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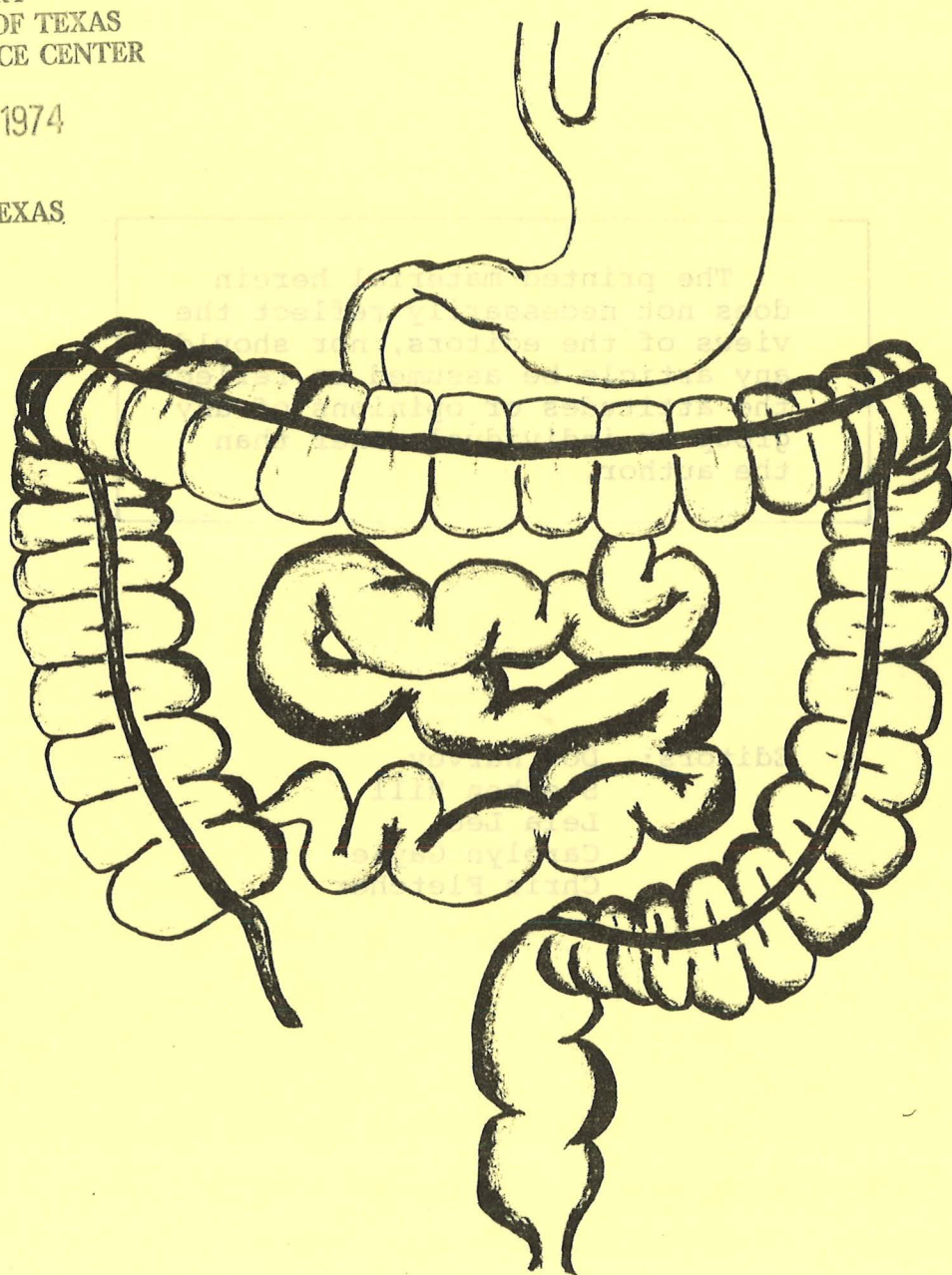
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JANUARY 1974

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UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
HEALTH SCIENCE CENTER

FEB 1 1974

DALLAS, TEXAS



SAMA

UTSMS

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does not necessarily reflect the
views of the editors, nor should
any article be assumed to reflect
the attitudes or opinions of any
group or individual other than
the author.

Editors: Dow Harvey
Stephen Hill
Lela Lee
Carolyn Gayle
Chris Fletcher

SAMA's HOPEFULLY HELPFUL HINTS
on Summer Jobs

1. American Indian Health Project-SAMA

10 weeks during summer, pays \$90/week, work with community on Indian reservation. "Very enjoyable and enlightening". Apply to SAMA Nat'l. Office before March 1st. More information on SAMA board.

