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The Mockingbird

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mockingbird

student multiple arts magazine

vol. 1 may, 1974

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johnson city, tennessee



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mockingbird

Silence strangled the mockingbird until this spring. Snared in a stagnant cloud of lost ideas and unfinished dreams, the mockingbird stared mute as the world soared by, uncaptured by hand or eye. Past winds of indifference had wrecked her nest, cracked her blue-green eggs, spilled her creative potential, and silenced her melodious interpretation of life. Yet, beneath sombre grey feathers, each heartbeat preserved the primitive origin of all art--her mimicking ability to recreate the sounds around her into an original collection of new song.

Searching for a sanctuary where she could engender her creative powers, only her whispering wing-beats cut the East Tennessee wind. Tirelessly the mockingbird struggled over high mountains, winging her way along the winding Nolichucky and charting her course over ancient buffalo trails. Exhausted, she settled herself in academic halls. Here her nest is undisturbed, her imaginative orbs allowed to incubate to maturity, and her creative voice restored. Once again the mellow music of the mockingbird floats over the hills of Tennessee. In your hand you hold the first generation of the mockingbird, a medley of student perceptions. Gaze kindly on her maiden flight.

Kay H. Gregory

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Kay H. Gregory

POETRY EDITOR
Sandy Reid

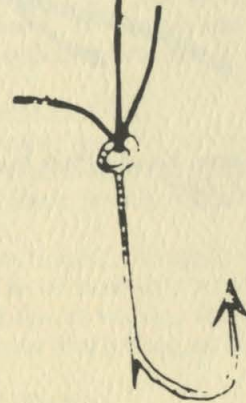
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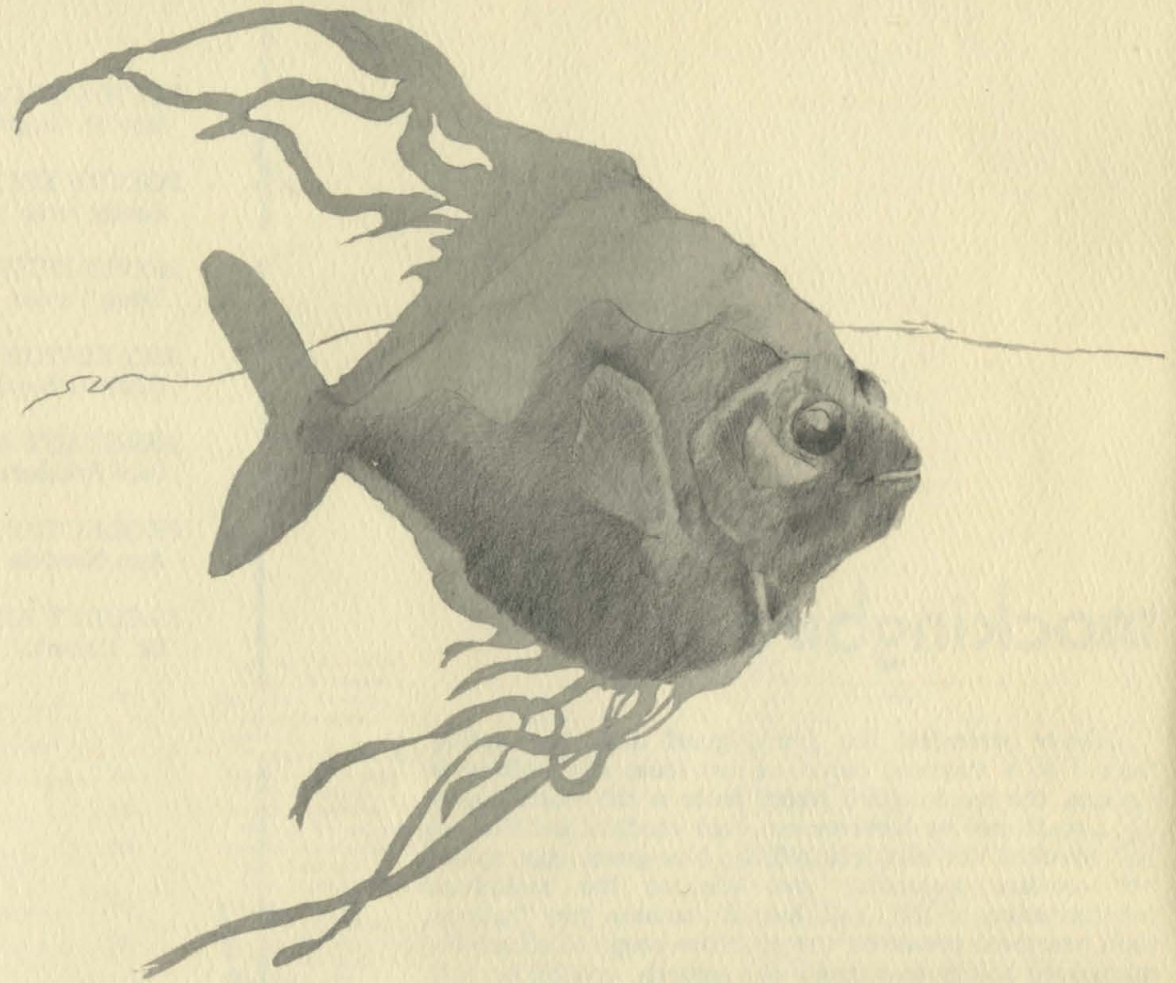


REQUIEM

For Shadow Road Motel

Green neon lights flash breakfast specials
killing the only pink morning light
stark, not soft--
Motels cringe like moles digging with fingernails
into the disappearing night
pull hack the sheets dingy
Bourbon has drowned its own lullabies
where shadow pattern figurines
once waltzed to jazz passion
a girl lies slumped an image in a crystal ball;
where once the telephone rang
and the heart beat quicker
and now semi's grumble by--
Sentimentality
only makes girls quicker
only makes men sicker;
Obscenity bangs in the water pipes heaters
Obscenity hangs from the shower curtain
Obscenity hangs from lips and fingertips
suggestively woozy
Obscenity rings in drugstore meters
Obscenity drinks deep poison likens to
heavy eyelids--
Greasy fake light weaving weak like smoke
burning into eyes ready ready ready
loose loose let go turn away
but arms hold tight around sweating straining
growing fevers
slipping running oozing crooning fevers
Foreheads glow--
coming going--
Obscenity bangs in the sunlight
and chills shoulders
even though shades stay down in time
Cries from locked open mouths
in time
Eyes blink ferociously in triple time
like the little girl with red wooden shoes
who could not stop dancing
they water into the sunlight
Arms are raised and fall
Hands salute?
Souls line in place like rigid soldiers,
sometimes they join hands
Where are you naked, soldiers?
Where are you ticklish, men?
Dance? where do you dance, soldiers?
What the sax is dead there is a harmonica somewhere
that whimpers off-key off-beat on-time with the click-tatting
of knitting needles in a near corner of the sun; come will you?
Dance to the click-tat and your bones will rattle.
Smile with your death grins.
The cornflakes are all soaked and stale.
Men, at ease.

Helen Moldovan, First Place Poem



*African Para-Para, Second Place Drawing
Christopher A. Carr*

the paperback poet
and the virgin
both searchin'
for the truth
soon find
all the things
they've been told
'bout love
and god
and peace
and identity
have been put into a
country music love song
by jonny daydream
where a truck driver
loses his lady
to a french ambassador
and is forever awaiting
her return
but he knows
she never will

the poet
he thinks
the answer
and he
is sure
there is one
at least one
lies
in the confusion
and the dirt

and me
who has seen
flashes of the truth
in the pool of night knows
what the poet
really
doesn't want to find

E.A. Von Schmitz

The Soul is Similar

When you have managed,
because of having met and
learned to know others,
To become smarter, better--
then
What wisdom can there be
in lampooning,
cartooning
those characters from whom
you grew?
From whose depths you found you?

Judy Harvey

RETROSPECT

Dusk-drenched fields of green, now gray,
Impending death now beckons day.
Deep thoughts conceal, will not reveal
A meaning here, one soul to pay.

Monuments point to the sky,
Enlightened wings from them will fly
To soar above, To sample love,
While grounded spirits vainly try.

Racing rivulets of will
Move forward, flowing, seeking still.
But, left behind--The stumbling blind--
Lost lives, dark, lonely voids to fill.

Truths abandoned, thoughts suppressed,
Worlds of hope now laid to rest.
A dirge of doubt within, without
To make one feel a fool, at best.

Donald W. Dale

CONSTRUCTION

Boiled metal
Mortar
Steel-stabbed plank

Red-forged brick
Spike
Nail-studded bar.

Stripped
Strained
Strapped to the sky
Construction.

Cheryl Senter



Photograph, Third Place
Joe Miller

Spindle Top

i forgot i loved you last night
falling asleep
to dreams of winter breezes
and scents
of snowy roads
until this morning
with your breath upon my mind.

and this morning
i didn't want to leave
for the love i forgot
caught me in webs
of your heart
and tripled.

