


1970

UA68/6/1 Zephyrus

Western Kentucky University

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Zephyrus, Spring 1970

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ZEPHYRUS

SPRING 1970



ALONE-

I listened to the clumsy sounds
Of life—and
Heard echoing footsteps
Of a friend walking away.

Karen Stewart

I sometimes wonder
if that little hippie
who died on
Cheap Wine Street
ever found himself.

Jim Worth

CHARMED LADY

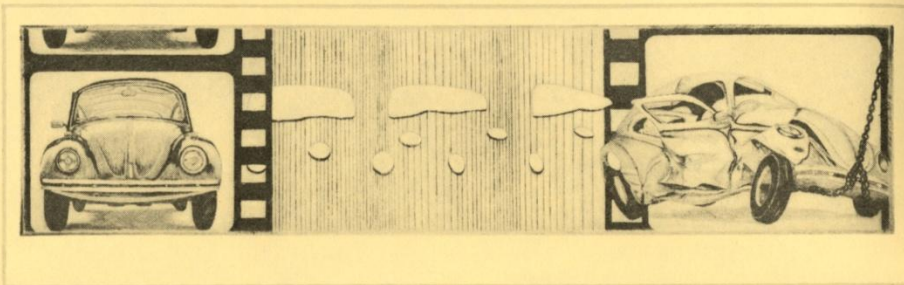
She was a fine lady—soft
Not to be discussed in barroom drivél.
Until the snake grew from the Charmer's Basket
and she spread her legs for the flute
only to be bronzed in that position and
hung from a bracelet

David Rowans

REALITY?

A cool, Cloud-blue English morn
Alive with the flutter and twitter
Of birds, high in the heads of rustling trees,
But not quite covering the roar of highway cars.

