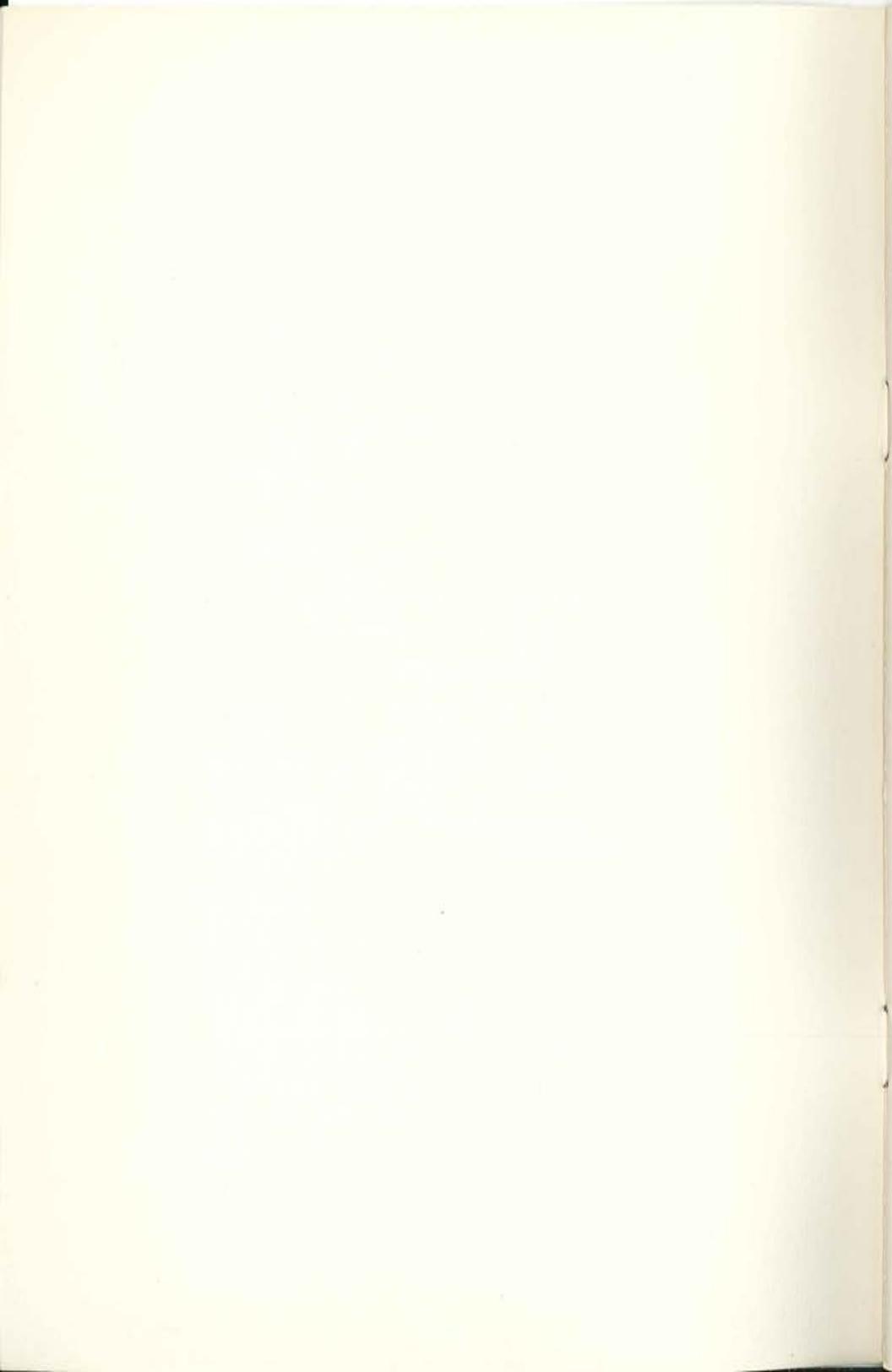


KIOSK





# KIOSK

Morningside College  
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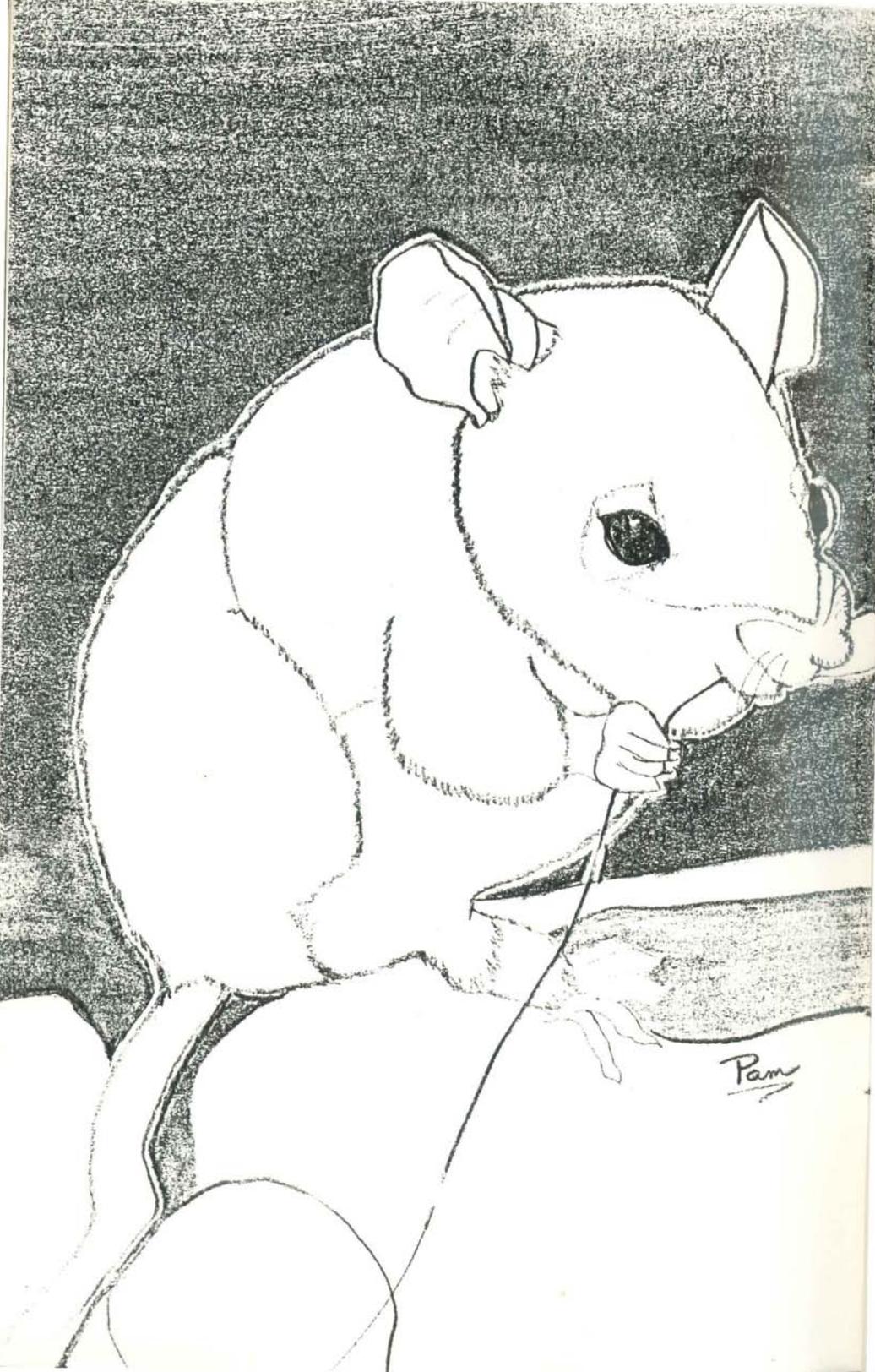
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## Tim Orwig

*A review of a performance of Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" directed by William Lacey and presented by the University of Nebraska at Omaha in Fischer Theater, Ames, Iowa. This review won first prize at the Region V South American College Theatre Festival and National Critics Institute on January 30 - February 3, 1980 in Ames, Iowa.*

In **Waiting for Godot**, Samuel Beckett reduces the modern world to its simplest and most essential components and rhythms. It is a world of paradoxes; his characters represent man at both his simplest and most complex. Furthermore, their interactions represent society from the simplest personal relationships to the most complex international relations. Director William Lacey and the UNO company have reinforced Beckett's intentions and script with a sensitive and supportive production.

