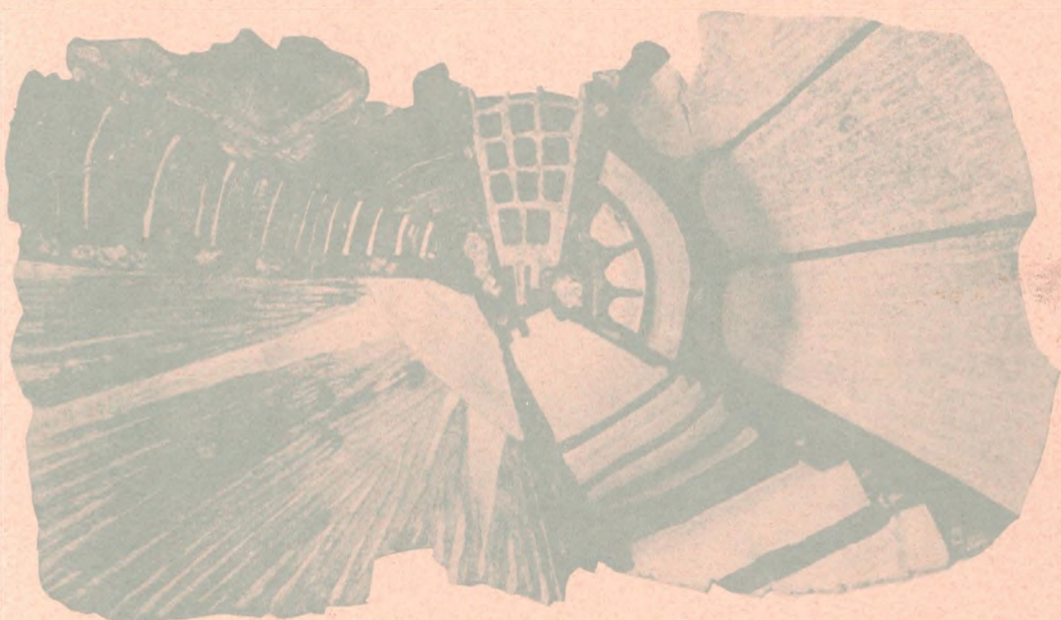


# Harbinger 1989



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*Stephens' Magazine of the Creative Arts*



## HARBINGER 1989

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the 1989 HARBINGER staff dedicate this issue to  
*Nancy Walker,*  
and  
in commemoration of "*Champ*" and "*Mike*,"  
the greatest Volvos in the world.

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*The sky is as impenetrable as our souls.  
But the stars are its vulnerable spots.  
And there are millions of those.*

*Marian Greer Allison*

# The Weight of a Pedestrian

The snow came later that year. Her feet slid as the shadow on the leash pulled away to make his mark—as dogs so often do—pulled her away from this first-time man who had never been in love, who couldn't say it because it wasn't in his vocabulary. She slid years down the road past the house full of books (she had read every one) past winter, spring and summer, slid into autumn. Resting, she began to assimilate the perimeters: east to west, north to south. The four corners of the earth she tucked inside herself to think about later. She had rejoiced and told him she was spatial—to be thought of as a facet of space—because she was never on time or in time although she could dance.

The books were important. For years they had contained her. Sometimes only because of an aesthetically correct cover: a temporary, perfect rendition of something other than herself. She made bookcases to contain the books and couldn't move away from them so she crawled inside to this space where the words never ceased to be alive, where words fed her, and, isolated from one another, danced a taunting waltz around her head, screaming and jostling one another so as to assume the honoured position of 'word of the day': a glorious tribute to a certain word in a certain language in a certain book, which would cease to be the word of the day if she got out. The 'word of the day' was vital to her continuing self-appreciation. Think of all the contexts! She would dream and match her words to her mind, ever-shifting and difficult; a daily dose of change. She had thought about installing file cabinets in her head—many have thought her beautiful, have wanted something from her—but the construction of such a set-up could take years of mental toil. Her father's files sufficed and she placed her words in there and sometimes her father—who drove a truck—knew what she meant by them and sometimes they talked.