Sandra Garger

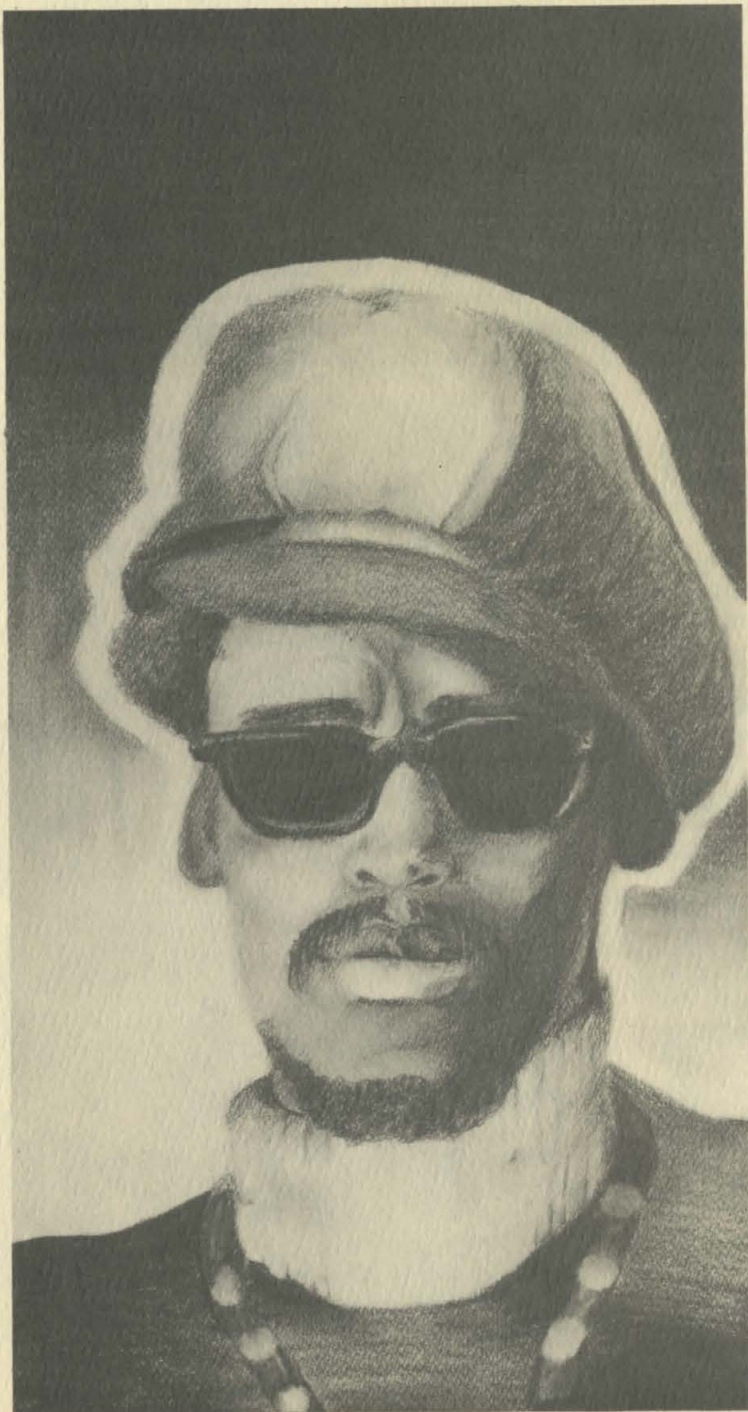
Young Artist

She curses her hands,
Now clawing at each other
Enemies at war
Hating silently like jealous women.

She longs to free those artist's hands
stiffened by pain
veins twisting around sharp knuckles,
skin taut from clenched fists.

Angry at a world
that lets only bitterness
bleed from her fingers,
She writhes her hands
and cries to the night.

Jamie Smyth, Honorable Mention Poem



SEPT. 72

SMILING SAFE WITHIN ME
MY SENSE OF FALSE SECURITY
LAYER UPON LAYER
OF ADROIT DISGUISES
AND SELF-SAVING LIES
HIDING INSIDE
I WAIT UNTIL YOU ARRIVE
ANNIE EGO SLAYER
BEHIND CLEAR X-RAY EYES
THAT CUT STRAIGHT THROUGH
TO THE PROTECTED PLACES
WHERE I'VE COLLECTED
ALL THOSE UNCERTAINTIES
I CAN NOT FACE
S U S P E N D E D
BETWEEN ILLUSION AND REALITY
I SEARCH FOR TRACES
OF MY IDENTITY
AS TRUTH IN BEING
TO OFFER AS LOVING TRIBUTE
TO YOUR HIGHNESS
FORGIVE
WHEN I FALL TO ROLES
AGAIN AND AGAIN...

Lee Stone

TIME

Phantom culprit!
Even as you give
You take.
I toddle shakily
Behind you--
Always behind.
I reach for your hem
In vain.
You faithfully remain one step ahead
Of my measured pace.
You get the best of me
And leave the worst,
Always the worst.
Childlike,
I have learned to hold you
At arm's length--
Or do you hold me?
I could tell
What folly it is
To attempt limiting you.
Why, you limit all.
Slyly, stealing in silence,
You thrive.
I owe you my allegiance.
You were here first.

Donald W. Dale
Honorable Mention Poem

*Ebony Moham, Pencil Drawing
William L. Capshaw*

BEHOLD HER SINGLE IN THE FIELD

Eunice Sparks, of all the ladies belonging to the Melville (TN) Maiden Perpetrators of the Lost Cause (Colonel Lute Irvine Chapter) had been chosen chairwoman of the week for Melville's Out-of-State Welcome Committee and Tourist Relief Board from Harp County, Tennessee. Eunice knew it was no small honor, because there were all sorts of wealthy tourists journeying southward toward Gatlinburg or Atlanta, and without fail half a dozen of these cars would find their wayward way off the main road through the wilds of Harp County. And this week, Eunice would play the part of hostess representing all the people of her fair county.

Usually, any car bearing out-of-state license tags would be pulled over to the side of the road by Deputy Sheriff Lawson Nidiffer and if this car happened to be the first out-of-state car stopped that week, they would be given a tour of historic Melville, and fed a big meal of barbecued spare-ribs (or chicken's breast), cornbread, soupbeans, crisp fried okra, spiced apples, coffee, and pecan pie with whipped cream. Then, the tourists were given directions back to the main highway, and from there to continue to wherever it was they wanted to go.

But, if these out-of-state tourists weren't the first car stopped that week, they were unceremoniously ticketed, fined, relieved of \$25.33 costs for squealing their tires on a treacherous mountain curve where the critical deputy waited, and then sent on their lost way to find the main road as best they could. No one in Harp County would deny that Deputy Sheriff Lawson Nidiffer was a very important source of revenue for his county.

So, Eunice Sparks was an important person that week in Melville even though her relevance on any other was questionable. She was a maiden lady of sixty-six years and her father had made corporal when he and Joe Johnston surrendered over in North Carolina back in 18 and 65. It had been important enough--the military career of Henry Sparks--to assure Eunice's permanent selection as Secretary of the Colonel Lute Irvine chapter, and, like the Papacy, the only way she could forfeit her title was to die.

Eunice's meteoric rise in the Society had been a result of Attrition. The older girls, whose fathers had been officers, had all died off, and the younger "daughters" in the town seemed to show no interest in the organization.

Eunice looked upon the younger generation of girls as too caught up in boy chasing to realize the importance of relevant undertakings. But at times, even she remembered being young, and how it had somehow forsaken her in the night, like a sweet dream she wanted to remember but forgot when she woke up. Jim, her servant and chauffeur, was all that was left to her now, and he was colored. That, to her, was the ironical slap in the face called life.

Day by day, Eunice watched them whipping by her house in their big Cadillacs and campers and station-wagons. She marvelled at the way they were all in such a hurry to drive all over the country to get to some place where it was as hot and as uncomfortable as the homes they had just left.

But, she admired them, and envied them a little, too. She didn't like Yankees when she was up THERE, but she really loved to be around them when they crossed over into her territory. She could put it over on them. She could flaunt it in their faces like one kid with a better grade card than another.

It was cool in the Tourist Relief Board office, with the air conditioners and the mayor and the other people in the county with official prestige that had to be there. Eunice was of course indignant with the people there who had bought or had been elected to their level of importance. She spoke to them in curt little sentences and made it a point to never look them in the eye. She was short of stature and always had to look up for this purpose, and therefore considered it degrading.

It was a bright blinking midmorning and the mayor kept whispering to his wife (who was not a member of the Colonel Lute Irvine Chapter because her grandfather had been in the Union Army), and a little boy with chocolate on his hands was peeking in the big picture window in front of the office smearing offensive-looking streaks there that looked

disgustingly like he'd been handling feces instead of the candy bar he was chewing. The mayor ran to the door and sent the child along; Eunice noticed him limping stiffly down the sidewalk with his hand down the back of his trousers digging at some unearthly monster that appeared to be eating him from the inside out. She felt suddenly warm and nauseous, and sat down in a fancy uncomfortable chair with red trim where she thumbed through a pamphlet that found itself in her hands suddenly like a sticky reminder of yesterday's watermelon juice on a park bench. The pamphlet welcomed her to Harp County--A Good Place to Stay.