Bill Fleury MSIII 526-3942

2. Cardiology Externship-Brackenridge Hospital, Austin, Texas

Other externships available, duration variable. Stipend and meals possibly paid. Write to office of Medical Education, Brackenridge Hospital. This will probably work for any hospital in U.S.A.

Bill Fleury MSIII 526-3942

3. City of Dallas Water Dept.-Water Purification Chemist, Dallas, Carrollton, Mesquite.

No educational opportunities but excellent pay, \$700 mo., varied shifts (8-5, 4-12, 12-8), must commit self from late May to Labor day. Apply to Joe Brown, Bachman Water Treatment Plant or go to Dallas Civil Service around mid March. For more information see Steve Benold MSIII, Richard Baker MSII.

4. Immunology Research Fellowships, University of New Mexico Medical School

Faculty starts student on a research project that can be finished during the summer with the goal of completing the student's 1st scientific publication. Indeed only 1 student has not published in the past several summers. Staff is very excited and knowledgeable about immunology and will be a fun group to work with. An all round good deal. Gain both clinical and lab experience. Stipend \$500/mo. Contact:

Dr. Ralph C. Williams
Professors Chairman
Dept. of Medicine
University of New Mexico
School of Medicine
Bernalillo County Medical Center
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Alan Frierson MSII

5. Philmont Scout Ranch, Cimarron, New Mexico, 87714.

The U. of Kansas supplies professors and medics to provide physical re-checks, first-aid and infirmary care for the 15,000 campers per summer. The KU medics (one year of medical school or more)

receive medical school credit, \$400/mo. and room and board. Philmont is looking for other medical students to supplement those K.U. can provide. Contact Mr. Joseph David, Director, Philmont. Much time would be spent with boring re-checks, some time with "exciting" 4-wheel drive ambulance runs on rain-slick dirt road switchbacks, but some time each week available for hiking on their great terrain (to 12,400 feet). The K.U. professors give an hour of formal instruction daily. Better yet, forget about medicine and direct one of the 22 back-country camps, for slightly less salary.

Alan Frierson MSII

6. Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation Externship, PMH, Baylor, and Methodist Participate, split summer between 2; \$300/mo; fantastic summer!

Rounds, observation and doing. See Dept. of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation.

Shelly Glass MSII

7. Psychiatry Externship

PMH, Presbyterian, Children's, participate. Stipend and \$300/mo. See Dept. of Psychiatry to apply and for more information. 20 students will be accepted for summer 74. Good summer job i.e., plenty of relaxation time if desired.

Ellen Kramer MSII

Lela Lee MSII

8. Pulmonary Externship

Contact Dr. Pierce

9. Summer Externship in Red Bay, Alabama

Assist Family Practitioner in clinic and hospital. Three MD's practice in the clinic. Also there's a visiting radiologist. Experience in surgery, obstetrics, radiology with anesthesiology as well as general clinical and hospital management of patients. You can set your own duration to stay. Pay is \$300/mo. plus room and board in the hospital. Red Bay is in rural NW Alabama-near Mississippi and Tennessee. Dr. Dempsey will hire students for any time of the year and would prefer that you stay approximately 10 weeks. Write: Dr. Walker Dempsey, Red Bay Med. Clin., Red Bay, Ala. 35582

Connie Connors MSII

10. Reserach job in Dept. of Internal
Medicine. Educational, \$400/mo.
Jon Ransom MSIII

11. Research job at Natl Inst of Health.
Excellent opportunity, \$225/wk. Pre-
requisite-knows someone who will help
you get on. Talk to me if interested
and have a good idea of interest in
research. Jon Ransom MSIII

12. Summer Autopsy Pathology Service-Ex-
cellent job both as educational and
technical experience. Not necessarily
only for those interested in going
into Pathology. Some responsibility
as Pathology Intern or Resident.
Some exposure to Dr. Fallis (he takes
6 weeks off during summer). Some
night calls/rarely have to come in.
Week-end call divided amont the stu-
dents/requiring frequent Sat or Sun
autopsies. You actually do 10-15
autopsies during the summer, attend
pathology conferences as you wish
(a few required attendance). Pay last
summer \$400/mo. Pre-Junior or Pre-
Senior students. See Dr. Fallis in
Pathology re job.

