The Merging of Two Daydreams

He was raw sugar
She was refined
He wanted to kiss in the street
She'd been socialized
And didn't

He would smoke escape
She'd weigh situations
He'd close his pupils
And see only himself

In scope she was what you saw
He cleverly hid every flaw
Time's tricky hand
strummed a short tune

So different
Distance took hold
Space grew
And all was separate
Once again

And They Called it Violence

I just wanted to serve
my muscles
to the public.
A man died,
and they called it violence.

The next time,
I used no violence.
I did not serve
my muscles.

He exhaled violence.
I killed him.
People
called it self-defense,
not violence.

Photographs

Tom Caples

Incantations

Olatunji grapples tall bongos
Rimsky Korsokoff brandished clashing cymbals
Rod Stewart croaks velvet English

Debussy batoned a serenade in C-minor
Ray Charles wails lyrical cadences

Tchaikovsky conducted melancholy overtures
Scott Joplin rollicked rhythmic raptures

Beatles jostled the tune waves

Bach hammered resounding harpsichord

The Temptations cry cool mystery

Quincy Jones swirling threads of destiny

Teddy Pendergrass penetrates desolate hearts
Jose Feliciano lilts passionate

Errol Garner skirmished up and down the scales
Donny Hathaway lisped mournful didactics

Liz Kobe

Somehow

Composed in a state of mind.
Not knowing of what kind.

Lead me wrong.
Don't lead me wrong.

Strong sensations on the street

Falling circles surround my feet.

It's like sitting real high—
right blue,
poppy red,
yellow fire stars.

Yes there really is a Mars.

So much infinite,
and where is Mother Earth?

Somehow,
a puddle's mirror

an organized container

of bones

exhibits

one faceless soul.

Liz Kobe

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Dr. Thomas Fink, Faculty Advisor
Special thanks to Michael Blaine for technical and production assistance
You're going to be one of those cool babies. No kicking, no fuss, just be cool and maybe they'll let you stay in here. Nine months and they want you to come out, well not me! I know the deal. Racism, wars, pollution, and who knows what else. I mean those are just some of the things I picked up on from the brain upstairs, and the nervous system. Look, if those things upset her (my mother), what kind of a chance does a little guy like me have?

Damn that Mother Nature; she just had to have her way. I mean she stacked the whole thing against me. She has this whole system worked out, that one way or another you have to come out. I gave it my best shot though; I held out nine days past due date (later this was to be related to my stubborn nature as a child).

Well I'm lying here in what is called a nursery, with a bunch of my peers. If you think I was stubborn, you should check out this young lady in the next crib. She refused to come out and they had to do something called a Caesarean; boy, that girl has determination. There seems to be some kind of myth that when babies cry they want to be fed or held. Well let me tell you something: most of these babies arrived on time, and once they go there they didn't like it. So when the nurse hands them to their mother, they stop crying because they think they are going back from where they came. They eat only because they think that's part of the flight package. Eve (that's the girl in the next crib) says "they are suckers" (as in targets of con-men); "the adults keep running the same game on them. After they eat, they throw them right back in this damn nursery with the big picture window." That's the window where the grown ups keep looking in here and invading our privacy. They look in here and make funny faces, pat each other on the back, and act like nuts.

Anyway, I'm getting kind of excited about this thing called life. Besides the bad, it sounds like there's a lot of good things out there as well. I think I'll stay a while and check it out. If I find I don't like it maybe I can still arrange to go back. I wonder if I can work out a deal with Mother Nature? I don't know. One of the other fellows told me her real name is Betty Friedan, and she's not too crazy about little boys who want everything their own way.
Soul

by Sandra Lawson

"Not Don't touch him, you'll kill them!" she agonizingly screamed at the doctor. The famous Chief of Surgery left the mother's hospital room bewildered and a bit frustrated with the hysterical woman. He had carefully explained to her that they only wanted to operate on one of the newborn twins, that the other one was in perfect health, so why did she continue to shriek, "them?"

