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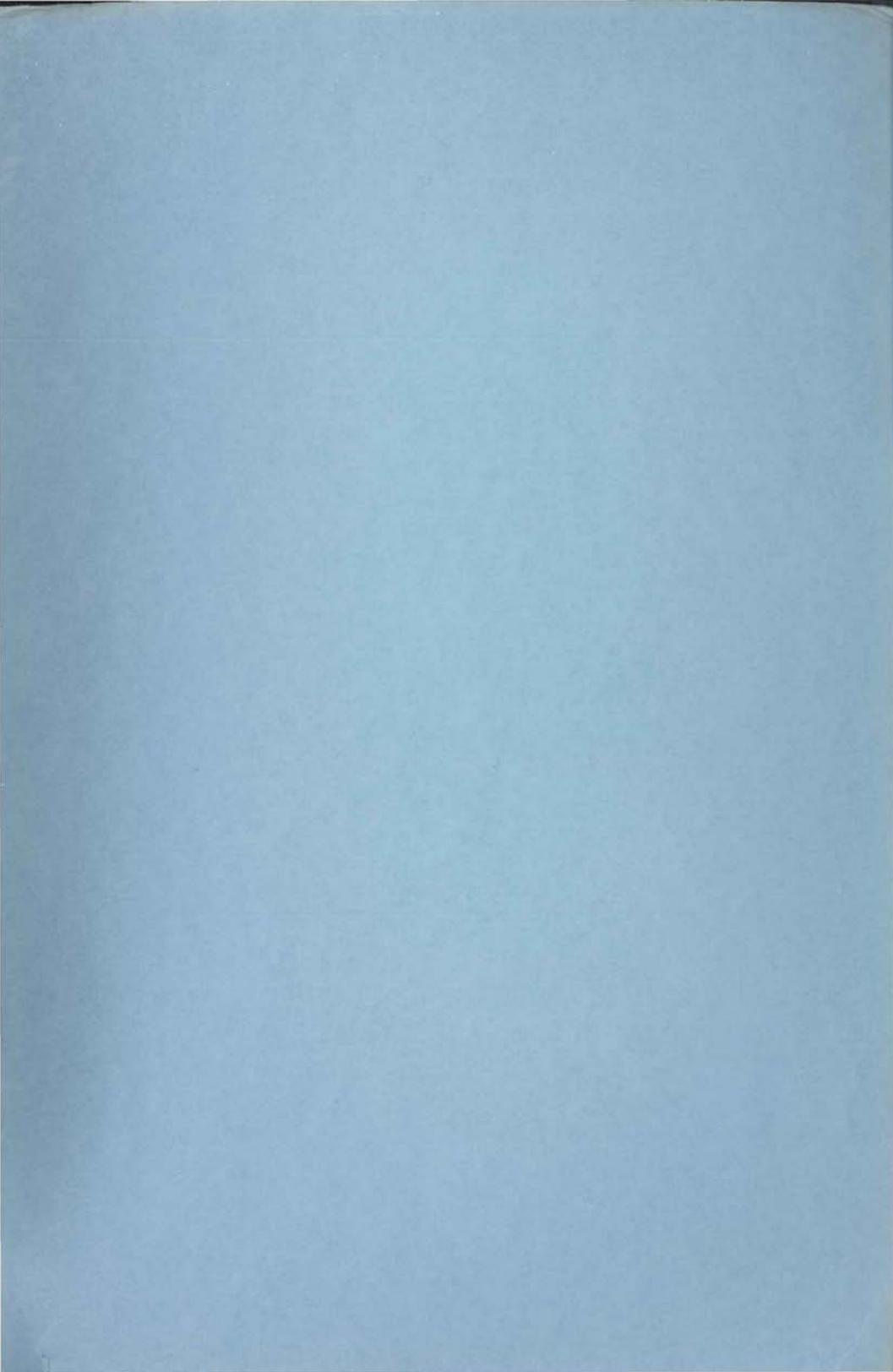
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A CREATIVE STUDENT PUBLICATION Morningside College





Kiosk

Spring 1975

Dedicated to Margaret Burden

January, 1956 - January, 1975

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Cover by Crystal Kurtze

Mushrooms

Doug Thom

Behold the froth-mouthed mountain king.

Stumbling...

Dying...

Blinded by that which has been before but twice,
That which shall never be again!

Significant only for the brief effervescent
moment in time it occupies,

Ignored...

before and after.

to a lovesong of kitty wells,
or, a room at versailles

Douglas Federhart

from the kitchen an onion incense
floats idly through the living room.
we roll upon the couch
(her mother vacuums twice a year)
and love in the dark,
before a shapeless audience
of fat and leering furniture,
a potted plastic hyacinth,
a dusty stack of dog-eared true confessions.
we pant on that dingy divan,
crumbs from a lost saltine
sticking to our skin,
as we bang in mounting passion
to the radiator's rhythm.
and in that final flashing moment
when the world bursts away,
even the best room at versailles
is no better.

we lie, dead for at least another day
(wishing our clothes were on)
and listen:
the queen of the grand ole opry
belts out a tender song.

Until I know as I am known

David Hall

"Dr. Lucias Ackert and Dr. Paul Stoddard, inventors of the hyper mirror, have made a new discovery. Faithful readers of this magazine will recall how the good doctors shook the world with the announcement of their creation of a time machine. By means of the appropriately designated Ackert-Stoddard mirror was rotated through the 4th dimension. This mirror no longer displays reflected images but transmits light like any ordinary window, with one crucial difference. Time is observed as flowing backwards.