John Coppedge MSIII

13. Timberlawn Psychiatric Externship
For finishing Sophomore, 2 students
eligible to join 2 yr externship as
medical externs at Timberlawn Psy-
chiatric Institute. Opportunities
include being 1st doctor on call for
physical diagnosis and treatment (you
have extensive back up support) physical
and neurological exams, as well as
summer psychiatric sessions (with and
similar to program for 1st year resi-
dents) in a private psychiatric group
and milieu setting. Compensation is
year round, meals and fairly new apt.
for yourself and family as well as
summer pay of \$200/mo. Contact:

Tom Froelich, Dwight

Holden MSIII

Bob Grayson MSIV

14. SAMA Summer Programs. MECO, Appalachian
Health Project, Texas Prison Health Project.
See SAMA bulletin board for descriptions
and information. Bob Schneider MSII
for MECO info and application. Tommy
Weel MSII for latest info on Texas Prison
Health Project. The next Infusion will
have more details on Prison Health Project.

15. Apply to PMH Employment office for
a variety of job opportunities.
Leave application on file. Med
students are supposedly given pre-
ference for some summer jobs.

16. Check with different Professors and
departments at Southwestern for
summer jobs. You may arrange
research job individually in the
area of your interest.

MANY THANKS TO THOSE WHO REPLIED TO THE
QUESTIONNAIRE. HOPEFULLY THIS WILL
ALLEVIATE SOME OF THE JOB ANXIETY CUR-
RENTLY DRIFTING THE SMS HALLS.

J.J.

SENSATIONAL SEASON OF THE SCINTILLATING SAWBONES

The UTSMS "Sawbones", a group of
average to really dumb first and second
year students, recently completed a highly
successful season by winning the Atlantic
Coast Conference of the North Dallas Foot-
ball League with a highly respectable
7-1-2 mark. After a disappointing exhibi-
tion season (0-1), the "Sawbones" surprised
the older, more established teams in the
league by racing through the regular season
with but a single setback. Then in the
league playoffs, our heroes lost a hard-
fought, somewhat poorly-refereed game to
the eventual champion, 13-12.

The key to success for this year's
team was the unifying, stabilizing influ-
ence of Coah of the Year, Mike "The Ole
Man" Benson. Benson's conservative offense
and "prevent" defense kept the "Sawbones"
relatively free of the two worst errors a
touch football team can make--throwing inter-
ceptions and allowing long touchdowns. By
forcing the opposition to take the short
gain, an opportunistic defense led by All-
League performers "Sudden" Steve Parrish
and "Bad Ass" Bobby Darrow (league inter-
ceptions leader with 9) was able to repeat-
edly come up with the big play. Meanwhile,
the offense was spear-headed by the combined
quarterbacking skills of player-coach Benson
and Bill "Ex-Jock" Berryhill throwing to
All-League center "Epoxy Fingers" Larry
Pierce (a real threat for next year's Heisman)

Pierce, who caught 10 TD's in the year, had an uncanny ability to make the hard catch look easy and the easy catch look hard (a real crowd pleaser!) In contrast, the oft maligned Benson, who is said to have the gut of a Sonny Jurgenson with an arm only a Darrell Royal could love, was nonetheless surprisingly effective in moving the team with his famed "dyin' quail" passes and deceptive running ability (he's slower than he looks). When Benson was out, Berryhill's pinpoint passes and excellent play selection, gave the "Sawbones" an almost unbeatable 1-2 punch (i.e. a B-B gun and a howitzer). However, this team was a winner not because of any one player's contribution, but because of an overall team unity and intelligence (i.e. relative to the D.A.'s we played against). No selfish desires or criticisms were ever voiced.

The action of the MSI's on the night of the third league game typified this spirit of unselfishness. With the "Sawbones" in undisputed first place, the MSI's on the team decided to give their elder teammates a chance to share the spotlight. Thus the MSI's passed up glory on the grid-iron and let the MSII's play the whole game by themselves. How's that for unselfishness? (I'm sure the fact that the MSI's had a Psychiatry quiz the following day in no way influenced them in their decision.) By the way, that was the only regular season loss for the "Sawbones".

When the season ended, the "Sawbones" came in for their share of post-season honors. Pierce, Parrish, and Darrow were all first team All-League selections. For his decision-making prowess both on and off the field, Benson was awarded "Coach of the Year" honors. In addition, Noe "the Streak" Soza and Bob "Bummer" Schneider received honorable mention for their consistent, solid play on both offense and defense. But the most valued award of all, the NBP (next best player) award, went to Larry Pierce and Bobby Darrow.

The prognosis for the second edition of football-Southwestern style-looks excellent as nine lettermen return. Of course a lot will depend upon next year's crop of rookies who are currently involved in negotiations with owner-general manager "Uncle" Bryan Williams.

SEASON RECORD 7-1-2

Sawbones	Opps	
19	Unexpected	13
6	Silverstars	0
6	Bulldix	21
14	Aardvarks	0
24	Diamonds	0
19	Unexpected	19
25	Players	0
6	Silverstars	6
12	Old Men	6
14	Aardvarks	12

PLAYOFFS: UNEXPECTED 13
SAWBONES 12

The UNEXPECTED went on to win the
"Super Bowl 31-19.