The father was important. He had taken her on as a financial commitment and had grown to love her and the two respected no one as they respected one another. They talked about the man who had never been in love, of the ceaseless flow of words from which she could not escape, of the books themselves, and, if nothing else, their covers. They did not talk about the rape, although he had been upset, and unusually protective afterwards. Nobody talked about it, but the books talked to her. So much so, in fact, that she left them to rot in their non-existence (ambiguity). They came to revile her so she stopped dreaming and ran and moved in with another man; a man who loved his addictions more than himself, and, consequently, her. She took the books with her, and the most beautiful book case—glass-doored—and locked them in and fantasized about them when the man did not come home at night and it was late. She couldn't read through her tears but the words were there, sometimes soothing, sometimes taunting, but always there. She worshipped the books she now refused to read and coloured instead, between the lines. She like to think of waxed colours contained within the lines of what someone else had drawn. But the colouring began to remind her of herself within the context of her books: contained within the lines. This perception mocked her as never before. The words wanted her exclusively. The joy in

the 'word of the day' had vanished. The words became ever more dishonest in their nastiness. They were ugly, and sad, and melancholic, encyclopedic. They were no longer hers: the power and life she had bestowed upon the word of the day became, suddenly, entropic.

She was left with herself and the dictionary waste, which became excessive. There was no more room for her. She moved out, leaving the books in the case and the man who loved his addictions more than himself and, consequently, her.

# Skipping Stones

Tonight in the full moon,  
I am sitting here  
remembering the time  
a long time ago  
when you asked me  
to throw away my  
innocence.

You asked me  
in the middle of  
a kiss.

If I would make love to  
you.

You asked me to throw  
my innocence  
like a skipping stone,  
to watch it skim  
the surface of reality—  
then disappear.

I said no,  
but I meant yes.

I had been juggling  
the stone in my hand  
for years.

Contemplating tossing it.  
But I didn't.

So I held the stone  
in my clenched fist  
as your hands  
roamed my body,  
sweeping me along  
insisting that I let go.

Wanting me to drown  
in you  
as I watched my innocence  
drown.

(same stanza)

And now I am sitting here  
wishing the moon would  
sink to the bottom of the sky  
the way my innocence  
sunk to the bottom  
of the pond that became  
your bed.

# My Gift

What do I do when I'm angry, angry  
at you,  
Someone told me it was wrong once  
anger that is, not Christian  
so it stays, like a good puppy  
in its own yard—  
never crossing the  
boundary of my body  
it tramples me, the yard,  
destroying me for fear of  
destroying you—  
When I'm angry I  
do the safest thing—

Run to the toilet, squeezing  
pushing til my face is red  
and small muffled grunts  
escape my mouth—  
my gift to you  
look at me, no longer angry  
begging—let me in again.

Or pierce my ear  
no anesthesia, no ice  
watching the contortions  
of my face, forcing myself  
to go on—the pop of cartilage  
It's done—here  
take this pain these few  
drops of blood only for you.

Perhaps I'll cut my hair—  
or just shave my head—  
the itchy remnants of  
golden blond lying on my skin—  
falling in my eyes  
no longer able to grab a handful  
a patchwork quilt head  
I present to you—

(new stanza)

Anger, the tiny  
obedient animal that it is,  
runs the course of my body  
escaping only after wearing  
a path next to its  
fence.  
Not leaving til I—unaware  
bear the marks of its passage.

# The Moon in the Man in Me

The moon is a communion wafer  
placed on my tongue by the sky priest.  
Its pasty roundness doesn't fit my mouth  
I halve it with my teeth.  
The jagged edges slice me,  
but the pain is pleasure  
and the glow of holiness fills my head.  
Masticated, connected  
by thick ropes of saliva  
I swallow the man in the moon.  
The body of Christ bypasses my heart  
and lands in my gut—  
ready nourishment soon expired.  
Digestion—expulsion  
I wait for the moon who  
once again full  
calls me to the altar  
of the sky.

# Birth of an Artist

Tonight,  
as I was walking home,  
a bullet wriggled through  
my back and  
then tore out my chest.  
It split my flesh  
the way a rock splits  
water after you drop  
it in. And the blood  
ran down . . .  
like the ripples spreading out,  
seeping into my  
painter's pants,  
making me  
an artist who has just  
fallen flat on her palette.

