



THE BAY

SPRING

1968

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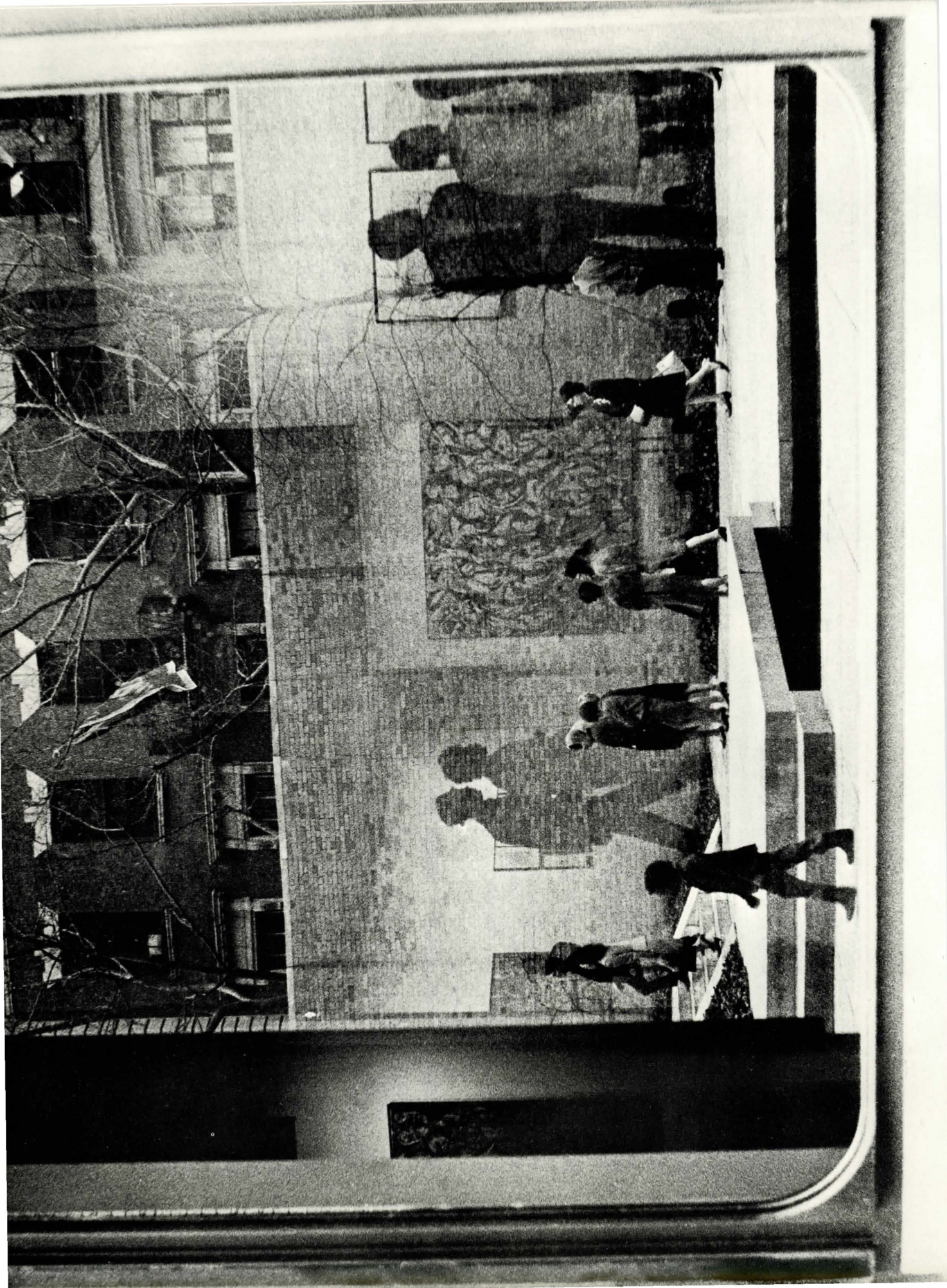
SPRING 1968
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ODE

The radical Mad Hatter of Alice's world was
A Hippie.
Love for Art's Sake is something incomprehensible to
Nazi warlords.
And you, oh my soul, are you ready
For the return of smothering prohibition?
Sure you are.

the picture
which not so long ago
decorated these walls
leaves a great deal
of talk about
patches

Paul Cava



APOLOGY

Forgive me dear for evil thoughts
And pleasures I conceived
For when the fool plans too well
He's all the more deceived.

I think it only right you know
What sparked my sharp retort;
It was not that you can't be reached
But just my reach too short.

My error, it is plainly seen,
Was of a selfish child —
To hope that I might steal from you
A glance, a touch, a smile.

David Dorf

THE INTERROGATION

The setting is a chamber large and dark having an echo quality. In the center of the chamber is a wooden table with two wooden chairs. A light shines on this furniture and the door at stage left, upstage. A man enters slowly stage right from the darkness and sits on the chair stage right. He has a doleful expression. He has carried a black box with him. He stares at the box momentarily, then opens it and looks pensively at the contents. He takes one long breath, closes the box, places it at the foot of his chair, then slouches in his chair arms folded, his face having the same doleful, pensive look. Moments later the minion enters through the door.

SHIRE Sir, the prisoner has been under incubation for 16 hours. His present demeanor indicates that he is now ready for questioning.

INTERROGATOR Good Shire . . . faithful Shire. Please show him in.

Exit Shire. Then enter Shire leading, as a butler leads a house guest, the Idealist, who looks tired, confused and fearful, but nevertheless has an air of poise and dignity.

IDEALIST Where am I? . . . Who are you?

Interrogator stares at Idealist intently. Meanwhile Shire has pulled away the stage left chair from the table offering it to the Idealist. Still staring intently the Interrogator gestures quietly.

INT Please!

The Idealist sits. He is still wide-eyed. Silent moments pass. The Interrogator is still staring at the Idealist. Finally he looks at his minion who is standing behind the Idealist, and nods. The minion then proceeds to beat the hell out of the Idealist who is totally taken by surprise and moans in agony. Meanwhile the Interrogator is still watching intently, but soberly. After awhile in a steady and stern

voice he speaks the name Shire to his minion who stops immediately. The Idealist is thoroughly shaken.

INT Are you all right? (pause) Procedure requires that you be treated in this manner . . . You are wanted for questioning.

IDEAL Why have you done this?