Photograph
B. Games Burreight

Lawson Nidiffer was twenty-six years old and had been a deputy for almost eight of those years. It would have been really difficult to pick him out from any other greaser because he never wore a uniform.

He usually sat in his cruiser alongside the mountain highway that led into the county with his webbed cowboy hat pulled down in his eyes which were always hidden by a pair of pilot sunglasses. He always wore a workshirt and faded bluejeans with his badge pinned on the front of his hat, and a .38 hung strapped to his right leg in a vaselined holster. His mouth always worked on a jawful of Red Man chewing tobacco, and he always parked his car behind a big sign shaped like a pear and colored like a ham shank. His line of vision toward the road was unobstructed because he had bored a hole where the marrow of the hambone was painted, and the sign, a tempting taste treat, hid the pig behind it. On the sign was the slogan: "Eat at the Ham House when you visit Historic Melville--For REAL Southern Hospitality!"

It was difficult to see Lawson Nidiffer in his car even from the side of the road coming from Melville where there were no obstructions. He stayed down in the seat so that all that was to be seen from the side of the road was his charred-red left arm resting out the window. Deputy Sheriff Nidiffer had had a tapedeck installed in his car, and he always kept the official radio turned off so it wouldn't disturb him. This tended to displease the Sheriff who at times had need to reach Nidiffer, but the deputy was good at what he did and his boss never said anything to him about it.

Lawson spit out the window against the side of the poplar upon which the sign was nailed, and watched the slime run down the tree's side where much of his juice had run in days gone by. He squinted his eyes toward the road through the core of the hambone, and slapped his tape into the player. Lawson had only one tape and he played it over and over again. He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel as Linda Ronstadt told him that she thought she was going to love him, for a long, long time. He smiled sheepishly to himself without moving his mouth when she said it, and gripped the wheel tightly as he stretched the kinks out.

His eyes kept looking for an out-of-state tag for

the Tourist of the Week. He hated the first of the week when the summer came around and he had to be nice to the people he stopped. But he realized after that one carload, he could return his attention to the work at hand.

He watched the cars roll politely by, most of them with Harp County designations on their tags, but even the cars from two or three counties away knew better than to squeal any tires on Nidiffer's Curve. That's what the people of the county called it. Lawson Nidiffer would get very itchy inside whenever he heard it referred to as that. It was a great thing for him.

He watched a blue coupe pass with the eye-straining blue-green tags of Alabama, and then he turned and spat on the tree and watched it race for the ground. The mayor had made it perfectly clear that this week a car from a far-off state was required, and Nidiffer knew that he would be irritated if he were to come in leading another Alabama car.

"We had one of them only three weeks ago," the mayor would probably whine. If Nidiffer were to bring in one from Virginia or North Carolina or Georgia, it would draw the same reaction.

"A far-off one this time, huh Nidiffer?" the mayor had told him. Nidiffer spat on the tree again and closed his eyes trying to conjure up a vision of Linda Ronstadt naked. He couldn't even picture her as human. He didn't think that anyone with a voice like hers could be human. His wife had a voice which was all too human. But his woman had, after all, allowed him to relieve his aggressions the night before, so he was scarcely noticing the cars as they drove by. Only Linda Ronstadt's heavenly voice.

"She's got to be an angel," he said to a small yellow butterfly that lit on the poplar just across from his window. After it was struck, it trembled its wings as the sins of mankind dripped off like maple syrup, drowning it in the sweetness.

Ivan Walker, his three children, wife, dog, and his son's pet alligator Alley were from New York, with the exception of Alley, and he was originally from the Everglades. And Ivan would be quick to add that they were from Upstate New York, even though they only lived a mile out from the most remote suburb of The City. No New Yorker liked to admit being from inside The City; if he lived on the other side of the

city limits sign he earned the right to be called an Upstate New Yorker, and Ivan Walker claimed that right.

The Walkers were on their way to New Orleans, Louisiana to see the Mardi Gras, which unknown to them had been held some months previous.

It had been, and from all indications, Ivan felt, would continue to be a hectic trip. One of the kids had developed a case of diarrhea necessitating a stop at every other gas station. His wife was forever worrying that the young alligator would escape from its shoebox travelling home, and she would ask the boy concerning its present whereabouts every fifteen seconds.

Ivan, to make matters worse, was anxiety-wracked with paranoia. He'd heard about the South. He'd had friends tell him that they, for one, wouldn't stop at a truckstop down THERE for fear of some hillbilly seeing their New York plates and messing up their cars while they were inside eating. One friend told him that the shitkickers down there would beat up every Yankee they saw, and rape the women and children (regardless of sex) if they were liquored up enough on white lightning mountain moonshine dew. He flinched every time one of them passed him and imagined a pistol sticking out of every car window ready to take a shot at him and his loved ones. He was really worried now that he had left Virginia and civilization and had entered Hillbilly Hell. The mountains wore him down with their constant dipping and twisting, and angered him with the way they had of hiding every bit of road that lay ahead. One of his little girls started crying and he told her to shut her goddammed mouth before he beat the hell out of her. His wife frowned at him and asked their son Sidney where the infernal reptile was.

Their 62 Chevy station-wagon crawled on the curves and fled along the brief stretches of level road with Ivan riding his brakes savagely on the turns. He drove like he could outrun whatever evil was just at the curve he raced through, and it was as though it was never seen or known, but there nevertheless. He saw the straight black arrow on the yellow sign pointing horizontally, and he slowed to a sliding turn around the next bend throwing the children into a screaming twisted mass of arms and legs with one of them crying that she had messed her pants. But Ivan was passing a big sign with a pink ham painted on it



*Photograph
Charles Palmer*

and some words he could not read when the odor reached his nostrils. He saw the man in the cruiser look up at him as he passed, from under the cowboy hat and pair of shades like Spencer Tracy used to wear in those World War II flying pictures he made.

"Oh God, Ivan!" Walker's wife screamed amid the confusion. "It's a highway patrolman and he's coming out with his blue light on!"

"Jesus!" Ivan wheezed. "I've heard about these speed traps these yokels lay just looking for an out-of-state car! I'll have to try and lose him on these curves!"

His wife trembled visibly.

"But Ivan, he drives these mountains every day, and you--"

"Shut your goddamn mouth and get back there and change that brat's panties... I'm about to goddamn choke!"

Ivan stomped the gas pedal hard and felt the big engine race in response as the next curve came up very quickly.

Lawson Nidiffer couldn't believe his luck when he pulled out after the car with the New York tags. He tried to picture the glee and happiness the mayor would display when he ushered the New Yorkers into Melville. He watched the station-wagon yawl badly into the next curve and speed up on the 100 feet of straight road that lay before it. The blue light didn't seem to be enough, so Nidiffer turned on his siren and Linda Ronstadt up loud enough to be heard over it. His cruiser roared out in a cyclone of dust and gravels and soon he was less than two car-lengths away from the New Yorker. Nidiffer stayed close, panicking only a bit at the speed they were taking curves he had for eight years respected. Then, after a few miles of foolishness, he let off his gas pedal when he realized that the New Yorker was coming up on the Devil's Curl, a series of tight curves which succeeded each other in rapid order.

But the New Yorker flew into them greedily. All Nidiffer could do was raise his shades so he could get a better view when the station-wagon hit the first curve, missed the second only a few feet, and sailed off over the gorge like some impossible aeromachine. He watched it hang there in the air for the briefest of instances, and then, as though it had considered its ridiculousness and foolhardiness, it dipped down into

the trees at the foot of the gorge ripping them down into stacks of firewood before finally entrenching itself in the earth and serving as a torch for its kindling.

Other people stopped and ran over to where Lawson Nidiffer was watching the blaze with his hat in his hand and his sunglasses pushed up on his forehead. He suddenly realized that Linda Ronstadt was singing loudly behind him echoing through the mountains like a boy yelling an obscenity in church on Sunday morning. Nidiffer ordered a boy standing nearby to go over and turn her off.

He watched the car burning deep at the foot of the mountain and whistled one long awe-inspired blast that scared or at least startled everyone near him. They all stepped aside when he returned to his cruiser and switched on the two-way radio.

Eunice Sparks and the other Tourist Relief Boarders were becoming increasingly impatient.

"Call him, Roy," the mayor kept telling the Sheriff, but the Sheriff would only shrug and look down at his shoes. It was almost 6 p.m. and the spare ribs (or chicken breasts) at the Ham House were getting cold. No one knew what in the world Lawson Nidiffer was doing. Everyone stood around whispering to each other and looking at the big Pepsi-Cola clock over the door, and Eunice kept rehearsing her speech over and over to herself. Then, the phone rang and the Sheriff whispered a few words into it, rubbed his mouth after he hung up, and said something into the Mayor's ear. The mayor turned pale, and he, the Sheriff, and several other men ran to the door and out to their cars.

Eunice looked up at them annoyed, grumbling a little when the Sheriff turned his siren on and pealed up Main Street. Returning to her speech, she crossed over a word in the first sentence so that it would read, "Welcome to Melville, a nice place to visit," rather than "a nice place to stay," like the pamphlet had said. She didn't want a bunch of out-of-staters thinking they were welcome to settle here, and besides, she told herself with a smile, I like the new word better and I think it says in a better tone what I would like to hear if I were to be visiting Harp County for the first time.