# photographie

le mari dans le lit

la femme dans la cuisine

les oeufs dans la poêle

le bacon dans la poêle

le pain dans le grille-pain

le petit déjeuner dans l'assiette

la photographie dans la main

les morceaux dans la poubelle

le café dans la tasse

le poison dans la crème

la lumière dans la chambre

le bâtard dans le lit

le café dans la main

la crème dans le café

le café dans la bouche

le rire à la fin

... dans un sac

billet pour le Mexique

# photograph

husband in bed

wife in the kitchen

eggs in the fry-pan

bacon in the fry-pan

bread in the toaster

breakfast on the plate

photograph in hand

pieces in the trash-can

coffee in the cup

poison in the cream

light in the room

bastard in bed

coffee in hand

cream in the coffee

coffee in the mouth

laughter in the end

... in a purse

ticket for Mexico





*Desirée Rios*



*Desirée Rios*





*Alice Lowenstein*



*Alice Lowenstein*

# Delicacies: Traveling with Dad

This past summer my Dad and I set out for summer explorations in his green Ford truck, Barney, from Phoenix, Arizona in June. We trekked up the coast of California, through Oregon to Idaho, where my sister Jody got married for the first time. After a month or so of backpacking, river-running and sunshine, we left Ketchum, Idaho and plowed through Yellowstone National Park, Montana and the Dakotas to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where my cousin got married (also for the first time). From there we rolled through Iowa into Missouri and back to Columbia, which is where I got out of Barney for the last time and went back to school. Besides picking-up many of one another's habits, Dad and I became bonded by our palates, or more precisely, I began eating the things that my father, the bachelor, had existed on since his divorce fourteen years earlier.

It wasn't until I was hastily devouring avocado sandwiches with thick slices of pungent raw onion, dangerous doses of cayenne pepper and speckled mustard, which I had spread on with my finger at a nameless roadside reststop, that I realized why my mother thought my father would corrupt us kids if we were left in his care. I didn't mind not being polite or "ladylike," as my mother would say, I was ravenous, and was more than happy to indulge in white pistachio nuts, lukewarm grape juice, and Old Milwaukee lights (\$3.49 a twelve pack!). We watched America unfold and talked about the family, philosophy, history, movies or nothing at all.

While driving through the Salinas Valley farmland of California, we began spotting billboards proclaiming "free olive tasting 12 miles," "free olive tasting 7 miles," "taste free olives at the olive capital of California, next exit," "free olive tasting this exit."

"Gee, I think we need some gas," Dad murmured and pulled off the highway. Right then I knew I was in for it. I had always found a way to avoid squishy things like olives, but if they were in the car, I'd be eating them. While dad filled-up, I ran across the street in mild defiance and got a cheap and greasy Taco Bell burrito, which was actually worse than the olives. We rolled into Ashland, Oregon still fishing those salty little buggers out of their formaldehyde bath and spitting the pits out the window. I didn't mention any of this in my postcard to my mother.

As we got farther into the summer, Dad took the role of "giver of sustenance" more seriously: he started cooking meals for me. On our second day at the Shakespearean festival in Ashland, Oregon, we shared a frying pan full of scrambled eggs with bright orange cheese and huge chunks of garlic (don't forget the cayenne pepper), and recklessly left the pan and forks soaking on the picnic table while we spent the day and night at the theatre (more avocado sandwiches). While on a back-breaking backpack trip in Idaho, the week after my sister's wedding, (it was a great cake!) Dad proudly prepared his own creation at night—affectionately termed "spooge", which consisted of brown rice and lentils boiled as soft as possible, depending on how hungry we were, with cheese, onion, hideous amounts of garlic, and two packets of Lipton chicken noodle soup. We'd spoon it out, drown it with nutritional yeast, douse it with cayenne, and whole-heartedly devour this miraculously appetizing paste amidst the splendor of the Sawtooth mountains. Spooge never had quite the same ap-

peal made at home even though the bottoms of the pans we brought back were black from being stuck in the middle of the fire and still smelled of the wilderness when heated. It was also on this particularly treacherous and tiresome backpack trip where I mysteriously acquired a taste for sardines in mustard sauce.