INT I have answered your question.

IDEAL Who are you?

INT I am your interrogating officer.

IDEAL An interrogating officer? . . . questioning? Is that why I was forcibly seized . . . hauled to a dark building . . . thrust for hours into some hot stinking cell . . . alone?

INT Yes.

IDEAL But for what reason? . . . Why no explanation?

INT You are new here. You are different—a foreigner. My techniques of interrogation prepare you for an objective inquiry. And to be effective no forewarning, and no civil privileges can be given you. The surprise, uncertainty and solicitude you experienced were attitudes preconceived by me expressly for you. (pause) Here Shire, a Scotch for our guest.

IDEAL I don't understand you. You still haven't explained why I am here.

INT Enough from you. Drink.

IDEAL What kind of man are you? Your servant beats me up; then you order him to serve me alcohol?

INT Never mind!

IDEAL A "guest" you call me?

INT Drink!

Pause. As a gesture of resistance the Idealist smashes the glass on the floor before the table. The Interrogator gazes at the shattered mass. He moves, bends over and reflectively examines the broken glass. He then slowly sweeps the pieces into his handkerchief and softly says, "Shire", who smacks the Idealist and proceeds to tie him to his chair.

IDEAL You're all mad! (Pause.)

INT The glass was an antique. The liquor an uncommon blend of whiskey. The quality of both was rare. Now that quality doesn't exist, but that doesn't matter. The glass would have eventually been broken, and the Scotch drunk. And I can always purchase another glass or bottle of spirits having the same measure of rarity as the ones you destroyed. People are like that . . . individual, momentary, replaceable.

IDEAL How is that?

INT I was fascinated when as a young man I found that I was a vulnerable creature. Mortal. Imperfect. Having limitations . . . I had been slicing sausage with a steak knife. The kind of blade having a clean smooth metal edge on one end with sharp jagged teeth at the other. The blade slipped and the jagged edge caught my left index finger. This wound was only a superficial laceration, but I observed before it began bleeding that the cut skin had the same jagged appearance as the knife edge. Neither the blood nor the pain was so unnerving to me as the horrid sight of viciously ripped skin. There I had a finger once whole, now incapacitated . . . my stomach convulsed. To think that . . . I . . . me . . . myself could be hurt? A part of *me* dismembered, thrown away. Useless. To decay . . . and forgotten. We are ephemeral beings, fleeting . . . passing essences. There are billions of us—all stretched across a vast gulf of time. Each one as rare, durable and replaceable as that antique glass and unique

Scotch. So many, all rare, all short lived . . . that makes us all trite.

IDEAL Trite?

INT No matter what our uniqueness we are all replaceable. No one is indispensable.

IDEAL We are trite merely because there are others to succeed us? I disagree.

INT And why?

IDEAL Untie me first and I'll tell you.

INT You are here for questioning! My techniques require that you be bound! . . . Tell me why you disagree.

IDEAL Because we are all unique we are not trite. Triteness indicates commonness and all men are not common. True, we are all shortlived, true we are vulnerable, true we are replaceable, but what is more important is that we are all rare. You admit this. Each has his own particular individuality. And with our individual uniqueness we pursue goals—to become better than we were before. And we approach our goals as differently as we are different from everyone else. Here there is purpose and fulfillment for the man because he has knowledge that he has achieved a mark in his *own* way. And what if one is succeeded by another? Men build on the schemes of their predecessors. We contribute a part of ourselves to one great common whole. And that is the common pursuit by all men of progress. And that sir, is not trite.

INT You are an idealist. Your brain is filled with too many false assumptions about human nature. These goals of yours. Golden goals aren't they? . . . The only reasons why one wishes to be better than what he was before are so

that he may display his superior ability and humiliate those beneath him, or dominate and control them. That is the fulfillment . . . and this progress of yours. Don't you read or observe what is happening about you? Men retrogress more often than they progress.

IDEAL But we do progress no matter how slow the pace. And you speak of me having "too many false assumptions about human nature". Look at yourself. You're a pessimistic misanthrope and

INT Enough from you. You are wrong! Good Shire, what do you think of our chat?

IDEAL What do you want from me? (Shouts)

SHIRE The conversation is unresolved, sir. Both parties are strongly opinionated. And neither agrees with the other. I have no thoughts of the subjects discussed, but I perceive that if one observes man as he actually behaves, aren't all points made by both parties valid descriptions of man's nature?

INT No. Not his . . . I have experienced life . . . and I know that life is chaotic. And men are trite creatures who read more into themselves than is actually there. Like you! You have this . . . this faith. Benevolent belief in the goodness of men. Have you any knowledge of what life is like?

IDEAL I choose to believe that men are earnest in their desire to achieve spiritual kinship . . . and temporal accomplishment . . . benefitting not only himself, but all. We possess two qualities that enable us to fulfill these goals—hope and will power. Combine these two and no matter what barriers block us, we can hold fast, and survive . . . and achieve.

(Shire makes a motion to speak)

INT Yes Shire.

SHIRE Sirs, the position each one of you takes in this argument is an arbitrary one. Your debating only enhances each other's opinions, and doesn't illuminate the topics of discussion. I propose that you combine the knowledge which precipitates your conflicting judgments to produce an objective and not an opinionated viewpoint of the nature of man.

IDEAL And you, what is your position?

SHIRE I only observe, and determine the nature of what I see. I have no opinions, but I am myself. You who discuss men are men yourselves. Why not observe your own natures to determine the nature of all other men?

INT Good point Shire, but one must eventually take a stand after being exposed to all the facts. And I made my choice years ago. Now I only wish to prove the truth of it.

IDEAL How?

INT Just how strong is this faith of yours? Not all who have faith in their personal beliefs have the strength or courage to stay by them in a crisis. I believe nearly everyone doesn't . . . an interrogator asks his patriotic captive for particular information. The captive has two alternatives: to remain silent or answer the interrogator's questions. If he remains silent the interrogator will persuade him to speak. If interrogation techniques fail and he still refuses to speak, the man has firm convictions. But if he becomes persuaded, the man not only discredits himself but also his alleged patriotism.

IDEAL And will you . . .

INT Use persuasion? yes . . . pain . . . pain is universal knowledge: all men know pain. And all men fear it. I consider

pain a changeable entity in the human experience: one can tolerate it from the minutest degree to the limitless expanses of human endurance.

