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1827 - GRIFFIN - 1977



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Special thanks to Mary Ambler

*Dedicated to Mary Easton Sibley
Founder of the College*

Introduction

During the preparation of this anthology, the staff has read literally hundreds of short stories and poems written over a considerable time span. This has given us a unique perspective on the history of Lindenwood. Current events, the national mood, and especially the changing campus atmosphere are reflected in these creative writings. The evolution of Lindenwood from an exclusive girls' finishing school to a cluster of four colleges had a distinct impact on the literary efforts of its students and faculty.

Besides this historical perspective, there is also a very powerful human perspective. When persons do creative writing, they expose an intimate part of their being to the world. As I read this material, I couldn't help but wonder what these people were really like. These were people who had walked the same sidewalks that I do, sat in the same classrooms, read in the same library. What were their hopes, their aspirations? Were they fulfilled? What sort of person would write a surrealistic story like *Grandpa had 3 Wives* way back in 1950? If Nicole Johnson had not died in an automobile accident in 1961, would she now be a famous poet?

The material in this anthology represents some of the best creative writing we could find. I hope that as you read it, you yourself will get new perspectives on the Lindenwood experience.

Bill Tayon
The Lindenwood Colleges
January, 1977



Irwin Hall



Dr. Irwin and the Class of 1887



Room in Sibley 1900



Sibley Steps - 19th Century



Mrs. Roemer in Ayres Hall - 1915



Mayday 1915



Mayqueen 1922

In The Beginning

The year was 1827, and under the auspices of the liberal-minded Major George Sibley, and his persevering wife Mary Easton Sibley, a fairly new concept in education had begun. This concept was that of the education of women, which had heretofore been the exclusive right of only those women living in the Eastern ranges of the United States. Major George C. Sibley had realized the need and the absolute necessity for such an institution as would provide the instruction desired. His realization of this need, and his foresight into this field, led by the understanding of the abilities of women, and the importance of their role in society, enabled him, and his wife Mary, to achieve their dream of enlightening young women to realize their full potentials. This venture into education together with the attainment of goals formerly unachieved by women west of the Missouri, gave rise to such literary efforts as "The Experiment", published in 1845, which both in its motto, "No effort is lost," and in the title itself, portrayed the beginning of an era of Female education in the west.

The Experiment

"No effort is lost."

Volume I Linden Wood, October 24th, 1845 Number 1m

Prospectus

Several years have elapsed since the establishment of Linden Wood School and that there has never existed any public document which can now be referred to, as a precedent for the benefit of the scholars now in attendance is a matter of regret that such is the case, for had a journal of events been kept, to which we could have referred in any doubt, now instead of our feeling, a great responsibility resting upon us in making any charge, it would be the height of our ambition to take up some former rule and hand it down to those who might hereafter be so fortunate as to occupy a place at Linden Wood.

Being fully persuaded that some such document might not only be rendered interesting but useful to those who have the least desire to improve, and also tend to encourage a spirit of enterprise and eradicate everything which is in any way calculated to retard the progress of our education, we introduce to our hearers, "The Experiment."

In contributing to its columns let our object be general and individual improvement and in order to gain our object let us never attempt anything higher than our own experience and attainments will warrant; but let us willingly keep the narrow limits of our own imagination and endeavor to realize how much is expressed in our Motto "No effort is lost." The sentiment there expressed is a sufficient stimulant to urge us "onward and upward" in accomplishing our humble but not unimportant end.

We, the pupils of Linden Wood School, after due deliberation have associated ourselves with the advice of our patrons to endeavor to sustain and publish once a month "The Experiment," for the benefit of our school exclusively, and having for our object, improvement as well as amusement, we trust that each succeeding number will be better than the last, and then will all who may think this not a very feasible scheme, be bound to admit that it repays the efforts of its proprietors.

Woman & Fame

Selected from Mrs. Herman

Thou hast a charmed cup O Fame,
A draught that mantles high
And seems to light this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me a woman bring
Sweet water from affection's spring.

Thou hast given laurel leaves that twine
Into so proud a wreath;
For that resplendent gift of thine
Heroes have smiled in death.
Give me from some kind hand a flower
The record of one happy hour.

The tone expressed in both the Prospectus of the *Experiment* and the poem, "Women and Fame," reflects the inspiration and enthusiasm bestowed upon the first women of Lindenwood, by the Sibleys. Also, written by the younger women of Lindenwood, came *The Violet*. Shown here too, in its Prospectus, and in the poem, "Speak Gently", was the determination of these women to persevere in the pursuit of their education, or as the apt motto of the *Violet* expresses, "Try! Try again!"

The Violet

Try! Try Again!

Volume 1st

Linden Wood April 24, 1846

Number 1

Prospectus

The object of this paper is to teach the younger scholars how to compose before they commence writing for the larger one. The Elder girls have a paper & they will not let us write for theirs so we started this in opposition and named it the Violet as that is a very modest flower always hiding its face under some bush. But that is not the way with the Experiment. It comes out boldly. Our paper will not be very good but we will do our best and as there are not many of us you must not expect much, for we have never had any experience in writing for a paper and we can not compose as well as the large girls. This is the first time our paper has appeared. We of course cannot do as well as if we had been writing for months and we hope you will not expect much of us but however, we will do our best and if we fail we will take the advice of our motto and Try! Try again!

Speak Gently

Speak gently — it is better far
To rule by love than fear
Speak gently — let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here

Speak gently — love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind
And gently friendships accents flow
Affections voice is kind

Speak gently to the little child
Its love be sure to gain
Teach it in accents soft and mild
It may not long remain

Speak gently to the aged one
Grieve not the care worn heart
The sands of life are nearly run
Let such in peace depart

Speak gently, kindly to the poor
Let no harsh tone be heard
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the hearts deep well
The good the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell

A letter written in 1859 by Major George Sibley to the President of the Board of Directors of Linden-Wood Female College shows his concern for the security of his dream, that it be kept faithful to the objective originally intended.

Mr. John Jay Johns
President Board of Directors
Linden-Wood Female College

Sir,

A report has reached me, indirectly and in no tangible form, to the fact that the Board of Directors of the L. Wood F. College, have Sold, conditionally, another large portion of the College Endowment Land, for the purpose of paying certain Debts contracted by the College for Out Buildings and other incidental expenses &c. Can this be true? I hope not. Already has too much of that property been frittered away to Serve purposes quite foreign to the object originally intended, exclusively, to be (illegible) thereby; and entirely inconsistent with the tenure by which the property is held by the College. The Desire was not made, or ever for a moment **intended** to be made, to **Build**, but to "**aid in the Endowment**" of the College. Not to erect Edifices and their appendages--Nor to aid in the payment of any Debts that may be contracted &c, but for the purpose, "**and no other,**" of forming a **Nucleus** for an **Endowment Fund**, thereby to promote one of the main objects of the Institution, as Set forth in the Deed of transfer — to wit: to reduce the charges for tuition &c. as low as practicable; the legitimate effect of an Endowment--All that has been, or may be hereafter received from the Sale or lease of any portion of the land Deeded to the College, Should be in good faith, and Scrupulously **funded** for an Endowment. If **any** of it has been, or may be used for any other purpose whatever, it should be **refunded**, with interest. The property Should be husbanded with judicious care, to the **Sole** object of aiding and increasing the Endowment. any perversion or alienation of this fund or any part of it, from that object, may work the forfeiture of your title, and the subsequent loss of the whole property — this ought to be carefully guarded against. If the Directory has indeed bargained away any more of the College Endowment Land than the Lots designated on your Plat for Sale or lease (which I regret that I ever Sanctioned), its transfer would be in my Judgement, in violation of an Express condition of the Deed under which you signed, and will manifestly imperil your title — Of course I could not concur in it — but be much more disposed in view of the premises, to protect against it — as injudicious & unsafe.

1st. The following quotation may Serve further to place this matter in its right position. (Illegible) from my letter of 5th January 1853, **initiating** the project of our College &c. addressed to the Rev. J.S.P. Anderson of St. Louis — "This Bequest tho' only now partially available, will however when in the course of events it shall come into the full possession of our Presbytery, prove entirely available **in aid of an Endowment fund**; increased most probably 50 per cent on its estimated (illegible) value" . . . (the above has reference to the 3rd Article of my Will)--

2nd. from the 3rd Article of the Will above alluded to — "Now therefore, in consideration of the premises, I do hereby Will & Bequeath unto Linden Wood Female College, **to aid in the permanent endowment thereof and no other**" &c

— 3rd. From the Deed of 4th July 1856, Superseding the 3rd Article of the Will, "In consideration of their earnest desire to **aid in the Endowment &c**" -- In full accordance with the above quotations, and for the express purpose of making doubly Sure in Securing their object; the First condition of the Deed Sets forth that "The **120 Acres** of Land conveyed by this deed, with all its rents, revenues, & avails however accruing, Shall never in any manner, or under any pretence whatever, either

in whole or in part be diverted or alienated from the proper benefit, Service and behoof of the college aforesaid." --

It were needless for me to write anything further here on this subject.

Most respectfully

Your Mo. Obt. Svt.
Geo. C. Sibley

Elma 3rd June 1859

Such compassion for this ideal gave the college the support it needed to succeed even when it was in rather severe financial straits.

Then for several years, there were no literary efforts produced by the women of Lindenwood. However with the advent of "Under the Lindens," in 1898, in the format of a "newsletter", the tone of literary work was seen to change greatly from the days of "the Experiment" and the "Violet". Compared to their sisters of 1845, they had adopted a form humorous in its journalistic style, yet less courageous than that of those first contributors, for in 1898 they were not awed by the newness of the freedom to express themselves in literature. Both personal and commercial advertising became the theme of the work.

Senior—"Can you tell me why our college is such a learned place?"

Freshman—"Certainly! The freshmen always bring a little learning here, and the seniors never take any away; hence, it accumulates." — (The College Rambler.)

If you want to be well informed take a paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some good points.— (Ex.)

The University of Michigan has an enrollment of over 3,000 students.—(The Student.)

The College girls and the faculty entertained the young gentlemen of St. Charles last month. Everyone enjoyed himself and seemed to wish he didn't have to "go home 'till morning."

One of our girls was complaining a short time ago about her "face hurting her," but as she had been playing battle-ball we attributed the pain to that cause and not to a caprice of nature.

ATHLETIC

We now have a regularly organized Athletic Association. At the first election of officers Miss Sikkema was made President, Miss Maud Bennett, Secretary, and Miss Edna Schaeffer, Treasurer. With battle-ball, football, basketball and tennis teams, running track and also croquet grounds, we are well equipped for that outdoor sport which should be furnished every student, boy or girl.

A hearty supper makes one of our young ladies so sleepy that she dreams over her Analytical Geometry lesson.

The members of the Marie Stuart class have a decided tendency to smile "out loud."

Miss Mary Jacobs had the pleasure of a visit from her mother on the 3rd and 4th of this month. Mrs. Jacobs lives in Nevada, Mo.

Then in 1928, the tone again returned to serious literary efforts. With short stories and poetry, the format of the present day Griffin was initiated. The desire of the students of Lindenwood to express themselves through literature, now became the main objective of their magazine.

A STAR HAS FALLEN

*In the blue black infinity of heaven
A star has fallen.
And I knew
That in some happy lighted home
A child was born
That in some dim and shadowed garden
A kiss was given
That in some lonely shadowed room
A man has died*

*All these
Life
And Love
And death
A star had fallen.*

Dorothea Knepper

Lindenwood Verse published in 1943 again clarified this desire for expression. Evidence of increased awareness of the society around them, and sensitivity towards their role in it, was apparent in this collection of poetry and short stories.

THE POET'S COLUMN

*Critics be damned.
Take as you will what I may write,
And tear each line apart;
Sit up late into the night
Lamenting.*

*Say that what I've written holds no reason,
Holds not truth nor thought nor rhyme.*

*Sit and read again
Weeping.*

*Tear your scribbling into pieces.
Say my mention is not worthy of your books.
Then return to write—you cannot,
Dying.*

*And at your crypt I'll write a poem
You cannot tear apart.
If only you could understand
The words I write, not with my hand
But with my heart,
Singing!*

Marian Morgan, '45

In 1949, the publication which was to find itself the parent of our present day Griffin, Peter Pan, was conceived by a person bearing the same name as the founders of Linden-Wood Female College. This woman, Agnes Sibley, helped create that which is today the basis for our own literary efforts. As Mary Sibley had in the past, Agnes helped these students to realize their full potential, and achieve true expression of their feelings thru literature. The desire to fulfill a dream, much like that of the dream of Major George Sibley is found throughout the contents of Peter Pan.

SEQUEL TO LONGINGS

VIRGINIA TOWNSEND

Now I stand forever on the doorstep of a dream,
Fearing to turn back
For the way is not found twice,
Slow to enter
For I loved too much my seeking.
I cannot knock,
I need not call;
My fingers clasp the sought-for key,
But I stand forever on the doorstep of a dream,
Slow to enter
For my longing and my seeking
May give dreams a deeper meaning
Than the ending of desire.

Also in that year, the students under the direction of Dr. Agnes Sibley, published that magazine which thrives today, The Griffin. The first issue was dedicated to her for "her constant encouragement, cooperation and cups of hot tea" by the student staff members. The evolution of literature at Lindenwood was made complete by this publication. The magazine comprised of short stories, poetry and artwork, was the embodiment of the legendary figure chosen for its title, the Griffin, for "this creature was sacred to the sun, and kept guard over hidden treasures."

PATIENCE

BETTY JACK LITTLETON

He fell and broke his understanding—
That's why he's always reprimanding
Us for leaving toothpaste lids unscrewed
And running downstairs and dropping food,
And leaving cats in the house at night,
And contradicting when he's always right.
They say men are naturally more demanding.
But I know the truth—he broke his understanding.



Introduction — the 1950's

At the halfway mark of this century, Lindenwood stood firmly steeped in tradition. Making learned ladies out of giggling girls in a sanctuary of ivy-covered halls was a task at which it was well practiced. To the girls of the new new decade, the Second World War was already slipping into dim memory. Prosperity and security in the strongest nation on earth encouraged new beginnings as demonstrated when the English Department unveiled its new record of student literary achievement, *The Griffin*.

Formality was still a keynote of the day. As well as to initiate the daughters of society's higher echelons in the fineries of home economics, the school served to shelter them from such bad examples as Marilyn Monroe. Thus insulated from negative influences, it is not surprising that the subject matter is non-controversial, almost without exception.

The works are personal and thoughtful, almost dreamlike, reflections of a less turbulent day. Somewhere between the charm of childhood memories in "The War Was Brown" and the more daring imagination in "Is This A Dagger Which I See Before Me?", the institution began to feel the tug of change in a world which was rapidly picking up its pace.

by Wade Wilkin

SONNET

SIEGMUND A. E. BETZ

In the far country glimpsed within your eyes
I have sought refuge from the press of things,
From thought, and even from yourself. The skies
Over its mountains, filled with aching wings
Of sun-aspiring plumage, hemisphere
A land pain-virgin, diamonded with a pool
Of sedgeless water deep and still and clear.
There might my hands cup out a stream to cool
Doubt-harassed brain and sacramentally
To wash the hidden heart back to its sweetness.
Come with me to that country, of whose key
And crown you hold good title; its completeness
Lies all within you—though you cannot know
Its wealth, O exile, till with me you go.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE

BETTEGENE NEBESNICK

Shrieks of laughter coursed through the air like streamers thrown against a raging wind; collided, kindled, and flared up into a terrifying amplitude of derision.

