keys from his pocket. "I'm done here. All I have to do is lock the door on my way out."

"My car's out in the parking lot," Maggie said, then added "Deceased. I can walk—or take the bus if it's still rain-

ing. Thanks anyway. And thanks for the camel." She started for the door, but Dan blocked her way, pulling on a sheepskin coat and a black cowboy hat.

"You will accept my offer, Miss McKay," he said tipping his hat. "Camels hate the rain, you know."

"All right," Maggie said slowly, not sure that she had any choice. If Richard knew . . .

"I don't have my Harley today," Dan apologized, locking the gallery door. "I had to bring my brother's pickup to unload the zoo. It's a pile of junk but it'll get us there just the same."

Maggie stared at him. A motorcycle in the pouring rain? Were all artists this eccentric?

"It's right outside," Dan said, taking Maggie's arm and guiding her back down the picture-lined hall. Maggie trotted along, trying to match her steps to Dan's long stride.

"Do you live far?" he asked.

"No," said Maggie, a little breathlessly.

"Too bad." Dan shook his head ruefully. Maggie felt a blush rise in her cheeks again. God, she was turning into a high-school girl right in front of this guy. Richard would have had a good laugh.

Dan stopped so abruptly Maggie almost stepped on his heels. "Look at this . . . this . . . garbage," he finished, pointing to the three-legged woman on the wall. "I sure hope you don't like it. Or I'll have to revise my opinion of you." He turned to search Maggie's wide brown eyes, a half-smile on his lips.

Maggie shook her head dumbly, wondering what planet this guy just landed from. Still, he was right. The "art objects" were garbage. She didn't resist when he escorted her to an exit.

"It's still raining," he said, peering out the door, "and it's almost dark. Maybe we'll get lost." He pushed the door open and Maggie obediently stepped out, pulling the hood over her head.

Dan was close beside her in an instant, steering her toward a primer-gray pickup parked nearby. "It doesn't have a heater," he said when they were seated on the ragged upholstery. "If you're cold, I can always set the dash on fire."

"I'm fine," said Maggie quickly, positive that Dan would do anything and everything he proposed.

"Which way?" Dan asked when the truck had cleared the parking lot, splashing water and mud over the sides of a lone green VW.

Serves you right, Maggie told the car silently. To Dan she said, "Go straight down this street, past the traffic light. It's the first block of apartments on the left." Dan gunned the motor and jumped the truck into traffic.

"Hey, Maggie," Dan said, "where are you going to put the camel?"

"I'm not sure," Maggie said thoughtfully. "I'll have to wait until I get home and see where it looks best."

"You mean where it's shown to its greatest esthetic advantage," Dan groaned. "Forget it. Put it somewhere that means something to you. I don't care if you keep it over

the john if that's where you want it."

Maggie laughed, thinking of how Richard would scowl if he should see a camel with drooping eyelids plodding across the toilet tank cover. Then she stopped herself. I'm going to marry Richard before next Christmas, she reminded herself, and scolded herself for having to be reminded. What was wrong with her? For some reason, no good reason as far as she could tell, her life was suddenly topsy-turvy. She had a sudden urge to slip under Dan's arm and beg to be taken to the ends of the earth.

"This is it." She pointed to a sleek line of apartments, fighting off the ridiculous urge to point in the wrong direction.

"Damn," said Dan goodnaturedly and turned the truck into the left-hand lane, running the pickup up the curb and down again. He leaped out and raced around to open Maggie's door before she had a chance to turn the handle. "Hold on," he warned and swung her down to the ground with an easy movement.

Maggie laughed, leaning against him until he set her lightly on the ground. "Thank you," she said, "for the ride. And especially for the camel."

"Oh, I'm going to see you to your door," Dan said. "I don't want to chance my camel, I mean your camel, getting ripped off at this point. Not after I went to all this trouble to get him here safely." He took Maggie by the arm again. "Well, which way?"