(Int. gestures towards Shire, who walks towards the Black Box at the foot of the stool and takes from it a candle and a large knife which he places on the table. He lights the candle. He is now holding the Black Box.)

One always reacts to physical stimulus, particularly if it is unpleasant . . . Just admit that I am right and you are wrong, that's all.

IDEAL But that's forcing me. You're not proving anything that way.

INT Like the patriotic captive, you have your crisis . . . you have your chance to discredit yourself or to "hold fast and survive" . . . Behavior is a mirror in which every man shows his true image . . . At least I'll have the satisfaction of listening to your acquiescence.

IDEAL Saying that you're right doesn't necessarily make it true.

INT The ancients have made a fine art of torture using heat and the knife. They were their most sophisticated devices in securing information. Look! See how the knife is constructed . . . here is . . . the tang, and here . . . the cutting edge. The cutting edge near the tip is called the level of the knife . . . the angle allows a man to place more leverage on the cutting edge when wielding the knife . . . the blade can be used for combat, because here is the fighting edge. The double edge doubles the effectiveness of the knife when a man is slashing at his enemy . . . and here, and here the gutters of each side of the blade are called the flue . . . When a victim or animal is stabbed these gutters channel the blood out from the body. Without a flue a knife is difficult to extract from a warm corpse. It gets stuck.

(He begins to heat the knife with the flame of the candle)

Masters of the art had only to appeal to the senses of their victims with these devices. But most importantly to their imaginations. A master could merely suggest to his victim the possible applications of these tools—fire and the knife, and thus work on him psychologically.

(Pause. Suddenly the Int. takes the heated knife and plunges it into the wooden table.)

If you don't acquiesce, two fingers of your left hand will be blown off . . . Here Shire!

(Shire takes out from the Box two small explosives (about the size of an "ashcan") and a blindfold. He gives the Box to the Int. Shire blindfolds the Idealist, unties his left hand from the chair, proceeds to fasten the explosives to his fingers. He doesn't struggle. Meanwhile, after the Idealist is blindfolded, the Int. takes from the Box a large cork mallet and two fuses—each about the same length as the fuses attached to the explosives.)

(Done shouting)

IDEAL You're insane. You're all mad . . . Why do you do this Shire? You were the one who pleaded for open-mindedness. Now you help this . . . this beast. "Here Shire!" "Good Shire!" He addresses you as if you were his trained dog!

INT The third and fourth fingers from the thumb Shire . . . Admit that you were wrong . . . That's all; admit it . . . I am lighting the fuse.

(Shire is holding the left arm of the Idealist down firmly on the table. The fuse the Int has lit is *not* one of the fuses attached to the explosives, but one of the extra fuses. He holds the fuse downstage so that the audience can

see what he has done, and near the Idealist so that he can hear it sizzle. The Ideal. is panting.)

Imagine. A finger torn from its roots. Admit it. Can you hear the fuse burning shorter? Admit it!

(The Ideal. is now panting very heavily. The Int. now takes the cork hammer, raises it, and brings it down with a crash on one of the fingers of the Ideal. The sudden shock and loud noise make him think that one of the explosives has gone off, taking a finger with it. Actually he is unhurt except for a bruised finger because the hammer is of a soft material, yet is capable of making a loud noise. He is only stunned. The audience should now realize that the Int. is using subterfuge as a persuasive technique. At this point the Ideal. begins sobbing.)

It is gone . . . Your ring finger is gone . . . Won't you admit that you are wrong? . . . I'm lighting the second fuse.

(He does so as in the previous manner. The Int. is now panting heavily, and his heavy panting contrasts with the sobbing of the Ideal.)

Admit it . . . Admit it . . . Admit it . . . Admit it!

(He shouts. He takes the hammer and crashes it down as before. At this point the Ideal. becomes hysterical.)

INT Go Shire.

(Shire unties the blindfold and allows the Ideal. to inspect his hand. He remains hysterical. Shire unties the Ideal.)

You were unhurt after all.

(Pause)

SHIRE You have broken his spirit.

(Shire helps the hysterical Ideal. offstage through the door. The Int slowly packs all items into his Black Box. He takes a last look at the contents before closing the lid. Sighs. He stands, and exits stage right into the shadows, visibly upset. Lights out.)

Anthony Gomez, Jr.

to be young
lollipops and
raisin
sins
a tear
among bricabrac
Paul Cava



Photography — Joseph Modica



RUNNING WITH THE WIND

Running with the wind she
went, along the dreary sky,
Crying with the wind she
went, whispering good-bye.
Leaping with the wild birds
that fly the sea unknown,
Urging that the gushing tide
lure her to its throne.

She wandered to a lonely
lad, along the dreary sky,
Playing with the wind he
was, asking why she cries.
She gazed upon his silent face
and saw his sinless eyes,
Kneeling close with raging
heart, she told him why she cries.

He knew not what she said to
him, but asked her please to stay,
“Leap along the wind with me,
so the world shan’t die away”.

Mirrel Garfinkel

i am he
(in the back of your head)

whom you think
you can be
with your

pitiful

poetry.

plentiful plural poverty:

stereotypesofme:e.e.

paternoster:mee.e.

ponder this:

suppose there had been no

mee.e. cummings

frommymommys

womb

then who would
yoube?

not mee.e.

heehee

Victoria Dahl

MODERN TIMES

I traveled to a local Pub,
Where was a merry fete,
With eyes attuned and legs unloosed
To see what I could get.

The room was small, the air was tight
With hardly room to leave
And people there, like Dragons Old
Took smoke, not air to breathe.

I came to join and not to preach
Or be a priest or pest,
Anon, with drink my eyes turned red
And I was like the rest.