ROSTER

Noe "The Streak" Soza
"Gullible" Bob Guinan
Rene "Stone Fingers" Ornes
Mike "the Ole Man" Benson
"Bad Ass" Bobby Darrow
"Epoxy Fingers" Larry Pierce
Bob "Bummer" Schneider
"Big" Jim Montgomery
Bill "Ex-Jock" Perryhill
"Wild" Bill Bruck
Tommy "the Tiger" Taylor
John "Hawaii" Shari
Bill "It wasn't my man" Liston
Rick "Woo Woo" Wooten
"Sudden" Steve Paulson
"Rapid" David Rogers
and
"The Shepherd" of the flock
Barry Brooks

B. Brooks

SAMPLE FROM A PSYCHIATRIC SUMMER

Some people call it scopophilia, the desire to look at the human body or into the lives of other human beings. There is probably nothing wrong with that desire if one employs the knowledge gained in the service of the person viewed. This curiosity is one of the reasons I chose to work in child psychiatry last summer. I did see into the lives of over a dozen young persons and came away with my eyes full, though I was uncertain as to the amount of service given as a result of my seeing.

One boy that I knew from his beginning on the 5th floor Children's Medical Center Psychiatry ward was Howard C., a 6 year-old, think little black child. Howard's main problem, as his parents saw it, was that he did not use speech in a meaningful way. He could make sounds, even words and phrases, but what good are chants that go, "How you, fine. How you, fine. . ."? How useful is the ability to parrot TV commercials at any random time or repeat the word "Batman" in perfect rhythm? Even when Howard said something with meaningful content, he would seldom direct his words to any person. He might just as likely be looking up into the corner of the ceiling.

Howard's eating habits could be called impulsive. He was allowed to eat whenever and whatever he wanted. Consequently, it appears he was a "chain peanut-butter and jelly sandwich eater," all day long. He never verbalized his desire for a sandwich, but rather used sign or noise communication if he needed help opening the jar. Evidently his parents and older siblings were willing to come to this kind of calling.

Besides the retardation in the use of speech, Howard demonstrated a general emotional slowness and lack of awareness. His parents explained, and we later witnessed, that when they would say good-bye to him and leave, he would not begin crying till about ten minutes later, at which time he would let out a heartfelt series of sobs. Emotional distance was evident even in his family picture. All his older siblings looked with poise at the camera, while Howard's gaze was askance at a corner of the ceiling.

Another of Howard's bizarre behavior patterns had to do with his obsession for TV Channel 8. He did not necessarily have to be watching it all the time, but from any part of his

house he could detect whether the TV was turned to that channel, and would adamantly insist that it stay there. It was difficult to understand this last behavior or its relationship to the others mentioned.

Everyone on the 5th floor CMC Psychiatric unit has a diagnosis. Howard got one, too. It might have been childhood schizophrenia or autistic behavior, but Dr. Wiggins often expressed that no diagnostic category ever really explained the spectrum of behaviors in any one patient. Our new patient was Howard C., with a syndrome unique to himself, and the staff would need to design a therapy unique to him.

His personal staff of child care workers, teachers and psychologists were first of all instructed to insist that he ask for objects before they be given to him. After a couple of weeks he began asking for cereal at breakfast spontaneously. At first much of his asking was simply a parroting of the staff's words. It was slow progress even then.

Additional intensive speech training was given him twice daily by an ingenious young lady therapist. Taking advantage of his compulsion to imitate and then to complete any given phrase or sentence, she would say a sentence, "This is a banana," while holding up a picture of one. Then she would just start the sentence, and as she anticipated, he would finish it in spite of himself. Soon Howard was able to go through a stack of pictures and talk about them, though still in a somewhat stilted way.

Many of Howard's activities with the psychiatric unit served to give his emotional reactions a nudge. For example, out on the playground, he could not long be oblivious to the other children in the swing next to him. After having been struck down a couple of times he did become a little more aware of his surroundings, though it was never near the aggressive and creative curiosity of the normal child.

Whenever it was thought that Howard's attention was being drawn to a hallucination, such as when he would gaze at the ceiling, the staff would make attempts to keep him in the external world. They

would take his hand, or hold him and talk to him. Sometimes they would play an action game, such as catch-the-ball with him. On occasion they would verbally command him to quit paying attention to his inner world. "Howard, stop lookin up there."

Howard, as did each of the children on the ward, brought something of his own to add to the therapeutic atmosphere there. In his case it was a gift of warmth. He would easily climb into the lap of any of the members of the staff, or cuddle up to any of the other children. To some of the latter, this was quite an event, since they would not often allow themselves to be touched, due to the kind of conflicts within. For some reason, Howard was permitted to get close.