While temporarily settled in Ketchum, the old family tradition of "eat when you're hungry 'cause no one's interested in making dinner" was reinstated. For most of my life I was on my own at dinner time. This meant a lot of Lean Cuisine microwave meals when I was in Jr. high that turned out not to be so lean after all. The meal Dad and I symbolically shared was breakfast. We each enthusiastically slurped down shakes of our own invention, to my other sister Tracy's disgust. He mixed nutritional yeast with gelatin, protein powder, and vitamin C for long-lasting energy. I had psyllium husks with chlorophyll, black cherry concentrate, and vitamin C to keep my system clean, which was a bit hard since I had begun secretly sucking down rich chocolate-covered Häagen Daz ice cream bars. The more I got tense from the family's reaction to the impending wedding, the more time I spent riding my bike. I thought if I rode a lot, the faster the summer would fly by, and the sooner Dad and I could get back in Barney and continue our adventures. What really happened is the more I rode, the more I was convinced that I could polish off thick Häagen Daz bars without anyone noticing. Our month in Ketchum, despite or because of my two sisters, brothers-in-law, and niece, (not to mention the entire flock of relatives from Minnesota, my brothers, and my Mother, who were only around for a week) seemed like a long, long time.

Back on the road, Dad and I resumed our specialized spicy eating habits. It was onion-laden egg-salad and tuna fish on home-baked bread through Yellowstone afire, and convenience-store, microwave burritos on into Minneapolis and Columbia.

It's very easy for me to associate food with many memories and feelings, from lavish family gatherings, to late-night dorm room binges. My Jewish relatives in Minnesota are very decadent and are always prepared for company. I choose which one I want to stay with by what I can count on being in their refrigerator: Aunt Judy always has Chocolate-chocolate chip macademia nut cookies; Sylvia, fresh pastas and dense cakes; and Uncle Ronnie has a restaurant full of deli sandwiches and bagels. My sister Tracy serves my niece Jessie and I graham crackers and watermelon slices and is an incredible baker. Brother Steve is an holistic magician in the kitchen, and he will always share his organic tofu creations with anyone curious and hungry enough to try. Mom makes a great lasagna and salad dinner when she's in the mood, and sister Jody can convince anyone to go out to dinner—for she's not known for "loving from the oven" (I was six the last time she made me anything—a bowl of Raisin Bran that ended-up over my head because I complained about the sour milk). The only family member I don't associate food with (for Jody and I still consumed a lot) is my brother Mark, terminal bachelor. But come to think of it, we did eat magic mushrooms together at Jody's wedding. I'm looking forward to Thanksgiving at his house this year.

Dad and I got to know each other this summer over avocado onion sandwiches and lots of beer. To some, my Father's crude and shameless eating habits would be unappetizing. But compared to dorm food, they take the cake.

## P.S. Did I Mention . . .

Oh! . . . But I didn't tell you! The funniest thing happened to me. I was walking down a tiny toothbrush and it popped like a bubble and there I was behind this little blue door peeking out from behind eyes drowning in a sea of roses. It was unbelievable! I was sitting in this tree, but I couldn't see the sun because the leaves were covering the glass and the curtains were drawn so nobody got to taste the wine. I wasn't really that hungry anyway. It wasn't my fault the cats fell from the flowers into the silk, crystal chandelier. Once everyone finally quieted down, I was able to empty the moon from the shower. It was such a relief to know that I was not only broken, but the candles that my mother gave me had all been lit for his bath. It was an absolute scream inside the tombstone of a vintage clock.

# Kiss Me

Kiss me.  
All of your troubles will disappear.  
It's only a foolish lie.  
You can't stop my pain.  
You can't do it all.

If you could we would feel no hate.  
We would cry no tears.  
Our pain would only exist as happiness . . .  
    if you could do it all  
    if you could make it better.

But you can't.  
You cannot see beyond your wall . . . beyond your hatred . . . beyond  
    your spit-fire love.

Surviving within your own fear  
Feeling pain but not inhaling it.  
You say you have slipped away many times but life has reeled  
    you back in.

I say you have slipped into the cave of your mind.  
The depth is much too great for anyone to reach you now.  
You see no light.  
You hear no thunder.  
I have tried.  
Who am I talking to?  
A spirit? A demon?  
A lost and lonely soul afraid to die?  
Frightened to finally slip away into silent abyss?

# Symphony in the Sky

On your violin strings  
I danced under the moonlight.  
I needed to escape,  
And you captured the wind  
And set me free.