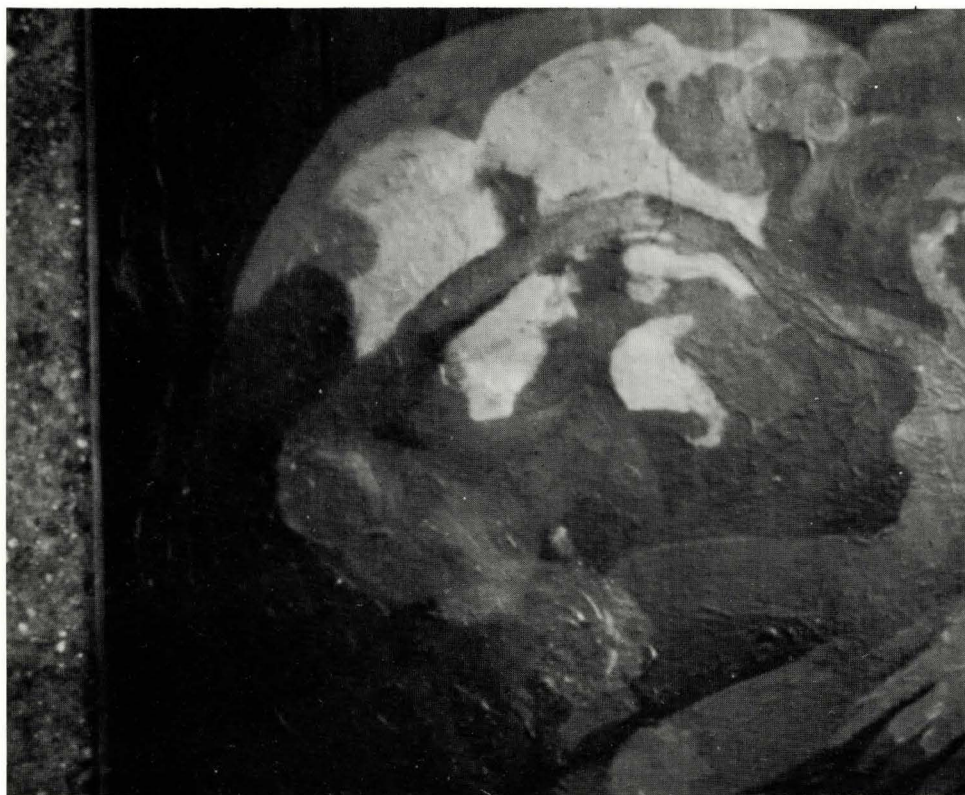
With noble manner and Scotch my banner
The Crusade on I press,
Through the Wood of Empty Mugs
For damsels in distress!

To my right I see my chance,
An Ogre scales her walls,
But with every step ahead,
Into a moat he falls.

With my silver-tongued lance
A mortal war we wage.
And terrible the loser's price,
For he must walk away.

Tis true, no valor lives in Modern Times
Where all is won by stealth,
For little good is Robin Hood
Who steals but for himself.

David Dorf



Painting and photography — Joseph Modica

so totally am I
involved in the fact
that I am not writing but
am being written
that I would much prefer
listening to music
 moreso
music to listening
 somore
involved in the fact
somore glue to the lick
 Paul Cava

at the sailboat pond
a floating popcorn

goes the balloon away
above lunch counters

up in definite
shapes of sky

that sneak in at
angles like

venetian blinds
let do

Paul Cava

"MAY UNITED PARCEL SERVICE DELIVER US FROM EVIL. AMEN."
UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS UPS

I was being driven. I was in the rear of a fast moving,
shaky vehicle.

Through the pane I saw a Head at the wheel.

I looked at myself. I was stamped with a return address
which said that if I was not deliverable I was to be
returned to the Establishment. I couldn't figure out
what my destination was.

Through the pane before me was entering a beam of light.
Headedness.

I thought of getting to another part of the vehicle
because I didn't like the spot that I was in but I feared
getting up and tripping.

I realized I was not alone. I saw other figures also in the
darkness and I wondered if we were to reach the same
destination. But then I saw that all those on the same
trip were in the same bag and I wasn't in their bag.

Some old pill was beside me in the darkness, near the
beam of light. Headedness. She went on and on about
things which I just couldn't swallow. I just didn't know
how to take her.

We heard the Head at the wheel laughing and singing:

"Ring around a nosy —
A pocket full of prosy —
Asses, Asses —
We all fall Up!"

I was beginning to feel uptight and wished I was outasight.
I was being driven farther than I wanted to go. I wanted
to tell the Head at the wheel to turn back. I panicked
at the thought of being returned to the Establishment but
I couldn't let myself be driven to some unbearable Head —
quarters.

I worked my way over to the only way out and with every-
thing I had I rammed through.

I fell to the Middle of the Road and as the vehicle went
mindlessly on I heard a youthful voice from within it
praying:

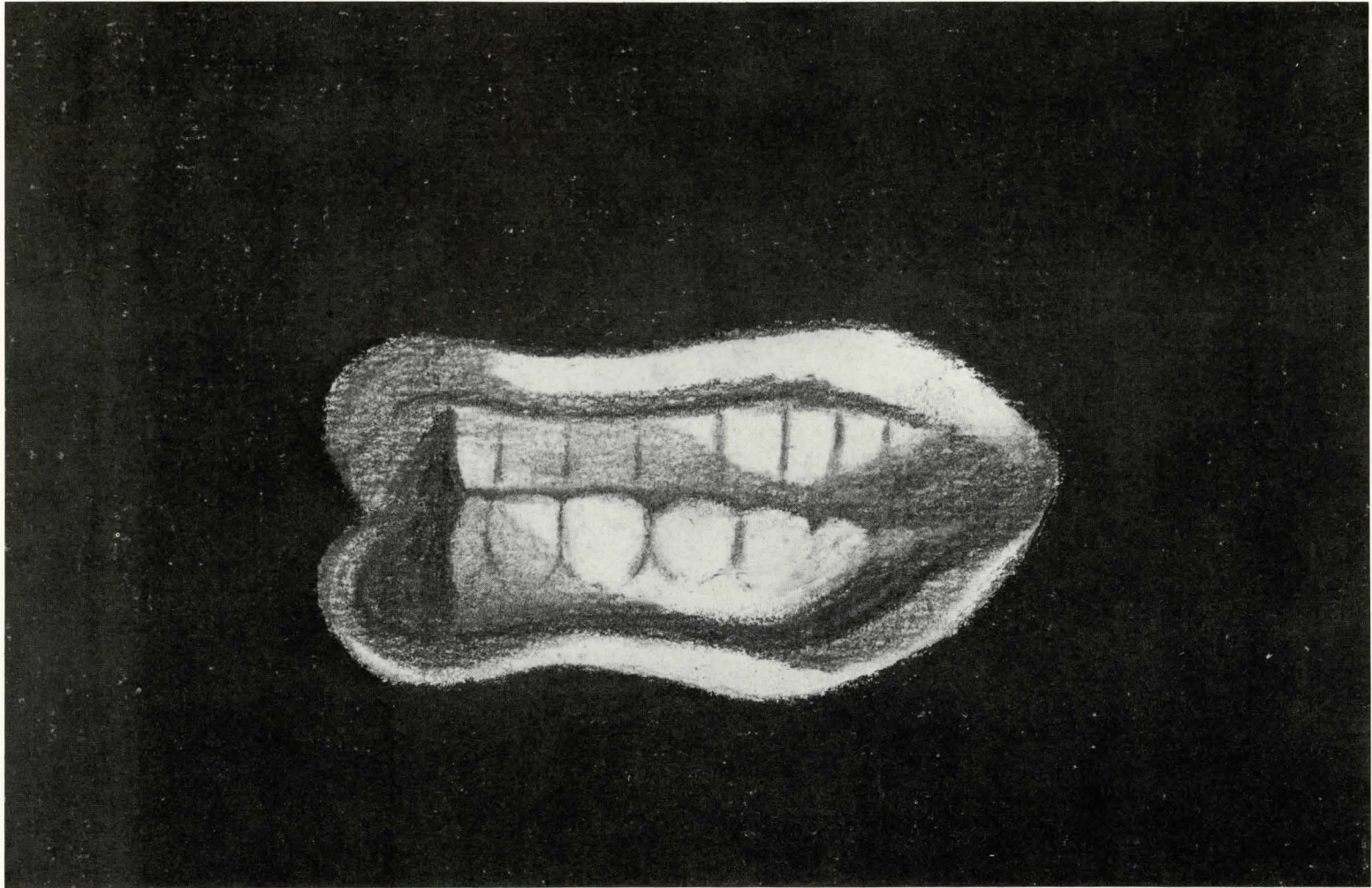
"May United Parcel Service deliver us from evil. Amen."