Elmer, preceding the centennial parade, writhed and twisted as he stumbled onward, until his body became an ever-changing mass of contorted flesh. As the intensity of the laughter increased, so too, did the fervor of Elmer's dancing increase. The flowers on the brim of his battered fedora were jostled about until eventually they escaped the confinement of the pin and fell at irregular intervals behind him. Every child snatched greedily at the dead flowers, so they too could run up behind Elmer and thrust the long stems through the holes in his clothing.

He attached himself to the parade until it disbanded in the park. Then the crowd surged about him, quickly multiplying into a vicious horde; mauling, thrusting, pressing, in their frenzy to gain closer observation of him. An old man, triumphantly exhausted, commanded the attention of unblinking, hostile eyes.

He sang for them; gloriously, fantastically; without rhythm, without tune. He sang of the sublimity of death, of the whisper of the sea, of beauty, of life, of love. His voice was lifted to a magnificent roar, and the blood in his veins pulsated and beat violently against his temples. His voice was subdued, and his eyes shone with radiant glory. Like great, gawking children the crowd shuffled their feet and slowly, unobtrusively stole away.

Elmer was alone when he fell to his knees with a solitary movement that was beautiful in its simplicity, its economy of motion. As he prayed so fervently, his lips forming half-oral, half-silent words, a capricious gust of wind blew the lone flower from his brim.

MUST YOU REALLY?

Jo June De Weese

LEORA stood for a moment to appraise her setting, then sat down on the blue sofa, relaxing gracefully like a siamese cat. Lewis put their coffee cups on the table and moved his chair closer to the sofa. "When I was abroad . . ." He interrupted himself, tapped a cigarette against his hand and began again. "When I was abroad . . ."

The momentary flare of the match highlighted strong lines around his mouth. Leora smiled and leaned back against the soft pillow, luxuriating in the prospect of an evening with this new man. He is attracted to me. Jane said that he would be. How odd to think that Jane would choose the right type for me when she is so unfeeling . . . I wonder if he thinks it obvious, my being invited to dinner. But he must not; he didn't have to drink his coffee with me—John would have been glad to; John picked up the cup but Lewis took it from him . . . and Jane saw it; her eyes were *black* with anger—silly thing, as if I would be attracted to *her* husband . . . he is getting fat. I would never allow my husband to gain weight . . . Lewis wears a black tie. I like men who wear black ties . . . I have done well tonight. I look well—what is he saying? Oh, something about what he studied. Psychology . . .

"Do you know," she broke in abruptly, "I have the strangest feeling sometimes. In crowds, I'm simply all alone. I see people and I know that they're talking, but I simply can't communicate." Lewis's eyebrows lifted slightly then came together in professional concentration. "Yes, I've—"

"Isn't that Freudian or something? A friend of mine told me that I meant I was above most people . . ." she smiled deprecatingly.

He moved his chair even closer. "I know what you mean. One is lonely; I feel it so many times. It is the penalty paid for thinking. I get so bored with the ordinary line of chat—with endless talk of business—that my mind simply refuses to listen . . ."

Leora retreated behind her eyes . . . No one wants to talk about ideas at home; only me. I get so tired of personalities. They're so ignorant . . . dough-faced, white blobs of . . . what is the word? Pro—protoplasm, that's it! Like Jane, who talks about her children. She didn't say a word about my dress . . . jealous, I suppose. She's lost her figure. She does look like a glob . . . Leora smiled at her simile. Lewis, seeing the smile, stopped suddenly as if recalled from the scenes of his conversation.

"Most people," Leora said with emphasis, "are nothing but white globs of protoplasm!" Pleased with the sophistication of her sentence, she leaned back and half closed her eyes that were mascaraed to resemble those of a siamese cat.

Lewis's head jerked. Protoplasm . . . what on earth is she talking about? People are boring through. But they can sting; Professor Schwartz always said that I was too sensitive. They hurt me too much, and lately I haven't been able to dismiss them. Perhaps I should get away. I should rest from people—is she still talking? He re-crossed his legs impatiently then picked up a Chinese figurine and examined its painted features with care.

". . . and it hurts me dreadfully. Loneliness is at times a high price to pay for having a mind." Leora made a gesture of futility, and her enamelled nails flashed jewel-like in the shadows.

"As I said to my assistant the other day," Lewis began, "I must somehow get away from people. They are so real to me that

their problems get to be my problems. The company is afraid that I might even have a breakdown. I am not too robust physically and . . ." Is she listening? Leora leaned forward suddenly and opened her mouth, waiting to speak. She is listening.

He heard his voice again ". . . must watch myself to keep from working too hard. But one who can help others must forget himself. As I said to Dr. James, I don't matter. I am dedicated to others." He flicked the ash from his cigarette with a definite gesture and looked seriously off at the other side of the room, facing his selfless future with courage. Then he went on talking. Leora shut her mouth and leaned back against the pillow again. The flicker of interest that had seemed to bring life to her eyes disappeared, and the beautifully opaque mask covered them.

Now what was I going to say? He talks a lot. And now I've forgotten about it. Oh yes . . . I was going to tell him about when I was a little girl. Pathetic now when I look back . . . I thought too much . . . she turned restlessly and stared, for a long moment, at the wall on the other side of the room. I could do a lot more with this room than Jane has. But she has no imagination. As I said, a glob. This figure for instance. Leora too picked up the Chinese woman and looked critically at her glazed face. Determinedly, she broke into Lewis's carefully constructed sentence. "I don't see how Jane could bear to keep this dreadful thing in her house. It would drive me to absolute insanity. But then I've always been especially interested in the *decor* of homes."

Lewis frowned, and drummed his fingers impatiently on the table. Women's minds are so limited. They seem quite unable to think in terms of the abstract . . . they must always go back to the home, to *decor*! Idiiotic . . . does she think that I would be interested in such trivia?

". . . so I took it up to take my mind away from Father's death. I suppose that psychologically, my feeling of aloneness would date from that . . ." Leora shrugged philosophically and regarded her nails with interest. She smoothed the cuticle of the little finger carefully, then looked up. "One must never let one's interests wane, must one? I think that's what is wrong with so many women . . ."

I was wrong, thought Lewis. The home is not even thought of. It's just a setting for the body. *Decor* must match skin-coloring, a couch the colour of her nails. Everything she says is really of her body. He nodded portentously, pleased by his thought, then folded his arms, waiting for Leora to finish so that he could put it into words.

". . . Jane, for instance. She was once a very pretty girl—Oh, of the pink variety, you understand, but pretty. And now look at her." Shaking her shining head slowly, as if in sympathy for Jane, Leora considered her own slim body with pride. "I—" she resumed speaking, but Lewis was already in the middle of a sentence.

". . . especially women. I have never found one who would talk of anything that did not in some way affect her body. And that is what a man is least interested in, really. Men speak in terms of the intellect. I must, I know. I abhor the personal, the trivial. I must have a wife who can stimulate my mind . . ."

Could anyone? Can anyone remove a man's mind from its loving attention paid to himself? Leora asked herself. One can only flatter men's egos. And I refuse to lower myself. My mind is as brilliant as any man's. And I refuse to lower myself to the level of argument. I will ignore this. She continued her story firmly, her nasal voice rising above Lewis's beautifully modulated baritone. "And in school I took up interior decorating. My teachers said that I had a definite flair . . . it was a godsend, really. I was so terribly

unhappy, you know." She lifted one corner of her mouth; its red lines curved wryly. Lewis looked depressed. Ah, thought Leora. I have penetrated. It takes women to make men feel. After all, what are men without women . . . I could make him go far . . .

Lewis shuddered to himself. She's just like the rest. Only worse, because she thinks that she has a mind. If women would just stay where they belong, and use their bodies and not try to think. But they call their self-attention thought . . . she uses her mind to lick her body. It is nothing more than a caressing tongue. Am I the only one who is unselfish, who thinks of others as something besides meat, to be eaten for the beauty of the one body? For the ego?

Pleased by the evidence of the impression that her words had made on Lewis, Leora talked on. "Willi's—you know that decorating firm, of course—offered me a position immediately after graduation, but I told them that my health simply wouldn't allow it—"

Lewis brightened and grasped eagerly at a chance to enter the conversation. "Oh, do you have poor health too?" Obviously not. You're simply neurotic . . . you build on misfortune to satisfy a picture of yourself. "One doesn't have to let it affect one's own existence, you know. Get an interest outside of yourself." See, the smile that comes when one speaks to her about herself? "When I was dreadfully ill a few years ago—nerves, mine aren't at all steady—I'm too intense, the doctors say." And now her lips are straight . . . she can't stand reference to another personality . . .

Leora's face was sullen, and the muscles twisted around her mouth. Unable to listen. Am I only to sit at your feet and praise? Listen, my fine intellect, I refuse to be the slave, red meat thrown to a leopard. I am not subject to anyone; I have my own mind. I am I—

"It was then," Lewis went on blandly, "that I undertook a study of golf. Not the tired-businessman golf, you understand, but a scientific sort . . ." He warmed to his subject, forgetting Leora momentarily, in the vision of his balls flying over the green, exactly where he had planned that they go.

"But I find that I think too much for my own good. If I could only be content to be someone's *slave* . . ." Leora said with emphasis, continuing her thoughts aloud.

But you wouldn't be, my dear, Lewis said to himself. You are slave to nothing but your body. To the walls (not to Leora, who was herself talking) he said, "Golf is perhaps the most taxing of all sports—"

"Red meat for the leopard—men are like them. Heavy, but they move fast—to pounce on the unselfish, the slaves—"

"A game in which one uses one's intellect—"

Leora stopped at "intellect," feeling that perhaps he had mentioned her. No . . . Talking about himself! This is really too much. My nerves will be upset if I stay any longer—

"In which every nerve must be—be—" Lewis stumbled and stopped. He made a half articulate sound, then both began to speak again, to regain the poise lost by the moment of silence. Lewis's voice won this time, and he said slowly, his interest destroyed by momentary desertion of his narrative . . . "and when my ball . . . flies over the green, I—"

"I refuse to be a slave!" Leora's voice was shrill.

"I wasn't speaking of—"

"All men want of women are their bodies."

"Isn't that all they have?"

"Really, I refuse to continue . . ."

"I agree with you. As I told my assistant, one should never continue a conversation when a party is emotionally aroused—"

Their eyes caught, the shell of courtesy fell away, and hostility was naked in each countenance. That painted mouth—words, words, words—his eyes . . . his staring eyes, cold, cat-like, unblinking, self . . . only self . . . I, I . . . Leora jerked her face away from his gaze abruptly. Lewis, realizing that he stared, looked down. The after-sound of their words seemed cacophonous in silence. They hit against each other and shattered, bright bits of coloured glass that tinkled to the floor. Only the I remained, roared on the silence, shaking the concave fragments on the floor so that they rocked with the vibration, slowing down gradually until silence was regained. The Chinese figurine still smiled from the table, her eyes opaque, quite content as if nothing had happened. Embarrassed, Lewis cleared his throat.

"I am really going to have to—"

"Yes, I was just about—"

"My doctor makes me get quite a lot of rest—I—"

He stopped as if he could not think of what he had planned to say. Leora rose woodenly and began to pull on her gloves. In a voice of regret, she said, "I wonder where John is—he must take me home—"

Lewis turned his around on his arm, so quickly that it caught the fine black hairs on his wrist. He too arose, with studied slowness. "Must you really?"

THE OLD GUITARIST

(Inspired by Pablo Picasso's painting, "The Guitarist")

DIXIE WILLIAMS

The people stared. The old man sat
Beside the door. The winter air
Rushed through and stirred his ragged shirt
And ruffled through his sparse white hair.
Guitar clutched close to bony breast,
He sat apart from all the rest
and prayed.

He wept. The sudden tears coursed down
Through wrinkles long imbedded deep
Within his skin. And then, ashamed
That one might see an old man weep,
He ceased. They whispered, "Still he clings
To youth." His fingers touched the strings
and played.

BEST HOUSEKEEPER

JANE EWING

She has a stiff, clean soul,
Like white shelf paper;
And scrubbed opinions
Stand in orderly rows
In her swept and dusted mind.
All small stray thoughts
She folds neatly
Like clean handkerchiefs,
Putting them, with lavender,
In a top drawer.

SNOW-SLAVE

HELEN MARIE PARKS

Slave, red from a fried-egg sun—
Rope-blistered, bubbled with sweat—
Salve from blackness, muscle-knotted—
Pull your bunched cotton sack,
Stab your fingers with thorn-like hulls—
Scratch behind your ears and wonder . . . wonder—
Half a mile row . . . one hundred pounds to go—
Slave of the snow!

GRANDPA HAD THREE WIVES

Jo Ann Smith

A PHRENOLOGIST once felt of Grandpa's head and he found a double crown and four pockets! He told Grandpa that he had FORMERLY been a squirrel.

It was in dancing school that my friends and I would hold long conversations about the INDIVIDUAL members of our respective families while we struggled with the long ribbons on our satin ballet shoes and wound them ack and forth around our ankles.

Mary Agnes had a twin sister. Dorothy's mother had gone to school with a real French girl, but my Grandfather had three wives!

This to me seemed the biggest thing that could ever happen to anyone. Three wives! And besides three wives he had had three houses and three sets of children, respectively. My father belongs to the second set. From set I he has a half brother and likewise from sets II and III but his half brothers from sets I and III are no relation whatsoever to his half brother in set II and yet they are all related to Daddy, for Daddy's mother (my whole grandmother) was a widow with a little boy when she married Grandpa. Poor Daddy has but two whole brothers; the others and a sister are all halves. Just like grapefruit.

When I was seven years old I thought it "more exciting" than any fairy tale and I remember how terribly surprised I was when Daddy introduced me to one of my half uncles who was, I found quite whole, his blond hair going all the way AROUND his head, and I had thought for sure he would be "sliced in two" with only half a nose, one ear, and one eye respectively.

But for my Grandfather, losing three wives was of course a tragedy and when his third wife died he traveled even farther away. He went to California. I suppose he could have gone to Egypt had he wanted to, for he had made a lot of money in buying and selling cattle and hogs.

Years passed, and then two days before I came home from my freshman year in college Mother wrote me that Daddy's father had arrived by plane, all the way from California with a crate of oranges, and for a visit with us. I was excited. I had never met my grandfather. He had had three wives! I finished the letter.

"Remember your manners and try to be patient, Jan. He's ninety-five, you know, and just like a baby."

I tossed the letter into the air, and I finished packing the remains. My YEAR AWAY had summed up to a most interesting collection of restaurant menus and theater ticket stubs. I was also very proud of a horse blanket which was a present to me from the Riding Club of which then I had already been a member for two weeks. I can now get DOWN from a horse without a ladder. I closed the lid of the trunk on some dead golf balls, 3 nervous and unstrung tennis rackets, and a hot water bottle from the infirmary which they said I could keep. I had a fish from the Biology department and a beautiful mud-grey kitten from the night watchman; but these I left behind. My parents do not appreciate stray animals. "They might be crazy," Mother says.

But with all of my trunks and hat boxes and baskets, Mother and Daddy were still glad to see me, and so was Grandpa. he said that he could tell that I was INTELLIGENT.

The first week that I was home I decided that Grandpa reminded me of a turkey. he had a habit of HOCKING, and instead of just hocking, he would HOCK just a little, then he would grab his throat and violently shake his Adam's apple and then he would HOCK very loud. It was truly the most fascinating, terrifying, wildest SOUND that I had EVER heard!

