



GRIFFIN

THE GRIFFIN

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THE GRIFFIN

"This creature was sacred to the sun
and kept guard over hidden treasures."

*This was set in 10 point
Baskerville with titles in
18 and 24 point Garamond Bold.
The paper is Torino Text, Adobe.*

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Cover design by Margaret Ahrens

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Notes on the Artists

Shirley Hollrah is the smile under the snowball of fluffy light hair you may see bouncing down toward the Fine Arts Building. A very serious student, Shirley works diligently on her own courses as well as drawing the pictures that accompany certain tapes of the Spanish program. The enthusiasm she has for art is one of the main reasons she is so excited about going to Europe this summer. Shirley's contributions to the 1967 GRIFFIN include two woodblock prints inspired by Dante's *Inferno*, "Nessus" and "Charon." Her other work is "Man no. 1."

Emily Brock's creative instincts find expression in "The Car Junkyard" and "The Vase of Flowers," two of her block prints in this edition of the GRIFFIN. Describing herself as an "ambivalent mixture of luxury and social service," Emily plans to work as a commercial artist. Her artistic abilities stretch to creative writing which she insists "made me give up hunting for LSD."

Linda Long does her creative thinking, if not her drawing, between the conflicting powers of two pictures in her room: a Pennsylvania Dutch Love Star Hex Sign and Mexican Eyes of God. She is still working on her untitled print which appears in this edition of the GRIFFIN.

Chief-1

HOLLY ZANVILLE

*Holly believes in anonymity,
but concedes to have written
the three unformed grins in this
GRIFFIN.*

THE moon all white
was too shine-round last night,
and me a Chief
was offended by the depth of the height;
yes, the depth was length
and me a chief
was somewhat slighted
(somewhat)
so's I yelled at the moon,
old boy . . . all hard and rocky-shine up there;
and the top of a tree-top point blew way up skyward nowhere,
and Jesus I climbed like a squirrel,
nosedived way up tower clouds,
with the leaves and the branch-bark
all cool in the nowhere;
but the shine of the mooned, all mask-white shine
played hide-in-go-peek with the lid of a cloud,
and there was me all courage and chief,
primped with the breeze and cooled in the height,
when snap went the shine all masked in the lid,
and big chief-1 fell flat on a nowhere-dark self.

The Funeral

Donna MacInnes, first place winner of the Freshman Writing Contest, has an international spirit. As either a Spanish, French, or English major, she will be spending her junior year abroad. Donna has lived six years in Switzerland and plans to return this coming summer to motor through Europe, "writing about my experiences along the way."

DONNA MACINNES

A HUGE DARK CLOUD passed in front of the sun, the leader of a thunderstorm that loomed over the horizon. As Tica's eyes returned to the seat in front of her, she could not help thinking about the cloud, and how it resembled a mouldy cream-puff, except for the fact that cream-puffs have neither the power nor the majesty of a thunder-head. Her head snapped up and her eyes glinted cold amidst the sweaty foreheads and soggy shirts of the people around her. How could she think of cream-puffs when her own little brother, her little Rusty, lay dead in front of her? What did he know of the weather? He never did like thunder; it had always frightened him. Why, only last week he had come creeping into her bed because he was sure that God was angry with him. If he wasn't angry with him, why would he make such a racket up there in heaven? "No, God was not angry with you, Rusty, for if he had been, he would not have called you to him." The chair in front of her lost its shape as the hot tears blurred her already swollen eyes. Mrs. Stuart slipped her arm around Tica's shoulders and the chair regained its shape.

It had been only four days since Rusty's body had been found floating in the river. Why did he not listen when Father told him of the current's strength? She remembered the day it had happened. What a pleasant afternoon it had been. The picnic basket was empty and everyone's stomach was full as he lay under the billowing skirts of the ancient tree. The earth smelled clean and fresh, and the fields were alive with the industrious activity of a thousand insects. Rusty was stuffing pecan pie into his mouth and making feeble attempts to cut down the tree with his penknife, while Father warned him not to wander too near the soft banks of the swollen river. Rusty said nothing, he just kept hacking away at the brittle grey bark. Come to think of it, the tree under which the priest was now standing was much like the one that Rusty had tried to mutilate. She could even see carvings on it. There was Marsha Roger's name on the left side, and . . . whose name was beneath it? Oh no, it couldn't be Peter Singer. Peter was going out with Joan. Of course Marsha was better-looking than Joan, but she couldn't see how . . . Tica closed her eyes in shame as her thoughts reverted to the present. "What is wrong with you, Tica Stuart? You should be mourning the death of your brother and here you sit with a head full of nonsense." She knitted her eyebrows and repeated over and over, "He's dead, he's dead, he'll never come back, he's dead, he's dead . . ." until once again her twisted face was bathed in tears.

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee . . ."

The organ must be playing, for everyone was twisting his mouth in what could only be a hymn. She stared wide-eyed at the human forms standing so formally in their best Sunday clothes. What a pity to wrinkle and stain them for a funeral. Why dress-up to come stand over a mound of earth? What was the purpose? Rusty would have laughed as he watched the people squirming in their own sweat, oiled and dripping like freshly-caught lobsters.

For Tica, Rusty would forever laugh. He would stand eternally under the Oak tree, his tangled golden hair falling over his eyes, as his face puffed pink with giggles. She would not think of the startled cry of fear that had brought her running to the river bank, only to find that she was too late. The river surged on with silent power; it revealed not a lock of his yellow hair, nor a whisper of his high-pitched laugh.