Beckett plans his stage world carefully, eliminating anything non-essential. The simplest components are space and time. Space is a country road through a bog, with a tree. The road is, metaphorically, the perfect representation. It is concrete, unchanging, in contrast to the shifting bog. The road is man-made, the tree is natural. Finally, it is the path of life, which all people travel no matter where they started or what their destination. When Didi asks Gogo to tell him where they were yesterday, Gogo answers, "In another compartment. There's no lack of void." Gogo recognizes that all space is essentially the same.

In a similar manner, Beckett's concept of time is balanced between the cyclical and linear. Both acts share the same essential action. Didi and Gogo meet, embrace, and talk. Pozzo and Lucky pass through, followed later by the Boy. Night falls, and Didi and Gogo resolve to leave, but remain immobile. They cannot leave or escape the cyclical events. Gogo again, "Do? I suppose we blathered . . . It's been going on for half a century." The linear progression of time is evidenced by the changes in detail from one day to the next: the tree grows leaves, Pozzo becomes blind, Lucky becomes dumb.

Didi and Gogo are the simplest of men, and the most complex.

Like Chaplin's little tramp, they are unique beings with a feeling for all humanity. Didi is more the dominant, the optimist, and the fighter, while Gogo is more the submissive, the pessimist, and accepts life; but both live the entire range of human conditions. Pozzo is the cruel, the oppressive, the vulgar, while Lucky is the complacent, the oppressed, the sensitive. Pozzo and Lucky are extreme characters, Didi and Gogo are modulated characters. They are archetypes, not stereotypes. Each has a distinct character, but represents a universal condition.

Their relationships are also unique, but essential. Didi and Gogo share a supportive, mutual relationship; love or friendship. Pozzo and Lucky share a destructive, polarized relationship; hate or oppression. Beckett also has an international level in mind. Pozzo represents the British, in their oppression of the Irish, Lucky. Lucky's thought bears an uncomfortable resemblance to the writing of Beckett's mentor and compatriot James Joyce. Any number of further historical parallels could be drawn; particularly the Nazis and Beckett's Vichy France.

This dualistic interpretation is realized totally in UNO's production of *Godot*. The foreground is faithful to Beckett, a sparse wasteland. This is offset by an immense backdrop of intricately overlapping squares, conveying the complexity of the work. Yet Keith Setterholm maintains the unity of his set through use of simple colors and textures. Similarly, Patt Moser's costumes appear, on first examination, to be drab, shapeless rags. Closer scrutiny reveals an unnoticed complexity to rival the most formal attire, through use of vests, pants, coats, ties, etc., again unified by color and texture.

This same unity is evident in Lacey's expansive direction. Lacey handles equally well the tragic and comic scenes in the play. He gives his actors very specific tasks to accomplish, but allows them to use their special talents for comedy in several well-placed bits of business, particularly Don Kinnison's foetal posture and surprisingly effective snore during Gogo's naps.

UNO's Gogo and Didi are the realization of Samuel Beckett's paradoxical view of the essential complexity of modern life. History becomes the story of men creating increasingly complex games to pass the time. Gogo observes, "We always find something, eh Didi, to give us the impression we exist." In one scene, they call each other vicious names until Gogo crumples Didi with the epithet, "Critic!" Beckett asks each of us to accept a work on its own terms, not to abuse it to pass the time. I'm happy to oblige.

## Flashbacks to Mother

*Craig Moline*

The April sunlight crawled up to the window frame and gradually snuck into the upstairs bedroom and down the wall until it shone on Chuck Hannon's bearded face. The seven o'clock sun has awakened Chuck every day for the last three weeks -- ever since he moved away from Chicago and his mother. Chuck has always meant to close the drapes before he went to sleep, but he has forgotten. His mother would have made sure the drapes were drawn so Chuck could get his rest. Mother now, however, was twenty miles away.

Mrs. Hannon asked Chuck, after twenty-seven years, to leave the house and start living on his own. They had driven a U-Haul out to the farm near Schumburg, a suburb of Chicago, and she assured Chuck that he would receive a wholesome check every week until he found a better job.

He pulled the covers off and sat up on the edge of his bed, putting his feet on the floor. His red striped pajama shirt hung open -- unbuttoned. He didn't like to wear it at all, but he remembered his mother telling him to because it would keep him warm. Chuck rubbed his eyes and opened the drawers, but found that he had no clean clothes to wear. As he turned toward the bed he saw his dirty clothes strewn on the floor. They'd have to do today until he could do his wash or talk his mother into doing it. He put on the pair of jeans he found under the bed because his Spiderman yo-yo was in the pocket. He'd let the kids that rode his bus play with it while he was driving. His shoes could not be found on, in, or beneath anything. Chuck hoped he could find them somewhere in the mess downstairs.

Then Chuck opened the door and walked down another cluttered hall to his left. There, under a Chicago Tribune he found one of his blue sneakers. He raised his left foot, discovered it was his right shoe, balanced himself against the wall with his shoulder, and worked the shoe on with both hands. The untied shoelaces slapped against the thick rubber sole as he proceeded to the kitchen. A few feet before the two-way swinging kitchen door Chuck stopped, put his hands at his side and entered the kitchen strutting as if he were John Wayne.

Once Hannon was in his car, he made short time to Lundell's Bus Service in Schumburg. Within 5 minutes he pulled his Riviera into the bus station parking lot. Once parked, he took the keys from the ignition and put them in the ash tray. Then he wouldn't lose them on the bus.

His bus (number 7) was parked in the same place he had parked it yesterday afternoon at 5:15. Hannon ran to the bus, stuck his hand between the rubber stripping and forced the doors open. One large step got him into the driver's seat. The engine roared and Hannon headed for the school.

The school was only six blocks away from the station but it took him about as long to get from the station to the school in the bus, as it did to get from home to the station in his Riviera.

Patrol boys flagged cars at every other intersection so the children could cross the streets. The signal light one block from the school seemed to be stuck on red. Finally, it did change and Hannon cautiously got onto Broadway Street and turned the orange machine again to the right, onto the one way. As he made his way around the corner he noticed from 15 to 25 kids still waiting for their ride home. His bus was usually filled to capacity but evidently some of the parents had picked up their children already today. He hoped they had come to get their children because they wanted to start their Easter vacation, but he knew the parents had come because they thought Hannon was not.

As he pulled close to the curb the children crowded, positioning themselves to get in first. Hannon noticed their pushing and locked the door shut. Then he leaned across the aisle and opened the window.

"If you guys don't stop pushing, you'll never get home 'cause this bus ain't gonna have no kids on it!"

The children stopped pushing and Hannon shut the window and opened the door. They filed in.

"About time, Mr. H." said someone three or four people back. Hannon greeted each child individually. "Hi Kris! How's it goin' Tom? Sorry I'm late today Tiger! How come so many of you have your sack lunches today?"