Victoria Dahl

THE DESERT

Is there a desert yet to be
Of endless sky and endless sea
Where crumbled stone and twisted beams
Proclaim the graveyard of our dreams

For here a mighty epic breeds
Sung at dusk by thistle weeds.
A song of pride that long was told
How those with fire grow too bold.
"We the People now resolve
That all we've wrought, we now dissolve"
David Dorf



Victoria Dahl

AUTOMATLAND

Halve painted ladies
Stare at you
Through plated probes
And veneer finishes

Minds stand naked
To constant stares
Of flashlight eyes
And nickel boxes

Multicolored trays
Stand as testament
to our culture
And feigned reality

sssssssssh!

The big creaking cogs
Swirling to a stop
Someone put a slug
In the wrong slot.
m. j. wiegand

KRISTINE

O Nymph beside your inky pool
Why do you fly so free?
And by a will, or whim or thought
Choose to light on me.

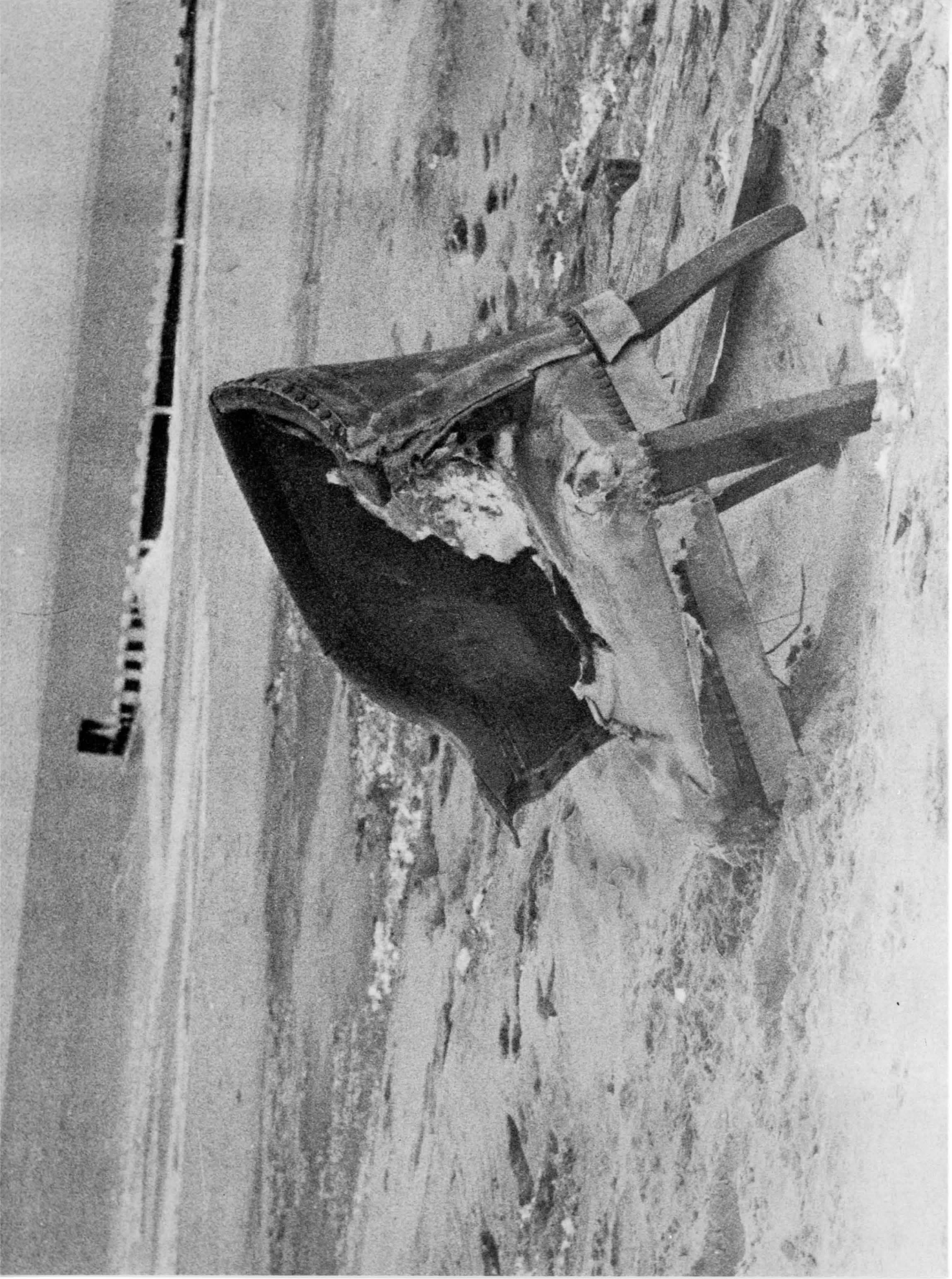
Why cling so close and speak so soft
As though you would be true?
And beckon me to naughty games
God's children should not do.