"Ackert and Stoddard have now announced that by shifting the angle of rotation, they are now able to alter the rate of time passage, thus bringing any desired point in time within view. The ramifications of this new development are obvious. Whereas only the recent past was accessible in our lifetime, the whole of human history is now available.

"When questioned as to their future research plans, Dr. Ackert smiled and replied that he and Dr. Stoddard are flying to the Middle East to do some historical research..."

Excerpt from a popular tabloid

"It's awfully hot."

"And it's going to get a lot hotter up here depending on how long you want to stay here waiting and watching."

"Paul, don't be that way. You agreed to come yourself. Nobody forced you."

"If I'd known it was going to be like this I never would have agreed to coming halfway across the world just to include you in your religious fantasies."

"It's not just for me. The whole world has to know."

"If you're so bent on telling the whole world why didn't you tell anybody what we're planning to do? Could it be because you're afraid of what you might find?"

"No, Paul. There is always that possibility. But even so I'll still tell the truth. I won't believe a lie and I won't let it be believed."

"Then why did you want this all kept secret?"

"Because I want us to be the first to see his face. All my life I've longed to see him, to touch him, to know him as I am known. And I think that deep down inside, you do too."

Paul said nothing for a while. Then he broke his silence.

"Are you sure we have the right coordinates?"

"The record indicated he was last seen here. And last night I took a reading on the stars visible through the mirror. Their position as caused by the earth's precession occurs once every 25,800 years. There can be no doubt about temporal coordinates."

"Then I have one more thought. Doesn't the very fact that this time machine exists prove that he never existed, at least, not the man we've always believed in?"

"What do you mean?"

"Everything he said and did hinged on faith, right? But now we have the means to prove once and for all

time whether or not he was who he said he was. If we prove him true then faith won't be necessary anymore. People will be forced to believe. And that was completely out of keeping with his style."

"I don't know, Paul. I only know we can't go back. We must--LOOK! Did you see that?"

"See what? There's too much dust."

"A figure descending from the clouds. CAN'T YOU SEE HIM, PAUL?"

"I can't...no wait, I do. He's the most beautiful... He's coming right towards the mirror. He's coming right at us."

"HE CAN SEE US!"

The mirror shattered and the world as we know came to an end.

Division of Public Safety

J. Walterman

It is my duty to inform you
that you have the right to remain silent
anything you say can and will be
used against you in a court of law.

Always the same.

Do you swear to tell the truth
the whole truth and nothing
but the truth so help you God

Always the same.

I object on the grounds
that counsel is leading the witness
sustained, overruled, reserved

Always the same.

The gun discharged accidentally
I only had four beers
The package of cheese found in my purse
has been there since last Christmas

Always the same.

Bishop Sheen, Timothy Leary
Dwight Eisenhower, Lt. Calley
also known as
plaintiff or defendant

Always the same.

From witness stand
robins, woodpeckers
bulldogs, collies
testifying their truth

Always the same.

At counsel table
jet fighters, B-29 bombers
termites, tarantulas
camouflaging the contradictions

Always the same

It all depends

Elephants

Muriel Tomlinson

The elephant has been up to his old tricks again,
Stealing chairs,
Forgetting the pop bottles,
Leaving his popcorn popper and iron around,
Dropping lint on the carpet,
Leaving pizza wrappers in the John,
Using the only shower stall
(Leaving big round footprints)
And drinking vodka in the afternoon.

He plugged up the toilet with poopie,
Filled the bathtub, jumped in,
Got the floor all wet,
Combed his hair over the sink
And didn't clean it out
Sprayed the mirror with Crest
Used the shower curtain for a towel
And his Wednesday underpants have been in the
bathroom

Since August.

somewhere along the way

Renee Toot

somewhere along the way
i say, "it's only 1:30."
try talking at me---- a true waste of breath.
yours or maybe mine
for i too have tried
and on my fruitless voyage into your limbo
i came upon that thick, dark wall.
yours or maybe mine
sometimes you fell
and i hurt
but tell me
whose red kite landed in the water?
yours or maybe mine.

a day in the life

Bob Lee

reaching
for the softest handkerchief
she frowns as she
breathes hot air on her
(1920) wirerims
and then with the
grace and patience
of hundreds of times
of practice she cleans
her glasses over
and over again holding
them up to the sun
checking her progress
finally noticing
the old turquoise
ring on her smallest finger
and saying something like
"that ring has got
to be fifty years old,
i've just got to get a new one,"
she passes another day.
looking.
a pattern of stars
passes by
and people say
come on, just try to guess.

CONSTITUENT

Richard Smith

A chemist once found a tear
Lying, neglected, on a wooden floor,
And he took it to his laboratory,
Just so he could study it more.

Out came the chemicals, the burets, the tubes,
An endless stream of gleaming hardware,
Phenolphthalein here, methyl orange there.

The drop was placed in solution
And tested for various ingredients.
A piece of sodium added to water,
Paper filtering sediments.

His paper published soon after,
Contained, not so surprisingly,
The chemicals of the tear, comprisingly:

Avogadro's number of molecules of hate,
Twice that of revenge and fear,
A considerable amount of loneliness
And a one-molar solution of despair.

NORTH COUNTRY

Rick Luther

There I was in the skyway
 In downtown Minneapolis
When your average Scandinavian maiden
 Approached me and said
 "Do you believe in Jesus?"
But I was in a playful mood
 and so
 I pointed to my groin and said
 "Do you believe in love?"
Doubts then filled my mind
As I watched the gamut of emotions
 Flitting across her Candy-face
 But as it turned out
We had something in common
 And it wasn't Jesus.