The next day I took the morning paper in to the Turkey and he announced that he wanted to move his bedroom into the "front

parlor," and he didn't mean the "back parlor." He wanted the "front parlor" with its three long windows and bay window.

I laughed, and he stormed that EVERYTHING in the "front parlor" was "Just for show." The curtains were "Just for show." The desk was "Just for show." The piano and the davenport and the coffee table were "Just for show." The fireplace and the needlepoint chairs were "For nothing but show." Even the rug on the floor was "Only for show."

I was debating upon whether to call Mother or just to pretend that I was deaf and dumb, when a neighbor knocked at the back door. I found myself in the heart of the Ozark Mountains as Grandpa began to call. "HELLO SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR. Oh, there you are Jo-see-fiend—quick, see who's at the door, Jo-see-fiend."

My NAME is Jo Anne. My family and friends call me Jan. But to Grandpa this was a tongue-twister. He could say names like Penelope and Rebecca and Candace, and not even take time to swallow, but "Jan" nearly choked him so he gave the pompous name of "Jo-see-fiend." Well, anyway, he didn't think of Beulah!

I kept recalling the last line of Mother's letter. Ninety-five and "just like a baby." Well, that is, we thought he was until—

Daddy was afraid that some night Grandpa would want something and he would not be able to make us hear, so he went down to Sampson and Sons' Hardware Store and bought a cow bell. He wanted a LOUD one.

Well, this little trinket (a-la-factory whistle) was guaranteed to blast us right out of our beds up into the attic and then up, on to the roof; shatter our window glass, and wake the dead as well as the neighbors. But to Grandpa who slept downstairs in what used to be the sewing room the bell must have alternated between fiddle and ballet music for he used it without "thinking," and at regular intervals Mother would pass me on the stairs, or I would pass Daddy on the stairs, or maybe the three of us would pass each other on the stairs to answer a command of "Now move this pillow a little more to the RIGHT."

Yes, Grandpa was ninety-five, and besides that he walked on crutches, so when the coal man said, "I bet he's a problem child!" Oh, how we did laugh! Ha, ha, ha. We laughed too soon.

In three nights Grandpa and the cow bell had become such bosom friends that "How to get it away from him" had become the \$64 question. He guarded it with a look that said "I see you, too." The cow bell was just as faithful by him. If any of us got within three feet of the thing it began vibrating, and so did we—right back up into the attic.

But "Good things come to those who wait," and so one night after we had all had at least hysterical ideas, I remembered a phrase or two from a chapter on "Home & Family" from an old college psychology book. The idea in the chapter was never to (deliberately) take a toy away from a child unless you replace it with another one of similar kind.

Why of course! Why had WE been so stupid!! Why didn't we think of THAT in the first place! All we had to do was to give him something that resembled a cow bell. But what can you buy that LOOKS like a cow bell but doesn't make any NOISE like a cow bell?

It was Daddy who came up with the answer, or I should say, toy. He went down to Sampson & Sons and bought a cane with a green tortoise-shell handle. We nominated Mother to present it to Grandpa.

Daddy was to give her a sales talk, which she in turn would give to Grandpa, on the advantages that a cane HAS over a cow bell. It had to be good because he already had crutches! Daddy cleared his throat for—

Point number one—"If we ever have a burglar and he comes to your room first you can knock him over with the CANE."

(From now on Grandpa would probably be "Seeing things." But in nice little towns we have only window peepers.)
Point number two—"Just think of all the things in your room that are out of reach and then all you will have to do is wrap the neck of your CANE around them pull them to you."
(I could already see Grandpa with a what-not shelf on his head and a vase of flowers in his pocket.)

Daddy couldn't think of any more points, and neither could we, so it was time for Mother to go in. She was ready to "trade."

When she opened the door of Grandpa's room Daddy and I caught a glimpse of him standing over his bedroom register, which he always referred to as a "manhole." We couldn't tell by the expression on his face whether he was counting the flowers on the wall paper or whether he might be thinking of ringing ALL SAINTS' bell.

Daddy SUDDENLY had business to attend to and I SUDDENLY thought the cat might like a drink so we didn't even stay to hear point number one, but at dinner that evening Mother told us that point number one was the point on which Grandpa traded the cow bell; and even after when friends came to call he would say, "Now if we ever have a burglar, and if we do he'll probably come to MY room first, but I'll be waitin' fer him. I'll knock him over. Just like that!"

II

Grandpa broke his left leg two years before he came to visit us. The surgeon had to fasten two silver pegs around the bone and it made Grandpa mad. He wanted a wheel chair instead of crutches.

It was in July that he began to be so optimistic about his leg, and Daddy obligingly bought him rubbing alcohol and patented lotions that were "guaranteed absolutely" to take away soreness, stiffness, weakness, and finally your leg (if you kept using them long enough.)

Grandpa "worked" on his leg every afternoon and we were glad he did, for it gave him something to do.

Just as soon as he finished his evening meal he would settle down for bed. In this "settling down" process he would change the furniture around in his room and re-hang the pictures; he would climb up on the head-board of his bed, swing his good leg and cut capers, and then he would settle DOWN on his bed to pray.

One night Mr. Kopfboom came to see Daddy about some cattle. Mr. Kopfboom is a farmer and he likes to stand on one foot and then on the other and talk about his "Coodle;" he calls daddy "Heddy" instead of Harry. "Hello, Heddy! What chew know, Heddy? See any good lookin' hogs lately, Heddy?"

I was playing solitaire in the "back parlor" and Daddy and Mr. Kopfboom were smoking in the "front parlor" (cigars). They were talking "Coodle" and Daddy was telling Mr. Kopfboom about a bull, when Grandpa began moving furniture. BUMP, BUMP, CLUNK, CA-PLUNK. The sound effects reminded me of a Hallowe'en story. "I'm on the first step, now the second step; I'm on the landing, now the top. I'm gonna git cha. YaaaH!"

However, Daddy completely ignored these capers and went on to tell Mr. Kopfboom about the bull.

A little later when they went out the door Mr. Kopfboom said, "Heddy, I see you've got an old water-heater too." "Ancient," agreed Heddy.

When Grandpa prayed he always prayed out loud, and that night as I passed his room on my way upstairs I heard him talking. He was supposedly talking to God, and he was telling God what a fine market the Stock Yards had; how high hogs and sheep were selling, and what a smart man Daddy was when it came to buying and selling cattle.

He told God about Mother too—what a "dandy" cook she

was, and how she wanted him to cut down on his large helpings of sugar; he couldn't do that, but he was sorry he had broken one of her good china cups that morning. He hadn't told Mother he was sorry, but he told God that he thought she knew he was.

I had to bite my finger to keep from laughing. It wasn't that I didn't respect Grandpa's prayers because I sincerely did, but to us he loved to tell little tales, and yet to God he was honest and frankness in capital letters.

I was almost ready to leave when Grandpa began talking about me; how much he liked to hear me sing and he hoped that I wouldn't take cold wearing sun-back dresses (of course it was only July).

My name and incident were as funny as the rest, and yet as I stood there listening about ME, tears came into my eyes and spilled down my cheeks. I was leading a happy life—certainly nothing to cry about, but it gives you a funny feeling to hear someone mention your name to God and tell him the little things you are doing and what kind of clothes you wear.

Whenever Grandpa got into bed, a hot water bottle always went with him, and Daddy always had to place it on top of his left foot. This foot was always COLD, and no matter how many blankets and quilts were on it, Grandpa would always ask him to throw his long black overcoat on top of the quilts. We always wondered if he could move or if he just stayed in one position until morning.

III

August has always been a busy month with our family. Birthdays, anniversaries, picnics, and, of course sleepless nights. Grandpa went to bed early on these nights. He said he like to lie in bed and watch the heat lightning, and listen to the tree frogs.

One particularly humid night Daddy got up from the swing and went into Grandpa's room to see if he had melted. Grandpa was "Just fine" under the winter blankets and Indian rug, but his left foot was still COLD.

Daddy shivered and shook to think of a hot water bottle, but he went into the kitchen to fix it. When he returned with the bag he noticed three canning jars (large size) filled with water, sitting near Grandpa's bed. No, he wasn't keeping a whale. During the night his mouth "Gets dry."

I was to sing for a friend's wedding on the fifteenth of August, and every day (after singing arpeggios and operatic arias) I would practice on "Because" and "Oh, Promise Me." Grandpa became so impressed with the wedding music that he would talk all day on how he courted his three wives; he would cry and then he would snort if Mother or I tried to comfort him. However, it was never long until he completely recovered and then he would BRAVELY recite—

Strong grows the cherry tree,
Riper grows the cherry,
And the sooner you court a girl,
The sooner you'll marry!

Someone once said, "Children are so charming; you never know what they are going to say next!" We had the same charming problem with our 95-year-old. His answers and remarks ranged from angelic quotations to such impertinent questions as: "How old is that lady? Is she married? No, not that one! The one with the big rose on her hat."

I remember one afternoon in particular—a very humid one. We finished our ice tea and then we bundled Grandpa (or Grandpappy Doodle Bug as we sometimes affectionately tagged him), into his evening coat (also known as long black overcoat) and put him out on the side porch to air.

We spent the eight minutes that it usually took him to get settled in twisting our hair, untying our shoes, falling over his

crutches, and chasing flies. We almost always had to chase them even after the eight minutes were up, for the screen door remained open until Grandpa was completely settled just in case he could think of "anything else" he wanted!

He would stay all afternoon on the porch and he seemed very contented in just watching squirrels, napping, yapping, and nodding to people.

On this particular afternoon I was giving a bridal shower for my friend who was getting married the following Sunday. As FATE would have it everyone came up on the side porch and through the side door instead of around the front and through the front door. Grandpa, bundled up in his overcoat, looked like an advertisement for "Buy your coal now. Winter will soon be here." He greeted my friends with his Jack O'Lantern smile, and the, OF ALL THINGS! he said, "Warm today, isn't it?"

I had the feeling that my friends were secretly thinking that we were trying to smother him, but in a broad-minded sort of way, by putting him out on the porch! I shook my finger at "Mr. Snow Man" and then, as I closed the side door, he began to recite:

"Strong grows the cherry tree,
Riper grows the cherry,
And the sooner you court a girl,
The sooner you'll marry!"

IV

Hot water bottles, Mush, and Molasses had become important and well established members of our household. They kept Grandpappy Doodle Bug napping, yapping, and creeping around the house seven days a week.

Our striped cat Longfellow was not affectionately inclined toward Grandpa. Longfellow is a surprisingly loving friend and he is so spoiled that the minute anyone starts to pet him he falls down, but to Grandpa he displayed his "alley" manners. He also has some questionable friends, and he knows better than to ever bring them home to the basement. Longfellow used to be a very handsome cat, just like the stuffed ones, but he already has a HUNK out of his right ear and I sometimes think he's going to the dogs.

Grandpa loved to sneak up on Longfellow and gently stroke him on the back with one of his crutches. However, Longfellow didn't CARE for the idea of anyone sneaking up on him in such a manner and he would hiss loudly and run under the piano while Grandpa would Ha, Ha, Ha, and Ho, Ho, Ho.

In the spring when Daddy dug IN A CIRCLE around the pump and planted the lettuce, Grandpa reminisced about HILLS of corn, VALLEYS of wheat, and ACRES of strawberries. My heart ached for the radishes that never came up and for the poor old cactus that SUDDENLY went back down into the earth. Even our friend Homer told us that all we could ever raise would be an "Umbrella." The rest of the summer we felt like freaks; none of us had green thumbs.

On Tuesday and Thursday mornings Homer would come puffing along, pull up in the driveway, and knock down the back door if we weren't standing there waiting for him. He usually brought a reception committee along with him which included all the dogs, cats, lions, and tigers for blocks around, and they would ALL march up on the porch with him to his feeble whistling of "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise."

Dear Homer was the huckster who supplied us with potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce, asparagus, corn, and free (but untested) recipes once a month. Homer stuttered, and he had adenoid trouble; his hair was just the color of hair, but we liked him and he liked us. At least I think he did, for he always brought Mother a bouquet of violets.

On rainy mornings we would sometimes invite Homer in to have a cup of coffee with us. Mother drank tea, I drank cocoa, and Homer drank Ovaltine, but it was nice to have him in for a "cup of coffee." And it was nice to have someone to "Dalk Do" as Homer's adenoids would say.

One morning the rain was really coming down. Homer dropped a lump of sugar into his Ovaltine and said, "Did I ever tell you bout the tibe that I worked in a n-dut factory? It was before I ever th-th-thought of raising potary-does, tomay-does, or led-duce, and I needed some money, so I cracked chez-duts, coco-dut, maple-duts, wall-duts, hickory-duts, and pea-duts from dine in the mornings und-til fibe in the evenings, and once a week we were allowed to take a lot of different kinds of duts home with us. It was sure a dice place—nothin' stuck up 'bout it. The had signs above ev-berry door that said, 'THE BIGGEST DUTS IN THE WORLD CUB THROUGH OUR DOORS. WE GUARANTEE FRESHNESS IN THE LITTLE ONES AS WELL AS THE BIG ONES.' And maybe you don't think those duts didn't put some iron in my stombuck. I ate three pounds and I could chin myself on ev-berry door. That wuz sure a dice place to work. But I had to give it up when wind-ter came because the busses were so crowded that people stepped on my toads and breathed down my deck and I finally got Dew-monia. Well, did I ever you 'bout the tibe—the tibe I worked in a dut factory?"

Grandpa poked open the swinging door and entered on "Oh, Ha-Ha-Hum!"

V

It rained the next day and the next, and on the next day the kitchen sink acquired a leaky faucet, Grandpa "jarred" his "tailbone" and I sent my trunk off to school All in one morning.

In the afternoon Grandpa thought he was alone. Daddy was at the office, Mother had gone to the monthly meeting of the Afternoon Garden Club, and I was upstairs painting my fingernails. Longfellow was downstairs creeping around. He thought he was alone too.

I was painting the ring finger when I heard a sound which was becoming familiar around our house. CLUNK. I calmly put the nail brush down, closed my eyes, and walked downstairs. I opened them to find Grandpa sprawling in the kitchen; he was half way under the stove! The only man in sight was a five-year-old neighbor boy who wanted to know "How long" Grandpa had been in the war.

I propped Grandpa up with four pillows, told him six times not to move, gave him two marshmallows, and then I called the doctor.

In a little town no one ever bothers to look up a number. One just gives the NAME to the operator whether it be YE OLD PASTRY SHOPPE, or Rita Books' residence. I was calling Dr. Spring. He was in.

We soon had Grandpa in bed and a hot whiskey toddy in his stomach (but not until he had convinced Dr. Spring that he WAS NEVER A DRINKING MAN, did he take a snort).

He was really all right except for his "tail bone" which was becoming "sorer and sorer." It was his second fall in one day. The first time he just stood STRAIGHT UP and fell down!

The rest of the week Grandpappy Doodle Bug had his meals in bed, and we all encouraged him to stay there. But he didn't want to. He couldn't "See anything, Hear anything, Find anything, Fix anything" or even fall down!

When Mother took his mush in to him he couldn't find the safety pin that fastened the (towel) bib around his neck, but AT LAST it stuck him and he clipped it together.

When I took his soup in to him he wanted to know WHY I hadn't brought a BIG spoon. I took it off the tray and handed it to him personally. He looked properly astonished and exclaimed, "Hiding there all the time—just like a prairie chicken!" Our silverware is wild.

