Wind from the Willows is a Read and wee enterprise and is published bi-monthly. We welcome all submissions, donations, comments and postage with great enthusiasm. The next deadline for submissions will be 2 August 1984. Please send these to Wind from the Willows, c/o Through Hall, 5183 North Angus, Fresno, CA, 93770.

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Wind from the Willows (c) 1984 Read and wee enterprises
Back issues available for cost of postage, article reprints available by self-addressed stamped envelope to Read and wee.
Some comments about this issue are in order: We have been running installments of various stories without really giving the readers a clue as to what we were doing. So, please notice that we have Chapter 2 of "The Last Guard," Chapter 4 of "The Multiple Babies," and Chapter 3 of "Being." The last issue had the previous chapters for each of the stories, but "Being" was not given a subtitle. It should have read: Chapter 2—I endure.

We owe Troy and Sue Dove and Mark Hernandez a debt of gratitude for the use of their respective word processors. Additionally, the good people at Shaw Copy Center in Fresno are lending valuable aid and support to this venture and we feel rather privileged to have them take such an interest in us.

Mike Karby has also requested that anyone determined to construct his Action Cut-Out remember that there is text on the other side and that perhaps it would be better to photocopy the diagram rather than cut up your valuable copy of the Wind.

The readership of this little magazine (that's you) is a rather select group; we don't just hand this out to any boor that comes along. This has always been a project for the better expression of our creativity and that applies to you as well. If you ever get the urge to write or rhyme, color or sketch, do so. It is an act of personal creation and nothing to be embarrassed about, and we would certainly like to see and use it in the Wind. Abraham Maslow felt that creativity was a sign of stability and mental health; so be healthy and creative!

Andy Dyer

So far, so good. Although personal matters have kept me from getting closely involved in the bare bones make-up of Wind, I have at very least maintained a spiritual presence... somewhere.

Needless to say, I would like to extend thanks and congratulations to Means, Dyer, and Golding, and with this issue, as well as to all those who have contributed.

What's next?
Well, Toad Hall is going through some (un)anticipated changes, and it is necessary for the Toad to hop to a new Hall. With that, some changes are going to be made necessary.

In the meantime, please use the old address, until you hear otherwise from the staff of the Wind.

Please bear in mind that although the Wind and Toad Hall are much the same people, the two are as diverse as they are intertwined. Although we will be moving on to a new location, it does not mean that this publication will be just moving on. The embodiment of the ideals of Toad Hall are reflected well within the pages of this magazine, and if we can continue to grow personally, we can only but have the Wind grow as well.

Anything else? Oh, yes, that.

Next issue, it appears that I am in charge (aAow, hand me the whips and hot coals...). From what appears to be coming in, the thrust of the next Wind will most likely be fiction-oriented. This does not mean that there will be no articles, however. With the help of our regular contributors and the new ones waiting for this chance (yes, I mean you!!!), we should have at least a very interesting issue.

We hope to see you there. Mark R. Hernandez
Recently, I accepted a lunch invitation from a man who seemed friendly, intelligent, and sexually nonaggressive. We walked to the Embarcadero and decided on Scott's, a seafood restaurant with a good reputation. Our conversation on the way to Embarcadero was energetic and dynamic, and I looked forward to continuing it over our meal.

But, once we got to the restaurant, my anticipation for locating more common ground was extinguished. We didn't get the table he wanted, so he asked for a 'better' table. After a few minutes, we were ushered to a table with a view. Having never been to the restaurant before, I asked him for suggestions about what to order. I perused the menu a while longer, then closed it. He asked me what I would have and, thinking that he was only curious, I told him that the Seafood Salad sounded fine. Once the waiter came to our table, he turned to my companion and asked what we would have. My friend said, 'The lady will have the Seafood Salad with Louis dressing, and I will have the Steamed Clams.'

After the waiter had left our table, I told my companion that I was unhappy that I wasn't allowed to order for myself. He mentioned something about etiquette and brushed aside my comment. We ate our meal with relatively less enthusiasm than we began it with. Finally, he insisted on paying for our meal. Surrendering to the arrangement (more protest at this point would have added fuel to his fire), I vowed to avoid similar situations with him, if I ever chose to do anything with him again.

Many of my male friends do not understand my objections to these situations. But, it is clear to see what mechanisms are at work when women permit this kind of behavior. Women are frequently rendered mute in our daily interactions with men. Consider my meal with my friend. To the waiter at Scott's, I only existed as an extension of the paying male customer. To receive a good tip, the only courtesy the waiter was obliged to pay me was to refill my water glass and to see that I was serviced. He did not have to talk with me at all, as all transactions would come via my companion.

This behavior is only proper when we are with less socially competent people. It is acceptable to have adults order for children who cannot yet talk, or for people that speak foreign languages and cannot be understood. By ordering for women, men relegate women to this category. At Scott's I presented my assignment to the corps of mute women. I had the right and the ability to ask for my own food. I did not need to be spoken for. It is difficult to place the blame for such events on any one or anything. Unfortunately, the damage extends beyond interpersonal relationships to expectations of men and women in our society. The waiter's behavior, for example, only reflected a past reality. It is true that men used to always pay for the couple's meals because men were the only people with the means to pay for them. In those times, it was more appropriate (though still rude) for the waiter to ask the man for the order.
This phenomenon has its logic similar to the justification used about the word 'man' in reference to both men and women. Historically, married women became 'one' with their husbands in the eyes of the law. The couple had the same last name. Women lost their right to own property. Each household was given a vote in the name of the man. It is not surprising that society got into the habit of referring to 'Mankin's' because women were mute in all societal transactions.

This gross inequality between men and women is no longer reality and I resent behavior and attitudes suggesting that it is. I am a woman person who has a mouth, a mind, and the money to pay my own way. The monetary clout is particularly important to stress, since many relationships are affected by who pays for what. When one is the recipient of a gift, an expectation of reciprocity usually results. When the desired reciprocation is uncomfortable for the other person to grant, it is best to avoid the expectation by providing for oneself.

Curiously enough, many men are insulted by the prospect of "going Dutch." Because there are men who will not allow a woman to pay her way, one begins to understand the implications of paying for one's self. Men seem to feel socially impotent when they are unable to provide for both people's needs, and this blow to their self-image can be impossible for some men to voluntarily accept. What is happening in these cases is that the man is refusing to acknowledge the power now held by the woman, the power to provide for herself. As long as part of "manhood" is the provision for all the financial debts, women will be hard pressed to feel the autonomy they have earned.

There is no harm intended by many men who pay for their "dates." Women must recognize that many men are nervous about not offering to pay and, thereby, offending non-feminist women. Women, as the force of change, must establish the guidelines early in a relationship. It is perfectly acceptable to treat each other to dinner, but if the other person refuses to be treated, one must be cautious about what much transactions mean to the other person.

In general, I have found that paying my own way makes me feel most comfortable. I don't spend beyond my means. I don't owe anyone a reciprocal meal. I order for myself. I leave the kind of tip I am comfortable with. I don't take advantage of another's over-generosity. And I don't have to repay with sexual or other undesirable favors. Men who are comfortable with such arrangements are men who have the potential of becoming closer friends. Their acknowledgement of my ability to provide for myself is a recognition of the success I have had with my attempts at economic, social, and physical autonomy. Men who understand this are the kind of people I want to get to know better over lunches at Scott's.