"And the sun disappeared, and the rain fell over all the land. . . ." Why was the minister so feminine in his speech? He was very much like the boy in her history class, with his whining voice and his delicate mannerisms. She glanced at her mother who was sitting beside her. Mrs. Stuart's gaze was fixed on the thunderhead, which was spreading its bloated arms across the darkening sky. A long drawn-out sigh escaped

from her mother's parted lips. What was she thinking? Tica lowered her head in guilt. One thing was for certain; her mother was not carried away by trite, everyday realities as she was. Mrs. Stuart was absorbed in her grief, as she should be. Then why was she not? No, she was, she was, she was full of sorrow. She loved her brother; she loved him just as much as her mother, or her father, or anyone. All those people that stood on the other side of the aisle had not suffered the loss that she had. The Bartons had not even known Rusty, the Hedges had only met him once, and the Brodens were merely company acquaintances. She wondered why their son Alex had come. How penetrating were his eyes, and how dark his skin. He could almost pass for a Greek warrior, with his chiseled features and proud air.

Once again Tica forced the memories that brought tears to her eyes, and beneath the tears her heart warmed as she looked his way. "Perhaps he'll stay to offer his condolences."

Die Kinder Von Dem Vierten Tag

VIKTOR KEMPER

Viktor Kemper spends much of his time creating upheavals on campus in his minority position. This year he has written two plays entitled "The Sphinx" and "Anathea". He has become known as the campus "tramp". This poem is the seventh in a series entitled "We".

THESE three shade shapes who stand, bent tight
In the stone lot, wait for the one
Lost sister of this black and white,

This ancient order of the Son,
While Wednesday wind rises up and seems
To spin, to spill into well done

Up habits; pressed 'till fabric gleams.
Their bodies twist with Passion, cold
And, nodding, they seem to form dreams

For they finger their Christs of gold—
To bind, by touch and subtle cries,
The metal wounds of Him once sold,

Then on a cross, upon a rise,
Transfixed—the final day of Lent.
But now they all but cease their sighs;

The Mother has come, as Heaven sent,
To lead them out where roads begin;
The road to home; to the convent,

Where all lies still. So, cautious, thin,
Nun fingers fall to count rose beads:
Again, again, still—still, again.

Wasp-Self Confined Early

Gaile, who loves the Bible, wants to be recognized for her religious nature and Home Ec training, prompted by her Puritan heritage and noble, expansive character. Her antithetical nature causes tensions, couched in frequent migraines and resulting in a dual nature of macro-micro, severe schizoid disordered chaos; however, in writing her poetry, she brings these disparate things into conflict, resulting in the final yoking and scrambling of "the poem."

GAILE HAESSLY

WASP-SELF confined early
between glass and screen
wings flutter fling buzz
again on sill again
first-legs twitch grope farther
exitexit
draw body burden slow
delicate antennae search search feel
eyes of panic
before it shrunk stiff
shape
UP climb
up
thing dying thing d

Ever After

MACKIE SILVERMAN

Mackie Silverman is twenty-going-on-fifty, unless she reaches five first. "Sunsets, snails, and smiles" people the recesses of her mind. She hates ambiguity—in others! "Brown paper packages, tied up with strings" are always full of goodies to her, no matter what they hold, and if anyone is out of step, Mackie is the first to assert that he hears a different drum.

ONCE-upon-a-time
filtered through the streaked window pane
in long, slow lines
down to the stained oak floor
where dust woolies danced
in lazy circles.
Grandma's wedding portrait,
hung from a bent nail
in the faded rose wallpaper,
stared at the family Bible
where mice had gnawed jagged semi-circles
at the corner
of the hard, black cover
near the final "e."
Shadows reclined on the love-seat.
The yellowed shade tat-tat-tatted
at the west window
and
the rocking chair creaked to itself.

in the drummer's break

HOLLY ZANVILLE

SMOKE & shapes on the floor
against walls
propped up
eyes shut with smoke
soft jazz in the drummer's break
solo lips
he kissed with his horn pressed near his belly
sounds echoed against flesh
squeezed like flesh contracts
air blown through his ear
inside against his belly
small room dark with walls
dark in the corner
in the drummer's break
the jazz blowing wandered-notes
up my ear bent by his belly
my hands on his back
beneath his shirt
the blue tails hung over my arm
those wandered-notes travelling
up slow everywhere slow
i soothed his skin the notes kept coming
all the way up until the drummer's break was over

Charity

SHERRY BURNS

Sherry Burns loves BSA's, lasagna and pickles, but "basically," as she often says, her truest love is New Jersey. She has an obsession for oceans and lighthouses. She craves those summer-people, the water-skiing and the clambakes. You might see Sherry someday, walking down the beach on her little bare toes, her red hair parted in the middle and drawn back to her neck, singing a happy tune a bit off key.

ONLY HALF-LISTENING to the chatterings of the old woman, the nurse readied her patient's bed for the night. She folded the limp coverlet, separating the clinging sheets. At the summons of a distant bell, she drew herself up slowly. Pressing the small of her back to relieve the ache, she checked her watch; only two hours of duty left. Patting the woman on the shoulder she left the room, heading in the general direction of the bell.

As she paused at her desk for a moment, a ray of summer sunset glared through a dirt-flecked window, deepening the shadows on her face. Stray hairs straggled down her neck, and her cap was tilted askew. Her white uniform was stained with faded spots of yellow; in the sultry heat of dusk, the dress stuck fast to her.

Calculating what remained to be done, she realized that medications were yet to be distributed, and her rounds were only half-completed. Startled out of her thoughts by a sharp cackle, she turned to face one of the patients.

"All alone again, dearie?" Clucking sympathetically, she shook a matted silver braid. "It just isn't right to work you so hard. If the

State ever found out how poorly staffed we are . . ." she rambled on, unheard, as the nurse continued down the hall.