The Cowboy

Stephanie Kruse

A hall friend of mine who got packaged into dorm (rah) life was founded one night in a "last-chance-gas" bar-none by a pair of cowboy boots stuffed with Oklahoma truck-driver.

The next day-time my hall-friend received the follow-up procedure visit and so displayed the foundering cowboy boots and their contents to our "door's-always-open" cubicle and its contents.

He rode short in the saddle of his Mack semi and was The Cowboy, even though he looked like a kid I knew in grade school who peed on top of the hot air register when the art teacher made him stand up there to model for the class.

We sat down and ate home-made oatmeal cookies from the hall-friend's shower bucket. Then came the inevitable male hustling inquiry: "Will you drink beer with us this afternoon?"

I was waiting for someone to say "I do" and kiss the bride, but they just compromised on a cheap brand he could fetch quick from Schwartz's market in his new ****Dodge**** pick-up with lots of lights--he liked lights. "Looks jest like a Christmas tree" he said and giggled his twinkly Oklahoma titter.

Schwartz's didn't keep him long and the bargain beer didn't take long to embark him on a nibbling spree on the lower level of the bunk beds and the upper level of the hall-friend. I never heard anybody nibble with a drawl before.

But aware of a receptive audience, he detached himself long enough to tell us about his "brand-spankin' new double-stall horse trailer."

"Ya see, most horses will adjust to different drivers. If the driver slows up he'll just a-tense up this way and when he speeds up that horse'll tense up a little this a-way..."

It seems, however, that his horse mal-adjusted himself on the way from Jennings, Indiana, to Tulsa, Oklahoma.

He deviated back to the business at hand, per se, while I tried concentrating modestly on Kurt Vonnegut and the composition of the fluid I was economically drinking but was interrupted by "Then there was the time I conked out this big fella with my rubber mallet," and he proceeded to vividly tell how he flattened a 6'2", 280-pounder with the lethal latex tool he kept under the seat of his pick-up after the slob had kicked its door in (old pick-up, not the Christmas tree).

"And then when this fat guy's buddy came running over to see what was happening, I said, 'Hold it right there mister,' and I was a-slappin' that ol' mallet in my hand and he backed off real quick and said, 'I don't want no trouble, buddy,' and that big guy was comin' around and I told him, and this is my exact words--scusin' the language ladies--but I told him...I told that guy, 'That'll teach ya better than to f--- a cowboy!'"

I pondered awhile on the moral of the story and then glanced over nonchalantly at the hall-friend pursuing her interest. Something made me wonder if she had ever been branded by the Oklahoma oddity.

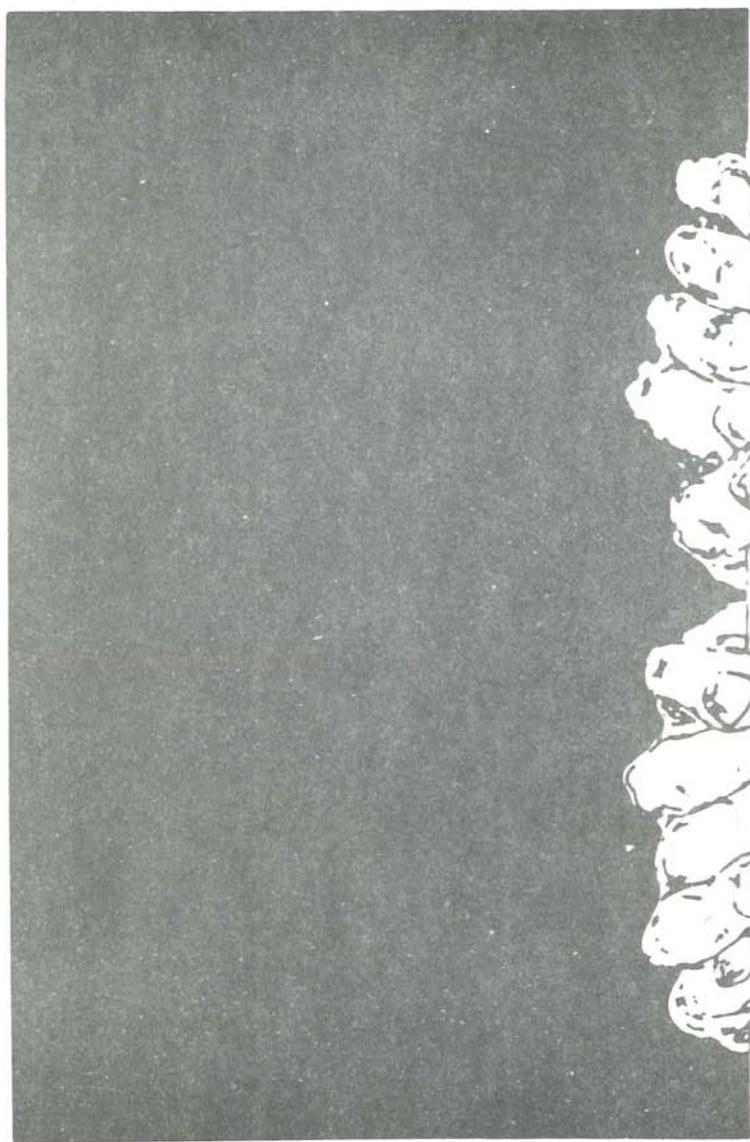
After that, what more was there to do than mount his mal-adjusted horse and limp slowly into the sunset?

