September 18, 1992

GETTING OLDER

Naked needful only with cord of life I came

to hang now suspended by three cords: my past my future and the instant

Three cords converging: three cords and three responsibilities: parents to whom I'm 'all we've got': husband children: 'When, O when when are you coming home?' And me alone self of my self buoyant and sustaining

As I age my cords invert and hang from *me*. Now I lead those who gave me life and meaning: pull them guide them on. I soar: they cling and follow as I show them how to fly touching future as I go free but still their captive in this aviary of time.

Pamela J. Fulton



Hey! You! Yeah! You! We've been looking for someone like you all our lives...but, seriously: Welcome to Distractions. We need creative and intellignet people like you (yeah, you!) to make our section happen. Ah, we hear you... "But, Jeff! But, Berverley! What can a lil' ol peon of the arts such a I do to contribute to your grand tableau of the arts?" Take heart, sweet one, there is much. We need scribes of poetic stock to contribute their literary prowess. We need artists of the visual dimension to display their humorous oeuvres. Sound like your cup of pina colada? Way frosty! Just transport your noveau– Shakespearean literature and oliphantian visuals to Room 35 of the SUB and gently relocate it to the Distractions Box by Monday at Noon. Okie Dokie? So go ahead. Forget your low self-esteem. If you don't do it now, you may miss your golden chance at immortality. Yeah! You!

Jeffery and Beverley