Ω

The Broadway Tunnel, pt. 1

screaming metal misanthropic
visions of bodily harm
beating down upon me standing
rooted frozen in alarm
in thunderous waves the wall of sound
strikes and still I cannot run
the beasts blur as I fading now
but the whispers have begun

-D. Hurst
Glancing back

by Neil Dyer

The bus moved through the city sounds and suburban neighborhoods. Col was above the throbbing roar of the engine and bounced with the swiftness of each gear. Along a quiet stretch on the periphery of town, streetlights cast incremental pools of brassy light. Col fell asleep as they drove onto the interstate. The engine neared his in its rumble and snored to his snore. His mouth was agape. Breathing thick whispers, his whole body seemed in endless motion with the rhythm of the bus.

Lisa had called him at midnight. Col's surprise was glazed in fuzzy drowsiness. She talked for three early morning hours in a liquored slur; her sentences being a crippled choreography of consonants and vowels. Col envisioned her weaving around the rocks, swinging on the ambiguous of the phone cord. Her poignant but pointless combination of anger and confusion numbed him into an abraded comprehension of their past.

Col woke blinking in the blackness. He marvelled at the sparkling suspension of the night sky. Feeling strange, he slowly adjusted to the present as the memory dissolved into something distant and poorly remembered.

"Are you all right?" The questioning expression on the face of the man seated next to him vibrated with the motion of the bus.

"Pardon me?" asked Col.

"I said, are you all right? You woke up yelling, sort of. Like you had a bad dream."

"Really? That's odd. I'm feeling fine now, thanks."

"Good."

The man flipped a magazine page and licked his thumb. A pair of wire-rimmed glasses slid lower beneath bushy eyebrows and approached an immense mustache along the slope of his nose.

"Excuse me," said Col.

"Yes? The man's eyes were a sunburnt grey.

"What did I yell?"

"A name. Lisa."

"Just Lisa?"

"That's all," confirmed his companion.

Col backed Lisa into the wall closet one evening. After stamping a kiss onto her lips the odor of merbells ignited the sensation of having just unpacked her from a cedar trunk. It was as if he genuinely understood their relationship for one breathless moment.

"I'll be light soon," said the man.

"Long night," sighed Col.

"You didn't sleep well."

"I never do on a bus."

Morning burst with an extravagance over the horizon. Col watched the first traces of dawn knead the sky pink and orange. Then, as if he had nodded off and woke nearly missing what he intended to see, the sun abruptly brimmed the edge of the skyline.
and spread color across the fields. On further exposure a piercing lance of light, acceleration of purest gold, streaked onto the low areas. Ahead of them a marshbird ran across the highway like a novice driver discovering the frustration of a clutch pedal.

Lisa's voice danced across the wire. She grew monotonous, repetitious, exhuming situations long since buried in the sarcoephagus of memory. A flake of cigarette ash fluttered on the crest of a breeze blowing in from the open porch. She paused for a moment. The pause grew segments and caused Colin to squirm uncomfortably in his chair.

He woke on a swinging turn and opened his eyes to the summer beauty of a wheat field. The man next to him smiled and exposed a line of even colored teeth. He caught a yawn with his heavily calloused hand.

"You said her name in your sleep again," said the man.
"Colin regarded him blankly.
"Lisa. You said the name."
"'Really?'"
"'Yes,' said the man with a puzzled expression that he quickly smiled away, 'But I won't tell a soul.' He winked as if they had been sharing deep secrets the whole time.
"'Thanks,' said Colin with a fabricated smile.

He winked again and threw his magazine into Colin's lap. The periodical fell open to a random page.

Lisa had been only a little drunk the first night they made love. Colin had been too far drunk. What transpired bordered on the romantic and yet seemed to lean too much towards ridiculous. She was happy. Colin was elated. Yet only particles that lodged in his memory were the hot room, the incessant scraping of the water piped and a robin singing on the metal fire escape outside. Somewhere the force of their impetuous love had weakened over the distance of time.

"Coffee?" asked the man extending a thermos bottle.
Colin lit a cigarette nodding slowly. "Thanks much."
A man and woman ran smiling along a beach on the magazine page. They glowed in a moment of permanent happiness. Colin tried to recall such moments with Lisa, but in recalling could only remember that the joy was bracketed in pain.
The towering brick cylinder of a grain elevator flashed past.

She hung up on a note of desperation. The inconsistency was predictable.
"If you want me I'll be here," she said.
Colin pinched the bridge of his nose as if rerouting a sneeze and hung his head with a sigh. He would always want her. The fatigue of a man who refused to attempt a second time. A corner of his heart worshipped Lisa. He gorged himself on memory and experienced pain only when creating more. Colin listened to the electric blip of the phone and plunged his cigarette into a mound of cotton.

"Nearly to Minneapolis," said the man.
"Great. I'm stiff as winter."
"Walk around a bit. You'll feel better."
"I'd rather dream."
Colin encountered her by the purest coincidence at a street dance. He sat at an outdoor cafe with his back to her table, pretending ignorance and feeling her eyes pluck the strings of an imagined soul. When she finally came over they absurdly talked about religion, an unsayable but favorite argument. It felt like something from other days. The surroundings dissolved. Their conversation was brief as she was suddenly swept into a crowd of vaguely familiar faces. Later they managed an awkward embrace that made him giggle. He silently burped champagne.

"See you sometime," he said.
"Sometimes," she answered.

"Sometime was yesterdays and possible tomorrows." **

"Minneapolis," said the man.
The city loomed. Somewhere in that collection of impending anonymity was Lisa. The bus rumbled into the hub of the cities. Colin whirled in the vortex. **

They spent an afternoon in the park late in the spring. Colin brought a bottle of wine. Its taste was thick and they drank freely to alleviate any awkwardness. The moment resembled something suitable for a watercolor. A conversation began, friendly, laced with despair. Colin’s mind wandered. He remembered the first time he told Lisa he loved her, remembered the smell of the winter hallway, the frightened almost disgusted expression on her face and wondered how it had all gone wrong since then. He wished that he didn’t know now what he hadn’t known then. **

His adrenalin pumped. A quickening of the heart, a tingling of the loins remember and craves the memory. The process of remembering purges Colin, if only for a moment, of the need and that moment, a minuscule particle in the face of all time, propels him along an alternate pathway. The memory slips and rearranges. Colin does not lose it completely and yet he is not sure that he remembers accurately. He is only sure that the memory is his alone. A certain satisfaction germinates within him and he is not eager to distill a new pain from his sudden peace with the past. **

He spent a week in Indiana in late March and on returning home received a warm and tender welcome from Lisa. Of the many times it was the best of times and their mutual missing of each other created a passionate, very painful love. We ached with affection and the well from which he drew his emotions seemed so deep he never feared a desiccation. They sat on the couch as the sun faded, smoked and held each other in the confidence of whispered conversation. **

Colin watched a bird parallel the surface of the river. He flew with it. He felt such a giddy buoyancy that to stop the bus would have broken the spell. The borders of his love blurred in illusion.