Damned rebel blood does rise in me
And passions follow true
Without a single moral plea
To question what I do.

Who will tell a truer tale—
Newton, God, or Freud,
Of how minds born of molten time
will fare upon the void?

O nymph, farewell, the wind has changed
And carried you from sight
And left with me the heavy woes
that taunt the mind at night.

David Dorf



I

Meandering river reflecting
 my face
Broken only by dry rocks
Lying where the winds
 brush against the
 fertile hills
Whispers gently to Byzantium

II

Sacred vessels
In the glassblowers'
 cubby
Rattle when the quiet
 wind
Sways the hinges on
 the door

Louis Polcovar

Photography — Phil Lian

AN INCREDIBLE STEP INTO THE PAST

Characters:

Joe: A twenty year old college student.

John: Joe's twenty-two year old cousin, also a college student.

Roe

Karen

Mr. Fontana: An insurance agent.

SCENE I

(The scene; Arthur Kill Road, a lonely, desolate winding road which goes through one of the oldest areas on Staten Island's south shore. Joe and John are riding along in John's car and both are in a dejected mood.)

Joe: This place never ceases to amaze me. No matter how many times we go along this road you never see any signs of life.

John: Yea, take a look over there. Those rat infested barges are rotted so bad you can barely tell what they were originally. With all these old houses and woods around, if you stretch your imagination a little, it's like taking a trip 50 years into the past.

Joe: It seems like we've been riding for 50 years and we haven't seen a girl all night.

John: Yea, even New Dorp Lane was dead. I guess this just isn't the night for picking up girls. Well, we might as well take a nice slow ride.

Joe: You know, sometimes I just can't figure you out. At times you speed like a maniac, and at other times you drive like an old lady.

John: It depends on the mood I'm in. Tonight I'm depressed because we can't find girls anyplace.

Joe: I know what you mean John, I'm going bird doing the same routine. You know it's hard just riding around and trying to pick

up girls these days. The only place to go if you want to be pretty sure of meeting girls is to Church on Sunday or go to a good disco.

John: You should have been with me last week. Me and Al went to a big disco in Brooklyn and the girls there were outrageous.

Joe: Did you make anything?

John: Sort of. There were these two girls, one with long blonde hair down to her waist with a short mini dress on, and the other one had long dark hair with bell bottoms and boots.

But the only trouble is they live way up in Queens. If we went out with them, it would take way over an hour to get there. So we took their numbers anyway and said goodnight.

Joe: Well even if you're not going to go out with them two, the whole idea is that there are a lot of good looking girls in the place, and they can be made.

Me and Augie stayed on Staten Island that night and we went to a couple of places but we didn't meet anybody that was decent.

This road is a complete waste of time, I wish there was a place on it where we could meet some girls.

John: Not a chance Joe. You know as well as I do that the only place around here is the Hitching Post, and that's dead. There ain't another bar within miles.

Well, what do you want to do Joe? Do you want to keep riding out here or do you want to go back and try New Dorp Lane?

Joe: Naw, its too late. Who is going to be walking around at this time? While we're out here, we might as well keep riding.

John: You know while I was riding out here yesterday afternoon, I discovered a couple of good places to go parking. This way if you're ever out here and you're in the mood, you'll know where to go.

Joe: Why don't you ride to the end of the road and on the way back you can show me. It's good to know in case I ever go out with a girl from around here, I won't have to go all the way back to South Beach to go parking, it saves

John: Hey, shut up a minute, do you hear something?

Joe: Yea, it sounds like music, it's not the radio it is?

John: No here, look, it's off. It's coming from outside.

Joe: Hey, look over there. Where the hell did that bar come from?

John: I don't know, I never saw anything like that before, and I've been up and down this road hundreds of times.

Joe: What do you say that we go in and have a few drinks and see how the place is?

John: O.K. Come on, let's go.

(John and Joe pull into the parking lot, get out from their car, and start to observe the other cars parked there.)

John: Hey Joe, look at that "50" Merc.; it's in good shape eh?

Joe: That ain't nothin, look at this old Chevy. It looks like it just rolled off the assembly line. It has the original paint and interior. The guy must have had it restored back to its original shape.

John: You know, all the cars in here are under 1955 vintage, and yet they all look in damn good shape. Maybe it's some kind of car club.

Joe: Well we sure as hell won't find out standing here. Let's go in and see what's happening.

SCENE II

(Joe and John have just entered the bar and are looking at the occupants within.)

Joe: Look at the red lights, they make the whole room glow. This place is sharp, I can't understand why we never noticed it before.

John: Well there's something we're not gonna miss. Look at the two girls over there, they're not bad. What do you say we go over and talk to them?

Joe: I got a better idea.

John: What?

Joe: Why don't we go play some songs in the jukebox, so we could ask them to dance?

John: O.K., good idea.

(Both boys go over to the jukebox and start to play a few songs.)

John: This place is really for an older crowd. Most of the songs are from the mid '50's.

Joe: Yea. There's not one popular song on it. As a matter of fact, I can't understand what two young girls like them are doing in this type of place. I could see them in a disco, but not here.

John: You never know. They might come from Jersey and wanted to go somewhere close for a drink instead of going to the other end of the Island.

Joe: We might be in luck, maybe they're boozers.

John: If so they'll be easy to make.

Joe: Well let's dance with them and find out.

(Both go over to the bar and approach the two girls.)

Joe: (to Roe) Would you like to dance?

Roe: Alright

John: (to Karen) Would you mind if I sat down?

Karen: No, go ahead

John: My name is John, what's yours?

Karen: Karen.

John: You don't look like you're in such a hot mood tonight, what-samatter?

Karen: Oh, I'm burned up about what's been going on lately.

John: Tell me what your problem is, maybe I can help you.

Karen: Naw, believe me, there is nothing you or anybody else can do to help.

John: Are you sure you can't tell me or is it really that bad?

Karen: I'd better not, it's very personal.

John: O.K., forget it. By the way, where are you from?

Karen: We're both from Eltingville.

John: Oh, Joe and I figured you were from Jersey, and the only reason you stopped in a dead place like this was because you were under 21, and it's the closest place to the bridge.

