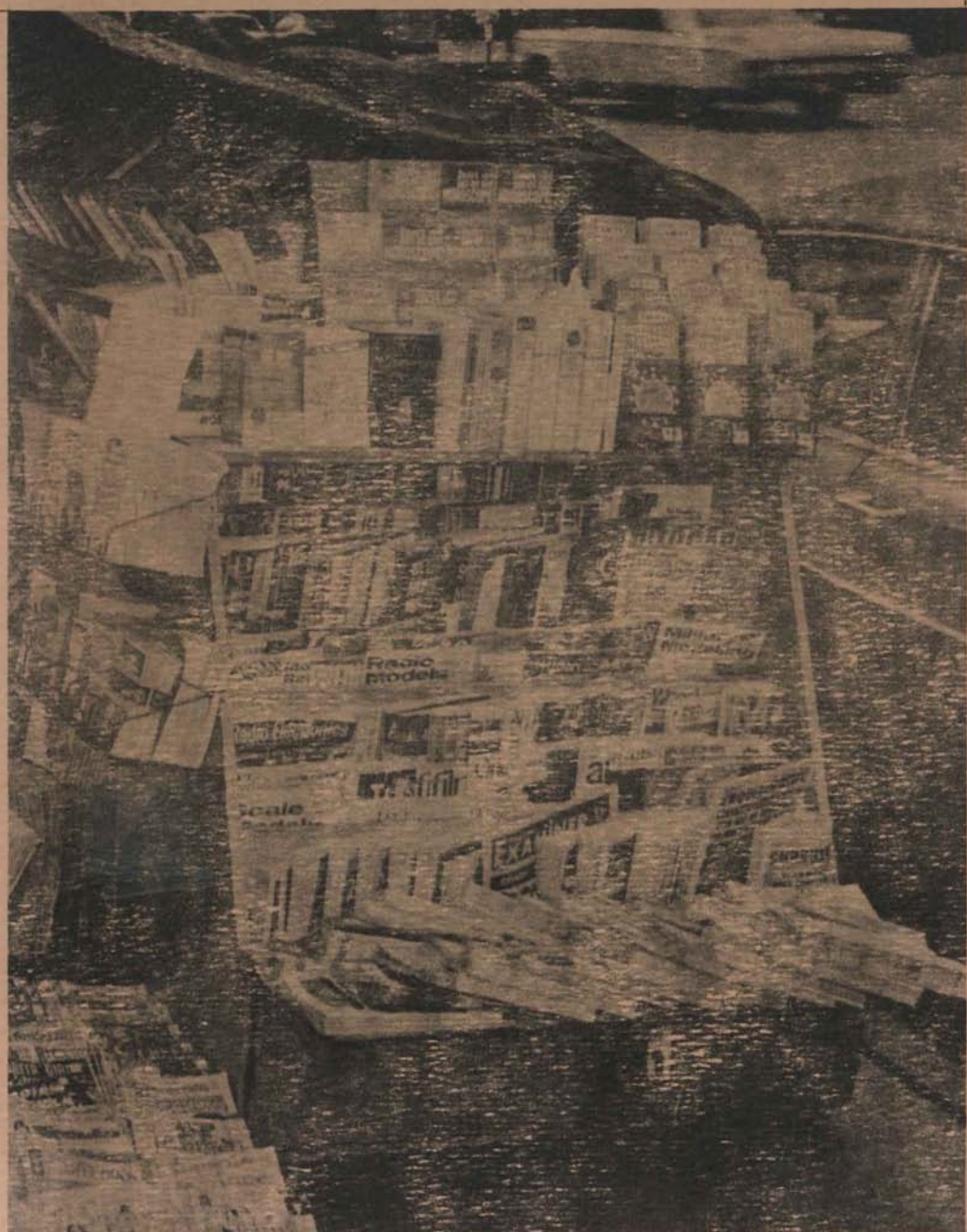


KIOSK



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cover photograph by george held

THE FREEDOM OF MRS. FULLER

Linda Kangal

The Cadillac wove through the merging lanes of Minneapolis traffic. Bothered by the speed, Mrs. Fuller gazed from the side window at the lake homes bordering the freeway. A trained mouth covered her overlapped front teeth. Grey mascara circled full moist eyes. She touched her stiff laquered hairdo uneasily.

The car slowed for a stop light. Stacks of books tumbled over tables behind the open doors of a bookstall. A long-haired boy read in the doorway. Mrs. Fuller glanced at the paperback in her lap, Meditations by Descartes.

Only yesterday she sat reluctantly in a bar with her son. Jim ordered two beers and led her to a table of young boys.

"Just to rap, Mom, Dad can't kill you for that. Come on, I want them to see what a swell chick I've got here."

City traffic rushed past inches from the heavy window. She wanted some fresh air, but Paul kept the windows locked with a switch at his elbow. Jim had been wrong, Paul was

mad. Her fingers tightened on the book.

When they sat down a boy was arguing, pushing his hair behind his ears as he talked. "So what are we doing here anyway? Experience, that's where it's at."

She had stared out the window at the campus rambling between buildings. Wide windows reflected red sky; couples passed talking eagerly. Another boy spoke now, "You've got to study...to learn."

Suddenly Mrs. Fuller was talking, "You forgot Descartes, "she waited embarrassed by habit. They all turned to her, listening. Jim smiled. "I think, therefore I am." You're learning to interpret experience. Your mind is where the real truth is." She had nearly forgotten, her fingers shook.

She talked then, Jim's arm resting casually on the back of her chair. She wondered if her daughter could have followed the conversation.

Adjusting her seat belt she remembered Jim's good by, "The guys liked you, Mom, you were really into it. Say hello to Dad, I hope everything goes OK."

She cried on the way to the hotel, driving around the block blowing her nose. Her dress hung on the bathroom door waiting for her. Mr. Fuller paced, listening to her story.

"You've got a stain on the front of your blouse, Louise. Did you see it when you got dressed? Sure I hear you, real sweet kids, when do they start shooting dope? Listen I don't want to hear anything more about it, OK? It was wrong and you know it, if I say anymore I'll start yelling, so let's not talk about it. Why didn't you buy the hard cover of that book? Here I'll polish your shoes, we're late."

The interstate cut through the Minnesota hills. Heavy green signs bent over the road making barred shadows that moved across Mrs. Fuller's lap. The air conditioner's monotonous whirr creased the silence.

Paul's voice seemed to pounce, "Whatever made you ask

Georganne about that movie? These aren't any of your so-called intellectuals you know."

He sat straight. One hand guided the wheel, the other reached inside his coat for a cigarette. The smell of shaving cream wafted through the car with the cold currents of air. Behind him the thick sunlight fired the hills with dark shadow.

"You're going to wrinkle your dress sitting that way."

Mrs. Fuller shifted. "I'm sorry, I guess I talk too much, I really thought Georganne might have seen that movie." Her body tensed a little.

"If she did see it, she sure as hell wouldn't comment on the directing. That's some impression you make with your put on talk."

The hills rose steep lined with rusted trees. A heavy blue sky reflected the sun's rays and stung Mrs. Fuller's eyes. Paul whistled the same tune over and over. Last night she had a beautiful outfit planned. At the last minute he would not let her wear the shoes. She knew it was silly, but she loved those shoes. She would have to give them to Jean.

In the banquet hall he muttered and people watched her rub the makeup from her eyes. He guided her conversation by pressure on the elbow or pointed glances. She followed like she was dancing, talking when cued. Then last night she remembered Descartes and asked Georganne about the directing. She knew better. Paul nudged her knee under the table and made a joke of it.

She looked at him now. His hair was clipped short over a square tan neck. The black shoes placed flat shone in the sun. His dark suit and tie were pulled tightly under the white shirt collar despite the casual day he planned. His fingertips tapped the wheel.

Mrs. Fuller pulled her dress hem, fingering the sun-warmed material. A hollow knot crept up the back of her throat. She spread her fingers and pressed hard.

"Don't forget to send a thank you card to Ray Smith tomorrow. Paul's mouth barely moved, he stared at the road tapping the wheel.

"I will." Mrs. Fuller spoke over the knot in a lumpy tone.

They passed an abandoned farmhouse. Windows were broken jagged, weeds grew through the front porch. The door hung open. A pump stood rusting in the sun.

Mrs. Fuller straightened, "Paul, I want to talk." It sounded strange, not like she memorized it.

Mr. Fuller looked from the road to his wife. His eyes ran the length of her figure. Self-consciously she rubbed the mascara under her eyes. Her stomach muscles clenched. Trickling wrinkles boxed in her eyes at the temples.

"Have you gained weight?"

"No, oh maybe a little, I don't know."

The car slowed for a construction area. Nervously Mrs. Fuller fingered her dress collar. Rows of sweaty men passed the window. Paul swore when the car pulled into a single halted lane.

"Harry mentioned he smelled beer on your breath last night. You asked about Marjorie I hope. Did he say anything about the deal he has going for me in Grand Island?"

Mrs. Fuller pushed her fingernails into fists. The sun had begun to climb at a steep angle pushing shadows against trees. A cow was up to her knees in a mud hole.

"Paul I want to go back to school. Not just night school this year. I'm moving out."

Her chest seemed to cave in. The empty knot at the back of her throat burst, forcing the loneliness to batter inside.