On Friday I left for school. I found myself wondering if LIFE would be puzzling after three months "At home." Grandpa and I solemnly shook hands and I solemnly sat down on the side of his bed and quoted Emily Post. I HOPED that I would see him again sometime. I HOPED that he would stop saying that we serve "tough" food (he must remember that we have teeth), and I HOPED that he had enjoyed his visit with us.

Grandpa sank his head deeper into the pillow and said, "Oh, I'll still be here." and you know, I bet he WILL!

DAZZLE

PATRICIA AYDELOTTE

You came as the circus comes,
In the midst of day
With noise and gaiety and moment-laughter.
And I had never seen the circus,
For I was child.
You showed me a bright cage called emotion.
I could not see inside,
For the bars were made of tinsel,
And it dazzled my eyes with its flashing light.
From within I could hear a tiger growl.

You left as the circus leaves;
In the gray half-light of dawn,
Subtly, like the departing of Indian summer.
After you had gone,
I remembered everything;
For children never forget the circus,
And I was a child.

SUMMER'S LOVE

ELIZABETH BOHN

Others say, "Beware of dog."
But I say, "He looks nice,
I would like to pet him."
I would like to show them he likes me.
I consign my hand
Smiling shyly—
Hopefully unleashing my prudent passions to love.
Then he bites my hand,
Murmuring softly,
"All's fair in love and war."
And this was neither.

IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME?

JEAN TAYLOR

ON a muggy, "too hot for travel" night in September, I, a timorous freshman possessing four heads, four hands, and numerous left feet stepped upon my college campus armed with two battered trunks, three stuffed teddy bears, and a facade of fortitude.

Having duly arrived on the aforementioned day, I proceeded to my room to disassemble my luggage and make the acquaintance of my roommate.

"How do you do," I said.

"Have a cigarette," she said.

"No thank you," I said. "Don't know how to smoke."

"Tremendous," she said. "I'll teach you how."

I reached for the proffered cigarette with one of my four hands, retreating, all the while, behind a verbal mountain of Mother's views on the evils of forming such a vile habit. My roommate thought this all tremendously enjoyable, and wickedly chuckled away. I ultimately rationalized that, although my morals would undoubtedly vaporize, I would derive the gratification of being able to blow unwelcome smoke back into her face. I followed her command to inhale deeply, turned dusky purple, dropped the cigarette, and cooled its dying embers with one of my numerous left feet. I completed the act of estrangement by swaggering to the wastebasket and dropping in the remaining morsels of tobacco. My roommate glowered at me. She breathed cigarette smoke through her nostrils and I thought of a dragon.

"I'll try again tomorrow," I said meekly.

"Okay," she yawned, exhaling fire. "Right now I am tired and should like to get some rest." She snapped off the light. The final *tour de force* seemed to drain her nervous system completely, and with a thud she collapsed upon her bed.

It is not a very pleasant thing to be ignored. I kicked off my shoes. No sound. I yanked open the windows. No sound. I coughed consumptively. No sound. I picked up my suitcases and dropped them, one, two, three, upon the floor. Not even a murmur. Feeling quite alone, I slipped into a nightgown, picked up a big, brown teddy bear, and crept into bed.

Thump! Thump! Thump! I started up out of a light sleep, pattered over to the door, and stepped into the hall. I was about to retreat when peering about me, I spied the garbage collector calmly emptying several large wastepaper bins. He looked up, and we gasped at each other for a few brief seconds. As a short nap had restored my dormant good spirits, I decided that I should like to humor his amazement a bit. Therefore I assumed a transfixed expression, and, stretching my arms out before me, I noctambulated down to one end of the corridor and back, moaning "out, damned spot." His jaw dropped and he moved deferentially out of my path. I floated into my room and, gently closing the door, dived under the covers and burst into fits of muffled laughter.

The next day orientation, and my struggle to effect a semblance of acclimatization, began. After a full week of heavy pressure I longed for escape, and so began to take lengthy, unaccompanied walks. One afternoon I was trotting across front campus and wondering why I had not been asked to join any clubs when suddenly the sidewalk parted, and I fell into a hole.

"Get me a rope," someone yelled from below. "We represent the Excavator's Club here on campus," said its president, binding my hands and stuffing a kerosene-soaked rag down my throat. Three students approached me with lighted torches. I remembered Father's experience as a fraternity initiate when he was forced to

ride a broom down Main Street singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," and I signed resignedly.

"We just want you to sign your name to our pledge card," stated the president. "Thank you," she said as she signed my name.

"When is the first scheduled meeting?" I inquired.

"Oh, just drop in on us any time," she said.

I accepted her gracious invitation and left swiftly, being careful, however, not to appear too eager. I didn't want to be late for dinner and since the average freshman, exposed to a cycle of never-ending activities, is accelerated to the degree that she finds herself in a constant state of starvation, I devoured my portion voraciously. When I returned to my room, I was not surprised to see my roommate lolling distractedly on the floor and holding her stomach. "I feel blah," she said by way of greeting.

"I wonder what could possibly be the source of your apparent discomfort?" I inquired.

"Maybe I'm hungry," she commented thoughtfully. Her gaze drifted to my purse.

"You're too fat," I said, snatching up my wallet and reminding her that in five weeks she had already gained fifty pounds. Ignoring the parasitic gleam in her eye, I sat down at my desk prepared for a session of algebra. She began to eat her bedspread, and I felt sorry for her. "Okay, okay," I said, doling out seventy-five cents from my purse. Tears of gratitude streamed down her face.

"Gosh!" I said. "Go on!"

Presently she returned from her gastronomical orgy, and, finding herself unable to pass through the door, bunked outside for the night. Consequently, I was able to complete most of my homework for this particular evening. Next morning, my roommate still could not pass through the door. I suggested a diet. That was Monday. The following Sunday during vespers, she obliged with a lively swoon, coming at the Amen of "Breathe on me Breath of God." The Dean bustled importantly upon the scene, almost collapsing as she managed to half-drag my robust little roommate down the aisle. Poor roommate! It was revealed that she had consumed only half her quota at dinner—seven pies instead of fourteen. The strain on her stomach had been too great.

The next afternoon I was sauntering to the library with the worthy intention of completing my left-over homework. The walk was bordered by linden oaks and traditional ivy-covered halls. I stared up at them breathlessly, not wanting to hurry, and my head was craned back so acutely that anyone passing me would have seen only a neck. Thud! I was aware that I had collided with someone, and I looked down and saw our college president. He was carrying a toy monkey which was, when sufficiently cranked, supposed to play a toy drum. Obviously, he was deriving a great deal of pleasure from the insane little object.

"Good afternoon!"

"Hello, Mr. President."

"Lovely day!"

"Yes, it is."

"Allow me to introduce Cleo (the monkey). Cleo, say hello to the young lady."

"Hello, Cleo."

I began to feel slightly ridiculous. The mechanism on the toy was not working (apparently I had jolted it out of commission) and so he asked me to see if I could start it. Naturally, I could not. "Come Cleo, nice Cleo, play the drum," I pleaded, feeling barely two inches high. The president was now quite serious and terribly concerned. Finally I managed to get it started, and with the little toy monkey beating on the little toy drum, the president smiled pleasantly and strolled away. I was not given much time for recovery.

THE WAR WAS BROWN

ELIZABETH BOHN

College, one will agree, is a haven for unusual experiences. But, one soon tires of the rare and unusual and longs to be home (let us face Mecca and bow three times). The afternoon I was to board the plane for Christmas vacation, I seized a hammer and smashed my sturdy little study lamp. In my customary prompt fashion I arrived at the airport five minutes before plane departure. Burdened with innumerable pieces of luggage I plodded painfully down the widening concourse to the exit marked Gate 19. My overnight bag, pullman, and wardrobe dropped suddenly to the floor, and as I fell over to retrieve them, the bell-bottomed trousers of a sailor sailed past. "Having trouble?" he shouted in my ear.

"I believe you hit the nail on the head," I shouted back.

"Well, don't let it get you down," he replied as he sped on.

Balancing the pullman on my head, I seized the overnight bag between my teeth and proceeded to the plane. I thought that perhaps next time I might check my luggage through. Once safely aboard, I seated myself comfortably, fastened my seat belt, and tightly grasped my package of gum. I noticed, unhappily, that I was sitting by the wing. I consoled myself with the possibility of an interesting seat companion. Suddenly, a shudder passed through the framework, and a wild little barbarian who appeared to be no more than seven or eight years existent flung itself into the seat opposite mine, landing, as it did, on my coat sleeve. It was chewing gum, much gum. It must have been chewing several packs. It had two devilish eyes barely visible through a mop of carrot-red hair that seemed to have been combed in the wrong direction. In strained politeness, I spoke. "I presume you have a name?" I asked of it.

"My name," it condescended, "is Jeffrey."

"Well, Jeffrey, you seem to be sitting on my coat sleeve," I hinted. It glared back. I decided not to pursue the matter further, but to attempt to ease the sleeve out from under him. I tugged gently for an hour. Jeffrey was immersed in a big book called *Build Your Own Spaceship*, and I assumed him to be entirely oblivious of my endeavor. "One more tug should accomplish it," I decided. Just then, Jeffrey glared at me telepathically, and, with all the venom born of disturbed concentration, yanked my sleeve out, threw it on my lap, grumbled loudly, and moved his seat. Somehow I managed to arrive home.

During my vacation I shopped for a new stuffed animal, as one of teddy bears had been adopted by my roommate. I found a perfect kindred spirit. It grinned out at me as I walked past Penney's department store window. Enthralled, I paused to gaze at this platonic little creature from Mars or elsewhere in outer space. "Knitwit," (as the tag identified it) was made of aqua-colored wool, and strangled about its neck was a flashy yellow ribbon tied into an ostentatious bow. The topknot was of yellow yarn protruding aimlessly in all directions, and the ear appendages were peanut-shaped. Pronounced insanity gleamed out of its crossed eyes, and red fangs gave it a predatory expression. I bought it. Now it sits atop my pillow competing with all my teddy bears and confirming the futility of an attempt to describe something that has to be seen to be enjoyed. Whenever I look at it, I think to myself that it is a *very* reasonable facsimile of a college freshman.

I couldn't scoop out big spoonfuls of sugar for my Toasties because Mother said sugar was rationed—and so were oxfords with stiff brown tongues, and so were gas and tires, and all sorts of things. One had to have books of red, green, blue, and yellow stamps which were always getting lost or misplaced.

On this Saturday morning we sat around the little breakfast table with sunchecks from a smoky fall sun. Daddy talked about the war as he looked over the paper. "Looks like we'll be in this war pretty soon. Hitler's still punching away at Russia, and the Mediterranean area looks bad," Daddy remarked to Mother, who was frowning over a skillet of crackling bacon. "We won't stay out of this much longer," he added after a cautious sip of coffee.

Even though I couldn't read, the brittle black headline said "fear." My stomach tied up my Toasties in knots, and the usual hum of airplanes in the smooth sky became the sound of enemy planes heavy with gray bombs. In my mind I saw the sweaty battle lines as in the movies. I could hear the sounds of men dying and flies buzzing and guns roaring. I wanted to kill those fat men with mean little eyes. I hated them. Didn't they understand that Americans were wonderful people who wanted peace and freedom? I gulped down the rest of my tepid Toasties, so I could play "war" with Sonny and Betty. I wanted to fly a bomber and drop tons of bombs on their homes; I wanted to kick and spit and scream.

Daddy had used the words "dirty Nazis"; yes I hated those "dirty Nazis" who killed helpless mothers and little babies and brave soldiers. Mother saw that I was finished and eager to go outside. "Now, dear, try not to tear your dress running in and out of that crepe-myrtle bush. Why don't you all play with the swing in the backyard?"

"But, Mommie, we want to play 'war'." And with a whoop and swing I landed in Daddy's newspaper. "Daddy, who are Nazis?"

The war seemed always to be in the back of our minds. We played games with our toy machine guns—creeping around the yards, jumping off porches, crawling under back steps. On peeling tricycles we veered up and down the sidewalks, even venturing down the slope of driveway to the street when Mother wasn't looking.

On Saturday mornings there was usually a troop train on the siding at the end of our block. We would wake up on those bronze, six-year-old mornings to hear the "hup, two, three, four" of the drill instructor and the shuffle of giant feet. My sister Helen and I would jump out of bed and run to have Mother brush our hair.

Then, bubbling over with excitement, we would run outside without eating breakfast and shout and wave at the soldiers. Those brave men in rusty Brown suits and pointed caps were exactly as we had pictured them—tall, handsome, and strong. Sometimes the soldiers who stopped here wore huge brown boots with straps that crossed over and buckled on the side. Their uniforms looked hotter and were a funny brown-green color. They wore green helmets like the Germans, and I think this made them look more fierce.

The soldiers would march up and crosswise and click their guns and snap heels and turn short little angles with their heads rigid to the front, not smiling a wink. But when they rested they would laugh and wave back at us as we followed them on the sidewalk. We had great fun mimicking them; Helen and I would prance alongside the drill instructor, stepping down just as hard as

we could with our brown sandals.

When the soldiers took a break from marching, the ladies would bring out pitchers of ice water and plates of cookies and candy. And the men would sit on the curb in front of our house because we had the only shade trees on the block. This would be the time for us kids to show off our jump-rope tricks and our cycling ability.

Late in the afternoons the men would get on board the train and sit sadly by the windows of the great black cars and look out silently. Without band or cheer the train would jerk forward suddenly, swaying the brown silhouettes forward. Then, moving ever so imperceptibly, the train and men would inch away from our day. And we would sit down on the top porch step and peel our bananas with thought, contemplating the brave men.

The war also came to us from the brown cabinet radio in the living room. You had to push up the lid to get to the buttons and dials, and the catch of the side to hold up the top was a little weak. So I would have to let the lid rest on my head while I peered into the radio to find the off-on knob; I would know I had the right one if the light came on under the glass with the red station numbers.

There were always patriotic songs about the brave men who were fighting for us as well as sad songs by Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra and Kate Smith. We had the marching record about the "caissons go rollin' along" to which we marched back and forth on the flower stripes of the living room carpet. And we always sang along when we heard the Marine Corps' song. The only words we could remember very well were the ones that were hardest to pronounce — "From the halls of Monty-Zumba to the shores of Tripa-Lee."

There were other songs I liked about this same time: "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer" and "Praise the Lord, and Pass the Ammunition." These catchy little songs made the war seem gay and carefree for a minute. Yes, the brave, brown men must have been marching happily down a pleasant Italian lane whistling in rhythm as they jogged along.

Sometimes the war had a flavor of gay absurdity, especially to my feminine mind. I was rarely impressed by fashions at the age of six, but I remember distinctly the uniforms displayed for women in the armed services. Posters of these gallant women could be seen on every bus corner and in every store. Frail looking girls in short-skirted uniforms and square, brown oxfords strode toward me from the posters. Somehow it just didn't appeal to my patriotism at all. I wouldn't be caught dead looking like that. The skirts were so short their knees almost showed, and I was sure this wasn't practical because I always skinned my knees up something hideous when I played or "fought" in a skirt.

I don't remember seeing any real "lady-soldiers" at all, but there were always plenty of men in brown uniforms, especially on the weekends. Even the comparative dullness of Sunday was invaded by the brown uniforms. The men from a nearby army base would come in to town for the weekend, and a few of them would come to our church on Sunday morning. Mother usually invited them home to dinner—sometimes it was only one; at other times it would be two or three.

After church we would pile into our old black, '38 Plymouth. Daddy would make the usual jokes about the car as the soldiers folded into the back seat with Helen and me and longingly eyed the new model Buicks and Packards. We would head down Eighth Avenue along with the rest of the Sunday parade, honking and scurrying when we got a chance. We would slither by the fascinating movie marquee of the Parkway and the stop light and then bump down by the railroad yards and the drab acres of Johnson grass and weeds.

