MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE

KIOSK

Volume XXXI Spring, 1972

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FRANK C. BANYS, JR.

NIGHT OF THE PIG

Some men dream of being a king and
never become one. I always wanted a beard.
— Doodle Staus

Doodle Staus hated his first girl friend. He didn't mind hiding in cemeteries at night and looking for old farm houses in the country, but Doodle couldn't tolerate any girl who didn't appreciate his sense of humor. He ended his relationship with Molly late one night on a beach when she told Doodle that her sister had busted a tennis racket over her head, and Doodle didn't stop laughing until she threw a beer bottle at his ear and knocked him into the lake.

When Doodle woke up he saw Molly crying in a car with his best friend. Doodle called to her. He smiled as she came over, stood silently beside him and kicked him in the other ear. Doodle never told his parents about what happened that night. He loved Molly too much for that.

It was late the next day before Doodle managed to get home. His best friend had taken Doodle's car and Molly home. It was easier explaining the ears than the car. Doodle's parents listened to his story and said that their son had done no wrong. Doodle lost his car for two weeks.

When Doodle regained his hearing and his car, he decided to join a combo and get a new girl friend. He had played in a saxophone quartet in junior high school and later he had carried amplifiers for the kids who played in the lot behind his house. Doodle's father liked to

listen to their music while he was painting the house and wanted Doodle to join the combo. But Doodle just talked about the group he used to play with.

It was a great life for Doodle Staus. Everyone knew that he wanted to organize a new group, but no one that Doodle talked to (and Doodle was very careful about whom he talked to) wanted to join a combo. It was really great when no one else wanted to be in a rock combo. If someone did ask about joining, Doodle started talking about the group that he used to play with and how great it was, but he didn't like the guys. Everyone was so impressed by Doodle's old group that no one wanted to be embarrassed by joining a combo led by someone as famous and talented as Doodle Staus. None of the girls would go out with Doodle; they thought he was queer because he laughed all of the time.

Doodle was nearly destroyed by his cousin Sandy who was a little odd and wanted to impress the girls by being in a combo. Sandy was the first person Doodle saw when he got his car back after his former best friend had taken Molly home. Sandy was also the only person who would ride around with Doodle and go to the drive-in to get hamburgers and hustle the girls.

The trouble came when Sandy heard that Doodle wanted to form a new combo. Sandy had carried amplifiers for a combo and knew every song in "How to Learn to Play the Guitar in Thirty Minutes" and was very proud that he knew a kid who could play two hundred chords without looking them up and who wanted to be in a combo. Sandy also made every kid he knew join the combo.

It was a great group. It lasted two weeks and never had a playing gig. Doodle played Marty's bass. He had never played a bass guitar before but everyone said that he learned real quick and no one minded paying for the strings that he busted — and Marty made them pay for — because Doodle had a big car and none of them could play any better than Doodle, which pleased him tremendously.

Doodle never said anything while he was playing except "How do you play this?" and once in a while he talked to the girls who came over to Bryce's house to watch them. The group wasn't organized. They didn't need two rhythm guitarists. Patrick could play real well, but Sandy had a car and they didn't want to say anything to him. No one sang, but once in a while the trumpet player, who told everyone that he could play the organ even though no one believed him, would try to sing. He made funny faces and wasn't too bad at "Hey, little girl, can I carry your

balloon?" but he didn't know the rest of the words and no one knew the chords so they didn't play that one.

Marty, who owned the bass guitar that Doodle played, was the lead guitarist which meant that he only played three or four bars during a whole song because the group had two rhythm guitarists and no one likes a lead guitarist who starts faking it. Eventually Marty bought a folk guitar and quit the group. He sat at home, staring out the window, strumming his folk guitar, writing adds to the paper trying to sell the guitar so he could buy a car. Marty was the first one to quit the group. Of course everyone hated Marty, but no one paid any attention to what Stanley did except for Doodle who had to play bass lines on his saxophone when Marty took his bass home and wouldn't talk to him, which wrecked the group because no one knew how to tune the guitars to the saxophone and Doodle didn't like transposing every line. No one could hear him anyway so it didn't matter.

When Sandy blew the radiator on his '61 Plymouth while driving up a hill in the cemetery at Jackson with four kids on the hood the group no longer had two rhythm guitarists; they kicked Sandy out, which didn't hurt any feelings, except Sandy's, who went over to Marty's house and looked at Marty's new guitar a lot.

No one wanted to tell Sandy that he couldn't play in the group anymore so they just quit telling him where they practiced. Sandy came to a couple of them anyway, but everyone threatened to hit him if he didn't leave so Sandy would go to the drive-in and get a hamburger and try to hustle the girls. Usually half of the group would be at the drive-in so there was always someone to talk to.

When Sandy's car blew up, Doodle was the only one who had a car. When the group wanted to go out, everyone gave him a quarter (one kid owed him $3.75 but no one said anything about it) and the guys would go out looking for girls. It was hard to find seven girls in one car who wanted to go up to Jackson and look at a cemetery. One night they made two girls go with them. That was the night Sandy blew up the '61 Plymouth (with Doodle and Bryce and the two girls on the hood) while he was trying to get around the corner at the top of the hill in the cemetery at Jackson. Maybe that doesn't count since Sandy was the only guy kicked out of the group, but Sandy always said that he had a right to be in the group because he knew every song in "How to Learn to Play the Guitar in Thirty Minutes" and owned half the microphone which no one used except the trumpet player, and Doodle when

he played the saxophone.

One day Doodle found a song called "Melody for an Unknown Girl" in a music book that someone had brought along. He played it on the saxophone and no one said anything; they just sat there and looked at him. It was the only song anyone in the group could do. It was beautiful.

When Doodle's father heard what had happened to Sandy's car, he took Doodle's keys away. It didn't matter though, because by then everyone except Sandy and Marty had joined a new group. The new group wanted Doodle to carry amplifiers for them, but without a car there wasn't much he could do.

Everyone quit the new group when Doodle got his car back and started going up to Jackson, except Marty and Sandy who rode around in Sandy's '61 Plymouth looking for girls. Marty sold his folk guitar to Sandy and bought a '57 Chevy that didn't have any tires and he sat at home looking at his car, reading the paper, and looking for a set of tires.

Finally, Marty bought four tires from Sandy who sold his '61 Plymouth to Doodle's neighbor who no longer had a combo and wanted to ride around with the guys, but everyone knew he had bad breath and no one wanted to ride with him.

Patrick, who played rhythm guitar, was the first to get a girl friend. She was ugly, but no one else had a girl so she was the sweetheart of their rose patch, which is why Patrick was conceited about the whole thing, and why Doodle hated him.

One Sunday, Sandy and Patrick pushed Doodle in the river and jumped on him. They didn't tell anyone that Doodle was turning purple and making funny bubbles until Sandy's dad asked them why they were sitting in the water like that and where Doodle was and then made them come out. When Doodle quit choking and got on his feet he hit both of them in the mouth, but no one said anything about it, except Patrick and Sandy who wouldn't go riding with him anymore.

Patrick, who didn't have a car, wanted Marty to go to the drive-in with him and his ugly girl. Marty couldn't find a girl so he asked Doodle to come along with his car and jumper cables to start the '57 Chevy because Marty couldn't afford a good battery and didn't want to go too far without someone along who had one. Besides, Doodle was the only one old enough to buy beer.

Doodle, being honest and devoted to his father who told him never to start anyone else's car because "You're going to wreck the god-damn

alternator and I ain't goin' to get a new one" and was six-four barefoot, refused, saying that everyone who wanted to go could get in one car. Besides, Doodle knew that the girl let Patrick take off her clothes, and he wanted to watch.

Patrick didn't want to go in Doodle's car. He wanted to be alone with his girl friend in Stanley's '57 Chevy, and called Doodle a squirrel. Doodle, who was nobody's fool, hit Patrick in the mouth. Marty and Doodle found Sandy and went to the drive-in.

The group seemed to be breaking up. Everyone hated Doodle, except when Marty wasn't around and his car wasn't working, and Doodle hated everyone except the girl who went to the drive-in with him and loved Doodle for hitting Patrick when he bothered them. Patrick told everyone that he knew karate and was going to break Doodle's arm, which didn't bother Doodle, whose former best friend was a Golden Gloves boxer and had taught Doodle everything he knew about boxing and threatened to have Doodle arrested if he didn't stop bothering Molly.

No one knew where the trumpet player went to. Marty was always in his '57 Chevy at the drive-in hustling girls with Sandy, and Patrick wouldn't talk to any of them, especially Doodle, who said that he was going to kill Patrick. Bryce, the little drummer, was the only guy who liked Doodle.

Karen loved Bryce and told everyone that she was his girl friend. Bryce was a stoic teenager. Even when Marty pushed Karen's mother into the cop and poured wine down her pants, Bryce didn't laugh. Of course Bryce was in love with Karen's mother and mad at Marty for being drunk and trying to take her clothes off. Everything was fine until Marty started leading Karen's mother down the stairs by her bra straps. Bryce left Karen (who was the group's new sweetheart and the object of anyone's affection) sitting on a warm six-pack and ran down the street, waving Karen's panties.

Doodle never made fun of people if they enjoyed what they were doing. Coke Pennington and her boy friend took pictures with a Polaroid and Bow-Wow Bengford was caught behind Chicken Delight, which was stupid because no one would have said anything if she had stayed in the house with the Doberman; it's all a matter of taste.

Jeff was Doodle's cousin. Bryce could never understand why, because they looked alike and would have been twins if Jeff hadn't been three inches taller and thirty pounds lighter. Doodle called Bryce's brother Cousin Brucie (which bothered Bryce because he didn't know any cousin

named Brucie although he did have a brother named Bruce who was stupid and didn't care what anyone called him as long as it wasn't mean or nasty or offensive to his mother). Everyone was happy.

Jeff got along quite well with Brucie and Bryce when they went riding with Doodle. Bryce and Brucie knew Jeff, which made Doodle feel better because Jeff never talked to strangers and very few people that he knew had ever heard him talk to anyone. Doodle heard Jeff talk to one stranger. That was the theatre manager who wouldn't let them in to see the dirty movies.

Cousin Brucie was dumb. He was the only kid Doodle knew who flunked driver's education twice; but he could beat Doodle playing chess. Brucie always wanted Doodle to come over and play chess but Doodle didn't like losing and Brucie didn't have a car so he didn't have to play.

Doodle liked to have Brucie along when they went to Jackson, though, because Brucie knew the twins who lived behind the church and would go riding with anyone as long as Cousin Brucie was in the car. He had a way with the twins, who were with Bryce and Doodle when Sandy's '61 Plymouth blew up; Brucie was in the back with Marty.

One evening Doodle went over to a kid's house to get Bryce and Brucie. The new group was practicing in the basement and Bryce drummed. Brucie carried amplifiers. The kid who owned the house had carried amplifiers around for the old group until his dad gave him a five-hundred dollar Guild Double Starfire arch-top cut-away with twin-anti-hum-magnetic pick-ups and Bigsby tailpiece for his birthday. He started the new group and wouldn't let Sandy or Marty join. The kid who owned the Guild guitar always called Doodle before a gig, though, because he remembered Doodle had a neat car and knew that the kid owed him $3.75 and needed the money.

Bryce and Brucie left in Doodle's car. The kid who owned the Guild guitar went with them because Doodle knew that he had fifty cents. They found Marty and Sandy with the rest of the guys in Marty's '57 Chevy, which had four bald tires on it. They sat at the drive-in eating hamburgers and wondering why there weren't any girls around on a nice night. Sandy had a bottle of wine, and started yelling at Doodle and calling everyone a pervert. The owner of the drive-in asked them all to leave; he wouldn't have been so mad if Marty hadn't run over a trash can and set it on fire.

They parked behind the church and finished the hamburgers. Sandy was still upset about the trash can. He told Doodle that he could hustle

a girl quicker than Doodle could and Marty bet Doodle that he could get a girl to go riding around. The kid who had the Guild guitar and fifty cents left with Marty. Doodle kept the fifty cents.

Doodle circled the block and went to the twins' house. They were out with their boyfiends so Doodle headed for Karen's house. Marty was leaving just as they got there. Marty didn't have any luck with Karen's mother who wanted to go out but her husband said no, and Karen wasn't going anywhere without her mother along, especially with Bryce, who was the only guy she didn't like because he kept her panties beneath his bed and showed them to all of his friends.

Doodle went to Cousin Jeff's house because he had seven sisters, which was a surprise to Uncle Joe who said that no woman would ever get his money. Only the twins were home and Bryce thought that eight-year-olds might not count. Steve wanted to show up Sandy, even if Sandy was Doodle's cousin and not his, but Jeff was Doodle's cousin too, and Jeff didn't know Sandy that well. Jeff put on his sister's wig. Doodle thought that he could wear something more than a T-shirt but there wasn't time for that. Jeff was cute with a wig on, some might have said that he was beautiful, but no one did because they didn't want anyone to think that they were queer.