Paul drove as if she answered his question. His fingers tapped the wheel, his tune continued. Nothing gave any indication he understood. The wind blew a burst of grained dirt against the window.

As the cars stopped the construction gang turned to

dered what the kids would say. Separation was only a change of habit. What did she have to lose? She was unhappy now.

Mrs. Fuller wrapped a sweater around her. She would have to explain why. Paul had his girl friends, but he was discreet. No one knew. She could stand the being alone, she thought. The idea made her throat lump over. Her fingers shook.

Mrs. Fuller thought of Jim's friends at the University. Students did not condemn like people her age. She would have to find new friends.

Paul stopped at a gas station and walked around the car talking to the attendant as the tank filled. Mrs. Fuller watched the boy lean above her washing the front window. She pulled at her dress nervously.

She looked at the book in her lap, her fingers ran along the edges as if boxing it into her clasp. Maybe she could feel sure of herself again. If she went Paul would never take her back. She watched him beside the grease stained rack of road maps slipping his credit card into the ink wallet.

Some young girls passed. Skirts swung against slim thighs and long hair blew catching the sun's rays. Books were tight to hunched chests. One glanced at Paul as he crossed to the car, her glossed lips parted.

The car pulled out squealing its wheels. Paul glanced back over his shoulders. It was funny she did not mind his girls. At first it bothered, now it was being alone that mattered. Maybe if he let her work or go full time to school, but he would never allow that.

Light shimmered like a mirage on the rolling highway. Buildings thinned out, speckling the fields. Paul snapped on the radio. A trained voice repeated market reports in a monotone, "Lambs down a quarter, hogs up a half." Disembowelled farm machinery rusted on a weed-filled lot. The "Heart's Desire" motel sprawled sleezy pink cabins in the brown grass. The hood caught the piercing sunshine like a mirror.

Pushing the sunglasses down her nose Mrs. Fuller pressed fingertips into eyelids. White dots spun in the pressured darkness. Smoke tears stung. She held her eyes shut until Paul hissed through his teeth impatiently and the lighter snapped. She took the glasses off and twisted them through a corner of her skirt. When she saw he was looking she smoothed the skirt, putting on the glasses.

Paul sat straight, his lips pressed together. Mrs. Fuller reached nervously to straighten the top coat between them on the seat. Why did he wear conservative clothes? Men in Minneapolis wore bright shirts and wide cut coats. She would buy new clothes for school, bright colors, maybe beads.

The road lay hidden behind small land ripples, then rolled into view beyond shallow ridges. Brown ditch grass blew like a dusty carpet. A naked tree with stark limbs brittle as bones stood unmoving in the wind. Rusted leaves whipped scraggling bushes.

She hoped they got back too late to call Jean. Her daughter would want to tell her about the country club dance. She thought of the boys discussing Descartes. Jean moved in a tight circle of chattering friends and local clubs Mrs. Fuller could not share.

Mrs. Fuller could not make Jean understand. "What do you want to do something for, Mom? It'll look like Dad can't support you."

Clouds began to pillow together. The sun cut through cloud shadows less and less. To the west rain fell like a beaded curtain on the horizon. Telephone poles raced by the window.

"So you're Jean's mother. You must be proud of her." Mrs. Fuller envied her daughter.

Stalks of corn stood rotting, brown leaves twisted in the wind. Farmers had begun cutting silage, shaving swaths of green between the dead stalks, leaving it to dry to brown stubble. The air conditioner's hum seemed louder. Mrs.

Fuller leaned over for a kleenex and cold air blew hair across her eyes. She tried to close the vent, Paul seemed not to notice. The air blew at full force.

She pulled her sweater tightly between crossed arms. This was Paul's battle tactic, silence. He was driving now like a machine. His face steel hinged. Silence filled the car like a tomb, reinforced by his disgusted sighs. Shadows pocked the highway constantly now. Mrs. Fuller thought of their home in Omaha. As a child she lived in a farm house with drafty windows and slanted linoleum floors. She was proud of the new split level home, but it seemed big and empty with Jim gone. She walked around straightening pictures. Mrs. Fuller took off her sunglasses. A layer of thin gray clouds filtered the sun.

She would have to live in an apartment now, but she could fix it up. Maybe put out the china Paul made her pack away. She remembered the apartment they lived in the first year they were married. It was brown and ugly, she always meant to fix it up.

Clouds darkened and Mrs. Fuller put the sunglasses in her purse. She wondered if Jean would visit her. She could get a studio couch. Would Jim come on vacations or go to Omaha? He planned to come home for football this fall. Everyone loved football in Omaha. Mrs. Fuller had a red outfit Paul gave her that she wore to football games. It was the team color.

She heard Paul pull in a deep breath then winced as he blew out hard through pursed lips. The car was cold and clammy. She pulled her sweater tight. The wind swayed the car sideways. Beyond the heavy windows yellow ditch grass bent flat then slapped frantically. The car made an eery jerk to the left.

"You'll pull your sweater out of shape, Louise."

Mrs. Fuller loosened her grip. Buildings were small and close. Leaves and debris blew across the headlight's beam. Paul gripped the wheel with both hands. Muttering,

he stepped on the foot pedal. Mrs. Fuller clenched the seat. The car veered sharply off the highway into glaring lights of a truck stop.

Wind whipped Mrs. Fuller's hair as she ran for the door slamming shut behind Paul. Music echoed off the cafe walls. Hamburgers sizzled, waitresses shouted. In the booth she slid her compact out of the purse. The lipstick was gone, her make-up faded. The green light tint exposed make-up crusting wrinkles around her eyes. She saw the rest room across the room. Giggling young girls swung through the door. Pink skins stretched tight over clean cheekbones. Her throat muscles pulled tense. A dull headache throbbed with the jukebox rhythm.

Paul's eyes beamed in on the short hemlines and slim legs. Mrs. Fuller leaned on an elbow shading her eyes and eating with one hand. After Paul got up to pay the bill she drank down two pills then hurried to the car.

Outside heavy drops blotched the pavement. Paul got in the car smiling as he unwrapped a large cigar elaborately. He backed out of the parking lot with a jerk.

Flashing neons and billboards seemed thrust at the car from all directions and angles. Mrs. Fuller watched the windows being battered with drops. The windshield wipers began to whip-whap a slow steady tempo. Cigar smoke billowed inside the car twisting up from the floor between the window and the seat stinging her eyes.

Paul muttered around the cigar jammed between his teeth, moving it from one side of his mouth to the other. His face flickered with passing lights. He had put on his topcoat and its slick surface reflected the neon colors.

In the country the rain fell like heavy black marbles. The wipers whapped away. The water streaked windows filtered passing car lights like thick aquarium walls. Cigar smoke stung Mrs. Fuller's eyes. She reached to open the window but Paul had them locked. Her elbow bumped against the glass as she covered her eyes.

"Your marriage loses its magic so you take a tumble with some kid on campus. That the idea? Paul's hard controlled voice startled her. His eyes did not leave the road. His hand removed the cigar, the tips of his fingers balancing the brown stem precisely. He spoke with patient distaste.

"Let's examine the little adventure you're planning. You can't possibly earn enough to pay your expenses. You'll embarrass your family. What are the kids going to say when their friends ask where Grandma went? She's the freak show on campus?"

Mrs. Fuller was tired. She waited for the pills to work but the headache crept steadily up her back with the cigar smoke. The windshield wipers whisked back and forth. Did he really believe she needed a young man? It would be embarrassing to explain. The car rolled from side to side as it weaved with the freeway exits and entries turning toward Omaha. Paul knocked a precise ring of cigar ash into the ashtray. The car turned, pushing Mrs. Fuller against the door.

"I want an education, Paul. They listened to me on campus. You don't understand, they listened."

Paul snorted. "What did they listen to, recipes?"

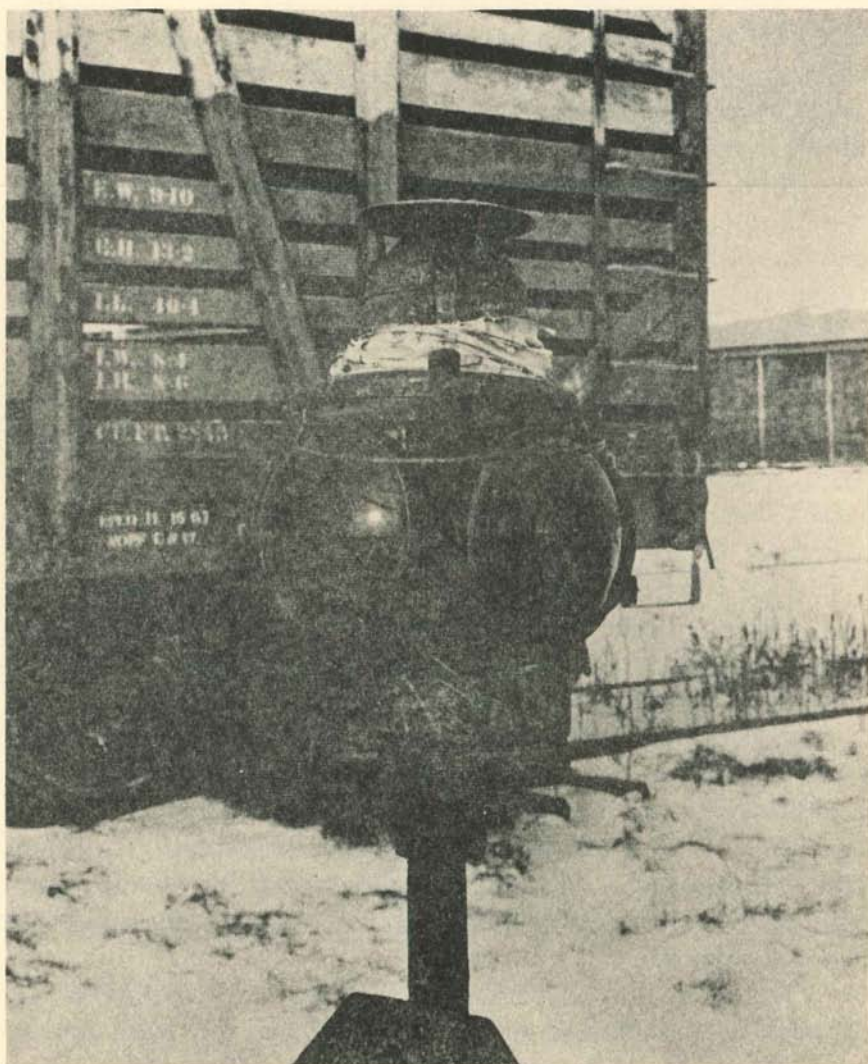
The road was dark and deserted now. The windshield wipers dragged across the glass like a dull saw. The red hot circle of ash shone momentarily in the dark. Wet concrete slapped the wheels and intermittent underpasses striped the darkness. Rain hit the roof like driven spokes. Paul cradled the cigar confidently between his teeth.