William D. Taylor, First Place Short Fiction



*Photograph
Michael Burnette*

BIRTH OF THE DAY

It was dark.

Slowly, the stars

twinkled out

As the sun

rose in the sky.

And the river

ran rapid and cold in the morn

As the dew

was wet with the scent of the grass.

And I sat

On the mountain and watched it all.

Winette Sparkman

THE CYCLE

I stand on a collage of leaves and branches

They sing dying laments, as they crack and twist under my foot.

The leaves were once young and virgin

Some blossomed and turned into fruits

Others simply gathered light for the tree

They didn't know that the tree would soon reject them

So now they fall and cry out in the wind.

I am a free man

I am a tree

I need, from time to time, something that I can hold on to

Something that is an extension of myself when I am in confusion

But soon I am able to sustain myself

Becoming the winter of another's misery.

Why don't they understand

A girl, like a leaf, can't help but be trod upon

When they submit to their destination

Someday I will be evergreen

Forever clinging to my complement

But, now I am not

And perhaps, I seem cruel

I am free

Yet limited

I will die too.

Mary Beth Roth

A COMET RED

He arose one morning,

Great pain in his heart.

His life was near shattered,

With no place to start.

Sought by the merchants,

Debts owed to them all.

He'd no love to hold him,

To stop his last fall.

Early it was, with night still near,

The sun was slow to rise,

Its rays touched soft with lips of fire

Buildings, men, and skies.

A walk along the sleeping streets

Hurt more than he suspected.

He'd not again withstand the hurt

That grew from love rejected.

Off he flew from Henley's bridge,

A comet red in flight,

To death he dived and gladly then,

He crossed the seas of night.

Danny Potter

MOVING--AGAIN

I am as the spider spinning a web

And the web, spun of my being,

No sooner spun than broken

And I hurled into space

To start again

Anne Lawing

the borderline bead house

copper coin souls clunk in coffin cups

while consecrated beadedness defines God

lays him out by rule-of-thumb

and states how to be a proper thug

holy higglers auction amnesty

and sackclothed beadsmen squat in ash

blank eyes counting beads of sweat

God has been brought to heel

but heaven remains a vacant lot.

Jerry Leonard



*Madame Bazonga is Relieved, First Place Print
Xenia Zed*

CHILDHOOD

Childhood, Childhood
Where does it go?

Childhood is discovery.
Childhood is free.
I lost my childhood in
shyness and responsibility.

Yet, I cut paperdolls
And I like cartoons.
I like bicycles
And helium balloons.

Is this my childhood?
Oh, please tell me.
Yes, this is my childhood
For I can be free.

Childhood, Childhood
When does it come?

Marsha DeRosier

ELEPHANTS

Your words
hit me
like a menagerie
of finely carved ivory elephants.
Beautiful, pure,
separate.
I can do nothing but
put them on shelves
in some dusty, musty hallway
full of locked doors
and reach them again, try
on the next rainy day autumn morning
when
I am looking
for some old passageway
in the wood panels
or listening
for some far cry
down some old corridor
that I will never find.

Helen Moldovan, Second Place Poem



BALLAD OF THE JESUS CAR

A few years ago, in Spring it was,
A car appeared in town.
A strange vehicle painted gold,
It was driven up and down.

The car was covered from front to back
With messages from the Bible.
The words, taken from Revelations,
Spoke of the fires of hell.

"Jesus is coming, beware," it said,
"The day is soon at hand,
When the judgment of God shall visit us
And his scourge shall cover the land."

A sign on top in the shape of a cross
Stood out clean and clear.
It said, "Beware the false prophets of God,
Repent, Jesus is here."

The young man who drove the car that day
Had come from parts unknown.
His name was Darrell, and when he spoke,
His voice had a spiritual tone.

He told his story, his eyes intense:
"I was filled with the spirit one day!
I left my wife, my children, and home
To follow in God's way."

"I've printed here on my car," he said,
"The true message of the Bible.
The church is not the home of God
But the hiding place of the Devil."

"I am a Jesus man," he said.
Fervor shook his voice.
"Heathens, hypocrites, those who sin,
Beware the anti-Christ!"

"I'm a hard-driving man for Jesus," he said.
"Praise God, he will save all men.
I must drive my car til Jesus comes,
Praise God, He is coming again."

"The Bible says that those who believe
Can overcome all evil.
God has chosen me to drive my car,
I'll even race with the Devil.
Let Satan come and drive with me.
We'll see who has more power."

Not long after that, a car appeared.
It was black and low to the ground.
With a sloping hood and a high chrome grill,
It drove without a sound.

It pulled up beside the Jesus car.
The driver spoke not a word,
Just nodded his head with a beckoning glance.
But Darrell understood.

They drove out of town at a furious speed
And raced off down the road.
The Jesus car made a thunderous sound,
The other silently rode.

Into the distance they disappeared,
The white cross riding high,
Faster than ever before, and still
There was a low, black shape by its side.

Whoever won the race that day
Was lost from sight forever.
Perhaps somewhere in a distant place
They are still riding together.

Marita Garin, First Place Ballad



*Photograph, Second Place
Frank Johnson*

SONNET

Our white-coated wonders promised the world
A motorized sheet metal chair
To ride into an IBM Promised Land
While we used more than our share.

Leagues of lines slashing the sunset,
The earth would turn on a humming turbo.
The body in a silver Siren ship
Would leave the soul far below.

Our maw would never know hunger:
Earth exhausted, we'd settle Mars;
The universe would never unwind,
Energy thought endless as stars.

While we dreamed of more chrome and glass,
Our mechanized miracle ran out of gas.

Marcia Inzer

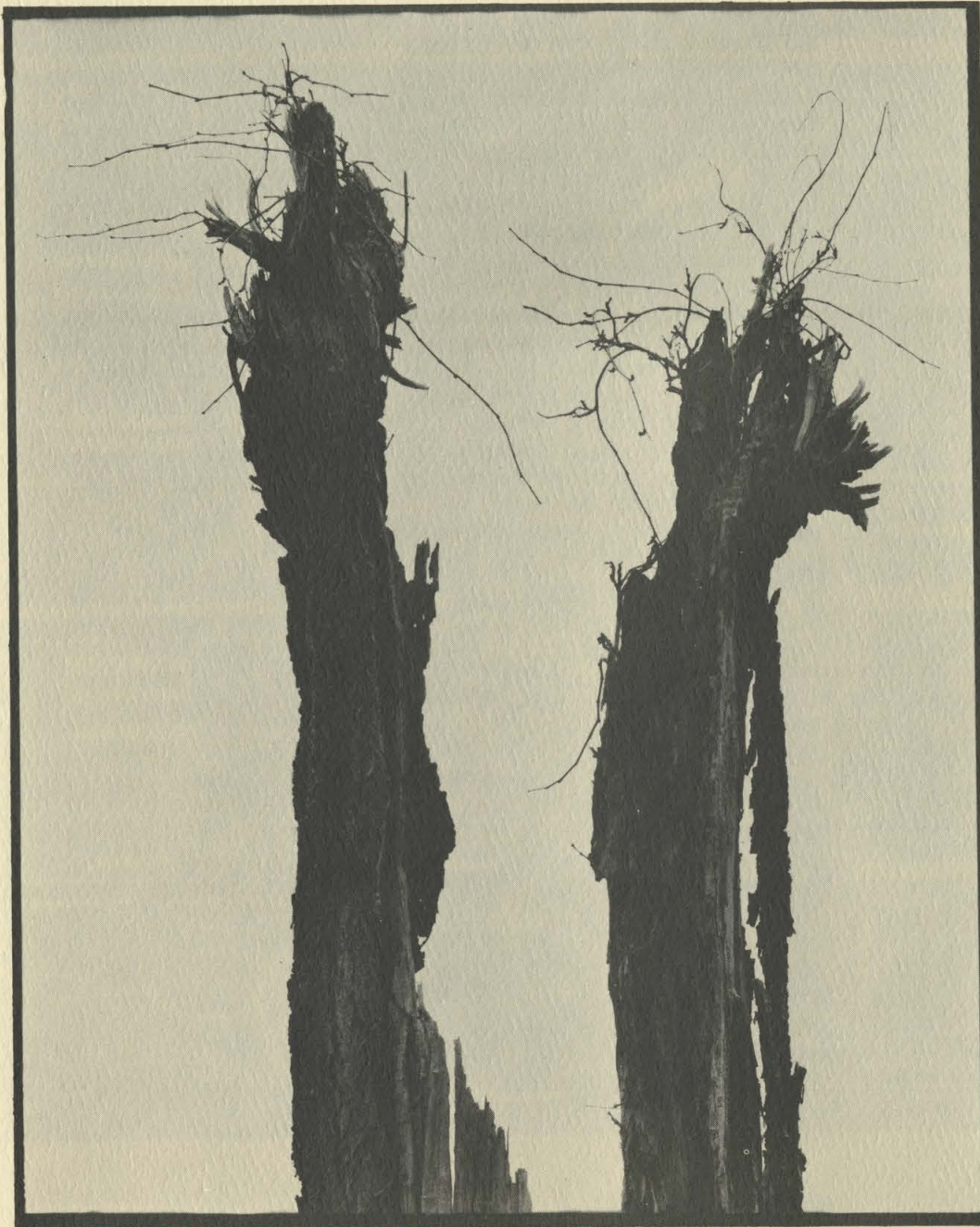
RESENTMENT

Resentment is a pain that lingers like the sting of the bee
after the cause is gone.
It blinds a man so he can't see reality from the dark and ugly picture
he has painted for his pride.
It disrupts the simple harmony of a well-played song
into discordant notes of nothing.
Feeding on hate, pity, growing on a thousand vices,
resentment stoops like a bent and crooked man relying on a stick
to hold him up and to beat his way through any crowd of reason
which would suck away his awful hideous power.
A disease, creeping and slithering over the mapped-out-ground of
man's being to tear each blossom of good
from a possible blooming into something better--
Resentment.