Howard's prognosis was difficult to determine from the short time I knew him. He will never be the normal child for his age, but he may be helped quite a bit to be more functional in society by patient teaching and therapy. His parents show themselves, which is in Howard's favor. Beyond this one can only leave the possibilities of time open to hope.

Ellen Kramar

SO WHAT WILL SOPHOMORE ELECTIVES PROVE?

Probably nothing, but some of the following ideas and trite phrases might be thrown around.

If they are a success, success defined as a good attendance, some people might expound on the inherent virtue of the medical student. He (or she) will learn without the threat of an impending exam. Contrary to popular beliefs when given the opportunity the MS will show the intellectual curiosity to explore subjects of interest without coercion. What miracles hath come to pass! Some students may even enjoy classes in small groups where they actively participate rather than passively sleep in a semi-supine slump. How nice to learn in a relaxed low pressure atmosphere! Furthermore, the courses offer an opportunity to experiment with new course material and teaching methods. Is anything wrong with our curriculum?)

On the otherhand, their failure, i.e., lack of attendance, may only further demonstrate the effectiveness of our training in "Grades as the key to Heaven". Why risk a lower grade by learning some extraneous B.S. on which you will never be examined? The compulsive MS is overburdened by courses in which he receives a grade and where his only feedback for striving is this arbitrary number on which his future will rest. With reason he cannot afford time for elective studies. Even though, he learns, he must do elective studies and learn independently once he leaves the sacred parent, he is poorly prepared for such learning methods and fulfills the role of M.D.

The sane may have bypassed the elective courses in favor of much needed "free" time for other activities, including their own physical and mental fitness and part-time work. Who can criticize these worthy causes?

Success or failure, sophomore electives on top of the regular course load can't prove much, just another temporary diversion. But the large number who have already shown interest suggests that students are not satisfied with their education.

MS II

The Borborygmi wishes to report that it has acquired a copy of the overall performance of the class of 1975 on their Med.I boards last June. Unfortunately, the bylaws of the exam preclude any publication of result to avoid their use as publicity by the schools involved. There will be a copy posted on the bulliten board outside B201.

BORBORYGMI POLL #1:

Of a total of 152 freshmen and 127 sophomores, 103 questionnaires were returned. While perhaps not sufficient response for statistics projections, the Borg wishes to publish the results anyway, as a data base for the future, and to let everyone know some of what we think.

This poll was tabulated in terms of the number of persons expressing an interest in a given answer. Thus, if one marked both Internal Medicine and Family Practice, both received one mark in the tally. Please note that the total counts will thus not equal 103 in all cases.

Of career occupations, Family Practice clearly was the favorite intention, out-polling the nearest competitor nearly 2:1. Similarly, the combination of private practice with a group easily swamped the competition. Ballotting for residence was almost evenly split among size of community and between Texas and the rest of the world.

23	Internal Medicine
16	Surgery
11	Pediatrics
4	OB-GYN
5	Psychiatry
42	Family Practice
22	Sub-Specialty
1	Pathology
1	Pediatric Cardiology
1	Necrophilia (?)
1	Vetreinarian (?)
2	Public Health
2	Ophthomology
1	Dermatology
1	Pediatric Surgery
2	ENT
1	Trauma Medicine
5	Orthopedics
1	Pediatric Psychiatry
2	Cardiology
1	Proctologist

69	Private Practice
6	Government Service
17	Teaching
17	Hospital Based
1	Community Clinic

74	Group
12	Solo

32	Large City
54	Small City
21	Rural

43	In Texas
40	Out There Somewhere

The Borg intends to expand (improve?) this poll to all four classes, and to publish class breakdowns in the future. Any amateur Gallops with ideas and ambition please see S.Hill or D. Harvey.

Future Articles planned include a look at where Southwestern grads go after they leave the womb; a discussion of 'salaries' for jr/sr ward clerks; how the pay stacks up in various residencies versus the duties and training; funding; the state budget and the real budget; and a report on a visit to the office of a local chiropractor. Plus more letters, poems, interviews, etc.

LITERARY SECTION

The Dark Night

(to be chanted by the freshmen in deference to Mr. Tricky; may he someday be as useful as Myrtle, our gray leather companion.)

You are not where you wish,
no friends surround you,
there is no fire on a hearth,
or candles to burn
against the thousand mysteries
of the dusk.
the night sky is filled with strange stars,
there is no pattern you understand,
and the trees shelter unseen birds
whose singing in the shadows is ungrasped,
like a chorus of flutes
in the desert air.

it becomes enough just to look around,
too much to survive for long,
the land shifts under your feet
like islands in a sea of smoke,
there is a dizzy pulse which terrifies
the unprotected flesh and spine.
your arms shake without cause,
a coldness roots inside your chest,
and it really matters little
where you are now,
it is not where you wish to be,
this place or another
are all the same.