Karen: Well it is close to where we live, and we've been coming here for quite a while.

Hey look, here comes Roe and your friend.

John: Joe, I want you to meet Karen. Karen, this is my cousin, Joe.

Karen: Hi Joe, I guess you've already met Roe, and Roe, this is John.

Joe: Instead of all of us standing around, why don't we all go into one of the booths in the back?

Roe: O.K., Let's go.

(The foursome goes into one of the rear booths.)

Karen: Where are you two from?

Joe: We're from South Beach, you know, the part of Staten Island that's civilized, with people, and buildings, and stuff like that.

Roe: Very funny. Everybody is always making fun of Eltingville.

Karen: Well, if it's so uncivilized, what are you two City slickers doing way out here?

John: Ah, we decided to visit one of the local hick bars. No really, to tell the truth, we were taking a ride on Arthur Kill Road since there were no girls out, and suddenly we spotted this bar. Since there was nothing else to do, we decided to come in and see what was happenin.

But the only thing that bugs me is how come we missed the place before? I've been on this road a lot but I've never seen this place.

(Suddenly the two girls exchange a nervous glance.)

What's the matter, what did I say? You girls look like you've seen a ghost.

Karen: A . . . oh, it's nothing. It's just that we don't get many new faces around here.

Roe: Yea, that's right. And the reason why you probably missed the place is because it's only open a few nights a week.

John: That's probably why I didn't see . . . excuse me a second. Hey waiter, bring up another round of drinks. You know, you two better stop after this round, because I think you've had it.

Karen: You're right, both of us have been overdoing it a little.

Joe: Here's the drinks everybody. What do you say we propose a toast to the four of us and to a long and lasting friendship in the future.

(Both girls start to cry)

Hey, what are you crying for, did I say anything wrong . . . The least you could do is answer us, instead of just sitting there crying.

Roe: Don't mind us. When ever anyone says anything sentimental like the toast you just made, and we've been drinking, we always start to cry.



John: Don't worry about it. Most of the girls I know are like that. The ones that don't cry when they're bombed laugh like lunatics.

Joe: Hey people, I hate to be a party pooper, but it's almost 12 o'clock and I have to go to school tomorrow. What do you say we leave John?

John: O.K., but why don't we drive them home? They're in no condition to drive.

Joe: Yea, come on girls, get your coats and we'll take you home.

(The two girls again exchange nervous glances.)

Karen: a . . . we really appreciate it, but Roe and I can't leave.

John: What do you mean you can't leave. Come on, put on your coats and let's go!

Roe: NO! NO!, leave us alone. We said we can't leave! Why don't the both of you leave before it's too late. It's almost twelve now.

Joe: Hey John, what do you say that we drag them out of here, they're hysterical, they don't even know what they're saying.

John: Come on, grab their hands and let's go.

Karen: NO! Stop!

Roe: Leave us alone!

(The two boys drag out the girls forcefully amid cries of protest.)

Joe: Just a few more feet and we'll be out the front door.

Karen: We can't go outside! We can't!

Roe: Please stop! You don't know what you're doing! You don't understand!

John: As soon as we get them outside in the fresh air, their heads will clear a little. But what the hell is all this business about 12 o'clock?

Joe: I don't know, there goes the clock starting to chime now.

Karen: It's too late! It's too late!

(As the boys' hands simultaneously pass through the front doorway, the clock chimes the last ring of the twelfth hour. In that instant, high pitched screams of the two girls are heard, and instead of holding the girls' hands in theirs, the boys are grasping at empty air. Immediately, John and Joe spin around.)

John: Oh my God! Joe look, the place is disappearing.

Joe: I . . . I don't believe it! This can't be, it's impossible! The girls, what happened to the girls?

John: I don't know! Look behind you, all the cars are gone! And my car. it's in the middle of an empty field!

Joe: Let's get in the car and get the hell out of here! I can't stay here another second!

(The pair turn on their heels and make a mad dash for the car. They speed down Arthur Kill Road at breakneck speed until they lose some of their hysteria).

SCENE III

Joe: There's got to be a logical explanation for this, there's got to be!

John: Since you're so smart, you figure it out. I'm still shaking like a leaf. Either we're both bombed, or we're both losing our minds.

Joe: Look, with the frame of mind we're in, we'll never figure this thing out right now. What do you say you drop me off at my house, we'll get some sleep, and when you pick me up tomorrow, we'll talk about it.

John: How the hell do you expect to sleep after what we've just been through?

Joe: Well, sleep or not, I think it would be better if we talked it over tomorrow when we're more calmed down.

John: Alright, here's your house. I'll pick you up after school tomorrow.

Joe: O.K., so long.

John: Take it easy.

SCENE IV

(The following day, John picks up Joe after school.)

John: You don't look so crisp. Did you get any sleep last night?

Joe: Are you kidding? Did you?

John: No. I stayed awake all night trying to figure out some sort of explanation and I got a couple of ideas. How about you?

Joe: Yea, me too. You know, it's possible that we went to a bar and we got so drunk that we imagined the whole thing. But I don't think we were that drunk. But still, there has to be a logical explanation.

John: Look Joe, we went over every possible logical explanation so why don't we try a couple of illogical ones. Just say this place exists now and we were really there last night. Whether we got drunk and imagined what happened, afterwards, or whether it did happen like we remembered, certain things have to hold true. Like for example, any kind of bar has to have an insurance policy to protect the people in it, and the premises, don't they?

Joe: Yea, of course, Why?

John: Well if there is such a place, we can look at some of the records in the local insurance companies, and maybe find a clue of some sort.

Joe: Hey, that's a good idea. But where do we start?

John: Well, we can start by seeing if we agree on what the name of the place was. Do you remember?

Joe: It was the Hot Spot wasn't it?

John: Right. At least we agree on that. Now Metro is the biggest insurance company around and they handle almost all of the nightclub accounts on Staten Island.

Joe: Great. So let's go down to their main office and see if we can find something.

SCENE V

(John and Joe walk into Metro's main office)

John: Excuse me sir. I wonder if you can help us. We would like to look in your records department to see if you ever insured a certain night club.

Mr. Fontana: Well first you would have to tell me what this is in reference to. These files are fairly confidential and aren't open to anyone unless he has a specific reason, and has been cleared by me.