Mrs. Fuller sat with her head turned watching rain beat the side window. Gradually tears stung her eyelids and spilled over running down her cheekbone and falling off her jaw onto the dress.

The rain stayed with them all the way to Omaha. It stopped as they pulled into a honking line of cars edging away from the stadium. Horns blared, people shouted be-

tween cars.

Paul smiled, "The Cornhuskers won again."



UNTITLED

Sharon Shreve

In my house
there is a mouse
who lives in the wall of the john
and at night when I bathe
I can hear him
(CLICKING)
right behind the sixth pink tile
from the front of the tub
He's talking
to me
as he scratches, but I don't know
what he's saying
I hope he stays
until I
understand

IN JULY NIGHTS

T. R. Dillard

I have seen a thousand
 things dying,
they watched,
unwatching their nerve-end
 eyes inward
 swelled in their misfortune

I have seen them
I have seen

them in July nights
beetles broken
 spinning in their flailing legs

you and I in July nights
 have made love
spinning
 in their flailing legs.

THE RESURRECTION

T. R. Dillard

Wrapped in clean linen,
I took your body,
Your arms spread
Lightly as hair.

You urged up an essence
From within me,
Pulled up from among
The gooseflesh
Of my grandfathers,

Something screaming...

And I kissed
The sweat
That held you.

THE SQUATTERS AT SAND CREEK

George Held

The bronze-skinned boy ran up the hill. He didn't wince when he padded bare-footed across the sharp rocks. A strange humming perforated the stillness of the noon-day heat and a cloud of dust seemed to float above the barren knoll.

As the boy breathlessly scrambled to the crest of the hill, the cloud seemed to shift. It hovered above the pinons far down the arroyo. He carefully lay down on a boulder and surveyed the wash. A grasshopper, startled by the boy, sprang into cracking flight. The hot sandstone burned against the boy's chest and the blinding sun glinted off the rock. He propped himself up on his elbows to shade his eyes.

The dust billowed up like a whirl-wind sweeping along toward the boy. The indistinct hum increased until it resembled the groan of an old woman. Slowly, a faint whine blended with the groans. The dust clouds whipped steadily closer.

Sun-light flashed through the trees, then disappeared. The boy hunched forward. Again, the light pierced through the curtain of green pinons. The whining swelled. A deer-fly buzzed past the boy, and finding an easy victim, it settled on his bare shoulder. The youth ignored its bite as he squintingly watched the arroyo.

Suddenly a Jeep lurched out from the pinons. It turned shakily; then zig-zagging across the ravine, it started up the hill. For a moment, it slowed; then grunting twice, it moved steadily onward, bounding up the steep slope.

As the Jeep clawed up the hill, the boy rose to his knees, took one final look, and darted across the hill-side toward his home.

"Papa! Papa!" he shrieked as he sprinted into the yard.

A black-haired man in dusty-white pants and a sheepskin jerkin rushed to the door of the hut.

"Que Pasa?!" he shouted.

"I see a Jeep coming, Papa!"

"Diablo!" the man cursed and pulled the boy into the adobe house.

The Jeep roared to the top of the hill; then backfiring and spluttering, it coasted into the tiny valley. As it squealed to a halt, some sheep in the yard bleated nervously and scampered up the hillside.

A lanky deputy climbed from the vehicle, letting the Jeep door bang. He tipped his hat back as he wiped the sweat from his forehead. He stared at the adobe shack, then sauntered toward it. Suddenly he sighted the black snout of a shot-gun aimed at him.

From the shadow of the doorway a man called, "You stop, meester!"

The deputy paused, raising his hands chest-high, "You Juan Sanchez?"

"Maybe," came the distrustful reply.

"If you're Juan Sanchez, I got a court order from Judge White that I'm supposed to deliver ya."

"You no tell me to leave, " Juan warned.

"No, " answered the stranger, "I'm not gonna tell you to leave. I'm just s'posed to bring this paper out to ya."

"No-one take my land, " Juan shouted. He stepped into the sunlight and glowered at the officer.

"Sure. Sure, " the deputy answered. He stared nervously at the cocked fire-arm. "I'm just bringin' this court order to you. Ya gotta take it. That's the law." He carefully pulled a folded paper from his pocket and held it up.

"It about my land?"

"Ah...it could be, " the deputy hedged. "Here, take it." Juan reached out cautiously and took the paper from him.

"This give land to me?"

"Well, ah, " the man scratched his head. "It might. I dunno. I just do what the judge tells me."

"This deed?" Juan held the paper gingerly.

"Ah, well, I dunno. I s'pose it could be."

"You bring deed to me?"

"Yeah, " the officer smirked. "Yeah. I bring you deed."

Juan lowered the shot-gun and began to laugh. He crushed the paper to his chest and inhaled deeply.

"My land now!" he shouted. "It my land!" He burst into a pidgin dialect and called, "Maria! Maria!"

A woman stepped to the door with a naked baby in her arms. From behind her skirt, a little girl in a ragged undershirt peeked shyly.

"Maria!" Juan shouted, "We own land. It ours now!"

The woman glanced toward the stranger and back toward Juan. "We not own land, " she chided. She nodded toward the deputy and added, "They never give us land."

"No, Maria. This man bring us deed. He give us land. We own land now."

The deputy shuffled his feet nervously. The woman stared at him for a moment, then asked coldly, "This true?"

"Ah, yeah. I guess it is."

"See, Maria? I tell you so." Juan babbled.

The deputy pushed his hands into his pockets and shrugged. "Well, I s'pose I better be heading back now." He turned toward the Jeep.

"You no go yet," Juan cried. "We celebrate. You stay and eat, no?"

"No, I don't think...."

"You stay! Maria," Juan shouted. "We have meal now."

Maria frowned; then shaking her head vociferously, she replied in crisp, rapid Spanish. Juan shouted back. Disgusted, Maria stamped into her squat, adobe home.

Juan smiled at the deputy. "Maria think you McCormick fella. I tell her you the sheriff, no?" He pointed to the officer's badge.

"No," the man chuckled, "I'm just a deputy. I run errands for the sheriff."

"De-pu-ty," Juan repeated the words slowly. "You don't work for Meester McCormick?"

"Nope." I work for the government.

"Oh," Juan nodded his head slowly. The two men stared at each other for a moment.

The stranger glanced toward the rickety wind-mill. It looked as if it would collapse if the wind ever blew it. "I sure could stand a drink of water," the deputy said. "That thing have any water in it?"

"Si," Juan grinned. "We have good water."

The men sauntered toward the well. As he walked, the stranger kicked his boot-heels across the dusty ground.

"What do you raise around here?" he asked.

"I sheep farmer!" Juan said proudly.

"How many ya got?"

"Almost one-hondred forty-three."

"Hmm," the deputy mused. "Where'd you get 'em?"

"I work for Senor Romero for 15 year. He give me sheep for pay."

"He paid you one-hundred and forty-three sheep?"

"Si," Juan answered enthusiastically. "He give me 10 sheep each year I work. I use have one-hundred and fifty. Seex die."

The deputy smiled. "Six died?"

"Si. The las' one," Juan patted his vest, "We kill for food." He dipped a rusty cup into the water-trough and handed it to the deputy. "Here. You drink."

The deputy sipped the tepid water, swallowing it with a shudder. "You drink that stuff all the time?" he asked.

"Si. It pretty good, no?"

"Yeah," he shuddered again. "Sure. Real good."

"You want more?" Juan offered.

"No. Not right now."

Juan hooked the dipper on an ancient square nail that protruded from the wood. The deputy glanced at the structure; then he tucked his hands into his pockets and turned toward the house. He leaned against the shaky wind-mill.

"Sure is a hot day today, ain't it?" he drawled.

"Si," Juan nodded and nervously brushed a hand across his forehead; the sweat glistened on his hand.