C.F. Poltroon, MS I

LITERARY SECTION

Ode to a tube of my serum

(to be read with force, precision, and great thrombi
of emotion)

Oh river of straw colour, beauteous flow,
Oh bilirubinous nectar of my veins,
Thou ceruloplastic spirit of the copper-carriers,
Contain me in my ecstasy and wild swooning.
Oh beauty and sensual ear, inspire me,
Oh for a theme, for a theme to begin my dream.
Oh nature, Oh Ford, Oh geritol, and, Oh my heart
From whose great cave you ventured forth
Pricked by a needle into open air.
Oh save me the quickest pulse.
Oh ampule of heavenly gold,
Haptoglobular core of my precious bodily fluids,
My very heart beats in time for you.
I know it--and to know it is despair
To one who loves you as I love, sweet Serum.

When we were both in light and heavy chains,
How you blushed within me, I remember
All your complements and how I kept
You from tortuous death with my every breath.
And now all the very fibrin of your being
Is gone to some ignoble place,
And with it all those charming little platelets
Which made your soul all evanescence,
And Oh, merry Christmas factor and
All the other little factors in a row,
All away and gone, Oh Folly, all is not bliss.

But what should I want with these tears?
Your miraculous transfiguration laid open
The raptures of your holy temple,
Thou art still refuge for timid little Hemopexin
And the fat Chylomicron,
Even now, without your blush, without your clot.
Why even now, you diffuse through my very agar,
And though it is not Joy's grape
Which stains my lips purple, but Anemias,
Be staid my poor heart, all is not lost,
For in that loss of clot, thou, my Serum,
Became like honey gathered on a spoon,
And like honey I expect to eat you,
All sticky, and get IgG on my face.

C.F. Poltroon, MS I

Spring Heat

To enter from the rear,
like a heated lion,
his plumage of mane
unnoticed by his lioness,
would be a sacrilege
on this day of fine drama.
Instead, with the sun
splashing our limbs
as well as the flat sea,
we'll tumble face to face,
our muscles heating solarly,
backs spreading over the sand,
crushing dozens of hidden lives,
animals drilling each other
from the rear,
while their eyes search out
the next meal,
all biologically precise.

C.F. Poltroon, MS I

April Boycott--1973

Refused to eat kine,
a country of sudden vegetarians,
unlike Ulysses and his men
whose stomachs suffered by fate,
these carnivorous millions
chose a contest with greed
(by natural instinct)
and secondarily discussed
the merits of plants and cheese.

Out on the lands,
the red-meated animals
stewed in their own juices,
filling our their flesh with grass,
while above their hides
blew early spring winds,
cloying the air with the stench
of corporate forks and knives,
and knives expectant with saliva.

C.F. Poltroon, MS I

Three Short Pieces

Art Moderne

An itch,
culled from my fingertips
and flung against the wall,
where it sticks:
a monument to
aspiring itches.

November Piece

In a lonely field at night,
under stars,
a rabbit's hole
filled with rainwater,
is forbidding,
is a flooded home,
an abandoned subject,
is a liquid mirror for the moon.

Back-rub (from David Hickey and Leesa Blake)

My fingers
are lonely albatrosses,
wheeling and soaring,
diving for food
among the seawaves
of your skin.

C.F. Poltroon, MS I

I RUN WITHOUT KNOWING THE REASON

I run without knowing the reason.
My breath comes in gasps and I falter.
My swallow's a sticky reminder,
My spit's in the air far behind.

I run on and come close to people;
Though some call I won't pause to answer.
I haven't a word that will help them;
I see they have nothing to say.

My spit's in the air far behind me.
It's breathed by the children I grew with.
It glistens in people who love me
And places that I should have loved.

I see they have nothing to tell me
That matters before I have left them.
I doubt that they talk to each other -
The ones that I pass as I run.

And places that I should have loved more
Are too far behind me to matter.
I long for the time to consider,
But time isn't real till it's past.

The ones that I pass as I run on
Come closer to me when I stumble
We're closest when time doesn't matter.
I pause, and see that they're running.

But time isn't real while it's passing;
And people aren't real while they're running;
And places for resting are lonely;
And the lonely have no place to run.

I pause, and see that they're running,
But time isn't real while it's passing
For the ones that I pass as I run
To places that I should have loved more.

I see they have nothing to tell me.
My spit's in the air far behind me.
I run on and come close to people.
I run without knowing the reason.