The little blonde girl behind him said, "We forgot to tell our moms we got out early today."

"Yeah, moms need to know about important stuff like that," stuttered Hannon.

Chuck reached into his front pocket and pulled out his yo-yo. "Here blondie, it's your turn to play with the bus driver's yo-yo."

"Thanks Mr. H." she replied.

Most of these kids were from the country, but two of them lived on the outskirts of town, so Hannon dropped them off on his way out. Today, though, these two kids were not on the bus.

"Where are Jodi and Terry?" asked Hannon.

"Their folks came and got 'em because you didn't come!" blurted Jill, the girl across the aisle from blonde.

Hannon tightened his lips and nodded his head as if to say 'I see.'

"OK people," started Hannon, "I know it's vacation and everything, but you still can't yell and scream. Don't stand up while the bus is moving and don't throw paper and stuff on the floor, OK?"

"OK" a few loners replied.

Hannon's left sneaker let off on the clutch, his right pushed the accelerator. They were bound for home.

The bus roared past Jodi's and Terry's driveways and soon got onto the gravel roads they all were accustomed to.

The first fifteen stops were routine. Chuck was glad to get his yo-yo back. By 1:30 the day had become hot and Chuck longed to get the rest of the kids home and make some more Koolaide for himself.

About a half mile from his next stop Mr. Hannon saw, in his rear view mirror, an apparent fight between two boys in the very back row on his side.

"Knock it off you two back there!" yelled Hannon.

"There's something wrong with Tommy. He can't breathe," bawled the boy next to him.

Hannon immediately pulled off to the side of the road, habitually yanked on the stop sign lever, and raced back to where Tommy was sprawled.

Tommy's hands were clasped around his neck. His face was white. His eyes were rolled up inside his head. His eyelids fluttered uncontrollably. His feet searched desperately for support as he laid between his seat and the one in front of him.

*Chucky felt a finger sticking in his mouth and his mother preached, "You have to eat slower baby and chew it better." Her fingernail cut him beneath his tongue but she withdrew her hand with a piece of mauled ham soon to follow. Chucky's stomach and tongue heaved together simultaneously and tears flowed down his pale cheeks onto the table cloth.*

*"You have to be more careful Chucky and eat more slowly*

*like an adult," instructed his mother.*

"Do something, Mr. H. Do something!" screamed one of the eight left on the bus.

Chuck knelt down on one knee as if to draw his pistol again, but stuck his finger into Tommy's convulsive mouth. Without warning Tommy's jaws snapped down on Chuck's finger instantly, but it dangled by a thread at the joint. Blood sprayed on the vinyl seat covers and floor. Chuck anxiously wound his blue flannel shirt tail around his finger, but immediately noticed drops of blood forming at the bottom of the wrap.

Everyone was screaming and crying. Jill threw up. Another girl fainted.

Chuck reached for a seat and staggered to his feet. He promptly sat down and looked out the window as if to distract his mind from making him vomit.

Tommy quit gasping and his limbs laid still at his side.

"Call the doctor or an ambulance." Chuck heard the cry, but couldn't make out the blurry face that said it.

"Call the doctor or an ambulance, Mr. H.," repeated the voice.

Chuck stumbled to the wheel of the bus and raced for a half mile to the nearest phone. The bus's rear wheels slid as the bus angled into the driveway of the farmhouse. The right half of the steering wheel was painted red. Chuck's shirt tail was soaked. Everyone braced themselves as the bus screeched to a halt. Its sudden movement threw Tommy's body under the seat in front of him. Hannon escaped the bus first and all the children, but Tommy, scrambled for the outdoors.

The woman of the house had seen the hysteria in Hannon's eyes and opened the door for his entrance. Her daughter hugged her waist, sobbing. Hannon asked, "Where's your phone?" She pointed down the hall.

"Tom got choked and his finger got bit off. He's gonna call an ambulance," hollered the biggest boy, pointing to Hannon.

Chuck paused in the corridor, turned around momentarily, gazed at the frightened children, and noticed the stop sign on the bus, still extended. Then he dashed for the phone. When he reached it he realized the trail he had made on the floor. Indifferent to the situation he raised his hand to dial -- reminding him again that his index finger was merely a stub. He dialed a number with his middle finger. . . It rang twice. . . "Hello Mother?"

## Dancing Lessons

*Mindy Nelson Erickson*

When I was seven years old my mom thought I should take dancing lessons because I was so clumsy. My uncle would show the movie of my walking to Sunday school, falling down and skinning my knees, to embarrass me. So my mom took advantage of my firm childhood desire to be a ballet dancer, and sent me to dancing school. You see, I would spend hours listening to an old record of excerpts from **The Nutcracker Suite** and **Swan Lake**. Once at Christmastime I had seen the Nutcracker ballet on T.V., and I sympathized very much with Clara. And all of the dancers were so graceful and beautiful. For awhile it looked like there was hope. On my fifth birthday my parents had bought me a pink ballet costume -- complete with sequined tutu and slippers -- and also a Madame Alexander doll whose costume matched mine almost exactly. But, after that my sister was born, and, of course, ballet wasn't offered due to lack of interest, so my mom thought tumbling would be the best course for me to take.

Marlena, my instructor, received special permission to use the Village Hall, which wasn't ideally suited, for giving lessons to about a dozen girls from Hampton. Marlena always wore the same black exercise shoes, fish-nets, leotard and short, satin, wrap-around dancing skirt. She had orange-brown hair, freckles, dull, brick-colored lips, and jiggled a lot when she danced. She ate lunch right before my lesson, and I always came in time to catch her eating the bar-b-que potato chips which left rusty-orange lines around her fingernails. My mother never let us have that kind of potato chip, so I thought they were something bad.

At first, I didn't do very well in tumbling. But, one day I did a back-bend while nobody was looking -- and then could still do one while they were. The next week I could do a front walk-over and a round-off back-somersault better than anyone! After a few more weeks I was good enough to be scheduled in five dances for the next recital, and Marlena came up with the bright idea for me to do a dance with a partner.

I came to find out my new partner was Marlena's brother Harry, who was not a little girl's dream. Bony and freckled

with blonde, greased-over hair, he had even flunked first grade -- the ultimate disgrace. My mother wouldn't let me play with his kind ordinarily, but to my disbelief she thought it was all right for me to touch him while dancing to a song with the lyrics: "Your mamma and your papa say you no can do. . . ." My father thought it the subject of much humor. Every week I hoped Harry would be gone so I wouldn't have to practice with him. I began to lose interest in dancing lessons. My mother began to find it difficult to persuade me to be ready on time Saturday afternoons.

But, to my relief, my cousin had started taking dancing lessons in Moline from a more professional studio. She asked me to join her, and my mother decided that it was a good idea, a change would encourage my interest. My sister was old enough, so she started taking lessons, too. She was lucky she had never had to take from Marlena.

Our instructors were Carol Lee and Harry, of all names. They were once a husband and wife dancing team, now aging and trying to make ends meet, perhaps to win fame and fortune off one of the students they sent regularly to join the Rockettes. Carol Lee taught tap and Harry taught tumbling. I got to take lessons from each. Carol Lee always wore silver tap shoes that buckled, and she had bleached blonde hair. She also wore thick turquoise eye shadow. She was short, but Harry was tall. He was balding and grey, with a long nose, and he always wore his belt buckled on his left hip.

I never did get to take ballet lessons. Nobody seemed to notice that I wanted to, and my pink tutu lay outgrown in my closet. Tap dancing was kind of fun, though. In the four years I danced my youth away there, I went from the basic "Gimme a Straw Hat and a Cane" with its shuffle-steps -- to a full-fledged kick-line, with a chartreuse sequined, turquoise nylon-net costume and the opening number of the "show."