Jan Scarbrough



THE SLIGHTLY FRIGHTENING WORLD OF MARTIN FLOWERS

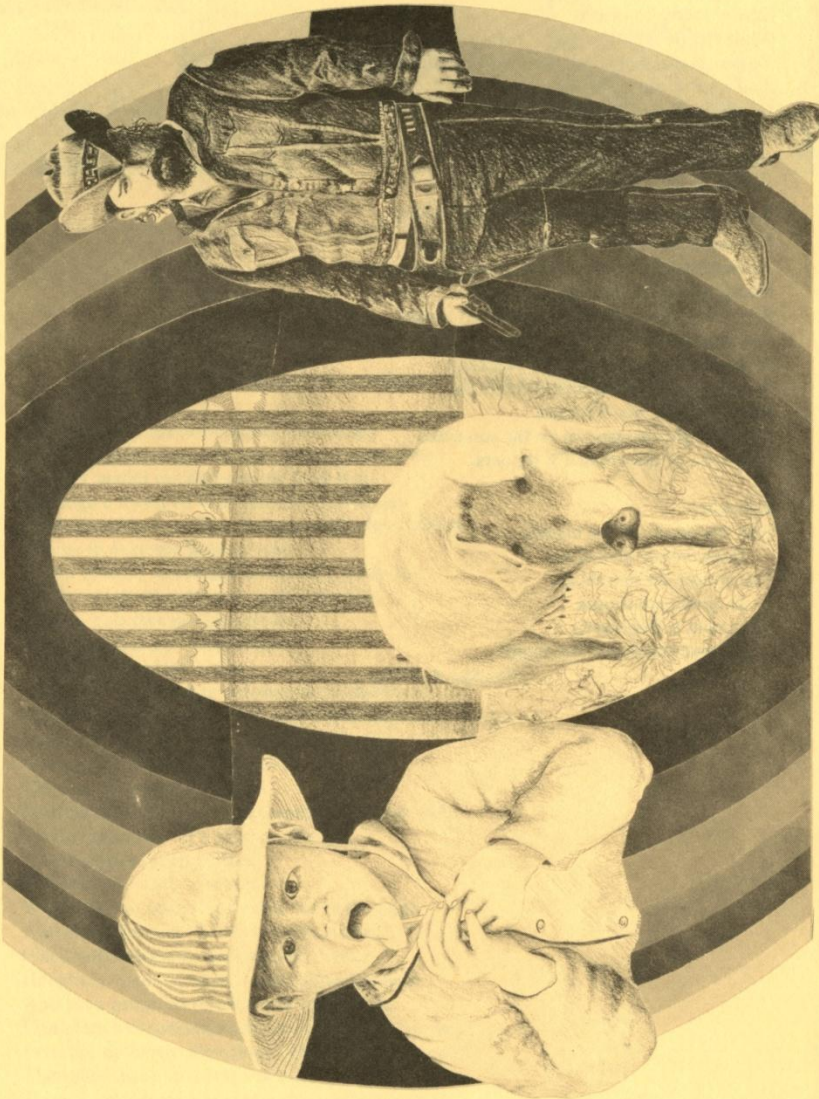
The smog of charcoal-charred hamburger
Divides the legions of faceless young executives
As they march in conformistic lock step
Through a forest of bent television antennas.
Slack-jawed housewives wearing purple hair curlers
Charge in armored grocery carts
Down rows of screaming Campbell's Soup cans.
Fords and Buicks clash in mortal combat,
Axle to axle like mating griffins,
While lean hungry Volkswagons
Wait to devour the victor.
Wild-eyed pure-blonde All-American children
Splash through a syrupy sea of pre-sweetened Kool-Aide
Towards a battery-powered, plastic Utopia
Yelling, "It's Mattel, it's swell!"
They're cut down by a band
Of freckled brunett moppets armed with cap-guns
Softly crooning, "It's Kenner, it's fun!"
A few whites lynch a black
A few blacks knife a white
While the vast majority merely turns the page
And chuckles over "Little Orphan Annie."
Filled with righteous indignation, Youth
Haughtily turns its back on the Establishment
And then proceeds to crest one of its own,
Complete with costumes, by-laws, and secret signs.
Proudly, defiantly they flaunt their independence
Then slink back to a litter-carpeted room
To pick up the weekly check from their parents.

The marble lions in front of the library
Slowly starve to death
While the people throng to "Adults Only" movies
To watch plastic people performing cellophane sex
And munch old buttered popcorn.
Computers click, punch cards fall.
Time clocks are hit by pale grey hands
As four million identical sports cars
Driven by four million identical men
Leave four million identical parking spaces.
The minds are dull, the senses are sapped
As transistorized people with marshmallow souls
March on legs of melting chocolate
Past sooty glass cages and cardboard towers.
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
Is skewered by a copy of 16 Magazine
As industrious idiots turn Rembrants
Into spools of No. 9 thread.
Electric lights stagger on as the sun sinks
Into a sea of discarded TV dinners.

Epilogue

And the masks of the masses
Ooze honey and slime.
The people are marching
In syncopated time.
The poem is forgotten,
All that matters is the rhyme.

Thomas E. Fuller



A CASE OF IDENTITY

by
Bob Cox

It was nearly 1:00 that afternoon when Bishop Shekly strolled out of his impressive building. It was a very good day, for he had just received the final tally from the day's offerings. He had to admit it was a rather convincing, even inspiring sermon he had just given his people this morning. It was the sort of day that he could almost believe he had been inspired.

Truly it was a great thing he had been called to do with his life; saving the poor, the wretched, consoling the weeping and acting as the guiding light to thousands. He was sure many people must pray nightly that he should be especially blessed for his greatness.

Tossing his leather bound black book into the back seat, he started for home. It wasn't until he switched on his radio that he heard the news.

"Repeating that story...It is now officially confirmed that an alien ship has landed in southern Missouri. Intelligent beings who claim to be from another star system have emerged from it and are in the process of establishing friendly relations with men. They say they come on a mission of peace as advance emissaries from their people. Details are not yet in, but a major talk with the President and other planetary leaders is now in the planning."