"Goodbye, Lisa," he murmured.
"Ah," said the man, "You were coming to see her. To meet the dream?"
"I suppose I was."
"Do you mind if I ask you something personal?"
"I guess not."
"Do you love her?"
"Fatahly."
"Not realistically, then?"
"I’m not sure."
Colin studied the man's face for several seconds as if some explanation lay there, as if something cryptic, some universal solution lay hidden in the aien of his companion. He regarded the man intensely, deciding on the perfection of his anonymity.

"How many times do you think I've come to this city since the first of the year?" he asked abruptly.

"I haven't a clue," answered the man.

"Four," said Colin, "And how many times do you think I've seen Lisa."

"Four, I suppose."

"None. I never have."

For the first time in their abrupt relationship the man regarded Colin with a look of amusement.

"Why come then?"

"Because Lisa lives here."

"Then go to her."

"I'm afraid to."

"So you ride buses forever?"

"I've got friends in St Paul. I stay there and go home again."

"You should see her," said the man.

"No," answered Colin, "My courage fails. We were in love once. Perhaps we still are. Yet it was some time ago and things have happened and I don't want to find the situation otherwise. I just can't seem to let it all go."

A moving epiphany brightened the man's eyes, the language of possibility, he said.

"That's a very good way of putting it," said Colin smiling weakly.

"I believe I understand," said the man, "even though I may not agree."

"Understanding is more than I had hoped for."

"St Paul is a few minutes away," said the man, "It might be dark when we get there."

"Wake me when the sun sets. I don't want to miss it."

"I'll be sure to do so."

---

A blackbird coasts on the slivers of its wings as the bus approaches more destinations. The man tugs his moustache, brooding. Colin dreams and almost, though it may only be a trick of the light, though it may only be in the angle of his head, smiles.

---

Where are the dreams we used to know, where the seeds we thought would grow? Gone are the hopes of yesterday, gone the vows we once did say.

Feathers will flee from the pockmarked pillow, sap will spill from the withered willow; my life's blood and dreams crawl quickly away, silently search a new sun's stray ray.

In a barren desert I lay myself down, face to the sand, leave a soft, furrowed frown; devoid of existence, no trial and error; I flail myself slowly, relieve me of terror.

Dead in my desert (my ashes will drown) I slowly dissolve and merge with my shroud; society's damned! and decayed to the core with the rot of life's dreamers who can dream no more.

-Joel Dyer
It is Saturday midnight, and raining, or perhaps it is Saturday midnight reigning. I am restless and alone in San Francisco, and there is no evidence to prove that these events are not related. I am on the steps outside the apartment (mine?), the metal gate swinging shut behind me. My energies need a focus to convince myself that this desire to venture forth is indeed a necessity. I remember I neglected to buy popcorn at the store earlier, I am off...

Off my rocker, I think, as I step out into the drizzle.

Yesterday the sun was shining and the air was warm and it was a pleasure, really, to wander around the city. The day before, it hailed. Nothing is forever, except perhaps uncertainty. To get into the spirit of that thought, I hesitate at the corner: Cross the street and trudge uphill, or trudge uphill first? At the top of the hill I wonder if I could have avoided stepping on that snail if I had crossed first. Pausing a moment, I am aware of a strange stirring within me, as of thoughts that demand an outlet or a voice that must speak.

The building I walk along at the top of the hill has been saving rainwater for the opportunity to dump it on some unwary passer-by and my nimble leap to one side is mildly successful in keeping me dry. A bus with fogged windows careers past me, but I am able to avoid its puddle spray. Waiting for the light to turn at the corner, a taxi manages to accomplish what the building and bus have failed to do. My sneakers develop a squishing sound.

Walking along, downhill now, I contemplate my sneakers. Old, and coming apart in various places, they are yet a couple of my closest friends. Their leather has been scuffed to suede in some areas and worn to an odd shine elsewhere. I remember buying the sneakers two years ago in Idaho at half their normal price. Two years is a long time for a pair of sneakers and I to maintain a constant relationship. We share a history of walking and memories of too many places; we share a common purpose, and a common goal, to get there. I purchased them, but otherwise our relationship is human.

Thoughts of my sneakers lead inevitably to thoughts of my flannel jacket. In the trunk of my car is a $350 Fleece Parka and in the apartment is a $75 down jacket, but this $10 flannel jacket from the Salvation Army store in Prescott, Arizona is my constant companion. I wear it everywhere. I have used it as a blanket, a pillow, a hot pad holder, and as a towel. It has two pockets (buttons missing), one bulging with scraps of paper, poetry and telephone numbers mostly, and the other empty for the moment, awaiting the bits of interesting crap I generally pick up in my wanderings. The second button from the bottom is hanging on by only a couple of threads. I was going to sew it on more securely, but it has been this way for some months now. The jacket's life and mine are inextricably intertwined and it is clear to me that market values and friendship have little in common. It occurs to me that my sneakers are manifestations of the future and my jacket is an embodiment of the past.
The rain is beginning to let up, somewhat. I walk past a bar full of laughing, gesticulating people in various stages of inebriation. A woman stares at me through the open door, but I am unable to read her expression. Again, I feel peculiar. Unconsciously, I hunch my shoulders as the weight of imagined gazes seems to bear me down. The revelers seem warm, comfortable, and secure in the bar, a mere step away. It may be a step away from reality, however, and I prefer to remain outside. Here in the wind, on the cold, grey pavement, I am comfortable in my own way, more so than if I were in the bar. The rain is now noticeably lessened.

The store, my destination, is in view. A sign outside says "Open 24 Hours" which I suppose can be a good thing. Sterile fluorescent light spills out onto the gray sidewalk. At first, the store appears crowded, but, as I near it, I see the crowd is just a few kids grouped around a video game. The street sounds, wind, distant sirens, and the shurr of tires on wet asphalt, give way to odd buzzes and electronic chirps as I step through the door. Everything seems too white, for a moment, like the U.S. government, or something. The store is a normal one, akin to the thousands of others nationwide, all luminously white, symmetrical, filled with dusty cans and exorbitant prices, reflections of our society. My first impulse is to flee, but I restrain myself. I tell myself: Remember, in the store, but not of the store.

Third aisle, second shelf, next to Orville's best: the good old Yellow Hulless can, red, with a blue pull-string. I do not believe the can design has changed significantly since I was a kid. That sort of continuity can be very reassuring, appealing as it does to one's less coldly rational side, to memories and feelings of warmth. Now the White Hulless can catches my eye. I cannot remember ever buying, or ever seeing anyone buy, a can of White Hulless. I stare at the two cans, wondering why I chose the one over the other. No reason come to mind. Feeling prejudiced, I picked up the Yellow Hulless can and head for the cash register. Attitudes have a continuity of their own, but in this I find little reassurance. Attitudes that do not change have too much potential to cause pain.

The young man behind the counter has a bored look. I feel blood rushing to my head as the stirring within me finds sudden focus. I feel at war with myself, and as I approach the young man, his vacant expression arouses in me an intense rage. Look around, you idiot, I scream at him. How can you be so passive, such a sheep in the midst of all this? Shaking uncontrollably, I smash my fist into his face and run from the store, the little red can clutched tightly in my sweating palm. Adrenal power permeates my whole being and I laugh hysterically as I dodge into the residential backstreets. Tears stream down my face like rain.