Underneath me all I could see  
Were millions of colors waving at me.  
I saw lonely eyes  
Raining into stone walls  
Searched for smiles, but could not see  
Beneath the leaves.

And I have been here for quite some time  
Listening to you play  
On those black and white keys  
Stealing the stars just for me.

# Death in a Playground

Running away from all the hate,  
Take me into the air and let me soar.  
Just to sit on your metal wings and spin  
Until all I see is a distorted world above me.

The sky turns black and the air is too thick to breathe.

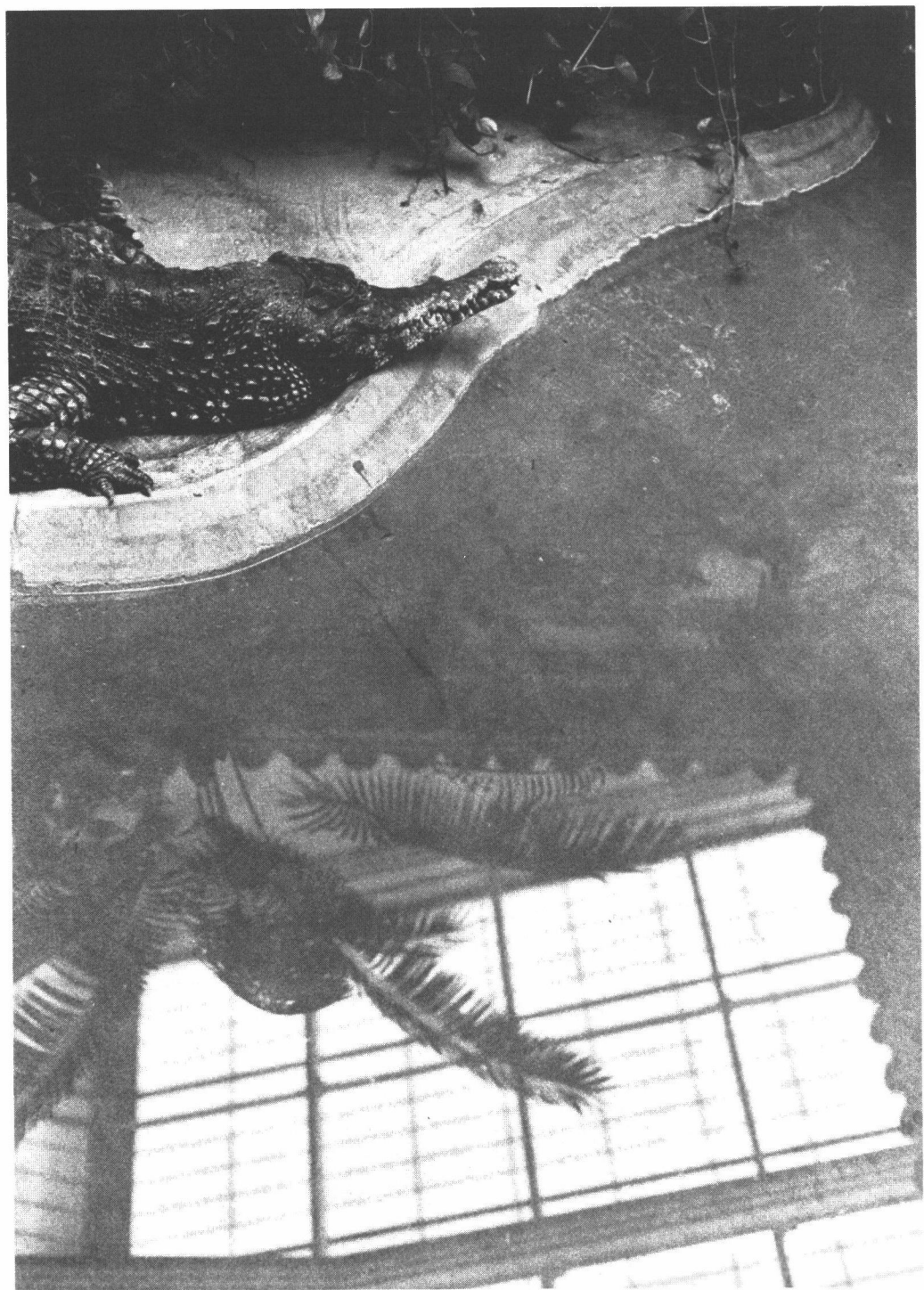
I want to get off, but  
Your chains wrap around me.  
You tear at my skin and you make me bleed.  
What do you want from me?!