Once in the driveway at home, the day seemed to be born over to a new attitude. Clutching our purses and Bibles, we would run for the front door and stand there eagerly waiting for Daddy to unlock it. But Daddy was already pointing out facts about the house or trees or something to our guests and for the moment forgot that we were starved. Mother always prepared most of the dinner before she went to church, and a roast was usually left to simmer slowly in the oven. That first breath inside the door was a strange moment of pure content and wild ecstasy: the room was dim and still with the pungent odor of dinner pervading every inch. And then the spell snapped, and we ran about putting up our Sunday School papers and helping Mother set the table. When any service men came home to dinner Helen and I had to keep on our Sunday dresses and shoes, which meant no "horsing around" and "be careful not to spill your milk or drip gravy." This meal always dragged out with talking and coffee, and that's when I would study Mother's silver pattern very closely and itch with anticipation of the funny papers.

The day the A-bomb fell we stood under the front trees like the old men of Thebes and talked about this mysterious new warfare. Although we hadn't paid too much attention to the actual news reports, we repeated with awe the facts we had heard our parents talk about or had heard discussed at the grocery store: Hiroshima, devastation, complete annihilation of life, the disintegration of whole cities.

We stood in the spattered sunshine of August and talked about our winning the war. That bomb had really done the trick. Why hadn't we used it before? And then the war would have been over. This war had become boring for us too; we were tired of war games. They got us nowhere because the U.S. never lost, and it hardly seemed fair to have to play "the Jap's" or "the German's" side.

We were glad the war was over. In our imagination we conjured up scenes of the bombing—the plane coming over the city, the black bomb in the black night, the dramatic explosion, and then quiet. No panic, no terror, just crumpled buildings and a sad, resigned people. It would have been impossible to ask us to see the actual horror and tragedy of the bomb that had won the war—we would never have believed it. The war was always across the world from us and never close enough to smell or touch. There was no doubt in our minds that this had been the right way to show those Japs we were boss.

Looking back on the brown war now is almost like grasping a handful of history. It was a bitter blaze that quickened young hearts to distrust, to fear, to hate. It was a sinister spider creeping slowly over the curve of the earth.

War to a six-year-old becomes an adventure of remote and mysterious proportions. It is a formalized ritual. The king and his knights stand arrayed on the crest of a hill—pinions fluttering from their silk-striped camp. The line advances toward the foe with order and precision; there issue battle cries—clash, clank, crack, crash. At dusk the two lines untangle and move away silently to jest and feast around the campfires. If it rains, the battle will probably be postponed for the day.

Such was the beginning of war, and so we pictured it in our early minds. It was to us as to our medieval ancestors a release from boredom and humdrum peace. But anger will never be a courteous playmate; he insists wherever he goes on carving his last name — Hate.



Introduction — the 1960's

mini-skirts and maxi-hair
the legendary beatles born
 singing
"you say you want a revolution?
well, you know
we all want to change the world . . ."
 and that's the way it was.
a decade branded with marks of change—
a bewildered generation,
disillusioned by a pre-existing world
 of peace,
searching for sense in a senseless game
 called war
in a distant land
 of viet nam—
rebel!
the civil rights act and thus a step forth
dear martin luther king
 we buried not your dream with you.

many were there
daring to believe
 radical feminists
 black liberators
 disturbed students—
mass action
"united we stand, divided we fall."

and as the clock of the 60's ticked by,
the poet,
 whether branded or conservatively untouched,
captured a moment of the decade,
and with his mind and pencil
 transformed it
 into words
 on paper.

by Linda Conover

RAIN REVELATION

Summer rain shadowed the day
Casting sweet water on the earth.
We turned our faces to meet the falling drops
And felt the rain glisten on our cheeks,
Run blindly in rivulets down our throats.

The land around smelled clean and fresh,
Washed of the dust cast there by human movement,
A movement which clouds the earth with progress,
Smothering the green with a modern death.

And we who are killed by the same modern death
Felt for an instant the same fresh dusting;
Felt free of expectations and free of necessity.
But too soon we rejoined the human movement,

Now the rain fell washing only the earth --
That which feels the drops glisten on its soil,
And run blindly in rivulets down its back.
Only the land was free,
And we, once more, began to die.

Nancy Nemeec

Poor among the poor,
hungry in a withered land,
I walked with a child,
hand in hand,
with ashes on our lips
and a dream behind
his one blind eye.

Viktor R. Kemper

AUTUMN

JANE MORRISEY

Six

Skip madly on a crimson rope,
And chant a rhythmic charm,
Grind amber leaves through tricycle spokes.
Much sugar-cruled bread.
Then, spread out starfish-fashion,
Dive deeply into sleep.

Sixteen

Scuff blazing leaves in pulsing piles,
Sing multi-colored dreams.
Dash countless thoughts at the fevered sky;
Dispute convention's creed.
Then let your soul leap upward
Till it fuses with the blue.

Sixty

Sink gladly on a painted bench,
And sigh your ache of bones.
Feel sun nudge warm against your back
With gently lulling touch.
Then with your head slow-nodding,
Dream dimming twilight dreams.

SELF-DESTRUCTION OF A MIND

The door swung open and in walked Garth with all the splendor attributed to a dog who had been out all night in search of a mate. I didn't bother to ask if he had found one, for I knew he would not answer. No, Garth wasn't in the mood to converse. He slowly climbed into the large chair he had claimed as a puppy and settled down after the usual ritual of walking in circles until the cushion's stuffing was pushed into the correct places. Then with a long, exhausted groan he wrapped himself into a ball and laid his already sagging head on his paws. His eyes traveled around the room giving all its occupants a look that pleaded that he be left alone in these quiescent surroundings for at least an hour.

Garth and I had a strange relationship which my parents refused to accept. Understanding Garth wasn't that hard and I could never comprehend why my mother called him uncouth. It was his nature to run around with other dogs. Besides, I've seen father come home many times with the same look in his eyes that Garth had tonight — satisfaction. Maybe that's why my parents always fought. Late at night I could hear their low whispers slowly transform into loud angry phrases, but I was never able to hear all the words. I assumed father's mistress was Julia because that name seeped through the thin walls to my anticipating ears most often. Garth probably knew all about it because he used to sleep in between their beds. Recently he moved in with me because the uneasy tension was even too much for Garth. Just about two months ago father moved into the guest room.

I've met Julia and I really can't see what father runs to. She's rather old looking with her grey hair and sad, wrinkled body. Her husband, Al, is the one I would expect to leave, but he is like my mother and silently they suffer. Julia encountered Garth and I one day as I walked through the park. Being his usual friendly self, Garth jumped on her dress and left two huge muddy paw prints amid the clusters of flowers that decorated the cloth. Julia elegantly dismissed Garth's rash action and before she walked away she patted him on the head. I stood watching her fade into the park wondering how many times she had met Garth. Sometimes father would take Garth for long rides in the country. He said it was good for a dog as large as ours to get out in the night air and run like the devil. I never believed him and I wonder if my mother ever did. He was probably driving into town and forcing Garth to wait in a cramped living room while he and Julia made love in a dingy rented apartment. Why couldn't father stay at home. He could have satisfaction if he had only looked for it. Poor Garth, he knew that father was a bastard, but he never told me or my mother because he knew that would hurt us too much. As it was we both voicelessly guessed. The confirmation of my ideas came when father always returned with his cheeks flushed with fire from his overamorous actions while Garth found it necessary to run off and copulate with some bitch.

Garth merely ran away to forget his loneliness and to cool himself off after that horrible stay in the apartment. I've convinced myself that he ran away because he could not stay in the same house with me for he would tell me all that I couldn't bear to hear. So, in order to protect his beloved mistress he left me for the night. Poor mother, she

didn't have anyone like Garth to tell her thoughts to.

A few weeks ago father brought my mother some flowers. It was their anniversary. Twenty-five years of nothing was probably the way my mother summed it up. She used to leave me alone in the house with father every Tuesday night (PTA meetings) and every Thursday night (Bridge Club). By eleven those nights father would become restless and he would leave the house. Sometimes I wished he had stayed home with me. Father left on business weekends every other Friday and then my mother. Garth, and I packed up and visited Grandmother. Usually mother went to the movies on those bleak Friday nights probably to forget her desertion and to hide in the blackness of the theater so her friends would not know.

Garth slept with me when we stayed at Grandmother's and we would wake up early the next day quietly leaving for a walk. Mother usually slept late Saturday morning and when she finally appeared her eyes were swollen and red. I could visualize my mother crying herself to sleep after a lonely evening wondering why the man she had submitted to hated her this way. Maybe that's why I needed Garth so much. The usual happy atmosphere of a loving home was absent and I was robbed of the family picnics I had read of in my first grade reader.

I refused to date when I became older because I hated all men. Being treated like my mother had been made the repulsion easy. Thank God it was so easy to hate father. What if this hadn't happened? How could I ever have avoided him? I remember crying at night because everything I wanted was in that room next to mine, but I couldn't have it so I took Garth instead. Things had continued to be bad though and now Garth was getting older. When I thought of how it would be without Garth — alone with no one to confirm my stories — it seemed like a dangerous void I didn't want to encounter. That's when I decided to go out with Frank Myer. I knew Garth would be gone soon and I wanted to make sure I was right about men before he left me. I had to tell him what it was like. If I waited until Garth died I would have no one to discuss my discovery with. And, I was convinced that if I couldn't get what I really wanted I would have to prove to myself that I never really wanted it anyway.

So that is the situation with which I have lived and with which Garth has put up all these years. Now after my brief but lustful affair with Frank (I saw nothing wrong with this since I was neither married nor had any legal children) Garth began to sink quickly. Sometimes I blame his death on my selfishness. Poor Garth, he had guarded my chastity and I had abandoned him, but the more I think about it I tend to feel his depression and finally his death was caused by the way things were in general. My mother and father would still not accept divorce as the answer, for they believed it was bad for a child. I was far from childhood; in fact I had crossed over the line into the world of a young adult but father still regarded me as a child and that cut into me like a bullet. I really hated him.

When my birthday came I begged for another dog to take Garth's place, but my mother and father once more bonded together and told me no. They both thought I

should make some new friends and, "What ever happened to Frank?" My mother even through her hardship was concerned about my happiness, but father probably wanted to get me married off in some cheap ceremony so he could divorce mother and go with Julia. He'll never get rid of me that easily.

It was about now that I began to take long walks at night to calm down. I had no desire to return to Frank or any other person for that matter. Father had rejected me a long time ago. When mother first began to go to those PTA meetings and her Bridge Club we would both stay home. Now he had found Julia and I was replaced. As a young child I had decided I was not going to get married and I was learning perhaps a little too easily how blessed loneliness was. But, both mother and father were worrying about my silent depressions.

"It's not normal that a girl her age go out like this at night and wander around the streets. She probably looks like an easy pick up and you know how unsafe these streets are."

"Maybe that's what she wants. Only she doesn't know where to look, does she? Should I give her Al's address when she comes in?"

"Shut up! You never did care about what your daughter wanted. Even when she was a little girl you pushed her around. I remember how she would come into our room crying from a nightmare and begging to be able to sleep with her mother and her damned precious father, but you wouldn't let her into the bed."

"Does that give her any right to keep trying to get in bed with me now?"

"You have to make a joke about everything, don't you? I'm going out. Why don't you give Julia a ring and see what she's doing tonight?"

As I walked down the street I knew too well I looked into house windows hoping to see a girl all alone in an upstairs bedroom while downstairs her parents were fighting. I never saw any such scene but I had become so intent on finding one that I frantically searched for well over two hours. When I came to my senses I was down by the park I used to take Garth for walks in. Poor Garth, he was such a devoted tramp and I had failed him just as my parents had failed me. Rustles came from a bush near by accompanied with squeals of laughter. How sickening. My feet echoed on the stone path that extended throughout the park. The sound in the bushes stayed with me even though I was far from the shrubbery.

I hate this room. Why can't I go sleep with mommy and daddy? Please stop laughing in there. It's lonely in this big black room and I want someone to love me. I hate that sound. let me in!

"What is it?"

"Daddy, I'm scared. Can I come in and sleep with you and mommy?"

"Hey Gladys, she wants to come to bed with us."

"Stop laughing, mommy."

"Honey, you go back to sleep now. Everything will be all right in the morning. You'll see."

I hate this room. It's so dark and ugly and lonely.

I kept walking because I didn't want to go home to my far from impotent father and my sad aging mother. I

couldn't go home because I was afraid she wouldn't be there. A radio softly vibrated on a park bench and the words drifted around the silent oasis.

Look around and accept the news
That man will fight man
And you wonder why I've got the blues
'Cause I ain't got the right to choose
Girl, you don't know how much I want you.

I'm going to get a gun and learn to kill
Brother, look out for your life
The human race is incurably ill
No one does a thing—but I will.

The song faded as I walked into the blackness and eventually reached the other side of the park. A masterpiece of landscaping that barracaded our precious suburbia from the roaring chaos of the street that led into the city. That park was like limbo to me. Realizing that wandering around town all night was not the best idea I reversed my direction and began to retrace my muddy footprints along the asphalt of the park that led towards home. The rustling in the bushes subsided into moans and I ran home crying because I knew mother wouldn't be there.

I walked along the perimeter of this island of mercy and thought of Garth and Frank. Both had been an important part in my life. Neither had betrayed me and it was I who had deserted them. I wasn't going to wait around for them to hurt me. Up one street I could see my father's car. he was knocking on the door to a large white house that looked like every other house on the block, but I knew it was Julia's house.

When I got home the house was dark and empty and it was then that I first got this terrific urge to see my father's room. The only time I had ever seen it was when the maid left the door open so the smell of cleaning fluid could escape. My domain existed in the tiny room I had occupied since my birth. If I wasn't up there thinking about the scum I lived in I was usually down in the den with Garth. Ever since my companion died I had retreated almost permanently to my room behind that solid door. Now, I wanted to see my father's living quarters. So I opened the door and walked into the room that repulsed me because of its cleanliness. Only the smell of furniture polish lingered. The ashtrays were spotless which was odd since my father constantly smoked. It definitely looked like a guest room that quietly waited for the arrival of a visitor. I began to wonder if my father left at night and slept at Julia's.

The front door slammed and I left the room. I confronted my father on the stairs.

"Where's mother?" I asked as coldly as I could.

"I don't know. I was just out looking for her. I could ask you the same question. Where do you go every night?"

"Are you really interested?" Father rolled his eyes back at my last remark. He had given up conversing with me a long time ago. He went up the stairs to his room and I could hear the door close behind him.

The telephone rang about three a.m. and finally I heard my father answer it. Strange that father should answer the phone that was located right next to my

mother's bed. Any further contemplation was halted when my father's heavy fist beat on my door.

"Yes?" My voice trembled with expectation.

A pale figure I hardly recognized entered and he numbly sat down on my bed, "Honey, that was the police. Your mother's been found shot to death. (Could that have been a tear I saw fall down his cheek?) I know you hate me. (Don't say that, even I don't know.) but would you come with me? I can't face it alone?"

That was the first time my father had ever asked me to do something because he needed me. It was worth having forfeited a college education to hear him beg for my help. I climbed out of bed, "I'll be ready in a minute." I wished that Garth were here to help me. I had a lot of things I had to convince myself of before I got to the park. Garth had always been around to help me in his silent way — never giving me disapproval.