The young man behind the counter has a bored look. He is on the Saturday graveyard shift and would like very much to be elsewhere. I remember working that very shift many times at a 24-hour store some years ago. Blood rushes to my head as the stirring inside me finds sudden focus. I smile at the young man as I approach and ask off-handedly how he is doing. He looks at me as though only just noticing me and smiles ruefully. I'm working, he says, late on Saturday for minimum wage. Otherwise, not so bad. I fish out 57¢ and pay for the popcorn, expressing sympathy in the mean time. Outside again, I feel a tremendous surge of strength, a sudden desire to write. I smile broadly, and the rain has stopped completely.
Martin sat on a rock by the lake and stared into the water. He was taking the time to allow his pulse and respiration to slow to a normal rate. Setting his bow down on the grass, Martin took his day pack off and opened it. From inside he took his favorite flashlight; it was one of those fancy ones that had not only a light beam but a flashing red light and a neon light bar that ran the length of the flashlight body. After putting the day pack back on he started off again, with his bow in his left hand and the flashlight in his right.

Martin walked over to the base of the waterfall where he could just barely see the path that led behind it. He braced himself for what he knew was to come as he took two steps along the path. The icy mountain water of the fall was a shock to him, every nerve of his skin suddenly came to life, telling him this was not fun.

After taking several steps he was inside the tunnel. Turning on the flashlight, Martin could see that his guess was right—the tunnel had indeed been carved into the side of the rocky hill. There were no wooden supports in the tunnel, for there was no need—the walls and ceiling were solid rock and the floor was set with large square stones. As Martin walked forward, he could see the wet footprints of the man who had gone through just a few moments before.

Martin had walked about two hundred yards when he came to the other end of the tunnel. This entrance was densely covered with ivy vines. After returning his flashlight to his day pack Martin pulled the vines to one side. Bright sunlight streamed into the darkness of the tunnel, temporarily blinding him. He stepped out of the tunnel shielding his eyes from the brilliant sunlight with his right hand.

After what seemed like an eternity Martin found that his eyes had adjusted to the sunlight. Martin found himself on a stone landing, from which he could see down into a small green valley. Leading down from the landing to the valley floor was a series of large, carved stone steps. The wet footprints that were so prominently visible in the tunnel could just barely be seen on the landing and the steps. The sun was rapidly drying Martin's trail.

Martin descended the steps quickly, but by the time he got to the bottom the footprints had dried, leaving no trail to follow. He had lost all! "Damn it!" he said. He looked around trying to find some kind of sign as to which way the other man could have gone. He located what seemed to have been a road, now overgrown by grasses; it was little more than a path.

He walked down the path and hadn't gone far when he came to a large clearing, which once must have been a town square; now like the path it was overgrown with weeds. In the center was what must have been a beautiful fountain at one time; its waters had long since stopped flowing.

Looking around the clearing Martin could see houses set on stone foundations in similar states of disrepair; that is, all but one. The largest house on the other side of the square was still kept up. The walls were clean and golden
colored and there was smoke coming from the chimney.

Martin looked across the open area for a moment, then began to skirt around the edge of the clearing behind the delapidated structures. There was about fifteen feet between each of the buildings. Martin stopped at the edge of the wall, carefully checking the windows of the next house. He leaned against the wall of the broken-down house he was standing beside. From where he was standing he could see several windows on the next building that gave a clear view of the backyard. The backdoor opened onto a small porch with a railing and five stone steps leading down to the backyard, which contained a small but well-kept garden.

He took a long cautious look at each of the windows that looked out onto the backyard. Smoke was still coming from the chimney. When he was sure he wasn't being watched, sprinted the last fifteen feet. He stopped at the bottom of the steps leading up to the back door. Once again he looked at the windows to see if he had been noticed. He slowly started ascending the stairs; he made it to the landing without making a sound. The wooden door looked sound, and instead of a knob there was a wooden Dowel sticking out of the middle of the left side of the door. Martin gently took hold of the Dowel and slowly pulled it to the right; it wasn't locked. He opened the door without making a noise.

Peering inside he could see what must have been the kitchen. The entire right wall was taken up with what looked a stove; it was made of large tan-colored stone blocks and looked like it could be used for cooking for a large number of people. Also in the room were several cupboards, and to either side of the door stood counters with marble basins set into them. Directly across from him was a closed door.

Slipping inside Martin closed the door without making a sound. Choosing his steps carefully he slowly walked over to the closed door across from him. This door had no handle and seemed to be made as a swinging door. Martin could hear nothing through the door, so he gently pushed it open. The hallway was empty; about five feet down on the right side of the hallway was a closed wooden door and then ten feet beyond that was a set of double doors. Across from the double doors, on the left side of the hallway, was an open archway. A flickering glow and a crackling sound came from beyond the archway.

Martin walked along the left side of the hallway toward the archway. His movement was slow and careful, almost as though he were stalking an animal. It felt the same to him -- his heart was pounding and his breathing was shallow. As he got to the archway he took a deep breath and crouched down and peered inside. There, standing in front of the fireplace carved of solid stone, stood the man he saw in the meadow. Only now he wasn't wearing much; the man had his back to Martin and was drying himself with a large piece of broadcloth. His bow was on a table with his wet clothing several feet to his left.

Martin stepped into the middle of the doorway and said with relief, "You a hard man to follow". The man sprang toward his bow and Martin dove to his right just as an arrow embedded itself in the wall directly behind where he had just been standing. Martin scrambled to his feet and flattened himself against the wall. Taking an arrow from the side quiver of his bow, Martin readied himself. "What the Hell's wrong with you, Mister!!" Martin screamed into the room.
In 1958 Bucky developed his "Cloud Nine" Floating Tensegrity Sphere, a device by which humans could float about the globe in air-supported "bubble" cities. The concept is as follows:

- Sun shining through an aluminum framed geodesic sphere and bouncing back off of the conaloid sides will gradually heat the enclosed atmosphere. When the temperature of the atmosphere is increased by 1° Fahrenheit, the weight of the air forced out of the sphere is greater than that of the struts and shell, since the total weight of the structure and the enclosed air is less than the surrounding atmosphere. The entire sphere will float into the sky being displaced by heavier outside air.

- That's neat, but how big does one of these things have to be to get off the ground?

- Well, Bucky, a 400 diameter sphere encloses 500 tons of air and weighs 15 tons. The air to weight ratio is 33:1, at a diameter of 2,540 (1/2 mile) the weight of the struts and the people inside is insignificant as the air to weight ratio is now about 1000:1. Yes...I'd say a 1/2 mile diameter would be a good minimum size.

- Wow! That's big!

Of course! But just think of it Bucky, if a local economy is shot to hell the entire city can pack up and move on to a better job market.

- Wait a minute now. I can see all sorts of legal problems arising from this. Property laws are the oldest on record. Ya know! What about the constitution? What about the magna carta?

- Bucky you're always so negative. Can't you just accept it as a novel idea?

- No.

Sheesh.