"Thirteen A," Maggie said, giving in. How could you fight a bulldozer?

As they neared Maggie's apartment door, Dan gave out a long low whistle. "You live here? You must have some bucks, lady."

"Not really," Maggie said, reaching for her key. She unlocked the door but stayed outside, watching the rain run off Dan's hat. "Thanks again," she said.

"How about some coffee?" Dan asked, ignoring her dismissal and stepping into the dim living room. He switched on the lights and looked around while Maggie stood open-mouthed on the threshold.

"I'm expecting an important phone call," she faltered.

"Oh, that's okay," Dan said, pulling off his coat. "I drink fast." He tossed his dripping hat and coat onto a white velour armchair. Maggie went in, leaving the door slightly open. She moved quickly to pick up the rain-spattered coat, and hung the coats, hat, and bag on a brass coatrack. Richard would never forgive her if his chair was stained. She remembered the cold look in his black eyes the time she had broken the stem of his meerschaum, the most expensive pipe in his collection.

"You left the door open," Dan said, shutting it with a firm hand. "How about that coffee?"

Maggie went into the kitchen to put on the kettle. Perking Richard's custom-ground would take too long. She didn't have much time. "I only have instant," she said.

"Great," said Dan, rummaging in the canvas bag. He found the camel and set it on the coffee table, surveying it with a critical eye. Then he grimaced and turned away,

walking slowly around the room, looking at the pictures and other art objects tastefully arranged on walls and shelves. "I bet you didn't decorate this place. It's nothing like you."

Maggie didn't answer. She put the cream and sugar on the coffee tray. Dan was right. Everything in the apartment belonged to Richard. He had chosen the crushed velvet sofa and the mahogany tables, even the high brass bed. Maggie would have preferred Early American maple and an eiderdown mattress with a quilted coverlet.

She stopped still, with the steaming kettle half-tipped over the cups, and her own thoughts echoing in her head. Everything in the apartment belonged to Richard. Everything.

She remembered to fill the coffee cups and put them on the tray, moving slowly. She felt no great urgency to get rid of the cowboy now.

"Have you decided where to put the camel?" Dan asked, tossing the satin decorator pillows from the sofa onto the floor. He sat down and put his boots up on the coffee table. The camel wobbled, but stayed on its feet, looking out of place against mahogany. Maggie set the tray down on a serving cart, not even flinching at the sight of Dan's muddy boots on the table. Richard's table.

"I really don't know now," Maggie said, handing Dan his cup and taking hers to the velour armchair. "Now that I look around I can't think of anywhere."

"I'd rather you kept it with you," Dan said in the soft voice Maggie had heard him use earlier. Had it been only an hour ago? This time Maggie did not blush.

They sat quiet for a long time, sipping coffee and looking at each other. Maggie had never felt so at ease, so comfortable just to be silent, not having to say the right thing, not having to say anything. An hour passed by unnoticed.

When the phone rang, Maggie started, the old urgency flooding over her. She set down her coffee cup and stared at the phone.

"Do you want me to get it?" Dan asked, his gray eyes searching hers, but he made no move to stop the insistent ringing. Did he understand?