The men stood for a long moment, staring at the ground. Finally, the deputy asked, "You been here very long?"

"Almos' a year," Juan answered.

"Huh," the deputy grunted and drifted into thought, "I don't understand why...."

"You no understan'?" Juan replied defensively, "My family own land before. That why."

"No. No, I--I was just thinkin'. I can't figure out why they took so long to give you those papers."

"I know," Juan snapped. "McCormick stop them. My father own land but McCormick say no. He say he own it."

But I thought this land did belong to McCormick," said the deputy.

"No, senior," Juan frowned. "My family own it for a hundred year. We raise sheep here. It our land."

"Why does McCormick seem to claim it, then?"

"He say he buy it from county. He tell us he pay tax."

"Pay tax?" the deputy looked confused. "You mean he paid up the back taxes on the land?"

"Si. He pay back-tax. He come one day and say, 'You got to leave now. I own land.' But my father say, no. We not going to give him land. It belong to us. Meester 'Cormick not like that. He tell my father we had to go. He say if we did not go, he make us sad."

"When did he tell you that?"

"I was eight year ol'."

"Huh," the deputy shook his head, then asked, "Your father leave?"

"No. He say we live on land. He say, we not go." Juan became silent and gazed toward the slope behind the house. He started to walk in that direction. Stopping, he turned toward the deputy. "Come. I show you." He padded up the hill; the visitor followed. As they walked up the blue-grey hillside covered with sage-brush, the weeds cracked under the deputy's boots and sand briars caught in his pants. They pricked him with every step. When they reached the top of the hill, the visitor knelt down to pull the briars from his pants legs. The pungent scent of sage-brush wafted up from his boots.

Juan picked up a piece of whitened bone. "see?" he said, handing it to the deputy. "McCormick do that."

The man held the piece of vertebra in his hands and looked across the hill-side. Many white bones were scattered amongst the brush. "What happened here?" he asked.

"McCormick send his men one night. I remember I hear loud noises. My father yell and run outside; I follow him. Up on hill we see many men with rifles. They kill our sheep."

"They were shooting your sheep?" the deputy said aghast.

"Si. My father have four-hondred sheep. They kill

all sheep. I remember I grab a little sheep and try to run away with it. Some man chase me and grab me. I drop the sheep, but he grab it and take big knife out. He cut it here," Juan held his hand to his throat. "Then he give it back to me. It kick and bleed in my arm until it dead." Juan blinked rapidly to suppress the tears in his eyes.

"I hate that bastard, 'Cormick," Juan hissed.

The deputy cleared his throat, "Did your family move away, then?"

"Si. My father work in log camp. Then he die one winter and we move away. My family pick cotton and potato so we could live."

"How'd you ever end up here again?"

"When my father dying, I swear I return. I tell him, 'I gonna go back an' fight McCormick. I get our land back, Poppa!' He look at me and smile. I know he want me to come back. So when he die, I look for work. Senor Romero hire me and let me work until I get enough sheep to come here. Now I back. I gonna show McCormick this my land. Nex' time he come up here, I gonna be ready. If he try to buy land with back-tax, he not going to tell me to go. I fight him. I have gun to kill. I kill him if he tell me to go. We not gonna move."

'Papa," Juan's son trotted up the hill, "Papa, we eat now."

"Hokay," Juan answered. "We come." He began to walk down the hill-side. The deputy gazed at the bone-strewn landscape for a moment; then he tossed the skeletal fragment back onto the ground. With a sigh, he started to follow Juan down the hill.

Smoke rose lazily from the corner of the thatched roof of the hut as the men sauntered into the yard. The little boy skipped into the house; Maria stepped from the doorway and frowned, "We eat now."

"Si, Maria," Juan answered. He gestured for the deputy to enter. The guest ducked through the low door-way and

entered the blackened hut. It took a moment for the deputy's eyes to adjust to the darkness of the home. The hut smelled with the overly sweet stench of packrat urine. Finally he could see in the dim light a crude fire pit in the corner of the hut. Smoke billowed profusely from the hot, orange-colored embers, filling the room with pungent, pinon wood smoke that made the deputy's eyes water.

The family gathered around a crude, wooden table and Juan folded his hands in front of him. The children silently bowed their heads. After a brief pause, Juan intoned, "In name of father, son and holy ghos'." The family quickly crossed themselves and then started to eat.

The meal consisted of dried jerky and tortillas. The deputy seemed to have difficulty drinking the hot, syrupy coffee. They ate silently and rapidly.

Maria did not eat; she worked silently by the fire, frying tortillas on the skillet.

When they finished, the deputy leaned back, "Well, that was a good meal, Mrs. Sanchez."

Maria smiled faintly as she carried the metal dishes to the well where they carefully washed off the utensils. The deputy sat for a moment, picking his teeth; then he stretched and said, "I s'pose I better be goin' now."

Juan nodded his assent; the two men wandered out into the yard.

"Thank you, senor," he smiled.

"For what?" the deputy asked. He adjusted his hat and squinted at the Jeep.

"You bring me deed. Thank you."

"Ah, yeah." The deputy frowned. "Well, I better go."

"You please tell 'Cormick I no leave again." This my land. I live here now. Deed say so, no?"

"Sure. Sure," the officer nodded hesitantly. "I'll tell him. Well, I'll be seeing ya."

"Hasta la vista, amigo," Juan grinned.

The deputy climbed into the Jeep and slammed the door.

The starter churned and then with a hiccough, the engine started. Spluttering and coughing, the Jeep pulled out of the yard and bounced shakily up the hill. When the deputy reached the top of the knoll, he braked to a halt and pulled out a microphone. He rubbed his beard as he stared back at the family. Juan waved.

He muttered the call numbers into the microphone and listened for a reply. A man's voice came through the speaker with much static, "That you Lyle?"

"Yeah, Sheriff, it's me."

"You give him the papers?"

"Yeah, I gave him the papers."

"He fight or anything?"

"No. He just told me that he don't wanta leave."

"He don't, huh? Well, thanks, Lyle. I guess we'll have to go out Monday mornin' and move him off. That eviction notice says we gotta have him out of there by noon Monday."

"Yeah, Sheriff. Well, see you in a while." He hung up the microphone and pushed the Jeep into gear. It lurched over the hill-top and disappeared.

THE WASP

Kevin Smith

Autumn crept so slowly towards me.
And then just lay there as if
 it always was.
The open window is too loud.
It sings of picnics and parties.
of frolicking on the moist morning lawn.
He mentions poetry, Eliot and Yeats
He calls my name; the window closes.
Somewhere between Eliot and Yeats
the leaves fell and Autumn died.

Heads twist and jerk.
Tension flickers in spastic confusion.
A wasp has entered the room.
One lone wasp fractures the attention

and spellbounds the super mortal: man.
One lone wasp holds an entire room
on a single string of fear.
Now it is the clamorous, creaking,
clashing desks that speak too loudly.
His silent words are distant
The lone wasp is louder.
Somewhere between Eliot and Yeats
Interest in him died.

Poetry. There is poetry there,
in the easy flight.
Poetry in the arrogant swoops
and domineering force echoing power.
Its subtle approach casts an
expressionless shadow; yet there is
beauty there in wondrous winged flight.
Such subtle beauty in its purpose,
Its somewhat deadly purpose.
Somewhere between Eliot and Yeats,
In a sudden dive, beauty died.

I shunned the malicious multitude
and placed the wasp upon my desk.
Its last passing passions cried out
to me in silence, shouting secrets.
Simple secrets I already knew.
Appalled by the understanding of that
single moment, I crept into the soul
of my wasp.
I for one pitied its plight.
I for one would not forget it.
I for one knew what it was to
fly alone.
Somewhere between Eliot and Yeats
that one lone wasp died.

I am alone now.
The wasp is gone.
He is a distant thunder.
Only autumn left a trail to follow.
Visions of smiles on a clear, blue,
perfect, sealike sky, predawn giggles,
waves of laughter witnessed only by
the sun sprinkled pavement.
Passions that were too real;
Too well remembered,
all dangled in my mind.
I was filled with awe!
But, it came too late.
Stayed too short a time.
Flew too far away.
Flew not at all.
The wasp had a final victim.
Somewhere between Eliot and Yeats
I found myself, awkwardly alive.

"PEANUTS" -- A NEW LITERARY FORM

Connie Adams

Religion, psychiatry, education--indeed all the complexities of the modern world--seem more amusing than menacing when they are seen through the eyes of the comic-strip kids from "Peanuts." The wry and wistful characters created by cartoonist Charles M. Schulz have all but come to life for sixty million readers in the United States and abroad, as they demonstrate daily and Sunday an engaging wisdom beyond their years.

Why do the "Peanuts" characters with their biting sarcastic humor appeal to so many different people? Why will so many rebel against the idea of sitting through a sermon when they faithfully pick up their Sunday morning paper and read the "gospel according to Peanuts?" Mr. Schulz comments: "It deals in intelligent things--things that people have been afraid of."¹

The readers laugh because his cartoon children reflect the frailties and insecurities of grownups. "Children are caricatures of adults. We grown-ups don't change so much

except on the surface, because we get along better that way. Maybe I have the cruelest strip going."²

The "Peanuts" strip involves entertainment of sorts, but not all of the satisfaction gained from reading "Peanuts" is from entertainment. Mere entertainment leads away from reality; it can even be considered an escape from reality. Entertainment wants to live the reader's lives for them. "Peanuts," while it is entertaining, goes further. The reader is lead through the "Peanuts" dream back to a reality that perhaps was not seen before or to a reality now seen in a new light. It helps to see lives as they really are and frequently provides suggestions as to how those lives can better be faced and accepted without a constant need for escape. "Peanuts" almost always has something to say; and, because it will always be more significant for mankind than mere entertainment ever could be, it merits recognition and study as a new literary form.