The twins were born two weeks ago but the hospital staff gasped even when they started the event top billing as if it had happened the day before. The twins were born just two minutes apart but the difference between the two made those minutes seem like years. "It's only and precisely 12 midnight. He was premature and barely breathing. But the most disturbing feature of this pitiful birth was the child's overall physical appearance. He was, to put it mildly, grotesque. There were two flabby bubbles where his eyes should have been. The favorite counting ten ritual was unnecessary because the child was without hands and feet. He had what looked like fish gills for ears and his skin was pasty white, cracked and oozing pus. The poor, disfigured creature would not cry but instead whimpered like a poisoned dog. Finalizing the pity already felt by the staff, the doctors prayed, for his sake, that he pass away peacefully, and prepared themselves for another horror.

She was what anyone would imagine as beautiful. She was healthy, sort of plump, and she had a deep, red color. She had soft, precious locks of thick curly hair surrounding her angelic face, earning the nickname, 'Angel.' As soon as the air, sterile and chilled, hit her body she saturated the air with disapproval. Dreadfully, from the far forgotten corner of the room, his cries came equal in volume, harmonizing with his twin sister.

The doctors called it "precaution" when they wrote the orders to separate the twins into different nurseries. They claimed that the healthy infant might catch "it"—whatever it was. It did not occur to these humans of science and textbooks that the twins had, for nine months, shared the same womb; blood and nourishment. So frustration was their well-deserved reward when the twins would not eat until coincidentally fed at the same time.

At midnight they would wake up, not making a sound and then strangely the thermometer, monitoring the sick infant's temperature, rose to an almost inhuman level without pushing off the high critical bar. The nurse, who would race through the nursery with this little bundle of ordinary, the poor unfortunate enough to be in the nursery, awake, would find it too unbearably hot to stand or investigate the strange whimper coming from the Angel's bassinet or witness the bizarre occurrence that took place. The girl's transformation from an angel to the eyesless, limbless, skinless creature went unnoticed and by the time the heat died down and the nurse regained her professional compo- sition, the perfect-faced child would be stumbling peacefully leaving the nurse with the devastated feeling of surviving the atomic bomb.

It took a great deal of cajoling and unnecessary medical jargon to convince the mother of the importance of this much needed operation. But after the good doctor finished his condescending speech about the importance of science, the mother reluctantly gave in. The good doctor paraded around the hospital, like an arrogant peacock, proud that he had cunningly pulled this face off. He knew that the operation would serve no purpose other than his own and the poor creature had no chance of surviving at all, especially not with surgery. But he would be famous, even more than now, and would of course be promoted to some greater title, respected by all. Nothing was going to stop him now, not the staff or the mother, not even the already weakening condition of the child. He especially was not going to let the nightmares he had of seeing his own body change into an eyeless, limbless creature stand in his way. The recurring fevers that he owned and left unexplained, and it would probably not be her last if she returned home. She was only grateful that they had not asked her where she was born.

The operation was under way, the doctors were scrubbed and sterile, the equipment was checked for the one hundredth time, the filming crews were in place and the chief surgeon, in all of his glory, was handed the first scalpel. The Angel screamed just as they cut into her brother's already mutilated skin. It was a scream that made everyone's smallest hairs stand on end.

At the first sign of the baby's blood, from the incision, the room grew intensely hot, but everyone reasoned that it was just the heat from the filming lights. The good doctor, sweat pouring down his determined face, worked on in a feverish frenzy ignoring the discomfort of the heat. He sliced and rearranged parts of the mutilated child. His ears began ringing from the heat and he had a drowning nauseous feeling but he continued. "I will succeed even if it kills me," he thought out loud. He opened the child's chest cavity and just as he was about to grab the child's almost arrested heart, a flash of light, that only he could see, blinded his eyes, forcing him to throw down the bloody scalpel and protect his eyes. The staff cautiously backed away, no longer confused. They understood what was happening now; they had witnessed this kind of thing before. The quest for glory for whatever the price, this need, out of greed, to have it all. But they didn't see it in time, and now a child was going to die mercilessly.

