

And The Rain

Yellow umbrellas move like bubbles on a current of fluid hurriers and wait in layers at crowded corners while older ones with ribbing bent are scattered motionless, alone the stationary domes of a lunar town that stand where busses come

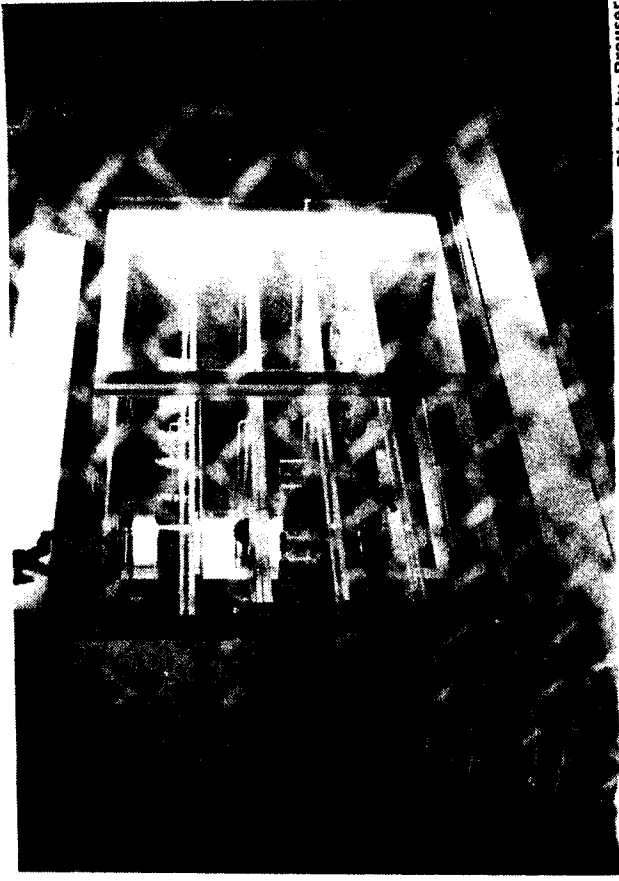
A huge black man beneath his shade below the dripping gangrene sky is tarried by two girls who carry a pair of parasols red and folded soaking by their sides

A renegade with no umbrella runs holding newsprint above his head he flies across the running street with coat flapping sickly out behind like the train of a business bride or the licking tongue of a great grey fly as he leaps into the sidewalk mob safe beneath a canopy

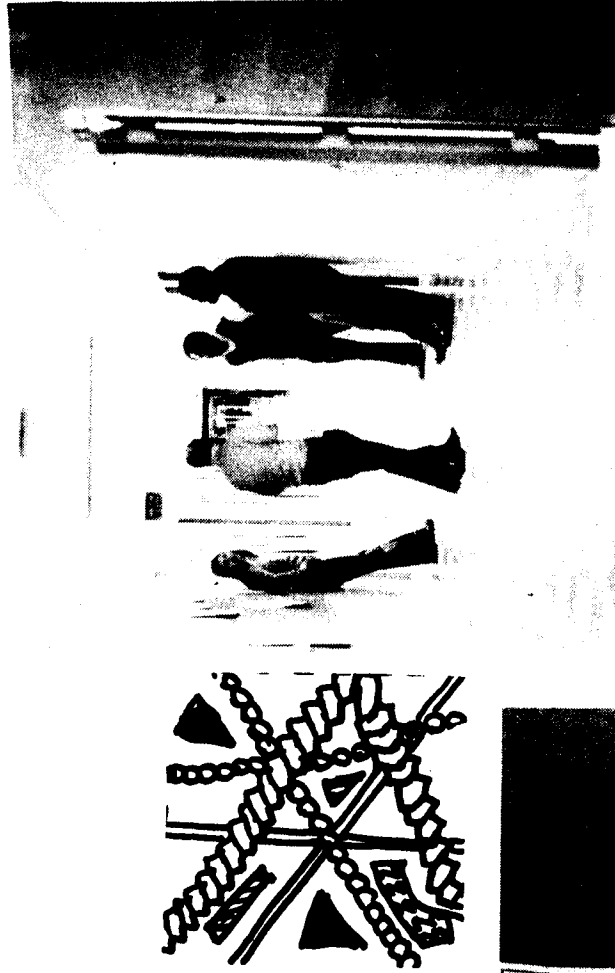
a dollar drops out of his coat into the gutter where water free that carries it with no temptation into a cistern dark and low where no-one but workmen go

While a thousand cars parked in the rain sit motionless and come out clean glistening like steel umbrellas when the air is dry again.

--P.R.J. Smith



Night-time in Vendorville. A chain link barrier guards the area. Photo by Prouser



An impromptu gathering of profs and students in the hall outside the READER office. Photo by Prouser

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CAPITOL'S 1st
DINNER THEATRE
"WHERE ARE YOU
GOING HOLLIS J?"
FRI. MARCH 7th,**



Emanuel Shimoni, from the Israeli Consulate speaking in the Gallery-Lounge on the prospects for a lasting peace in the Middle East. Photo by Prouser