Magazines, books, and parents

Kari Beck

Magazines, books, and parents
give you rules and 1, 2, 3's
on how to survive a broken heart.
My brand new 84¢ special edition
on courtship and love
said to get involved with someone else.
So I discovered a few odd facts
about my guppies' sex life.
My #1 best-seller on love and the tragic results
said to do something devilish
so I flushed my guppies down the toilet.
My know-all parents laughed it off
and said to laugh along.
But I widened the generation gap
by crying.

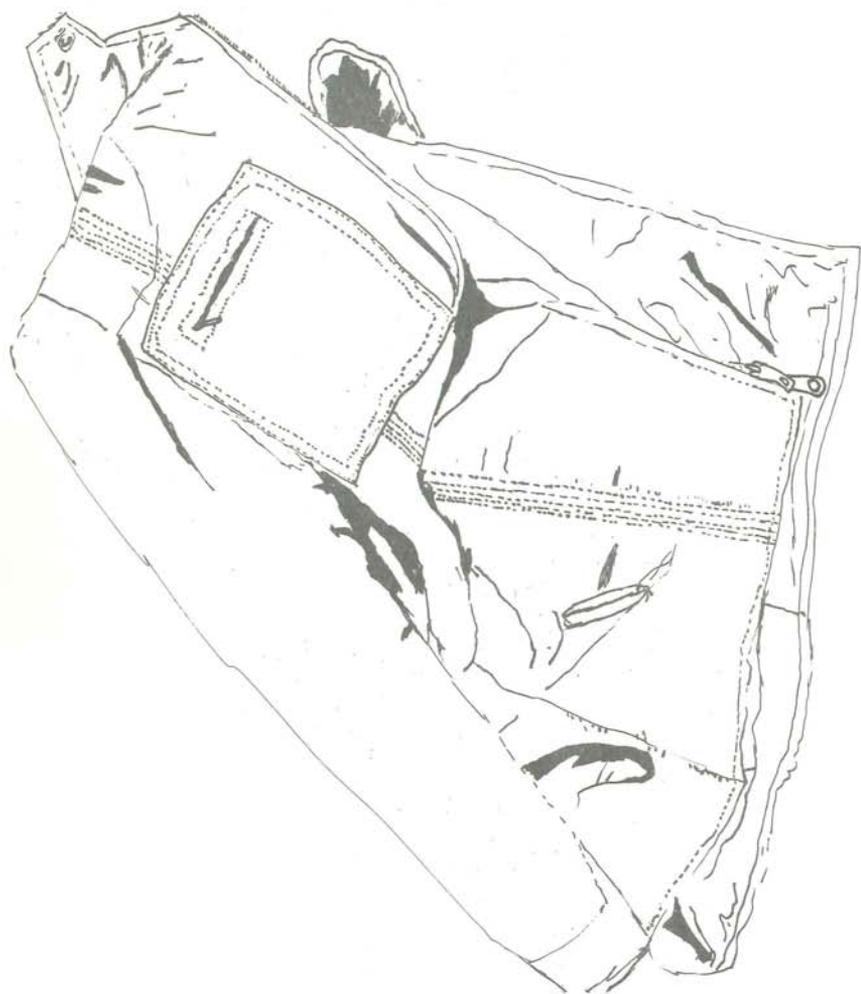
They say mending a broken heart is easy.
But I've run out of Band-Aids.