They found Marty's car parked in front of the church, and pulled in front of it away from the street lights. When the others came running over Bryce yelled "wee got a girl!" Doodle left. Marty sprained his wrist trying to hold onto the door handle but Doodle lost him on a hard turn around a corner. He was yelling when they left so Doodle figured Marty wasn't hurt too bad. Doodle's car won by default when Marty couldn't get his started and everyone had to walk home.

It wasn't late when they left Marty on the corner. Jeff wanted to go to Jackson and drive through the cemetery. Doodle went past the church and headed for Jackson after he bought fifty cents worth of gas.

Doodle played race-car driver on the corners, spinning around on the banked gravel. Everyone hid under the seats and hit him, but he just laughed. He knew the back road to Jackson. He felt every bump, every corner. He memorized every house, every long stretch that he could park on if he had a girl with him. It was a great road to Jackson.

Bryce and Jeff sat in the back seat, putting on the wig and laughing at each other. Cousin Brucie sat in the front seat watching Doodle drive. No one cared about four nice guys driving down a country road, not even the pig Doodle killed.

The pig was waiting for them along the road. Doodle saw him first. Brucie never saw the pig, even when Doodle had pushed him into the ditch. Jeff and Bryce saw the pig come out onto the road and run toward the car. It was the pig's fault. If he hadn't stuck his face in front of the car, Doodle wouldn't have hit him like that.

The car spun down the road for a long while before Doodle could stop. Doodle didn't want to go back but Jeff and Bryce thought that it would be neat to look at the pig and, anyway, they would be in more trouble if they just left him lying there. Brucie was asking why everyone was so excited and why Doodle looked so silly.

Bryce and Jeff sat on the trunk and rode back to where the pig was rolling around in the ditch, making funny sounds and spinning his eyeballs. Bryce said that it was neat but Doodle wouldn't get out of the car until the pig was dead or went away. Jeff wanted to put the pig in the trunk and take him home but Doodle made them get in the car so he could leave before the farmer came along and shot all of them for killing his pig. They went down to Jackson, saw the cemetery, and came back on the same road. The pig was dead. Doodle never told his parents about what happened that night. He loved the pig too much for that.

TERRY WRIGHT

BEFORE THE WINDOW

thinking back
we havent had a word
all day
long have i waited
for you before the window
to see
you coming my way
and imagine what a
simple wretch like me
could be
the way the words sound
i could listen
all day

SUNSHADE

growing on the lawn
tree back to back
cultivating a smile
thinking a thought
im doing nothing
carving my name on
my shoesole and
wondering past a
walk in the morning
occasional greetings
familiar faces

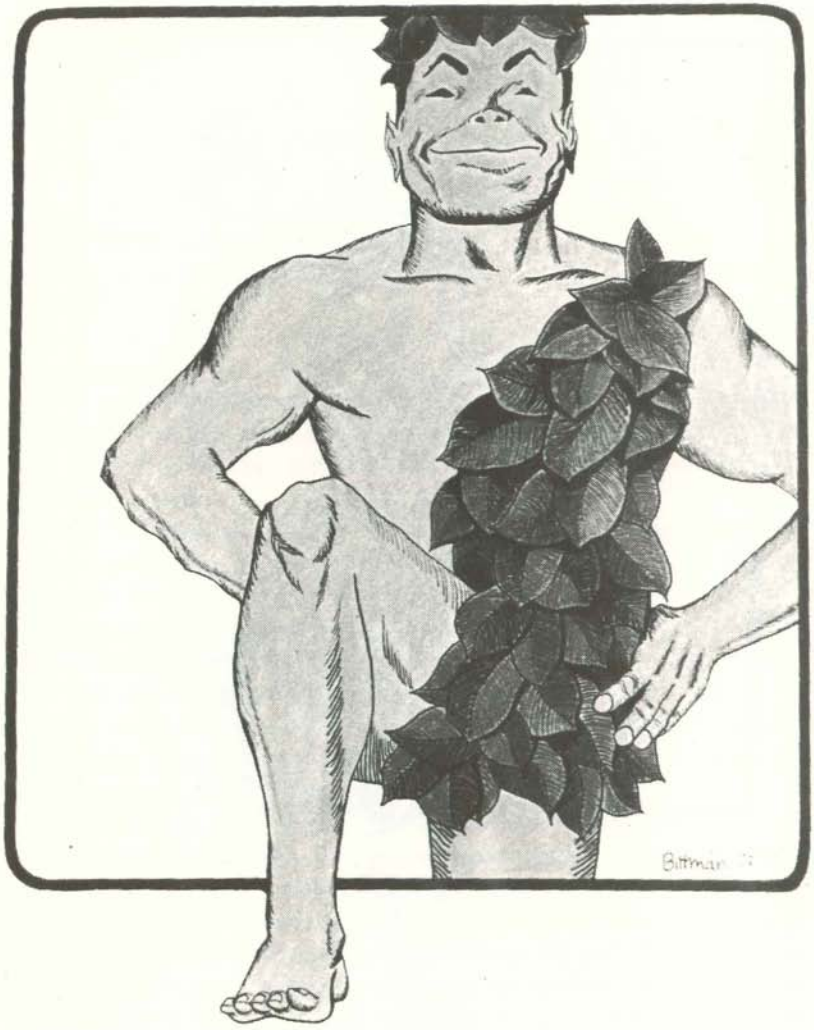
THE WIND ON TUESDAY NIGHT

the ice dances and
crawls along the
field in my window
i sense the wind
making conversation to
my pencil as i scrawl
out a poem that
it reads aloud

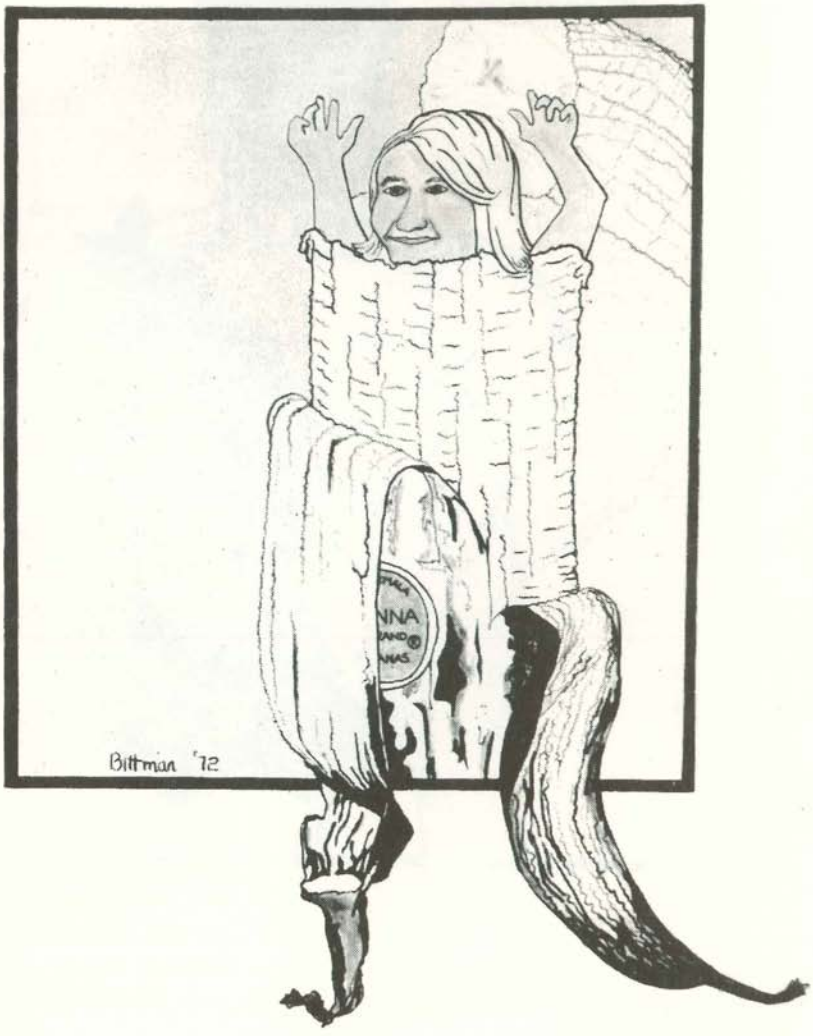
UNTITLED

a sleepy lean on
the crutch of recovery getting
well again i guess my
past is past and over
and over
at last i finally
have known i
dont need the high now just
you
eating away my mold
old time fire
happier rhymes
you
tell me so

LINDA BITTMAN



LINDA BITTMAN



LINDA KANGAL

BIRTH RITE

At the hospital the pains seem to have stopped. I stand looking at the double-barreled doors. Maybe this is not the time, maybe it will wait till Rob gets home, but he said to go on no matter what, especially if he is not here.

The hospital doors open with a sucking noise, hitting against the suitcase. I stand in the lobby holding the coat together where it won't button in front, looking at a statue saint with plastic flowers stuck in its feet. A janitor turns to stare. Dim lights pin prick the pool around his mop and my shoes track the wet linoleum.

The elevator jolts into place, doors slicing the air with light. I can feel the weight between my legs. A blood red carpet pushes me up with the flashing floor numbers. The sudden stop pulls me against doors that tear open into a gray hall and splice shut behind me.

The nurse is talking into a phone clamped against her neck. The ward caves back to each side of the glass light booth where she is sitting. Her fingernails move, perfectly shaped and polished, across the page. She clicks the receiver into place and the pen, uninterrupted, neatly loops along the line. An intercom echoes down the hall. When she looks up her eyes are grey slate, staring through me, pressing me into the tile walls. Then the eyes look down again and the pen, momentarily halted,

continues under the gleaming oval nails.

The baby seems to shrink inside me. Rob says they have to pay attention, I'm sure they would listen to him. Suddenly the pain surges against my legs, and biting my lower lip, I step to the front of the desk. Her hand, raised palm flat, stops me; the other continues to loop across the page in slow precise movements. The suitcase pulls my arm, my body wrenches itself from the burning pain, and the pen moves soundlessly forward. What if she never speaks to me? I can't think how to stop the writing. From the room behind the desk, laughter spurts into the silence and fades into the walls.

The chart snaps shut and she looks up at me, "May I help you?"

Maybe this isn't the maternity ward. She says it like she doesn't know what I'm here for. The tip of her thump clicks the pen: point up, point down.

"I'm going to have my baby. My husband is out of town." The bulb above her head flickers like it's going to burn out soon, flashing a second into slow motion. She sits there clicking her pen and asking questions, impatient for the answers. The pain is coming again, my eyes start to burn. From the next room a bottle cap clicks into place, and the murmuring stops. A fat nurse nudges the back of my knees with a wheelchair. I feel the hospital closing in on me. The nurses watch with efficient impatience while my burnt out mouth struggles with the words. The big nurse has her arms folded. The neat one behind the desk is clicking her pen, waiting.

"Take her to labor four, she's four minutes apart."

The hall is fuzzy now with the grey flannel pain creeping up between my legs. "My husband, Bob . ." The small nurse's face floats under the lights, pen clicking insistently. "You don't have to bother calling him, I mean, I left word at his office." Silly, they don't have time to bother finding Rob, they must think I am stupid. I breathe letting the pain take over crawling up inch by inch, feeling myself fade back into the wheelchair.

I am in a stall-sized white steel room with the heavy nurse undressing me, scraping the cloth against my skin. I watch her hang up the clothes, the underwear and slacks neatly hidden by the maternity tent top. A woman's moan drifts through the hall with the smell of alcohol, pulsated by the pumped tones of an ambulance somewhere below. A straight chair stands in the corner. Bob should sit there, or maybe pull it close to hold my hand. There are too many decisions to make alone. The pain creeps up hard and the chair stands empty: doubles, buckling, rolling away, and snapping back.

I am in a stall watching my father deliver a calf. The smell of blood clings as the skin rips open; the skeletal calf's head is covered with mucus. Shrieking animal squeals seem to fall and lay with the heavy stench in the thick straw. The pain pounds at my stomach; and I come up gasping for air; smelling the pustuous blood, feeling liquid spreading between my legs.

"Your water broke, calm down now honey."

The small nurse is standing beside me, her hand coming out from under the sheet. She wraps the blood pressure band around my arm and pumps it tight. The room writhes in smell and scream; and she, smiling, pumps the rubber bulb murmuring about the rain. The sandpaper catch of the band rips my arm as her hand feels along my belly like a woman stopping for tomatoes. The pain shoots up my body and I remember they knock out the animal sometimes. She watches, her eyes darting from my heaving bulk to the watch strapped to the back of her wrist. The punctured tile ceiling floats down like a coffin, its iced neon tubes boxing me in.

"Breathe deep now."

She gazes out the window, one hand resting on me. The pain backs slowly down into my body and I hear her nylons rasp together as she leaves the room. Outside, cars slither past the hospital on the wet pavement. It seems strange, those cars passing this second, probably not even glancing up at the windows. Every Sunday Rob and I drive by, "This is where our baby is going to be born." And inside I am alone.