Father was waiting for me outside and as we drove off he began to mumble to himself about police and trouble. "She was found in the park. Probably some mugger got her." I refused to say a word. He really wanted Julia to be with him and I wasn't going to comfort him that easily. We stopped at the park entrance and lying on the sidewalk was a figure that resembled the figure of a woman I had known for many years as mother. She certainly looked different. Peaceful. The blood splattered on her dress distracted a bit, but for the first time she seemed relaxed and free of worry.

Julia was there already and tears streaked her face as she spoke to the policeman. "He wouldn't do it, he just wouldn't." I wondered what she was saying to herself. A crowd was growing across the street and I only wish mother could have seen it all. Father was busy trying to comfort Julia and speak to the inspector at the same time, but rushed over to me as soon as I began to scream, "Dammit! What's wrong with everyone. Who the hell murdered my mother?" My outburst surprised even me. Very convincing. I remembered my father putting his arm around me and repeatedly saying, "Don't worry, honey. I'll explain it all later." I also recall the urge inside me that grew to a painful size which wanted to cry out, "I'm not worried and I really do know all about it." Short words and phrases caught my attention and I turned toward the crowd. Jealous lover. Al Crenshaw. Murder. Dead. Gory. I looked once more at my mother as they lifted her into the awaiting ambulance. Certainly had been a good shot.

Instead of going to the morgue we went home with Julia. While she was fixing coffee for me and a drink for father Al walked in. He looked exhausted and quietly sat down in a chair. Both Julia and my father froze.

"Just been down to the station," Al panted, "God, it's weird. No prints or anything. Christ, they suspect me. Hell, I'd never have killed Gladys, I loved her too much. Sure I was down with her in the park tonight, but when I left her she was very much alive."

Father made no comment and Julia smiled in a knowing fashion. My masquerade had been exposed and I felt like crying. There was no way of hiding it from myself anymore and now I had to face my real feelings head on.

On the way back father tried to explain to me that situation that I knew a little too well. For the first time I could not convince myself that I really did not know anything about what was going on. Maybe it was because

Garth was no longer with me. I rationally told myself that mother and Al were drawn by loneliness and that it was still my father and Julia who were to blame. I just couldn't lie anymore. I had persecuted a man who was all the time silently suffering. Not only had his wife left him but also his daughter had exiled herself from his love and replaced it with a dog's. Julia was no longer a vulgar whore to me but I stared at the picture of Garth that stood on the desk where a picture of a man should have been. I had devoted more than fifteen years to a dog and now I needed something more and I knew what it was. Twenty years and this home was the only place I had lived in. My father had never been close to me, in fact we weren't more than acquaintances — like Frank and I had been. I stared at the picture of Garth — Vicious dog! — I went to throw it but I knew I couldn't do that. I had identified with Garth for so long how could I possibly destroy myself?

I left my room and went out into the dark hallway. My father's door was closed, but behind it I could hear the steady breathing of a man. He could never have thought of me as his daughter. I opened the door and a cold draft hit my naked body. He jumped with realization that someone was in the room, but smiled when he saw it was me. His eyes looked like they always had and I compared them to Garth's. This time, however, their meaning was not interpreted as satisfaction. It was then that I realized that Garth and my father were always looking for something. The look was one of need. That night in my strange surroundings I dreamt of Oedipus and Garth.

Accompanied by father's rhythmic breathing I saw Garth walk into the room. He climbed into the chair he had claimed as a puppy and settled down with his head on his paws. Then I noticed his paws were caked with blood, but did Garth know what I was thinking. He let his eyes meet and said, "Don't be ridiculous, a dog can't shot a gun." mine and said, "Don't be ridiculous, a dog can't shoot a gun."

Julia was found shot to death the next day and our quiet suburbia has hit the headlines. Al was captured and has been convicted although he swears he is innocent, which he is. Yet, he can't really be called not guilty since it was he who set off this whole horrible chain of events. Julia was shot just like my mother but there were prints this time. Amid the cluster of flowers on her dress were two huge bloody paw prints. Father is very quiet and everyone thinks he has retired from his active life to passively rot in the old house. Father never leaves the house and sometimes at night he calls me Julia, but I don't worry anymore.

Jeanne Hind

A MOMENT

BETTY JOY HAAS

Waiting between
Sun-east and
Sun-west,
God poured Tomorrow,
Spilling a drop of Time
That isn't Night and
Isn't Dawn.

Homage to Rod McKuen

DUSK MOMENTS

In the early evening almost darkness
I could smell your Iris bloom outside
And hear you whisper a light melody
As you sat in a rocker across the room.
Watching me work; wondering when
I would notice the time and ask
You for dinner. When at last I
Turned toward you; smiled and said
I'd like my supper now,
You blew a tender kiss through
The twilight toward my cheek
And replied it wasn't ready yet.

Which is why I cut your throat,
You lazy bitch.

Viktor R. Kemper

SANDPIPER

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

Polly Sowa

INQUISITION

MARGARET DUFFY

*He honored me with an invitation. I had an excellent seat;
and refreshments were served to the ladies between the Mass and
the execution.*

Candide

Lake Erie grease and fishy smell covered white bathing suit and dirtied suitcase, beach bag, comb and brush that Emory flung on her white bed spread in a great heap. Labor Day had flashed in Mattson. Mrs. Howlett, chaperone to twenty girls would never do it again. It was the sleeping in the boy's cottage that did it. Some lecture had been given Emory about her falling morals. All she wanted to remember was the cool night when Bobby had taken her hair down letting the sand it gathered on the beach sprinkle lightly on his face and the open neck of his shirt. Under the warm quilt it had been chest to chest warm. Arms and legs were moved softly, slowly around each other. Sweet hotness had skimmed on faces. Ears burned. The window behind Emory's back was cotton curtained light, and Elvis crooned behind louder voiced girls and silly boys who would tell in Cleveland some story. They had been sitting on the porch all afternoon, afraid. The Huckley boys had driven by the cottage earlier, leering from the bullet shattered window of their pick-up truck. Some Cleveland dude had shot up the truck, and now there was talk of rumbles, hot, to end the summer nicely. Only rumbles hadn't come, only talk and gossip about drunks and slightly clad bodies. Emory wondered under cover what they would say about her.

The next night Bobby had broken into the gas station with Tracy Coins, a boy who had been in reform school several times. Bobby's arm was cut up. He told Emory that it had gotten cut by a beer bottle.

"Tramp" somehow didn't seem an adequate word to describe Emory's body. She tried to explain, or rationalize, to herself her behavior on that undercover night. Bobby had seemed nice against her bare legs. The nuns, however, would have some words for her body and they would be the same as the words Mrs. Howlett had used.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp."

Emory scribbled these words in her religion notebook, "tramp, tramp, tramp." They meant a walk along the beach, the last day when the windy sand brought the first fallen leaves, and some little red dog had lapped the filthy white at the water's edge. Some things could be tramped on too, like hot sand, dead fish washed up after a storm. A tramp was a person who took things as they came, a person with no home, a person who left the ugly grey city, the smoke stained Tudor homes, treed boulevards, for one last look at the dirty lake where people shouldn't swim. It was infested with disease.

September had come too quickly on falling leaves. It made the lake white, thin beaches pale from sun. It meant time for the full bodied bathers to return to the city and school.

For Emory fall was the Inquisition of the year, a time for guilt and renewed faith in something. Reviews of the summer's happenings were carried on by some of the pinch faced little nuns. There was a priest in Mattson who saw Cleveland kids file into Church, scarf clad, blue jean clad, assumed that sin had hit his town, so every year Sister Lucetta heard about her girls from him.

"And, girls, now is the time to take stock of the summer's happenings. Here is a little pamphlet that should help you know whether or not you have neglected your spiritual life during vacation. Let me read a few passages to you. 'Did you attend Mass regularly?' Mass, yes, Mass girls . . . the masses on the beaches, arms and legs spraying sand sting in your eyes, little boys carrying sand pails, shovels, those sweet scrambled Masses where wine flows at night to wash down potato chips. That's some communion. It's very important for you girls to receive Communion. You need every grace you can get. Did you receive his body and blood. Some have I'm sure, in sweaty beds. Those nights would never be cold if you slept with him. Did you become involved in any entangling romances? They may have been an occasion of sweet sin for you. Who had tasted another mouth? Examine your consciences, girls. Know if you have sinned. God loves you very much, better that those bodies you lie with all summer. Did you press brown bodies to a chest, or let your dry, free hair make a curtain around any kiss or kisses? Your dress, did it at any time expose firm breasts? Did you boldly dare him to look at your golden legs? Girls, I hope for most of you the summer has been a pure one, an intellectually stimulating one. Now we are going to start a new school year, and I sincerely hope you girls are planning to better yourselves."

Sister Lucetta picked up her pointer, raised it calmly over the yellowed map of Italy that hung on the wall. It was about to descend on Vatican City.

"Miss McGannon, will you please cross your legs at the ankle, if you must cross them at all. What if Father were here today, besides it is bad for your circulation."

Sherry McGannon uncrossed her legs, slamming one foot to the floor.

"Miss, you will see me after class for that noise. It is quite ridiculous to display your displeasure at a command. You should

do my bidding without question. Our course this year will involve a careful study of the Inquisition in all of its aspects. It should offer you a broader understanding of an aspect of history for which the Catholic Church is much maligned. You will be able to explain this logical, historical movement to all your non-Catholic friends. They can be very clever in their arguments so if you are not fully versed on any topic of your religion it would be better not to speak to them, or listen to them either. Before the bell rings I will give you your assignment. You are to read the first chapter in the text book and tomorrow I will give you a little quiz. You are dismissed."

Sherry McGannon gathered up her books, approached Sister's desk with a silly grin on her face. Emory saw Sister frown into Sherry's face.

"Quiz tomorrow. I wonder if Sherry will study for it. I don't think she will. Her two piece was really a mess after Mattson. Wonder if she and Tracy really did stay down on the beach all night. The straps were ripped off. I saw her the next day, wouldn't explain it. I'll wait to walk down to the locker room with her."

"Yes, Miss McGannon, I've heard all about you, and I want you to know that . . . 'I won't let you be young very long. This habit I wear as God's bride has pinched in my mind to see you as a fearful thing. You threaten me, and out you'll go my dear little body that you are, so skeptical. I'm here to crush that in you. How brown your body is, bronze, brazen smiling lips. Yes, I know you, once I knew you under that uniform. Even its grey can't hide your sex, no, no . . . I mean it can't hide your obvious contempt . . .' Remember, Miss McGannon, to be modest at all times. Do not be sassy because you won't get away with it."

"Sherry, would you like to walk down to the locker room with me. You do have a nice tan. Mine's all faded. Yes, I just got back last night."

They walked down the slippery stairs. A Holy Hour sign was tacked neatly on the bulletin board at the bottom. It read, "Come Follow Me."

"The Holy Hours will be starting again soon. I don't think I will go to the first one. It's too hot. The incense always hangs so . . . 'No, Bobby and I won't be seeing each other anymore, you know the old story, occasion of sin and all. Yes, Mattson was fun, but that's different . . . ' so different from coming home, so different from being a tramp for awhile. Now is the time for my renewal, a new page turned in a book. There will have to be confession, yes, and it will bring sweat and matted hair when I breathe the cold air on the stony Church step. An act of faith every night should cure the body wants, will stop the fear of not accepting the one pale potato chip I may take on Sundays with no wine. 'Oh, yes, I'd like a cigarette too, and all the kids are gone, so nobody will see us. If we ever get caught. Here have one of mine. If we ever get caught we will really be in trouble. We might even get expelled. It would be nice to have a place to smoke, like a senior smoker. They have them in other schools."

Emory untied her scuffed saddle shoes, placed them in her locker, and then slid into her loafers. Sherry did the same. Emory took a long drag on her cigarette, then waved her hand to Sherry.

"Sherry, did you hear something, sounded like footsteps, going away. I was probably just imagining it. Hurry, I've got to catch the four o'clock bus. I hope nobody saw us. It wouldn't matter so much if it were an upperclassman, because so many of them do it. It's the freshman tattler I worry about."

"Emory, come in and sit down."

"I wonder if this is just about yesterday? I don't know. It could be anything. I'll simply own up to what I have done if she knows about something. She will just sit carefully in her chair, her dry little hands will fold neatly in her lap. Then she will say, 'Why did you do it, Emory? We have placed so much confidence in you. Your classmates have placed confidence in you by electing you to office. Of course, there will be some appropriate punishment. You must know you could be expelled for this offense. However, since you are the President of Student Council, I have thought of something else. I have decided that you may not participate in the final district debate tournament. I know our team is favored to win, and your absence will be a great blow to the team, but school honor is not as important as the development of individual integrity and respect for basic values. You will not even be allowed to attend the tournament. No letter will be sent home to your parents, so you will have to explain all this to them. I am very disappointed in you, Emory. Go now to your class.' so she has said it. it is not impossible. She does know about it."

Emory went to religion class late. As she came in the door, thirty flesh ovals turned to her, waiting, smiling, wanting a smile back. Sister Lucetta turned her slit eyes to Emory.

"Emory, we were just about to say prayer, won't you join us if you can find the time? We've been waiting for you. Hail Mary . . . Emory, has your morning been so trying that you cannot stand with your hands folded for just a moment? Your Savior died for you on that cross, there."

Sister's hand motioned to the naked, gold-plated Christ who was mounted so carefully on His polished mahogany panels. Cold, slick and indifferent, the assembly line Christ looked modestly pained. Emory, eye drilled by now, tried to look devoutly at the cross.

"Perhaps you would forget your little troubles if you would focus your attention on the crucifix. Ask Our Dear Lord to make you less proud."

Emory looked hard at Christ, blurring His image, by squinting her eyes nearly closed.

"You may be seated now, girls. In non-Catholic circles the Inquisition is looked upon as being a very unjust thing, but I intend to show that in historical perspective it is only too logical. At the time of the Inquisition everyone was Catholic, everyone abided by the decisions of the Church in matters of faith and morals. The Church also had temporal power, and at the time of the Inquisition it was against the law to be a heretic . . ."

"Any so, my pretty little girls, it is only logical that you never love or trust another of your kind. Never lie, yellow washed on a sun beach, his body brown next to your brown body. How the hot, glassy grains dig in your flesh, you should never know, breathing is the only moist relief when you're far from the water's edge. At the beachy keeno, where naked boys kick sand sprays, eat hot dogs, chase their little sisters in pursuit of the sand pail and shovel, bury the lady in bikini, whose lobster body sleeps and burns some more, you should not play. Only walk in the cold fall there, and see how everything is burned brown, so the wisp wind can blow it all conveniently away. Dare to put a toe in the milky, turgid water, then. It will be blue or red as the leaves are now."

"Now, girls, it is time for a short quiz."

Emory ripped a page from her notebook and waited for Sister to ask the question.

"Did it matter, really, that the people brought to justice were heretics?"

"Why were these people put to death? for what offense? Does the nature of the offense matter? Or is it sufficient to know there was an offense? . . . an offense, an offense. Was there an offense? What is the Latin derivative of the word 'offense'? Sister would like that. She would like to know I thought about my Latin, a language dead two years for me. She'd like to think I could use it in religion class. Sherry McGannon won't escape the issue by delving into a word meaning. What made the Inquisition right or wrong? Some berry colored backs and fronts together on a beach, a cigarette smoked in a locker room after school? Which is a worse offense? Does it really matter? Sister was fair, no more debate for me this year, no tournament to win, no hard work. I can lose myself in study, or terrible fear. Who will find out?"

"Girls, please pass in your papers; now, up the rows to the front desk."