As the announcement continued, it turned into speculation, but the facts themselves were enough. Shekly, shocked almost beyond belief, anxiously raced home to discuss the matter with his wife.

"Imagine Rita, beings from another planet. Imagine!", he repeated for the

twenty-fourth time that hour. "Its incredible. What are they like? What can their culture hold for us in the future? Their science and technology must be far advanced.

"Their religion," added his pretty wife. "Yes, what of that?"

Caught off guard, Shekly considered the matter furiously for a long moment. He was not exactly sure what he should say, but his wife's expectant expression made it obvious he had better say something. He was, he reminded himself, the chief bishop of the sector. "Well," he finally said as convincingly as he could, "We will just have to see what their religion is. Possibly the good Lord has visited them also. Why, they might even share our same religious beliefs." Yes...he assured himself, that is quite possible. But even as he assured himself, he doubted it.

Shekly studied the facts carefully most of the afternoon in solitude. As one of the most prominent men in the world, in the fields of sociology and religion, he knew that a statement would soon be required him as to his opinion of the situation. He was only slightly surprised when the telephone rang late that afternoon, to find the President of the Earth Confederation on the other end. At any rate, he tried to act that way.

"These beings," the President explained, "have expressed a strong desire to learn of our culture, our science, and most of all," he added, "our religion. They want to know what our beliefs are, who we worship, our morals, the whole bit. Interested?"

"I would consider it a great privilege to introduce them to salvation." "By the

way," Shekly inquired, "have they said anything about their religious beliefs yet?"

"Not a word. They're waiting until the meeting. Maybe they already know what you're going to tell them. The good Lord works in many ways," the President recounted.

"The Whitehouse then, 9:00 tomorrow morning."

"I'll be there," closed Shekly.

Shekly paced the floor of his study until late that night, trying to outline how he would present the vast story of religion. Perhaps, the thought occurred to him, he could have them saved this week. He could almost see the headlines extolling Bishop, no...Prime Bishop Shekly, but they were too vague.

The President greeted him cordially and introduced various assistants to him. They talked briefly before he brought out the aliens. The two visitors were wearing a slightly familiar looking type of breathing apparatus. Apparently he looked a bit shocked when he saw them, for an aid whispered in his left ear, "Air supply, different atmosphere you know."

Shekly had to admit that their equipment was much less disconcerting than their appearance. The two aliens were in some ways humanoid, but had instead of a conventional nose, a type of semi-permeable membrane in the center of their head. The fact that they had three eyes Shekly found somewhat disgusting. He found himself hard put to remind himself that these too were children of God.

Following brief introductions which made him feel a bit uneasy, the aliens expressed their desire that the story begin, for they were anxious to see what had grown up on this planet. The term "grown up" left Shekly somewhat annoyed, but he decided to ignore it and began the long story of this religion. He had gotten through the creation, the great flood, Moses, a few specific stories which he

personally liked, and finished the prophecies before an alien ventured a question. "These were," he asked, "primitive beliefs then, that is, before the introduction of modern science and logic?"

That remark flatly angered Shekly, but he managed to control his feelings as he answered. "When the Lord directed men during these times, he was a simpler, younger man. We have had an opportunity to learn much since then; but to answer to your question, man, although less advanced scientifically, was as rich in wisdom and logic."

The aliens murmured to each other momentarily, seemed to disagree, and then asked that he continue, which Shekly was glad to do.

They listened in silence through the birth, growth and teaching of Christ, and seemed to become intently interested in the concept of salvation, forgiveness of sins, and immortality, as set down in the Bible. He progressed past the early church, the rise of Catholicism, protestant reform, modern religion, and the present religion oriented government of the world which enabled man at last to keep peace by adhering to the truth. By mid-afternoon Shekly was finished, and he felt he had done an exceptional job, considering the circumstances. At last the aliens asked if they might retire from the talk and discuss the matter more te next morning. Scientists and the news media of the planet, they explained, were anxious to talk to them, and they didn't want to leave anyone out.