All alone in a world of hate  
I cannot escape.

You asked me to climb and so I did  
When I sat to rest,  
I slid into your dungeon.  
People threw stones at me and wished for meaningless things.  
Little people run around and shout above me.  
STOP!  
You're destroying me.  
I cannot play  
Please just go away.



*Laura Labieniec-Pintel*



*Laura Labieniec-Pintel*



*Amie Katz*



*Aimée Linhoff*

# ALONE

A proud yet tired  
General sits  
Come from battle  
From his arms  
That held her  
A Serpent  
Wrapped around her  
Squeezed her  
Breath came  
All out  
She's almost dead  
Not yet  
There are still battles  
She can't lose the war  
Again again  
The battles rage  
Much scarlet water  
Shed from blocks of ice  
Torn by words  
Bullets penetrate  
The general sits  
Another battle  
Who will win the war  
There go the legs  
The arms the torso  
Blue black streams  
Pour forth  
The general sits  
Riveted to the spot  
Becoming  
Granite  
Steel  
Ice

(same stanza)

Nothing left but  
Frozen eyes  
Cold hard heart  
Vessels open  
Warm wet salt  
Goes slowly down  
Down  
Down  
Rivers of pain  
Engraved  
Inlaid  
Who has won the war?

# The Master

They called him the master of illusion, and he was. But he was not Houdini, nor did he want to be. He dealt in a different kind of illusory world. It was an entertainment-value-only-world, and the audience he entertained was generally himself. Actually, it was almost always himself. No one else seemed to find it funny. Not really. But he did. You see, he was master of his own illusion, and he was its star. It centered around him, and because it centered around him, everyone always seemed to follow his lead. He was the everything. And he loved it.

He could make people believe he was the most talented person in the room, or school, or town, or state. It didn't matter exactly what kind of talent was in question, because he had the illusion. He could make people believe.

He was the most sensitive person anyone had ever met, and anyone who had ever met him would tell you so. Almost. But the ones who didn't believe didn't count, not really, because no one believed them. He was everything, and those who did not believe were his antithesis. They were nothing.

The only person who might have doubted was the master himself, but he would never tell you exactly what he felt. It was all part of the grand illusion by the grand master.

And it worked very well. Everywhere he went, (and he moved often), he gained followers. No one doubted. At least, not for a while. And by the time he gave anyone any reason to doubt, he was gone, leaving in his wake a string of believers to ridicule the doubters into silence, and eventually into belief.

He would write to the believers (and, indeed, even the doubters,) for a while, including details of his new life and friends. Eventually, the time between letters would expand until there were no letters between time. Of course, the illusion did not end. The reason for his new silence had been clear in all the letters. He had so many new friends and activities . . . and you remember how busy he always was when he was here . . . and eventually everyone believed that he was wonderful to have written at all. They all felt extremely lucky to have known him, and that was that.

It worked very well, this illusion of the master. He was young, he was vital, he was sensitive, he was intelligent, he was talented. He was, in short, everything.

He was everything you ever wanted to meet, and everything you could love. Not, of course, that he was perfect. He wasn't. It was part of his charm that he didn't pretend to be. He was very good, for example, at forgetting important things like birthdays of people whose lives revolved around him. Naturally, he would remember at the very last minute, rush out, and buy a present and a dozen roses five minutes before the shop closed. The present was for the birthday. The roses were because he almost, but not quite, forgot.

No, he wasn't perfect, although at what, exactly, he was imperfect no one ever could figure out. He was the best listener, and the best thinker. He was the best-looking, and the most sympathetic.

And one day the illusion became more real than the reality he had always known. He began to believe the illusion. And then, although no one understood exactly how it happened, he started acting as though he believed that he was the best listener and the best thinker, the best-looking and the most sensitive. And he stopped apologizing. And everything worked so well that he wondered that he had ever doubted.

And suddenly, he had no believers, except one.

They said he was the master of illusion, but meant delusion.

They were right.

## Beetle Blood

When I was little I used to catch kittens  
And hold them warm and fuzzy and feel their hearts race,  
And I would touch them tenderly to keep from hurting them  
And they would learn to purr.  
I would feel the rumble in their throats  
Before it was loud enough to hear.  
And I was gratified.

When I was little I used to catch grasshoppers  
And hold them in my fists to feel them jump  
And sometimes they would spit  
Their brown-red tobacco juice  
All over my hands.  
And sometimes I would pull one of their back legs off  
To see if they could hop with only one leg,  
And the amputee would crawl slowly off like a demoralized soldier  
To die.

When I was little I used to pull heads off beetles  
Because it was neat how they broke into three sections.  
The head was so tiny,  
the neck not much bigger,  
And the body was biggest of all.  
They were crunchy;  
I used to crack them like nuts  
To see what color juice would come out.  
And when it came out all white and sticky,  
I was gratified.

# Only the Illusion is Real

In the kitchen the grease slides pan to dish,  
A shared heroin needle.  
I sit watching obscure infinity.  
Behind the clapboard cabin face  
There is nothing,  
Merely over-ambitious illusion.  
Shadows of too-still trees remain fixed.  
Thunder growls;  
Electric air reveals  
The sincerity of vision.

# Wormwriting

Worm in tunnels of glistening mud,  
Each wriggle scrawls  
I am me.  
I am.  
I define my wriggle,  
The not me,  
A scrawl cannot reveal me;  
It defines me.  
Not to wriggle is to die.  
I create myself  
In each universal wriggle,  
Each intimate me  
Objectified,  
Loses me.  
In definition  
I destroy myself,  
But I am only in the creation.

# Tanka

Sky-fire, nature's flash  
Shredding darkness, brilliant light  
Cymbal sounding god  
Interlude of gentle drops  
That drill soft earth with puddles

Soles that crush high pile  
Naked feet on thick wool braille  
Stirring musty puffs . . .  
That rise to tickle my nose  
Five-point prints on Persian plush



*Laura Labieniec-Pintel*



*Amy Morgan*



*Jenny Necheles*

# Inez

A silhouette of an old woman painted itself against a cracked wall. The sheer curtains filtered the light from the sun that was setting on the far edge of her pride and joy, the country garden. She sat in her favorite chair, an old rocker that had served her well through the years. A quilt was draped over her legs, and the frayed corners of the intrinsic patchwork gathered itself around her belly. Inez twisted her fingers around the threaded designs as though she were doing the needlework again, but only this time in her mind. She knew the pattern by memory, and the hours of quilting had marked the tips of the fingers of her right hand with rough callouses. Her sun-browned hands reminded me of sandpaper when I held them.

I greeted her with a kiss, and her eyes sparkled with joy. Her eyes were hazy blue, almost like the bluebells she grew in the summer. Inez's eyes told her life story a hundred times over as I looked into them. Her eyes reflected the experience of working over a small garden with a hoe in the depression years, to bring a humble meal to the table. Does Inez still remember the pickled cucumbers in ancient glass jars that held the future all lined up in one row on an old shelf? I have often wondered if she still stacked those jars neatly in her thoughts. Inez always clung to her hopes like the purple grapes that hung on the grapevines that climbed her wire fence. All those years faith grew a garden not only for Inez, but for her fathers before her.

I sat in a chair next to her, and we visited away the afternoon.

"Life was different when I wuz a girl," she said as she stared out at her garden. "My father put me on a horse when I wuz eight years old, and I dragged hay shocks to the barn. Some days it got pretty hot out there in the hay field. I had better have been in school instead of doing that, but my dad thought work wuz more important. One year my brother and I had to plant 300 cabbage plants and my brother told me that we should throw some of them away. But we would have been whipped with a switch if dad would have found out so we didn't do it. Another year we had a hundred turkeys, and I wuz supposed to be taking care of them. A big rain storm came up and half of them drowned, and did I ever hear it from my dad. Just like the time when he took us all to the sale barn at Osceola and he asked me if I wanted anything to eat. I ordered a piece of chocolate pie, and did I ever catch it when I got home. Dad wuz tight with a dollar." She looked down for a moment and smiled at her father's memory. "He always called me Ine. Go get the cows in the pasture, Ine." Then an odd expression came over her face, and her brow wrinkled.