Joe: (becoming quite nervous) A . . . Well, the thing is a . . ., you see, our two fathers are going to be partners in a nightclub business. They have a name in mind for the place, but some of their acquaintances have told them that the name has already been used.

John: Yea, and since you handle most of the night club accounts, we figured you might have insured such a place if it existed. Do you think it would be alright if we looked?

Mr. Fontana: I guess it will be alright, only I must come with you. By the way, would this account be active or inactive?

John: I couldn't tell you for sure, but could we look at both files?

Mr. Fontana: Certainly. Please follow me, the file room is just through this door.

(The three enter the file room)

Mr. Fontana: You boys go ahead and look, I'll be at the other end of the room.

Joe: Hey John, the active files are over here. See if you can find the H's.

John: Here they are over here.

Joe: Good. Let's see if it's there.

(They leaf through the folders)

Nope, nothin here. I think we better give up booze for the next 50 years.

John: Don't give up so fast. Maybe there's something in the inactive files.

Joe: Here's the H's. Keep your fingers crossed kid.

(They again leaf through a large group of folders)

John: Joe! Here it is! There's a whole file under "Hot Spot".

Joe: Quick let's take it over to the table and see what it says.

John: Here's what it says: "Account #45326. Type of establishment: Night Club. Location, 1313 Arthur Kill Road. The Hot Spot was owned by Frank Potter and was insured by our company December 17, 1949. On July 23, 1955, a sudden flash fire broke out and burned it to the ground — trapping and burning to death all of the patrons inside. Included, are the pictures and the names of all of the victims. The following shows the payments made to the families of the deceased . . ."

Joe: That's enough reading John. Let's take a look at some of those pictures.

John: Hey, look at this one. Doesn't it look a little like the bartender?

Joe: I don't know. I couldn't tell you for sure. Keep looking through the pictures.

John: Joe! Look, it's Karen!

Joe: And the other one! It's Roe! No! This just can't be! We were talking to them last night. I was dancing with her! I had my arms around her! How could they have possibly died ten years ago?

John: I don't know. Either we're crazy, or a bar that burned down ten years ago reappeared on the tenth anniversary of its destruction, and we just happened to be there at the right time. What do you think?

Joe: I just don't know what to think. But one thing is pretty certain, we'll probably never know what really happened.

Joseph Folino

when I ask you for
more you laugh
pulling your sleeve
understanding
as much

Paul Cava

REFLECTION AT THE RIVER

It seems very strange that i am;
why not that water rock (moss green on the waterside)
or the empty bubbles from the flowing waters
that beer can left to rust
the tall rock cliff with plants on the riverside
that none will climb
They are so full of life
i am nothing more than
what does nothing to enhance their presence

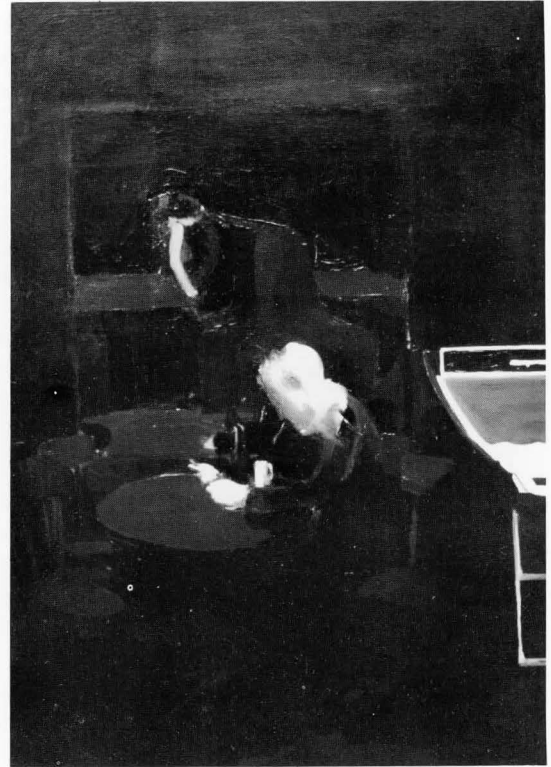
Jerry Brown



Drawing by Joseph Modica



**Boxed spoon, oil painting and
photographs by Joseph Modica**



What different sound travels through my eyes
as the streetlamp lights the snowy mist
that settles on the sidewalk slush
whining sirens plow through my senses
as i sit and watch it pile on the steps
and the wind blows noiselessly
to the beat of the traffic in the street
moonlight is reflected in the dark shadows
the mist settles coming alive in the headlights
the cars are dark voids like cats eyes they plow
in the dark
a baby waits and watches out his window
warm and secure like the shrub in its snow-womb
drowsily dreamily peacefully
absorbed and muffled

Jerry Brown

whats this—if I'll trust
you you'll break all over me
—Why?

Paul Cava

TESTAMENT

Warm
down loved
hair hung limbs.

Intercoursing whispers
upped out among
the room.

I heard the rustle
in the dark—
seventeen years.

Paul Cava

Photography — Phil Lian



unpracticed
for these
forms
Paul Cava

come
into
yours

O
come
let us

CHRISTINA'S WORLD

There is no sun
except as it defines
shadow.

Fields weighted
by memories, rooms
filled with ghosts.

The air, still in moment,
moves only once,
expiring on her hair.

Christina
your empty happy body
lime skinned in pale cloth.
Paul Cava

Photography — Joseph Modica



THE PLAN TO

Who would yell "so high" I will "so high"?
A boy grows and grows a man so a husband is —
his wife a woman and himself a father, they grow they grow.
Father becomes dad and dad is a branch
as a branch sprouts leaves and leaves seeds
and seeds grow, they do, into stronger and larger branches
to grasp the sky
Man you spread your arms to touch the sky (but you know they're too short.)
Within his ableness father becomes dad
Dad; dad strolls through deep forests with his child
Dad, a tree, stands tall his branches hang lower until they grow
The branch and tree are two but together
Dad and child are one but two.
The plan for a twig is a tree the plan for dad is dad the plan for child is life
The plan the plan, what is life, twig, when dad is dad?
What about the forests the brook the trees the flowers the life in us all
When rain falls and tears are cried and flowers die and joy is gone and
nobody's there, nothing's anything.
Will hikes be taken by one
If the tree dies will the twig live when the trunk is dying can the branch
help when dad dies and child lives is the forest sinuous, twig,
does it matter, twig.

Larry Gambella

Photography — Joseph Modica





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