Passing a partially opened door, she heard stifled sobs coming from within. She hesitated for a moment, listening to the bell's insistent clamor, then entered the room.

It was a few seconds before her eyes adjusted to the dimness. The figure on the bed was turned, face down into the pillow, and the sheets shook with her sobs. She held a crumpled, soggy tissue tightly in her fist, pressing this against her mouth as if to stop the tears. Warily the nurse pulled up one of the rickety wooden chairs to the side of the bed and sat down. Clasping the spongy, withered hand in her own, the nurse asked her what was wrong.

The answer exploded through shreds of tissue. "It's Melinda. She . . ." but the rest of the words were garbled in the wail of the old woman.

"It's all right, Mrs. Kimberly," the nurse said as she stroked the woman's forehead. "Now what's the trouble with Melinda."

"Well," she began, but her tears threatened to overpower her again.

"Now if you won't tell me what's happened, how can I possibly help you?" asked the nurse.

"It's Melinda. She said she'd come; she always comes when she says. But not tonight. Don't you see, I'm worried." She pushed the tissue into her mouth, tearing at the threads. "Please call my home and see that she's all right."

The nurse reached for the tissue but could not free it from the fist. "Oh, Mrs. Kimberly, I'm sure you're worried needlessly about your granddaughter. Any number of things could've arisen."

The sob became a pout. "Then you won't call?"

Sighing, the nurse turned to stare out the window, but she couldn't see past the lines of damp bed linen in the yard. "Mrs. Kimberly, if I call your home, it will only upset your family. Now you don't want to do that, do you?"

"I must know that Melinda is all right."

"Well, if it'll make you feel any better," said the nurse as she rose to leave, "I'll call right now."

Tensed arms fell limply to her sides as the shrunken figure replied. "No, you won't. You're like all the others—you'll forget."

"No, I promise I won't forget. I'm on my way right now."

The nurse left the room and plodded back to her desk. In the oppressive heat even the leather chair, usually so cool and comfortable, pressed hard and damp against her sopping back. When she tried to flick on the desk lamp, she noticed that the switch was broken again. She stared unseeingly at the book of numbers in front of her. Her head

ached so badly she could barely read the numbers in the dim hall light. Dialing the exchange, she stared at the notebook, thinking how infrequently it was used. A sharp voice pierced her thoughts.

"Yes?" It was an unfinished question left hanging like a threat.

"May I please speak with Mrs. Grayson? This is Miss McGuire from Lea Haven, calling in reference to Mrs. Kimberly."

A dry tone edged the voice at the other end. "This is Mrs. Grayson. What about my mother?"

Absently the nurse tapped the eraser end of her pencil on a sealed white envelope placed carelessly on the desk blotter. "Well, it seems that she is a bit worried because your daughter didn't get here tonight. She was afraid perhaps something might be wrong."

"Good Jesus, the girl is out on a date," shrieked the woman. "Let her enjoy life. I'm sick and tired of having her hang around the dirty hospital and my senile mother. When she comes home all we hear is 'Grandmother' this and 'Grandmother' that. I wish you could hear some of the ideas that woman puts in her head . . ."

She didn't hear any more. When, much later, a sharp click sounded on the line, she unthinkingly placed the receiver back in its cradle.

Her lower lip twisted sardonically as her eyes fell on the envelope. She touched it, testing its tangibility, making certain she hadn't imagined it. But no, she had written it; her letter of resignation was finally a reality. She'd planned every venomous word for weeks, until that letter had penned every bit of hatred she felt toward the Nursing Home owner. But still she'd managed to name only her physical reasons for leaving: the poor hours, the inadequate, incapable staff, the insufficient wage. She turned the envelope over and over in her hands, her gaze fixed on its blankness.

She sat at the desk for some time. Darkness fell outside and the overhead lights cast a metallic gloom over the greyish walls. The tinkling of Mrs. Kimberly's bell roused her. She stood up, stuffing the envelope in her pocket.

She measured her steps as she walked down the hall, trying to formulate an excuse for Melinda. At the window she paused for a moment. The street lights were on, the evening star was out. From below came sounds of the night duty nurse moving about. She studied the empty parking lot below, fixing her stare on the empty white rectangles.

She thought of the envelope in her pocket. Removing it, she slowly tore it into pieces and tossed it out the window. Then she watched as they sifted through the early night to the cement below.

She thought she heard Mrs. Kimberly's bell once again. Recalling her unpleasant task, she headed toward the woman's room.

She stood in the darkened doorway. "Mrs. Kimberly?"

There was no response. She tip-toed to the side of the patient's bed. "Mrs. Kimberly? Are you awake?"

Switching on the light she noticed the over-turned water glass on the nightstand. She shifted her attention to the woman.

With an anxious glance, she took the limp wrist in her hand, but there was no answering throb. She placed the arm across the still breast.

"Ruthie, did she finally croak?"

Stunned, the nurse turned to the silhouetted figure in the doorway. Mutely she nodded assent.

The plump young Negress came toward her, jiggling her bracelets as she walked. "Oh, now don't feel bad. August gets a lot of 'em. Have you called her kin yet?"

She shook her head "no," moving toward the window.

After a moment, the other followed her. "Come on," she said, pushing her to the door, "you're off duty now anyway. I'll take care of this. Go on home."

The girl turned back into the room to draw the curtain around the body.

From the hall a weary voice called into the room. "Luce, would you mind checking me out tonight?"

The girl shuffled to the doorway. "Shucks no, You go on home. A good night's sleep fix you right up."

"Thanks. I think I will."