Ignoring a slight headache the next morning, he arrived for the second day of the meeting. Undoubtedly, he told himself, today would be a day of question and answer, for obviously the aliens could not assimilate and understand all they had been told.

Shekly was severely surprised and a bit hurt when the aliens announced that today it would be their turn to talk. Their

story unfolded over a matter of hours, but the facts were short and simple. The truth was, the aliens explained that Earthmen weren't even close to religious truth. For 2500 years they had been following an invalid school of belief. They understood, the aliens, that it hurt to find this out, but they wanted the Earthmen to know it was not a unique problem of this planet. The truth, it turned out, was quite different. Earth had been created by the combined efforts of two complimentary Gods. For the record, this particular star system had been activated eight billion, four million and sixty-four thousand years earlier. The two Gods worked together, one managing new creations and the realm of the living and the other directing entry of mortals into eternity and assimilation into the new life.

This brought them to the reason for their journey. They were acting as emissaries for their God (of the living). They called this God, ReeLahe, and the other deity, Zantell; but they admitted the names were a minor point. They had journeyed here as directed by ReeLahe. ReeLahe planned to personally visit Earth soon, to inspect it, and get to know his people. The aliens noted that it had been 3500 years since the last visit had been made for the purpose of checking out progress. ReeLahe liked to let his creations develop naturally, he explained, until they reached a point of scientific and technical knowledge which he found acceptable to reason with. Mankind had according to their latest observations, reached this point. ReeLahe was now ready to meet his people and set up communications with them.

By the time the aliens were finished, the meeting was in an uproar. The aliens were accused of slander, lying, heresay and several other equally notorious things. The aliens remained cool, seemed unconcerned and even bored with the accusations. This made the Earthmen even angri-

er. Shekly thought of it as a particularly worthy challenge for conversion, although he shared some anger with the others about the attitude of the aliens.

The worst part of the alien's story however, was yet to come. As a God they explained, ReeLahe had the right to ask and receive certain things from his people. Among these was obedience to what the aliens immediately assured them would be reasonable directives, a five per cent offering of various products for others less fortunate, and universal acknowledgement of his power.

The aliens left for their quarters a moment before the delegates rushed them.

The question, the President announced calmly to the delegates, is not of the authenticity of their beliefs, as the aliens' story of two divinities was decidedly ridiculous, but rather how the challenge of an invasion by this being the aliens described should best be met. "That is," he added hastily, "assuming their story held the truth in that someone or something does plan in the immediate future to try and dominate, to conquer our planet."

The President turned his attention to Shekly, who had been appointed chief religious consultant on the matter. "Do you have any news Mr. Shekly?"

"They seriously believe that this ReeLahe is a true God, and that he plans to visit us. There was one more thing... They informed me that as prophets of his coming they were given certain ah..." Shekly groped for the proper word... "privileges, which enable them to perform miracles to help convince us. I was shown a couple of these so-called miracles."

"Yes?" the President asked anxiously.

"They had me kill a small animal, which they brought back to life, with no visible aids. I had removed the animal's heart." Pausing, he finally continued, "That didn't seem to bother either the

aliens' little show, or the rat. It is quite healthy and has grown a new heart.

"Hmmm...very interesting," said someone in the back of the room. "I'd like to know that trick myself. I'll bet it would help my surgery practice considerably," he laughed.

The President spoke again. "Impressive perhaps, although not particularly, and certainly no proof of a miracle."

"They have something else planned for this afternoon," added Shekly. As a sign, they say they will have Mt. Vesuvius erupt at 3:30 Greenwich time."

As it happened, scientist flocked to Mt. Vesuvius, while the local economy enjoyed a large if brief boost; and Mt. Vesuvius, apparently ignorant of the stated improbability of the situation, erupted noisily at precisely 3:30.