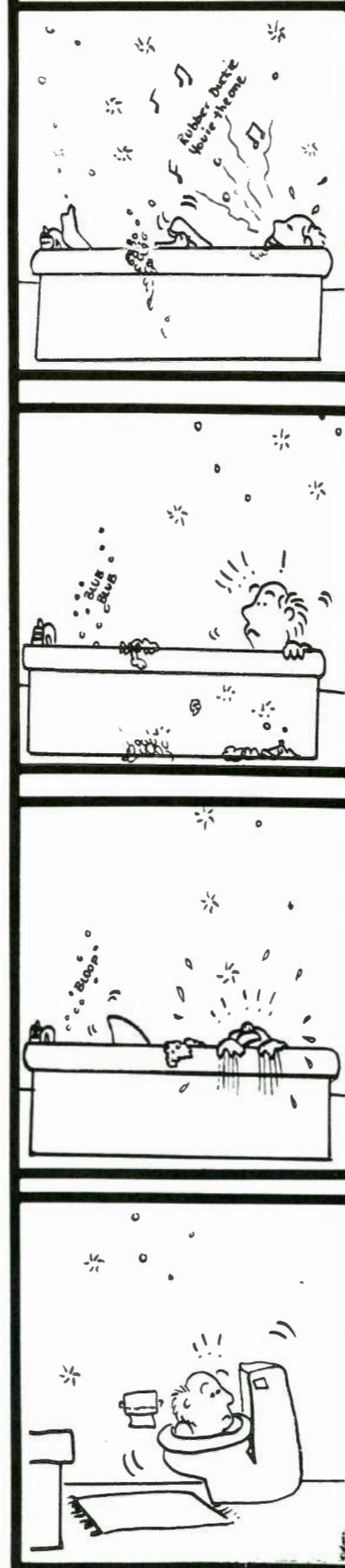
"No," said Maggie hesitantly, then more firmly, "No. I guess it isn't as important as I thought."

"Great!" said Dan, leaping from the couch and ripping their coats and hats off the hooks. "How about we pick up my Harley and go for a ride? I don't think the rain has stopped yet."

"You know," Maggie said, pulling on her coat and slipping her bag over her shoulder, "I think that would be the best thing for me right now." She stopped suddenly, realizing she had automatically picked up Dan's little mascot. The droopy-eyed little beast felt unfamiliar but very comfortable in her hand. "What'll we do with our friend? He'll get soaked."

"I think he can take it. Anyway, I'll ride him in my hat." Dan led the way, and they stepped out into the rain, shutting the door to Richard's apartment solidly behind them. Inside, the phone started ringing again.

### JAWS III



ANN SHEPPARD

# WRONG-ANSWER QUIZ

Some of these are easy; some not so easy. In all of them, the wrong answers are more fun than the right answers.

1. There's one born every minute.  
A. P.T. Barnum. B. Laban. C. Paul Ehrlich.
2. The meek shall inherit the earth.  
A. Irving Wallace. B. Jesus. C. Attila. D. Uriah Heep.
3. To thine own self be true.  
A. Polonius. B. Richard Nixon. C. Christine Jorgensen.
4. A thing of beauty is a joy forever.  
A. Robert Shane Davis. B. John Keats. C. Ladybird Johnson.
5. Small is beautiful.  
A. Carol Doda. B. Procrustes. C. E.F. Schumacher.
6. Cleanliness is next to godliness.  
A. Pat Boone. B. Thersites. C. Aleister Crowley. D. John Wesley.
7. He complained of being "sick of welfare."  
A. Shakespeare. B. Ronald Reagan. C. Timon.
8. My doctrine, it shall drop as the rain.  
A. Deuteronomy 32:2. B. Charles Fort. C. The Gingerbread Boy.
9. He invented the concept "Spaceship Earth."  
A. Buckminster Fuller. B. Noah.
10. The world's highest paid prostitute.  
A. Mata Hari. B. \*\* Deleted to avoid a libel suit. Hint: certain best-selling authors may now heave a deep sigh of relief.

## ANSWERS

1. A.
2. B.
3. A.
4. B.
5. C.
6. D.
7. A.
8. A.
9. A.
10. A.

## ANSWERS

1. A.
2. B.
3. A.
4. B.
5. C.
6. D.
7. A.
8. A.
9. A.
10. A.

## Love That Won't Die

Our relationship  
is built upon a crumbling facade  
of "Friendship."  
This juggernaut of emotion is awakened  
to do battle  
with yet another day of lies and deceit,  
and as it stumbles along  
the path to damnation,  
it pauses to feed itself  
on a glimmer of hope  
from a foolish dream  
long dead.