The Butcher-Bird

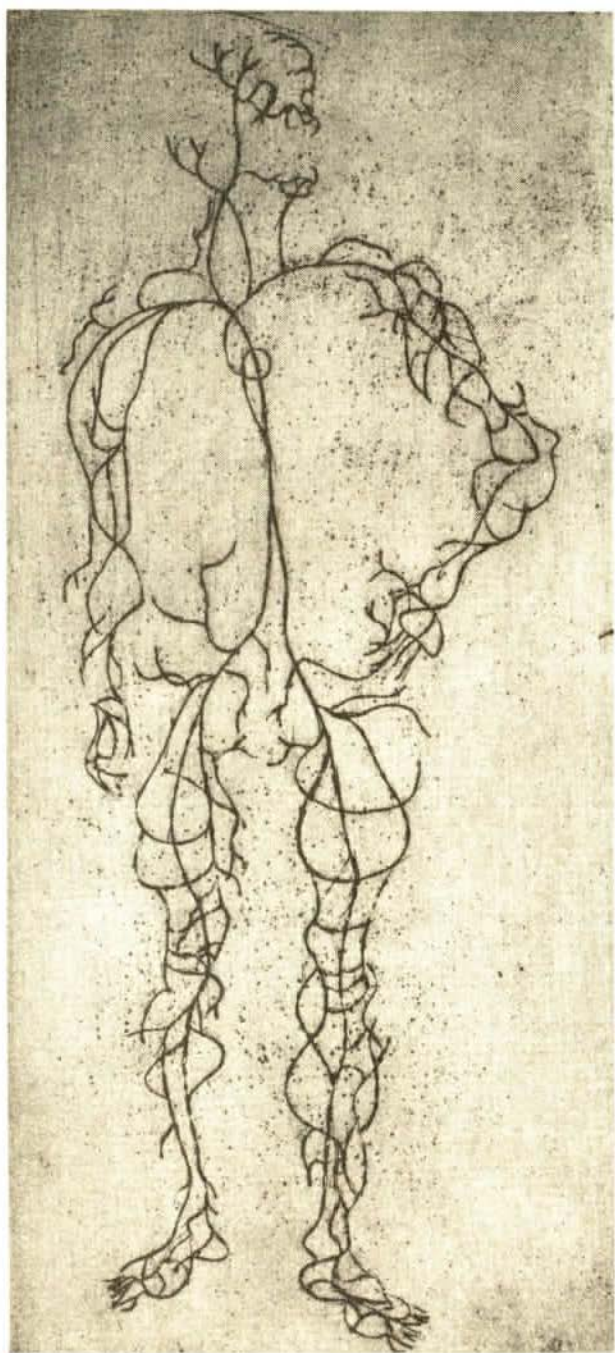
VIKTOR KEMPER

I OBSERVED
while the shrike
pinned a gypsy moth
on thorns of
a rose;
hidden eyes move
in the mask of
black on white
searching out
entrails in the
belly tomb.
When the moth
shell is empty of
vitals, the shrike
departs unfilled.

Genesis

MACKIE SILVERMAN

I SHOULD not be born yet, not really.
Not formed yet, not whole, surely
I am not ready to be here.
Too soon, too quickly, so harshly I was
Thrust from the womb,
Powerless against each, ever stronger
Contraction of insistent muscles—
Large, sudden faces peering down
At me still placenta-smear'd and wet—
Of course I cried.