The "shows," generally known as recitals, were always three to four hours long, which my father did not enjoy. He was not the only one. I had to spend most of the time backstage in a room full of half-naked, screaming little girls. There was a time when we wore red sweaters and white pleated skirts for a tap dance, and I got such a headache from all the noise, I cried and didn't have to go on for the "Grande Finale," which we had rehearsed for months. A lady took me to the back of the huge auditorium to watch it, and we were so far away I could just barely pick out my sister and cousin. There were so

many people on stage I wondered if my mom would notice I was missing. She did. It was impossible to explain to her why I wasn't there since I hadn't been at the point of death, so I heard about it all the way home in the car, and for several months afterwards . . . .

"But, Mom . . ."

"I don't care, we spend all that money on lessons for you, and sit through that terrible long thing, and you don't even come out on stage. And no, we are not stopping for ice cream . . ."

I still went every Saturday though -- I could almost do a back-flip and could even do double wings on the taps. I even made cheerleading because I could do the splits, but I was really hoping to get in the newly opened ballet class. Anyway, it turned out that there weren't enough people to have ballet after all.

At least, the new studio was nice until the boys in tumbling class got bored waiting for their turn and put scuff-marks all over the walls. After we moved to the new studio, Carol Lee could never remember my name right for some reason. I just pretended that my name was really what she called me, and nobody ever seemed to notice. Dirt accumulated again. We had to do cartwheels on the bare floor and came up with grey palms. The recitals got even longer -- and when I was thirteen I quit dancing lessons forever because Harry, then teaching me back-flips, touched me in places I didn't talk about. My mother never understood why I wouldn't go back anymore, she thought I was lazy, but my father was glad he didn't have to go to any more recitals. I read a book about ballet, and, one night, dreamed my sister learned how to be a ballet dancer.

## Just Dues

*Linda Bagshaw*

Cold winter heart,  
 No one grieves  
 That you suffer  
 Subtle stabs of spring;  
 Compassionless,  
 We watch your lifeblood  
 Trickling down  
 Ice-gutted streets.

**Don's Place*****Robert Henry Scott***

I sit on this  
lonely bar stool,  
contemplating  
an empty glass,  
with the chemicals  
of the soul  
needing a catalyst  
for any reaction  
to anything.

Pondering  
another scotch,  
I consider the populace  
of this quiet  
beach bar.  
For now and again  
in seeing a kind face,  
a warm smile,  
my soul oscillates  
between my need  
to love,  
and my fear  
to trust.  
But as always  
with finding  
a new friend,  
I disavow any knowledge  
of the existence of loneliness . . .

at least until  
tomorrow night.



### Pausing

*Chuck Whetzel*

Pausing perhaps  
 Mid-green  
 In the spectrum of doing  
 Shifting slightly  
 To the multiferous cycles of going  
 Bending my time  
 To what is.

## **The Man at the End of the Aisle**

*Marty Hansen*

I went to see the play, "The Man at the End of the Aisle," on Saturday afternoon in February. Almost all of my friends, except Pam and Cindy, had gone before, each going alone.

Susan, who went three years ago in the summer after our senior year in high school, told me that I just had to go sometime. That I'd really be missing something if I didn't. She told me over and over that it changed her life, so I must go soon.

Tammy said that she had gone three times and every time she went she saw it differently. Looking back on it, she said she only hated the ending the first two times -- she hasn't decided on her opinion of the play the third time.

When I got to the theatre I was awed by the size of it. It had two large towers and windows made of thick glass, so thick that I could not see through them. I knew the view inside could not have possibly been close to the beautiful view outside.

Upon entering, I was greeted by a man who must have been a member of the cast as he was dressed all in black except for what looked like a white bowtie with the bows chopped off.

He handed me some type of registration book that everyone who had come to this play had signed. I wrote my name on the second line of a new page, right after a Brian somebody, a name I thought I recognized from somewhere. Maybe in high school?

Just as I handed the book back to the man dressed in black, an elderly usher touched my arm. This man looked a bit like my father and I felt homesick for my home one hundred miles away.

As we walked through the opened heavy wooden doors, the usher leaned towards me and said that he hoped I would enjoy myself. That I wouldn't regret going when this play was over.

When we got to the front, I asked him if the numbers on the ticket didn't say that I was to sit in a row back up the aisle. The usher, nervous by his obvious oversight, begged me not to hold anything against him and quickly handed me over to another usher.

The curtain went up about this time but I could see that the new usher was in no hurry to get me seated.

This usher was much younger, more my age. He was real talkative and he told me that he was only an usher here for that night. That working the theatre was fun but the uncertainty of what it would be like when he came here again was too much for him to handle. The more he talked the more I thought that I had seen him somewhere before. So I asked him where he worked. He told me that he built houses. He loved turning a vacant lot into a house where a family with children could live. Then I remembered that I had seen him working on the house across the street from my apartment. It was almost finished then, all that it needed was a final coat of paint. I had been thinking all that week, that if I were to live in that house, white with brown shutters would look homey.

The play was well in progress when we got to my seat. The black dressed man was up on the stage with an actress and an actor. He paused on the words love and honor and it seemed that the words were directed at me.

The usher asked me if he could sit next to me as since the play had started all there was left for him to do was to watch the play. I then said that I didn't mind -- that I would enjoy his company.

So he sat next to the aisle and we quietly watched the play, vowing that we'd both stay through the ending and not regret going in the first place.

### **Iago — Resurrected?**

***Deborah Craft***

We smiled into each other's eyes —  
 Supposedly calm and serene,  
 Thinking the other in disguise  
 And watching Othello turn green.

Accusations of telling lies;  
 Eyes covered with a mirror's sheen,  
 Snapping shut my once open eyes —  
 And watching Othello turn green.

I felt my thoughts go lifeless, dead;  
 I watched him move through a veiled screen;  
 I watched my love turn bitter red  
 On the day Othello turned green.

## Rosie The Hamburger

*Cindy Rosene*

Hamburg, Iowa. Greyhound Bus, Line 861, destinations Savannah-St. Joe-Kansas City, is making a ten minute stop. Inside, Rosie Thompson, age 23, is perched on the edge of a brown and blue-striped, scratchy seat. She is waving goodbye through the window to her parents, whom minutes before she had wobbled away from on three-inch heels. Her mother, Mildred, is smiling and waving back excitedly. Her father, Bernard, looks on indifferently from the sidewalk. Rosie has a bag of chocolate chip cookies, a movie magazine, the **National Enquirer**, and a seventy-five cent romance novel. On the seat beside her is a red Samsonite suitcase, with the initials W.L.K. engraved in gold at the top. Inside it are her clothes, one-hundred and eighty dollars, and the number to call if she should happen to get lost between Hamburg and her sister Gracie in Kansas City. The suitcase, a graduation gift from her parents five years earlier (her mother had gotten it for a discount at Sears when someone ordered the initials for it and didn't pick it up), has never been used and Rosie is afraid the bus driver will scratch it if he puts it underneath with the other luggage. Few passengers are leaving from Rosie's hometown, so the suitcase occupies the seat next to her.

This will be the first time Rosie has ever been away from home (except for a weekend she spent at Girl Scout camp in the sixth grade, when she burnt her hand picking up a charred hotdog and fell into poison ivy). Going to Kansas City isn't even her idea. It is another one of her older sister Gracie's suggestions. Gracie has been making decisions for Rosie for as long as Rosie can remember. Not that Rosie, until now, has ever minded. After all, who is she to question the wisdom of her worldly sister Gracie? You see, Gracie has everything one needs to get by in the world, or so Rosie thinks. Gracie is tall and slender, colors her hair a lovely copper shade, wears false eyelashes and fingernails, and buys her clothes through the Frederick's of Hollywood catalog. Everything Rosie knows about life in general she has learned from Gracie. Through the years, Gracie has taught her about love, careers, and marriage.