STEVE PERTUBAL



## Love Waiting

The lake sits placidly . . . undisturbed.  
The sun reflects on a stone,  
Arcing toward the still blue waters.  
One ripple, now becoming many;  
Such is the meeting of two lovers,  
Thrown together by some careless hand,  
Each searching for happiness in the other.  
Stolen moments, shared in love;  
Before love, like the ripple, is lost to obscurity.  
Having tasted love, the lake again sits;  
Placidly . . . undisturbed,  
For the next stone to be thrown.  
Yet the stones no longer fall.  
So the lake sits, mindless of time;  
Waiting for another messenger of love.

JOHN O. METCALF

# Trauma Tech

JEANNIE MCCABE-LEACH

The injuries looked just like the pictures in the books, only there were human noises attached. I had been warned by my fellow students, “Don’t let your emotions get involved.” This was advice I chose to ignore.

It was my third week on the job when I found out what they meant. The clerk called in, saying she was making a chart for a man with chest pain. Routine, of course. We’re a cardiac hospital; “hearts” come in every day.

I walked in to find a man whispering information to the clerk. He was a ruggedly handsome man of early middle age, covered with oil and grease. Another tough, grease-covered man cradled him in his arms. I spoke to the patient and took his pulse, finding it irregular. He replied alertly. His name was Carl. No history of heart trouble. His partner was seething. Shaking, he practically spit the words at me: “He needs help right now!”

I agreed. Urgently, I took Carl’s arm and propelled him toward a bed. Still coherent, he helped me by pushing himself onto the bed. I took his blood pressure as he stared through me. He had no blood pressure, but he continued to stare. Within seconds, his arms were studded with needles, bottles swaying overhead as the entire staff surrounded us; the heart monitor leaped erratically. The doctor hopped from one foot to the other yelling out orders for medication.

I backed away and dropped his hand. I had forgotten to let go of it, for a while. Carl struggled for life. My heart thumped in my chest as I heard him ask questions about every procedure we carried out. Carl was running on empty, but he wouldn’t stop fighting.

His pain increased and we gave him bigger doses of morphine. Carl’s heart stopped. We brought it back with manual massage and electrical currents through heart “paddles.” I was recording every move.

We had called for help, and people came from all over the hospital to assist. Carl died again, and again we brought him back. But he wouldn’t give up; wouldn’t even lose consciousness more than a few seconds. He would come back, weaker, whiter, vomiting, but cursing—all of us first, and then each of us individually. Carl was one for the books.

As he stopped for the third time, I knew he had little chance of making it. He groaned back to life and I found myself choking on a huge lump in my throat. My eyes filled with tears as I watched his heart shift patterns time and again. I turned away and tried desperately to regain my composure as my co-workers cheered Carl on like a quarterback running with the ball.

He went for the fourth time and when he came through, he whispered: “Thank God I’m back.” Where Carl had been will never be known, but it caught me right between the eyes.

I heard him asking for a pillow as I slowly inched my way out of the group. From another world, I attempted to pull myself together. Embarrassed, I stepped to the door and stood there quietly. I heard the doctor rally the crew with a pep talk.

“He won’t give up, so we don’t give up. Come on, make him comfortable, keep him talking.” He spoke excitedly, pacing back and forth, stopping each turn to touch Carl. Carl called him a bastard, and the doctor chuckled, happy

to get cussed out by such an incredible fighter.

I caught my breath and stepped into the hallway. And there, face to face with me, was his wife. Beautiful, tailored, and handsome, she had the same steel gray hair and piercing eyes her husband had. She now carried her defiant chin and light jaw with a pride and composure that made her inches taller. Her immaculate figure contrasted with the greasy figure towering beside her. She, too, stared through me.

She asked nothing and I managed a weak smile. I felt so "human" and powerless, and weak in the realization that I wanted to be anything at that moment, other than a compassionate human being.