Next time: Mike Molecular and Bucky Present:

"Why stars twinkle and the planets can't, etc.

M.B. Karby"
A voice from inside the room answered back, "You won't take me so easily, servant of the Dark One!" There was anger, almost hatred, in the voice from the room.

"Are you off your nut? What Dark One?" Martin replied.

"You won't fool me, minor of Evil!" The voice from the room replied.

"Jesus Christ!" Martin thought to himself. "What did I walk into the middle of now?" Sounding desperate, Martin said, "Look, Mister, if you don't want me here I'll leave, no problem!" His heart felt like it might pound its way right out of his chest and his breathing was even quicker than before.

There was silence for awhile, then from inside the room the man said, "If you weren't sent by the Dark One, put your bow in the doorway where I can see it." Martin peered into the room; from behind the table he could see that the man had an arrow knocked and was pointing it at the doorway. In the next moment their eyes met. Images flashed into Martin's head; he could see the village outside alive with activity. Haa, others like this man. The next image wasn't so pleasant — this man was standing next to a freshly dug grave. Martin seemed to feel that he wouldn't be hurt, and before he realized what he was doing, he was leaning his bow against the wall and standing up in the doorway. "Now put yours down," Martin said clearly.

From behind the table the man stood up, hesitated a moment, then set his bow on the table. "You're not one of the Dark One's servants; who sent you here?" The man said.

"No one sent me; I was out hunting and saw you in the meadow and followed you here," Martin said slowly lowering his hands. "Who are you?" Martin said while slowly lowering hands, "and who's after you?"

"I am Alrozier and the Dark One is he who seeks to subvert all that is good. Who are you? I'm Martin Carroll, and I was just about to take the same door you did; damn fine shot, Alrozier. What kind of name is Alrozier, anyway?" Martin asked.

"Elviras," Alrozier replied with a strong sense of pride in his voice.

"Wait just one minute — are you trying to tell me that you're an Elf?" Martin said with disbelief in his voice, but noting the man's pointed ears.

"Yes" was Alrozier's curt reply.

Martin pulled the bench away from the table and sat down. "Elf!" he thought to himself. "I've read about them in fantasy books and legends, ...wait a minute — this can't be happening! I must be asleep." Martin pinched himself hard on his right wrist. "Ouch, that hurt! Well, I'm not dreaming," Martin thought reluctantly.

Alrozier, meanwhile, had walked over to where Martin's bow was still leaning against the wall. Alrozier had stooped and picked it up and had it in his hands before Martin came to his senses. "Strange bow," Alrozier was puzzled by its construction.

"What are you doing?" Martin said in a startled voice. "Why would a bow need three strings and four wheels?" Alrozier queried.

"It's a compound bow, haven't you ever seen one before?" Martin questioned.

"What do you mean, 'compound' bow?" Alrozier answered.

"It allows the archer to hold a knocked arrow longer by cutting the bow string pull in half. That's what the wheels are for, and when you release the arrow it goes at twice the speed at which you were holding it at." Martin explained.
Airowier pulled on the bow string and Martin could see the surprise in his face when he reached the break point on the bow. He gently released the bow string. "Fantastic!" Airowier said. "And the arrows are made of metal, with small knives on the tip."

"Aluminum shaft with razor broadheads," Martin replied. "Will you do me the honor of staying to my modest supper?" Airowier said hopefully.

"Why thank you, I'd love to," replied Martin, thankful that he had been asked. "I have a lot of questions for you, Airowier."

"Good," Airowier said, "but you must excuse me while I put on something a little warmer." With that, Airowier set down Martin's bow on the table and left the room.

It was just then that Martin finally noticed the his clothes were wet. Taking his day-pack off Martin took out a change of clothing. As he started taking off his clothing, Martin found his mind clouded with questions about this man who said he was an Elf.

REST

Thoughts rage and writhe in a turbulent cauldron. Sleep brings the small Death. Peace.

the progressive pilgrim by Andy Dyer

Walking along the road, his mind was filled with the sound and sight of the countryside. Birds flew all about. He wished he could see them closely, to examine their colors and expressions. They flitted through the trees, giving voice to their interpretation of life. It sounded like easy.

Farther along the road, he could make out a figure standing off to the right on a patch of grass. The pilgrim approached and greeted the solitary man.

"How are you today?"

"Very well, thank you. And are you well?"

"Yes, I am. If I might inquire, what is the purpose of that large basket you hold?"

"It is a picnic basket, of course. I very much desire to have a picnic."

"This looks like a very suitable place. Will it not do?"

"Why, how very kind of you. It's perfect. Let's sit."

They settled themselves and sat facing one another with the basket between them. The pilgrim sat quietly as the man before him began withdrawing articles appropriate for a picnic from the basket. First came a red and white checkered tablecloth which he laid out carefully between them after moving the basket to one side. Next, a vase for a centerpiece. The man turned and picked several flowers, placed them in the vase and set the arrangement gently on the center of the tablecloth. A pair of ornately carved salt and pepper mills came out and went to either side of the vase and flowers. Two settings of fine cutlery were then arranged with a pair of large serving spoons to one side. Beautiful bone china plates and matching finger-bowls were produced and set. The man then brought out two thick, red cloth napkins, each folded into a shape similar to that of a dove in flight, and placed one on each plate. The pilgrim was getting very interested in regards to how much the basket could hold.
And still they look! Hour after hour they hunt. Won't they ever give up? I can hear them now, sneaking along, looking everywhere, in every corner, in every nook and cranny they think might hold me. Yes, they are looking for me!

Why? Why do they hound me? Why don't they give up? It has been four days now since I escaped, and still they look. Four long days and nights they have hunted high and low. Four days ago I managed to sneak out of the cage they kept me in. Out of that dirty, stinking, uncomfortable cage. They didn't care that I was uncomfortable; maybe they didn't know. I am unable to understand why they do what they do.

Why don't they leave me alone? For what reason do they hunt me? What did I ever do to them? If only I could remember. Maybe there is a reason they treat me this way. Maybe I did something to them. If only I could remember.

Three weeks! Three weeks out of a lifetime. Why can I remember only the last three weeks? Was I born only three weeks ago? But I was full grown. My first memories are of being full grown. Try as hard as I can, and the last three weeks are all I can remember.

The first memory I have is of walking down that corridor. Searching! Searching for something, I knew not what. I only knew I was looking for some thing, somewhere down that corridor. And I was hungry! Terribly, unbearably hungry. But most of all I was terrified! Terrified of what? I didn't know. I only knew I was terrified. It didn't take me long to find out why I was terrified. I came to a side corridor. It looked exactly like the one I was in. I didn't know which one to take. I only knew I had to go up one of them. I decided to take the one to the right. I turned the corner and took a couple of steps. Then it started! Pain! Mind-tearing, body-wrenching pain. I couldn't think. I could only feel pain. I jerked back and ran. Headlong, heedless and terrified, I ran back the way I had come. I didn't know where I was going. I didn't care. Anywhere, anywhere, anything to get away from the pain.