Then scientists, after seeing the aliens walking across the English Channel, feeding a crowd of five thousand people with one loaf of bread, and making the Sierra Madre fault disappear, continued to ascribe them to natural and explainable causes.

The news of the approaching God and the miracles was met by the general public with an attitude of disbelief and vague contempt. Regardless of the events, people continued to try and ignore them; and emphatically laughed at the notion that the aliens might not be lying after all. To protect them from an angry minority, the aliens had to be kept under guard.

The aliens too, it was learned, had emotions. After twelve days, and the performance of nine major miracles and eight minor ones, they had sunk into a feeling first defined as utter frustration. As they explained to the press, "These are clearly and undeniably miracles, sponsored by the supreme being. It is impossible to dismiss this truth." The scientists didn't help the matter when they suggested to one alien that he submit himself for psychiatric help. "You don't understand,

he explained, "It is not us who need help, it is you. Why do you cling to your ancient superstitious religion? You need only to look at the past 3500 years to see what it has really done. How can you deny that the true God is with us? The old ways die hard, we know, but the truth will win out. Do not intentionally blind yourself to what we do, for it is the true God we represent."

The clergy had given up trying to convert the aliens, but continued to condemn them and attempted to expose them as frauds. The aliens once answered, after hearing of the parting of the seas. "If these were truly done, then where is your God now? Why in the face of such a challenge of mockery, as this would be, does he not defend himself? Is it that he does not care, or is he impotent? Would a God permit such blasphemy as this?" In the resultant reply, four clergymen were hospitalized and the aliens were advised to discontinue their argument.

Meanwhile, Bishop Shekly had been promoted by special order of the President, to Religio-Assistant to the President. Shekly seemed to thrive in the position, and soon took on an air of authority and confidence which pleased both the President and the public. It was good at this time to see a man so sure of his belief; for the aliens, who had decided to remain on Earth, announced the date was drawing near when their God would arrive. In the succeeding days Shekly could often be seen praying fervently in the capitol chapel while thousands of hushed onlookers were awed by his courage. Shekly stated that "the day," as the alien H hour was being popularly called, "would come and go, and the Lord would continue to continue."

By the day before the announced hour, the Earth had settled into a quiet wait, while people prayed, cursed, scratched their heads and watched the clocks. The scientists, still busy trying to explain the

claimed miracles, announced that they were beginning to get answers and would soon have the mysteries solved. The President having long since prepared the military forces, assured the world it need not fear, that the mighty aerospace corps would blow out of the sky anything unfriendly, be it 'God' or not. The aliens remained rational and beseeching people to look at the facts and accept the real God when he arrived.

Assistant Shekly, it should be noted, had not been deaf or blind to the transpiring events. He found the show of miracles entertaining and wonderful, but refused to believe that the aliens carried the truth. "After all," he explained, "We know we have all talked with our God. How could anyone deny the existence of someone we have talked with for thousands of years?" It was obvious that only a very desperate people would do such a thing, and no one was about to even hint at that.

"The day," long awaited, arrived at last. The President, Shekly and top military advisors were together, awaiting the arrival of the alien 'deity'. For ten hours there was absolutely not a sign of anything unusual, and the radar tracked as far out as Jupiter's orbit. Fourteen hundred ships scanned the outermost reaches of the system. Nothing.

At precisely 10:00, it appeared, from nowhere.

It was a huge apparition hanging several hundred miles overhead. It was admittedly an awe inspiring spectacle. A huge bearded being loomed down at them, looking over the planet with obvious interest. It spoke.

"My people, I am ReeLahe, your creator and true God, and I return to you now to be with you and guide you forever more. You are a great people. I shall eternally protect you and direct you now. The just shall be rewarded and the foul punished. Praise ye the Lord."