The nurse's composure was lost. The Angel was dying and there was no apparent explanation. One minute she was healthy, eating contently and the next minute she was feverish, her heart failing. But most disturbing was the constant flash of grotesque features that kept taking over the infant's face, accompanied by the agonizing screams. One of the technicians had interrupted the surgeon and be called for an emergency team to save the child, but all seemed to fail. They needed the good chief surgeon, but he was in surgery trying to save the other twin, so they thought. It also dawned on them that the hysterical mother knew all along that the child would have to die. But how did she know?

He pulled the arm down and protected his eyes from the light. He snatched the surgical mask from his face and shrieked into the horrified faces of all who witnessed this event. His screams were accompanied by the staff, who froze in their places, afraid to move, but not wanting to miss any of this. The last crew continued to film, knowing that this would be the only believable proof of what was going on. The good doctor, suddenly the subject of shame, stumbled weakly toward the creation, his creation, and poored triumphantly into the perfect face of the once disfigured child. It was a face that only he could see. He then looked up into the viewer's mirror of his face, and there he saw, as everyone else saw, that his nightmares had finally come to life. He had taken on the child's grotesque features just as he had in his dreams. He even watched horrified, as pus and blood ran from every crack of his now decaying skin. He stared into the mirror for what seemed like an eternity before he died, falling across the defenseless child, the miracle his mind had created.

She died, two minutes after her brother.

The nurses stood over her, unsure, not wanting to believe that they had really witnessed the same thing. Did they actually watch as the beautiful face took on the eyesless, limbless, pus oozing features that were her brother's?

It was all forgotten in a few weeks. People sometimes still wondered who could have stolen all three bodies out of the morgue, and they also wondered why the mother had so suddenly packed up all she owned and left town. They did not know that she returned home, to her country, to a well known city, known to her as HIROSHIMA. The most baffling thing, though, was the film. It was completely blank.

The Angel seemed a bit cranky the morning of surgery so the nurses cuddled her, trying to keep her quiet. She was flushed and had a thin film of moisture on her forehead as if under some sort of strain.

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His veins erupted wildly when he introduced the knife into the enemy's stomach. Ripping the flesh and feeling life fade, he stopped twisting the fist which held the blade. Now he withdrew, veins tamely diminishing to normal. The soldier had done his duty. "No more right or wrong for you," he thought, and then added in contempt, "some people have all the luck."

He stared at the body for just a second, no more. No time to think in this situation. No time to think, unless you want to die in an unknown, hostile world. With the knife still in his hand, Max ran towards the forest, where his company made its stand, as the battle lived on. He ran for cover. From strange enemies and bullets, and found the open battle field in front of him; it now owned the bodies, which seemed to melt into the ground. Then he thought again, "They said I'd be a hero if I made it back. But if that's true, then what does it make them? Those who died?"

"Max, are you all right?" It was the voice of the lieutenant from about fifty yards behind. "Try to make it over to us; we're moving back." This was no easy task, for the trees were not united, and were small protection for the distance to be covered, but still he would try. Once again he was left no other choice. Max took a moment to prepare before the run. Breathing deeply, he closed his eyes. It was only for a second in actuality, but longer in his mind, which showed him a place in his life.

Suddenly he was back home, twenty years earlier, just a kid growing up in a reservation. Evening.