Then, the corridor I was tearing along ended. At the end, crossing, was another. One to the right and one to the left. Where did they lead? I didn't care. Headlong, I turned the corner to the left and it happened again. The pain! Suddenly there, terrifying! Overwhelming! Once again I turned and ran, every muscle straining, pushing, flinging me down a corridor. And once again I came to a corner. But this time I stopped. I stood there trembling, not knowing which way to go. My fear told me to run, but my mind said 'No!' Only when I had turned a corner had the pain come.

Slowly, step by step, I forced my way back the way I had come. When I approached the last corner, I realized that in my blind flight from the pain, I had gone straight away from it, not back in the original corridor. I stopped and tried to reason. The first time, I had turned right; the second time, to the left. But the second time I had been going in the opposite direction. If I turned left now, I would be back in the original corridor. Slowly, hesitatingly, I turned left and crept along the corridor. Nothing happened. I walked a little faster. Soon I was back to where I had started. Then, on to the first turn. This time I stayed to the left. I forced myself to inch along the wall and, again, nothing happened.

Up ahead, I could see a cross corridor. As I neared it, I stopped. Which way to go? Deciding finally to stay once more to the left, I tried it and once more I was right. Gaining confidence, I
continued, staying always to the left and soon I found what I had been searching for. Food! Food to feed the gnawing hunger that had been tearing at me. Just enough food to ease the hunger for a while. After eating I tried to rest, but it was then they took me to the cage. I was so exhausted, so brain-weary, that I didn't question it. I just tried to go to sleep. But again they came. This time to give me a shot with a hypodermic needle. Even though I struggled it was hopeless. The pain was nothing to that I endured in the endless hallways. After that they left me alone for the night and I slept from sheer exhaustion.

The next day they took me again to the long corridors. Keeping always to the left, I was soon soothing my hunger. Then back to my cage for another shot and another night. The next day, the same. A week went by of hurrying through the corridors to get my meager ration of food before it happened again. The terrible pain when I turned the first corridor to the left. At first I stopped, but hunger forced me on. Soon I was hurrying to my food, keeping always to my right. Another week passed, and again it changed. This time, I had to turn first right and then left. Every other turn was the opposite, and for every mistake, the pain. It was then that I knew that I had to escape.

I watched, planned, waited. Every time they took me from the cage I watched them work the lock. Soon, I was able to understand the mechanism and, four days ago, I made my escape.

Now, they hunt me. If they don't give up soon my hunger will force me into a mistake. I've had nothing to eat since my escape. They're coming again! I can hear the murmur of their voices as they sneak along. Now I can hear what they are saying.

"...gone. We've looked everywhere. We've gone through this place with a fine-toothed comb and he's just not here. We haven't seen a sign of him since that second day."

"But he's got to be here somewhere, Charlie. The only possible way out is through the door and we've kept that closed since that first day, except while watching too close for him to have sneaked out. We saw him the second day, so he's still got to be in here. There's something, somewhere, we've overlooked. Come on, let's...."

"Whew! Even though I know they can't hear it, I hold my breath whenever they come near. They haven't seen a sign of me since that second day? Good! Maybe they'll give up soon. They almost caught me those first two days. Every time they got too near my hiding place, I ran. I soon realized, however, that they were less likely to see me if I didn't run. As long as I hold still, they overlook me.

My hunger is driving me mad! Soon, I'll be tempted to enter one of the traps they've set to get the food they've put there. I must get away before that happens. If only they would leave the door open for a little while.

Why must they do this? Why do they torture me this way? What did I ever do to them to make them want to hurt me? How come I can't remember beyond these last three weeks? Ah! They're preparing to leave. Maybe tonight I can find a way out. They still think I'm here. Look how carefully they guard the door to make sure I don't slip out.

"Be careful, Charlie. Don't let him slip out. I still think he's in here. Wait a minute while I check the cages one more time. What did he have to be the one to get out? He was doing so good, and just three weeks after his operation. Why, he went through that maze like he owned it, really learning fast. That new operation, along with those new injections the lab dreamed up, must finally be the right combination. I'd still like to get my hands on whoever left his cage open."

"He was learning so fast, maybe he opened it by himself."

"Aw, come on, Charlie. How could a little white mouse open a latch like that?..."
Chapter 4: LAWFUL INSIGHT

by Rick Shatto

With a cry of animal rage, dear Sodd barreled from the room. He always did like his wine. I think that's the real reason he chose his profession. I went behind his nice, clean, empty desk, which reminded me a lot of Sodd, and sat down in his huge, plush, leather-upholstered chair. I kicked my feet up onto the desk leaving scuff marks on its polished surface. Ooops, I thought happily.

A glass of wine, a white riesling, probably Blue Priestess '71, appeared in my hand, and I took a sip meditatively. And promptly dropped it as I kicked over backwards from surprise. I stopped. Looking down, two of the four legs of the chair were off the carpet and no part of my body was touching anything but the chair. As I watched, the wine glass hit the floor, righted itself, and moved under its own volition to the desk, all without spilling a drop. I'm glad I saw all this before I passed out.

I don't think I was out long, but I awoke to the renewed odor of apricots. The smell was strong, almost overpowering. It was fear; somehow, someway, I knew it was fear. I looked around and found my chair was in the same position. I don't know which surprised me more, the fact that I had instinctively come across something I knew was important or the fact that I hadn't fallen down. I've never been considered what you would call graceful since I have all the agility of a two-legged elephant, but, come to think of it, my accidents have been somewhat fewer than normal lately. After a quick examination I realized I had absolutely no bruises, scratches or lacerations on my arms. Were talking really powerful magic here?

I looked under the desk. The basket was still there and appeared unopened. I lifted the blanket and had my hand licked. Inside was one of the cutest little St. Bernards I had ever seen. I made goochi-goochii noises and let the blanket fall. The pup looked directly at me and I knew it was still the kid. It was also scared half to death. And again, it was female. Perhaps it was stabilizing with one sex. Perhaps it was becoming a she. I decided in my mind to start considering it a she. It might not help, but it certainly wouldn't hurt.

She was scared to death. Why? I stepped on her slowly still conscious of the incredible amount of noise Sodd was making in his church-home. Hold it. Step back. Church-home might be it. The smell of apricots was rapidly becoming a stench. Home, I thought. No change in smell.

Church, crucifix, God. My stomach churned with the stench of riesling almost lost its warmth in my being. Well, that pretty well settles that. It scares the holy, therefore it, oops, she must be something, someone of the unholy. I smiled with the pleasure of my own great deductive abilities, then frowned rather quickly. She was also a pretty nifty little mindreader. Unholy, possible demonic, and she was also a mindreader. This wizard's eye was not happy.
Well, I could leave her here with Brother Sodd in this church. The unholy rarely had power this close to a crucifix. I felt my guts twist, as if someone was using them as a taffy puller. Let's forget that thought real quick! Therefore, I had to keep her. At least that made the guts stop wrenching. Usually this meant some kind of pact with the being in question. Selling the soul to the demon, but she was too young for that. Also, it was too simple for Barty. I still didn’t have a handle on this yet. I did, however, decide it was time to leave.