When Rosie was fourteen, Gracie was seventeen and had

dates every weekend. She had informed Rosie of two things. One that it was o.k. to kiss a boy on the first date, and two, that there are certain things you can do when a boy takes you to a drive-in movie. Something had gone wrong, though. When Rosie turned sixteen, she was overweight and had acne and never got the chance to use Gracie Thompson's Rules of Etiquette for the Drive-in.

When Rosie was eighteen, Gracie, age twenty-one, already had a career for herself. She had turned down numerous marriage proposals and moved to Kansas City (What she did there Rosie didn't really know.). Upon Rosie's graduation from high school, Gracie had urged Rosie to do the same and follow her career ambitions. This had been easy for Rosie, since there were no proposals to consider. However, "following her career ambitions" had meant spending the next five years behind the counter at Dippy's Donuts, a bakery on Main Street in Hamburg. It had been at Dippy's that Rosie met Harold Rogers, a used car salesman who stopped in for jelly rolls and cheese Danish. After three years of going to the show on Friday nights with Harold, Rosie had finally received a marriage proposal from him just last week. Thrilled, she had immediately phoned Gracie in Kansas City to give her the good news.

"Don't be a fool, Rosie," Gracie had scoffed. "Think of the life you'll have with someone like that."

"Whadda ya mean by that?" Rosie was stunned, and hurt that Gracie could refer to her Harold as "someone like that."

"Oh, God, Rosie, can't you see? Harold Rogers is a used car salesman, not a doctor or an accountant. You'll live in a two-room walkup, drive one of his beat-up station wagon specials, and eat Hamburger Helper to save money."

"But Gracie, he's nice."

"Listen, nice isn't going to get you very far in this world. Believe me, all you'll get from Happy Harold and His Used Heaps is a lifetime of compromises. Look at me. I'm still single only because I'll settle for nothing but the best." It had been this bit of wisdom from Gracie that led to the idea that Rosie should go to Kansas City, where "thousands of opportunities await anyone smart enough to grab them."

"But Gracie, I can't do anything besides sell doughnuts," Rosie had wailed.

"That's o.k. You can start out doing that until something better comes along. Besides, Rosie Rogers sounds really tacky."

At this point, Rosie's mother had dragged the red suitcase down from the attic. Mildred thought Rosie's going to Kansas City was the best idea Gracie had had yet. After all, Harold did



smoke and drank way too much beer.

"Gracie's right," she had told Rosie. "You're twenty-three and not getting any younger. It's time you found something more for yourself than Harold and the bakery."

So the plans had been made by Gracie and her mother before Rosie had really known what was happening. Mildred sent a note to Harold saying Rosie was moving to Chicago (in case he was persistent and followed her), and Gracie sent her the money for a bus ticket to Kansas City. Rosie's father, who never said much anyway, hadn't commented on the situation until this morning when, while putting Rosie's suitcase into the trunk of his Chevy (bought on credit from Harold), he suggested that perhaps Rosie shouldn't go. After all, Harold's offer still stood, and he didn't see anything wrong with selling used cars. This had been enough to throw Rosie into a fit of tears so that her eyes were red and puffy, and her mother into a fit of rage (because her plans were almost spoiled and also because she had to find a pair of sunglasses to cover Rosie's eyes).

By now, though, Rosie has regained her composure, and as the bus pulls out of Hamburg, leaving her parents in a cloud of exhaust, Rosie sits back to eat a cookie, hoping to calm her nervous stomach. She is still unsure of Gracie's advice. Oh, she knows Gracie is right. Kansas City does hold great opportunities, but for someone like Gracie, not for herself. Why, even little things about the world still scare Rosie. Two years ago, Harold had taken her to see the "Exorcist." It had frightened her so much that she still had to sleep with the light on at night. Rosie looks down at her skirt and shoes. She bought them last week just for her trip, hoping to look as sophisticated in them as Gracie does in her Frederick originals. The heels are a little high, though, so that she has trouble walking in them. Her hair, fixed by the Powder Puff Salon, is hairsprayed in place. Two large Shirley Temple ringlets hang on each side of her chubby face. She blinks her eyes rapidly, unaccustomed to the weight of the false eyelashes she has glued on.

Five miles outside of Hamburg and Rosie is wet and sticky with perspiration. She leans forward and her blouse sticks to the back of the seat. The air conditioner vent next to the window blows cold air up at her wet armpits and gives her the chills. Chewing her fingernails, Rosie looks out the window. Gray haystacks, shaped like giant loaves of bread, sit in barren fields. Billboards flash by. Motel Six — Pool — Free TV — Seventeen Miles Ahead. Al's Automotive — Transmission and Muffler Repair — Rockport. Stop at Mama Pig's — Homemade Pies — Chili — Mound City. The hypnotic passing

of fence posts and telephone poles puts Rosie to sleep.

She wakes an hour later. Her head is buzzing from leaning against the vibrating window. The bus is making another stop. Orange neon drops chase each other around a large flashing arrow announcing Joe's Bar and Gill (someone has thrown a rock and knocked out the R). A two-story pink clapboard cafe advertises steak and chicken. Rosie has to go to the bathroom, but she is afraid the bus will leave without her if she gets off to go into Joe's. She crosses her legs, and looks at the people coming out of the cafe. A man in a blue plaid leisure suit is getting on at this stop. He is carrying a large brief case, hair is thinning a bit on top, stomach hangs over his belt a little. Not bad looking, otherwise, Rosie decides. He makes his way to the back of the bus and takes the seat across the aisle from her. Rosie stares at him over the red Samsonite suitcase. He lights a cigarette, inhales, and blows the smoke up into the air. Above him, a No Smoking sign is posted. Rosie coughs unconsciously. The man turns his head, smiles at Rosie, and winks. Embarrassed, she turns away, and looks down into her travel bag. The chocolate chip cookies are stale.

Rosie wonders what to do next. As the bus pulls back onto the highway, she decides to read. Gracie has told her that she should read more magazines and books. That was the only way she would ever learn anything. Rosie takes out the paperback romance and turns to the last page (Gracie has also told her that you can always tell a good novel if there is a love scene in the last paragraph). Rosie skips down to the last sentence and reads "Then, as if he could resist the luring temptation no longer, his searching lips came wildly down on hers, arousing fire and passion within her." Rosie sighs. This must be what Gracie would call a good love scene. She really has no idea what it would be like to have fire and passion aroused within her (Harold had certainly never done that to her), but she assumes Gracie would know and turns back to the first chapter. After reading the first three pages, Rosie discovers the girl in the book has "satiny smooth skin, velvety, honey-colored hair, and large dew-drop sapphire blue eyes fringed with long, dark lashes." Such beauty only depresses her so she puts down the novel and turns to the movie magazine. "Farrah Leaves Lee For Young Tennis Player" is emblazoned across the cover.

Rosie thumbs through the pages and comes to the horoscopes. A friend at the bakery lives according to the stars. Perhaps astrology is what she needs Rosie decides. "Family makes excessive demands. Ignore them. Consider a dreamy proposition with travel and romance possibilities. Look for money and career ambitions to be blessed. For your complete

forecast for this month, send \$2.50 to Astro-graph, P.O. Box 415, Lake Tahoe, Nev." Well, Rosie thinks, no one is making excessive demands on me, but I am traveling and Gracie did promise that my career will be better. I guess maybe I am doing the right thing. She rips the horoscope out of the magazine and puts it in her pocket. On the next page, she sees an article entitled "The Three Most Alluring Ways To Attract A Man's Attention" and glances through it. First they suggested that you cross your legs and swing one foot. Or, you could run your fingers through your hair, then, if that doesn't work, run the tip of your tongue across the front of your teeth. These sound like good suggestions to Rosie so she begins simultaneously practicing all three. No wonder Gracie reads so much, she decides. You can really learn a lot from these magazines. If only she can remember all this when she gets to Kansas City.