Some of Schulz's early readers contend that "Peanuts" has gone downhill since Schulz went commercial. But it seems, if anything, the strip has improved over the years; both its drawing and satire have sharpened. While Lucy's face is a little fleshier and meaner, Charlie's head is no longer a perfect circle; he is less cute and more pathetic.

Obviously the characters are real to the reader. Linus receives blankets, Charlie is sent valentines, and Snoopy gets a variety of clothes. Mr. Schulz himself wonders, "Who are these little people? They have become so real to so many people it's frightening. Am I controlling them or are they controlling me? Here I am playing king of the hill with them, and there's no place to go but down. I wish I could do better. Someone is coming along to knock me off. Oh, I dread that day. Well, I'm sure I could play left field for the Giants if they'd let me. Because what I'm doing now is so miserable."³

Perhaps Mr. Schulz can't be good forever, but there is little doubt that someday in the future, when we are browsing

among the literary classics that have appeal for young and old--titles such as Moby Dick, Gulliver's Travels, Huckleberry Finn--we shall also find The Collected Cartoons of Charles Schulz.

Teachers, critics, and clergymen are often accused of ruining simple humor by interpreting innocent characters as symbols of deeper meaning. There are many instances when spiritual and moral lessons have been applied to Schulz's entertaining strip. In the book What's It All About, Charlie Brown? Jeffrey H. Loria compares all aspects of life in the "Peanuts" world of imagination with the less admirable world of reality. Robert L. Short has written two books discussing the spiritual context of the strip.⁴ An infinite number of meanings can be extracted from one "Peanuts" strip. Depending upon the person analyzing the strip, another lost baseball game may represent man's vain struggle with God's laws, the inevitable fate of the born loser, or simply another defeat for the hapless Charlie Brown cartoon character. Rather than reading into "Peanuts," every individual must read out of it. Mr. Schulz comments, "if you do not say anything in a cartoon, you might as well not draw at all. Humor which does not say anything is worthless humor. So I contend that a cartoon must be given a chance to do its own preaching."⁵ However, Schulz himself basically is "in the business of trying to draw funny pictures for tomorrow's paper."⁶

Mr. Schulz did not need to put anything into his cartoon for his readers to get something out of it. If lessons are to be seriously appreciated when found, they will always first require a corresponding amount of serious seeking. As a self-interpreter the reader must not be afraid to apply a deeper meaning. The problem of not seeing enough in "Peanuts" is far greater than seeing too much.

To study the meaning of the "Peanuts" strip one must delve into the ways of truth, human emotions, uniqueness and precociousness of the characters, and the clever use of

language as found in the lives of Charlie Brown and his friends. The basics of life--love, hate, togetherness, solitude--are touched from every side.

Schulz's "salty" language is achieved by economizing on words and lines. His characters are devoid of the archness and sentimentality most comics employ when dealing with children. Yet Schulz's strip is not lacking in emotion. Anger, sadness, frustration, anxiety, worry, fear, exaltation, reverence, and sympathy all abound. The protagonist of "Peanuts" laments--"Good Grief!" It is not a very heroic statement for him to make, but Charlie Brown is not the typical hero. He explains he is the kind of person people take advantage of. At the age of seven he is already established as wishy-washy, stupid, and a born loser. Linus comments "of all the Charlie Browns in the world, he's the Charlie Browniest!"⁷ Charlie, according to Mr. Schulz "never does anything mean, but he is weak, vain, and very vulnerable."⁸

Charlie Brown closely resembles Arthur Miller's character Willy Loman. Charlie is kind of a Willy "Low Man." Much of what is said of Willy Loman in the play could just as well be said of Charlie Brown:

"I don't say he's a great man. Willy Loman never made a lot of money. His name was never in the paper. He's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid."⁹

"Believe in me," Charlie cries, but no one pays any attention. When he calls to apologize for being late to a party his hostess replies, "I didn't even know you weren't here." When he carves a girl's initials on a small tree the tree collapses. When a little girl he admires approaches him on the playground, he gets so nervous he ties his peanut-butter sandwich in knots. When he wins a bowling trophy -- a rare triumph -- his name turns out to be spelled wrong. "How can we lose when we're so sincere?" he cries after losing his umpteenth baseball game. Charlie is a ju-

nior grade Walter Mitty whose high-flying dreams of popularity crash in endless ignominies.

Charlie's lack of self-confidence is well-founded. He never flies his kite without getting it stuck in a tree. For five cents, Lucy Van Pelt is always ready to provide private psychiatric consultation. In one siege with Lucy, Charlie ran up a phenomenal bill of \$143.00. "And I still have the same faults!" remarked Charlie. There are many people like Charlie who don't fit in. They skip from town to town, job to job, mate to mate; they even try changing personalities but none provide security or happiness. Some direct their energies out toward creative good. Others, like Adolf Hitler, direct their energies to misguided and destructive ends. "Their characters were established bad," Lucy might analyze.

To one modern psychoanalyst Charlie Brown is really an angry, depressed child. The phrase "The Charlie Brown Syndrome" has been coined to describe children who behave like him. These youngsters suffer from a chronic pessimism that they mask behind a screen of self belittlement. "Bad things are always happening to me," Charlie says to himself, "but it's OK. I'm not mad at anyone but me." To Doctor Symonds of New York University School of Medicine, this is a form of passive resistance making anger, resistance, and self-contempt. Charlie Browns feel sad but behave well while expressing bad or angry feeling in the muted "Peanuts" style. They are difficult to treat because they cling to their symptoms as Linus clings to his blanket.¹⁰

When a problem arises in the "Peanuts" world, the children are bright enough to seek professional assistance. Lucy, though perhaps more honest and less tactful than a real psychiatrist dares to be, can be very helpful at times. She has a lot to say about inner childhood fears, frustration, inhibition, sublimation, and the unconscious. On the other hand her practical assertions about survival in a hostile world are upsetting rather than soothing. For most people,

Lucy's insights carry with them more reality than they can stand. They certainly bring them face to face with reality. She is worried about the world getting smaller--not by the airplane--but rather because millions of people are walking over the earth and wearing it down. She pleads with everyone to stay on the sidewalks, commands Charlie Brown to stop sliding into home, and orders Violet and Peppermint Patty to stop jumping rope on the ground. She is discouraged because "everywhere you go you seem to run into phonies." She's looking for a way to tell the phonies from the "real-ies."¹¹

"That's what causes so much trouble between people today," laments Lucy. There's no real understanding!"¹² Her remedy for the constant fighting, quarreling and battling going on in Linus' soul: "Lean a little to one side...see? Now the love will get a chance to spill over into the hate!"¹³ But of all Lucy's philosophies her best may well be "live and let live."

Lucy could well be the caricature of the modern aggressive female. She is the only Peanut who looks outside the home for complete fulfillment. She wants to work for an advertising agency when she grows up. In spite of her ambition, even Lucy does not ridicule the female role. She doesn't want any downs, "I just want ups and ups," Schulz says of Lucy: She "is a fascist. She is inflicting permanent damage upon Charlie Brown. She has suicidal tendencies. But she's an individualist -- that's very important these days."¹⁴ Adder-tongued Lucy analyzes herself: I'm frustrated and inhibited, and nobody understands me. My problems are deep rooted.¹⁵

Linus has been too smart since the time he was "born." When Charlie Brown would attempt to show him tricks Linus could do them better. When Lucy set an alltime record in rope jumping of 600, Linus set one of 704. Even Snoopy couldn't scare Linus with his fiercest growl. Schulz even comments on Linus: He is the "smartest one, but very in-

nocent and not too well informed."¹⁶

Linus is Horatio Alger in reverse. "No problem is so big or so complicated that it cannot be run away from." He has gone so far as to name his own philosophy. "Runism" is used by many Americans today. Adults are experts at the practice of "Runism." If they procrastinate long enough the problem will go away. This "Runism" added to the notes Linus' mother sends in his lunch box has driven Linus to his blanket -- which is probably used as a symbol most often. And Linus clings to his "spiritual blotter" in spite of Snoopy, Lucy, and his blanket-hating Grandmother and their efforts to break his habit. He is open about needing his blanket. He knows that his blanket represents inner security he lacks, and agrees completely with Lucy, that his blanket is a "spiritual tourniquet."