I thought about calling a cab, but decided there was no need. I gulped the rest of the wine, then flipped it upside down on some paper. Sodd will think it an excellent paperweight. A loud crash somewhere in the building indicated his search continued. I hope you find something, you old crook. I thought. I noticed that the smell of apricots had appreciably diminished. Good baby, I thought. I bent down and scrawled a note:

Dear Sodd, I found something I was looking for.
I want to thank you for your wonderful help and advice. You’re all the brother I could hope for.

Murf

Would that ever drive him crazy! I lifted the basket which seemed very light. Inside was a small, tiny realty, baby fairy. Her wings were just beginning to bud. I smiled and she buzzed. Life was going to be interesting for awhile.

I left through the door and found the cabby waiting for me. This wasn’t strong magic; it was a bloody miracle. I climbed in and he put down his paper. "Where to, mister?"

Having no idea where to go and feeling a strong desire to do some thinking, I gave him the address to my office. I had learned a few advantages to this gift, and a couple of disadvantages. Now, I had to find out what it was going to cost me.

PERMANENCE

Sunlight cascades a rainbow off a butterfly’s wings. And disappears.

Next, two polished pewter candlestick holders, each a foot in length, appeared. Candles of a soft pink hue were placed in them and the holders were then set some three feet apart on the centerline of the tablecloth. The man across from the pilgrim brought china soup bowls and salad plates to the settings, then matching cups and saucers. Carefully, he reached into the basket and withdrew two beautifully faceted crystal wine glasses, and held them aloft for the pilgrim and himself to admire; the craftsmanship was exquisite. He brought these lower and placed them lightly between the two diners. With two hands, he now reached into the basket and uncovered a fine silver ice bucket. It fairly called out for a bottle of rare wine to grace it and reside within. The pilgrim watched every move of the man across from him, but his eyes continually wandered back to the seemingly bottomless picnic basket.

Simple water glasses appeared next to each wine glass. The man then lifted a covered container from the basket and, after removing a primary cap, poured water into each of the water glasses, the finger-bowls and the vase. He then removed the second lid, a strainer, and poured the rest of the contents, ice, into the silver ice bucket. The lids were put back on the
Being in the Right Place

by Andy Dyer

These glimpses, washing over me like a downpour, sparked in
my mind further associations directly related to important
aspects of my personal life. My feverish interpretations of that
which came to me were all assessed in light of my inner feelings
towards the world, myself, love, family, and friends; all colored
the process of transforming a feeling into cognition. The impact
on me, on my psyche, was utterly novel; no one else would have or
could have experienced the situation in just the fashion my
perception allowed. In light of this, I should say that I cannot
repeat concisely each insight as it blossomed in me, for each
arrived unworded, and it was only after my mind examined and
recognized a common denominator in the mental experience that it
could be approximated in a verbal description. So it is with all
thought; the insight is an abrupt understanding, a clear
connection between formerly separate facts or experiences, that
springs unbidden and then the mind, ever searching for solid
ground, interprets, attempting to put a sensation into words. On
that score we have long been misled: in the beginning was the
Realization, then came the Word.

This, in fact, was one of the initial messages; the limited
and yet uncontrollable nature of words became transparent to my
mind’s eye and the implications contained in that concept were
suddenly innumerable. Upon apprehending this cosmic truth, I
was, for a while, completely absorbed in its consideration.
Quickly I realized the basic unreliability of the spoken word and
my mind, in rapid sequence, found point after point in my own
life when I had allowed words to control or exert dominance over
a personal situation. I realized at the thought of the degree to
which the world around me moved on wheels of ethnocentric
passion, fueled by more cultural idiom. I saw the power inherent
in something so seemingly innocuous as a written language.
Emotions raced through me; elation over this discovery, dismay
over my tremendous past ignorance, expectations of better days, and
despair over my present condition.

I returned to the present. In my lucid state, it was clear
to me why I could not be told of these things via simple
transmission of words from whatever was influencing my sleep.
Telepathic communication of this sort is necessarily non-verbal
due to the heavy personal and cultural connotations carried by
language in just the syntax alone. How can I convey the
importance of this truth to you? To consider language, I have to
use language. Can I create a description out of that which I am
attempting to describe?

Instead, let me try to conjure up images for you similar to
that which I beheld in that dark hour of education. Even as you
read this, I can hear in my own head the doubts you must be
voicing when you see such phrases as ‘the power of words.’ How
indeed can our words be more than what we, the speakers, give
them? You, I used to feel that when I spoke I said precisely
what I intended; I controlled my language, it did not control me.
Yet, how often have I heard an invective or insensitive comment
directed at me, or even at someone else, and felt the anger well
up within me, the blood rush to my face, the adrenaline cause my
heart to surge and speed, and even a heightened awareness of the
situation as if, at any moment, I might have to make a quick and
unexpected move. (How often has a dog suddenly barked behind me?
How often have I driven through a red-lit traffic light only to
see a patrol car at the intersection? How many times has a loved
one been unexpectedly overdue for several hours on a dark night)
How many times have I experienced that psychological response, so
similar to panic, even though the only thing to happen was my
mind chasing the fleeting idea of what might have happened? A
word can be spoken, an internal response prompted, but no event
other than a sound has occurred as the basis or reason for the
sudden reaction.

That is the power of words; that is how words can control
anyone who reacts without first engaging their mental faculties
and without waiting for an actual event. This is how anyone who
understands the power of words can exercise influence over those
who don't. There are other ways, too. I have often been
informed of something, formed an image in my mind, and then
found out later, to my dismay, that what I had imagined was not what
had been intended. In that period between image formation and
eventual correction of the error, I live with a misunderstanding
of reality. I must wonder then how much of what I believe to be
true in this world is in error because the first conclusion I
jumped to upon receiving information ruled out other, possibly
better, conclusions. How much is misapplied because I heard
a word wrong or missed a slight emphasis or nuance or was not
watching the coincident physical communication? Or how much have
I retained in my thoughts as fact that came to me over the
telephone when I could not even see the person speaking and so
did not know for sure how they said what they did?

If someone told me, with a disgusted look on their face,
that dog hair made them sneeze, part of my image of that person
might be that they disliked dogs and I could be completely in
error and later do that person a great disservice by passing on
incorrect information about them. This is an aspect of the
indefinite nature of language; it can never convey a feeling or
an emotion or an experience in its totality. And because all
descriptions will be incomplete, our minds will try to fill in
the gaps with what we egotistically assume to be reasonable
details.

As another example, how often have I said something about
myself to my peers only to be held to that statement months and
even years later regardless of whether or not I have changed my
mind about that particular subject. The words we speak are often
the primary source of information by which others judge us and words are static; they do not grow
and change, maturing with age, as we do in our personal
development. All too often the words I have spoken have become
more important than the context I have spoken them in; that is
their power; they are absolute.

Yea, the power of words; we hear them and jump, anticipating
that which they refer to, making it real inside while it remains
unreal or unactualized outside. A tremendously useful creation
that has become such an integral part/factor of life that we have
become inseparable from it, but of which we do not have complete
understanding. There are many other aspects to this insight of
mine, the first of my re-education.

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perspective from the 42nd floor
from this great height
the taxi seems so far away
yet I could reach it in one step
- D. Hurst
Toad Hall;
The thing I liked about (Mark's, vol.1, no.5) issue was its impressive range. The articles covered very different topics in very different ways, as did the fiction and poetry. That sort of breadth is very exciting, I think.