Carl was still in crisis; not knowing how long he could hold his own, we let his wife come in. Ignoring us, she crawled between the wires, tubes, and bottles, held him in her arms, and whispered in his ear. The business would be fine, she was fine, they were in this together. And when she left, Carl slept.

I visited Carl a few days later, with the doctor. Carl shook our hands, and kissed mine. He promised us the biggest catch of trout off the lake when he got out of "this damn place." He showed me pictures of his dog and told me how he was missed at home. I held his hand to my cheek and got out.

Carl had taught me a big lesson, without knowing it. I'll never forget his name or his face, and I'll always remember his courage. Maybe someday I'll be able to do my job without that unbearable feeling of caring too much.

P.S. . . . and . . .

. . . and all the people that I know  
are just people that I know  
but I'd like to think  
that you'll always be my friend.

. . . and when we meet,  
I hope we can stop  
and say "Hi!"  
and not have to turn away  
and pretend we didn't see each other.

STEVE PERTUBAL

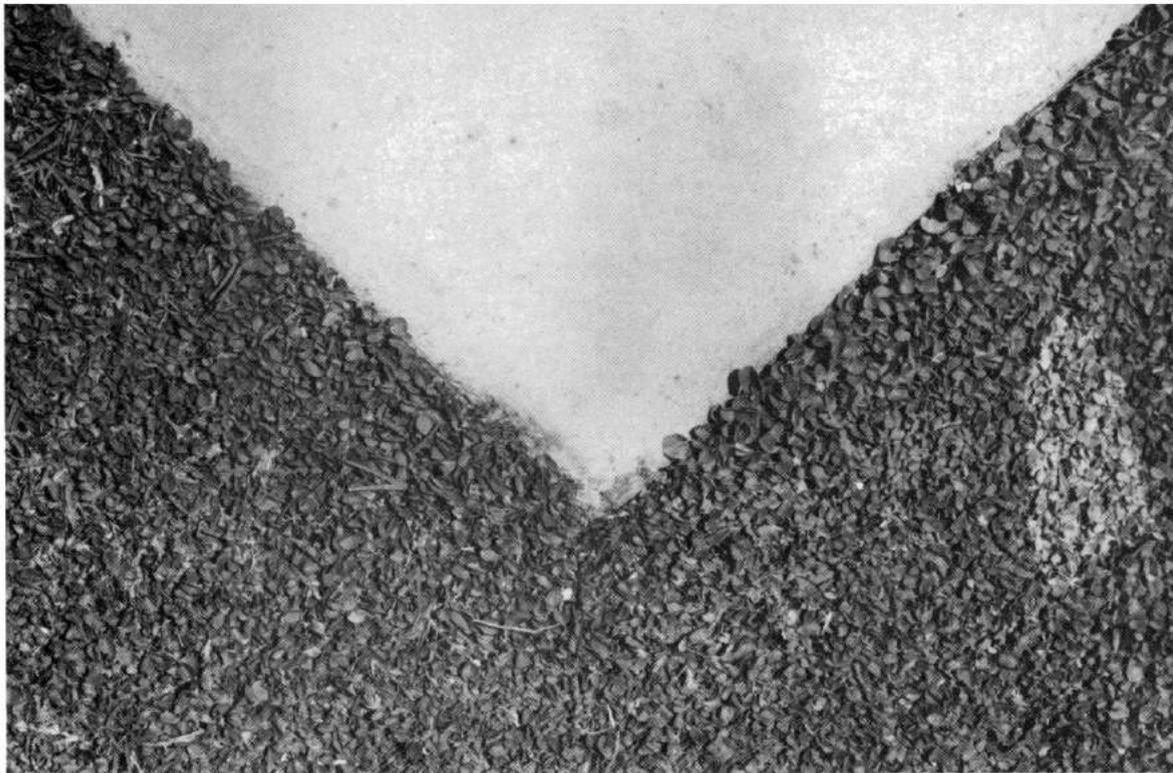


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**Photos By REX LEE**





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**SEX**

- Female
- Male
- None of the above

**COLOR**

- Crayon
- Kodak
- Fingerprint
- Blush easily

**EXPERIENCE**

- Censored
- None worth mentioning
- Other (Please be specific.  
Names and addresses  
where possible)