Emory handed in her blank paper. Her name looked very small, ridiculous, in the unlined corner of her paper.

REFLECTIONS

By Nicole Johnson

I looked down a tunnel of mirrors,
Cold steel ringing infinite worm,
Where space was made subject to circles:
Space twisted and curved to a squirm.

My face grew more blurred with reflection
And dwindled reflection to gray,
Chilled by the endless refraction
That coiled, slithered sterile away.

Lost somewhere in segments of mirrors
Time echoes the soundless scream
That rings through the worm-eaten circles
From a face that dissolved into dream.

RAIN AND THE COLLEGE SENIOR

Continually these
waiting places
are beamed attics
fourth floor rooms
corners of the round earth;

there are things
drifting from weather
as the rain dries souls
while it wets whatever - -
radiators clank

and a person whoever
departs down river
past wharves and docks
separate - -
while quiescent

you sit here
consuming the expensive air
essence of gardens
and of women immemorial
sending rings and silks

into ever expanding time
and, God knows,
into the still moment
of this gaze
through the etched window.

Howard Barnett

FOUR PENNIES

PERRIE LITTLE

Morty Aims couldn't sleep anymore. A fly had been buzzing around his head for half an hour. He kicked the sheet off the bed, and lay on his back, hands behind his head, watching the fly. It was big, fat, lazy, with a low buzz.

A streak of warm white light from a small window lay across his tanned chest. "Must be ten by now," he thought. Morty let the fly light on the end of his nose. He tingled all over, cringed, and swatted at it in the same moment. He caught hold of an imaginary bar and sat up, then on the edge of the bed, his feet propped on the side rail.

There were footprints in the dust on the floor. Just as a breeze cooled his back, a glob of fuzz danced in circles below his feet, he could almost hear its laughter.

As he stretched, the boy studied his bony chest and long slender arms in the hazy mirror across the room. He sat up straight, still looking at himself, licked the tips of his fingers and rubbed them over his thick, sun-streaked hair. His big brother did that all the time, until he went away to live. He was fifteen. Morty was old for nine.

He stepped down on the floor, not noticing the grime under his feet, pulled some khaki shorts over his dingy underwear, and walked into the kitchen. The air was hot, heavy, almost foul. The sink was piled with dirty dishes. On the stove sat a cold coffee pot. Morty opened the refrigerator.

"Something to eat," he said aloud. "Not mustard, or water, or beer, or, oh yeh." He picked up a piece of last night's fried hamburger, white with grease, and took a big bite, then put it back on the cracked saucer. He mumbled, staring into the empty cabinet, "Mamma never cooks for me no more. Always too tired."

The boy walked to the open front door and looked out. The sunlight was blinding. He blinked until his eyes got accustomed to the brightness. Across the street a girl sat in a new silver Cadillac, waiting for Waterloo Folder. She cleaned house for lots of rich people. "Damned old hypocrites." Hypocrites. That's what his mother always called people with new cars, especially on Sundays.

An old Studebaker drove by. White dust rose from the caliche road and small rocks bounced up on the sidewalk. As the cloud of dust drifted toward him, Morty wrote his name in the dust on a morror by the door. M-O-R-T.

The dust had settled. He kicked open the sagging screen, and leaned out. Cars were whizzing by on the highway a block up. A big diesel shifted into second as it pulled from the filling station onto the highway, a trail of black smoke marking its path.

Morty walked out onto the small front porch, down the steps, and across the barren yard, to the sidewalk. The sun was hot, the sidewalk hotter, but Morty didn't mind. His brown body was used to it. The rocks hurt more than the heat.

Three houses down, a boy and a girl were playing. The little girl ran out to meet Morty. She wore a torn and dragging green dotted-swiss dress over her T-shirt and large pink heels. Plastic sun-glasses with figures of Cinderella on the frames covered her

eyes. She was pleased with her appearance as she walked beside him.

"If we play war and kings instead of house, will you play with us, Morty?"

Morty threw her a disgusted glance. "Naw, I got better things to do."

"He don't like us," offered the homely little boy.

"Yes, he does!" she snapped.

They were silent while a policeman drove by. Rocks crunched under the tires, and flew up to beat the bottom of the car. The three stared with solemn, mistrusting faces, as the dust enfolded them.

"Morty," the little girl turned to him, "if you change your mind, you can be the king."

"No, he can't!"

"Oh, shut up and go find a sword. I'll get some food."

They left Morty and walked out into a vacant lot by the house. The little boy found a stick and began stirring up a large red-ant bed.

Morty sat down with his legs crossed and began rubbing his hands over the hard red ground in circular motions. The loose sand felt like tiny balls under his palms. Faster and faster he rubbed until his hands felt numb. It was a good feeling.

Suddenly the little girl threw down the mesquite beans she had been gathering and squealed in delight, "Here comes the ice-cream man!"

Morty jumped to his feet, and looked around, almost panic-stricken. Then he tore off toward his house. "Gotta' get a nickel. Gotta' get a nickel, he repeated.

Reaching the house, he threw open the screen door and ran into his bedroom. Pulling out drawers, he ravaged through their contents, madly searching. "Four pennies! Oh god, why not just one more?"

If he waited, it would be too late. The pennies clutched in his sweating hand, he hurried out to the street. The old ice-cream man climbed into his truck and drove away from the little boy and girl as "Pop Goes the Weasel" started over again.

"Hey," Morty yelled. "Wait!" The truck drove faster toward the highway. He began to run after it. Off the sidewalk and across the sharp caliche he screamed, "Stop, Ice-Cream Man! Stop, damn you, I got some money." The fleeing truck reached the highway, halted for an instant, then turned into the traffic.

Morty stopped. Tears of anger swelled in his eyes as the white dust settled around him. It was hard to swallow the lump in his throat. His body ached with anger, hurt, hate, broken pride. "Shitty old man," he mumbled, as he turned and limped back to the sidewalk. The little girl walked out to him.

"Morty, your foot's bleedin'."

"It don't hurt," he said roughly, and walked past her, covering his tear-streaked face with his arm as he wiped his forehead.

ALMA MATER by Madeena Spray

See the monster
concrete jaws and
fangs of steel
(U.S. high-grade
assembly-line production)

Vacuum cleaner with
ivy covered nozzle
Suck in children
Bounce them off books
along the hose length
Spew them out
refuse
adults
How many tens of
hundred thousands?
(U.S. high-grade
middle-class citizens)

Form a line for the
Registrar's office
(Have your yellowcard
ready for stamping)
Line to the left for
Physical inspection
Fill out Form
0007
(Miss two turns
come back tomorrow)
Stand in line for your
Veryown Counselor
HAVE YOUR YELLOWCARD
READY FOR STAMPING

please

Far above the common people
Vacuous, not still
Juts our mammoth alma mater
On a bulldozed hill
(U.S. high-grade
low-bid construction)

Push along
down the line
Head 'em up
Move 'em out

Watch the signs
no holding back
freshman sophomore
junior senior
and now you're
through

IN THE GARDEN by Nicole Johnson

Form from formless torn
and torn for two
rest breast on the breast of Evedam,
on the floating rib bone
Lie Adam rest.

Woman woman-born
of man man-made
slumber deep on the brink of Evedoom,
on the eve of your sorrow
Sigh Adam sleep . . .

CLARENCE

PATTY RINEHART

The old woman's brown-spotted, knobby hand scabbled impatiently in the clutter of the drawer as she leaned from the bed to the table beside it. The rustling noise rose and fell fretfully in the high-ceilinged old bedroom. Dusty sun seeped between the windowsill and the dry, watermarked shade, polishing the lid of the vaporizer, glancing off the folds of the blanket, and dripped to the flowered carpet, unkindly revealing the red-brown rose pattern. "Here they are." She held three tintypes. Leaning back against the dim whiteness of her pillows, she dropped the pictures in her lap and closed her eyes. She was very still, her eyes and cheeks sunk to shadows in her old face, the flannel night gown moving slightly with her slow, shallow breathing. Picking up one of the pictures with her knotted, rusty hands, she held it close to her face and peered, squinting. She crooked her finger at a young girl sitting in a rocking chair in the corner of the room. "Open the shade; I don't see very good anymore."

The girl rose wearily and went to the window. The shade lurched up with papery slipping and clicking, and the harsh sun flowed probing into the room. The rocking chair sagged sullen and lumpy, dull in the light. Beside it the lamp leaned, the tasseled shade gap-toothed where some of the chenille lumps had fallen off. "Look at this one. I was fourteen then. Can you tell which one is me?" The girl came and leaned over the bed to see the pictures. Four young girls in long, wrinkled, tucked dresses stood around a wicker chair where a young man sat, stiffly uncomfortable in a tight suit, and center-parted, plastered hair. None of the young girls looked at all like the fragile old shell of a woman on the bed. The girl pointed to one, guessing. "No, not that one. Here I am on the end." A round-faced girl with thick, dark hair looked sternly from the picture. "I was fourteen then. Got to put my hair up for the picture." She nodded her head, her thin grey hair a strong contrast to the girl in the picture.

"That's my brother Cecil in the middle. We always did everything together. He died of the typhoid when he was twenty-three." The old hand patted and smoothed the covers. "We didn't have window screens in those days, you know, and at threshing time it was our job, mine and Cecil's, to keep the flies off the dinner table. The men would feed the horses at noon and wash in a big tub out in the front yard. We'd stand at each end of the table to fan the flies off whiel the men ate. The women and children wasn't supposed to eat until the men was through. Cecil would grab biscuits while nobody was looking. He always did have a big appetite." The girl stared at her fingers and big thoughtfully at a hangnail. "What are those other pictures?"

The woman stirred on the bed, and the sharpness of Vicks renewed itself in the room. Sterile, flowered wallpaper, flat behind the bed, passively rejected the streaming sun. "This was my picture when I was sixteen. 1890, that was. This other picture was taken that year, too. It's my wedding picture. See, I made my dress." The man was seated, she standing stiffly beside him, a hand placed timidly on his shoulder. "Clarence, that's my husband, was twenty-five and already working his own farm. We had twenty-seven head of cattle, a hog, and a flock of chickens."

The girl glanced at her watch. Through the window, she could see the road outside, empty and quiet. "Clarence must have been quite a catch. I bet you were proud on your wedding day."

The old woman recited the words like a familiar prayer. "I remember Clarence didn't want to be chivareed, so when we went back to the farm after the wedding, he locked the door and windows so they couldn't get in." She wheezed with creaky laughter. "But, you know, it was my brother Cecil that got them in anyway. They got a ladder and come in through the second floor window. Clarence was so mad. When he heard them coming in through the window, he went out the back door to the barn. They all come in laughing and hollering."

"They come downstairs and I made coffee. We was all in the parlor. Everybody was telling stories about other chivarees. One time when one of my friends got married, they put a horse in the kitchen. They like to never got it out." The old woman shook her head, remembering. "After they'd been there for a while, I went in the kitchen to get more coffee. Cecil followed me into the kitchen. He offered to go get Clarence from the barn, but I was afraid Clarence would be madder than ever if he did. Cecil put his arms around my shoulders, and I started to cry. I didn't know what to do."

The girl nodded. "I don't know what I would have done, having to face all those people like that."

"I was real upset, but Cecil teased me about having red eyes until I stopped crying. Then we carried the coffee out and Cecil started telling funny stories and carrying on until everybody couldn't stop laughing. He always could make people laugh and have a good time. Half the girls in the county were after him, but he wouldn't have none of them. He said I was his only sweetheart."

"It was good, having a brother so close like that. I magine it relieved you a lot to have him there."

"Yes, he kind of looked out for me, and I looked out for him as much as I could. When it got late, everybody had to go home."

Cecil stood at the door with me to tell everyone good-bye, so I didn't have to say much. Then he had to go. He told me Clarence was just a proud man who who couldn't take teasing. He had to be a little better than most people. I've thought of that lots of times since then. Cecil was right. Clarence was awful proud." The old woman's face was solemn again. Her voice trailed off. She didn't notice when the girl moved from the side of the bed to the chair. The girl rubbed her back with her hands, tired from leaning over the bed. She picked up a book and began reading while the old woman talked on, her voice louder again.

"He went out to the barn the night our first was stillborn. I tried to get up and go to the barn after him, but the doctor wouldn't let me. I wanted to tell him I was sorry. They wouldn't let me go after him. Cecil had died a few months before that, and there was no one I could really talk to."

"Did Clarence come back in to see you?"

"No, he never did that night. The woman that was setting up with me fell asleep, and I just laid there and waited. Somewhere along about midnight I thought I heard him come in up on the porch. It sounded like his step, but he didn't come in."

"Maybe he wanted to come in but he didn't know what to say. Men feel uncomfortable around sickness and things like that."

"I don't know. I called him when I thought I heard him on the porch. I cried almost all night. I felt awful alone, with Cecil dead and Clarence gone like that. I prayed and prayed that he would come in and just be there. He wouldn't have to talk or nothing. It hurt me to see Clarence that way. He wanted a son. I wished I had died instead. It was so important to him to have a son. If he had only let me tell him how sorry I was, it would have been better. But he never would talk, never. Clarence didn't like women that talked. I found out then that we would always be like that. Clarence took things alone, and so I had to take them that way too."

The girl looked up from her book when she realized that the old woman was quiet. The woman wasn't asleep. She was looking at the girl to see if she was listening. The girl felt uncomfortable with those eyes looking at her. She didn't know how to answer them. She looked down at her book and then at the floor.

When she looked back up, the old woman's eyes had stopped asking her. The room was quiet. She picked up her book and resumed reading. The old woman's eyes weren't seeing the room. She moved fretfully on the bed, her hand straying to the Bible on the marble topped table beside her. Then she spoke again, more rapidly, moving her hands occasionally.

"I remember the first time I had to cook dinner for the hands at haying time after we was married. Sally, your great-uncle Elmer's wife, was supposed to help me, but she fell downstairs and hurt her back, so I did it alone. After I got it all cooked, Elmer come from the fields and helped me just as good as any woman, carrying dishes and things. Clarence was out feeding the horses and showing the men where to wash up."

"Did Clarence know you were by yourself?"

She let her wrinkled eyelids sink over the whitish glazed irises of her deep eyes. "No, but he wouldn't have helped me anyways. He never did do nothing in the kitchen except eat. Elmer felt bad because Sally couldn't help me; that's why he come in. I was afraid I wouldn't be ready in time for the men. When Clarence come in and seen Elmer helping, he got mad." Her hands plucked the edge of the quilt. The girl listened a moment.

"What did you do?" She put her book down and looked at the vaporizer to check the water level. It was half full, enough for a while.

The old woman's voice went on in a crying singsong. "He said for Elmer to go on, not to be doing a woman's work. He said I was supposed to be a woman grown, and should do my own work. He never was as friendly to Elmer after that. He was ashamed I couldn't do it by myself, seemed like. I tried to make up for it after that; everybody always said I set the best table of anybody at haying time. I always set it by myself after that. The other women around never could see how I did it by myself. They alway had help, sometimes three or four women. I went and helped the others, but I couldn't let them help me. It was almost more than I could do, cooking for fifteen or twenty men at once, but I did it. The other women offered to send food, but Clarence wouldn't let me take it, even though I always took lots of food to their houses. Clarence didn't want to be beholden to them; he like to give more than anyone else."

The sun slid across the pillow, hardly pausing for the meager flesh of her body, showing purple the high, twisted veins of her hands. "Close that shade and go on now. I'm tired. I want to rest."