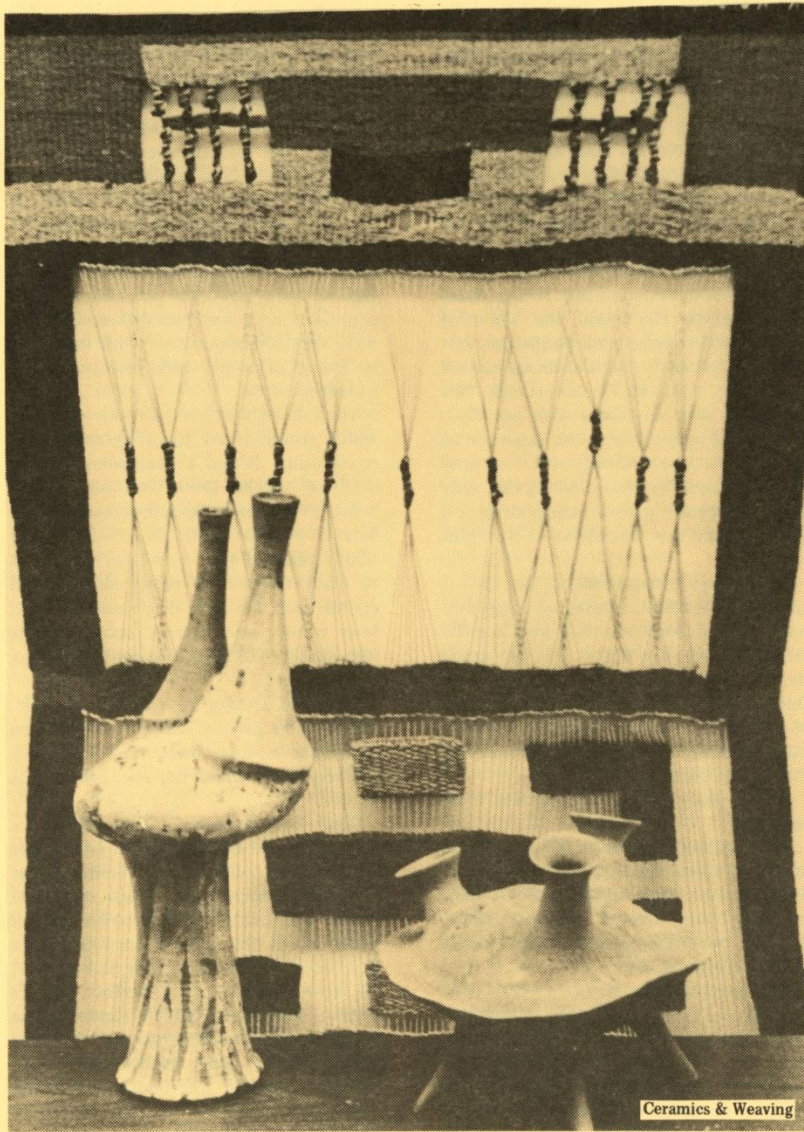
Shekly gazed intently at the image overhead. Then, a terrifying realization hit him. The real reason behind these actions. The possibility that this was a real God would not have stopped this action. It was in fact, the real reason why it was being resisted. The colossus overhead would be a God which would direct and guide mankind. This faithful God never got in the way, never cramped man's style. If there was to be religion, Shekly realized, let it be directed by man, not God; and this he knew now, was precisely the way man liked it. It was true that his God had little real communication with man, but he was an effective moral instrument and a great panacea.

Here now above him was an intelligence which would upset this long and happy relationship. It was a being which would act not as the Deist God which man actually had and liked, but as the God which the old books described. Shekly grimly realized that men were not about to make room for a being which would cramp their style, if they could help it. Man would never accept another being imposing its will upon mankind, regardless of its nature.

Man had always been his own master, he-would be his own master, into oblivion or utopia. A super master would destroy the very spirit which had made man what he was.