**AGE**

- Under retirement age

**MILITARY**

- Hohum holocaust
- Pacification of unruly civilians
- Killin-for-the-helluvit
- K.P.
- Street sweeping (the right answer)

**EDUCATION**

- Deficient
- Diffuse
- Don't remember

**LANGUAGES**

- Spoken**
- Written**
- Mumbled**

English

Spanish

okie

Black English

Purple Prose

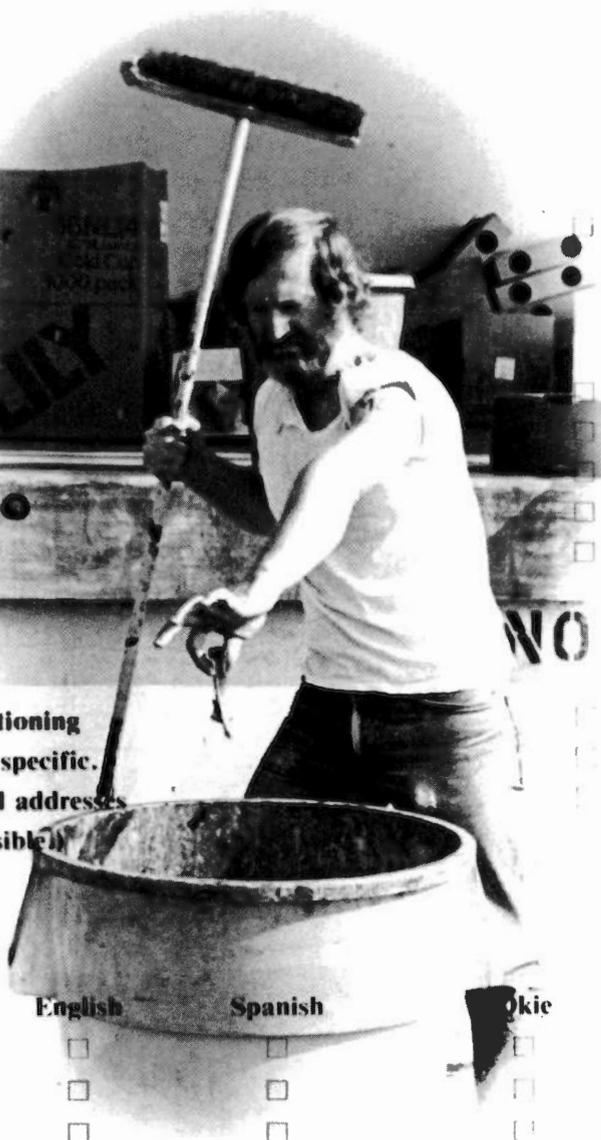
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**SAMPLE EMPLOYMENT DOCUMENT**

Presented as a public service for those who may not  
be familiar with the daily routine of Work Biz.

# OPINION

## PUFFERS MANIFESTO

In these days of ill-considered attacks on the cigarette, and on its great fraternity of partisans, someone must come out in whole-hearted approval of this honorable weed. Lacking the dreaded power of genetic destruction attributed to its major rival, as well as the noxious potential certain other preparations have of isolating the psyche from normal perception, tobacco is undeniably one of the most salubrious medicaments with which human beings are wont to adjust the delicate machinery of their souls.

Our gently pernicious flame appears to speed the vital processes, making the partaker more vibrantly alive, and increasing his ability to withstand the stresses of modern existence. Take a deep drag, cough once or twice, and come to an awareness of life's deeper pleasures. The hell with smelling that fresh breeze.