He could hear his grandmother once again, sitting, looking at the burning fire by her side recalling tales of glory, tales of a past, and a future that was not. The words were gentle, yet mysterious, like what they described. "Mother is the Earth. Father is the Sun. Father's rays touch the mother, creating life. The children live off the land, worship it and love it, and all that it contains. For them there is no right or wrong. Nothing will make them fall apart. Then, as the image of his grandmother vanished, a frightening one came to mind. In this nightmarish vision stood his brother, all alone, in the darkest of nights. He was holding medals in his hand, like the ones that Max desired. But these were cutting away at the hands which held them. Cutting them to the bone, making them bleed profoundly. And on one of them the words would shine, even in the dark, blinding the sight, it said: To the heroes of the land. A cold shiver ran through Max. He opened his eyes; it was time.

Now Max started running, harder than he had ever tried. Running for his life. He heard the other soldiers shouting, urging him on, as they protected him with fire from their arms. He heard the leader's voice yelling, "Come on. Only a few more feet to go!" He heard the bullets all around. He could swear that he knew the path that each would travel. He could tell that one had hit him. It came from behind... or was it from the front? No difference. In a moment he was lying on the ground, looking towards the sky.

He felt nothing this time. The sun on his face, the bullet tearing at his heart. He heard even less. Now eternity was him, sanctuary the earth. Eyes fixed on the clouds, he could almost see a face... was it crying? He felt himself pronouncing the words "Father, please forgive them, they don't know what they do." A smile sprouted on his lips, which were unsure of what they meant. Realizing what was coming, feeling breath grow weaker, Max tried to think about the last words he would say, his epitaph, but nothing came to mind. And then he looked at his bloodied hand, and looking back at the sky, he said, "Father, will you forgive me too," before he passed on, into the land.
Silence
Listening to your voice
coffin sounds
no laughter

Maybe a syllable
fortunatly
here and
there.

Wrong
what could there be
are you
inside
or
outside
alone.

Here
I think
should I not
tell to you
your voice
heard before
in gift-wrapped days.

I wish not
forbid
wash away the
flaccid face,
shattered scenes.

Listening to
your voice
I hear
no one.

The Bridge
by William Gumbs

He got a kind of high when he killed the enemy in close combat and a kind of low when he didn't
get the chance to see the enemy dying. He enjoyed the "role" of God, deciding another guy's fate.
I remember a time Johnny, a few friends and myself captured a soldier. We started asking him
some questions, but the prisoner didn't answer. Johnny pulled out his pistol and pointed it at
the guy's stomach. He explained what a horrible sight it was when someone is shot in the stomach.
John then asked the prisoner some questions; again there was no response. He then pumped
two bullets into him at point-blank range. Me and the rest of the guys just stood there in shock
while the prisoner died slowly in great pain and agony. Johnny just laughed and said, "He should
have answered me."

As all good things must come to an end, the war came to an end and Johnny was no longer able
to play the role of "God." It was now time for Johnny to come back to stateside. Amidst great joy that
was felt by his comrades, Johnny however was feeling depressed. When Johnny arrived home, his family and friends realized there was a change in his personality. Once a happy-go-lucky extrovert, he was now a quiet, uncharing introvert. Disturbed by his new
personality, his parents asked him to seek medical assistance, and he reluctantly agreed. While under psychiatric care, he began to return to the Johnny of old.

September 1: A sad incident happens; a close friend of Johnny kills himself. After hearing this
distressing news, Johnny begins to think of the two of them when they were in the war
together. Johnny disappears.

September 7: A seemingly unrelated incident occurs; some one is murdered in cold-blood.

September 8: Another person is murdered, but this one is tortured.

September 9: In desperation the police are asking that anyone with information please contact them
immediately. At the University, someone reports sniper activity. Before the police arrive,
the sniper disembarks, leaves 2 dead and 4 wounded. After questioning a few
witnesses, the police believing that they have enough to go on, put out an A.P.B. on the
suspect. A patrol car spots someone who fits the description of the suspect, believed
to be a veteran Johnny Cunningham. The police follow him to a supermarket. Realiz-
ing he is being followed, Johnny opens fire on the police, who fire back.