The clock clicks a notch. Driving out there, they probably don't know what time it is. Here, seven o'clock is three minutes past the white hot pain climbing up the side of the bed, pushing across my belly. My own moaning caught somewhere, sounding far away beneath the large round white clock, like an eye so big it can not see the writhing below. Coming out I can't remember, short pants or deep gasps. Frantic, I alternate; that is important, they won't like my doing it wrong.

I reach for the buzzer to ask, but they are in the hall now, talking hard, fast, with bored voices that rest in the back of their throats. People that know what to do, their fingertips boxing in each action. I drop the buzzer letting it clank against the bars of the bed. The clock clicks another three minutes, the second hand moving like it measures something bigger than just seconds. The window reflection frames the big nurse coming in with a razor and basin. Her large face is blank as she throws back the sheet. "Now the fun part, I'm going to prep you."

I want to tell her the shade is up, ask if anyone can see in, but the

razor claws cold and slow between my legs and her face bulges, intense. Her lips are pursed like she's shaving a face.

"What do you want a boy or a girl?"

"I don't care." And her working down there calm as a barber. The pain comes again, a burning molten pushing. The razor stops as I twist to grab the steel bars holding me inside the bed, thinking how the bars should be Rob and trying not to cry. All the baby blankets are pink but now I don't care.

Layers of hot pain press in. It is Christmas, my cousin and I are lying on the floor, looking up the full skirts as they pass by. The tight garments girdle the doughy, garter-gripped flesh. One aunt has her period. The blood is staining in a red widening circle. She puts her foot down hard on my stomach, her red mouth wide as the red circle between her legs. Her face grows larger, redder as she presses hard; caught mid-laugh, I gaze into the deep pool of black-red blood that turns slowly into the clammy face of the big nurse with razor poised. The clawing starts again between my legs. The fat face smiles like at a small child or dog.

"That was a good one, won't be long now."

With each scrape she wipes the razor clean and dips it into the basin. The pain is coming fast like a cat going down a mountain and its hind going faster, clawing for a foothold.

"Just breathe easy, honey. We have to get this finished."

The flat face closes in, like when a camera gets too close, and the features distort. The nose bulges out, and the eyes double and swim in pillows of crow-footed fat. People stare like that, straight at your stomach, not even looking into your eyes, like you must have done something dirty. Bob says it is my imagination, anyway they don't start when I'm with him.

The pain comes off slow now, mounted like a fighting cat clawing at my sides for a hold. The nurse's hand is coming out.

"Cervix at five, keep breathing deep."

Maybe Rob has called, but I don't want to ask. They talk over me like I'm unconscious.

"She's at five, call the doctor again."

The pain is bad now, clawing and scratching its way, hanging on, pushing like you can't ever shake it. Gripping like a mountain cat climbing a rock wall, digging in with sharp claws and you keep waiting for it to loose its grip, to fall off. And it keeps coming like it can pull stone apart and it doesn't matter anymore what is happening. The numbers

blur on the clock staring above my struggling body like an eye preoccupied.

I can feel the small nurse, her crepe soles gripping the floor. The alcohol drenched cotton stings cold on my arm, then the needle is pumping into my blood, and I wait for the skillet pain to ease with her hand in me. Her face not even following the hand but staring at the sheet as if it were not there. Her fingers probe higher into the white hot inside. I fight. And her face like she is squeezing blood from meat patties.

Her voice cuts through sheets of pain. Breathe deep, it is important she know that I am trying. I can hear my voice, separate floating around the ceiling, echoing back at me Rob's name. The room is filled with a colorless smoke that snarls and twists, taking away my breath. And above it all is the cyclops eye notching a minute a second, and me twisting alone below with the smoke and the cat grip pain.

Now the clock slips away and I move into a cold white-light corridor across a slippery wax smell, the pain battering fast. From all around great circles of colored light spill and mingle with the steel reflection in blinding pain that reaches me through my eyelids, and I not caring anymore who hears. The steel room shouts back the voices, magnifies the colored pain.

They are pushing me now, making me climb on to the iron cold table. Moving myself into the leather bindings, pushing down the cold iron, my legs splayed and bound. Moving into it as if wanting it, and all the time thinking if I could just stop now, stop all the pain. Thrusting my body down towards the masked doctor and the white table of instruments, and pulling back with the pain.

A mask covers my face, pushing a gas up where the breath should come out, a sweet gas that sticks like honey to the breathing. The pain cone-tips thrust from pin point swirling louder, surging redder, bursting in color then receding and coming again with the sound like a gauze holding my brain back from the knowing. Instructions fall behind gauze, distant but loud, caught in a whirlpool of noise color and the far off anger of life and fighting the gauze now not caring what is beyond.

And somehow through the directions filtering the gauze, a vibrating, buzzing going louder. A screaming, threatening spiral of color and noise bursts into my vision like blinding fireworks seen through a gauze felt pad. Fighting the blade-red, blind-red, black-red; that sweet sucking pain is gone.

Sodden and inert like a tired swimmer treading water, and the circles through the mirrored steel and the sweet swirling fog.

A baby is crying. The cry eddies around me like a stream rippling a single rock. I hear the nurses.

"What is it?"

"I can't see."

"A boy."

The doctor's voice now, "You have a nice boy here."

And I am opening my eyes to the blinding glare. Single. Alone.

"You've got another patient out here, doctor. Heinz."

"I don't have any Heinz. What does she look like?"

"She's dilated to three. What do you want to do with her?

The baby has quit crying. Babies always cry. Something is wrong, they have forgotten the baby. I watch the needle go in and out. I hear the nurses mumbling behind the doctor.

"Put her in labor, you say it's Heinz?"

The nurses are quiet, if something is wrong they won't tell me, they will wait for Rob to know first. Suddenly my voice is asking loud about the baby, and the nurse is putting him down beside me, apologizing. And the baby is looking through a mirror my own face there starting again on a baby and I alone and the needle is dim now glazed and the baby is alone and together we lie on the steel table.

A gray silk dawn slips in and out of my consciousness like satin folded sheets. The cyclops eye ticks its numbers. It is all over. My body lies silent and numb, consciously still. The pillowcase crackles as I move my head toward the brown buzzer, warm and moist in my hand. I did it alone, the nurses come now when I ring the buzzer.

Silently I watch the window-framed light creep around the building corner. I think back again of the blood-stained baby lying on me and look down the bed past my stomach that is gone. Rob has not come yet and the aloneness feels good. I push the buzzer again.

A different nurse comes into the room, her uniform swinging fiercely with her stride." We're awake now I see. What did you have?" She begins kneading my stomach, pushing liquid pain out between the legs. Her short stubby frame barely reaches over the rails of the bed.

"Sorry honey, I've got to do this."

Her face is red and her corset side brushes steel against my breast.

It isn't visiting hours, but when I ask she says she'll bring the baby out. She bustles out of the room, her short legs pumping. The shadows are pushing back into the corners now, the sun's early haze shines through the mist outside. I can see the baby, they have saved nothing to tell my

husband, nothing I can't know first. Concentrating, I wiggle my toes. The sun goes and comes with the sleep slipping in and out of my consciousness. Warm waves of confidence come.

Rob didn't want to leave, he was sure I couldn't handle it alone. Rolling over I face the sunlight and the window and the day my baby was born.

Out in the hall someone is talking; slowly the sound comes through the sun waves like the shadow of a spiked pole. The short square nurse comes rushing in pulling the blinds till the sun is slatted with shadow. She says my husband is here; the baby will have to wait. And I hear Rob in the hall talking to the doctor.

J. CHANDLER ROUGH

Sifting through the ruins of
a recent party;
napkins under glasses filled with wine
made watery from melted ice,
covering up the rings on the table,
filled ashtrays and empty cigarette
packages —
crumpled and then tossed aside,
the empty punchbowl looking meaningless.
I came across cigarette butts thrown
joylessly
into old drinks to be extinguished by
the ice and wine.
I found one with your lipstick in a
ring around the filter.
I tried to relight it.

LYN MUNHALL

FLOWERHEADS SEEMED TO BECKON ME OUT OF MYSELF

And I think of roses, roses
White and red, in the wide six-hundred-foot greenhouses,
And my father standing astride the cement benches,
Lifting me high over the four-foot stems, the Mrs. Russels,
and his own elaborate hybrids,
And how those flowerheads seemed to flow toward me, to beckon me, only a child, out of myself.

As Theodore Roethke observed his father's flowers in their struggle to put down roots and grow, he recognized in himself the same needs of his soul for growth. Just as a seed has to break through the ground, pushing upward for light and downward for strong roots to balance growth toward that light, so Roethke had to break loose from a self that was superficial, pushing painfully ahead to identify the light that was guiding him, after painfully delving inward to meet the soul of who he had been and is.

Appearing throughout his poetry is the same theme of renewing his union with a soul that must keep growing and changing. With each new phase of his poetic career, Roethke added some new element to his concept of self and the soul's growth, but his whole theory has as its basis the analogies embedded in Roethke as a child, those between the

growth of a flower and the growth of his soul.

Evidences of his early analogies can be found in the sequence "The Lost Son," where Roethke draws on the imagery found in "Moss Gatherer," "Flower Dump," "Root Cellar," and various others to portray a character who goes through a nightmarish trauma trying to find exactly who he is. The similarity of these poems lies in the title, "The Lost Son," in which "lost son" conveys both the idea of being lost to the familiar world and the idea of being lost to light, the sun. Just as a plant which ceases to grow and is prematurely held on one level is lost to the natural order of the world, so is the boy who suddenly discovers that his soul is not growing. In fact, he discovers that he does not even know his own soul, what it has been, is now, or in what direction it is or should be moving. The plants have lost their sunlight and he has lost the light that guides his soul.

He has run away from someone or something, perhaps even the thought that he does not fit in with his old world. The mood of "The Lost Son's" first section, "The Flight," is pensive to the extreme of blocking out all but what he is thinking. The slam of an iron gate has no more of an effect than to lull him. His thoughts color everything until he sees even the leaves scorning him. "All the leaves stuck out their tongues."

Having some self-control left, he forces his frail self forward.

I shook the softening chalk of my bones,
Saying,
Snail, snail, glister me forward,
Bird, soft-sigh me home.

The two-fold appeal for help is significant to depict his knowledge of his own situation. He would prefer a gentle bird to wish himself back home but knows that the only way forward is through the dark, slow path of earth's lowly creatures. "Worm be with me. This is my hard time." He and the worm have something in common. The worm by nature crawls through the earth's roots, and he must crawl through the roots of what he has been before finding what he is or can be.

Away from life as he superficially knew it, he finds himself in both a physical and mental condition of decay and rubbish. What was his soul a day earlier he now saw as debris and searched through it to find the salvages of his soul for tomorrow:

Running lightly over spongy ground,
. . . . . .

Hunting along the river,
Down among the rubbish, the bug-riddled foliage,
By the muddy pond-edge, by the bog holes,
By the shrunken lake, hunting in the heat of summer.

The motif of decay found here is an echo of a similar image found in 'Flower Dump," in which Roethke sees "Cannas shiny as slag, / Slug-soft stems, / Whole beds of bloom pitched on a pile, / Carnations, verbenas, cosmos, / Molds, weeds, dead leaves." Even the idea of a transition between two worlds is strong in this poem, for the dirt around old roots clings to the same shape it had in the flower pot. Everything on the heap is limp except a single tulip that swaggers "Over the dying, the newly dead." The boy in "The Lost Son" is in some ways this tulip. He is between two worlds, clinging to the old yet realizing the cold, dark, forward path is the one that must be taken.

Section two, "The Pit," relates the wildly diverse searchings of the boy's mind as he contemplates the long journey ahead. His thoughts dart from his "roots," to the glimmer of "light" that exists in him, to his yet "slimy existence." Already, he has progressed toward the light he seeks by abandoning the hope of answers coming mystically from nature. He aks himself, "Where do the roots go?" and his answer is very literal, "Look down under the leaves." He must look under his surface and hunt for the beginnings of his soul, weeding out the superficial and cultivating the seeds of his life.

Under his superficiality he finds moss, symbolizing an outgrowth of his soul, anchored to his roots. He recognizes that the moss is good but wonders what quality of the moss renders it good. A similar pondering can be found in "Moss-Gathering," in which Roethke relates a story of his childhood, saying:

And afterward (after gathering the moss) *I always felt*
mean, jogging back over the logging road,
As if I had broken the natural order of things in that
swampland;
Disturbed some rhythm, old and of vast importance,
By pulling off flesh from the living planet;
As if I had committed, against the whole scheme of life,
a desecration.

Also under the leaves the boy finds stones, which he sensed had been there too long. By asking the question: "Who stunned the dirt into noise?" the lost son tells us that he cannot comprehend the light that

guides him to leave the moss and move the stones. He answers his question by way of another, "Ask the mole, he knows." The lost son knows in the same way that a mole does, sensing things as he searches and tunnels through the earth of his soul. Like a mole, he tunnels without the ability to see light yet like the roots of a plant, he strives to grow toward that sunlight.