And Shekly was jarred back into reality by a cry from someone in his group. The military man looked at the President. The President dropped his mouth open and stared at Shekly. Momentarily, Shekly gazed up at the spector hanging in the sky. He considered for a long second what he now realized, had perhaps always known somewhere inside himself. The President still stared at him, and he knew what must be done. Shekly opened his mouth, hesitated just one moment and spoke.

"Fire at the thing, Goddammit!"



Ceramics & Weaving

REALIZATION

I can see you, wizened little man,
 In my mind's eye.
 Oh, so skinny--no time to eat and enjoy life
 Relentless--driving--pushing
 You're always there--won't you ever go away?
 Yes, that is right--
 One day you will, won't you?
 A part of me I dislike,
 But a part of me
 Your face, it has a strained expression
 A worried look
 But then that is what you are, isn't it?

Kathy Clifton

In the alley
 the beggars come and cry and clutch for shadows
 I am among them--
 sometimes walking
 sometimes running
 often stumbling in defeat
 and clinging to the cool, brown earth.
 Unable to rise -- I lie there
 screaming with weariness
 as I see another's shadow fading into light
 and watch as he too falls
 upon the heap
 of human beggars.

On the darkened street
 I hear others laughing in their darkness
 and I spit my tears at them
 but know that they too will be coming

to the alley
 in search of shadows.

Louise Smith

Remember old man
the golden thread
spun with absurd reality
...the rise and fall
of sweaty suns
upon your back
and floating nights
filled with silken silences...
grasp a gain exploding grassfields
and feel the vault-like roundness
of the sky.

Patricia Osborne



I remember my younger days
and older poems
looking back now
just this side of true youth
where responsibility was a classroom subject,
and love was just a kid's game
not to be taken seriously
drinking nothing more
than an experiment
in the great equation of life
I'm learning the power of
my voice and my words now
sometimes in the night
scare me
the reality I face
everyday
existing-without meaning
I hastily scribble
words and phrases
to keep out
the horror of dying
with no epitaph
maybe these words
will serve
although I doubt it
beauty dispels most fear
but what of the night?
when one looks at life
darkly through a wine bottle
seeing distorted images
of all that I am told
is real and true
maybe
death is final truth
life just the
near seeming eternal quest
in search of
dancing in polyrhythmic
movements
two by two
in the playground
maybe- though not knowing
celebrating the
weird real
sad sabbath holiday
of death
walking tormented
through the valleys & fields
in search of a place
where I
can be at peace with myself
and so can everyone else
till wandering neverending

in a schizophrenic world
my mind boggled
by even the thought
of such earth shaking things
desolate and discontent
going around
kind of lost
not able (because of my mind)
so at odds with everything
in a confused turmoil
patchwork quilt
un-understandable
for such a weird person
as a poet
wanting to be
somewhere
where dogs don't
have to eat each other
nor my brother slay me
on a sacrificial rock altar
primitive and holy
though it may be
I don't want to be rich or famous
Brother
I want to be happy
not possible
how can I although no longer
a child
get such silly thoughts out
of my head forever
& be normal
not worrying about nothing
or caring about anything
to let my life just go on
and eventually end
in a quiet oblivion
to give up my
wild thoughts
of beauty
simple and pure
to stop thinking
of the sunshine dawn
& smiling
at it's quiet beauty
to never again look
at the wild ocean waves
& be awed by its fury
to forget looking
in my young lover's eyes
saying I love you eternally
to leave my soul
where it lies
never taxing it with the pain

of something-anything
greater than myself
or let music
make me think of God

hearing the delicate sound of raindrops on a window
a grey cloudy day made for remembering
youth among other things
where will everyone be after the rain?
the tight closed patterns of a four-walled life
enclosing me
but One Day
I will go once again
into the world
looking & listening
wandering aimlessly
now the folk music
plays soft in the barracks
only me awake
to listen to the pretty sound
of poetic music
no longer drowned out
by sounds of people
aimlessly living & existing
preforming the everyday
movements of life
the end of the day
ends quietly here
as I guess everywhere else
why is everything ending
so quietly?
as even I end my day
in an almost silent room
among sleeping bodies
senseless & happy with
unreal dreams
of what their lives
should be like
but then again
who can really say
dreams aren't real
why only lovers and poets
like the night & its silence
and do not have to avoid it with sleep
the great Euphoric nonexistence
which even I a poet
will soon slip into