John Lindberg



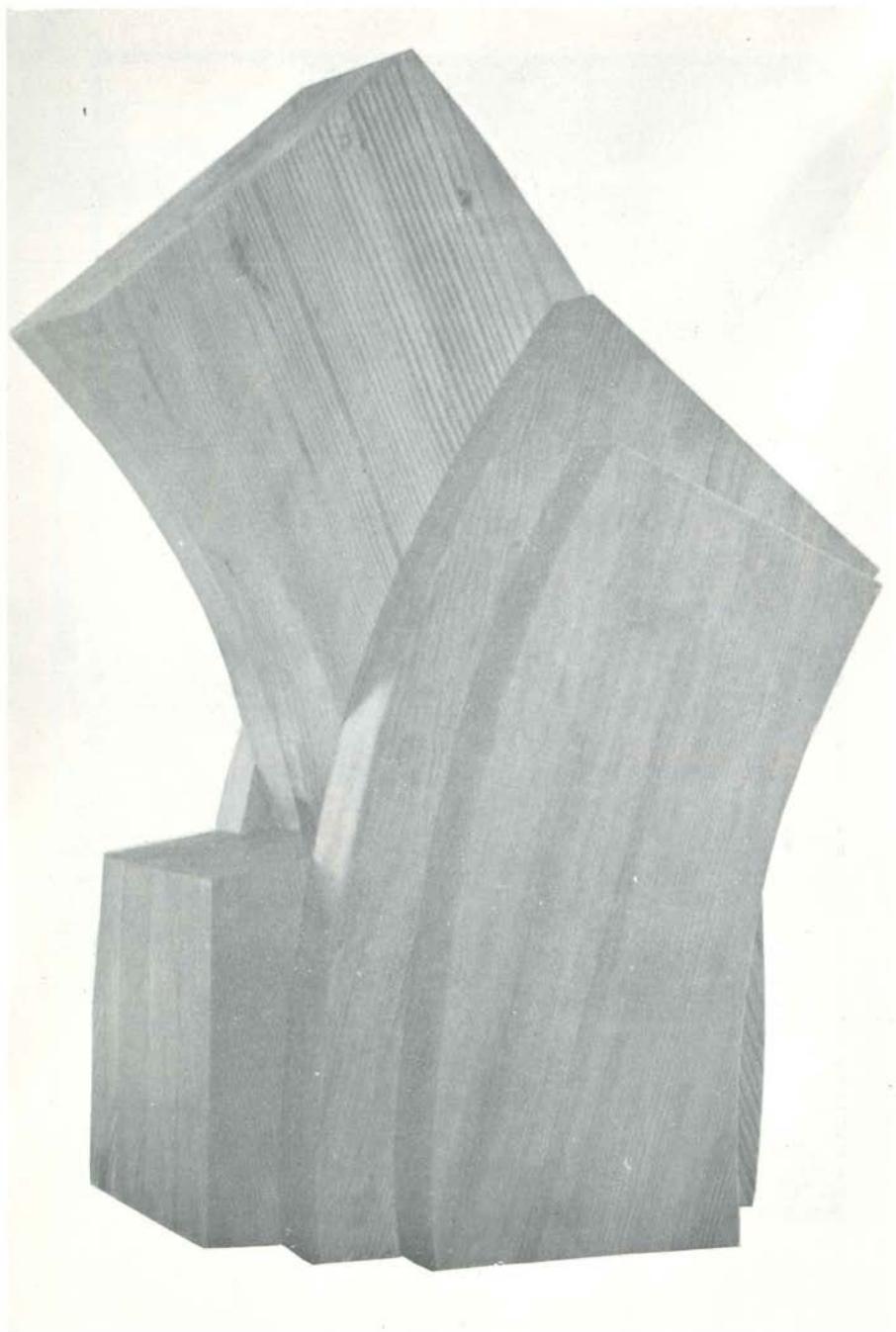
John McDermott



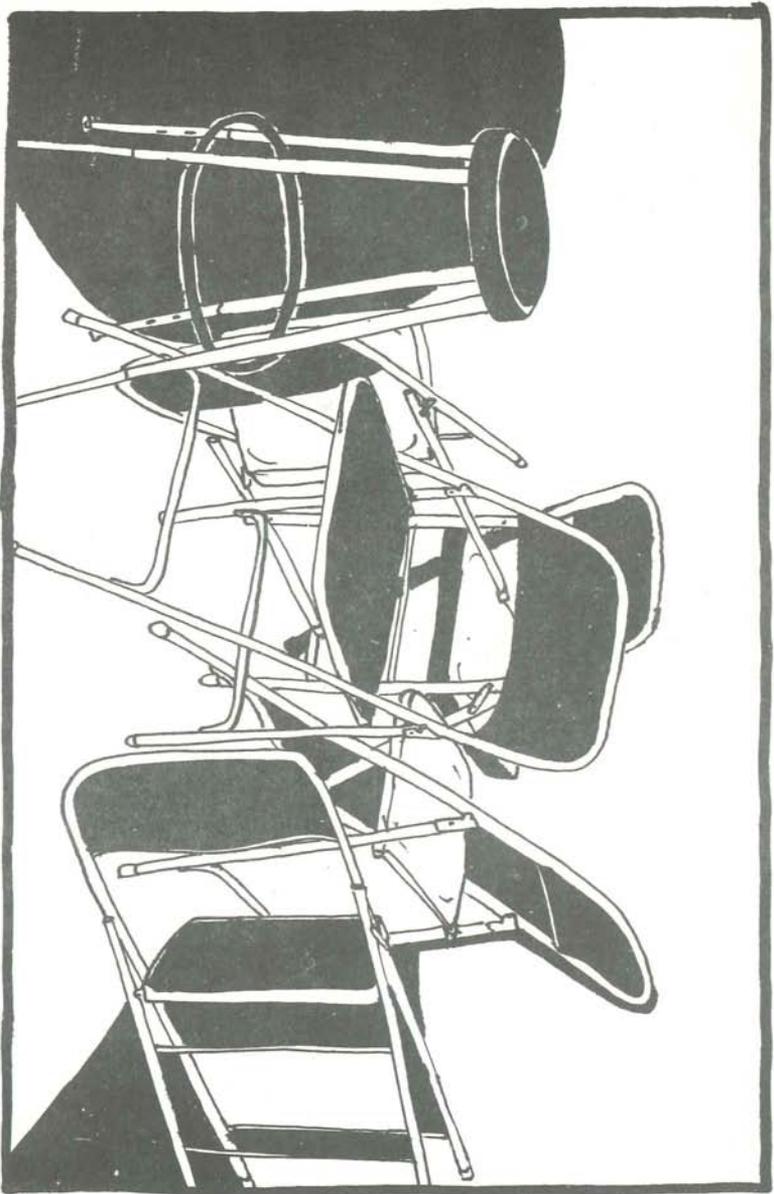