The next line, "I feel the slime of a wet nest," repeats the motif of decay. Nests are not empty, nor do they rot until the birds have flown away to another world. So it is for the lost son. His soul is separated from himself; it has flown away and he is left in the wet slime of what remains, left to his own interrogations and accusations.

His questions are the only "feelers" he can put out to discover the path toward light, toward identity with his soul. This imagery of questions as "feelers" is similar to the imagery of "Root Cellar," which depicts flowers shut away from both light and the earth:

Nothing would sleep in that cellar, dank as a ditch,
Bulbs broke out of boxes hunting for chinks in the dark,
Shoots dangled and drooped,
Lolling obscenely from mildewed crates,
Hung down long yellow evil necks, like tropical snakes.

The questions of the boy are the "shoots dangled and drooped," of the plants. Both can be viewed as obscene for both of their situations are repelling to our concept of natural life. Life seen in such darkness is viewed as aborted because darkness is equated with evil rather than with the natural journey to light.

Both the plants and the lost son are deprived not only of the light but also of the earth. Natural growth could not be continued by either of them, for in one case, the essentials of life were not available and in the other, they were hidden from sight. The plants sent out roots to anchor themselves for growth toward light, and shoots to determine where the light was, but to no avail. They rotted while yet alive. "Roots ripe as old bait, / Pulpy stems, rank, silo-rich, / Leaf mold, manure, lime, piled against slippery planks." Roethke's lost son is experiencing the same rotting within himself, as mentioned previously, in the same effort to anchor himself. The roots of knowing his past soul are essential to grow toward the light of knowing his present soul. He is not giving up life, as the flowers are not, "Nothing would give up life: / Even the dirt kept breathing a small breath." As suggested by the term "silo-rich," his rotting mistaken concept of self will provide nourishment

for the growth he is seeking.

His questions do lead him away from his original darkness, but not toward any light he can recognize. Like the ". . . one tulip on top, / (with) swaggering head / Over the dying, the newly dead," the lost son is steadily dying to the world he has known yet he is not alive to the next. Caught between two worlds, he is, as the title of section three suggests, "The Gibber," a babbler bewailing his plight. Neither the sun, which is the light of knowing himself, nor the moon, the glimmer of light within those not knowing themselves, will accept him. "The sun was against me, / The moon would not have me."

Not only does the darkness blind him to what is ahead, it blinds him to the progress he has made to reach his present point. Our clue that the lost son has progressed toward sunlight is found in the shapes which form in the darkness. They are only shapes, however, with no recognizable purpose. "What gliding shape / Beckoning through halls, / Stood poised on the stair, / Fell dreamily down?" He cannot depend upon anything, not even recognition of what stage of growth he is in. "Is this the storm's heart? The ground is unstilling itself. / . . . Is the seed leaving the old bed? These buds are live as birds." It would seem to him that the buds he sends out are alive and ready to take flight but he is frustratingly unsure. Considering himself worse off than before he started the journey through darkness, he drowns himself in self-pity and angrily seeks to go back:

Where, where are the tears of the world?
Let the kisses resound, flat like a butcher's palm;
Let the gestures freeze; our doom is already decided.
All the windows are burning! What's left of my life?
I want the old rage, the lash of primordial milk!

All of his senses are burning with new awareness and with the frustration of being too slow to catch the other sensations that fly by. "These sweeps of light undo me. / . . . . . / Kiss me, ashes, I'm falling through a dark swirl."

The sun at last shines fully on the lost son and he returns to his father's greenhouse. The greenhouse is not only the place of his childhood but also a place of constant growth, and of his first musings of self. When he had first determined that his soul was not growing, he had felt compelled to leave the greenhouse. Now that he has seen the light of his soul, he is capable of growing to meet the light as a flower and can return there. Though the lost son now walks in the sunlight of self-

identity, there are still cinders to walk through, hot ashes of his past self. The cinders are the old flower smells he once enjoyed, the sights that greeted his eyes in past days, and the memories of those days before he lost the sun. They will burn him like his senses were burned with yesterday's "new awarenesses."

The sights and sounds of returning are painful because they are part of the roots of his soul, the part which demanded painful tunneling and groping. Knowing that his old world must be a part of the new, he struggles through the cinders, careful not to slip backward, accepting the old memories of pain and disatisfaction which reemerge, and reconciling them to his new identity.

The link between growth of a soul and growth of a flower is more apparent in "The Return" than in any other section of "The Lost Son." Roethke reechoes the struggles for life in darkness found in "Root Cellar" in the lines, "The roses kept breathing in the dark. They had many mouths to breathe with," but there is an important distinction. The one of this section is reflective of his experiences rather than anguish-wrought. In fact, his reflections reveal that he has known all along what darkness is like and how the light comes.

As a child he once stayed overnight in the greenhouse. He remembers, "There was always a single light / Swinging by the fire-pit, / Where the fireman pulled out roses." Looking back on his dark journey, he finds that there was also always a single light to be seen through the darkness then. The darkness was lifted in both the greenhouse and in the lost son as:

The light in the morning came slowly over the white
Snow.
There were many kinds of cool
Air.
Then came steam.
Pipe-knock.
Scurry of warm over small plant.

The steam that shivered the plants into motion can be likened to the angry boiling of emotion in the lost son when he is frustratingly caught between the two worlds, able to catch only "sweeps of light . . . through a dark swirl."

The child in the greenhouse must also have noticed similar sweeps of light as the dawn approached, glancing briefly from the plants which held his child's fascination while:

A fine haze moved off the leaves;

Frost melted on far panes;
The rose, the chrysanthemum turned toward the light.
Even the hushed forms, the bent yellowy weeds
Moved in a slow up-sway.

So too has a fine haze been removed from the lost son and his questions have melted the frost until he can see clearly the sunlight of his soul. Together with the rose, the chrysanthemum, and even "the hushed forms," he has turned toward this light, moving in "a slow up-sway."

Roethke does not stop at this single level of self-recognition, however. The flowers rising toward the light in "The Return" become "The bones of weeds . . . swinging in the wind" in the concluding section of "The Lost Son," "It was beginning winter." Literally, this last section is obscure. With a background in Roethke's analogies of flowers and man, however, it is evident that he sees relations as significant between weeds and man as he does between flowers and man. Thus, this section adds considerably to portray Roethke's total view of man's ability to know his soul. To Roethke, despite a man's once standing in the light, he is always at a frozen, dead period of his life, a winter, never completely knowing his soul, because his soul is always changing. He is always at a time of "beginning winter, / An in between time, / The landspace still partly brown." He is ". . . the dry seed-crowns, / The beautiful surviving bones / Swinging in the wind." Of course, he is still able to see light, "The light moved slowly over the frozen field," but if he depends upon the same beams to keep shining upon him, his soul will fly away unnoticed:

Light traveled over the wide field;
Stayed.
The weeds stopped swinging.
The mind moved, not alone,
Through the clear air, in the silence.

The need Theodore Roethke saw for a man to grow in the light of his soul is beautifully stated in the last lines of "It was beginning winter." He ponders the growing process, saying, "Was it . . . stillness becoming alive, / Yet still?" and concludes that man can do nothing to keep his soul pinpointed but can only be aware that one morning it will be gone. As flowers basking in the sunlight, man is only aware of his growth when the light has slipped away. Then he must struggle for the right to grow again, sending "feelers" down into himself to establish the roots of what he was and upward to identify that faraway light. Light is life for

flowers and for man, always beautiful no matter what the struggle. It is:

A lively understandable spirit
(that) Once entertained you.
It will come again.
Be still.
Wait.

With such a philosophy of hope, it is not surprising to read Roethke's words:

And I think of roses, roses
White and red, in the wide six-hundred-foot greenhouses,
And my father standing astride the cement benches,
Lifting me high over the four-foot stems, the Mrs. Russels,
and his own elaborate hybrids,
And how those flowerheads seemed to flow toward me, to beckon me, only a child, out of myself.

T. R. DILLARD

Mc CAULLY LAKE

The moon follows 72
West thru the woods,
lingers in the hollows
of the trees

where I am fishing,
settles its light
on the surface of the lake,
the eyes of my rod,

and my own, still hands
pulled for a moment
out of the stillness
to recast my line.

Across the lake
in the mist of stars
and mayflies with a sense
of the moon,

a raccoon washes,
saintly in the shallows
of the lake,
turns to the woods,

and still with the smell
of holy water,
lifts his head
and looks to the moon.

A trout leaps at mayflies
and slaps the surface
of the lake,
I stand and undress

and swim out to float
face up to the stars.
I blink, and stars, too,
blink.

And in the Milky Way
and mayflies mating
McCaully Lake breathes
lightly on my genitals.

McCaully Lake praises
the moon,
the raccoon cannot turn
from his mistress

as he comes from the woods
and steps to the road
and thrills to the nearer
moon,

I fasten the fly
of my trousers,
and push the hair
from my forehead.

The morning steals
the stars in gray,
the mayflies spread
their wings to weep

within the water,
the trout lie still.
I turn to the road,
and leaving

my shirt and shoes
in a gunny sack
with my broken rod
(my only catch)

walk back to the road
where a racoon lies
still wet from life
in the morning light,

his body open
as the palms of a prayer —
yet reaching
in the air.

I look away
but see his hand
collapse
upon the shoulder.

ROCHELLE STEFANSON

In her room, she lived in a houseboat and studied design.
Projection.
Emily was thirty-one and not goal-inclined.
Tiffany windowshades tinting the day.
Cut glass and colored beads in movement's way.
A curtain that played enchanting bell tune
whenever I visited her. She was a prism,
not a schoolteacher.
Reciting poetry to children
in front of a plum tree on a hill overlooking
an icy blue bay.
Long violent blue hair which reflected the night.
Stars instead of blinking eyes
and a crescent mood where she used to show smiles.
Emily has gone away from life!

"It is better never to have been born at all" was set alongside "The wages of sin are death." Which follows "Order, calm, and silence." Which was followed by "Gather ye rosebuds."

from *Death Kit* by Susan Sontag

LIKE A PRISM

Emily sketching doll furniture on the backs of Christmas card envelopes. A rocking chair to match wicker bassinet. Early American colonial era. A miniature roserug with the wool color-cued to the canvas. Handwoven, but simple, only took her two hours to do. Another hobby-shop kit. Last Sunday afternoon.

"Pick up a few more hemlock cones on your way back from the dimestore, dear. Don't forget the sequins, Emily. I want to finish the tree ornaments for Susan's children before next Tuesday."

Emily stretching on her salt-stained boots over a pair of red wool skating socks. A quick toss across the left shoulder, the brown and orange six foot scarf her mother knit for her birthday, also to serve as a Christmas gift since December 15th is so close to the 25th. "Yes, I've some change left over from the church dollar," echoing above the sound of the back screendoor.

Silent snow on the unshovelled walks. Her footprints the first and almost noon. The second Monday of vacation. Still two sets of compositions to grade over the holidays. The topic: the limits of setting in realism. Emily stopping at the crossway. No cars in sight. A tall larch with the cones clustered together, hanging like jungle-vines in Amazon country, but always out of hand-reach.

If I only had a shell, or a goldfish, or some pretty thing, she had answered her father. "But you are the oldest. Your mother says responsibility is good for a girl. It makes one more independent."

String beans, mashed potatoes, pork chops for dinner. Dishes to wash afterwards. Change Fred's diaper. Fred wants a bottle. Susan has gone to Milly's house to practice her piano lessons. "Will you help your brother David with his subtraction problems? Why can't you understand? Pretend you had pennies, or apples, or bubble gum. Oh, Emily, I give up. You try." Homework in the fifth grade rather standard but time-consuming. Lucky no need to study spelling. Natural talent. Inherited from father's side. "Yes, daddy." Listen to Fred's prayers. Already eight-thirty. The television is too loud. Is Spoon River in Illinois? Is the Land of Honey in Jerusalem? Next week's question for catechism class. Six absentees every Wednesday afternoon. Sister furious. "It's only drawing anyway. Art, art, art. That's all you ever do in school is color pictures. Don't you want to make your confirmation. I'm shocked."

"Good Morning, Miss Carson." Small boy shoveling snow greets the teacher. Emily smiling for a brief moment. Mark is the new boy in the neighborhood. His father is taking over the hardware store on the corner of River Street. A happy boy, quick to make friends. Always reaches school two minutes after the bell. A sack lunch in his left hand, a picture book in his right.

I try so hard. I've painted three pictures, daddy. I've read all the library books, wrote a poem, sent a letter to my pen-pal in Iran. Tomorrow I'm taking David and Fred ice skating after lunch. Saturday afternoons are always crowded though. Hardly any room left to make a figure eight on the ice. Why doesn't Susan ever help? "I'll make half of the dinner tonight, Emily. Your mother's not feeling well again."