The floppy-eared companion of the "Peanuts" children is not a real dog according to Schulz. "He is an image of what people would like a dog to be."¹⁷ Snoopy has an extraordinary love for music. Second to eating ice cream, listening to music is his favorite pastime. Living in comfort and splendor is another of Snoopy's delights. His house has air-conditioning, wall-to-wall carpeting, a pool table and a television set, a library, silver candlesticks, and a mural. But Snoopy is no copier; he doesn't get his "original" ideas from magazines. His good taste is not the result of buying the right books for his library or locking his silver candlesticks in a glass case. Snoopy's doghouse decor and cultural collection are strictly for his own pleasure and the pleasure of his infrequent guests. And Snoopy is aware of his addictions to the comforts of life. "Once I start something I always overdo it." He realizes how easy it is to become addicted to something pleasurable. He does know, however, that his needs are no different from those of the alcoholic, chain smoker, drug addict, or compulsive eater. Although Snoopy is sometimes referred to as the beloved "hound of heaven,"¹⁸ Mr. Schulz accuses Snoopy of being "one of the

meanest -- he pushes Linus off the doghouse to save himself from Lucy's wrath."¹⁹

Schroeder, a kindergarten longhair who dotes only on Beethoven, and practices interminably on the toy piano, heartlessly rebukes Lucy's ardent love for him.

Replacing Beethoven in Violet and Peppermint Patty's world of idolatry is fuss-budget Lucy. As a colleague of Lucy's psychiatric profession, Violet proclaims Pig Pen "a human soil bank."²⁰

Frieda is the only Peanut who never admits that she has problems or needs help. She impresses the other Peanuts as being a non-stop talker and sort of stuck up. Schulz explains, "I introduced her to pep up the strip."²¹

All the "Peanuts" clan do face reality in one way or the other. Lucy flaunts her femininity to cope more easily, Charlie Brown eats peanut-butter sandwiches when he gets lonely, Linus employs "Runism,"²² Snoopy straps himself to his doghouse or lies with his head in a water dish when he can't handle something, and Frieda wheedles compliments to restore confidence in herself and to give prestige to her curly hair.

Schulz is adept at inventing his peculiar "Peanuts" vocabulary. Perhaps the most interesting are the various phobias existing in the "Peanuts" society; "ailurophobia" -- fear of cats; "climacophobia" -- fear of stairs; "thalasophobia" -- fear of the sea; "pantophobia" -- fear of everything.²³

In studying "Peanuts" it is at once apparent that the strip does not deal with controversial issues like war or sex. Rather, Schulz comments on life, confronts social issues, and satirizes some sacred cows. He explains that "Peanuts" is more concerned with gospel than with law. It is more interested in larger implications than the specifics.

- 1"Good Grief, Curly Hair," Newsweek (March 6, 1961), p. 68.
- 2"Good Grief, Charlie Schulz," Saturday Evening Post (April 25, 1964), p. 26.
- 3"Good Grief, Charlie Schulz," op. cit. p. 27.
- 4The Gospel According to Peanuts and The Parables of Peanuts.
- 5"Knowing You Are Not Alone," Decision (September, 1963), p. 9.
- 6"Good Grief, Charlie Schulz," op. cit., p. 27.
- 7Charles Schulz, You're a Winner, Charlie Brown!
- 8"Good Grief, Charlie Schulz," op. cit., p. 27.
- 9Arthur Miller, Death of a Salesman, p. 56.
- 10"Charlie Brown Syndrome," Family Health (February, 1970), p. 12.
- 11Charles Schulz, Nobody's Perfect, Charlie Brown.
- 12Ibid.
- 13Jeffrey H. Loria, What's It All About, Charlie Brown? p. 49.
- 14"Good Grief, Charlie Schulz," op. cit., p. 27.
- 15Charles Schulz, Good Grief, Charlie Brown.
- 16"Good Grief, Charlie Schulz," op. cit., p. 27.
- 17"Good Grief," Time (April 9, 1965), p. 81.
- 18Robert L. Short, The Gospel According to Peanuts, p. 89.
- 19"Good Grief, Charlie Schulz," op. cit., p. 27.
- 20"Good Grief, Curly Hair," op. cit., p. 69.
- 21Ibid.
- 22See page 9.
- 23Charles Schulz, You Can't Win, Charlie Brown.

FLUX

Karin Isbell

Stumbling over meadows,
Covered with patches of snow,
As hard and shiny as worn suede,
Dilapidated by the sun
 Which warms my back,

I recall the white, fluffy
Temptation of a few days ago,
Bedecked with gems of blue and gold,
-- Seductive and warm in its coolness --

And of still longer ago,
The icy-hot rage of howling ecstasy,
 Pelting,
 Freezing-burning,
 Engulfing,
 Beckoning me toward its center,
As my senses yielded to its music.

THE PANTHER

In the Jardin des Plantes, Paris

(Translation from German of Rainer Maria Rilke)

Karin Isbell

His eyes grown tired
From glancing at passing bars,
Can no longer focus.
A thousand bars, as it were,
And behind a thousand bars
 No world.

His gentle gait of smooth,
 firm steps,
Describing the minutest
 circle,
Is like a dance of strength
 around a center,
Inmidst which -- stunned -- there
 dwells a great will.

Once in a while the curtains
of his pupils draw open soundlessly
 -- A picture enters --
 Penetrates his limb's tense stillness --
 And, in his heart, ceases to exist.

THE BEGGARS

(Translation from German of Rainer Maria Rilke)

Karin Isbell

You didn't know what composes the crowd.
A stranger found beggars in it,
Who sell the hollow of their hands.

They expose their mouths full of dung,
Allowing the traveller ('cause he can afford it)
To view their devouring leprousy.

His alien face dissolves in their
runny eyes;
And they rejoice at his seduction
and spit when he talks.

FATE OF A WOMAN

(Translation from German of Rainer Maria Rilke)

Karin Isbell

As the King who, at a hunt,
Reaches for a drinking glass

-- any one --

And, upon using it, sets it aside
As if it were nothing:

So, perhaps, Fate thirstily
Raised to his lips a maiden

here and there

And drank her, whose life then small,
And, much too afraid of breaking her,

Set her onto a shelf -- behind glass --
Where his treasures are kept
(or things considered treasures)

There she stood -- alien like an
item pawned --

Simply aging and becoming blind
-- not precious and never rare --

THE INSANE

(Translation from German of Rainer Maria Rilke)

Karen Isbell

And they remain silent,
As the partitions were taken
out of their minds.
And the hours of understanding them
come and go.

Often at night, when they step toward
the window;
Suddenly everything seems alright oncemore;
Their hands touch the solid,
And their heart soars high and could pray.
And their eyes rest on

The unexpected, often distorted garden
within the tranquil square,
Which grows inmidst the reflection
of alien worlds
-- never losing itself --.

IT JUST SO HAPPENS

Karen Isbell

Autumn leaves dropping to the ground
From birdless trees,
Bounce about like skulls kicked around
In a dug-up churchyard,
Blown to and fro by a dry
And scentless wind.

Cliffdwellings in the desert,
Circled by hawks and yellow dust.
A vaportrail suspended in the sky,
Like pearls of a broken necklace
Against blue velvet.

Tired eyes of children,
Worn by adult shrillness,
Look inward for some magic
Lost in a pile of punishment
Within their weary souls.

MYRA'S CHILD

Janet Huffman

Beth heard only the whirr of the vacuum as she watched the little pieces of multi-colored specks flow coolly and effortlessly into the suction mouth. She enjoyed the clean efficiency without the bother of dirty scrub-water or little piles of carefully swept dust. As she moved back and forth across the living room carpet, she could almost hear the smooth voice of the salesman telling her that this vacuum was the best on the market. She smiled as the last discordant dot of fuzz vanished and she clicked the switch to "off." The motor's voice died into the ringing of the telephone.

"Hello, Maynard residence."

"Beth?"

"Yes, hello, Myra," Beth answered, wishing for an instant that she had not and recognizing the flickering resentment she often felt with Myra.

"Where were you yesterday? I thought you were coming. Everyone asked about you. It was a lovely..." Myra's voice began a controlled monotone, and Beth periodically nodded

her head, pushing her hair away from her forehead. She noticed the mailman walk across the front yard as the small front door window made a rural-like portrait of his figure. He left her no mail, not even a catalogue. She watched her finger make a zigzag line in the dust on the telephone stand and the flat of her hand wiped it away. She seemed at a great distance from the small, resounding voice in the telephone. She was a giant in the middle of a great number of tiny voices, clamoring at her from afar. The voices became consistent, converging into a single voice.

"...Could you watch Timmy awhile, then? I know it's an inconvenience -- I should have asked earlier -- but Timmy likes you so much, and, of course, I'll return the favor."

Beth's hands closed tighter on the telephone, as Timmy's dark, soulful eyes loomed out at her under long, thick hair, hanging down past his eyebrows, giving him a forlorn, waifish look -- irresistible. The eyes glazed and reappeared in the cold, pettish face of his mother, lofty with hair drawn up in a tight, beauty parlor twist.

Myra's voice pushed at her in an accusing tone, "Well, if you really don't want to...."

"No, that's all right. I was just thinking what I had to do this afternoon. Of course, if you're stuck, I'll watch him."

Beth put the telephone down, frowned, and made a final, spiteful swipe at the dust still clinging to the telephone stand. She started toward the front door, stopped, remembering there was no mail, and returned to the living room. She pulled the plug on the vacuum and began to wheel it away, and abruptly, stopped again. There it had been all this time, tucked away in the back of her mind, until, now, she could not ignore it. Myra had said it very clearly, as if it were a case against her in a way, and so, it had to be true. There was no way out of it, Timmy liked her.