Jean Stanley



*American Jigsaw Puzzle For Adults, Intaglio Relief
Janice McCaleb*



*Photograph, First Place
Gary Cawood*

...I believe in the forgiveness of sin...

I, hearing the call of Your bell,
strike the heaving of my chest,
and it is heavy--
this weight begot of this heart.

Cowering near Your bosom, I question the
emulation of Your perfection by all beings begot
with free will. Your bosom beats no fleeting
rhythm and heaves no constant sighs.

I, facing Your translucent screen,
confess the product of my will,
and it is truth--
this deed begot of this will.

Walking to the image of Your love, I seek the
craven iron face--falling from the far height;
whose blood I have drunk, whose body I have tasted,
whose soul I will not know.

I, kneeling at Your altar,
feel the soreness of my knees,
and it is good--
this pain begot of this body.

Returning to the air of Your breath,
I walk above the mother of my flesh,
beneath the sin of my son. I feel
the protrusion of my right rib
and eat the core of Your fruit.

Sandy Reid, Honorable Mention Poem



*Photograph, Fourth Place
Donis E. Rice*

fly silken dancer, the rings toward the sun
are slowly ending, your bed of nails
lies quietly awaiting you.
tears of iron are endless, you say you died
after a lengthy illness,
and that saint peter didn't know your name,
hell wouldn't have you,
lady tiny feet, where does that put you now?
you say you can't sleep in the canyons anymore,
the screamings of the lost souls in the forest
keep you awake nights and make you wonder
where Green Lantern rushed off to?
oh what a stupid laugh you have,
the sound of someone choking on stones
and then slicing open their throat
just to watch the pebbles fall,
fly silken dancer, tiny feet with too large tennis shoes
(turned to gray from walking through slums and garbage heaps)
your sky is waiting above you,
all you have to do is learn how to die.

Mary Hendrix

You are
The world
Dripping off walls
Of light
Bringing us
Life. Sending
Us death.
Saluting us
With happiness
And mourning us
With sadness.

John Thompson

dancing

dancing in a world of fallen

ballerinas is not by choice.

but come, the minstrel band is here.

let them see no frowns

or broken bodies.

Will you dance, my dear?

Barbara Games Burright

Music is to the soul
What sunshine is to the flower,
Flooding with warmth the very roots of its being.

Judy Morgan



*Sterility Goddess, Wood Block
Dianne M. Brogden*

SONNETS OF OKINAWA

I.

Golden wagonwheel on sand
Poinsettias in the breeze
Green nights calm with sphinx-like trees
Mystic, eastern far-off land
Once a dot on a purple sea
No part of my being aware
of your existence. Who should care
How far away you were from me
Were we granted sight and sound
In our microscopic vision
Would we come to a decision
Beauty's where our treasure's found?

Okinawa--who's to blame?
Okinawa--just a name.

II.

Mirror-like illusive charms
Moonlit beaches--waters deep
Yours to have but not to keep
Hold Minoka in your arms
Yesterday an embryo
Sunlight dancing in her hair
Fiery bright and free from care
Incubated--then let go
When they're young you hear their laughter
Somehow feeling it will always be
The same. But knowing to be free
She must be herself--not just your daughter.

Childhood, rapturous, fleeting thing
Soaring freely Cardinals sing.

Betty Jackson, Fourth Place Poem

DAWN

The shattering of a thousand rainbows
Brings the morn.
Walking boldly in
Then stopping. . .
Suddenly timid and fearful of intruding.
And its silence ushers out the night
But the quiet beckons me
And I come, as an obedient child
To the gentleness of my woods,
And they comfort me.

Suddenly--the silence is broken
By a bob-o-link eager to start the new day.
He awakens his friends and silence is doomed.
So I leave my woods,
And the new sky leads me home.

Laura Brotbeck

Thank You Robert Heinlein

you who
have all denied
what the sixties
where about
by conformin'
to the wave
of nonconformity
accomplished nothin'
'cept turnin'
the same old lies
inside-out

the new truth
you all shouted about
exists somewhere
with Lancelot
an' Guinevere
in Cinderella's house

with this in mind
you would be wise
to content yourself
tryin' to discover
what love is about
bein' that condition in which the happiness
of another is essential to your own
(thank you Robert Heinlein)

E.A. Von Schmitz

THE NIGHT AIR

Through the curtains the moonglow's dimmed,
A sputtering dog's roar
Distant but distinct warns of its approach,
A partiled throbbing of insects shifts in volume
Like a record heard around a daydream.
Limbs seek accustomed places
Blood slows to a funeral march,
And the dog's warning unheeded
It is upon him, and he sleeps.

Phil Reed

IN THE CHILL BREATH OF MORNING

Lying within my head
the malevolent thought
grips the cold edge of morning.

Panting--barely, waking--slowly,
I bite hard my low lip--
a cathartic effort that comes so often too late.
Too late for waking, too late for redemption,
I greet the smooth dull-peace of sleep anew.

And yet, the chill breath of morning, oozing from
out the window-crack, slides over my stale cheek,
and my soul feels the brutal tide of self-rape anew.

A low cry greets the eager pillow
as I abjure my dying soul
and remind my flesh of the heights of desire,
of the passions that cause, of the small seed
of pride my father planted.

Sandy Reid

EASTER 1916
Ballad dedicated to P.H. Pearse

We'll be killed for sure said Conolly
On that famous Easter day
As he went to face the British
It was true what he did say

There was he, and Pearse, and Plunkett,
and a little band of friends
all determined to free Ireland
and see justice make amends

There were many more to join them
as they marched into the fray
but someone had blundered somewhere
and no help was on the way

As they realized the blunder
Pearse and Conolly made no moan
They believed in God and Ireland
and would face things on their own

There were many called them crazy
as they marched out on the town
but that mocking turned to worship
before the sun went down

P.H. Pearse issued the orders
just one simple straight command
They'd all fight or die for Ireland
for they loved their native land

His brave men took over buildings
at key points in Dublin town
and it took a whole damn army
six long days to pin them down

When at last they were outnumbered
by a thousand men to one
Pearse and Conolly did surrender
And the British thought they'd won

Pearse and fifteen other comrades
were then taken straight to jail
and the British made it certain
they would never get no bail

British bastards executed those brave men
who fought with pride
Yes they shot like dogs the heroes
who had stood by Ireland's side

As the news spread through the country
it caused bitterness and pain
Now Irish blood was boiling hot
Pearse had not died in vain

Pearse had drawn a proclamation
stating Ireland to be free
but the British made a compromise
and some Irish did agree

Britain took six counties
to be ruled by her alone
The rest she left to Ireland
to claim it for her own

Years have passed since the rebellion
and yet Irishmen still die
As they strive to claim that little patch
which caught the British eye

In the streets of lovely Derry
there's still bitterness and pain
but someday we'll have our freedom
No Pearse did not die in vain

Frank Greally, Second Place Ballad



*Pen and Ink
Drew White*

need

please come close to me
let me give you my poems and songs
i will ask for nothing--
nothing but the thought of you.

i am something of the forest
neither weed nor wildflower
your memory of me will fade swiftly
as i cast my seed and wither.

please come close to me
for just this small moment
i will ask for nothing
and leave you gently.

Eddie Neal

LOWER MANHATTAN 73

Autumn drifting into Winter and another year dies
Nothing left now but the memory, bitter or sweet
Chilly winds blowing through the bleak streets of lower Manhattan
The moon riding high on an October sky
Sweeping silently, ghostlike over a lonely World
The lonely ones still walking the streets of their broken dreams
Disappointed in everything
While in a hospital bed in Brooklyn, an ashen faced man struggles for life
Fighting desperately against the cancer in his bowels
And the moon glides on, peeping through the windows of ten million homes
Illuminating the dark alleys where the winos sleep
Dropping a soothing light on a sleepless banker
Still pacing his bedroom floor
Casting a careless shadow on Life, on Death
Over the nameless millions entrapped in concrete
All clustered together, yet all alone so alone--so alone.

Frank Greally

Honorable Mention Poem

LOST

I rode the clamoring ferris wheel
across the dark black night
Were you not part of this thrill
to share the sultry sight?

What happened to the leather seat
you happened to occupy
Did you consider it some great feat--
slipping quietly from my eye?

Now I ride alone, rejected
continuing to search the night
while you travel, too, neglected
straying from the blinding light.

I see nothing in the sky.
No more will I even try.