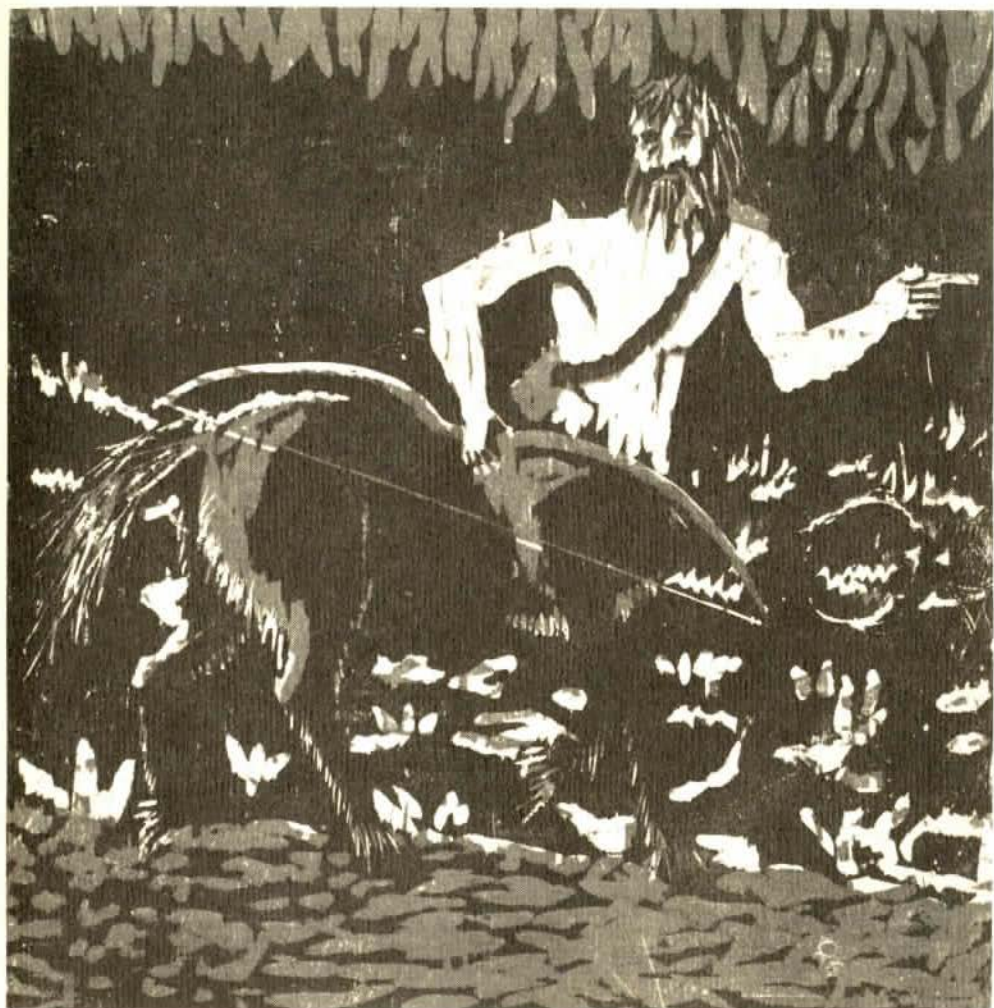
Man no. 1

Sbirley Holrab



Charon

Shirley Hollrab '67



Nessus

Shirley Hollrab '67



The Vase of Flowers

Emily Brock



Untitled

Linda Long



The Car Junkyard

Emily Brock

Garbage on Thursday

HOLLY ZANVILLE

I

C RANSHAW'S pa drove a bulldozer
as big as an overstuffed garbage truck,
shaped like a war tank, of course;

his old pa jumped in the seat,
roared there like the incinerator grinding flesh
from the brown-bagged garbage
the lady next door left behind her back steps;

yep, flesh all right, and coffee-brown grinds
and the wax cartons left with just a little milk inside,
to keep the flesh from drying out;

little one ran after the garbage trucks those cold days,
when no one could follow screaming:

"You come back here,

You come back here this minute, young lady!"
because it was too cold for housecoats;

so little one fled without the boots the mothers love,
except for the fur, ripped off because it was soft
and never seemed to go with rubber;

Cranshaw's pa wore rubbers when he rode the big bulldozer,
and they didn't have any fur either;

Cranshaw was fat like his pa
and when we climbed the metal belts
we'd squash in by his legs
and the roar boomed low and rumbled
as if it could whoosh away and plow beneath the earth,
and if we weren't good,

we'd go down where it was hot as hell,
hot as hell his pa would say.

Cranshaw said, "I'll have a big one someday,
and I'll ride through the dump by the creek
and crush everything in sight, and even the garbage trucks!"
My heart beat and I screamed: "No! You can't! You can't!
Cause I'll have a garbage truck and I'll grind ya up
before you wreck the dump!" But I was scared
because his tank was bigger than mine
and even louder than Joe's garbage truck,
and it was colder too.

II

Joe drove our garbage and everybody else's too;
he even let me push the rise, lift, grind button,
and then, of course,
he only came on Thursday mornings,
and there was school,
so I couldn't help him at all the stops,
only one or two;

but old Cranshaw could go up all the time
and I prayed one night I could have my own garbage truck
and Joe could be there too,
and we could grind up Cranshaw and his pa's dirty rubbers,
they didn't have fur anyway.

Then it was warm again and the housecoats were out:

"You come back here,
you come back here, young lady!"
And one pink daisy came tearing after the small one,
a flower waving the fork that stirred the scrambled eggs lumpy,
because she was always late;

she dragged me back and yelled,
but I didn't listen because Joe pushed the button alone that morning
and there was no one to say "yessir" to
because he was the only one;

the flesh next door smelled a horrible smell
and she must have left more milk than usual—everything was wet;
the daisy was waving her egg fork in the air but I didn't hear,
because tears were coming and I concentrated on my belly
so she wouldn't see, but she did, and let me go to school;

my eyes were red and I rubbed spit on them
so they wouldn't feel so hot; I was embarrassed
but I had to walk because the daisy was watching;

no one could ever know that right then
I knew I'd never have a truck
and next winter there'd be new boots
and Cranshaw would ride his bulldozer like the last good tank,
and I wouldn't.

the tears stopped because a red light at the corner said, STOP,
so I did; and then I thought of something else and forgot.

III

Little one forgot and after that the lady next door
stopped putting flesh in her big paper sacks;
Joe stopped coming and a fat man drove the truck;

Once, once I ran out to meet him as he stopped his truck:
"Where's Joe? Where's Joe? The one who used to come here?"

The fat man grinned, he had a black tooth.

"Joe? Let's see, I don't remember no Joe."

"Yeh, you know, the one who used to come."

He knew, he had to.

"Oh, the Nigger. He died, kid, last fall."

I thanked him politely because he had a mole beneath his ear
and I was always polite to people with moles;
I backed off where I could watch him
and kicked a small stone beneath the shadow of the big rubber tire.

Fat man waved and moved up front to push the button;
I watched our garbage edge up and then it was gone inside;
the white wall was up so it wouldn't fall back when he ground it.

It was warm that day
but the housecoats didn't care anymore;
and it was late;
I should have run to school but I didn't;
I walked and kicked a stone all the way up and down the sidewalk.

the red light stopped me,
but I didn't want to go when it changed
so I sat on the curb and watched the ants file by;
I couldn't see why Joe died
and then I wondered if he got ground like flesh,
the real kind, that smells.

IV

One time when it was cold again
 I thought it was the fat man garbage man who waved,
 but I didn't, because I was old and a lady,
 and ladies and old people don't wave at garbage men.

I walked along and kicked a stone again, that Thursday morning,
 and did I say whether it was warm or cold,
 yes it was cold;

but in those days I started to forget some things,
 like the weather, and then the things I couldn't forget
 went deep inside so I didn't have to know I remembered.