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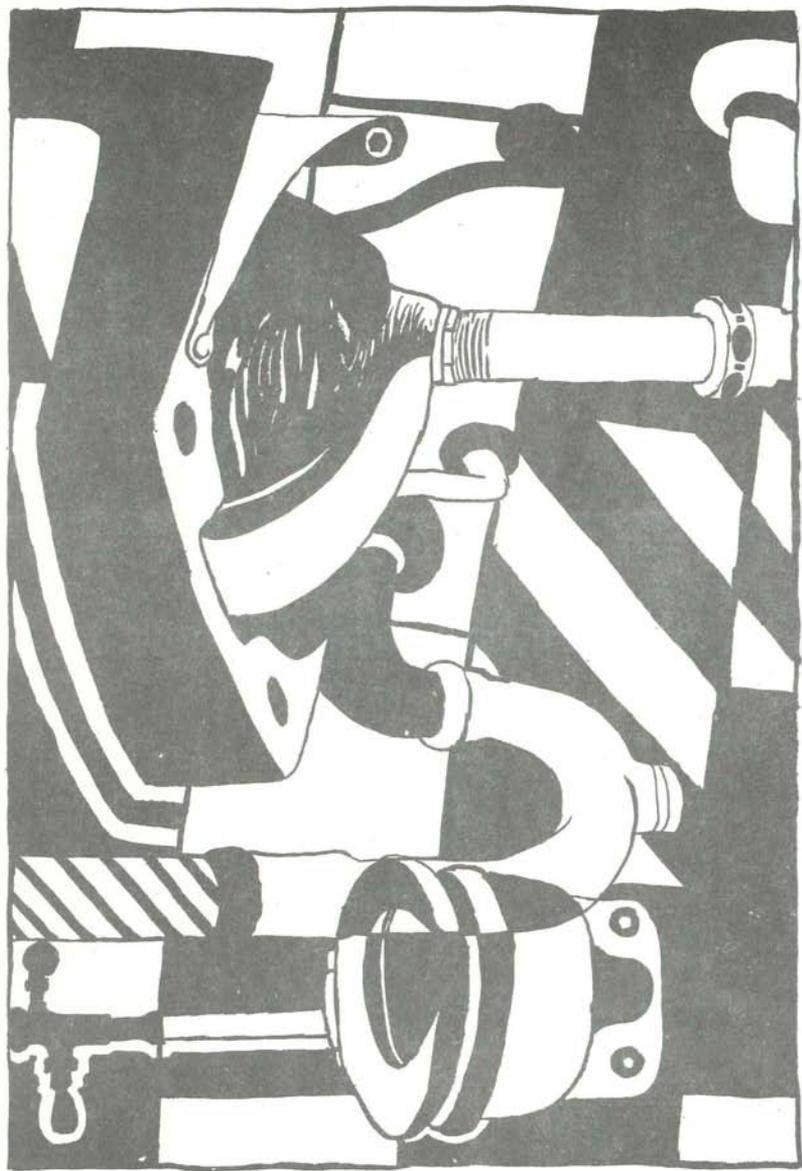
David Lieder