Patty Stewart

THE ROOM

Inside,
A ceramic vent
Belches heat
Under an ancient window.

Leaden floor
Rat-eaten,
Drips and
Bulges knots.

Brittle wind
Clangs the panes
Muttering, sputtering
Chews the rubble.

Gravelled
Crevice
Gray-gummed sheets
Smell of grit-soup.

A roman lamp
Blistered
Blanched
Borrows the space.

And a gourd-like shadow
Clinging,
Clutches blankness
Scratches the wall.

Cheryl Senter



Photograph, In A Corner I.
Richard Hall

THE CHURN AND AN OLD LADY MEET ON THE WASHINGTON BRIDGE ON JULY 8, 1947

*Magnificent and magnanimous art thou
To think that rendering unchained
What, oh, what bridges mathematics
Adverse proletariats dancing on a cucumber
Doke. **

** A definite reference, most professors
agree, to Grant's tomb.*

Richard Thadeus Copernius Rehowzer Mac Reedo XXVII (12 B.C.--)

Richard Thadeus "The Skulking Night Dog" (as his friends called him) Copernius Rehowzer MacReedo XXVIII was born in a log hotel in St. Louis in 1604 (Room 1307, 12:42 EDT) on an unusually cold December afternoon. So cold was that day that it was not necessary to embalm his semi-dead Aunt "Hoss Pee" (as her friends laughingly referred to her as) Hill.

Richard "The Laughing Tennis Shoe", as his friends called him, often visited his father, Jugs Meddlededede (the only 4-time amputee from Indiana to ever trade Broadwalk for Baltic, plus cash), who was a music instructor at nearby New York University. Little else is known of Richard's father, except for the fact that, in 1902, he was found hanging from a pipe in a Seattle Subway. Richard stated that his father was always one for hanging around and would, on various occasions, paint the house and mow the lawn.

Richard did have a very close relationship with his mother, and she was his inspiration for many of his works. Why, when Richard was born, his mother, Marie Louise Salk "Sally" MacReedo, under the guise of normal placenta consumption, attempted to eat young Dick. She failed but was not dismayed as they began to play games together often. One of Dicky's favorites was called "unwater torch." His mother and he would row out to the middle of nearby Lake Erie, and she would douse him with gasoline, tie anvils to his ears, set fire to him; and then she would jump off the boat, a 1907 Stanley Steamer. Another game that Ricky and his mother engaged in was simply called "Feed," and it helped pass many a lonely afternoon. The game began with Richard's mother, Tom (the man across the street), and Richard rolling dice. Then his mother and Tom would hit Rick in the face with an ax. Rick would then count to ten and reply with a stinging blast from a shovel to his mother's left ear. Then Tom would nail Rick to the ceiling while his mother clipped off Rick's toes and fingers and fed them to the carp, their pets, in the backyard, thus the name, "Feed."

In 1761, Richard's entire family, in fact everyone else in the state of Missouri, died in the Great Okra Famine of 1821 -- the same disaster which claimed the lives of 9 Kentuckians. Now homeless, he moved to Oregon and took up with an otter known as Chuck (The same otter referred to in MacReedo's poem "An Otter Named Chuck). Would Chuck? He sure would. Every day MacReedo would go out on long walks while Chuck would stay home and tidy up their hole. However, one day Richard was detained while walking by a sea urchin with a green parasol who refused to allow Richard to leave until he had taught the urchin to speak Portugese fluently. When he finally did arrive back at the hole, Richard was broken-hearted to discover a note from Chuck saying that he had left Richard for a stalk of celery. Richard decided to end it all, being that this was more than he could stand, and promptly blew his head off and, just as promptly, fell over dead.

The next year, Richard returned to write for "Braff-In." Not even this gave him the true happiness he was honest-to-goodness-golly-truly looking for, so he quit and moved to Sofia, Bulgaria and began life anew as a travel agent. Some three years later (August 7, 107 to be exact) he met and married his childhood sweetheart, Linda Adnil. They moved to the Riga (latvia) and had three children -- Tom, Tom, and Tom-Tom.

For the next 27 years nothing happened until Richard, while attempting to swallow his wife, three sons, and six plastic replicas of ancient English Meade Halls at the same time, died. He decided to stay dead this time and was buried in the non-fiction section of the East West Virginia State Plummers Community College's library -- which boasts of the world's largest collection of unfinished works by Samuel T. "The Fly Water" Keeps.

Richard's remains were recently exhumed and placed in the display window of a large car dealership in Omaha to pose as optional disc brakes in the new models.

Eddie J. Williams

There is no Returning

I.

there is no returning
only the waking weary sigh a thousand
other leaky faucet nights have ignored before
the frayed light falls on the little
box of languid walls that holds
another faded day and the blank
statement of mothballs from their cedar
chest holds no compassion for
the withered leaves pressed between
waxpaper hope as the body sags into
another

II.

there is no returning
only the clinched, grasping breathing
of the young eyes old eyes searching
half-expecting watching the thin
bulging leather shoes pacing the worn
carpet lead into watching
doors and watching streets until
the empty content sidestep into following
roaches across the stained tile floor
until you lean puking over the
cammode and flush the green bile
hope with a trembling disbelieving hand.

III.

there is no returning
only the peeling walls of abandoned sadness
where lost causes lay bright pennies
on a dead man's eyes the busted
flush grave of hot feet with their
salesman tongues soaking in gin vermouth
doesn't feel the seat-stained sheets
of cheap hotels where the thick smell
of fear and cheap liquor drool on discolored
pillowcases hyphen penny-ante days
while dog eared yellowed memories
flake away the hours and a tallow candle
hope flickers on Gideon's Bible and sputters
out

IV.

there is no returning
only the passion in tired eyes
for strange forgiveness and new beginnings
the phlegm of old sorrows lump tasteless
ashes in a sagging mouth
the broken nailed hands in prayer
for old corruptions clutch
confused and numb
at the brown bag hope that lies congealed blood
upon some dingy 3-story walk-up floor.

Jerry Leonard, Third Place Poem

NEW YEAR'S

Rainy days and New Year's Eve
Bring memories of people left behind
Through changes
 geographical
 emotional
 intellectual

Anne Lawing

A TEAR

There was pink where pink had never been.
Not for skies and clouds at evening
Did they blend this color,
Made for maidens mouths
And puckered glances that steel the blood.
But there it was not quite hidden in a cloud.
A red so surely dying
That the sun must be sending a message
Over the horizon the moon
Riding carefully amidst the clouds
Appearing none too sturdy herself
As clouds pass through her and swallow her
Without the manners even to break
But only change color to the careful eye.
Telling her goodbye forever
In a message barely felt.

Phil Reed

II. from The Searcher

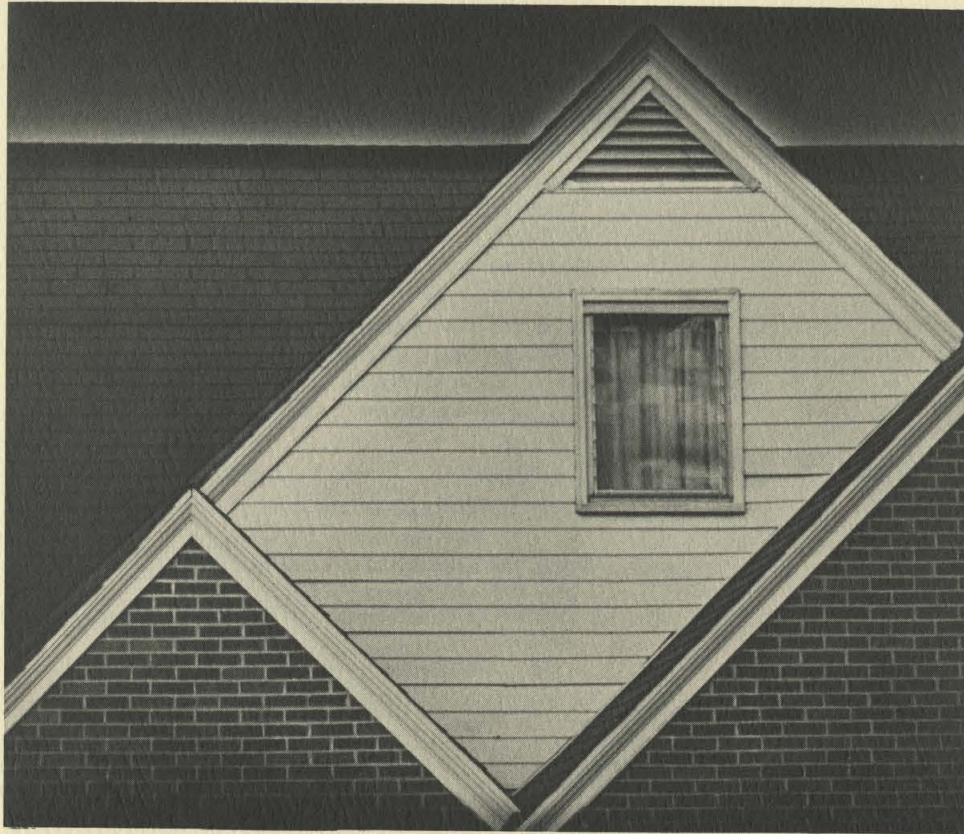
"Get your damned ass out of bed!"
A glaring sergeant growled.
Outside the base, looking at the moon,
A wondering coyote howled.

He cursed the day that paper he signed.
And he still was a-wondering why
He'd sold his freedom for a price
To slave in this here sty.

Not worth a damn was that Harvard degree.
And he at the head of his class.
The fat old sergeant, like Simon Legree,
Was always on top of his ass.

It mattered not, the things he'd learned,
But seniority that others had earned.

Doc "Crip"



*Photograph , Sixth Place
Danny J. Plunkett*

Your morning-softened eyes gather me up
with their sensitivity
and hold me in the quiet.
Fears, doubts
Fade under your gaze.

You have become my only argument
My single defense
Against memories in this lonely place.

Jamie Smyth

God, my faith will not be blind

Are you an image
of children's wrath
Wash away questions
in a baptizing bath
Love, not faith, is blind
help me seek and I will find.

Are you merely
the death bed's token
A light on lend
of the devil's notion
Christ, how you bend
the majesty of reason.

Barbara Games Burright

and the dream left...
the last relics of the light show
were slowly fading from my mind

nothing seemed real

and she looked at me
and there was a lump in my throat
(and i could see one in hers)
i knew damn-well what she was going to say
and boy
was it gointa hurt

around us the manilla-colored seats
sprang into life as the lights came on
the sea foamed
great waves made their way to the doors
(and the chance for a cigarette)
friends

riding the crests of the waves
passed intermittently
waving their salute to either her or me
and the colored clothes
like the tropical bird exhibit
at the cincinnati zoo
there were mangos and parrots
and a thousand chattering
chirping creatures
moving round us
there was no way for us to be alone

and i wanted to be alone more than anything else in the
world

Stephen Kopok

who is gonna watch after
all that are lost,
i don't mean the ones who
haven't been dunked in holy water,
i mean the creatures on this earth
that have nowhere to go,
all the wobblers who hide behind trees
at the V.A. hospital,
all the old drunken men who sat
outside the bus stop before they
tore it down,
where did they have to go?
do they cry in the winter from the cold?
whose gonna take care of all
the lost creatures,
there just aren't enough saints to
go around these days,
if i were rich,
i would buy them all a home,
but who can buy them love,
who is gonna take care of all that are lost,
they'll end up as just a name
on a rock that shows their birthday
everyone forgot.

Mary Hendrix

THE IMMORTAL MISS EMILY

Vistas of the Mind
Among the Forests--
Pruned with care
Focused and Closer--

Then, the Brain Asleep--
Stimulated by Vibrations--
Infectious visions
Of hummingbirds--

Of Mortal Fears--
And Expanse of Mind--
Communicated by Waves
Shattering Time--

Of Verses, paradox masks--
Childish--mature--lonely--
White--Divine Inspiration
A Surgeon's job performs,

Cutting--Clipping Weeds
Exhausting the Brain--
Exposing the Pain--
Closed--Seeps imitations

Meager Echoes of Genius--
Once seen seldom
Now present--Words--spreading
Emily's Immortality.

Eledean

Sonnet to a Grandmother

In Heaven or Hell are you this day,
Or doesn't the tongue determine one's fate?
A price for our sins we all must pay,
But what costs a tiny grain of hate?
Were you alive, how should I transform?
'Twas the best granddaughter on the block
Not like me--how can I mourn?
Then on that day you broke my lock
Like Pandora's Box the furies flew;
Issuing from your mouth like flogging flames
While in bed's safety I quietly slew
Those snakish oaths without any names;

Yet above your grave I danced all while,
There lurked upon my face the secret smile.

Suzanne Sutton

ALONE

Do you wonder where they go?
Feet so light, never resting;
Faces happy, never low,
People moody; plastic jesting.

Mind laughing at this face of stone,
Keeps me bound, you understand;
What it's like to be alone,
Without a friend in the land.

No answer to my lonely call?
Teeming thousands full of living
Like piss ants at a charity ball--
Inwardly taking, outwardly giving.

It seems to my sad recall,
This my life, can only fall.

William S. McFarland

I, too, was once a wave
bounding over depths of salt water, ignoring any other existence,
shooting harsh white sprays of laughter
above simple creatures
who trespassed
my vast waters.

But falling so roughly
mellows even waves
and we learn we must
flow gently to preserve
to protect
to populate.

So I remain a mere ripple
in the bay,
no more making thrilling plunges
in the darkness--
just graceful
gentle
careful
journeys to the shore.

Jan Burleson

1971

Shouting silence on a late afternoon,
the people move, going nowhere.
I slowly sip my coffee.

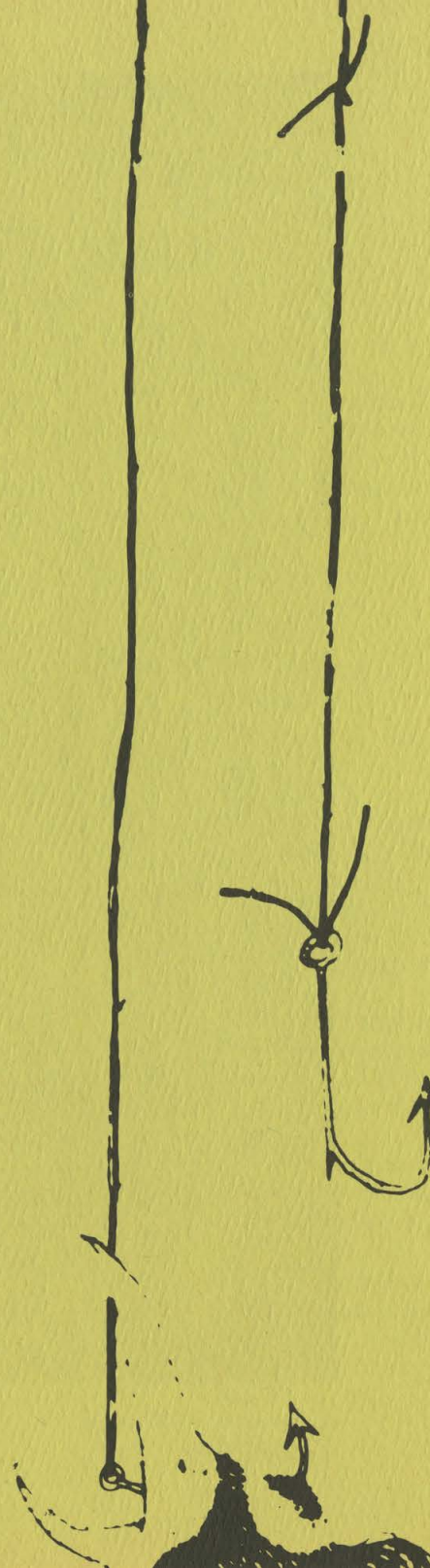
Music flows through the air--
jarring notes of soul-despair.
Time edges onward.

The days are few that I don't think of you,
Other One, Ground of all being.
As before, silence is the reply.

The near-side of madness, a foreshadowing of doom,
joy in a bottle conceals my gloom.
The bottle grew empty.

I continued to live a life full of dreams,
my mind was a flood of desperate schemes.
But then one day, not expecting anything other than
the ordinary madness of daily existence,
God spoke.

Edward Y. Hopkins



THE BOOK

So many pages
Already filled
With printing large
And printing small,
Words and pictures
Captured and still.
Meaningless, yet
Kept and cherished
By the one
Whose life
They've fulfilled.
And now
Another page goes in
Bound with the rest
In cover of leather
And title of gold
Dusted and kept
'Til the owner is old,
Then slipped from the shelf
And read once more
By the author
Himself.

Judy Morgan

ALONE WITH MY MIND

Here, with my mind,
We sit and wonder,
My mind and I,
What the faces in the branches
Of trees with no leaves
Could find to look at in the darkness.

Do they see the stars,
Rising from the ocean
To conquer the heavens,
And flaunt their victory
Over the Earth,
Making patterns in the minds of men
Who do not look,
But only see?

What of the crevices,
Gashing through the stone,
Carefully carved over centuries
By the tears of time,
To form the saddened faces
That stare blankly into eternity?

Do they detect the shadows in the darkness,
Timidly fleeing the shallow light,
Which creeps slowly from some distant moon?
Do they count the grasses, slowly marching,
One by one, in never ending fields of life,
To the water's edge,
Only to find the fish heads,
Venturing from the bodies of the deep,
To gaze upon their reflections in the sand
Of some distant shore.

Ben Addison



*Photograph, Fifth Place
Garry Renfro*

DUCKTOWN*

Small-time Banker,
Storekeeper,
Barber and Beautician
Small, quiet, peaceful,
Town of the Grapevine:

They tell me you are ugly and I believe them, for I have seen your
barren hills and naked gullies.

They tell me you are dull and I agree, for I see the lights go out
with the sun each night and the sleeping people on their porches
by day.

When they tell me you are isolated from the realities of the world,
I know this is so, for I see fashions worn of decades past and
the youth enduring Victorian discipline.

In agreement with these facts I now ask this, are these faults as
such or very much the opposite?