I also wholeheartedly support the decision to print the articles by Mark's father. We need to hear from everybody if we're going to figure everything out. The great thing about this (from the issues I've seen) is its continual expansion, the way it tries to deal with more and more of the world, with all kinds of ideas. That sort of eclectic outlook is a crucial element to building community. That sort of approach doesn't preclude a common outlook that will try to keep away from dogma. I think the magazine is doing a real good job of maintaining an identity without becoming exclusionary. A tricky tightrope to walk, but only tricky tightrope acts are fascinating to watch.

I liked the articles in Mark's issue. Mike's and Troy's were informative. I enjoyed David's article a lot and was inspired to read The Female Man. I disagreed with Mr. Brown's article almost entirely, but that's okay.

I liked Andy's "Snippet" a lot. Makes me want to read a story of his. I thought the characters interacted naturally and interestingly. A neat piece, in both senses of the word.

Rick's story didn't really grab me. The battle description at the start didn't get its hooks into me and the ending wasn't enough to overcome that initial lethargy.

Anna's issue (vol.2, no.1) was the best I've seen so far. I think the new format will work really well once all the bugs are worked out. It came across as very neat and orderly. I liked Jon's article a lot because it gave a history of the group.

Something about this issue gave forth a feeling of real community and that was very neat. Rick's introduction of himself was another thing that added to this.

Mr. Brown's article was very interesting, but some of the things he said seem to point in different directions from the ones he went. He hypothesized that "without some sort of impetus to trigger man's (sic) survival instincts, he (sic) will gradually lose the need for them." From here, he argues that people will walk a thin line between extinction and complacency, that if we become too good at surviving we will lose our survival skills, that perhaps war and nuclear weapons are scratching posts that we use to keep our claws sharp. Interesting conclusions, but the arguments here don't seem very impressive. He has a fairly simplistic view of natural selection and "survival instincts" (Andy probably knows more about the inaccuracies here than I do), but even granting the simplifications, the arguments don't run. If survival skills develop because of threats to survival, then, like the aphIDS wings in Andy's "J-D Snippet," they'll be there when we need them and if they go away, it's because our need went away as well. So there isn't a really good argument here that we should worry about running out of challenges to survival or else we'll become extinct. What it comes down to is the worry that we need challenges to survival or else our capacity for rational thought will atrophy. The build in assumption is that rational thought is good in and of itself, apart from its contributions to survival. That's a reasonable assumption, I suppose, but it seems that Mr. Brown has answered his own question. He tells us that our rationality is making survival so easy that there will no longer be any challenges to survival and so our rationality will atrophy. But he writes in the fourth paragraph that "survival has taken on some new meanings. It's not just to keep the body alive; that man (sic) struggles for, but the mind and soul also." This seems
particularly accurate to me. (Interesting side note: Marx would agree wholeheartedly here), and this undermines the objection.
The notion is that what it means to "survive" develops.
Presumably, this development corresponds to human achievement.
And this, even if we reach a point where bodily survival is
assured (a shaky hypothesis in itself) there will still be other
aspects of survival (mind and soul) to worry about. We'll still
struggle to know, to understand, to connect with the world. And
even if we eventually learn all the things that we could now
conceive of as surviving, if survival itself is evolving, if human
needs become more complex as more basic ones are satisfied, it
still makes sense to believe that there will be challenges, there
for us, real ones, ones we take very seriously. So basically, it
doesn't seem to me that we have to worry about setting up
artificial challenges for ourselves, like playing without some of
our pieces in a chess game. If we "lose", the challenge of war,
I'm sure there will be plenty to occupy our minds. As Mr. Brown
points out, survival evolves along with us. The challenges
multiply along with the achievements of humanity.
Andy's article was fascinating and really heightened my
curiosity. Has anyone tried the isolation tank yet?
David's article was very well argued, I thought, but then I'm
already convinced of the conclusion. He marshalled a lot of
interesting points and good writing to make his point very
strongly. He wrote, "Even if a woman ignores the past, which she
cannot, for it is not even yet past, and redefines her name, as
she has, she cannot change her place in our language." There's a
whole lot in that sentence and the whole article was similarly
packed. Also, I like the addition of footnotes just for the
practical reason that it makes it easy to follow up on ideas
expressed.
I liked Rick's story Small Change, imaginative and well
written. Rick has a good ear for dialogue, which I have respect
for since I can't do it very well. I didn't have a whole lot of
sympathy for his lead character. It seemed to me that Lyrial was
justified in dumping him.

Take care,
Brad Wilburn

COPING

Uplifted face screaming
without sound. Glanz'd fists
pulping air. Strange coping.

Container and the whole was set aside. A corkscrew was set near
the bucket. Bibs were produced, bearing upon their front sides
the images of a Lobster, bright red. The prospective diners tied
the bibs around their necks and straightened them in front. The
pilgrims glanced down at their setting, the forks, the spoons, the
drinking vessels, and the china, and then looked up at his host.
The man was sitting quietly, watching him. The pilgrim said:
"This is beautiful; more than I expected, certainly. I am
really quite overwhelmed."
"Thank you. I am pleased that you are pleased."
"However," continued the pilgrim, "if I might ask, with this
extravagant a place setting, how can there possibly be room in
the basket for any food?"
The man stared at him with a look of surprise in his face.
"Food? I thought you were bringing it."
ARCHITECTURE

M.E. KAPARY

ANOTHER "TOAD HALL" ACTION CUT-OUT

THE TRANSAMERICA PYRAMID - S.F., CA.

WELL FANG, HERE IT IS... INSTALLMENT NO. 2. IN WHAT I HOPE WILL BE AN ONGOING SERIES OF "POCKET ARCHITECTURE," I SEND AN ADDRESS FOR A SELF-ADRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE TO THE POSTMAN AT THE FIRST BUILDING - LE CORBUSIER 1953 (U.N. BLDG).

SO LIKE HOLL, THEY SHOULD PROBABLY HAVE SOME ENVELOPE ADDRESSES AND SUGGESTIONS FOR BUILDINGS TO MAKE MOLECULAR TO THE "TOAD HALL" - S. F. ANGUS, FRESNO, CA. 93710.

CORRECT.

BY THE WAY, WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO MR. KAPARY'S TRIP TO THE "TOAD HALL"? I'M STILL COUNTING DAYS, I THINK.

I SEE.

ANYWAY, TO BUILD THIS CRITTER, JUST CUT, SCORE, AND LIGHTLY GLUE ALL THE INDIVIDUAL PIECES TOGETHER. THEN TAKE PART C AND INSERT IT UNDER PART A, UNTIL IT FITS SNUGLY AND GLUE. NOW SLIDE PART D DOWN OVER THE PYRAMID AND GLUE IT TO THE CORNER OF PART A. FINALLY, GLUE BOTH ELEVATOR SHAFT PARTS TO THE SIDES OF THE PYRAMID AS SHOWN. (SEE PHOTO INSERT FOR ELEVATOR SHAFT PLACEMENT). AND... YOU'LL HAVE A REASONABLE LIKENESS OF THE T/A BLDG.

BACKGROUND DATA:
