

kiosk

77



EDITORS

Nancy Piper
Meredith Cook
Bob Lee
Rachel Lieder Heaton

FACULTY ADVISORS

English
Carole VanWyngarden

Art
Frank Breneison

Cover design by Frank Breneison

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I WANT TO BE PUBLISHED

I could just as well be the
chocolate ice cream cone I abandoned as a child,
left alone to melt in
a corner full of oval shaped ants and
rainbow spiders
as far as the world is concerned.
I want to be published (who cares where?)
just so someone can realize the deeply hidden talents
I could exhibit, if only given the chance.
I want to be published, even in the back pages of the
Weekly Reader is fine (who knows, maybe some bright ten
year old will accept and enjoy me for what I am)
Until then, I will just keep on writing
masterpieces and let my spiral notebooks get acquainted
and give rave reviews.

Kim Winter

TRUTH

Truth is stranger than fiction--they say.
I guess that's right.

No book was ever like this.
Closed chapters that keep reopening.
People from Act Two dropping in on Act Five.

Don't.
Those pages were passed long ago.
Reruns are too painful.

They belong on an obscure shelf somewhere,
gathering dust,
better off forgotten.

Nancy Piper

ON ROBERT FROST

I grew to be what I must;
The course of history would allow
no other--
The rugged land
Woods
Creatures of the forest: so much divine
as to be the true worshippers,
the true statesmen;
All this was there
My backyard
My life.

There were others of course
who swept the path
who leant a hand
when hands were needed
or laughed like fools at fools.

The backbone of a poet
unlike that of others
has no vertebrae;
it is made
instead
of experiences
lives
others
souls who touched mine
and taught me
what was what;
I am honored by their gifts
They are me.

New England has its
ups and downs
open meadows
dense woods
craggy fields
too many clouds, sometimes not enough.
Taken separately, they are what they seem,
but together
they seem something else:
they make a feeling
indefinite colors
creating a cold warmth
that runs the blood
it surges
it burns
and finally subsides
into an aura of welcome.

Isolated moments
sparks
indifferent minutes
grow to glowing embers;
The infinite, the obvious,
might they be reconciled?

As procreation urges rampant
I would like to share
my lives
I only want to teach you
about you
May I share?

Mike Underwood

VIEW

Brick walls of cheap efficiency shut off
From eyes a view which once was easily seen:
The plaid of roads and alleys cutting green
Hills spring-dotted with flowers and dwellings;
Daily chilly drizzle causing mudding swellings
To undermine the earth-dykes—great block walls
to hold the man-cut cliffs up; early fall's
Tie-dyed sky, runnering where it snagged on jets;
Splattered many-shaded colors; balding trees; sunsets'
Orange, pink, purple, green, blue unsaved time;
The moving ink sea's restless pale moon-dime
On nights when clouds have all but covered stars;
Stacked firewood; scattered three-wheeled curb-slumped cars;
Crisp whiteness untouched save by later-falling snow;
Woodsmoke curling up from houses with roofs below
Hand-thick snow blankets. The quaintness of people rushing to and fro
On unknown errands also does not show
When efficiency takes a pragmatic barrier and clamps
It down so all natural brightness is cut off
And one can live one's life by study lamps.

Meredith Cook

THE THIRD SEASON

Ah, it is grey outside.
An anti-color.
The weeds up there are
Clustering the wall,
Embalming the air
With the fragrance of melon.
A sneering apparition of
Summer's end whistles by.
Nature clasps its piercing
Fingers on the hand
Omnisciently.
And, we are left at
It's mercy.

Fern Rocklin

ROBIN

The herald calling forth
a spring beginning to all life.
Today is different from yesterday.

Curiosity glues my eyes to the window
as he hops across the yard,
He says flowers will bloom and
grass will become green.
How does a silly old bird know that?

Noel Goulette

MY SEED

A tiny seed
scattered and blown
let down to rest
in a warm spot of sun.

A delicate shred
of root began
only torn
and tossed again.

Glenda Tirado

SEDUCED

The living picture Bill sees in the dresser mirror is perfect. Up front is his own face, sculptured, unmoved. He admires himself, watching his lips as he tightens them, seeing how sensuous they are, knowing he is looking very handsome. Behind him, over his shoulder, Abby is poised on the bed. One leg is stretched out, toes pointing, while the other leg is folded at the knee. The blue light of the television makes her skin look soft, flowing, natural. Her muscles are relaxed; she conforms to the bed as spilled water conforms to the floor.

Bill relaxes his lips into a very slight smile, proud of himself. Tonight is payday, the reward for a month's effort. His goal has been achieved; she is here, on the bed, looking at the television disinterestedly, waiting for him. He turns from the mirror to look out the window without glancing down at Abby, thinking that he could not have picked a better night. The full moon is reflecting well on the fresh, white snow, replacing the darkness with a dim aura. The few flakes now drifting down sparkle. The night out there is clear, crisp, cold, and intensely alive with children and lovers playing in the snow in the park across the street.

Abby is looking out the window herself. Bill focuses on her image being reflected, and their eyes meet on the glass. "I'd better close the curtains," he says, reaching around for the cords.

"Who's going to be watching?" Abby asks. "Besides, it's so beautiful out there."

Bill agrees, says nothing. He turns from the window and leans against the sill, lifting his glance upward from Abby's outstretched limbs to stare at the door across the room.

"What are you looking at?" she asks after a moment.

"Nothing."

"It's warm in here," Abby says.

"Too warm? Is it hot in here?"

"No, Bill. I mean, it's cozy in here."

Bill goes back to staring at the door.

"Why don't you come here," Abby says, patting the sheets. Why not, Bill thinks. I deserve it. This is what I've been working for this past month. This woman is mine for the asking. The whole idea was to get her to want me to go to bed with her, and now here she is, waiting for me, just as I planned it.

He thinks back to the way he has handled himself in the class he and Abby are in. Perfect. No mistakes. This time, the key was in keeping my mouth shut. He had prepared well, noting how Abby gets visibly bored whenever someone in the class is talking just to be talking. Staying out of the big fight over Camus had been beautiful. He had eased back into his desk, and grinned slightly during the whole thing as though he knew the truth. Abby loved his poise; Bill remembers that she even smiled at him once. Keeping his mouth shut the day Abby presented her paper on Bellow had been an incredible display of tact. Bill knew Abby was completely wrong, but to decimate her in class, in front of the others, would have been a strategic error.

And asking her so shyly yesterday if she was going to the poetry reading tonight, How beautiful, he thinks. The poet was a romantic bore. Her verse was empty, and therefore impossible to concentrate on, and her voice had that lilt, that pleading, girlish quality that set a romantic mood in the lecture hall. Abby was hypnotized by the sound, and Bill worked hard to make his presence felt by the way he sat, the look on his face. Before the reading was over, her hand had strayed toward his, and her fingers ran gently along his hand. When the reading was over, he found it very easy to take Abby's hand and help her from her seat. Once they were outside, he let go of her hand and put his arm out behind her, an inch away from her coat, testing her. Abby caught the signal, and slipped back into Bill's arm, which he gradually tightened around her as they walked across campus through the puffy snow. His plan was working. I'm not going to push my affection on her, he thought. I'll just let her know it's there, and let her find it.

"I'll walk you to your apartment," Bill said when they were close to his own building.

"I'm in no real hurry, Bill."

Of course you aren't. "Would you like to come up for a drink then?"

"Sure."

Sure. That was the key, Bill thinks now, looking at the doorknob. He didn't even get a chance to turn the light on before Abby had gone to the window.

"It's so beautiful out there," she said, watching the children and lovers in the park.

"Since I've only got one window in this apartment, I suppose I deserve to have one with a view."

Abby laughed. Bill turned the lights on.

"Don't," she said. "I can't see out as well."

Who's going to argue, Bill thought, turning the lights off again.
"What would you like to drink?"

"Do you have some wine?" she asked, not turning from the window.

Two glasses of wine later, Abby had managed to catch Bill on the bed with her, which wasn't particularly hard, since it was the only real piece of furniture in the room. Bill reached over and turned the television on. An incredible move! he thinks now. The light from the picture worked as an extension of the moonlight outside, and Bill knew it made him look as though he was stalling, being shy, encouraging her to go after him.

And now, she's lying on the bed, with her clothes hanging neatly over the chair where she has put them, waiting for Bill.

But now Bill realizes that he really is stalling, knowing there is only so long you can leave a girl laying naked on your bed without doing anything about it. Abby is perhaps already getting a little nervous, already she is beginning to feel self-conscious and a little embarrassed at her lead, but there is still time.

There is something bothering Bill. He senses that something isn't right about the whole thing, that something is lacking. He has been planning this moment for a month, and now he is wondering if he even really wants Abby.

He hasn't thought about it until now. This is supposed to be the easy part, the natural part, the spontaneous part where for precious moments the entire universe seems to halt and hold its silence. Once a girl is naked, once a girl is in your bed, once a girl is waiting for you, wanting you, you shouldn't have to think about anything, it should all come naturally, it should be a basic, instinctual thing.

Bill wanders back to the dresser to stall for time, watching Abby in the mirror. He runs his hand over his face to make Abby think that he is thinking about shaving first, but there is too much lover's telepathy going on; she knows he doesn't need a shave.

Abby sees Bill looking at her in the mirror, and deliberately caresses her breast, running her fingers to her belly. Bill shifts his glance to his own reflection. What should I do? Abby's seduced, she's mine. He's having trouble piecing the scene together. There's nothing natural about what's happening. It's forced, programmed. He suddenly feels silly, embarrassed.

He walks to the bed and leans over. They meet lips for a moment, and he moves away again. "You've got to leave," he says.

"What?"

"Look Abby, don't ask me why. You've got to leave."

"I don't understand."

"Abby, I...I just don't...just get dressed, please."

Bill goes back to the window and watches the children and the lovers outside. Abby gets up from the bed, and quickly, silently, dresses.

"I'm sorry," Bill says.

"Sure," Abby says noncomitally. Bill listens to the sound of her going out the door. He waits for the slam, but she closes the door gently.

He pulls on his own coat after a moment, and runs out into the night after Abby, who has disappeared among the children and lovers in the park.

BLEARY-EYED

Bleary-eyed.
Road maps of red imprinted on white.

One body, curled in a corner, snoring loudly.
He crashed early.
Nobody cared,
but then nobody knew him.

Jack's still bleeding from his fall down the stairs.
Cindy's still sick in the bathroom.

Can't leave yet.
Having too much fun.

Nancy Piper

SURF MUSIC

Right now
I'm just laying here
across my bed
with the windows wide open
and a warm
August night breeze
coming through. The air is fresh.
The sheets are cool, and the
breeze feels
nice on my belly.
The Beach Boys are on the stereo, and
right now,
surf music feels
almost as good as sex.

Dan Anderson

Bob Lee

THE DREAM SERIES

I.
SALESLADY ARTIST

carefully placing
the smallest things first
and so on
w/ the largest ones in back,
like kindergartners
in their first class picture,
you make it work.
your things become a display
and say to a world that says
buy me, buy me, buy me.

fat ronnies in glasses
and embarrassed larrys in shabby clothes
are here too
but only to make the world buy
the more expensive
jimmies in new suits
and julies w/ special hair-dos.

your people
choose(they think by choice)
which is best
and later, at home,
they find it just don't look the same
w/o all the rest.
so in a day or two
they come back to look for another
and there you are disappointing them
w/ your "whole new line of items,
just arrived this morning,
it's the latest thing"
this time it will take more talking
but don't worry, you know your work.

once again
carefully placing
the smallest things first
and so on
w/ the largest ones in back,
as w/ a new crop of kindergartners,
you make it work,
the dream exist.

II.
DREAM ROOM

one room of our house
must always be empty.
just a floor,
four walls,
a ceiling, and of course a door.
it will be our room together
but more importantly
it will be your room, my room
separately.

it can be your
 one wall a primary color,
 a baby grand piano w/ bench,
 and a white persian cat w/ kittens
and my
 two walls of mirror,
 a fireplace,
 a warm rug,
 and a kissy st. bernard
both on the same day.

and when company comes and says
"my god, just think what you could do w/ this room,"
it will be working for them too.

III.
CHILDREN BY STARLIGHT

not quite lonely
because they don't know what it means,
not quite afraid
because their little hands are busy in sand,
and not quite sure
because no-one's there to say it's wrong,
but Just Plain Happy they've got the chance.
all of them alone together
on the beach at night
working on what they call
"the biggest sandcastle
the resort has ever seen."

little fists and hands
 punch and pat down sand
digging,
digging,
using deeper, blacker, wetter sand
making sure the walls are packed in tight,
(safe against highest tide or largest feet.)

trying to hurry
before somebody's mom or dad
finds an empty bed
or an empty chair at an early breakfast
and comes out onto the beach
in a late night/early morn
w/ no moon
to trace down
deep-toed little footprints
and look for children by starlight.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Tomorrow and tomorrow seem to blaze
A beckoning road of yellow brick to Oz
But the long line of tomorrows ever was
A pair of mirrors standing opposite.

Come let us sing a song of other days,
Each one not just as that which went before.
Come let us smash our days upon the floor
And build mosaics out of odd-shaped bits.

Meredith Cook

ROBBEN ISLAND

Solitaire is the spirit that's moving around,
Taking the greatest care where it steps.
Not to step on the great treasure given to man.
'A mind is a great thing to waste'

Robben Island is a great university,
An island of solitaire,
Where a mind is regarded by the pure white and spotless world.
'a destructive weapon'

Standing high above all and watching
Surrounded by the white world
I strip naked, the island of solitaire
I have what I see.

A small grey world - Robben Island
Where detainees are groping around
With adhesive tapes on their mouths
Whilst the great white flag is flying over Robben Island with the slogan
WE LOBOTOMIZE THEM HERE.

Spiwe Y. Kachidza

Robben Island is a detention camp in S. Africa.

GRANDDADDY

Dun colored felt hat
a Prince Albert packet tin
protrudes from
Lee overalls, blue and stiff.

His milky blue eyes make me
think he's going blind,
Hair still thick and dark
after 79 years and 15 children,
but his skin is brown and wrinkled
like an applecore left in the sun.

"Miss Shannon" he calls me.
We sit on the front porch
and talk.

"Aw, God, Miss Shannon,
just don't you go
bringing some
yankee boy down to
Rocky Creek.

One in the family's plenty-
not that your daddy ain't
turned more southern than
most would've."

A farmer.

Decades of field work.
Cotton, peanuts, watermelons,
tomatoes, cattle, hogs
Made him a man who
made good and never
let it show.

Built a new brick home-
put a fireplace in each room-
"just in case Hoover days come back."

Shannon Whitcomb

THE UNFORGIVING

What dark parade of word succeeding word
Will un-burn all the bridges we have crossed?
What claims of good intentions just deferred
Fill pockmarks left when what we felt was lost?
What stones of memories time has deeply glossed
Outweigh all we more recently endured?
What warmth has heat enough to melt the frost
And animate a feeling long interred?

The sky will beg in rags from door to door
Ere time backs up to where our friendship weighs
And we regard each other as before.
Stop clinging! Let us go our separate ways.

Meredith Cook

EDISON

Just think,
If it weren't for
Thomas Alva Edison,
we'd have to watch tv
by candlelight.

Dan Anderson

COKE ON THE ROCKS

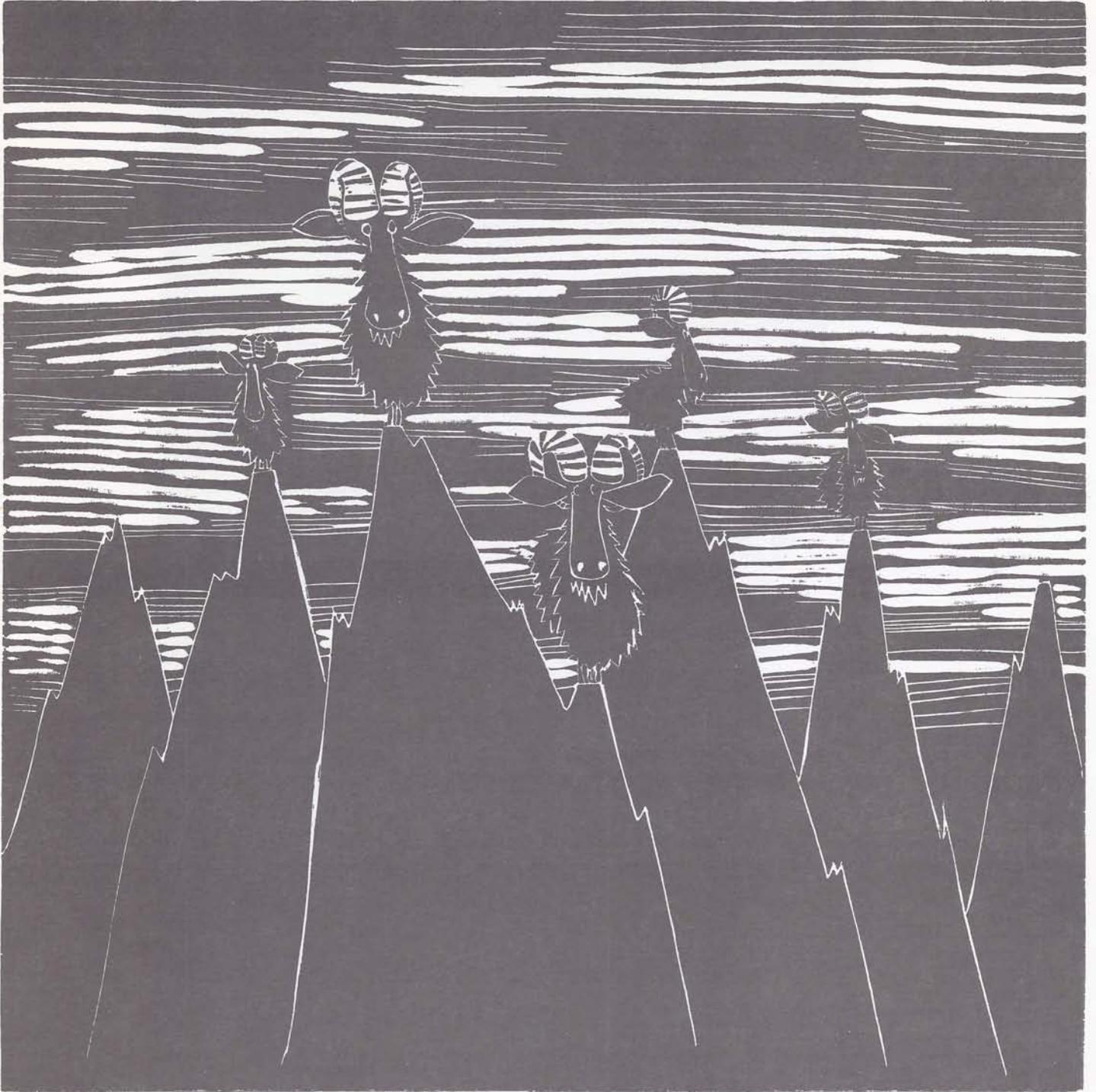
Darkness against the dark, o fire and ice!
Counterfeit sleep that wraps the sleeve of care
Around time's chariot-axle to impair
Its all too rapid progress--for a price.

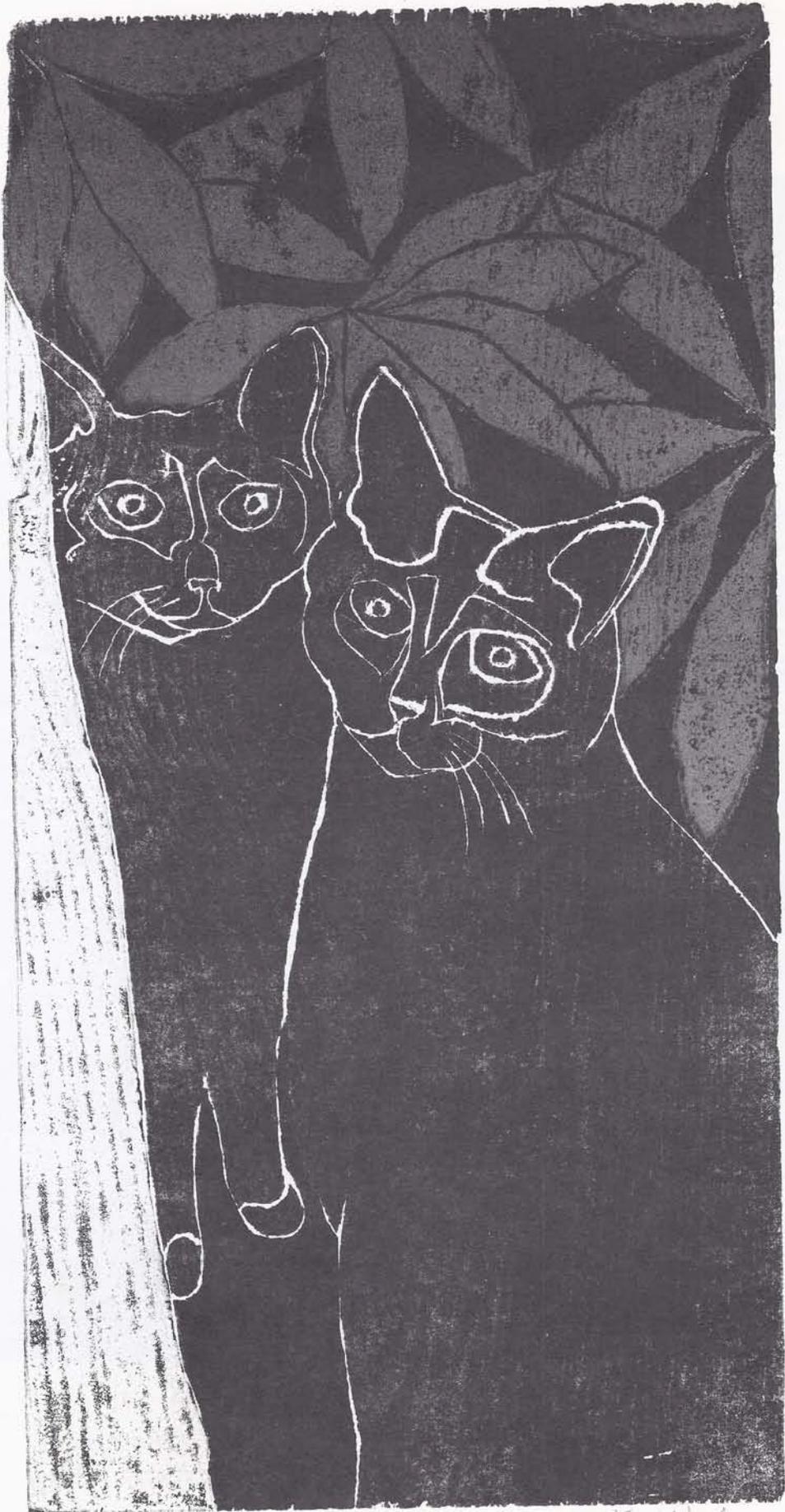
Ice dragon's spittle that eats away the night.
Acid destruction used to neutralize
The sleep-poisonings which anesthetize
When much is crammed into a time too slight.

Brown liquid fire that lights the midnight oil,
Dutifully burns the candle at both ends,
And powers mechanical movement, but extends
No brilliance to assist a doped brain toil.

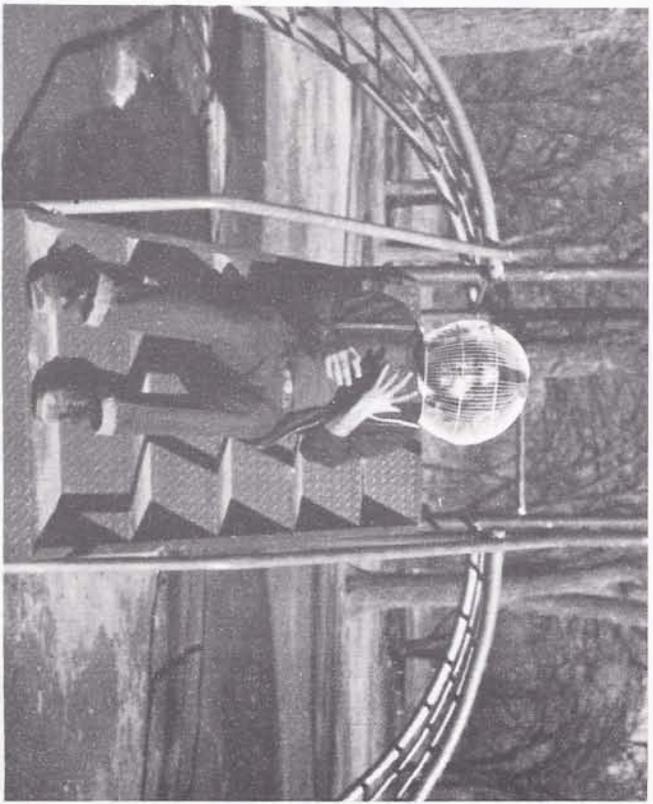
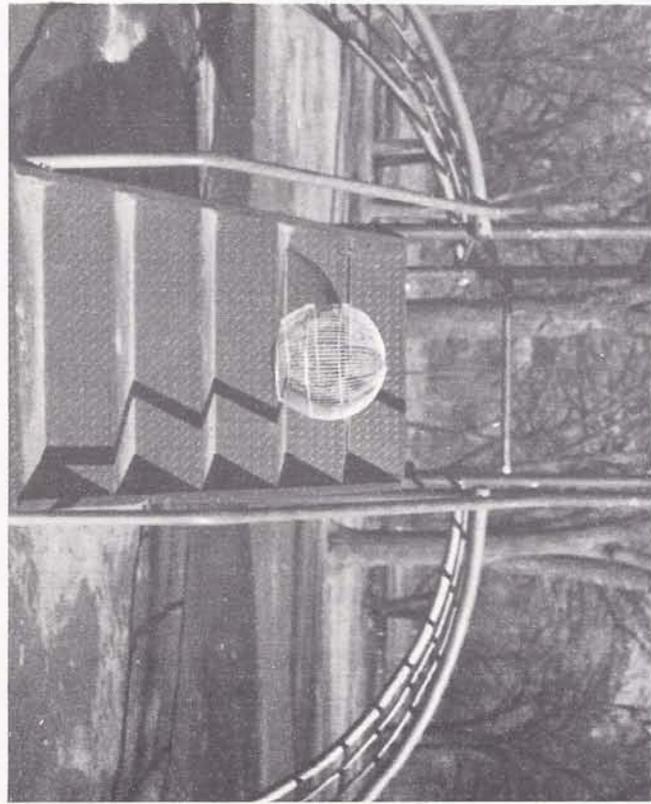
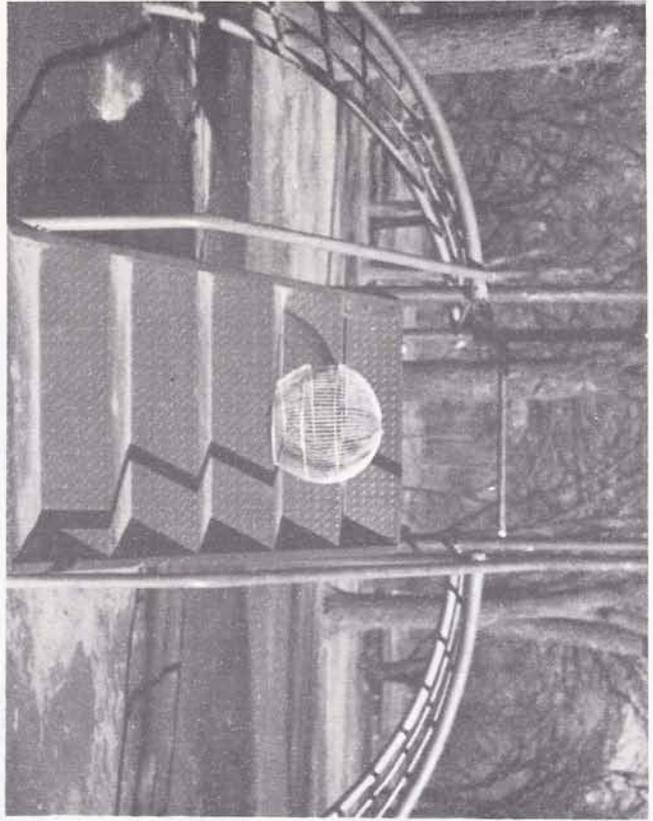
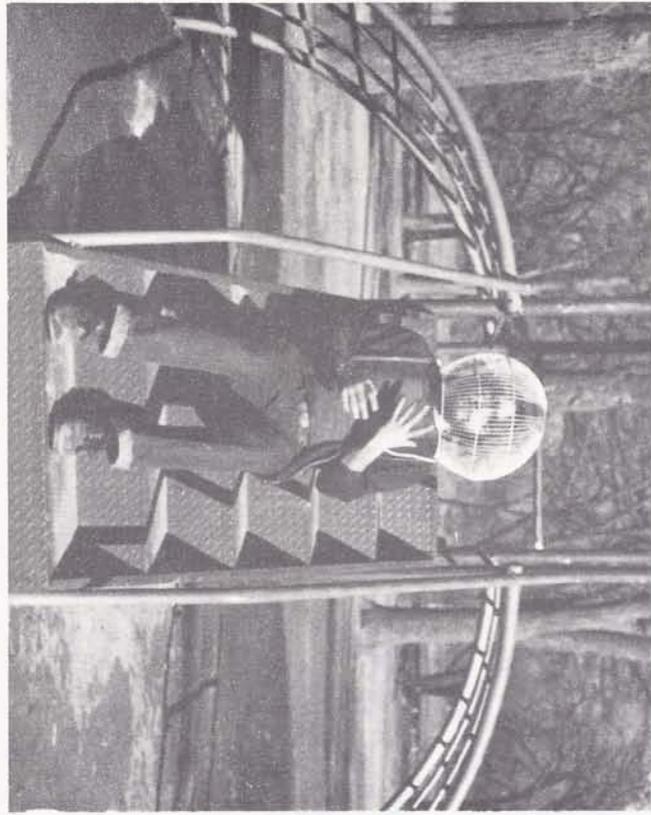
Horrible tool of needful sacrifice
Putting off sleep until they eyes betray;
Whiteness in darkness that helps make wholly grey
A dizzy world that runs on fire and ice.

Meredith Cook





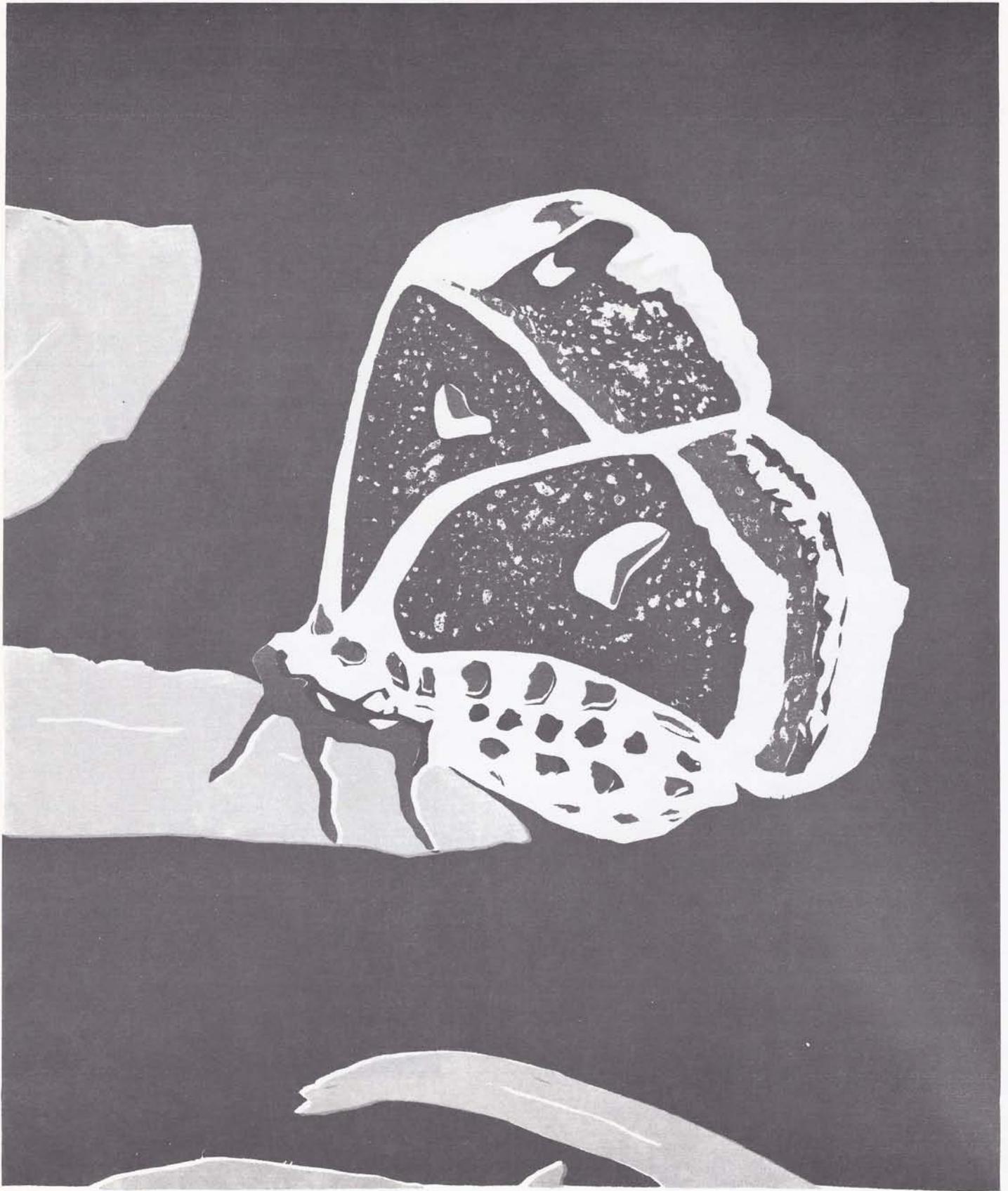
Cats on the windowsill 1/4/76 3/4 Diane Korbhoff





Linaria vulgaris
(Butter and Eggs)

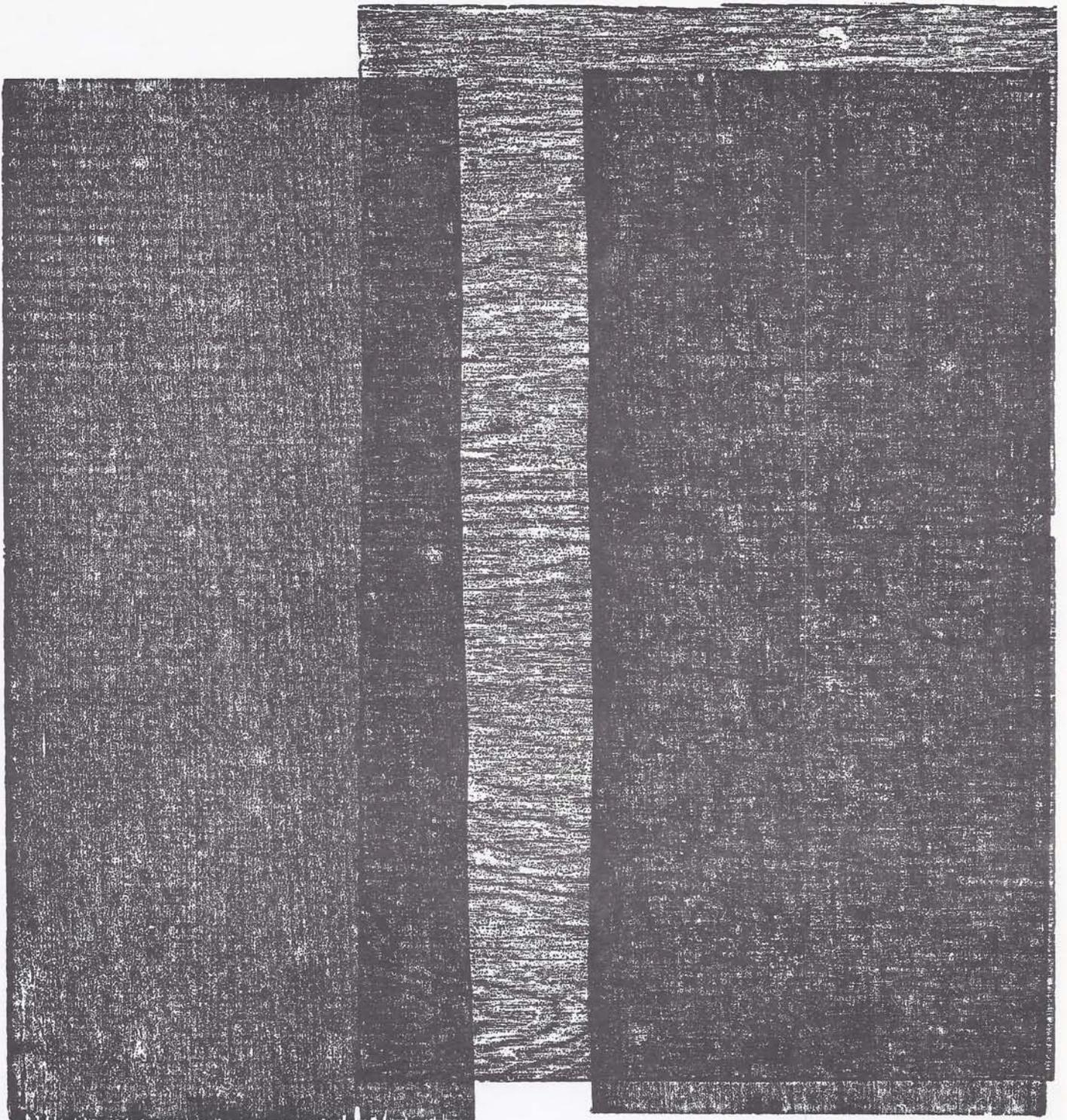
Linnaeus
3/1977



Moth

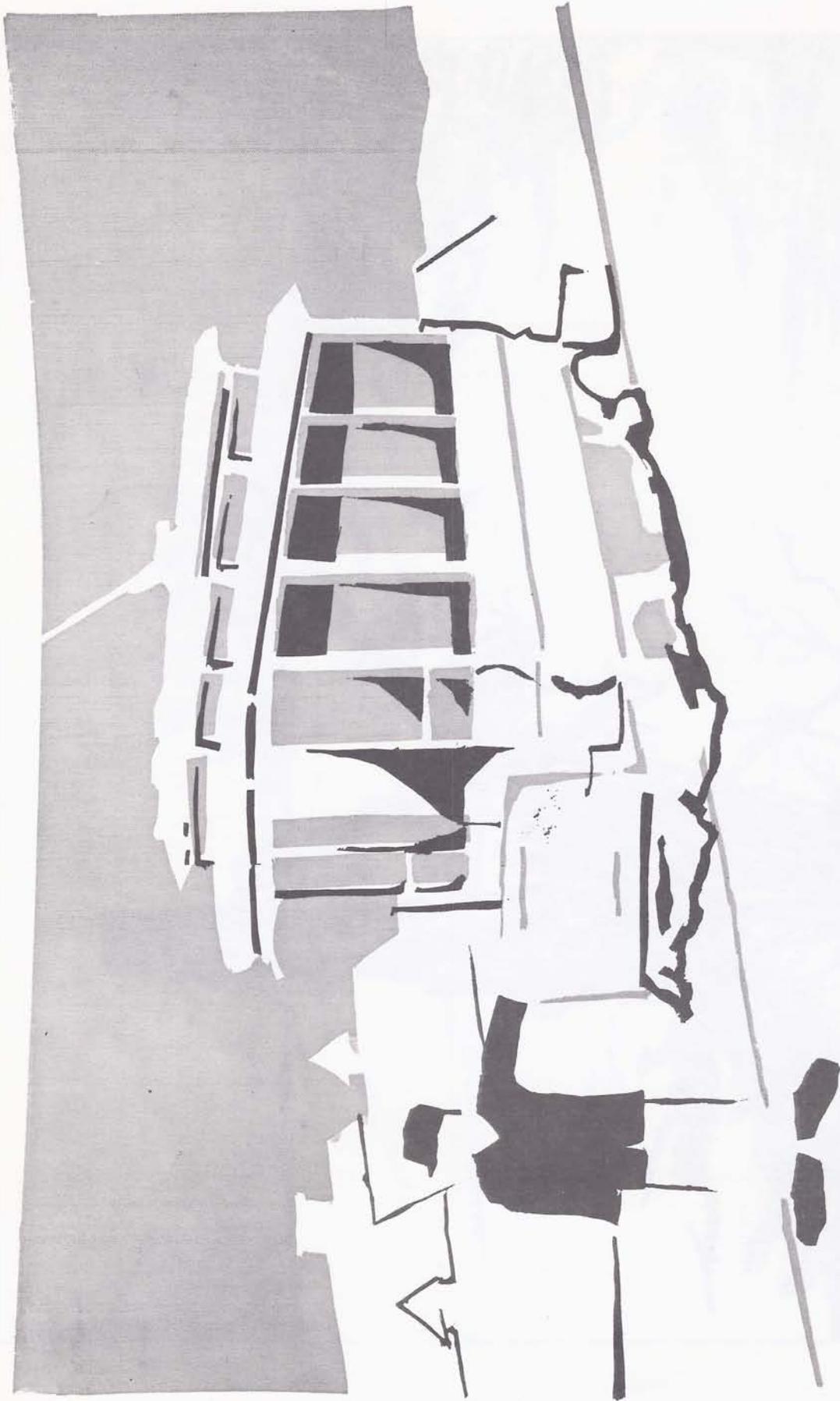
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Wings Body



A, 9

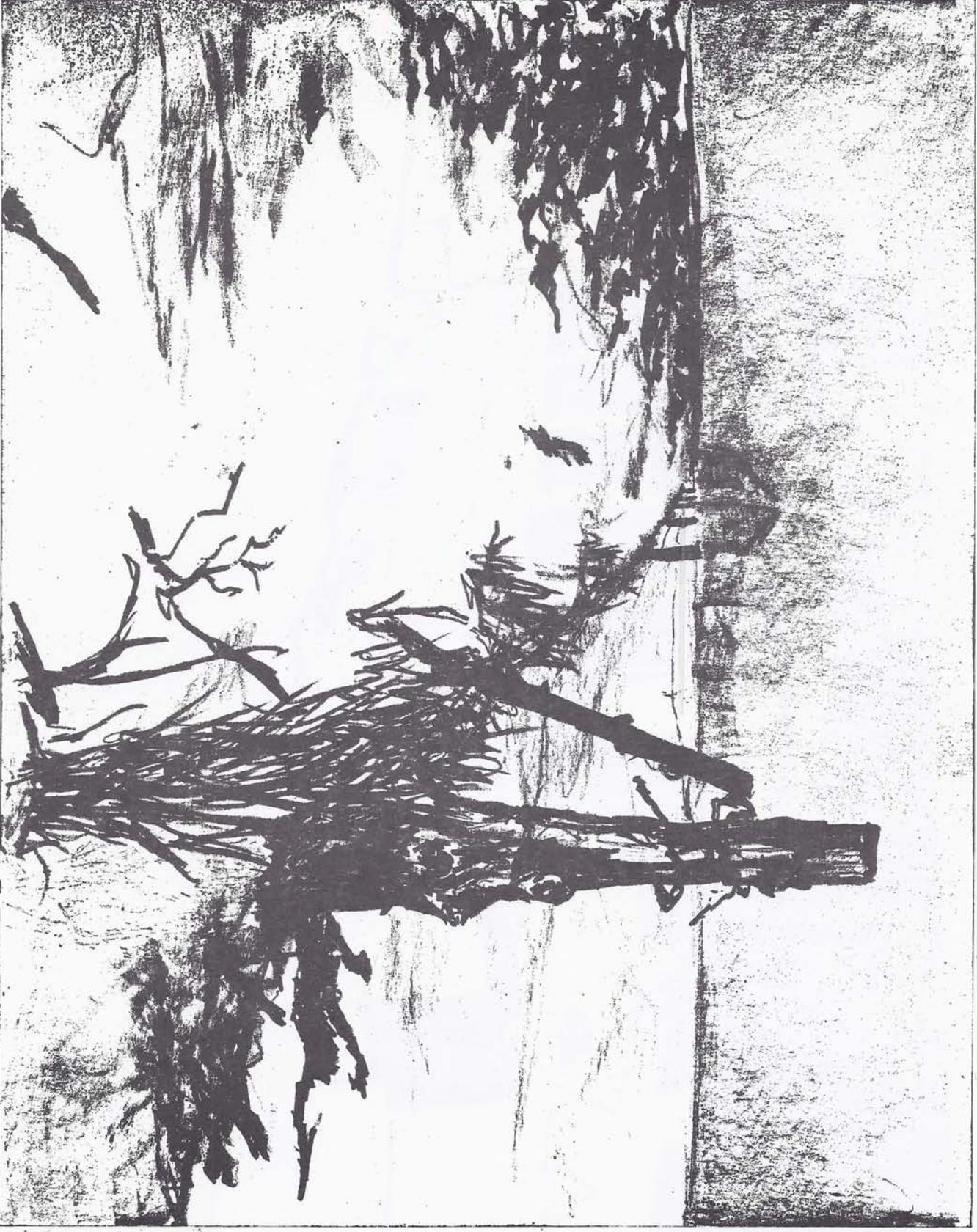
Handwritten notes or markings, possibly including the number 70.

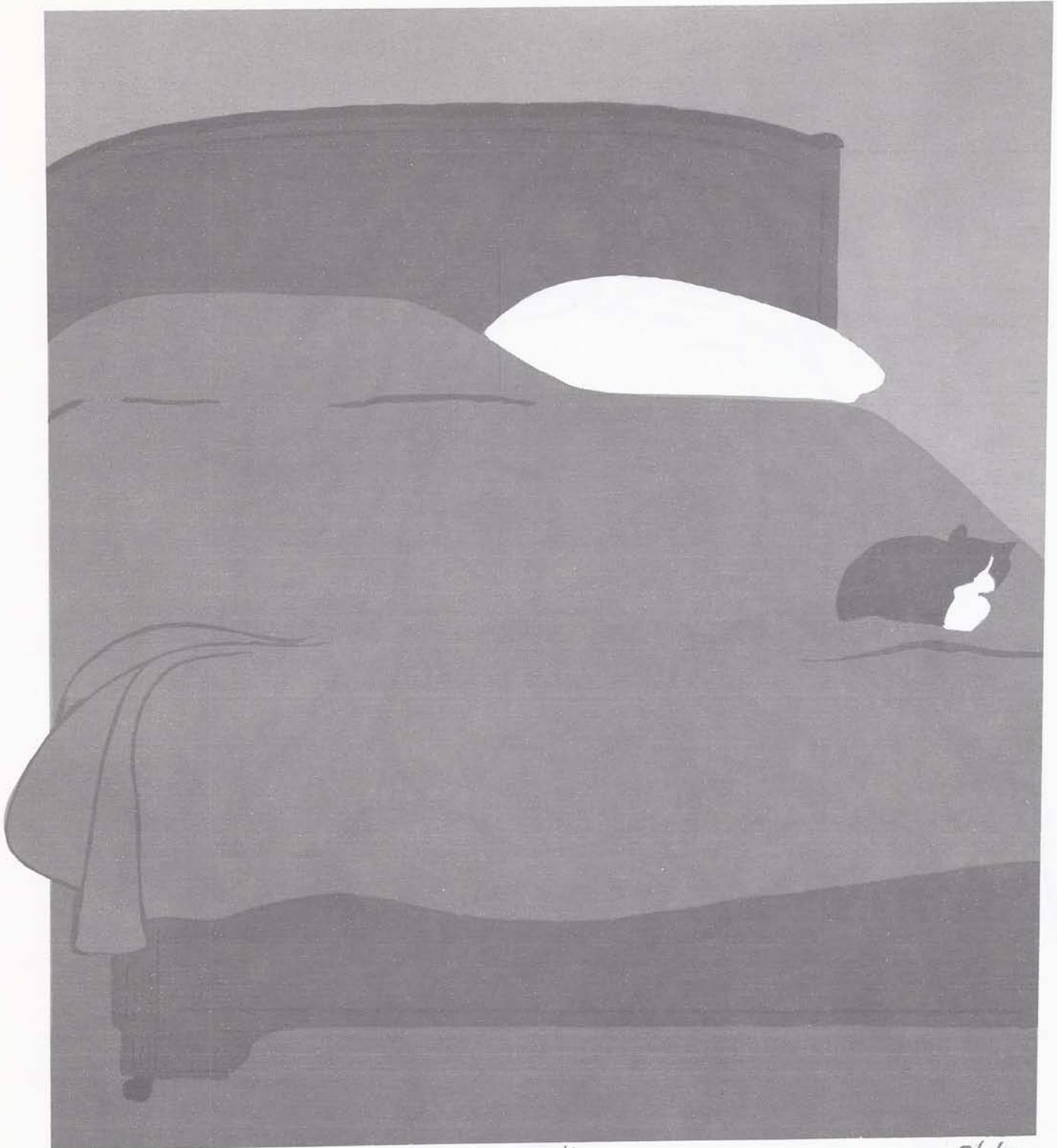


Stone Juniper

4/17

Get Wickham





1/6

that



THE
RETIRED
TUBA PLAYER

The
retired
tuba player
sits in
an old gazebo
and plays
his
tuba
tuba
tuba

The
retired
tuba player
does not mind
if no one
listens to
his
tuba
tuba
tuba

But
if some day
you want
to listen to
the retired tuba player
play
his
tuba
tuba
tuba

You
will always
find him
"rain or shine"
in an old gazebo
(gazebos protect you)
playing
his
tuba
tuba
tuba

E.J. Mazeika

RONDURE

mirage
from a run-down dump
on Highway 75, unlikely beach,
emerges on a half-shell stage

Aphrodite,

who wore
for Botticelli auburn tresses
modestly too long.

No such modesty here,
nor need for it. Without a blush
this naked glory dares the universe
to see, applaud, approve.

It wins assent,
too palpably alive (ideal form
with motion, belying Plato)
to be mistaken for
mirage

Jan D. Hodge

TO FALL IN LOVE

It is a soft hand that touches chin and cheek, gently pushing the head under warm water for the second birth. This time, daughter, you will be birthed by man in the name of man's gods. This time you will come forth as his creature, his auxilliary, the perfect companion for him. You will be woman--out of man, whatever he needs you to be. You will be rewarded with eternal happiness, for he will help you to know that this is your fulfillment, the deepest meaning of your being. Born of femelle, you were Lileth; born of male, you become Eve. It is a soft hand that touches chin and cheek, gently pushing the head under.

OPEN HOUSE

Open to wild winds whipping through
Sandblasting siding
Ragging an old curtain left behind
Slamming doors, rubbling plaster
Dusting over shards of glass
Thinning out the human smells
Of whatever once was there.

STILL MOON

Clouds, ravelling apart, broke
Over the moon; edges like smoke
Blew past it. The busy sky
Pushed eastward while I
And a full light-dimmed moon hung
Removed, unmoved, dumb.

A VIEW FROM BEHIND GLASS

A dragon is not slain in safety;
It will not fall to soft-bodied goldfish behind glass,
Nor to a fluff of puppy nipping its heels.

But a sheet of hard-shelled, fanged ants
Each vulnerable
Can make a tyrannosaurus
Ant turds.

Carole Van Wyngarden

THE MISSIS

A place is set for me;
Others smile, accept
Being seated
In ricocheted light.

Centered at the head table is Our
Model of American Womanhood
Whose lips are for the warm smile,
Above vulgar use as instruments of speech
Worth attending.
Her virtues, extolled universally,
Are propriety and unobtrusiveness.
Woman par excellence behind her man.
Follow her, for her burden is light
And her path strewn with rose pedals.
Her race was won when she married well;
No anxiety of achievement lay beyond the brocade.
Follow her, for her yoke is easy
And her path a white satin runner.

Gallantry awaits, chair in hand;
Be seated please; smile, gracious lady.
Piano tonic chords cover a faint dissonance
I can't sit here the place card has my name wrong
the place card hasn't my name at all
it isn't there.

Carole Van Wyngarden

Jan D. Hodge

The Jack-Be-Nimble Cult:
Nursery Rhyme and the Rise of Pop Theology*
(from an unpublished chapter of the Blewitt-Lawless ms.)**

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

This traditional children's verse has received serious critical attention as a historical document, some suggesting that it may be an allegory of Elizabeth's ascendancy over Mary Queen of Scots, or perhaps an appeal for popular support for the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. But its cultural significance, we submit, goes far deeper than that. A close reading of the text reveals a complex transfusion of received theology into widely disseminated folk material, as well as the subtle (and sometimes calculated) distortions of truth which arise in the process.

"Ride a cock-horse" is a garbled remembrance of a pagan phallic cult in evidence before England was Christianized, imported in the ancestral past from the Middle East; hence the association of "cock" with "horse," an animal first known and domesticated in Asia. "To Banbury Cross" is clearly an illusion to the introduction of Christianity. "Cross" is an unmistakable reference to the new Redeemer religion, while "Banbury" appears to be a pun (to "ban bury" is to exile death) implicitly pointing in the same direction. A remarkable literary mind coupled these terms into the astonishing phrase "Banbury Cross" to capture the essential promise of the new religion.

If the first line manifests the shift from paganism to Christianity, the second reconstructs the historical event of Christianity itself, although important mythic displacements have obscured this reading. "To see an old lady" evidences the reshaping of historical fact to meet mythic expectation. The paradigm of folk legend demands a "wicked witch," "ugly hag," "cruel stepmother" figure, and so

*The following selection is from a series of parodies of Robert Jewett and John Lawrence's study of American popular culture, the American Monomyth. The volume, edited by one "Jonathan Slow" (the J.S. of the following notes), consists of over thirty poems and several critical essays.

**"The Anglo-Saxon Heritage: Cultural Precursors of the American Monomyth." I have selected this study from the several available to illustrate the Blewitt-Lawless methodology as used with nursery rhymes, because it offers a successful application of their monomyth thesis to popular material. Less successful, regrettably, is their attempt to demonstrate that "Pat-a-Cake" derives from the Babylonian creation myth.—J.S.

Jesus has been transmuted by the cultural psyche into an "old lady." "Upon a white horse" shows a similar transmutation. Some evidence suggests that an earlier version read "upon a white ass," an explicit reference to Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Either some forgotten editor, ignorant of the purport of the allusion, Bowdlerized the text, or (more likely) Christ, the savior figure, was popularly transformed into the legendary knight on a white charger, a recurrent figure in British folklore. Such anomalies as seeing Christ simultaneously as "old lady" and knight on a spirited steed occur frequently in naive popular literature, creating potential pitfalls for the critically unwary student.

The last two lines, shaped by several stages of evolution, reflect in garbled form different periods of England's Christian history. Discrete readings have been synthesized into this single couplet --one which makes no coherent sense whatever. "Rings on her fingers" is most probably an allusion to the Papal ring (note the capitalization), hence a metonymy for Roman authority, just as "bells on her toes" may have originally signified the ceremonial trappings of the Roman Church. With the Anglican secession, and particularly with its solidification under Elizabeth, that same spiritual authority was vested in "her," and so the line expresses triumphant nationalism. A century later, when the Anglican Church was itself challenged by Dissenters within, an exegesis of these lines (dating from 1665*) identified the "bells on her toes" with the traditional fool's garb, and argued that the allusion was to the folly of those Dissenters, specifically the Presbyterians and related zealous evangelicals.

"She shall have music wherever she goes," one of many extant variants of this line, apparently did not take this form until the age of Victorian optimism. We have reconstructed an earlier text to read: "She shall have cacophony wherever she goes," obviously with reference to the strife which has punctuated English religious history. But the version reflecting the reign of harmony has established itself firmly in the popular mind, with its predisposition toward facile happiness. This innocent children's ditty thus exemplifies the process by which received material is filtered through and reshaped by a culture's popular mythic expectation.

*It was published anonymously, but we conjecture authorship by Samuel Butler, who penned other anti-Presbyterian satire. [Note by R.B. and J.L.]

Jan D. Hodge

Astigmatic Audobons*

by Ogden Hash

I find among the Blewitt texts
No mention of birds of either sexes--
No parakeet or cuckatoo
Doing what bees and people do,
No ibises or frigate birds
Or meadowlarks in all those words;
Nor saw he fit to spare some ink
For a fitchew or a bobolink.

His oversight was shared by Lawless.
Their work, however, still is flawless,
For have you seen a chickadee
Behaving monomythically?

*The following lines are based on Ogden Nash's "The Astigmatic Naturalist: The Caterpillar," which begins: "I find among the texts of Schiller / No mention of the caterpillar."---J.S.

Section 1: Introduction

1.1 Overview

The purpose of this document is to provide a comprehensive overview of the project's objectives, scope, and key deliverables. This section outlines the high-level goals and the structure of the report, ensuring that all stakeholders are aligned on the project's direction and expectations.

The document is organized into several sections, each addressing a specific aspect of the project. The following sections will delve into the detailed requirements, implementation strategies, and the final conclusions drawn from the project's findings.

This report is intended for all project stakeholders, including team members, management, and external partners. It serves as a central reference point for understanding the project's progress and the rationale behind the proposed solutions and recommendations.