She had known, secretly, not wanting to admit it, since

that day a month ago when he had given her the locket. He had sat for a long time on the edge of his chair, like a mouse ready to pounce. Myra was involved in a long, one-sided conversation with her, and her manicured fingernails swept out at intervals, cutting the air in the room into grotesquely shaped figures with sharp corners. Beth had wanted her to leave. But Myra had kept on talking in her modulated, superior voice, enticing Beth, drawing her in, until she thought she could not listen to her another minute. Timmy began to squirm in his chair, raising up one leg, then the other, throwing out his arms in gestures of defiance and dropping the small pink package he had held tightly in his hand. He jumped from his chair after it, grabbed it up, and stopping his mother in mid-sentence, loudly proclaimed, "This is for you, Mrs. Maynard."

It was a small, gold locket with a flower engraved on the front, something a child as young as Timmy would never choose, yet she was certain that he had. She had been bewildered, she had laughed, she had mumbled how sweet and thank you, and afterwards, she had put the locket away in her dresser drawer. Timmy had not been back since; she had not thought of the locket since. She had dismissed the locket and the child, not knowing what to do with either. And now she was caught, in her own inadequacy, waiting for Myra's child.

Beth's skillful hands guided the iron over the red cloth of her daughter's dress. Smoothing the wrinkles, she felt little clouds of steam glide up the undersides of her arms, warming them and making them prickly with the heat. But she liked the warmth and the sure knowledge that the dress gave her of Lisa's slender body. Timmy sat at the kitchen table drawing pictures on some white, unlined paper she had given him. His small back was bent at the angle of an old man. Occasionally, she glanced at him furtively, as if she expected something from him, but was not quite sure what. He was quiet, quieter than she could remember his being,

and she had the odd feeling that somehow this was her fault. She turned off the iron, set it on the kitchen counter and put away the ironing board. Then she turned to him.

"Timmy, would you like some rainbow ice cream? It's sort of like peppermint but not really. Lisa likes it and she's ten years old, so maybe you will, too."

The dark eyes looked at her from beneath the long fringe of hair and the mouth politely said, "Yes."

Beth pulled open the refrigerator and brought out a cardboard carton with rainbows on its sides. She took a bowl from the cupboard and heaped it full of smooth red, yellow, blue, and green scoops of the ice cream. Timmy put his crayons carefully away into their box and shoved the paper to the edge of the table. She grabbed a spoon from the drawer and stuck it straight up and down, crowning the ice cream in shining silver.

"Here, Timmy, isn't it pretty? Now be a good boy, while I take the clothes upstairs. I'll be back in just a few minutes."

Beth piled the pillow cases and sheets on one arm and placed the row of hangers on the other. Smiling, she pushed backwards through the kitchen door, straightened, and walked through the house to the upstairs. Her shoes made no noise in the carpet and she glanced at the ticking living room clock. Three-thirty, Lisa would be home from school soon...and with a fleeting sense of relief, she thought that Timmy would be leaving soon.

It was even quieter upstairs and Beth hurried through her work, neatly stacking the linens on shelves and hanging the clothes in closets. She was anxious to be finished, and ignored Lisa's unmade bed and the crooked towels in the bathroom. Passing her own bedroom, her eyes touched on the dresser, where Timmy's locket lay hidden amidst her handkerchiefs and jewelry. Quickly, she walked back down the stairs.

She didn't see the ice cream at first, though it was in

the middle of the living room carpet, in the open, where she couldn't miss it. Then, it reminded her a little of the flecks of dirt she had that morning so carefully vacuumed into oblivion. It sat there in a small pool with swirls of red, yellow, blue, and green, and the dark eyes pounced out at her. The pink package fell on the floor and the gold locket glittered up at her. Timmy's eyes stared mournfully and he turned away, hunching his back over the white paper. Myra's voice bounced off the walls, assaulting her ears, "...you should have come with me... Timmy likes you so much... so much..."

Beth walked past the ice cream and back through the swinging kitchen door. Timmy was coloring again. The empty ice cream bowl had been pushed to the center of the glossy surface of the table and the silvery spoon was resting perfectly composed on the rim. He looked up as she entered.

"Mrs. Maynard, look, I've finished my picture. Do you like it?"

A blackbird flitted through green trees and above the trees was a rainbow in heavy streaks of color. Some of the colors went jaggedly out in harsh lines and one of the wings of the blackbird was much longer than the other. Timmy's teeth gleamed above the picture and his eyes glowed with pride.

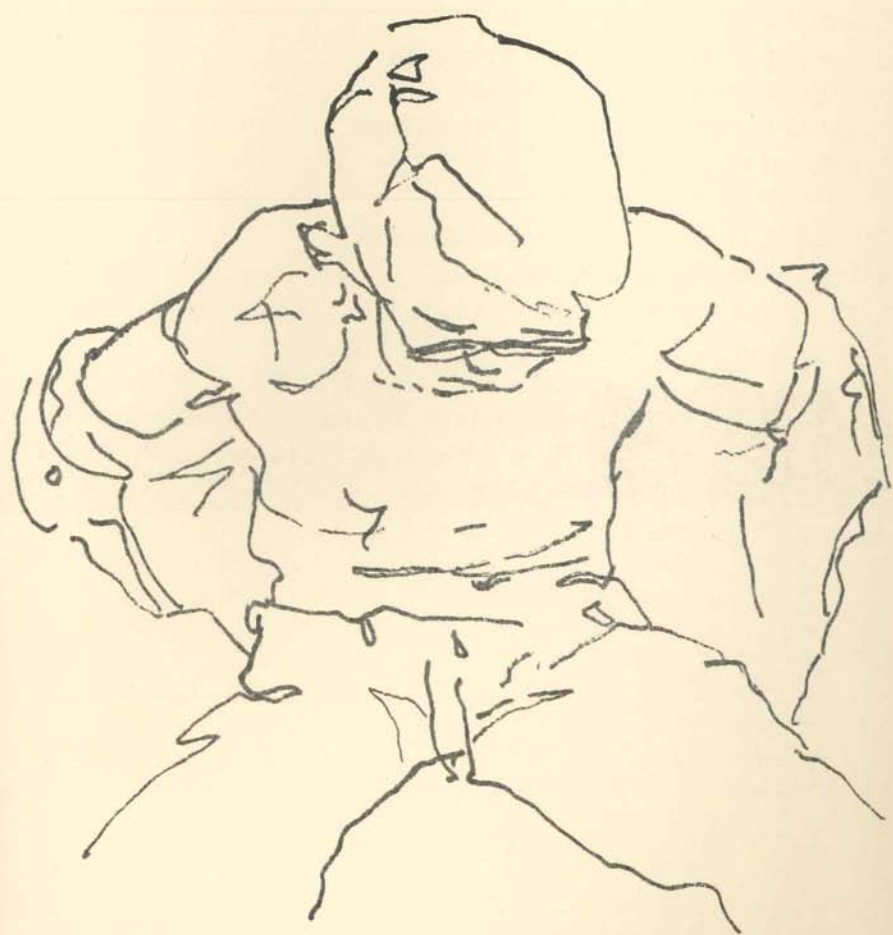
"Yes, it's very pretty, Timmy. You color very well. Tell you what! The next time you come, we'll both color a picture, all right? Or maybe, we'll go for a walk or to the park, huh? And Timmy... it's a beautiful locket. I'll wear it for something special. Thank you."

Timmy grinned and brushed the hair out of his eyes. He gazed at the rainbow as Lisa burst through the kitchen door.

"Mother! Mother! Have you seen what's happened? Well, for goodness sakes, hello Timmy!"

Mrs. Maynard kissed her daughter hello, mumbled a

vague, yes, why don't you play with Timmy, dear, and filled a bucket with warm, soapy water and an old rag. She carried it into the living room.



T. HOULIHAN '71

THE DOVES

Monsell Laury

I heard a gentle cooing,
A cooing of doves on high branches.
Abruptly, wings were spread
And they, descending, heralded death,
tragic and wonderful.

When frigid-minded elders squawked,
With lies the politicians balked,
Slaying the doves by sullied tongues
And agents of Sam who reigned by force.

The crimson fluid from skulls ran wild,
Down from hippie mothers grate with child.
And in the end, the doves lay dead,
Living as martyrs in pools of red.

THE WORKMAN

Monsell Laury

Death came so strangely I hardly had time to tell
 what it was that hit me
Like a woe-bringing shell.
I soared above the world, left my broken body there
 and entered this bright spiritual hell,
With no one with me in this soft still air.
I cannot relate my form to you, nor these tales of joy;
 but when earthly illusions fail,
It is death you must employ.

GOING HOME TO THE FAMILY

Boyd Bristow

Sunday, going home to the family
watching separate sets of eyes
fade into the distance
the ties that were...
Deep, yet on the surface, again.

The family hands close around
my eyes and...
and what remains is my aloneness
and desire...
to touch.

If I could force them away from rooms in the past
and make them take time into their hands,
If they could understand
A man
Today

But the photographs by the window reflect a sunlight
which they feel is the same sunlight
And they cannot understand why I exist --
and I cannot understand why they believe in my photograph.

KRIDIG, JAMES, US, AND THE KID ON ISABELLA

Boyd Bristow

James and I failed to touch Kridig the other night --

A little boy like ourselves.

Who ejaculates from behind his wall and yet thinks

he is a man.

Will he come from in front of his wall?

Still, on a different room, I became stoned with James.

Alone.

And with his problems we lived and touched while

rehashing his life.

He gave me so much.

Within James...

I did not touch a wall.