Meanwhile, one of Rosie's eyelashes has come loose and is dangling over one eye. She rummages through her suitcase for a few minutes, but can't find a mirror. She has to go to the bathroom anyway, so she decides to fight her phobia of using the closet-sized facilities on the back of the bus. (Once on a band trip in high school she had been locked in a Greyhound bus bathroom while changing into her band uniform.) If she gets locked in this time she won't have her clarinet with her to signal for help.

Rosie gets up and staggers down the aisle on her shaky heels. Inside the bathroom she wants to take a drink, but a sign above the sink says "Water not meant for drinking." Otherwise, her trip to the restroom is uneventful, and Rosie returns thirsty, but with her eyelash in place. The moving bus is too much competition for her shoes, and she stumbles as she reaches her row. Rosie falls, and knocks into the man in the blue plaid leisure suit, who has moved across the aisle during Rosie's absence, and now occupies the adjoining seat. (The red suitcase has been moved to the floor.)

"Excuse me" she mumbles. Rosie blushes and steps over his feet to her place. My god, she thinks, I had no idea that alluring routine would work like this.

"I hope you don't mind, Miss. The sun was in my eyes on that side." The man flashes yellow, stained dentures at Rosie.

"No, of course not." Rosie wishes he would leave. She is beginning to perspire again. Talking to strangers makes her nervous, especially if they're male.

"Nice day, don't you think?" The man keeps up a polite conversation.

"Yes, very nice."

"Where ya headed, honey?"

"Kansas City," Rosie answers. She turns her head so she doesn't have to meet his gaze.

"Oh, yeah. I'm headed for Denver myself. Then on to Las Vegas. I'm kind of in show business you might say. What's in Kansas City?"

"I'm meeting my sister there."

"I see. You plan on staying long?"

"I'm not sure yet." Rosie can't imagine why he's talking to her. She remembers the magazine article and runs her tongue over her teeth.

"Well listen, cutie, if you ever get tired of K.C. and need a job — Boy — I sure could use someone like you in Vegas."

Rosie is amazed. "What could I do in Las Vegas? I don't sing or dance."

"Who cares. With looks like yours, sweetheart, who needs talent. All you really need is a good agent. That's where I could do you some good."

"Really?" Rosie can't believe her ears. This is incredible. Thoughts of Harold and the girl in her paperback flash through her mind. Fire and passion, that was it. She remembers her horoscope. Travel and romance possibilities. Maybe this is the dreamy proposition.

"Sure. I find girls like you all the time in unknown places, and make 'em into stars. Did you know Cheryl Ladd was discovered on a bus headed for Cleveland?"

"No, I didn't realize. It's really that easy?"

"You bet. All ya gotta do is know the right people."

The bus is entering Kansas City. Rosie is frantic, wondering what to do. What a chance this could be. My God, what am I thinking, she suddenly realizes what she's considering. I just can't take off for Las Vegas. Gracie's waiting for me here. She's going to help me find a job. "This is my stop," she tells the man. "Look, I'll have to think about this."

"Sure, I understand. This could be your big chance, though honey. Let me give you my card and you can call me if you ever get to Vegas. I'm tell'n ya, you've really got potential." The man winks and hands Rosie a small white business card. "Nice talkin' to you." he winks and squeezes Rosie's knee.

Rosie takes the card and puts it in her purse. She picks up the red suitcase, the **National Enquirer**, and her movie magazine, and makes her way to the front of the bus. She searches for Gracie. Wait til I tell her about my offer, Rosie thinks. He really thought I was good looking. Gracie's gonna just flip.

She spots Gracie standing by the revolving doors leading from the passenger unloading zone into luggage claims. Rosie waves excitedly. Things aren't going to be so bad here after all, she decides. Funny, though, Gracie seems a little

plumper than she remembers. A roll of fat is beginning to develop around her middle, rather like an inner tube she'd wear swimming. Her hair, rolled up in pink sponge curlers, is peeking out from under a black and yellow, safari print headscarf. This really doesn't matter to Rosie, though. She is thinking about what she'll do tomorrow. Maybe Gracie will help her find a talent agency. With looks like hers, there's got to be more to life than selling doughnuts. After all, that is why she came to Kansas City.

Lawrence, Kansas, Greyhound Bus, Line 861, destinations Topeka-Junction City-Abilene, is making a ten minute stop. Inside, Lewis Turner, age 54, is leaning back in a blue and brown striped reclining seat, laughing to himself. With him, he has a large brown, imitation alligator-skin case. Inside are his Fuller Brush items. He takes his billfold out of the back pocket of his blue-plaid leisure suit, and recounts the money. One hundred and eight dollars. Dumb broad, he thinks. Some of em are dingey enough to fall for anything.

The bus pulls out onto the highway. Lewis looks out the window. Brown sunflowers lay winter-flattened in barren fields. Billboards pass. Dick's Diner — 24 Hour Truck Stop — Good Food To Go — Alma. Don's Texaco — Car Wash — Next Gas 25 Miles. Ten Minutes To Downtown Fort Riley. American Express Travelers Checks — Don't Leave Home Without Them! The hypnotic passing of fence posts and telephone poles puts Lewis Turner to sleep.....

**Brad Bergeson**

Above leaf-bare trees  
the moon, presiding, guiding  
melancholy geese.

**Waterscape In Twilight**

**Judy S. Olson**

for Nancy's Gramma

Swimming on the wall above the tub  
A chipped goldfish chases  
Three bubbles toward the crack  
Beside the pink flowered company towels.  
The almost used up slivers of soap  
Pile upon each other like centuries  
Of pink and green and blue limestone.  
Cloudy denture brushes hang perched  
Like herons with frizzled topknots,  
Their beaks both pointed toward  
One blackened lightbulb  
Too painful to replace,  
Making twilight for the fish  
And for the herons  
And for her.

*Allison Averill*

I loved  
from period one shorthand  
to last period math;  
seven different beaus  
across the aisles,  
and had as many notebooks  
each with  
    "his" name  
        etched on the cover.

Then you started  
carrying my books to class  
So I left my notebooks  
open  
feeling awkward and maybe wanting  
to carry them myself . . .

Were they this  
heavy?

*From "Reactions to a Frog Poet"*

**Pic-an-ear**

**Chuck Whetzel**

Pick an ear  
Any ear  
And place it in a bowl of water  
Now, talk carefully  
It's listening: Help, I'm drowning.

**Come Slowly – Eden***Mike Nord*

White seclusion wrote its justice for us –  
 austere, mysterious, pale; Christ's Rose –  
 understood my celibate female's lust  
 where passion's drained by pain of air reposed,  
 and books; was a kiss endured. For the world  
 looks westward – satisfied to never bless;  
 too ignorant to dread the night's black pearl,  
 to see self damned ridicule of the rest  
 east bound alienated who had loved,  
 as a spear in your side. That only word  
 the great more shared with prostitutes who of  
 nothing gained what well-dressed lady's dreams  
 were.

Come slowly – Eden! Leaves have withered some.  
 We've lived for years beside your rising sun.