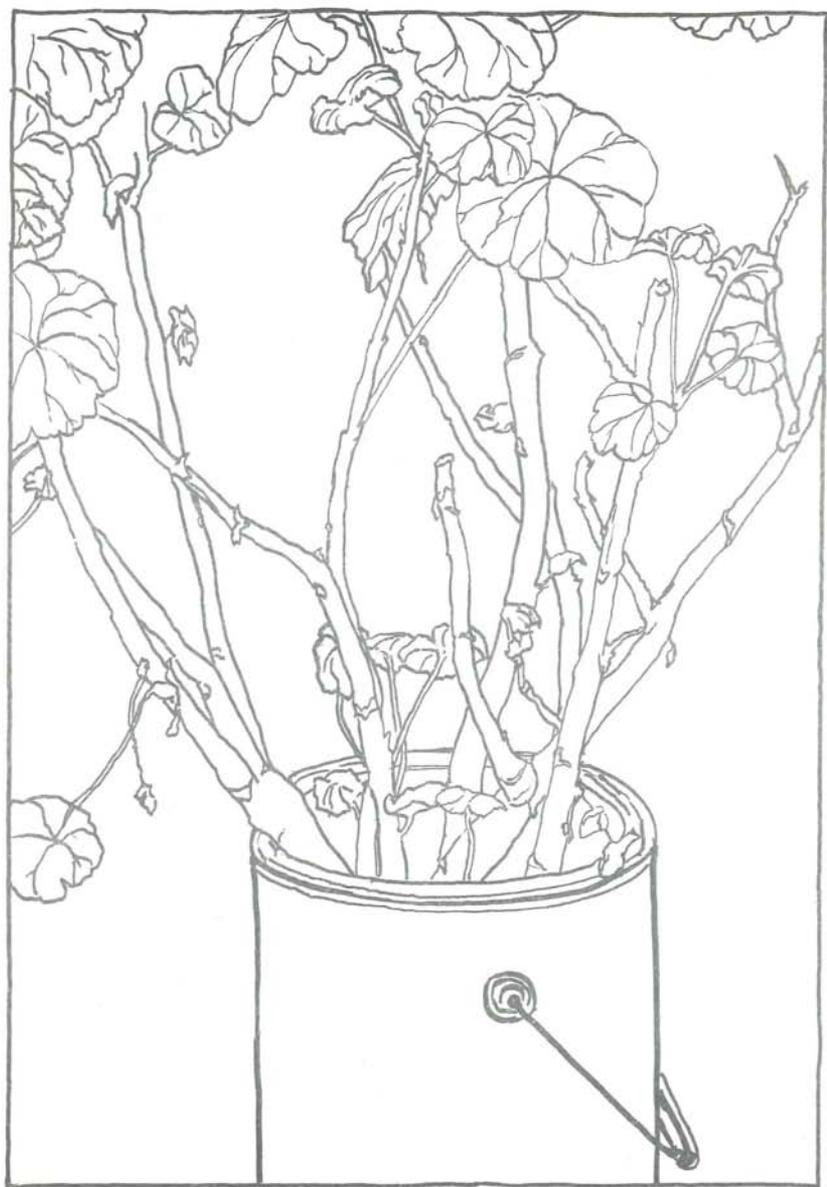
Jim Albertson



Sharon Kregger



Sharon Krieger



Wayne Beckner

Jurgen

Charles Martin

Jurgen sat, back against the cold, concrete wall, legs crossed before him, fidgeting with his too long shoelaces. He looked up and out toward the playing field. His eyes squinted in the face of the brilliant two-o'clock sun, which fired a glaring beam of light across the end of the tunnel. He bobbed his head from side to side, then slowly relaxed his brow. He could make out Kurt's image, pacing stiffly from one wall to the other, head bowed. And Bruno sat against the side wall, legs stretched out to their full length. Being the captain, Bruno was in charge of the game ball and was bouncing it, first against the floor, then against the opposite wall, then back to his cupped hands. Everyone was preparing himself in his own way.

Jurgen looked again to his shoelaces. He drew his knees up to his chest and dropped his chin to rest between them. He heard only the muffled, drumroll sound of Kurt's cleats as they clumped across the concrete and the steady bump-bump-slap of Bruno's ball. Beyond that, out on the field, was the sea-shore-like roar of the crowd. But Jurgen would not hear that, not, at least, until after the match, when he and his teammates would be clutching that magnificent, golden trophy while bouncing on the shoulders of their public--or they would walk, heels dragging, back through the tunnel, dead until May again brought the soccer season.

Scuffing at a spot of mud on the floor with the toe of his shoe, Jurgen thought about what had happened over the past three months: how he had come to Bonn from Munich in April; how he had mustered the nerve to go to the practice field to try out for the privilege to play with the revered Bonn Mercedes team; how his mother had telephoned to say, "Just do your best. That's all anyone can ask;" and how he had prayed his best would be good enough.

He remembered how he had sat on the bench that day at the tryout, watching seven others before him go under the scrutinizing eye of The Great One--Coach Emile Samelstadt. His stomach had felt like an inside-out pincushion was rolling around inside it. He smiled weakly as he remembered how he hadn't heard his name called when it came his turn to go through the drills. He had tugged at his collar in a futile effort to cool the flashing fire in his cheeks. And he remembered thinking how his prayers must have helped him when two of his practice shots hit the crossbar and ricocheted into the net.

Two days later he had sat for what seemed like hours in The Great Samelstadt's office, crossing and uncrossing his legs in that understuffed green chair. He thought how much he had been like a little puppy who presses his nose against the pet store window, waiting to be taken home. He smiled again.

He didn't play at all for the first three games; "collecting splinters," he had written his mother. Then came that fourth game of the year, against the notoriously rough Elbe team. His brow tightened as he recalled poor Joachim, dropping to the ground from between two Elbe fullbacks. He squeezed his eyes tight together as the picture of that incident sharpened in his mind--Joachim rolling over and over again on the ground, and his face, eyes shut, teeth gritted, lips pulled up and to the side--and that awful splinter of bone thrusting up through the sock.

Jurgen opened his eyes. He remembered how, how empty he had felt finishing out the game in Joachim's position. He ran and he played, but he seemed to be running and playing in a slower, fog-shrouded world than the others.

He couldn't remember just when that differentness about playing Joachim's position left him, but it was gone two weeks later when Bruno and Kurt pummeled his back with slaps of joy after he had put in the goal to beat Munich.

After that it had been much easier. He wasn't a puppy any more. He quit calling Bruno Mr. Ubermann. He even talked to Mr. Samelstadt. And not just about how to play so-and-so, and when to pass to the wing, but about regular things--food, the weather, and girl friends. He finally got into those nightly card games on the train; he sat at the bar with his friends; and he laughed.

Then, there was that time in Hamburg. The match had been very slow. Suddenly, like lightning, someone broke through and intercepted a pass meant for Kurt. Hamburg had two men behind the defense. Shouts. Quick. Everybody running. A pass. Jurgen! He leaped. The ball struck him in the face, then bounced harmlessly over the touch line. Then, he recognized Mr. Samelstadt leaning over him, waving for the trainer. He began to feel that warm moisture trickling down his throat. His mother had cried the day his false teeth were fitted, but he couldn't remember ever seeing the stoic Samelstadt run onto the field for an injury before or since. He grinned broadly.

Then, startlingly, Jurgen snapped his head upward. The Muffled drumroll of Kurt's shoes and the rhythm of Bruno's bouncing had stopped. A man in a black suit with a blue and white ribbon pinned to the lapel was speaking to Bruno and Mr. Samelstadt and pointing toward the field. Jurgen got up and slapped the back of his shorts. He tucked the tail of his T-shirt neatly under his elastic waistband. Then he sucked in one huge breath, held it briefly, and blew it out. His eyes widened. His jaws tightened. He was ready.

Vignette from Girlhood

Meredith Cook

Some years ago there was a lazy
Day we spent. It was in hazy
Morning we started. In the grass,
Dew and shards of broken glass
From a brown beer bottle someone had dropped
Gleamed. We walked a while and stopped
Sometimes to watch the squirrels chattering
Or view with tears the lethal battering
Something had taken from a car. We walked;
I do not know how far. We talked
Sometimes. Just what we had to say
I don't recall. Perhaps on such a day
To be alive, itself, was good enough
A memory to keep. The usual stuff,
I suppose: what we'd done or wished to do,
Whether or not we were getting through
To the world what we wanted, whether more
Would tempt fate. Like a corridor
A road stretched leftward, flanked by seas
of uncut grass that reached our knees.
We followed it. At length we came
To a site of purely local fame--
A pasture with unusual boulders scattered
About in it. All that mattered
To us was that we could spend the day
Here and do nothing but eat and play,
Which we did all day. From the rocks
We clambered up, we watched the flocks
in the next pasture. We pretended
that they were trolls we apprehended.