The local paper behind glass in a red cage. Still half a dollar. *JOURNAL* headline: PRESIDENT CALLS FOR CEASE FIRE IN MOON WAR. Emily waiting for the tone before retrieving newspaper. Mother's morocco red scrapbook in the attic. Photos and front page

clippings.

GROCERY CLERK SHOT IN HOLD-UP.

No school for three days. The wake. Half sad, half fun. Shouldn't laugh. Not respectful. Aunts, uncles, cousins twice removed. All strangers. No familiar faces. Mother stone-faced. No tears. Funeral like a wedding. Black pleated party skirt and white frilled blouse. Rain that day. Vinyl umbrella. Three weeks later, campaign for Presidency of Parents Without Partners organization. Rosie Carson nominated. Mother is active for the first time. Unanimous choice.

So bright. Vermillion. Emily staring at a male cardinal perched on a naked bush. December not always a cold month. Like now, the wind not so whipping. Snow still light and fluffy like dandelion puff that sails through the air in hot summertime. No slush yet. Another snowman with two purple eye marbles; hornrimmed glasses, the windows punched out; long carrot nose prop. A dog will eat off the nose in the night.

Emily staring at the rings and diamond brooches in Werona's window. Jewels sparkling like snowflakes on the kitchen pane, the sun reflecting through the latticework of each unique crystal. Not remembering her own holidays, other people's Christmases more visual.

The living room in Susan's house on the hill outside the capital of the cowboy's favorite state. Winter in Wyoming. Fishnet covering the plastic stormproofed eyes facing out toward Union Pacific, sure to punctuate the evening dinner every six p.m. Orange burlap drapes hanging from one bamboo rod. Mysteries and 10c thrillers along the walls. Brick bookends to hold them up. Country western records on the victrola sitting on the other side of fir tree. Traditional green with delicate bubble lights and large shiny ornaments the standard festive colors: maroon, deep blue, bright red, green, gold; silver tinsel hung like slanted icicles every which way. In the right corner several unsized candles burning temperamentally, fern bedding under them dripped on by red wax. Susan's husband holding their three-year-old girl; a range dog sleeping at his feet. Behind him the elephant-hide purse Susan had bargained for at a bazaar when she was the gay maiden. The sound of the train

whistling through night. Housebeam with greeting cards scotchtaped to it shudders with the piercing interruption. More conversation. Gifts under tree for Susan's child. Small package tied in light rose ribbon almost smothered by other overpowering gifts of seasonal joy.

Emily entering jewelry store. Four other people being served by two clerks in white shirts and green polka dot ties. Unusual for salesmen in old-fashioned city. December special unguarded on counter nearest show-window. Revolving diamond like iridescent shamrock, arcs of five muted lights spinwhirling rays of sun on aluminum tree. Every Christmas, somebody's artificial tree matching the foil over triangle window of Mrs. Carson's front door. An engagement keepsake glistening in day's snowlight. "For some lucky angel. All *She* wants for Christmas is . . . Give her a diamond snowflake."

Christmas Eve, and one gift to open before the long sleep waiting for Santa's arrival. The choice — always Daddy's gift. A 3" x 5" box wrapped in white butcher paper and one rosebow near the name. Emily. The special wish she had mentioned last summer when the science teacher gave her class a page to read one Wednesday night. "The right-angle prism is the most commonly used prism. It is used when a deviation of -90° is desired. While the relative positions of the top and bottom of the image will be the same, the right and left sides will be interchanged. The drawing at the left shows a right angle prism and how the image is reversed as to left and right." Turning the prism. Squinting. Corners of ceiling. Loops in the rug. Two magazine front covers impaned in window frames on the wall behind the books. Congregational Church across the street and downtown Main Street scene. Next to the tree: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet. A ballerina bending down to lace her toeshoes. Wide smile. Susan's smile. A scarf all the colors of the rainbow. Special wish. Daddy's gift. Prism gift makes Christmas Eve magical time.

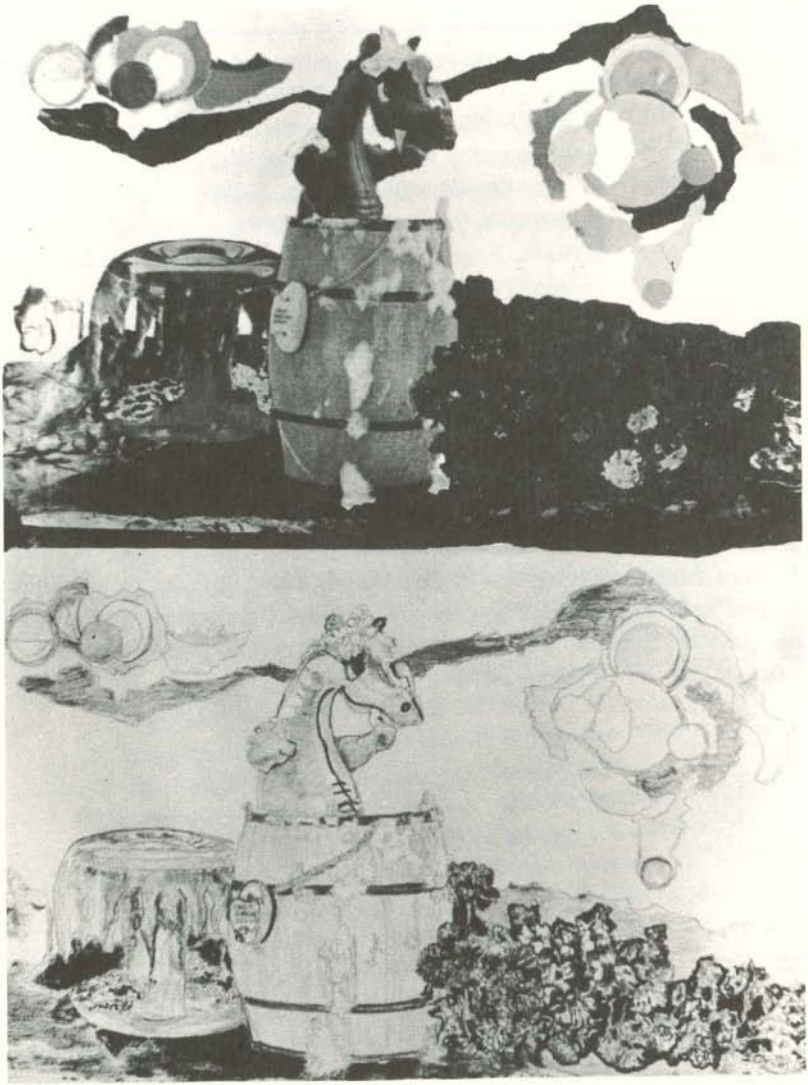
Emily lifting brilliant treasure off revolving setting in the window. Diamond ring slipping quickly onto baby finger of her left hand. Many customers in stores shopping for Christmas specials. Gold Indian cowbells

jingle. Emily closing the door behind her. Half a block down, in the 5 and 10c store. Emily looking for sequins. Red, orange, yellow, green. Emily snapping shut her coinpurse. One shiny quarter splashed onto cashier's counter.

> *Daddy kissing her clenched fist. "Now, dear, nobody will steal away your prism. Here, put it under the pillow." Emily imagining all the different shapes and combinations that her prism can make. Reflections. Refractions. Light. Night. To be an actress maybe, a child star like Shirley Temple. Daddy laughs when he sees her. Silly. Dancing clever steps like shuffle-ball-change. Singing "Good Ship, Lollipop." No, better to be dramatic. Tears. Emotion. Struggle. Feeling. Margaret O'Brien. Bright lights and pretty clothes, and stardom dreams. Pay for mother's bills. Always the doctor comes in the night.*

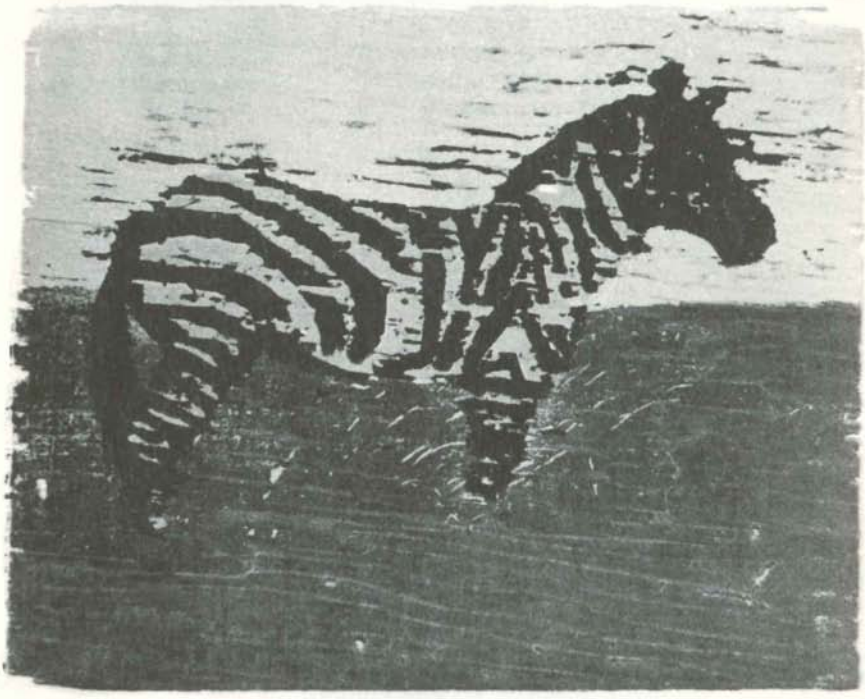
Emily, her willowy body almost transparent in the sunlight, reflecting the icy street. Holding her hand up to see the crystal flake play tag with the bright sunlight. Sparkling ring mirrored in clean store-window. Emilly, admiring her special gift. Sunlight. Not stopping at the corner. Lights change. Amber then green. So fast. Sunlight. Rays of sun and sky splintering the mind. Emily, in the days when daddy's princess was alive. The red pick-up choking on its brakes. Sunlight. Out of state. Screams from passers-by. A whistle endlessly blowing. Too late. Sunlight. Brown and orange scarf splattered with glass. Bright red sequins stuck on patches of snow, and blue, yellow, green, orange. Almost like a prism . . .

DIANNE MUMM



MARLA ULVEN

JENNIFER COATES



KAREN ISBELL

ED. NOTE: *Hitleryouth is an excerpt from the Diary of Mrs. Isbell started at age eleven in WW II Germany.*

HITLERYOUTH

On the morning of August 11 we assembled at the railway station, with canvas lunchbags over our shoulders and suitcase in hand, waiting for Elizabeth, our Leader. Upon her arrival we passed thru the gate, had our train tickets punched and mounted the train. Had to transfer thrice. A few more girls joined us from Langensalza, Tennstedt and Essersheiligen. Inge Dietmar had also brought her concertina along and played a few songs. I was too lazy to drag mine out. Upon our arrival in Sonneberg, we were greeted by a bunch of Young Maidens of the Hitleryouth, equipped with handcarts for our baggage. After an hour's walk we reached our destination, the county hostel, located inmidst a dense evergreen forest. After taking leave from the local Young Maidens, we lined up in proper formation and entered the building in step. Naturally I chose an upper berth. Each of us had her own nightstand for shoeshine equipment, shoes and uniform. We were tired that night and soon fell asleep.

FIRST DAY IN CAMP: Awakened by Inge's concertina, we assembled outside within ten minutes, dressed in our gym outfits. After a fifteen minute period of rigorous exercise including a jog thru the woods, we returned to the building hungry as bears. Soon, we were standing by the flag, cleaned up, our uniforms brushed and shoes shined to perfection. Elizabeth gave her morning address and closed it with a poem. The flag

was raised while we were standing motionless with our hands raised. Then we sang a flag-song and were dismissed for breakfast. Mrs. Betz, our denmother, took good care of us and the meals were fabulous. In the afternoon, during our two hours off we took our drinking cups and roamed thru the forest taking advantage of the abundance of blueberries. Late in the afternoon we assembled in the dining hall of the hostel for "home-evening," singing songs under Elizabeth's guidance. Then she read us the story *The Grey Frock*, dealing with a humble unknown soldier sacrificing his life for his country with nothing to show for it but a bullet-riddled grey frock. I had a hard time holding back my tears, but then Young Maidens have to practice self-control and hold back mawkish tears. After supper we hauled down the flag and soon had to hit the sack. Elizabeth sang a goodnight song to us. This time it was our turn to have her stay with us during the night, so we couldn't raise any racket before going to sleep.