Amidst an array of gunfire stemming from every direction, Johnny, scared, wounded and tired,
grabs a woman, hoping that this may stop the gunfire. Seeing his hostage, the
police declare a cease fire. Aware that he is now in charge of the situation , Johnny seeks better
assistance, and he realized
forbidden desires
there is no erase
those boundaries

My Supervisor

my supervisor
struggles with anger
unrelated to the incident
a rush of green arrows
she buys herself a diamond on time
before she could see why
something happened yesterday
a sculpture of jagged ice

Regina Jackson

Boundaries

Boundaries
Desire's connection with living
Life puts boundaries on desires
Right and wrong help to confine
Dreams have no place
For boundaries there is no erase
No erase
For those boundaries
To be in confine
Never to explore forbidden desires
Can one really enjoy living?
Dreams have no place
I want to escape to a place
Where I make living
Where there is no erase
No room for confine
To thrust upon desires
And to destroy those boundaries
What is living?
It is a place
With no erase
Full of thick blood-gorged boundaries
You can call it confine
For everyone a supposed desire
Not within my desires
Pain puts pressure on living
On those boundaries
Yet there is no erase
For desire to reap there is no place
So we adjust to confine
My shell confine
Alone without desires
Drab lonely living
This is my place
With no erase
Life's boundaries
Boundaries confine
Living desires
This place with no erase

Regina K. Young

Liz Kobe

Right and wrong
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Regina Jackson
On September 9, 19 - - Johnny placed a pistol to his head and blew his brains out. One may ask why? Why would a man with seemingly everything going for him do such a thing? He had a loving family and was engaged. Let us review the period from Johnny's 18th birthday to that fatal day, September 9, 19 - -

On Johnny's 18th birthday a few of his friends took him out to a party. The next morning when Johnny woke up, he found a letter from the government inviting him to register for the draft. After a family discussion, Johnny and his parents decided that the best thing for them to do was to get a lawyer and inquire as to the possible alternatives. With a lawyer's assistance they decided it would be in John's best interest to go to court.

During a heated court battle, which was covered not only by all of the nation's media, but a great portion of international press, some interesting points were provided by Johnny:

Johnny's lawyer: Are you an American citizen?
Johnny: Yes
Lawyer: Then if you're an American citizen why are you refusing to protect your country?
Johnny: America is there to protect the rights of the people.

I'm worst of all, sitting here savaging everybody and everything but myself.

Is it worth it, or do I find myself in the nosomous position of an omniscient person who knows nothing?

Michalis Andreou

Soldier

Soldier, take the gun, go and kill.
Don't ask, don't even care to whom the gun belongs.

Soldier, become a hero, win the fight.
Death is your friend, killing your light.

Soldier, you have no ideals, not even single ideas.

Soldier, you belong to the state.
You have honour and a rank.

Soldier, your name is a number, you belong to a human bank.

Michalis Andreou

Library

People's voices bother me.
They open and close books, disturbing as crumbling paper.

Someone's coughing, others are yawning, stretching, laughing ostentatiously.

What do I do?

I'm worst of all, sitting here savaging everybody and everything but myself.

Is it worth it, or do I find myself in the nosomous position of an omniscient person who knows nothing?

Michalis Andreou

Variations on a Theme

The night is cold and chill;
A face is in the windowpane.
What was I doing while he was sleeping?
The cloak and dagger of it all is disillusioning to me.
The absence drops again.
He has drawn the curtains.

Houses close their eyes with drawn curtains.
Analyze those sonnets in detail, again.
Piano movements amuse me,
Music, an aid to restful sleeping.
Colorful scenes, framed by my windowpane--
Night is gone, gone is the chill.

The tension, the swell and the drama of the ocean again,
Searing sun and the gentle wind playing upon my afternoon curtains.
Night ushers in darkness and chill.
A loud sound at the door startled me;
My dream or nightmare ended my sleeping.
And the robin sang on my windowpane.