**Widow**

I have no one to talk with me tonight.  
 The better years of company have gone,  
 or passed away, is how they say, polite;  
 who afterward had lingered – not too long,  
 to give their sympathy and eat the grief  
 of casseroles, made conversations quick.  
 (Reprieve from loneliness is all too brief.)  
 I'd like to have them stay until the thick  
 of ticks had brought me through this valley stained,  
 and pain as well had passed away to brood.  
 But no such luck. Although their presence strained  
 into their friendship awkwardly renewed,  
 without a thing to say; I'd have them stay,  
 and love them if they'd never go away.

## **Julie's Story**

***Christie J. Scase***

Julie looked at her watch and read 10:47 PM - Dec. 24. I wonder if Carl has the kids in bed yet, she thought. Probably not, he never was very good at remembering to do such things. Since, after all, the children were her responsibility. She did feel bad about leaving them alone with him, but today had been more than she could take.

So Julie drove on down the quiet county highway. Following the curves without bothering to slow down for them or even worry if the car skidded a bit on the snowy patches where the wind had not reached the road to clear it. Christmas Eve was the perfect time to run away, she thought. It's my present to myself. Certainly not as dramatic as Maryl's had been when she slit her wrists beneath the Christmas tree two years ago, she decided. But shocking people had never been Julie's style. Everyone had been so upset when Maryl killed herself. She remembered so clearly Carl's reaction. "That Maryl, she never did have enough brains to be satisfied with a good thing. Look at all she had, a husband bringing home 45,000 dollars a year, a beautiful new house, and three perfect kids. I wonder why she wanted to go and kill herself? What a crazy lady!" At the time Julie hadn't bothered to argue with him. But inside, she too was considering suicide. It would be so easy to just forget everything. Still, she couldn't bear to think of the kids hearing all the stories about their crazy mother. So Julie went on, until today when Carl had pushed this whole affair too far. She just couldn't take it anymore, so she simply got in the car and drove away.

As Julie approached the bridge she noticed the patch of ice. But she somehow knew it couldn't stop her. She was going to make it this time. She accelerated, feeling for once in control. But the ice pulled the car from her. It slid into the left guard rail and the steering wheel was snapped from her hands, catching her fingers. She watched it all in a slow motion dream. The car bounded across the bridge into the opposite rail, and past. She saw wood splinter and felt her life slip away as the car flew from the bridge, rolling, falling toward the river's edge below. "I don't want to die," she pleaded. "Not now!" Then the car struck. She watched metal

fold and heard glass shatter and felt the tremendous pressure as the steering wheel began to crush her chest. She gave up.

When Julie came to she was confused. But the warm dampness of the blood on her cheek brought it all back. She tried to regain some sense of direction but the world was upside down and she was pinned to the car's roof, unable to move. How strange, she thought, nothing hurts. It was as if her body was dead, yet her mind would live on forever.

She tried to think clearly, but her thoughts wandered. Time seemed to cease to exist. She was twelve years old again, in her mother's kitchen. "You've got to learn to cook, dear," her mom instructed. "Good cooks always catch the best husbands." Julie wondered if her mother was serious. In any case, she would rather be outside playing work-up with the guys. "But Mom," Julie whined, "I don't want to get married. I want to be a doctor and help make people well." "Julie, I don't want you even thinking like that!" her mother snapped. "The only way a woman can succeed in this world is to marry the right man and raise a family. Anyone can see that those 'career women' are just trying to make up for not being married. I don't want you to end up working for a living." Julie frowned, but something told her not to argue. Maybe Mom's right, she thought, just maybe.

The night was cold and Julie's entire body was beginning to ache. She tried to remember exactly where this bridge was. Somewhere east of Stanzel, she thought. No one will be driving past here this late on Christmas Eve. But maybe... what if someone does come this way, they won't be able to see the car down here. I've got to get away from it. She tried to move her right arm and reach the door, but it refused to obey. Concentrate harder, she thought, stare at your hand and make it move. She looked down her arm for her hand. She saw her fingers, bloody and mangled. Her scream echoed through the small valley.

Julie was getting dressed in the locker room after a Junior High basketball game. All of her friends were excited about the sock hop that evening. "Am I the only one who's gonna stay home and study for that history test tomorrow?" she asked. "You've got to be kidding, Jules," her best friend, Angie, said. "Tom's takin me to the hop and maybe even for a pizza after. That is more important than any test!" "Yeah, but . . . my grades." "But nothing. Don't tell me you'd rather spend your time with a book than with a guy? Take it from a friend, next time Carlton Davenport asks you out — go. What I'd give for him . . . now there's a man with a future!"

Julie didn't know how long she had been crying, but there were no tears left. Snap out of it, she thought. If only Carl were here, he'd know what to do. He had always taken such

good care of her.

She remembered how he used to try to teach her to tell time by the stars. "See Julie," he said, "How the North Star never moves. You just watch the other constellations like the hands of a clock. It's easy!" "I'll never catch on," Julie sighed. She really didn't care anyway. It was the night of her Senior Prom and all Carl could do was watch the stars. Christ, she thought, is this the way I'm supposed to spend my life? Listening to some idiot ramble on about clocks?

"Well Julie," Carlton said as he slipped a ring on her left hand. "I guess I'm just going to have to stay around til you learn!" "But Carl. . . I don't know what to say," Julie stammered. She wanted to give the ring back. But he'd probably already told his friends, she'd have to explain to everyone why she'd turned him down. After all, Carl had already been voted most likely to succeed for the class of 1963. My friends will think I'm crazy, she thought. And Mom, she'd just die.

"What's the frown for, Babe?" Carl asked. "Don't you like it?" "No, Carl. I mean no, I don't not like it. I mean. . . Yes, of course I'll marry you."

A light snow had started to fall. Well, Julie thought, I guess we'll have a white Christmas after all. She wanted to laugh . . . or cry. What am I doing here? I should be at home with my family. Why? What brought me to this place?

"But Carl, it's Christmas Eve, can't you at least make it home for dinner and then go back to work?" Gee, Babe," he tried to explain. "I'd like to be with you. But you know about this Wilson deal, its gotta go through." "Right, Carl. I know about the 'Wilson deal.' Now, let me see, that's Rosemary Wilson, isn't it? Well. . . I hope you enjoy yourself!" Julie cried as she slammed down the phone.

She'd known about Carl's affair for months now, but had never fought it. Ever since Maryl's death she hadn't really cared. Maybe, if she'd taken Maryl's advice and gotten out when she still could. . . How well she remembered Maryl asking her to run away with her two years ago. But no, Julie had made a commitment when she got married and she never broke her word. Then on that Christmas day two years ago, when Carl told her of Maryl's suicide, something inside her had died.

Until today, when it all came back to life. She was so tired of living for Carl and the kids. Trying to keep busy, pretending not to know about his affair. At first she'd been able to ignore it. But her mood changed quickly to one of bitterness. Until now she told Carl stories or tried to trick him into coming home to her. But he wasn't going to come home, not even for

Christmas Eve. She'd had enough. So she got into the car and drove away from it all. Making one last move to save yourself.

Julie felt her heart flutter, the breath caught in her throat. Each breath is so hard, she thought. Then it came, the sharp pain through her chest. I'm dying, she thought calmly. After all this time trying to hold on to Carl. Now I've finally given up and I'm dying for it. Her breath caught again and stopped. At least I did make this move for myself, she thought. I tried.

### For Conni

*Deb Clinton*

You  
 with your lust for musicians,  
 any musician, all musicians  
 (guitar players are so sensitive)  
 sit on the edge of your seat,  
 your fingernails  
 digging canals into your hands  
 as you hold yourself back.  
 Your gaze  
 as you dream of tonight —  
 (first introduce, then seduce).  
 Of course he will love you  
 and there will be no others.

You will be enough.  
 He is finished playing  
 and you rush forward to tell him  
 how wonderful he is, how good  
 his music made you feel.  
 He pushes you away  
 and heads for the bleached blonde  
 with the buck teeth and  
 breasts.