SECOND DAY: This morning it was my turn to take count of all present and to have them stand at attention while I reported to Elizabeth with my right hand raised, before we marched toward the flag. Then we sang the Hitleryouth hymn:

"Forward! forward!" sounds the flourish of trumpets.
"Forward! forward!" Youth knows no danger.
Germany, you shall emerge in radiance,
Even if we have to perish.
"Forward! forward!" sounds the flourish of trumpets.
"Forward! forward!" Youth knows no danger.
Although our aim seems unattainable,
Youth shall conquer it.
Our flag is blowing in front of us
Our flag signifies the new era.
We shall march with Hitler thru night and thru need.
With the flag of youth for freedom and bread.
Our flag is blowing ahead of us
Our flag is the new time.
Our flag shall guide us into eternity.
Yea, our flag means more than death.
Youth, Youth, we are future's soldiers.
Youth, Youth, bearers of coming deeds.
Yea, by our fist shall fall
Anything that resists us.

Although our aim seems unattainable,
Yet, youth shall conquer it.
Our flag is blowing in front of us. . .

After the song — silence, except for the song of a skylark. Oh, but what a beautiful flag — free and proud — blowing its message to the treetops, which rustle in answer. The svastica centered in a white circle surrounded by flaming red against the azure sky — competing with the sun — it is one with the sun — the sign of life — the life force — lifting us up. At times I wish I could die while holding the flag high — keeping it from being soiled by forces of evil. The flag will cleanse us all from elements of physical and mental derangement. We shall have to kill — not out of hatred, but out of necessity. Oh, but why can't I be a man and join the army as a man. Why can't I do like Eleanor Prohaska who sneaked into Frederick the Great's Army during the Seven-year War and remained undetected as a woman until she was wounded. By then she had done her duty anyway — like a man. Nowdays I wouldn't even pass thru the first physical without being found out. I want to hold that flag in battle — I don't want to submit to a man and bear children, unless it be a hero like Gisli out of the Icecandic Saga. Fate is necessity. Oh, but I'd rather perish as a man than live as a woman. No, I must not complain. A German Maiden doesn't complain or be weak.

That morning we spent studying how to read maps — two kinds: the surveyor's map and the ordnance map. In the afternoon we were broken down into groups of five. Each group was handed an envelope and sent into a certain direction. After a half-hour walk we were to open the envelope. Our group was instructed to gather all sorts of flowers from the meadow where we happened to be and to draw anyone we liked. By six p.m. all of us had returned to the hostel. After supper each group reported about their respective instructions contained in the envelope. To bed at 9 p.m. We chatted for a long time. At about 11 p.m. we could hear airplanes. From the sound of their engines we knew that they were British. As we observed that the only other building in this area — another hostel filled with children evacuated from bomb-ridden Berlin, had done a very poor job of black-out, we felt a bit uneasy. But then we didn't think they could see us anyway, as the dense Thuringian forest was protecting us. Soon everything was quiet once more.

THIRD DAY: Today is a special event, as we will walk down to Sonneberg to see the doll-museum. Never before had we seen such beautiful

toys. The outstanding one was a carnival with a merry-go-round, concession stands, people and animals with lifelike features. The curator told us that the carnival was awarded first prize at the doll-exibition at Paris in 1910. She let the merry-go-round run for us. The whole carnival is worth 30000. — Marks — much too little for the tremendous labor and taste invested in it. Once an American wanted to buy it, but was refused, as it belongs to the Museum. One cannot buy anything from the Museum.

FOURTH DAY: This morning we practiced songs, as we are invited to spend this afternoon with the Young Maidens of Sonneberg. Two of us had to study a book telling about the history of our hometown, Muehlhausen, in order to relate it to our hosts. Arrived at down-town Sonneberg; we were greeted cordially by their Young Maidens' Leader and led into their youth-building where a group of Young Maidens received us. They had fallen in line and stood at attention — wonderfully disciplined. At the beginning of the program Inge and I played some march-music on our concertinas. Some Young Maidens from Sonneberg talked about their hometown and then presented the fairy-tale "King Thrushbeard." Then they sang songs and taught us "On a clear spring-morning". Eve Tuchsher told the story of Muehlhausen, and Renata Gropp described the "Kirmes," a local fall-festival with evergreen trees put up in streets adorned with bright paper-chains and painted eggshells and costumed children dancing around them and later having coffee and cake at tables set up under the trees; at night the grownups drink beer, eat coldcuts and make merry. She also told about our well or spring festivals taking place each June, where school children all dressed in white, with girls wearing wreaths of fresh roses on their heads and boys holding bouquets, occupy the circular steps around the well which supplies the town with fresh water, singing songs of thanksgiving and throwing flowers into the water.

FIFTH DAY: This was the day of our trip to the fortress of Coburg. As we march thru Sonneberg in step, our songs reverberate from the walls and roofs of the narrow, steep-gabled houses. On the train we muse and wonder whether Coburg will be an even more glorious experience than the doll-museum. Arrived at Coburg; we are no longer in Thuringia but Bavaria. Our first tour will take us to the Fortress — an ancient stately edifice, visible from downtown Coburg. How impressive must it look from close-up. The first thing we contemplate upon reaching the top of the hill is a huge well. It is about twenty meters deep and during the middle-ages served principally for the execution of those sentenced

to death who were thrown down into it. Afterwards we buy our tickets and enter the Dukes' building which contains beautiful ancient halls decorated with portraits of famous men and women. Some of the rooms are still occupied by Duke Ernst August. Then we look at the collection of artifacts. There are old armours of iron formerly worn by warriors, pistols, rifles, daggers, swords, bajonettes, cannons and cannon balls of stone. These items date back to the 12th thru 18th centuries. Still impressed by all the gorgeous things we have seen, we enter an inn, where the sandwiches we have brought along taste excellent. We even can order a boullion, and to our greatest surprise there are peaches available. After the meal we get permission to roam around for two hours on our own which we use for some more sight-seeing and purchasing gifts for our relatives. That night we sink into our bunks very tired and very happy.

SIXTH DAY: Today, we did not have to get up until nine o'clock, as it is Sunday. It was my turn to quote a slogan, as the flag was being raised:

"In these days, we shall joyously forfeit idle rest,
And busy ourselves in good spirits, asking for work,
Wherever there's work to be done —
not become discouraged,
But carry our blocks to the building site."

Two more slogans were said by others. I was very proud of having been bestowed the honor to quote one. The day was wonderful, and even the food was delicious. By the way, it had been unbelievably good all along: meat for every noon meal, and on Saturday night even potato salad and wieners. Our sandwiches weren't buttered very often, but whenever so, it was spread on thickly. On Saturday night we had three slices of bread, and cocoa.

SEVENTH DAY: In the morning we visited the doll factory in Sonneberg—the only one remaining for the time being, as all the others have been converted into manufacturing plants for items direly needed in our war effort. We observed the assembly of dolls limb by limb, and also the manufacturing of stuffed animals. I bought a Teddybear and named him Browny. As it was our last day in camp, we were granted a few hours off. Although it was against orders, Heirode and I yielded to the temptation of visiting an ice-cream parlor. It was late in the afternoon, when we marched back to our hostel, and, as the setting sun was bathing our faces in a copper-glow, we started to sing, and strangely enough without

preliminary prompting, in harmony, with a certain quality of melancholy softness in our voices — feeling very close to one another:

"As the setting sun was sending forth his last rays,
A small regiment of Hitler marched into the small town.
Sadly echoed their songs thru the small, quiet village,
For they were carrying to his grave one of their
loyal comrades."

I have always liked this song. It reminds me of the way things must have been during our Leader's emergence, when his followers had to protect his and their lives in daily battle against the Reds and reactionaries. They won and with their battle-cry "Germany awaken!" led our nation, which had been wallowing in the shame of senseless and unjust defeat, to the pinnacle of glory and pride — one nation under the Leader, whose crown shall never again be stolen by strangers.

This is our last night in the hostel. Each group presents a skit. Before retiring we pack our suitcases, as we will have to arise rather early in the morning. At bedtime, Elizabeth tells us a deliciously spooky story, after which we quickly fall asleep.

EIGHTH DAY: Departure. Up at six o'clock—then permission to take a stroll thru the forest for half an hour, after which we assemble in single file in front of the kitchen door to receive food for the trip home. We take leave from our denmother. As there is only one handcart available, more than half of us carry our own suitcases. Our journey back to Muehlhausen lasts eight hours, as we have to hit the bomb shelter thrice. Arrived at Muehlhausen; I took the streetcar home after shaking hands with Elizabeth. I shall never forget those days at leader-candidates camp, and each time I remember the dream-like town of Sonneberg, I hum the song they taught us: "On a clear Spring-morning . . ."

MONDAY, 31 AUGUST 1942: Oh, how long ago, since I last wrote into this book, and how much has happened since! It is barely four weeks ago that I returned to my wigwam from a long journey. I spent a few weeks in Bavaria. First, I spent six days in Munich and then three weeks in a sailing school at Lake Starnberg. I have seen, experienced, and learnt much. Upon my return home, I received a major blow: Our beloved German and Drama Instructor, Dr. Dieckman has been transferred to a school in Erfurt. Oh, what a genius she was. While she was far from pretty in the usual sense, she had eyes which could sparkle with enthusiasm or shoot thunderbolts in anger. She is also our music teacher

— full of music, art, literature, history, and dramatic ability. One day — it seemed a day like any other — she began to teach us enunciation. "a — e — i — o — u — a — o — u — eu — ei — au — For Heaven's sake, arch your tongues with their tips against the tips of your lower teeth, you stupid oafs. Now, get with it, or you'll never learn it. Schmidt, louder, louder, that's the spirit." Within three months the whole class spoke pure and beautiful stage-German. Even our English pronunciation profited some. I became enthused. I wonder whether I'll ever speak English well enough to become a spy for Germany and go to England. But, back to "Dixie," as we called Dr. Dieckman. First we read "Katte" with her — a drama based on a true event in Frederick the Great's life. As a young lad he became fed up with the spartan Prussian life and his Father's tyrannic and strict rule and decided to flee the country together with his friend Katte. They were caught and both sentenced to death. Frederick was pardoned, but had to watch thru his open cell window as Katte, his friend, was being beheaded. It is a very exciting drama. From there we went on to Martin Luserke's "The King and the Three Golden Strands of Hair," a play based on Grimm's fairy tale of the same title. Next to the narrator of day and the narrator of night, I, as the King, had the largest role. The first presentation was such a smashing success that we had to play it four more times. Dixie already made plans for next year. She would have become our class-teacher and we would have toured Germany and perhaps even the liberated countries as stage actors. So what, if our other grades went down. What do I care about math, if I play Mephisto. I like to play bad people. They are more fun to play. At least I and other people know that in real life I am not that bad, while one knows of hero-actors that they aren't as good in real life. But now our Dixie is gone. Everything seems empty and deserted. I don't like to live at home any longer. Something is amiss. I would like to go far, far away, I don't know where, possibly to a different country, yea, a different continent. But, of course, Dad and Mom don't or don't want to understand. They think I want to forsake them and that I don't love them anymore. But that's sheer nonsense.

The trainride to Munich lasted thirteen hours. Ingrid picked me up. At dinner at the Kaiser Hotel I noticed that hardly anybody was without makeup, that is, lipstick and eyebrow-pencil, notwithstanding the fact that a German woman isn't supposed to paint herself, but is to preserve her natural looks. But I must admit that it rather impressed me, and for the duration of my stay in Bavaria, I used makeup too.

When I ordered cocoa, the waitress stared at me in consternation and the rest of the people at the table giggled "There is a war going on, remember," remarked Ingrid. "Boy, one can tell you haven't eaten in restaurants much lately!" During the six days I stayed in Munich I saw the "Platz," a comic theater with hilarious shows, where they even tell political jokes, but I am sure even our Leader would laugh at them; the "Last Adventure," a stage drama in the "Residenz" Theater; a variety show in the German Theater, where one of the features was a woman who had nothing on but a veil where you could see thru. Herbert, Ingrid's fiancee, had raised a big fuss about it beforehand, but I didn't find it very exciting. Then I visited the German art exhibit, the English Garden, the Chinese tower, the Nymphenburg Castle, the Botanical Garden, the Animal Park at Hellabrunn, the Brown House where the National Socialistic Party used to have their first meetings, the Hall of Commanders-in-Chief, where many of Hitler's followers were gunned down in 1923, the Hall of Fame of the Fallen Heroes, all of the latter three buildings on King's square, the fantastic Italian ice-cream parlor, the night-club "Simplissimus," where they let me in, because I looked much, much older than thirteen with makeup on, the Chinese restaurant with the horrible yellow-faced types. There was a lady in the backroom. She was white and had a baby carriage along. In it I saw a cute baby with yellow skin but large black eyes without the mongolian crease. They said she is married to a Chinese. Poor little baby — having to grow up as a bastard — what a racial shame! I stayed with Ingrid in her furnished room on the third floor of a rental apartment building which was old and smelled of cabbage and poor unwashed people. I met quite a few of Ingrid's fellow students in the chemical department of the Technical University of Munich. One was Jimmy Penard, who was born in Java and had a Dutch father and French mother. Another one, Hans, had his leg in a cast, because something blew up during one of his experiments in the lab. Then there was Alfred of German-American parents who had sent him over here just before the war broke out. He is a redhead, speaks German with a soft foreign accent, is very friendly and surely doesn't look like a spy for American imperialist powers. He has to report to the police every week, but other than that they leave him alone and let him continue his studies. He said to me in Ingrid's presence that I am prettier than she is, but afterwards she told me that this was just one of his usual weird ideas. So, I doubt whether it's true.