Emil Sea

Trident

Riding, gliding along the paved avenues.
Passing by the great, stately houses
With their space and trees and gentle lawns.
Light from the low lying sun
Casting golden rays
Onto the brilliantly soft greens.
Smells of the Indian summer days of fading Autumn
Fill the air
As my nose flows by
Sampling the scents a bit here
a bit there.

Inside a desire to share
Knowing the intensity's increase
In experiencing together,
One aloft and one anew.

Mind chasing down the pretty path of perhaps
Far and away from the depressing ruts of doubt.
A new freshness
Exhilarating affection.
Perhaps without the mistakes,
Perhaps without the jagged edges of before.

Who can say?
Who can see...
Beyond the golden days,
The warmth filled days
present.
Of near presence.
presents.

MS I (rhymes with Heston)

Polluted, classless fourth-day afternoon.
I place you about two and a quarter hours
In your class of speech and argument.
Wonder what clothes you clad
Your fine body with

-Today-

I'm just a little lonely.
What jewels and metals have you

-Worn-

down inside
Thinking back to the times
I've spent
Learning about you
So that I can now surmise about-

-Your appearance-

in and out of my life
Cuts and soothes,
But for awhile again
It's been slashing
At my heart-strings.

To love as I do
You will have,
Be it for me or for him.
That you will feel someday

-I know-

the scents of your body;
Its softnesses and caresses;
Eye-, skin-, lip-colors;
Sound and pulse rhythms;
How your clothes cling
And opals predict;
How your voice told me
It was
And your acts

-It is not-

the time of day
(if ever it is now)
That you think on me,
But I wonder then
On the touch of your mind.

His 5-year old. But she's so vain,
The "A" I got helped ease the pain.
Fagelman, your twins look fine
(If they only knew their real blood line).
Yes, I'm on top and looking down
On all you fuckers with a frown.
One thing I think you all should know,
I'm Harold Hyper, numero uno!!

(pt. II)

You all remember me, so dear,
But now I'm in my second year.
To be a junior is not my dream
But it's #1, tho it may seem
To be just to impress the class.
You really think so? You betcherass!
Micro, to me, was quite a spree.
The whole damn class was chasing me.
With Finkelstein I had my in
(Though some folks call it carnal sin).
Rosenblum, I polished his dome,
Though all I hoped was to get me home
Free, with the highest grade,
And for four weeks I was his maid.
I ask my wife, her name is Alice,
What the hell will I do with Fallis?!

I've never learned to drink the brew,
But I'm sure that most never knew
That while you were chugging that beer so vile,
I was booking all the while.
I love my books so very much
That I sleep with them and it is such
A big fucking thrill
That I really don't know of much else real.
Somehow I feel I'm losing touch
With reality, but it doesn't matter much.
The one thing I think you all should know,
I'm Harold Hyper, still numero uno!!

Griffin, S.O.B. MS II

Excursion Fall Seven Two

Blue sky without.
Sun streaming past the room's glass casings.
Airport scene
Faced alone this time.
A brief excursion without the tearing aches of parting.
Surveying the green-suited figures
And noting the apparenacy of
Just who is out and who is in.
Papers scream of landslides and
The undertone of despair of these times
Shrieks from the far-flung valleys
Of the future.

That wind carries with it
The bleakness of wind-swept, man-raped plains
And it skitters the trash about in deserted alleys and streets.

Gusts of politics
and hunger,
of economics
and disease,
of bulging fat
and near-naked bones,
of power
and the frailty of flesh,
of me
and my unlived death.

MS I

Harold Hyper (pt. I)

Harold Hyper that's my name,
I'm #1, and that's my game.
Every morning after class
To the front I bust my ass
To get there first and quiz the prof,
To find out what is coming off.
At breakfast, coffee, ten cups, hot,
(Of course at noon I piss a lot)
But I stay awake through thick and thin
And get more notes than mortal men.
Hackenbrock? He calls me Harry.
Last fall you see, I'd planned to marry

(continued)

Letters:

Sister,

Now in the eye of a hurricane. Early morning in the city, a night which brought a streetlight-eating storm has left a heavy-laden mist to settle into the crevices on the backs of steamrolled asphalt snakes that slither through steel girted canyons. With the paper-mache challenge only a day in its grave and the time-consuming black hole just a dream away, my spirit flies to dormant mts. clothed in winter. It is in their domain that the pensive Scorpio travels. Perhaps I can bring enough strength to fling two through the constellations, but wisdom is still the desert mirage before my thirsty eyes. You said my friend has talked to you and his words brought doubts to pale shadows. Accept the beauty that someone could perceive a troubled mind and then with strong honesty try to create a spark in the dark turmoil. Our friend has spent many years in the one-way mirror maze. The price for his privileged viewpoint? Isolation, icy intellect without the fire of emotional life. He shattered the glass slowly, painfully, and now stands interdependent, much stronger and wiser than ever before. With his new union of knowledge and emotions he seeks to free others from their peep-hole prisons, bring substance to the invisible people. Thus you and I who often seek the solitude of self-containment and invulnerability, pursuing windmills of dependence and manifest emotionality compel him to 'help' us see another stone image of our goals. I argue that only when I have achieved independence can I experience complete interdependence. The two, he says, cannot be temporally separated, that you cannot create Yin without simultaneously creating Yang. Just as with the two hexagrams:

☷	☰
opposites, comple-	
mentary; as each	

gains inner tension it begins to evolve, each becoming its opposite. The one cannot change without also changing the other; the equilibrium stays constant. You say he criticized self-control, that with which Scorpions exonerate

and develop meticulously. The earth would shatter like a crystal lake should we pierce her with the fiery stinger. Power without control? He answers, "Tyger, tyger burning bright..."

Energy must be shaped, formed, before it can bring beauty. Does the outer boundary of a circle contain the center? Or does the center contain the boundary? We seek to restrain power with more power; that cannot be done. With all the fluctuations of our energy as it flows among our many selves, between aggression and submission, chaos and order, there is only a brief moment of equilibrium that all is in harmony; co-dominance; co-receptivity. As Yin contains Yang, and Yang contains Yin, thus we contain power with weakness and vice versa.

The wolf offers its jugular vein to its conqueror. We say we accept death, a statement so maudlin it's hilarious. We cannot accept death, we don't know what it is. And from what shadow's shadow does our hallucination spring? I fear to look. And then of course we accept death, at least as much as we accept anything that is inevitable. How much different is our acceptance from the christ confused people who seek refuge in a heavenly garden of eden? None! The difference lies in how our acceptance of death affects our acceptance of death. Life is not inevitable; how do we accept that? Granted our form of communication is primitive, but so is what we have to communicate. Words are as structured as their lines, further constrained in a jungle-gym of syntax, formulated from the abstract of life's perceptions, born through vibrating muscle cords or stretched over two-dimensional space, obelisks to be perceived by receptive sets of energy, translated over and over again away from their original meaning. All the senses are brothers and sisters; they have the same parents. But they are what we have. Shall we make them orphans as well? Come Scorpio, let us fly through the constellations again. Take from me that which will help you understand what you seek and leave the

rest as chaff upon the winds. Dawn
now in the city, softest morning mists.
Good morning sister.



22y/owM

I have been up for a day and a half,
dressed in white, occupying little
rooms, seeing those who have come to
see my white uniform, yes uni-form;
but then I am there to meet them, the
crystalization of the mob. In a world
of 24 hr. clocks I must chain my mind
so it will not fly, wings that are
outstretched are so hard to fold.
Now in the pit on the automatic maze-
trip over to psychiatry for a styro-
foam cup of black shimmering wake-
fulness I see the tableau of a young
girl-woman enwrapped in an aura of
grief that silhouettes her against
the reality of that emergency womb.
There are several cushioned pillared
people who give her darkened support,
but she is the flame of their sorrow.
She looks through salty eyes to the
strangeness of blurring fluorescent
lights for an escape from the smother-
ing reality. I, uniformed into trans-
parency, simply absorb all that con-
fronts me along my path through that
green-tiled jungle and stretcher-
strewn desert. Behind a high coun-
ter sit more uniformed zombies gaping
at electronic images, the soap opera
without commercials. I drink the
wakefulness too quickly; it burns my
lips. Still invisible I penetrate
the electric drawbridges and enter
the heart of the mechanism. In a
small chamber within lies a young
man, crucified with needles and all
of his followers gone. The wisemen
who followed the laser-beam star be-
stowed their gifts upon this wheeled
manger and left rapidly. In two dim-
ensional negative relief, brilliant
as moon shadows is the hastily cre-
ated epitaph. Heavy molten metal
liquifying the cranial neuroplasm,
the catylyst between life and
death now frozen in a plastic film.
The respirator, the tubes and bottles,
the instruments, the bloody foot-
prints, they all knew. There were
breaths. And then there were none.

COMMUNISM

What fascinates me is
That people everywhere
Busy at their own business
Are touching me.

A loom squeezes warp and woof together
And I am warmed.
A calloused hand grasps a fuzzy peach
And feeds me; I am satiated.

Another works even to put in order knowledge
So I may learn in natural sequence.

Where, then, is the use of money?
Perhaps it is a symbol of the choice we have
Between performing freeheartedly or
selfishly.

Ellen Kramar

...a 23y/owM