V

It was in school that we drew pictures to send to Spain,
 to show them our American life; I didn't know what to draw,
 but it was Thursday and I heard the fat man,
 so I drew a garbage truck
 and a brown bag full of the neighbor's flesh;

the fat man was there—he was easy to draw,
 fat men always are; and he had a huge grin
 like a boomerang stuck in his mouth sideways,
 and his teeth stuck out, but only one,
 because I drew too big and there wasn't room for anymore;

the teacher didn't like my picture—
 she didn't think anyone would care about our garbage;
 and then I was sorry I tried to draw a fat man
 and thought if I'd drawn Joe they'd have sent him;

but I wouldn't,
 because he was a Nigger and he never told me he was one;
 of course I knew that the black people were Niggers,
 I thought I saw,

the garbage truck was white and the fat man was white,
 and Joe was a Nigger and he died,
 but I was white—

I thought I saw but I didn't.

VI

I drew Joe the next time we had class;
 the teacher didn't like him but I started to cry
 so she said she'd send it;

his head was bigger than the rest of him
and his hair curled like George the terrier's tail,
I made him a medium-sized smile
so he wouldn't look like fat man;
in the corner I drew the truck
with a pair of rubbers in the back;

the Spanish kids probably didn't see Joe the way I did,
but then they never really got to push the button,
and you never really saw
until you got to push the button
and hear that 'ol Cranshaw roar,
at least once, or twice on Thursday mornings.

Quest

MACKIE SILVERMAN

LORD, that bastard knight
blinds me with tinfoil armour . . .
Who rides the white steed?

Sandpiper

Polly Sowa is that tanned, long-haired girl seen stumbling around the art building or flitting to and fro in her leotard. Her loves include color (she thinks of people in terms of color), iced tea on hot afternoons and hot black coffee on cold mornings, and snow.

POLLY SOWA

STRETCHING irregularly
over wet sand,
reaching out to the foam
at the end of the tide,
the sand-piper's shadow stalks
at his side.

Limbo

SHERRY BURNS

LAST summer
I dreamt
honey dreams
of our midnight times
together:
We'd walk
in limbo worlds
always
close-shouldered;
last night
I saw
your face
close
to mine,
and woke
in trembling fear
in my winter
self
hateful
to that face
gentle
in love.

Fall Game

GAILE HAESSLY

UPSTAIRS . . . the sun-screams
of the too-child
bathing

She on a picnic table
child
chooses size
leaves
yellow
others
fall bright
about her
on the wood
ground
stretches in the colored jacket to limb tips
calming

The Moment

NANCY ARTHUR

Nancy Arthur enjoys hiking, camping, and listening to classical music. Her ambition is to be a librarian, and her favorite place on campus is, understandably, the library, where she hikes from her post at the check-out desk to the reference room and back again. She's almost been known to camp out there, too.

"SUSAN!" The rasping voice rose sharply on the last syllable. Susan didn't move from the window. She looked down at the brown ivy that covered the porch of the Chevy Chase Country Day School. Dead rose branches twisted up the cracked, white-painted columns that surrounded the porch. Susan knew she'd have to go down to breakfast eventually, and she hated the prospect.

"Susan! Come down here! Immediately!" The voice belonged to Mrs. Cobb, the wife of the school's owner. She and her husband, an elderly man with a dirty goatee, believed that children should grow up with strong and well-disciplined minds and bodies. For that reason, each day at the school began with a hot, nourishing breakfast of oatmeal, toast, and juice. Susan hated breakfast, but she hated even more the spoonful of codliver it was her duty to give each child as a precaution against colds. She moved slowly down the staircase, running her finger down the groove in the banister as she went.

The dining room table held great steaming bowls of sticky oatmeal and platters of stiff toast. Dr. Cobb sat at the head of the table. He pulled out his tarnished gilt watch in disapproval as Susan began to spoon codliver oil into each child's unwilling mouth. His beard was yellow, not with age, but with tobacco stains from his stinking briar pipe. He wore a grey vest and suit, covered with a greenish mist of tobacco crumbs. Mrs. Cobb sat at the foot of the table. She had not yet changed from her pajamas, and sat with her wrinkled housecoat gaping wide open. Her pajamas gaped too. They were held together with two safety pins in an attempt to prevent her flesh from spilling out, which it did anyway.

They ate breakfast in silence until eight-thirty, when Mrs. Cobb tinkled a little bronze temple bell and the children stood up together and marched out of the dining room to their classes.

Susan walked slowly to Miss Delano's classroom and took her seat on the fourth grade side. Miss Delano, a white-haired spinster of sixty, strode to the piano. After the first chord sounded, the children joined in the singing of "Oh, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Class in the upper grades always started with the singing of a rousing patriotic song to put the children in the proper mood in which to begin their history lesson.

"Now children, the fifth graders will all stand and recite their own passages for today's lesson. Beverly, you will start with the Revolutionary War."

The child's voice began in a loud drone that grew louder as she became more and more sure of the words. All of a sudden, the recitation was interrupted by a piercing screech from the fourth grade side of the room. Susan sat bent over her desk sobbing and clutching her left arm in pain and surprise. She had leaned into one of the thumbtacks that Miss Delano had taped there with the purpose of preventing students from getting the lazy habit of leaning on the wall.

"Susan, sit in the corner!"

"Nasty old sheep!" mumbled Susan under her breath as she stumbled onto the stool in the far left corner.

Susan spent the rest of the day perched on the stool, making faces at Miss Delano each time the teacher's back was turned for an instant. She wailed during the patriotic songs and mumbled during the recitations, much to the delight of the students in the back of the room.