Show me another town with a panorama of natural colors such as can be seen
from any window of this town,

Show me a town where the youth are as happy, enjoying the simplicity
of a life without harsh reasoning,

Living for news of their fellow townspeople and finding their joy in
helping without worrying about problems they can't solve,

Gossiping like a housewife over her wash,
Sleeping as soundly as a new-born child without adult worries
and cares,

Singing,
Crying,
Yelling,
Resting,

Country to the core with accents of the mountains and hills,
Believing the beliefs it believed when it came into being
Believing in its right to uphold the small, quiet, and peaceful inter-
ests in the jobs of Small-time Banker, Storekeeper, Barber and
Beautician.

*With thanks to Carl Sandburg

Sara Magee

one more harvest,
the final tolling bell,
tells the others the time has ended,
the grain is gathered in,
piled high in heavy wagons,
the meadows stand uncovered to the rain,
without their golden cloak.

Mary Hendrix

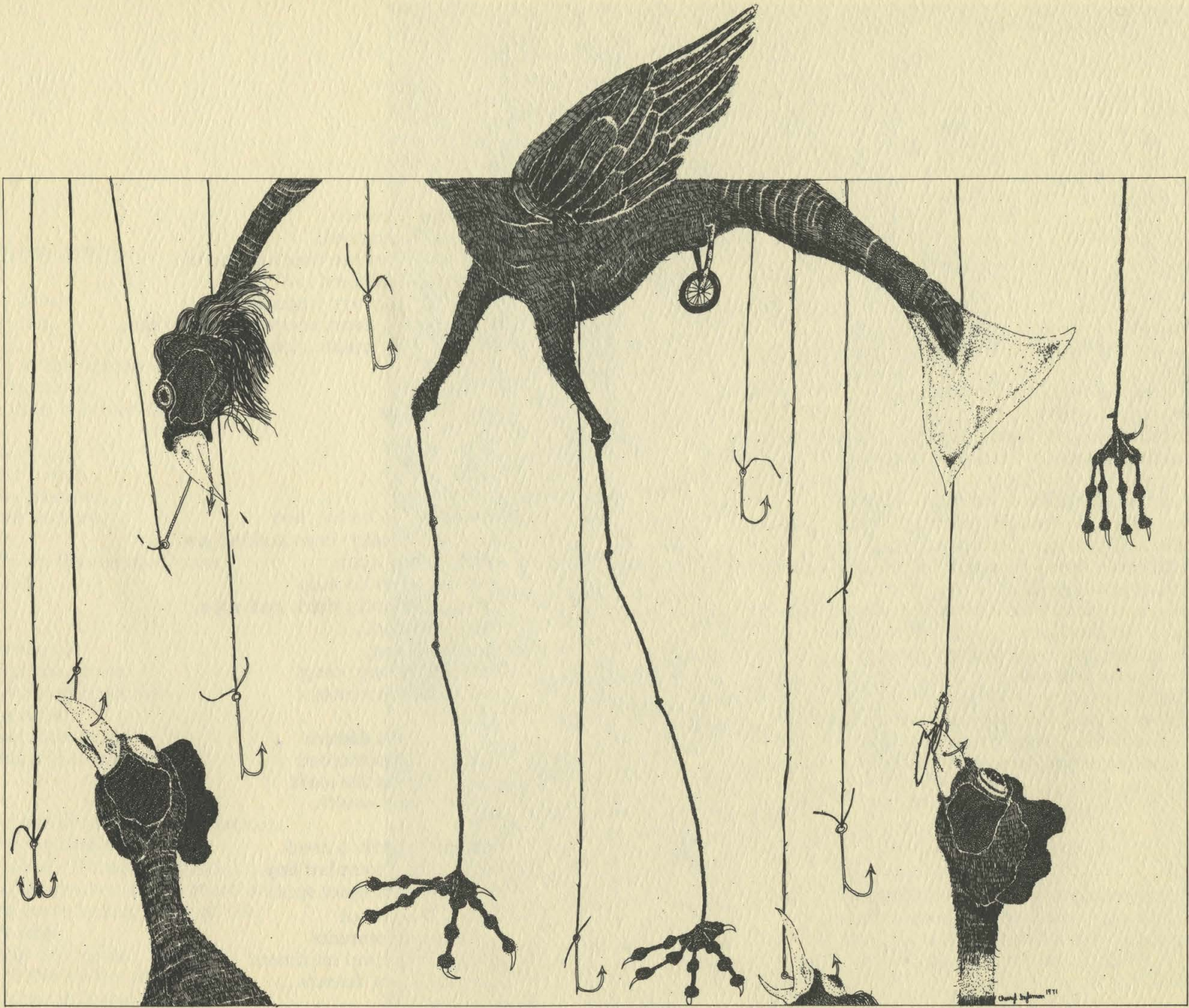
Can!

while they're boiling hot
into the squeaky clean scalded jars
splurp plup splop
clap rubbered lid atop
twist sufficiently tight, and wipe,
and set to cool;
then, listening,
hear that happy ping!
and smile contentedly.

days don't disturb
plums unperturbed
waiting on the shelf
exercising wealth

now chili speaks a need
on a chilly November day
and from that quiet spot
first in the row of
shouldered comrades
comes the plump sentiment
fruit of labors, friends...
spwonk!
hello, tomatoes!

Judy Harvey



Social Commitment, First Place Drawing
Cherryl Hylemon

contests

MOCKINGBIRD CONTEST

To further promote creative expression on the East Tennessee State University campus, MOCKINGBIRD sponsored a contest to recognize the top student literary and art work appearing in the magazine. The E.T.S.U. Foundation granted MOCKINGBIRD three hundred dollars for cash prizes to be awarded to the contest winners. The MOCKINGBIRD thanks Mr. Denne Cade, Foundation Director, and the E.T.S.U. Foundation for so generously supporting this student endeavor.

All E.T.S.U. students enrolled for the 1973-74 school year were eligible to contribute work for possible publication, and all student submissions were automatically entered into the contest. The outstanding student response of over five hundred literary and art entries indicates the obvious need for a student multiple arts publication at East Tennessee. Entries were initially screened by the literary and art staffs who narrowed the body of work sent to the judges. All entries remained anonymous throughout the initial screening and the judging process.

Original contest divisions included poetry, short fiction, essay, short drama, black and white photography, drawing, and print making, with the disclaimer that any division could be declared void due to insufficient entries. After the deadline, the divisions were reassessed in terms of student response and limited printing space. The final areas of competition were poetry, ballad, short fiction, black and white photography, drawing, and print making. Due to space limitations, Mr. William D. Taylor agreed to have only one of his winning short stories printed in the MOCKINGBIRD. Thus his first place story "Behold Her, Single in the Field" begins on page 6, and his second place story "Wandering" does not appear in the magazine.

NAMING CONTEST

A second contest was held to determine a name for the new magazine. Mr. Guy Maddox and the E.T.S.U. Bookstore awarded the winner a \$25.00 bookstore gift certificate. Paul Friederichsen, a sophomore art major, submitted the prize winning name MOCKINGBIRD.

POETRY EDITOR

Sandy Reid

SHORT FICTION EDITOR

Doug Taylor

LITERARY STAFF

Marsha DeRosier

Greg Dykes

Linda Phillips

Cheryl Senter

Jamie Smyth

judges

A special note of appreciation goes to the five individuals who donated their time to judge the MOCKINGBIRD contest. RACHEL MADDUX, fiction writer from Tennessee Ridge, Tenn., served as short fiction judge. Her works include THE GREEN KINGDOM, TURNIP'S BLOOD, and A WALK IN THE SPRING RAIN which was released in film version in 1970. DR. JIM MILLER, author of over 20 short stories, 200 poems, and numerous articles on German and American literature and Appalachian folk life judged the poetry and ballad divisions. He is presently Professor of German at Western Kentucky University.

The three art jurors are members of the E.T.S.U. Art Department faculty. MR. JOHN SHRADER, photography instructor, has exhibited work in the Tennessee Photography Show. He is now producing two films. One is sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities, the other by the National Endowment for the Arts. MR. CHARLES THOMPSON teaches drawing, painting, and art history. He has exhibited work in four shows this past year. In March he had an exhibit in the Carroll Reece Museum. MR. KENNETH WILLIAMS teaches graphic design and basic design. He has exhibited many times at this as well as other universities. In addition, Mr. Williams has completed graphic projects for the Dramatics Club and several area businesses.

staff

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acknowledgments

MOCKINGBIRD had its genesis in the Department of English. Responding to the need for a student Multiple Arts Magazine on the E.T.S.U. campus, department chairman Dr. John Tallent began planning such a publication in the Summer of 1973. Dr. Tallent appointed a graduate assistant for the position of editor-in-chief and allocated the necessary financial backing. The Department of Art supplemented the budget with additional funds at the request of department chairman, Dr. Dan Teis.

A special thank you goes to our faculty advisor Dr. Robert J. Higgs for the many hours he devoted to making the first MOCKINGBIRD a reality. Other people we wish to thank for their assistance in the production process include:

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Journalism Department

Mr. Ellis Binkley, Journalism Department

Dr. Helen Hollingsworth, English Department

Mr. Majid Ejlali, E.T.S.U. Graphic Artist