"Yes, you really should take a nap now." The girl went to the window, holding the place in the book with her finger. The shade slipped and clicked down, denying the sun, and the old woman was still by the whistle and gurgle of the vaporizer. The door creaked as the girl went out.



Introduction - the 1970's

The early 70's were a period of growth and turbulence for Lindenwood. The men's college grew rapidly, while the hippie movement peaked and declined. These changes were certainly reflected in the *Griffin* material from this period. The freedom of expression and breaking away from the old order that was first evidenced in the 1967 *Griffin* continued apace. The number of short stories declined, while poetry and drama increased. Both form and content tended to be unconventional. Imagery became the dominant element.

The short stories written during this time seemed to represent philosophical themes, ranging from the mysticism of *Hehamah's Spider Story* to the existentialism of *The Sweetest Thing*. Unconventional poetic forms are shown in poems such as *Trackmarks* and *Record, Record*, while the poetry's often erotic content can be seen in *Bit of Honey*. *Say, It's Friday Night* was part of a sudden surge in playwriting.

The climax of the literary 70's at Lindenwood was the purchase of a small, hand-operated printing press in 1976. This was used in December of 1976 to laboriously print 250 copies of *The Jabberwocky*, Lindenwood's new poetry magazine. Over 6000 letters, punctuation marks, and spaces were set by hand and the handle was pulled 3500 times to print the 14 pages the magazine contained. The *Griffin* press will be used this spring to print the 1977 *Griffin*.

An interesting and talented procession of people has paraded through the Lindenwood experience in the 70's. The creative efforts of some of these people are presented on the following pages. They are ample evidence that Lindenwood's literary tradition continues to thrive and grow.

--Bill Tayon

NEHAMAH'S SPIDER STORY

One afternoon my mother told me this story:

"Oh, do you remember that great big spider after your bath? You didn't see it? It was so big that at first I thought it was a wad of your hair.

"The night after you bathed there was a great big spider, full of eggs, sitting on the wall of the bathroom. She looked like a grape in the middle of a nest of hair."

"A *grape*?"

"Yes, she was a grayish green. So she must have been one of our house spiders, like the little ones that hatch in the spring and come out lime green. We never did find out what kind they are, did we?"

"No, never."

"Anyhow, she was gigantic, feral--about yea big, and full of life, and I immediately thought of my toes and thought--ugh! But I couldn't kill her; the thought repulsed me of wiping out so many little lives all at once. So I brushed my teeth and went to bed as usual.

"Later Pappa came home and he asked: (deep voice) 'Did you see the *big spider* in the bathroom?' But he didn't kill her either.

"In the morning she was gone; I don't know where she went. Then that night I went into the bathroom and she was there, sitting in the very same place. But she looked so different: she had laid all her eggs and her body was so shrunken; her legs were still long and tangled-looking, but her body was hardly a tenth of its former size. And I still couldn't kill her, because I thought, life is such a sad thing; here this creature had given all her life, everything she had, to lay this one batch of eggs, and she probably didn't know why she did it and doubtless won't live to see them hatch.

"The next morning I found her on the floor. Her legs were shortened, all crumpled up and folded in toward her body. She had weakened considerably in those two days. But she had made her way from the window to the washstand; I don't know where she thought she might have gone.

"So I rolled her body up in a kleenex and deposited it in the wastebasket, saying a little prayer for the soul of a little arachnid that died. And I trust that she is enjoying her journey to wherever it is that arachnid souls go after death.

"Imagine the spiderwebs spun from star to star. They'd be too ethereal, to light, for us ever to see."

Robin Quimby

TRACK MARKS

East starts the cycle
a red sun rose for the journey
Here where vacant wombs
gape in the village square
unaware of the dead wind
that carries no seed.
(hoofbeats echo
on crusted streets
banging no music
on metal sewer covers)

South lies in dead heat
the dark sun soundless in its wake
vertical shadows
encase the procession of prisoners
whose sentences fall suspended.
(each step drops
marking no time
and only dust answers
the animal sound)

West sinks into desert seas
no sun reflects its oceans
and salt pillars
topple with the tides
while winds sweep the waves.
(the horse canters
where nothing will be
his traces chased
by restless sands)

North rises a mountain
a white sun casts its shadow
in black earth forests
ripple with streams
and burst
into Spring and flames.
(the beast surges forth
singing its tale
and finding wings
the tracks disappear)

ONO POEM

Ride a subway
Pick twelve people for your jury
Commit a crime

—Scott Boncie

—Quentin Hughes

THE SWEETEST THING

by Paul VanDevelde

Day had been dark in Paris since dawn. A drizzle came in the shadows before morning and a mist had made everything wet and slow in the street. There was no sign that it would let up before dusk, and night began falling earlier than it usually did. You couldn't tell clearly when night did begin because some of the street lamps had been on all day long like it was when Paris was in a bad fog. The buildings had turned darker, and the hanging mist muted the city like a thick snow. It was too dark and wet for anyone to be outside on the streets because the freshness in the other Paris was gone. The bark on the trees became black in the wet, and without their leaves they looked wicked like carved stones against the street lamps. There was no wind on St. Michel because the rain fell without splattering and none of the filth or loose raff had washed into the gutters. The streets were still shining like the porcelain in the street lamps when the mist became drizzle again, and there were very few people out anywhere to break the quiet.

Yves thought it was a bad night to be eating alone, but so was every night. He sat in a window seat at a small square table. In the dim light from the street he brushed the bread crumbs away and wondered why he came to this dirty cafe so often. But it was a very cheap one with good women, when there were women anywhere in Paris. It was a terrible night to be eating dinner alone, but that wasn't his fault. The stone trees stood still in the dampness, and looking out the window into the street he wondered what might be coming. When Catherine was late that meant she wasn't coming at all, and that wasn't his fault, because prostitutes left and came back when they pleased. The dead man across the street woke him from his nausea, and in a pointed instant, settled him back in it again. It became thick as the darkness, and he did not know why he had come out at all. But the dead man was not unusual there because many dead men were in the streets on the best nights. He studied the man's position and considered that if anyone should die this would be the best kind of night. Being anywhere in this kind of night was a sort of death, and Yves saw out the window that everyone had escaped it and had left the night open, like an abandoned grave for a dead man.

It was too dark inside to see anything except that the cafe was empty after the few insoluble strangers. Yves continued watching the dead man and tasted a sweetness in his mouth when he thought the dead man must have been content. It must be good to die like that, to be comfortable in the rain and cold. He left us in his misery; yes, and that would be the sweetest thing. Yves felt stillness, and thought he could envy the man if he was sure he knew him. Yves could have very well because he knew most people in the Latin Quarter who would die like that. It would be the best thing for anyone of them, because everything else they had turned sour. The bums and the pimps and prostitutes there knew each other because it was their only protection against the outside, and it was

the outside that made anything they had good, into sourness. Only the naive young who did not have the skills ever had problems getting on the inside, and that was easy to learn in Paris, even for the prostitutes who were always in trouble with names and faces.

The Greek waiter stood over him and offered to take his order. He knew the Greek was new because he still tiptoed around and cleaned tables. Yves looked up surprised and watched the man standing over him with wide open eyes in the dim light.

Yves remembered Catherine for an instant, and turned back to the window pointing out at the dead man with his little finger.

"Why hasn't anyone done anything about him across the street?"

"I suppose no one cares. But someone will. He's been there all day long and it's about time now. May I take your order, sir?"

"Well please, listen. Doesn't anyone care?"

The waiter lightly shrugged himself.

"Who is it, do you know, because I might know him."

Yves twisted around to see the waiter's face against the street's dimness.

"I'm not sure myself, sir, no one here's gone over to see, but someone from that direction came in an hour ago and said it was some fellow named Dupras; Yves Dupras, I think, but I'm not sure."

"I'm Yves Dupras," he said quietly.

The waiter's new face fixed itself cautiously for a few moments before he made an effort to laugh. Yves did not care enough to be indignant. He was more concerned about the dead man.

"Then I guess the man was mistaken, sir, he must not have seen him up close," said the waiter.

"You should have done something about it, you should have done something about it," he said louder the second time addressing the bartender. The bartender did not respond except with an expressionless flat colored face.

"Well," said the waiter, "there were very few people out today, and," he said trying lightly, "we're not paid by the city. And the gendarmes don't come around on Sunday, but they'll be back tomorrow. May I take your order?"

Yves started up from the table and walked to the door. "No thanks, I was only waiting for someone. I'll go see who it is, and tell you, so you don't kill somebody else."

The waiter stood by the table and followed Yves out of the cafe with his small eyes. The Italian at the bar laughed out loud at whatever might have happened and began discussing it with the bar tender. He finished his drink and watched Yves cross the street after the door shut closed against the mist.

Yves huddled himself together against the cold and felt the slippery pavement under his feet. The street lamp on the corner reflected in the puddles but did not reach the

far wall because of the angle. When he skipped up on the sidewalk, he stopped standing over the corpse and bent down pulling one hand out of his pocket to roll him over. But he was too heavy, and Yves began to hear a loud gathering when he started pulling the man over. He tried to ease all of his weight down as if the man was still living and could feel it if Yves dropped him. He fell the last way onto the sidewalk like stiffened rubber frozen in the dampness, and Yves bent the rest of the way down on his knees to the wet cement. The muted sounds of the crowd coming from somewhere were blunted, and carried as if they were shouting into a pillow. In a moment they came into the light that showed the other end of the street, and he rolled the dead man back and standing up looked down at him once more before he left him. He did not go back into the cafe, and walked away in the direction of the subway. He escaped quietly away from the outside intrusion, and he disappeared from them into the mist because it did not matter either way to him when he could not see the dead man's face in the dark.

DAVID'S STAND

I
 When David stands,
 Half insane,
 Twixt the Good and the Bad;
 Upheld by one
 With a steadying hand;
 Pursued in shame
 In dark and in sun,
 Regularly,
 By the other one;

II
 Tis then the man
 Envisions retreat.
 A shaking head
 On a quivering frame;
 Words incoherently said
 Through paralyzed lips,
 Expressions replete
 In perplexities name;
 Emotional Eclipse

III
 Once a silent dread
 Resides now
 In the maniac's brain
 Fate hiding purpose,
 Shadow over shadow,
 Weaving in sick paradox
 A Devil's Circus:
 We all cry out for Truth,
 Only David sees the flaw.

— Peter Bekkler

BIT OF HONEY

*I am all bee and bumble
 swollen with pollen in this
 conspiracy of birds, sun and pom-pom girls.
 I buzz through gardens,
 dreaming of girls whose breasts are canteloupe,
 whose thighs are valleys trembling
 beneath the lightning
 that seeds my spring.
 Full of halts, emergencies, far-off lights,
 the cold intensity of spirit,
 I am all unsteady and out of focus--
 a stiff quill spine
 in a suddenly balloon world.
 Ah, such cold waltzes.*

-C.B. Carlson

I ABANDON MY POETRY

i abandon my poetry like clothing
 and then again i try it on:
 seeing which words
 look better with what,
 whether the sweater goes
 with the pants
 i have

walking around
 i look to mirrors,
 for reflections of my words.
 to discover
 a rumpled sweater,
 and pants too long,
 anyway.
 disgusted,
 i go back
 and try again.

— Tommy Buell

Say, It's Friday Night!

(Simon and Mort are relaxing in Mort's Room.)

Simon

Enough raunch rock; turn on the classical station.

Mort

What are we going to do tonight? It's Friday.

Simon

Whatta we usually do on Friday night?

Mort

Get fucked up, but we do that every night.

Simon

Not Tuesday. We studied Tuesday.

Mort

Yeah, I know we study on Tuesday, so what do we take tonight?

Simon

It's Friday; we'll splurge and finish our stash and get some ale.

Mort

Sounds fine. I'll find someone to get the ale. You prepare the drugs. Isn't that Mozart's Fifth Concerto for piano and flute? Turn it up!

(Dunley comes walking hurriedly into the room to find Simon and Mort listening intently to the classical station.)

Dunley

What's happening?

(Simon and Mort ignore him and continue listening.)

Dunley

Hey, why don't you guys relieve yourselves of the monotony of this hippie den and truck on down to Sally's house. Got plenty of alcohol down there. We need a few reefers, though.

Simon

Are all the girls there?

Dunley

Most of them. A few of them went to the Mott the Hoople concert.

Simon

And you want us to come down with dope and drink alcohol with you.

Mort

Do we get any shotguns?

Dunley?

Sure, if you want.

Simon

And all we have to do to get some free alcohol and the unique company of the hippies is bring some dope.

Mort

How much are we expected to bring?

Dunley

As much as you think we'll need.

Simon

Why can't we stay here to smoke and drink?

Dunley

Don't you want a change of pace? All you ever do is get high and play pinball. Here's your chance to do something different on a Friday night.

Ella
 Want some strawberry wine?
 Dunley
 Want me to roll a joint?
 Sally
 Put on some Dead!
 (They all sit down.)
 Dunley
 Where's the dope?
 (Of the crowd, Simon is feigning sleep and Mort is staring
 at a tiny spot on the ceiling.)
 Sally
 Is Simon sleeping?
 Mort
 Passed out.
 Ella
 He always passes out early.
 Dunley
 Let's go. The party must be on somewhere else.
 (Everyone except Mort rises and starts for the door.)
 Sally
 Catch you later.
 Mort
 Yea.
 (Door close.)
 Mort
 They're gone.
 Simon
 About time.
 Mort
 Once again, the superior intellect prevails. God, they're
 annoying.
 Simon
 They're gone now.
 Mort
 Well, whatta ya want to do now?
 Simon
 I don't know. Turn on the classical station.
 Mort
 Wanna play some pinball?
 Simon
 Sure.
 Mort
 Let's do a celebration joint first.
 Simon
 To what?
 Mort
 I don't know. To uniqueness, I guess.

—Jack Kavanagh

RECORD, RECORD

record record
 record each dream
 each pile of wood
 each scrap of wind;

a scratch along
 the corridor
 of sun and moon,
 the vanity

of fingernails
 arched against
 the empty room,
 record record

record each war
 each social choke
 each broken stick
 of tragedy;

a smile upon
 the tyranny
 of circles drawn
 the flung shut door

revolving on
 the rotten walls
 of memory.
 record record

the bone records
 the soil that eats
 the oldest cracks;
 a bloodtick waits

upon the branch
 and leaps into
 the odor of
 the passing beast.

record record
 record each tremor
 of every tree
 earth yields to fall

back from the sky;
 each tongue that licks
 the water stream
 the drops of thirst

on hungry throats,
 each bravery
 of knees that love
 the crash of past.

record record
 record each fire
 for warmth or food
 or poem's friend

this day will end.
 this history
 will die alone.
 each tone will lose

its way.
 each fire
 will find
 its wind.

John R. Mueller

*In the almost before
I see the sickle moon
of your coming, waiting to pour
Out on me—tears to melt as
long as I can see—down the cheekbones
of my fallow body—
Collecting salty and wry
in my hollows and furrows.*

*When finally you shed the last
Stinging drop into the earth of us,
And we have ground all stones
to dust with our bodies,*

*And I have stretched among your drops
In the midst of it all, brown
and winey, offering
tart fruits to the ground of you,*

*Let them be my thanks
for your search of me, for digging out
earthy lumps of Diana
from her wild fields.*

—Alexandra Florimonte

*forget me and let me follow you
at a distance, maybe in your shadow,
maybe at your heels, may be
that I am no essence to you
but only that part of you
which we don't see, but sigh for.*

*I must forget who I am and
create my character from stone
enough that you can smile upon me
for your craftsmanship.*

Cindy Mitchell