The school day ended and Susan longed for a candy bar, but she knew candy was forbidden. Candy, extra spending money, and trips into town were always out of the question because the Cobbs would not stand to have valuable time or money frittered away. Susan always had

a feeling that the extra money her parents sent her went into the Cobbs' pockets anyway.

The next morning, Saturday, Susan woke to see the beaming red face of Mrs. Hollister, the housemother, peeking through the half-open door. She was a large, motherly woman whose face always expressed her exuberance and concern for each of her charges. Her large red nose glowed, just like an elf's nose, thought Susan. Mrs. Hollister wore heavy tweed skirts and great fuzzy sweaters that made Susan want to snuggle up to her on cold days. Susan bounded out of bed and dressed quickly so she could be the first one ready and win Mrs. Hollister's approval.

Susan looked forward to Saturdays because after breakfast, Mrs. Hollister called the children together to begin their morning chores.

"Susan, you and I will turn the mattresses. Jan, you and Muriel dust. Stevie, you and Ray may try sweeping this morning." Her directions were met with approval because all the children knew that if they did their jobs well, Mrs. Hollister would reward each with a dime. Susan stayed behind to wait for Mrs. Hollister while she searched for five dimes in her great cloth purse. There were pennies, nickels, and a ripped dollar bill, but no dimes. A search of the bottom yielded four dimes, and Susan promised to wait until next week for her dime. After the chores were done, the children took their dimes to a candy store where Mrs. Hollister let each choose his favorite. They rushed back from the store so that their absence would not be discovered by the Cobbs.

Late that Saturday afternoon, a group of students huddled around one of their cohorts behind the garage.

"Shhhhh!" whispered Susan. "Do you want the Cobbs to find out what we're doing?" Little Stevie was coughing uncontrollably, clutching a homemade cigarette in his hand.

"This leaf won't work! All the grass keeps coming out!"

Susan lit her match with the air of one who had been lighting Kentucky Bluegrass cigarettes all his life. "Of course it works. Watch." She lit the wet brown mass of leaves and grass. It sputtered, and soon she, too, was coughing terribly. A wrinkled brown face appeared from around the corner.

"Massa Cobb, he's coming. Y'all had best scat!" It was Edward, the school's colored cook. The children scampered up the rusted fire escape into Susan's room, flushed their cigarettes down the toilet, and raced downstairs to the dining room for dinner.

Close to eight o'clock, Susan heard footsteps going down the stairs. She glanced out of her room in time to see the Cobbs leaving. On all Saturday nights, the Cobbs went out to the movies at ten minutes before eight o'clock. Mrs. Hollister was left in charge, but only after a stern lecture on the rules of the school. The children were to stay in their

rooms after eight o'clock to read and study, and were not to have any sweets.

"Remember now, children, we must strengthen our minds through reading and contemplation!" Dr. Cobb called out as he left. "Strong minds and strong bodies!"

At eight o'clock, after the Cobbs were safely out, a wildly rhythmical tune summoned the children out of their rooms and into the hall. Mrs. Hollister, transformed from her usual plain self, was perched, wearing a patched red nightgown, on a shaking straight-backed chair, playing her violin with wild abandon. Her face burned red and purple and her whole head and shoulders quivered from the effort. She bounced back and forth to the Irish rhythm of a jig and then swayed, eyes closed, to the lyric song of a Brahms melody. Feet tapping, she careened from side to side until the chair groaned under the stress. The children flew from their rooms and danced madly up and down the halls. Susan and Muriel raced from room to room leaping over chairs and beds. The boys ran up the brown staircase and slid drunkenly down the warped banisters. Around in circles and all over the floor they ran and wiggled. They sang and shouted with the music. Susan danced uncontrollably about the halls. Her whole body felt great joy through the music, and she moved to its entrancing rhythm. She whirled around and around and finally sank, exhausted, to the floor.

Finally the walls and ceiling stopped whirling and Mrs. Hollister shouted, "To the kitchen! I have a surprise for you this evening!" Red-faced and out of breath, the children scurried down the stairs to the kitchen. There they were greeted with a gallon of strawberry ice cream.

"I looked all over for the right ice cream and I finally found the gallon with the most strawberries in it!" Mrs. Hollister said. She divided the ice cream among the ten bowls. Each strawberry was given out with care to make sure each child got the same number as the others.

"There's an extra strawberry! Who wants it?" Susan put up her hand and opened her mouth, for she knew it was her turn for the extra strawberry. They ate the ice cream, laughing and talking loudly. Time passed unnoticed until nearly ten o'clock when the front door opened noisily. The Cobbs were home from the movies! The children grabbed their bowls and fled in fear up the stairs to their rooms.

All was quiet when the Cobbs reached the second floor. Not a sound could be heard from any of the rooms, save for a faint whisper that just might have been the sound of the wind whistling through a cracked windowpane.

The Quiet Stream

KAY KIRKLAND

Kay Kirkland won third prize in last year's Freshman Writing Contest. She's a physical education major who writes in order to organize her thoughts. Her friends will tell you that she craves mail, hates petty fights, and loves Kahlil Gibran. If you're good, she might even tell you her favorite story, "Prinderella and the Cince."

THE quiet stream
of friendship
slips slowly
over the moss
and rocks
while bubbling
at the
falls

Squirrel

GAILE HAESSLY

BUT they asked him
of killing
sure
Yes! yes he must say
and the squirrel green in the trees
glistening wet red fur
crawling to
blind
the second shot white
red on his hands
but, yes

The Cat

JANET BARBOUR

Janet's love for children is reflected in both her elementary education major and her choice of summer jobs, working as a camp counselor in Colorado. She is allergic to cats, but this doesn't seem to stop her from enjoying their antics through her pen-scratching.