The most significant value of this white stick is, however, revealed only when it is employed as an instrument of advanced crowd control. A single puff of the staff of life can unpeople the most crowded restroom; one solitary practitioner of the

art of close fumigation can disturb scores of those benighted folk who have not yet acquired this blessed habit.

A single word to those unenlightened persons who insist on the primacy of their right to breathe over our undoubted privilege of perennial and peripatetic puffery: pooh! Let them remember the words of the bard: "The smoking that men do lives after them; their butts are rightly buried with their bones."

The space available is insufficient to permit me to systematically demolish the flimsy medical evidence that has been marshaled against our noble and harmless vice. I shall merely say that no guarantee of immortality would suffice to cure me of my addiction, and that there are no virtues I would accept in exchange for it.

Thus much for the defense. Let us take the offensive at last. The smoker has been the butt of criticism long enough. It is only fair to demand that the cigarette be given its rightful place of honor, beside the transistor and the switchblade knife, as one of the most universally beneficial creations of the human spirit.

LARRY DUNN

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**SAVE THE PUSSIES**—New charitable organization defending kittens from oppression and disfigurement by being too tightly clutched by the ignorant. MAIEOU MAEIOU MEIAUO, THEHELLWITHIT, CA

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**PUBLISH** your posthumous works now, and avoid the rush. You **WALK** a treadmill all your life. Why **RUN** a rat-race in your grave? **DO IT NOW!** Gravesend Publishers, Chicanery Row, CA

Information on whereabouts of Bigfoot male once seen on a camping trip in Arvin foothills. What a **MAN!** P.O. Box I-LUV-U **WOO WOO!** Plain Brown Wrapper, Ca

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Romantic rear guard of gay liberation. Newsletter "Where Have All the Young Men Gone?" Exploration Avenue, Closetdoor, USA

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# oh, darn!

Dana Beck



ALWAYS  
A RUNNER-UP,

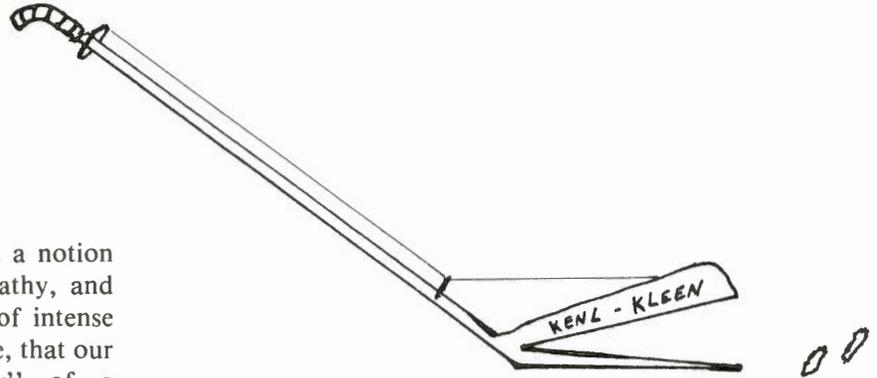
NEVER  
A QUEEN!