And the kid on Isabella --

the telephone rings and we try to reach him.

Open the lines and doors

Five made into three so that two may be one

Briefly

MARLEY

Rochelle Holt-Stefanson

Marley sat in a green leather chair on the second floor of the Brown Palace Hotel and stared at the pearl hoops dangling from the chandelier in the middle of the ceiling above the waiting room. Four days after Christmas and three days before the New Year. Shiny blue ornaments scattered among white flocked branches twined together like sprayed pipe cleaners. Fake spruce reaching out from the hub of twinkling bulbs chasing up, down, left right--each other's reflection, like an upside down jeweled wedding cake. On the top of the aluminum Christmas tree, a star. Marley acted like sixty winters; he was only thirty-five. He wore a beard that reached down to the third button of his orange and red striped overcoat which made him look like a philosopher instead of a motel manager. It was a recent growth, part of a new idea hatching in his skull.

Marley and Cynthia lived in Apartment 13 and managed the Dos Puertas Court with ebullience if not efficiency. Dos Puertas is the name Mrs. Murphy christened her apartment

and the cash register and the burglar alarm. People got 'stuck' or gave up on their ideas. Jamie bought up the rights to finish them and then the inventions would be patented to his credit. Or projects that his friends didn't have the energy to complete? Jamie would take it in hand and before you could count to fifty, he'd have a bookcase put together, or a miniature model of a railroad train constructed in somebody's parlor. But, towards the end of his life, he started giving in to the 'other intrusion,' and he accepted more than he had time for. Then he lost enthusiasm and started confusing methods and machines, so as he was doing one thing for a project that had nothing to do with the pattern he had set out to follow. Now, run along, Marley. Go out and collect your leaves."

The 'other intrusion' this time had taken root in his mind one morning while he was waiting for the eggs to boil. He browsed through the pages of his wife's Woman's Day when his eyes caught a small ad in the Shopper's Showcase section.

Learn Music By Mail -- About \$1. a Lesson
Choose Harp, Trombone, Organ, Recorder or any
of 11 other instruments. Ever wish you could play
a musical instrument? Now you can learn for just
pennies a day with lessons we give you by mail.
No gimmicks. It really works! For free booklet,
send \$1. to Magpie School of Music.

Marley picked up the red instrument which he had placed at his side. He remembered how he had oiled it with a special woodwind oil before using it that first time. He had taken the recorder apart at the joints and oiled the inside of each part with a swab dipped sparingly in the oil. He had not touched the aperture, nor the fipple. He had never left his recorder near heat, radiators, nor in the sunlight. He peered over the railing of the balcony. There was a woman dressed in a zebra maxicoat. She could have been Cynthia,

only he knew she was in another state, and Cynthia was plumper. Marley fingered his recorder and started to play "It Was Candelemas Day." Then he remembered...the Brown Palace in Denver; he tucked the recorder under his overcoat. Marley looked around to see if he was being noticed; he got up and moved to the sofa on the other side of the marble pillar. Almost six o'clock. Sunday in Colorful Colorado. He picked up a brown bag in the ashtray next to him and started a letter.

Dec. 29

Dear Cynthia:

I have given up the idea of becoming a traveling one-man band. I never went beyond the first lesson, and seems there is no demand for Ninth Century German Ballads these days. Now, it is not my fault that restaurant owners feel recorder players will not add to the decor of dining. I am returning to help you manage the Court....

Marley saw a partridge perched on one of the branches hung across the hotel lobby. He remembered another beginning still recent enough to be vividly imagined. He and Cynthia had been driving through Kansas when he saw the small yellow-breasted bird which diverted his mind.... The plaintive song of the Western Meadowlark accentuated his desire to do something to attract birds, not for his own benefit and enjoyment but so that their beauty could be appreciated and shared by others.

He would be likened to Johnny Appleseed. Marley, setting up feeding stations for birds, all over the country. First, in the northernmost New England state, Maine, and then down the coast working towards the Middle West. He studied ornithology and read articles on the kinds of food different birds eat. He learned that woodpeckers, chickadees, nuthatches, and a few others will be attracted by lumps of suet placed in wire containers on a tree trunk, while small grain like sunflower seed, hemp, or canary

food will draw many of the perching birds that thrive on seeds. He wrote to the National Audobon Society in New York City, and the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, in Washington, D.C. for detailed information on building simple bird feeding stations.

In the Northwest, he hung old buckets on branches. He put baking pans underneath them, with a small amount of gravel in the bottom. Marley wanted to attract the dark Catbird whose song reminded him of the mockingbird. He made charts and lists of how many feeders to build per state, but after the third wren house in Augustan County, Marley decided that the task was too big for one man. He wrote to the National Science Foundation enlisting their help in the form of a grant. In the meantime, he and Cynthia investigated the possibilities of obtaining a franchise in the Maharashtra Corporation. Marley had been thinking about the first orange scarf his mother had knit for him when he was ten. If he could only duplicate the pattern.

Marley rushed down the stairs to the hotel lobby. He bought a post card at the desk and hailed a taxi to the Stapleton Airport. He would finish one thing that he had started in a dream every Thursday night of his life for the past thirteen years. Marley would be invisible. Just open the door to his private den and lock himself in. He would refuse to eat, to answer his wife, to acknowledge the reality or existence of any sound or living person. A ghost and privacy to complete all past desires and future foolish whims in as much time as it would take him, maybe years, maybe the rest of his life. Marley smiled when the cabdriver announced the airport. He tipped him and played a tune on his recorder. The driver only shook his head and laughed. "Good luck, buddy," and he pulled away.

On the plane, Marley made a list of all the beginnings he could readily recall. They numbered ten, but he couldn't decide the proper order for several of them; nonetheless the list reassured him that soon he would accomplish all his

goals, in the solitude of his own room. He wrote:

1. The Maharashi experiment. Bins of mosaic boxes from Morocco, beads, oriental soaps, burlap gowns, and net scarfs to be used as merchandise.

2. The bird-feeding stations constructed on a nationwide basis. Unfinished due to lack of equipment.

3. The one-man band endeavor with oldest musical instrument inexistence, the recorder. (Remember to learn note F)

4. The managerial position of Mrs. Murphy's apartment complex. (wife's idea).

5. The catering business specializing in stuffed hamburgers, one standard recipe spread: mustardy prune. "Split pitted prunes and put two on each meat square. Top with 1 teaspoon mustard relish." (Also pickels eggs for Easter gifts.)

6. The Book-Coverer. A quick-money-make project to transform mundane notebooks, checkbooks, phonebooks, guestbooks into original creations and bizarre designs. Process: Shape potato cube and carve spontaneous impression; use acrylic paints for painting.

7. The correspondence course in teaching mynah birds to give orientation sessions in a Reading Dynamic Institute. (temporarily halted due to dearth of mynah birds in Midwest.)

8. Rummage sales in April to raise money for the Save-the-Leopards society in Dar-es-Salaam.

9. The sing-along morning gardening tip on the 8:30 radio program in Osceola, Iowa.

Marley noticed the lady on his right peeking at his list. He finished #9 and stuffed it inside his shirt pocket. He pushed the button to make his seat go back a few inches. When the plane landed, Marley acted as though he were a robot, blind to any touch in the crowd. He picked up his suitcase and took a bus to North 37th Street.

When Cynthia saw Marley, she was so excited that she

dropped her coffee cup. She ran to her husband, but Marley didn't put out his arms. Instead he walked right past her and unlocked the door to his private room. He latched it and then dropped the key inside the goldfish bowl next to the bookcase on the other side of his desk. Marley took off his boots and overcoat and collapsed in the leather chair which Cynthia had given him on their last anniversary.

Outside, Cynthia waited, but she didn't hear a sound from his room for a total of three hours. Then, at ten minutes to ten, just when she was about to turn on the tv news, she heard a long whistle and then a crashing noise.

In her letter to Marley's mother, Cynthia wrote:

New Year 's Day

Dear Mother:

This will shock you, I'm sure, as much as it did me. When the Fire Department came to pry open the door of the den, we found Marley in a prone position on the floor. Next to his head was a 3" x 5" index card on which he must have written this sentence scrawled across the backside. "I AM INVISIBLE." Funeral services will be held this week-end. Please R. S. V. P.

With condolences,
your loving daughter-in-law,
Cynthia.

RAIN

Rochelle Holt-Stefanson

I see my up down
in a rain mirror.
I break the spineless slither
of a worm, but sidestep
a million mommy cracks.

I see my up down
in a rain mirror.

I dust the pave
with puddle spray and
wiggle in gay the folds of
people-pokers.

I see my up down
in a rain mirror.

I swim crash
with a splash
the pool of my eye
and drown in the
ice of a summer.

MISS MACKINTOSH, MY DARLING
for M. YOUNG

Rochelle Holt-Stefanson

I return my shadow to the sand
where night stole flesh
and buried the corpse of a naked mind
in the barely visible footprints.
Miss Mackintosh, my darling,
you are the pregnant friend,
the mother scholar,
the Jewish tempest; you are
thighs desiring the ocean's thrust,
loins painted by firewaves.
Beyond vision swim the passions...
only the waltz of your hips,
indentations on the shore.
Miss Mackintosh, My Darling,
you are undefined woman,
unchained mistress,
unrivaled creator.
Blood impressions lash the moon.
I return my shadow to the sand.

kiosk