Ed Sikorski



Sometimes,
I am scared
By the narrow
Path of my mind,
But I am frightened
Even more
At the sight
Of the distortion
That is too often there.

Ned Jennings

A DRAGON IS DEAD ON HIGH STREET

Grime-crustured warehouses slump dismally
Along streets paved with uneven cobblestones
And rain-soaked newspapers.
Ancient and once respectable Victorian homes,
Resplendent in rotting gables and peeling paint,
Huddle together as if for warmth
Over cramped over-grown lawns.
And up the scuffed marble stairways,
By mahogany banisters and empty picture frames,
The old men climb.
Climb to dismal dirty little rooms
With broken furniture
Lit by naked lightbulbs.
There they sit and drink their cold soup
while small black boxes make grey images
And the years slowly break their backs.

Thomas E. Fuller



I dreamed I'd die.
-Didn't believe-
A car was to be my death trap
Caught within metal horror
My body and mind shattered
And the fragments to be gathered
 like fallen ripe apples after the Storm.

An almost event,
A foreshadowing till I believed.

I believe
The double tragedy
Knowing of time's
Soon ending breath;
And I almost know love
The foreverness feeling
Of your warmth
The blue of love eyes
The softness of love's lips
The tender surrounding touch.
My heart beats to your smile...
But mind's above muscle

For I dreamed I'd die
Now I believe.
Fate led Oedipus from birth to death.
Horror lies in knowledgeable predestination.
Poe would be impressed...
but he had his own hell

Vera Boulton

Nowadays when a shadow-i
Passes over the land
Floating down all we find
Is lint.

Vera Boulton

Animus, ideal man,
Living in a young girl's dream,
One day slain within her heart
By the arrows of a living man.
He is stronger though imperfect,
For, though blemished, he is flesh,
While you remain a shadow
Within the twilight of the mind.
But, Animus, you surpass this mortal
For you will always live
Within the hearts of maidens.
You, Animus, will never die.

Marthalee Atkinson

To see my golden-eyed black cat
Upon my open Bible crouched,
Caused me to think: The world's like that
For it has changed so little since
Our pagan fears and fancies sat
Above all Christianity.

Marthalee Atkinson



THE HYPOCRITE

Smug little hypocrite, sitting in church,
Happy you're you and not some poor sinner.
You've seen the light, God rejoices in you.
You wouldn't smoke or dance or touch the devil's cup;
Those things are evil abominations, tokens of the world.
Instead, you'll just sit there, condemning your brothers,
Shaking your head because they're going to hell.
Thou shalt not kill, so, of course, you wouldn't do it.
You just kill characters with your own choice of weapons—
A lifted brow, an intonation, a smirk of a smile.
Thou shalt not steal, no you would never do that.
You only steal trifles like trust and happiness
No other gods before you?
None but your place among 'the chosen people'.
Don't worry, Brother, God won't forget you.
Like the Bible has told you, you shall have your reward.

Marthalee Atkinson



In the evening I've seen
you weeping,
crying over Gilead,
While Babylon, so close
Burns uncontrollably.

We talk of Lenin in
the small cafes
and deal in smoke and ash
in hopes of better things.
Until a time when history,
burning red against the sky,
makes us realize
the necessity of the flames

How often do we talk in mirrors,
the coffee cups and sugar bowls
a daft illusion to be played
to its logical conclusion—when over,
we stand and stumble back to bed
to dream of carrying ammunition
to the Partisans at the Front.

Miles Stryker

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