On a Sunday Ingrid and I rode to Tutzing at Lake Starnberg and reported to the Sailing School which was presided by Hein, an old gruff seabear. As he eyed me critically and entered my birth-date with a serious expression in his eyes, I learnt that I was the youngest sailing student ever. None of the rest was any younger than seventeen, and ages varied between that and 45. Next day we went right down to business. What a beautiful sport! At first we sailed with Hein on the yacht "Frauke" and then in a much smaller type of sailboat called a people's boat. At first I was a bit scared, especially since our navigator kept teasing us by painting in the most horrible colors the process of capsizing. But on the next day I was hardly afraid anymore. Then at least I knew the ifs and hows of capsizing, and that there really is nothing to it. Each day I became more and more familiar with the sensation of sitting in a rolling and pitching boat and having water splash about your ears. The weather was gorgeous, especially regarding wind-conditions. We had very few slacks. Ingrid and Herbert attended only one course, then left. I remained for another fortnight. I had a friend, a Dutch girl. She was short and quite plump, had flaxen hair and blue eyes and spoke fluent German, though with a slight Dutch accent. Her name is Truus von Kempen, and she cannot go back home for the time being, because there is a subversive, treacherous group of underground people, who will grab her and shear her hair off for having a German soldier for her boyfriend. She must really love him to undergo all those risks. I hope he loves her as much. She and I bathed almost every morning and night in the lake. What a boundless feeling to be able to swim far, far out, without being hindered by ropes, fences, or stakes. In the morning, when the water is unruffled, it seems a bottomless upsidedown version of the sky, and one has the sensation of being suspended in midair while swimming. I had a secret boyfriend. By secret I mean that neither he nor anybody else knew that he was my friend. We talked and kidded, but I never let on how much I liked him. So I really don't know whether or not I was his friend too. I hope so! Oh, Hugo, at the sight and thought of you, my soul climbed up into seventh heaven, and your eyes are light blue and deep as the clear water of a lake. I probably shall never see you again. One event I'll never forget. On a beautiful sunny day, Herbert, Ingrid and I sailed toward Starnberg. The first part of our trip was sufficiently windy, and we were just about to tack toward shore when suddenly the wind died down as if cut off. With much effort we succeeded in landing the boat, drank

coffee in the restaurant "Hans Gruss." Our return trip, however, proved a disaster. We had to row the whole way. The sun was setting, and the sky presented a unique and breath-taking picture. Above us, the sky was dark blue, while in the west it was blood-red, as the moon hung suspended in the sky in the Southeast — the moods of night and day fused into one. We reached the sailing school at 12:30 a.m. — a moonlit rowing party. Although everybody was dead-tired, Ingrid, Herbert and another student sneaked into the garden of a government-sponsored children's camp and relieved the bushes of about three glass jars full of boysenberries, which they shared with me. After Herbert and Ingrid had left to go back to Munich, I learnt how to sail an olympic jolly-boat — a tiny sailboat without a foresail and therefore easily managed by one person, but also easy to capsize. So, Old Hein made us, the next youngest student, seventeen-year-old Otto and me, wear a life-belt — ridiculous. We sailed off smoothly and proceeded to cross the lake. As our work was done for the time being, we had time to talk some. He told me that he was an orphan of well-to-do parents and that his guardian was sending him to a very strict and joyless boarding school. He didn't seem to me like the type who needed a strict boarding school, as he was a good buddy — well behaved, reserved and efficient in managing the boat. We landed the boat safely on the other side of the lake, had a soft drink in a small restaurant, which tasted like hard candy dissolved in water, then sailed back to the school. We also learnt how to tie sailors knots — a whole gob of them. As is always the case with me, I had an easy time learning the complicated knots and a heck of a time grasping the easy ones. I and everybody else thought I'd never manage the square knot — after I knew all the other ones — but at last the coin dropped. Then one Sunday the rest of the students accompanied me to the train, and I had a hard time keeping my tears back, as I was leaving for home.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1942: Hurrah, fall vacations will start on October 3, and a group of girls of our class will go to the City of Weymar, where we'll meet Dixie (Dr. Dieckmann) and go to the theater. We wonder what they'll play. This year I also will have a birthday party, and as soon as we have peace, I'll have the wildest party ever. When will there be peace? Only God and, perhaps, the Leader know. The main thing is to win the war, and win we shall. Everybody knows that, even the enemy.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1942: What in the world am I to

do, if Mother takes everything ill. Most of the time it's because of some mere trifle. If she only knew how deeply her reproaches cut into my heart each time. "So, this is today's youth." I used to laugh at this national slogan of the grownups. Now it drives me to the brink of despair. What have we done to them for talking so ugly about us. When they were young, they were, perhaps, worse. But, of course, they won't give us credit for anything and begrudge us our organizations and attitude, because sometimes we harbor presumptuous thoughts, which bowl over their antiquated and cumbersome way of life. And that bit about religion and its conventions! I *do* believe in you, Lord, in your power and justice, but in *you only,* and not in something they've tried to ram down our throats for two thousand years. Why do you make that so hard on me?

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1942: Our precious days in Weymar are over. Upon our arrival on Saturday night, we went to the National Theater and saw Wagner's "Lohengrin." This epic opera held all of us spellbound. It was so beautiful. Never will I forget Lohengrin and his Elsa of Brabant. Saturday night we got ready to go to a different show. We saw "Diamonds from Vienna" — a witty comedy. We had dinner in the "Elephant-Cellar." Afterwards we walked to the Goethe-Park — an immaculately manicured park with wide paths. In the center of it, surrounded by a huge flowergarden and embedded among trees, stands the pavilion of Goethe. Next day we were allowed to view the theater facilities. After an hour we left — stunned by all the mechanics and props and costumes we got to see. Then we visited the Frederick Schiller House. There wasn't much to see, as all valuables have been stored in a bomb shelter, and the Goethe House is closed entirely. In the evening we went to the stage-theater one more time. They presented some shallow cornball operetta — a far cry from *Lohengrin.* We were disappointed. On the next day we took leave from Dr. Dieckmann — grateful and back in school. Nothing attracts me there any longer. Our German lessons are dry and flat and without sparkle. Oh, I almost forgot, we have started to study chemistry in school. I am absolutely spellbound by it. I think my heredity is showing. At an rate, I am fascinated by it. I think I'll become a nuclear scientist, except the teacher says there is no such thing yet. They are able to smash atoms on an experimental basis, but unable as yet to rebuild them. I am beginning to read science fiction like mad.

DECEMBER 1942: Our Sixth Army is holding out at Stalingrad.

We shall not retreat. Last year my parents turned in their entire skiing equipment and fur-lined coats to help our boys in Russia. People were beautiful and sacrificed all they could. As a result, there is a huge surplus of skis this year and is sold to the civilian population for a song. I bought a pair. They are good skis and painted white. I like to ski thru the forest by Muehlhausen. There is a hilly clearing in the middle of the forest called the "Katalaunic Fields," where many of us practice. Something strange happened the other day. As I came out of the forest and was about to ski out into the road to go home, I saw a group of people approaching along the road. I waited to let them pass. They looked so strange. They were guarded by soldiers and looked like ghosts. They couldn't have been prisoners of war or ordinary DP's (displaced persons brought to Germany from liberated countries to contribute their share in the war effort). They wore neither uniforms nor dresses, but long white gowns with hoods over their heads. Prisoners of war and laborers from other countries talk usually, and the women quite often giggle, but these just drudged along as if each of them were carrying something heavy. Their heads were bowed, their faces looked stony and motionless and not really pale white but yellowishly sallow. I tried to catch a glimpse of their downcast eyes. Somehow I expected or even hoped to see anger or hatred in them, but what little I could see was a lack of even a reflection, like lights gone out. As I could see the backs of the first of them, I saw a huge thick black cross painted across each gown. The white gowns looked dirty against the snow. I felt uncomfortable. Why wasn't there any meanness or hatred in their eyes, and why were they so completely silent. They seemed as if chained together, only there weren't any chains. And the guards didn't look severe or proud and erect but almost apologetic and completely and utterly apart from them. The whole group looked as if laden with a curse — a curse — a curse. Suddenly it occurred to me who they were. Only, I don't know whether they were men or women, because of the gowns. And those thick huge black crosses — like a symbol of branding. They must work at the factory in the middle of the forest. They looked quite different from what I had thought they would look like.

JANUARY 1943: I am quite busy now, even after school, as I am in charge of thirty Young Maidens now. We meet twice a week, study for singing rallies, have drill sessions in the large yard of the Youth Home, once in a while I speak on a certain political topic handed down to me from my superiors. Frequently we visit local field hospitals,

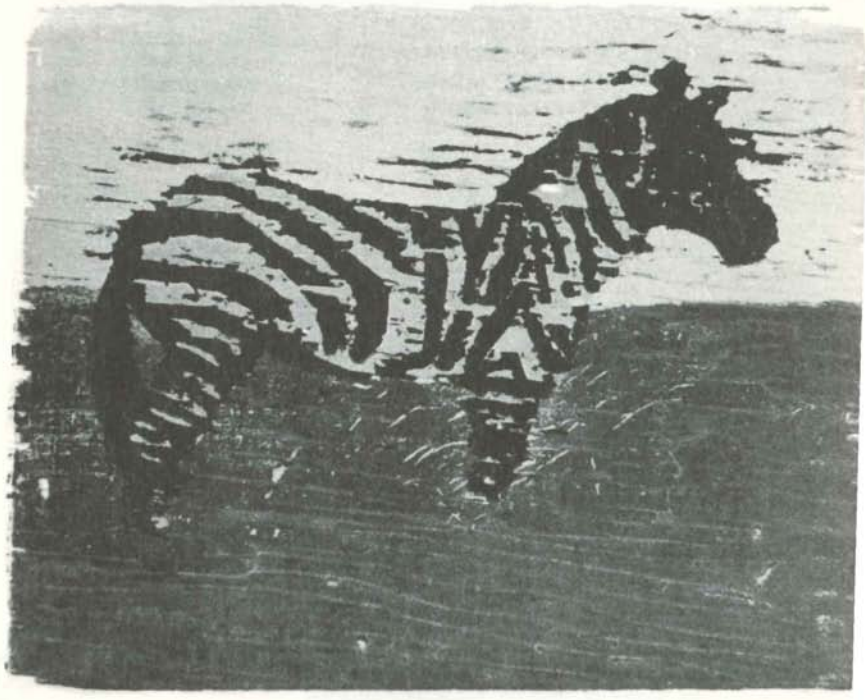
take gifts to the wounded soldiers, and sing and play accordion. We collect herbs. We walk around town pulling handcarts to collect trash paper and scrap-metal to be remade into usable items. Muehlhausen is being filled up with evacuees from industrial cities in the Rhineland, Berlin, and Northern Germany, as the air-gangsters not only destroy industrial plants, but also and foremost, residential areas. They are trying to undermine us from within, and also to poison our minds with their radio-broadcasts containing vicious propagandistic lies. It is forbidden under the threat of the death penalty to tune in to foreign broadcasts, and rightfully so, as a weak mind could easily succumb to their verbal poison. I do listen though, because my mind cannot be poisoned. It is interesting to listen to the two different kinds: BBC London with its station identification drum beat is fabulously clever in its lies, and you really have to have tremendous faith in your Leader and your country not to be shaken. Moscow is so terribly crude, that if I were some underground Communist traitor, I would turn into a German patriot upon listening to their crud. That's how transparent their lies are. And their language: "Down with that Hitler-dog. Eradicate him." Boy, those Bolsheviks *are* sub-human. Our news reporters are absolutely right.

FEBRUARY 1943: Yesterday I had some disappointment. I said to Elizabeth, our district leader: "Elizabeth, I have a wonderful girl in my group, who would make a wonderful group-leader of 15 maidens. Her name is Dorli Koppel." "Wonderful," said Elizabeth. "Let's ask her if she would do it, as she's a little young." "Elizabeth," I said, "there is one hitch. She's got a quarter of Jewish blood in her. I hope it makes no difference." "My dear girl, it sure does. She's absolutely out." I didn't give up right away "Yes, but we learnt in racial sciences that they are considered legitimate German citizens and are even allowed to marry Germans." "Oh, Karen, that's different. But as far as being qualified for leadership, it's a strict no." I felt rather stupid, but she must be right.