Mirrors reflected yesterday's rainy windowpane.
Lost moments evaded me
Hiding behind the sadness of blue curtains.
The element of self can be erased by the chill.
A dramatic performance delights me.
Their love died while they were sleeping.

A beautiful painting: Art reposed and sleeping.
A dog presses his nose against the rain-streaked windowpane.
On a fence, a stray cat, cowered and chill.
Autumn moves like heavy azure curtains.
Her heart will return to you again;
He touched my mind and then my heart.

Guarded vulnerability puts limitations upon me.
Day, are you sleeping?
Many fingers of rain beat heavily upon my windowpane.
Discipline yourself and regain that quality again.
Summer is here; take down the curtains.
He shook her gently and melted her icy chill.

A great shimmering chill seized me:
A cat scratched on the windowpane while I was sleeping.
She danced again wrapped in sheer gauzy curtains.

Regina Jackson
Doin' Time or Vacation Time
by Anna Austin

On July 1st, 1982 I boarded an airplane to Miami, Florida. Then I embarked on a gorgeous cruise ship enroute to San Juan, Puerto Rico, St. Thomas and Nassau. What a glorious summer of 1982! One year later, on July 1st 1983 my summer schedule began in a totally different way. I had an important appointment. Now I was compelled to keep the follow-up doctor's appointment.

Sitting in the waiting room, I looked around and pondered with anticipation about what the next hour would bring.

"You are next. Would you follow me please?" As I walked down the hallway I reflected on the fact that I had come forth willingly. No need to be apprehended by force—thus far I chose to keep this follow-up appointment to hear the results of my recent physical examination.

Was I guilty or innocent of the crime of overeating? Some of my thoughts said yes—but I had my addictions to show as a miscreant, not as an offense. I would even submit to a lie detector test if required.

Dr. G., as the judge was seated behind his massive desk. We exchanged greetings as I sat down. My eyes and concentration were fixed straight ahead. This judicial chamber was quiet. He studied the data and then looked up.

The judge enumerated my violations and offenses. The rundown began: "Exhibit A—the preliminary examination and laboratory specimens indicate that you are overweight. Exhibit B—cholesterol is above the acceptable levels. Exhibit C—your blood pressure is fine—you're lucky!"

My mental computer correlated the data. My thoughts formulated images of delicious burgers, crunchy french fries, crispy, crunchy french fries, juicy ice cream, sweets and other high caloric contraband.

I was devastated! What kind of addictions could I come up with now? Suddenly I felt flushed. I was sitting in a hot seat. I felt remorse. I had been seduced and influenced by enticements in bakeries, restaurants and by the TV visual ads for goodies. I was guilty of forfeiting wisdom for pleasure.

I listened to the judge foretelling the risks of continued criminal activity. Public and non-public offenses and continued recidivism could result in a stiff verdict and a maximum security sentence. Could I get time off for good behavior? Did I qualify for an appeal? Was there an honor system? What would I have to do to reverse the inevitable conviction and penalty of doom—Death Row?

The judge said verbal cop-outs were passe. This case would require immediate scrutiny, monitoring, painstaking regular inspection, hard labor, bread and water. Implementing low calorie meals was primary. Rehabilitation could occur with weekly physicals and weight checks, according to him. Punishment involved 45 minutes per day of stretch calisthenics or exercise.

Count down would be two months hence!—September 1, 1983. The follow-up hearing in the judge's chamber would decide if time off for good behavior had been earned.

On September 1st, less 20 pounds in weight, mutual congratulations were expressed. To my friends: garlic bread, seasoned croutons, wine, liqueurs, cocktails, cheeses, scrumptious cakes, delicious pies and pastries, melt-in-your-mouth cookies, rich chocolate delights, creamy custards, delectable ice cream, gum drops, peanut brittle, coconut and almond nuggets, lamb chops, popcorn covered with melted butter, corn on the cob, Polish sausage, shrimps, succulent curry sauces, quiches, soups, puddings and on and on...