ROBERT SHANE DAVIS RO

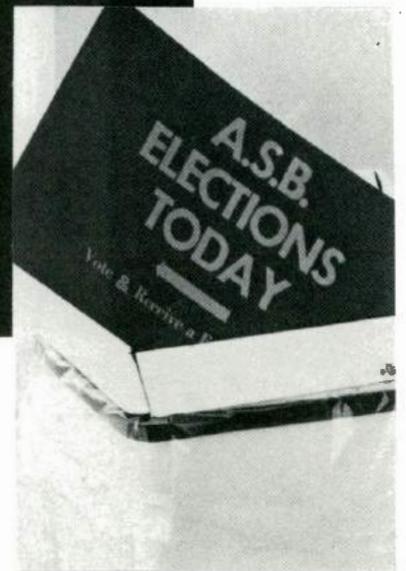
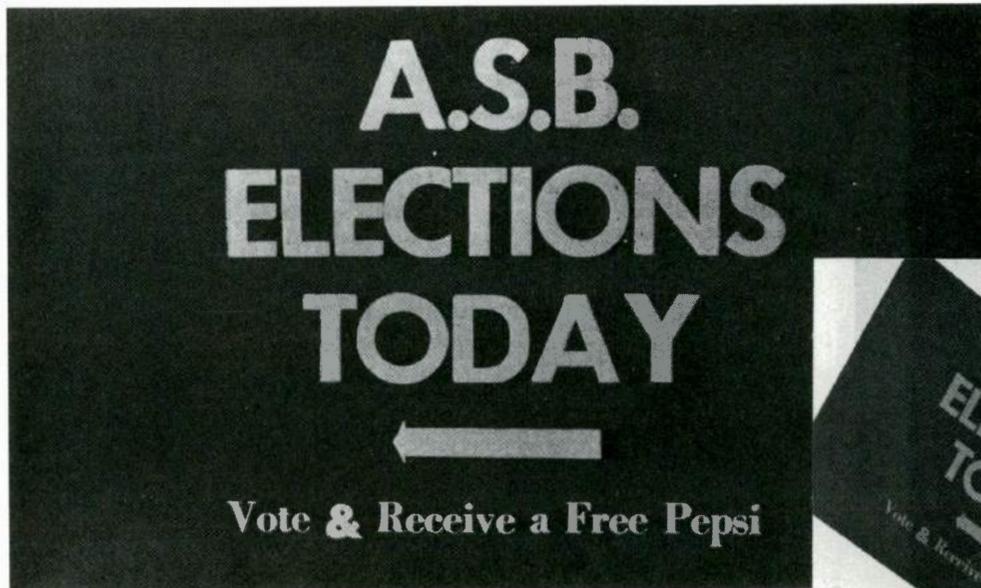
# NU~RAC SCOOP!

## A Raving Reporter Exclusive

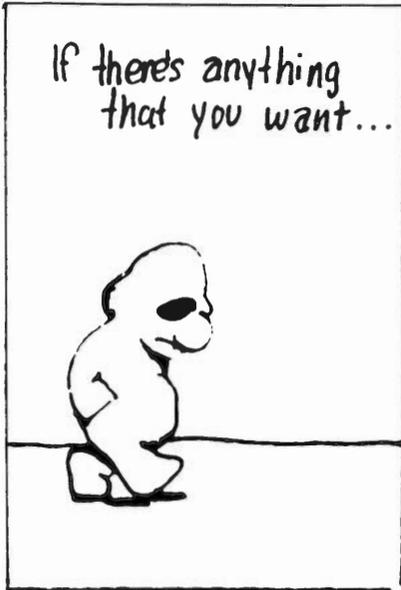
Student government has recently developed a notion that will revitalize its image in a world of apathy, and restore to the country as a whole that vision of intense citizen involvement in the affairs of the populace, that our forefathers considered a "manifest destiny" of a democratically governed people. Stand in the student center of this institution and see the happy hordes of student voters, participating joyously in the affairs of their duly elected representatives, guzzling Pepsi-Cola, and being in the generation of the involved, with sharing, caring, gut-level involvement in day-to-day living.



Have another Pepsi! Our notion is simply this: Offer people a reward for voting. Consider the profit motive, and give the people what they need. It's good for the economy, gets out the vote, brings people together in a democratic situation, and demonstrates the ability of the new generation to supply the defects of the old, by solving a problem beyond their grasp. New visions, new ideas, new solutions to old problems—these have ever been the province of the young; they shall continue to be so. Burp!



The COMIC STRIPPER



By MOTZ & GIBSON



# Renegade Rip

B  
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NEWS  
EDITOR



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