A veil of mourning hangs over Germany. Stalingrad has fallen, the Sixth Army is destroyed. When they announced it over the radio, Mother cried and Father didn't say a word. I clench my fists. The Germanic race has been in tight spots before. Germany will make it. It cannot be that right is conquered by wrong. Stalingrad has merely been a test by Providence. Herman The Cherusker beat the Romans in the Forest of Teutoburg under nearly desprate circumstances. We shall halt the red flood. A few days later Dr. Goebbels declares Total War, which will mean more privations and sacrifices, but we'll gladly

have guns instead of butter if that's what's needed for our victory. We have to get up nights more frequently to descend into the bombshelter. Sometimes Dad and I climb up onto the flat roof of our very high brewery building, and with fieldglasses we can see the flashes of anti-aircraft 50 miles West of us in the City of Kassel. On their way to Berlin, the American four-engine bomber-planes fly over Muehlhausen. We can distinguish their deep, sonorous drone from the sounds of smaller planes very easily. Frequently, during the daytime, on clear days, I can detect them with my eyes, flying very, very high, often merely by the reflection of the sun from their metallic bodies. And if one doesn't think about the rest, it is a very beautiful and thrilling picture.

JENNIFER COATES



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"Forward! forward!" sounds the flourish of trumpets.
"Forward! forward!" Youth knows no danger.
Germany, you shall emerge in radiance,
Even if we have to perish.
"Forward! forward!" sounds the flourish of trumpets.
"Forward! forward!" Youth knows no danger.
Although our aim seems unattainable,
Youth shall conquer it.
Our flag is blowing in front of us
Our flag signifies the new era.
We shall march with Hitler thru night and thru need.
With the flag of youth for freedom and bread.
Our flag is blowing ahead of us
Our flag is the new time.
Our flag shall guide us into eternity.
Yea, our flag means more than death.
Youth, Youth, we are future's soldiers.
Youth, Youth, bearers of coming deeds.
Yea, by our fist shall fall
Anything that resists us.

toys. The outstanding one was a carnival with a merry-go-round, concession stands, people and animals with lifelike features. The curator told us that the carnival was awarded first prize at the doll-exibition at Paris in 1910. She let the merry-go-round run for us. The whole carnival is worth 30000. — Marks — much too little for the tremendous labor and taste invested in it. Once an American wanted to buy it, but was refused, as it belongs to the Museum. One cannot buy anything from the Museum.

FOURTH DAY: This morning we practiced songs, as we are invited to spend this afternoon with the Young Maidens of Sonneberg. Two of us had to study a book telling about the history of our hometown, Muehlhausen, in order to relate it to our hosts. Arrived at down-town Sonneberg; we were greeted cordially by their Young Maidens' Leader and led into their youth-building where a group of Young Maidens received us. They had fallen in line and stood at attention — wonderfully disciplined. At the beginning of the program Inge and I played some march-music on our concertinas. Some Young Maidens from Sonneberg talked about their hometown and then presented the fairy-tale "King Thrushbeard." Then they sang songs and taught us "On a clear spring-morning". Eve Tuchsher told the story of Muehlhausen, and Renata Gropp described the "Kirmes," a local fall-festival with evergreen trees put up in streets adorned with bright paper-chains and painted eggshells and costumed children dancing around them and later having coffee and cake at tables set up under the trees; at night the grownups drink beer, eat coldcuts and make merry. She also told about our well or spring festivals taking place each June, where school children all dressed in white, with girls wearing wreaths of fresh roses on their heads and boys holding bouquets, occupy the circular steps around the well which supplies the town with fresh water, singing songs of thanksgiving and throwing flowers into the water.

FIFTH DAY: This was the day of our trip to the fortress of Coburg. As we march thru Sonneberg in step, our songs reverberate from the walls and roofs of the narrow, steep-gabled houses. On the train we muse and wonder whether Coburg will be an even more glorious experience than the doll-museum. Arrived at Coburg; we are no longer in Thuringia but Bavaria. Our first tour will take us to the Fortress — an ancient stately edifice, visible from downtown Coburg. How impressive must it look from close-up. The first thing we contemplate upon reaching the top of the hill is a huge well. It is about twenty meters deep and during the middle-ages served principally for the execution of those sentenced

preliminary prompting, in harmony, with a certain quality of melancholy softness in our voices — feeling very close to one another:

"As the setting sun was sending forth his last rays,
A small regiment of Hitler marched into the small town.
Sadly echoed their songs thru the small, quiet village,
For they were carrying to his grave one of their
loyal comrades."

I have always liked this song. It reminds me of the way things must have been during our Leader's emergence, when his followers had to protect his and their lives in daily battle against the Reds and reactionaries. They won and with their battle-cry "Germany awaken!" led our nation, which had been wallowing in the shame of senseless and unjust defeat, to the pinnacle of glory and pride — one nation under the Leader, whose crown shall never again be stolen by strangers.

This is our last night in the hostel. Each group presents a skit. Before retiring we pack our suitcases, as we will have to arise rather early in the morning. At bedtime, Elizabeth tells us a deliciously spooky story, after which we quickly fall asleep.

EIGHTH DAY: Departure. Up at six o'clock—then permission to take a stroll thru the forest for half an hour, after which we assemble in single file in front of the kitchen door to receive food for the trip home. We take leave from our denmother. As there is only one handcart available, more than half of us carry our own suitcases. Our journey back to Muehlhausen lasts eight hours, as we have to hit the bomb shelter thrice. Arrived at Muehlhausen; I took the streetcar home after shaking hands with Elizabeth. I shall never forget those days at leader-candidates camp, and each time I remember the dream-like town of Sonneberg, I hum the song they taught us: "On a clear Spring-morning . . ."

MONDAY, 31 AUGUST 1942: Oh, how long ago, since I last wrote into this book, and how much has happened since! It is barely four weeks ago that I returned to my wigwam from a long journey. I spent a few weeks in Bavaria. First, I spent six days in Munich and then three weeks in a sailing school at Lake Starnberg. I have seen, experienced, and learnt much. Upon my return home, I received a major blow: Our beloved German and Drama Instructor, Dr. Dieckman has been transferred to a school in Erfurt. Oh, what a genius she was. While she was far from pretty in the usual sense, she had eyes which could sparkle with enthusiasm or shoot thunderbolts in anger. She is also our music teacher

When I ordered cocoa, the waitress stared at me in consternation and the rest of the people at the table giggled "There is a war going on, remember," remarked Ingrid. "Boy, one can tell you haven't eaten in restaurants much lately!" During the six days I stayed in Munich I saw the "Platz," a comic theater with hilarious shows, where they even tell political jokes, but I am sure even our Leader would laugh at them; the "Last Adventure," a stage drama in the "Residenz" Theater; a variety show in the German Theater, where one of the features was a woman who had nothing on but a veil where you could see thru. Herbert, Ingrid's fiancee, had raised a big fuss about it beforehand, but I didn't find it very exciting. Then I visited the German art exhibit, the English Garden, the Chinese tower, the Nymphenburg Castle, the Botanical Garden, the Animal Park at Hellabrunn, the Brown House where the National Socialistic Party used to have their first meetings, the Hall of Commanders-in-Chief, where many of Hitler's followers were gunned down in 1923, the Hall of Fame of the Fallen Heroes, all of the latter three buildings on King's square, the fantastic Italian ice-cream parlor, the night-club "Simplissimus," where they let me in, because I looked much, much older than thirteen with makeup on, the Chinese restaurant with the horrible yellow-faced types. There was a lady in the backroom. She was white and had a baby carriage along. In it I saw a cute baby with yellow skin but large black eyes without the mongolian crease. They said she is married to a Chinese. Poor little baby — having to grow up as a bastard — what a racial shame! I stayed with Ingrid in her furnished room on the third floor of a rental apartment building which was old and smelled of cabbage and poor unwashed people. I met quite a few of Ingrid's fellow students in the chemical department of the Technical University of Munich. One was Jimmy Penard, who was born in Java and had a Dutch father and French mother. Another one, Hans, had his leg in a cast, because something blew up during one of his experiments in the lab. Then there was Alfred of German-American parents who had sent him over here just before the war broke out. He is a redhead, speaks German with a soft foreign accent, is very friendly and surely doesn't look like a spy for American imperialist powers. He has to report to the police every week, but other than that they leave him alone and let him continue his studies. He said to me in Ingrid's presence that I am prettier than she is, but afterwards she told me that this was just one of his usual weird ideas. So, I doubt whether it's true.

coffee in the restaurant "Hans Gruss." Our return trip, however, proved a disaster. We had to row the whole way. The sun was setting, and the sky presented a unique and breath-taking picture. Above us, the sky was dark blue, while in the west it was blood-red, as the moon hung suspended in the sky in the Southeast — the moods of night and day fused into one. We reached the sailing school at 12:30 a.m. — a moonlit rowing party. Although everybody was dead-tired, Ingrid, Herbert and another student sneaked into the garden of a government-sponsored children's camp and relieved the bushes of about three glass jars full of boysenberries, which they shared with me. After Herbert and Ingrid had left to go back to Munich, I learnt how to sail an olympic jolly-boat — a tiny sailboat without a foresail and therefore easily managed by one person, but also easy to capsize. So, Old Hein made us, the next youngest student, seventeen-year-old Otto and me, wear a life-belt — ridiculous. We sailed off smoothly and proceeded to cross the lake. As our work was done for the time being, we had time to talk some. He told me that he was an orphan of well-to-do parents and that his guardian was sending him to a very strict and joyless boarding school. He didn't seem to me like the type who needed a strict boarding school, as he was a good buddy — well behaved, reserved and efficient in managing the boat. We landed the boat safely on the other side of the lake, had a soft drink in a small restaurant, which tasted like hard candy dissolved in water, then sailed back to the school. We also learnt how to tie sailors knots — a whole gob of them. As is always the case with me, I had an easy time learning the complicated knots and a heck of a time grasping the easy ones. I and everybody else thought I'd never manage the square knot — after I knew all the other ones — but at last the coin dropped. Then one Sunday the rest of the students accompanied me to the train, and I had a hard time keeping my tears back, as I was leaving for home.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1942: Hurrah, fall vacations will start on October 3, and a group of girls of our class will go to the City of Weymar, where we'll meet Dixie (Dr. Dieckmann) and go to the theater. We wonder what they'll play. This year I also will have a birthday party, and as soon as we have peace, I'll have the wildest party ever. When will there be peace? Only God and, perhaps, the Leader know. The main thing is to win the war, and win we shall. Everybody knows that, even the enemy.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1942: What in the world am I to

We shall not retreat. Last year my parents turned in their entire skiing equipment and fur-lined coats to help our boys in Russia. People were beautiful and sacrificed all they could. As a result, there is a huge surplus of skis this year and is sold to the civilian population for a song. I bought a pair. They are good skis and painted white. I like to ski thru the forest by Muehlhausen. There is a hilly clearing in the middle of the forest called the "Katalaunic Fields," where many of us practice. Something strange happened the other day. As I came out of the forest and was about to ski out into the road to go home, I saw a group of people approaching along the road. I waited to let them pass. They looked so strange. They were guarded by soldiers and looked like ghosts. They couldn't have been prisoners of war or ordinary DP's (displaced persons brought to Germany from liberated countries to contribute their share in the war effort). They wore neither uniforms nor dresses, but long white gowns with hoods over their heads. Prisoners of war and laborers from other countries talk usually, and the women quite often giggle, but these just drudged along as if each of them were carrying something heavy. Their heads were bowed, their faces looked stony and motionless and not really pale white but yellowishly sallow. I tried to catch a glimpse of their downcast eyes. Somehow I expected or even hoped to see anger or hatred in them, but what little I could see was a lack of even a reflection, like lights gone out. As I could see the backs of the first of them, I saw a huge thick black cross painted across each gown. The white gowns looked dirty against the snow. I felt uncomfortable. Why wasn't there any meanness or hatred in their eyes, and why were they so completely silent. They seemed as if chained together, only there weren't any chains. And the guards didn't look severe or proud and erect but almost apologetic and completely and utterly apart from them. The whole group looked as if laden with a curse — a curse — a curse. Suddenly it occurred to me who they were. Only, I don't know whether they were men or women, because of the gowns. And those thick huge black crosses — like a symbol of branding. They must work at the factory in the middle of the forest. They looked quite different from what I had thought they would look like.

JANUARY 1943: I am quite busy now, even after school, as I am in charge of thirty Young Maidens now. We meet twice a week, study for singing rallies, have drill sessions in the large yard of the Youth Home, once in a while I speak on a certain political topic handed down to me from my superiors. Frequently we visit local field hospitals,

have guns instead of butter if that's what's needed for our victory. We have to get up nights more frequently to descend into the bombshelter. Sometimes Dad and I climb up onto the flat roof of our very high brewery building, and with fieldglasses we can see the flashes of anti-aircraft 50 miles West of us in the City of Kassel. On their way to Berlin, the American four-engine bomber-planes fly over Muehlhausen. We can distinguish their deep, sonorous drone from the sounds of smaller planes very easily. Frequently, during the daytime, on clear days, I can detect them with my eyes, flying very, very high, often merely by the reflection of the sun from their metallic bodies. And if one doesn't think about the rest, it is a very beautiful and thrilling picture.

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