THE cat sat under the bush twitching his nose to catch all the odors in the air. The wind ruffled his gray hair, but his eyes remained steadfast. They constantly watched a little white butterfly perched on a nearby rosebush. Suddenly the insect flicked its wings and flew to a clover stalk. The feline's eyes darted with the movement, and his gray tail twitched ever so slightly in the tall grass. His body slowly crouched down and he silently crawled forward. His eyes never wandered from the delicate white wings. First one paw and the another moved onward. He crept out of the security of the bush into the bright sunlight, which made his fur glisten. Only one and a half feet to go. The butterfly fluttered and flew back to the rosebush. The cat's head jerked with the movement, but his body was motionless. He easily turned and headed to the bush. His whole body squirmed, and he crouched lower, ready to jump. He became as still as a statue with not a single muscle moving. Suddenly he sprang up. His paw brought down the butterfly. One wing was crushed, but the little insect struggled. The cat pawed at it till it stirred no more. Then he moved on around the house to find some other interesting plaything.

We (VII)

VIKTOR KEMPER

WE: Narcissitic worms, colourless, writhing blind.
We who go as slimy strings of moons.
We who wait in lines we spin and bind
Into silent, separate, ink cocoons.
Jellied smoke laid in our self-made wombs;
Thus we await the spring and lie
In hope of wings to let us fly
Beyond the sun. We'll never die.

The Talk

SHERRY BURNS

HE SHUT THE MOTOR OFF. The old Chevy shuddered and coughed into the frozen night. With one gesture he killed the drone of the heater and the insistent prattle of the radio.

"All right. What'd you want to talk about?" He didn't look at her. Cautiously he took a puff from his cigarette.

She sat some distance from him, hugging a knee close to her. Her eyes were fixed on the stars overhead: she made no attempt to speak.

"You're pregnant."

Her plosive laugh echoed off the canvas ceiling.

"Sure, Pete. That's it." She swung a long lock of hair back from her face, but neglected to face him. Instead, she examined the loosening stitches in her loafer. She heard him reach under the seat for a beer can, open it, and take a swallow.

"Okay, then let me tell you what I think is wrong. Somebody's been putting toys in your head, baby. You're thinking about marriage and I don't dance to that tune. You know that." He paused to put out one cigarette and light another.

"Marriage." She rested her forehead on her knee. "No, Pete, that's not it. I know where you stand on that."

"Then what. . ."

She stroked her still-damp hair, thinking that it would have been dry if he'd come at seven, as he'd said he would. But he'd come instead right after work, still with grease smudges on his face.

"Your face is dirty."

He flicked his half-smoked butt out the window. "Christ! I've wasted all this damn time for you to tell me that?"

She sat frozen in her pretzel pose.

He spoke more softly. "Look, baby. I'm not ready to get serious. Sure, I had it bad for you; but I backed off. I felt myself getting up tight so I backed off."

He stopped to gulp a mouthful of beer. Unbending her legs she twisted in the seat to face him.

"But, baby, when you went home, I damn near died. I mean, really missed you. I needed you. And baby, I don't want to have to need anybody."

She reached to the dash for a cigarette. With shaking fingers she reached to touch his hand as he lit it for her.

"But Pete, when I came back this fall, I was your girl. And the watch you gave me. And the parties we've gone to. And Ivan. . . ."

He laughed. "Oh, you can keep the monkey. He's yours."

She couldn't look at him. With an amateurish movement she took a long drag on the cigarette.

He brought his face close to hers, breathing beer in her face. "We're not serious."

Silently she watched the ash grow on her cigarette.

"Are we?" he demanded.

Gently came her reply. "No Pete."

"You don't love me, do you baby?"

Her shoulders trembled in the stillness of the car.

"No, you don't. And I don't love you. I thought I did, but I don't." She didn't move. "I like you, a helluva lot, but I'm not in love with you." He waited for her reaction. "Do you understand? I said I don't love you."

"I understand, Pete." She crushed her cigarette in the ash tray.

"That's better," he said, starting the car. "Now let's get you back to the dorm so I can get to studying. Got to beat that draft you know."

The cold pane of glass felt good against her shoulder. "Let's go, Pete."

"Sure, baby, sure. Only hand me that bottle, will you, sweetie?"

"Sure, Pete."

A Pagan Candle

JUDITH ZALEUKE

Judy Zaleuke describes herself as a "displaced English major who works in the physical education department." Beethoven, ballet, and murder mysteries intrigue her.

LIGHT of my candle, dance in the sigh of the wind—
A pagan flit before a cold, tarnished cross.
Leap!
And blind the eyes of the saint
Who looks down and weeps in pain.

Elegy to M.J.S.

VIKTOR KEMPER

BEFORE this grave, but filled with wind
And dressed in weeds of winter light
Her body lies unblessed and dead.

Because she helped herself this far,
We all must bear, a way, her bier;
Without a priest or guided prayers.

I hold an inky band to set
Her down, with silent words, inside
This frozen piece of breath in clay.

II

The earth that falls, in time, upon
The coffin from the keeper's spade,
Provides a steady, building knell.

This is the one eternal Hymn,
As new as old, that must replace
The hymn this time denies to her.

The grave is filled—the music ends:
Her body raises up this earth
And here I plant her glory stone.

III

But now Truth grows too clear—too darkly viewed—
As Light and Wind and Spring exert one Will
And force my eyes to note the shadow hewed—
Out print: my self-made Carline dancer—still
Her Hymn's one step she heed from now until . . .
And no man's fate so touches me as deep
As this, which lies inside myself, asleep.