**Lawn War****Scott Simmer**

My neighbors cannot understand  
why I doze in this hammock,  
my yard a kingdom of weeds,  
while they contest for greenest lawn —  
the air filled with the racket-  
tackety of their machines.

I am hated  
because what I cultivate thrives  
on neglect; because I lead  
an invasion of their plush green.  
I spread a chaos of spiderwort,  
cudweed, and wild bergamot.

I command phalanxes of pokeweed, nimblewill,  
and nodding beggarticks. My hordes  
parachute seed far behind enemy hedges,  
set up distant outposts in sidewalk cracks,  
attack with infinite bravery  
the decadent empires of Kentucky blue.

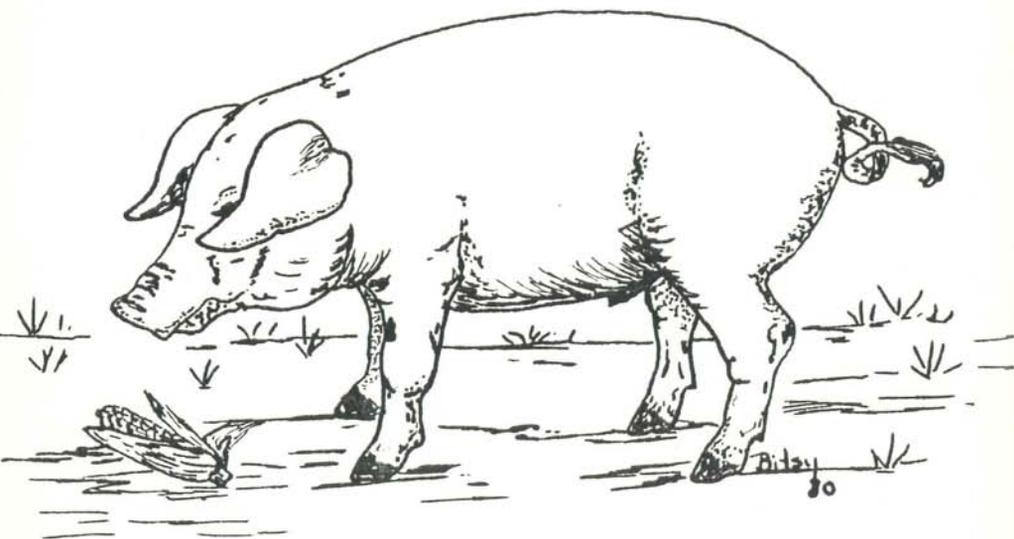
My neighbors can only leer,  
while I dream myself  
hipdeep in acres of stinkgrass,  
yellow nutsedge, pricklepoppy,  
noxious weeds everywhere choking out  
the last spluttering lawnmower forever.

**Tails You Lose***Jan D. Hodge*

When Marilyn died, he overdosed  
on aspirin and water,  
served time under glass  
at St. Luke's Psychiatric,

met two who tried Darvon cocktails,  
one whose gauzed wrists  
flashed as a badge of honor,  
another who totalled three cars  
unsuccessfully  
against an elm, a bridge, and  
(missing a curve) a downhill roll.

Scorned as an amateur,  
he knew he must find  
another way to try the dark  
and chose Harvard Divinity.



## Corn

*Lori Wessels*

Little Roxy has s

w  
a  
l  
l  
o  
w  
e

d her mashed potatoes and pork chops  
and is ready for fifty kernels of corn she calls ducks.  
She slides four tarnished prongs under eight ducks.  
Her lips close as the fork goes in and OUT of her mouth.  
In unison, her teeth bite d

o  
w u for the next attack.  
n and rise p

Feathers and bits of duck bills s<sub>c</sub>a t<sub>t</sub>e r

and some lodge spaces in the teeth,  
only to be pr ed out by her tongue.

ob

Mutilated quackers slide down her throat to her stomach.

Five more times Roxy carries out the fork --

lips --

teeth --

tongue --

throat process until

only two ducks remain.

She wavers over the survivors.

Which should she let live longer? Does one lay golden eggs?

ebbed toes.

One tiny duck chews its webbed toes.

ebbed toes.

"Don't be scared, little duckie. I won't eat you."

This one will live.

Mother will scrape it into the wastebasket on top of

banana peels

and dirty kleenex.

Wyatt the garbage man will bury it in his landfill.

### **Mindy Nelson Erickson**

*A review of a performance of Wim Coleman's "A Gentleman of Property" co-directed by Wim Coleman and Gary Hobbs and presented by Drake University Theatre in Fischer Theatre, Ames, Iowa. This review won the alternate's prize at the Region V South, American College Theatre Festival and National Critics Institute on January 30 - February 3, 1980 in Ames, Iowa.*

**A Gentleman of Property** begins with Thomas Jefferson much as any school-child would know him — a Renaissance man of the Eighteenth century, the epitome of "Reason, Memory, and Imagination," in France aiding the leaders of the French Revolution. The principles of politics and revolution on an international level pale beside the passions wound throughout this drama of Jefferson's personal life.

Three women, whom he "owns" to various degrees, flirt with his sense of order, love, and freedom. And there is tension when this man who is "swift and unmerciful when confronted by imperfection" realizes his own state is far from perfect.

Maria Cosway as played by Gail Uhler is the woman of society, learned in "women's" arts, successful in terms of her class and century. She comes the closest to being an "equal" to Jefferson in terms of intellect, but he does not consider her as such. Though the necessary stiffness of her character may have caused some stiffness as an actress, the fact emerges that this woman's freedom as an individual is less than Jefferson's or even his slavewoman's.

Donna Nicholson's portrayal of Sally Hemings, Jefferson's black slave, is characterized by an essence of tragedy. This woman who is labeled "slave" is considered by Maria and Jefferson as being more free than either of them. She is the object of Jefferson's passion for she is natural compared to the coquetry of Mme. Cosway. Yet, she is determined that she will be free from slavery, and if that is not possible—her child will be freed.

A sixteen year old, Sally is the same age as Jefferson's daughter Patsy, played by Susan Udermann. The women are friends but the price of Sally's maturity is too great for Patsy, just back from five years at a convent school. This girl eases some of the drama's tension with wit learned from her father. She also wants freedom, the kind of freedom her father once thought he might have. She has no choice in fact, and is the least free of any of the characters, to great degree affected by how her father chooses or needs to influence her behavior.

Though Thomas Jefferson, portrayed by Gary Hobbs, looks like the ideal man, he is troubled by his women and their

needs. No one could want order, reason, and freedom more than he does, and no one could pursue it more rationally. It is to his unparalleled disappointment that he knows his life is much different from what he had ever wished it to become. And as he has aged, so have his desires to have his own way. He finds that you cannot always choose peace without sacrifice, that fear is essential if revolution will be accomplished, and that property equals debts. This does not destroy him.

Thomas Jefferson retains a hope in human love. Through this may be considered trite or sentimental elsewhere—it is not here. The choice of love, that can never be socially acknowledged or accepted, is not, in this context, a “soap-opera” love, for scandal’s sake. It is the one real love that Jefferson has which is reciprocated.

The passions on which this play is based are the passions that everyone experiences as they mature. There are inherent paradoxes in this process which might be better understood after experiencing this production, and with enjoyment. The powerful dialogue between these characters overshadows any flaws of set or direction which might have occurred. Though it begins in a comic manner, this play ends with a feeling that is tragic, with Jefferson holding the hand of Sally, his temptress and his love.

### **Take My Word for it**

***Jan D. Hodge***

No (and if you don't,  
I, when you would, won't).

Yes (and if you dare,  
beware, beware).



1980