When they come sneaking out of hidden cracks,
Trickling sweat scratched furrows down our backs
With saline fingernails in the pleasant heat.
I found a colored rock. I met defeat
From the one tree there. She could climb;
I never could. We lost all track of time
'Til we finally started home in the dusk.
I can smell the fragrant scent of musk
When I open my trunk of memories
A moment to extract times like these,
Scented a little from the sachet
But light and sweet in a world of decay.

Life Goes On

Bob Zimmerman

Where is love? It feels like
it's right there solidly in the hand,
then for some reason the hand
opens and everything is sifted
out and blown away in the breeze,
with nothing left but memories.

Just like a fistful of sand, it's there
solid until the fingers are spread,
then there is nothing, just the
memory of how it felt. There
are no bad feelings left from the
sand, as there should be none left
from the love.

For this is life,
and life goes on.

2 Dimensional Sculpture

Crystal Kurtze

do you think

these words have a message

 a metaphor

 a mystery somehow hidden

in gutenbergs patterns

trap your eyes look at

 a negative positive

hieroglyphic shape

 that you thought was

a poem.

MEETING OF MINDS

Rick Luther

Blow out the big candle
 let the wax splash your face
I'll melt it from you
 and so with your lace

The dark is for mystery
 our fingers are eyes
Let's have an experience
 until the sunrise

Page in the Life of an Old Maid

Meredith Cook

Fifty years and more since, her Edward died in France.
Her face is dry now withered as the rose
(Pressed half-forgotten in an old Thoreau's
Walden) that she wore to her first dance.
Each week she goes out once to do her shopping,
Passing the grimy hall clock, stopped with rust
For many years. She had not ever fussed
Nor cared to fix it, since its stopping
Had not seemed to matter very greatly.
She buys specials and day-old bread
And talks but often breaks the thread
of conversation. Those who lately
Moved to town edge from her wandering prattle.
The children point and whisper mockery.
She goes home and eats off chipping crockery,
Cheap as a soldier's life in battle.

I've got a set and a half

Stephanie Kruse

- I. I've got a set and a half of grandparents left.
The aloner lost life's-mate to pastel gray
hospital seven years ago.
They broke the sacred spell of the Central
Baptist Church
one February Sunday night to tell him
she was "in a bad way."

When the immediate concerned ushered him into
the healing house,
with pitted fears he asked to see his wife.

"I'm sorry, she expired an hour ago."

"Yes, but can I see her?"

"You don't understand, she's expired."

..."Pa, that means she died."

My father offered to stay the night
to comfort as much as a person could who knew
there was still someone waiting for him at home
to share his bed and life.

But my grandpa stayed alone with himself
in a death-empty house
haunted by a closet of faded, hand-made
memories
worn now only by his memories.

...I wonder if he cried.

- II. Ever since then, he's eaten Saturday dinner with us.
After he's absorbed the hotness, he takes
time to sit awhile
and talk to a son sound-shielded by the
financial page
or to stick his uppers into the pocket
of his gabardine workshirt

and stretch out for a snore in the stuffed
plastic rocker
that he and Grandma gave us because
yellow-lipid stuffing
was oozing out a surface wound.

But he can't stay long--

He's got things to do, places to go,
people to see.

"I've got to unpile this and repile it overthere."

"He's always underfoot! Why doesn't your
brother take him sometime?"

"I've got to rise and shine, and go help my sons."

"Pa's always here so early. I wish he'd
SLOW down a little!"

"I've got so much to do, and so little time to do it."

So much to do--
So little time.

Synergism

Charles Martin

Teeth gritted, Sinister labored
to right his star to the sky.

Across the pond Dexter strained
to wrest his hammer from the mire.

Treadmilling, each declared,
"If I cannot, nor shall he.
Ready the onager! Ready the onager!"

Analyzing, Dexter left his right
to grasp the star.
Four hands pulled together.
Mud kissed free,
and star flew high.
Combined, both moved left
to raise hammer parallel.

After a Painting by Edward Hopper

Douglas Federhart

The hollow glow of early-morning light
hovers over the empty avenues,
slowly lifts the shadows from the shops,
and filters into silent rooms above.

Behind the walls of undistinguished brick,
the lusts of Saturday night awake subdued,
exhale a dismal yawn of barroom smoke
and turn to face a stranger in the bed.

tuesdaywednesdaythursday

Bob Lee

i place myself
among others
hoping to find
my own time
and line
to tell the world

leaning back
on the chair
he tipped
backwards as
a leg
snapped w/
age

leaning myself
~~among~~ others
hoping to find
my own time
and line
~~he~~ i tipped
backwards as
~~to tell~~ the world
snapped w/
age (comma)

Reality

J. Walterman

Some call it kaka and
some number two
The realists say shit
while the idealists
call it feces

Word, a reflection
of the object
to which it refers

The medical profession
denouncing generalities
converge on the particular
scientifically record
it as B.M.; large, small
formed, unformed, mucoid
bloody, liquid, black
brown, green, yellow

The socially fastidious
denote it a physiological
function

Once I was
an angel of mercy
carrying bedpans
Now I am
Big John, Certified Shorthand Recorder
gatherer and preserver
of verbal excrement

My mind
asks
what does
it
mean