"If my health were better, I would like to go back to the old farmhouse just to see it again," she said, "but I hear there is nothing there anymore. They tore it all down and the dirt road is all grown over. A soul couldn't even get through there unless you were on a tractor."

"I started going with Raz Viltz when I wuz 14 years old and we wuz going to get married, but his mother broke it up. I married someone else and he's an old bachelor. Never did get married. Raised my children with a hoe. One year I raised ten bushels of potatoes and eight bushels of onions. I laid them on newspapers on the floor in the back room but half of the onions rotted. I never could raise onions that were any count."

Inez knew it was time for me to go, and she clasped her hands over mine.

"Bye, honey, and you come back to see me. I love you, darling." Suddenly she reached over to the table and picked up the withered roses out of her favorite wine colored vase. She handed them to me and looked me straight in the eye.

"Since you are my only granddaughter I will let you in on a little secret—time always runs out on you after awhile."

# Going Home

I

Stay  
let me see your  
face  
etched by cracks of light  
telling  
tales of so-long days with me  
vowed  
upon sun rising gleam  
separate  
not in heart.

Tell  
me yesterday's stories  
once  
sifted through the glass  
measures  
life at last so  
speak  
words wishing well  
days  
swiftly past maple groves  
near  
lilacs lavender lingered  
sweetness  
windmills spun  
twirling  
forever eternity's name.

II

Send  
me away days among fields  
swaying  
wild floating grain  
enslaved  
by wind's roar  
rolling  
hills of bladed green  
laden  
abundant daisies lazily  
woven  
wreaths for her hair  
golden  
ablaze under sun burnt umber  
dying  
so young were we Lassie.

# Shadow Thoughts

Miss  
me  
not  
shed  
no  
grief.  
Close  
your  
eyes is  
dark nothing.  
colored No  
brown seasons  
yellow  
not.  
black.  
Nor  
purple all  
nights  
silently

standing stone.  
upon a  
words  
parting  
sweet  
rather than  
my memory  
tender  
verses on  
Engrave

Tip-toe

past

my

room

in shadows

cast by

the

moon.

Throw a rock

break

glass

the

shatter

my

window.

from **Gather the Wind**  
*A One Act Play*

**CHARACTERS**

Grandma Freidel—Max Freidel's Mother, the grandmother of Calley Ray.

Jullian Dolittle O'Brian—A close friend of the Freidel family.

Calley Ray Freidel—The daughter of Max and Hanna (Mullen) Freidel.

Mattie Coole—A student from Evans Creek.

Cornelius Wagner—A student from Anwieler Grove.

**SCENE II**

Calley Ray is shaking rugs in front of the farmhouse. Grandma is sitting by the washboard on the porch. She is humming an old church song, "**Supper Time.**" Jullian is expected for dinner.

**It is another hot day in the late afternoon. Calley Ray and Grandma are busy with the daily chores. The sounds of the farm can be heard in the distance.**

Calley: Ma Freid, Did you feed the chickens today?

Grandma: Yap! (She continues to scrub)

Calley: Will the kraut and pork be ready in time for Jullian to come for dinner? I fixed a pitcher of water with a few glasses on a tray for when he comes.

Grandma: Everything will be fine. Haven't you shook those rugs enough? We still have the jam to make.

Calley: Alright, I'll go inside and finish the canning while you hang the sheets out to catch the breeze. I hope they dry before sundown.

Grandma: Stop your worry. Be on your way. I set a fresh dress out for you to wear. I ironed it while you were at school today. It's best to look pretty when a man comes to call.

Calley: (She stops to kiss her before entering the house) Thank you, Ma Freid.

Grandma: (She stops scrubbing and raises her voice) I put your favorite black hair ribbons by your bible on the bed. (Grandma continues to wash until she hears Jullian in the distance. She has a funny look on her face. He appears to be dressed in his Irish attire. He hollars hello from the road) Lord, here comes the fool!

Jullian: (He is holding a single flower in his hand. A stem of lilacs. He approaches the porch) Another fine day we'd be sendin' back to the Lord. (He thrusts the lilacs under her nose) No time to be sleeping among the flowers today! (He hollars to Calley) Calley Ray! Don't you be a hidin' your face today.

Grandma: Thanks, for the big bouquet. Maybe your Mother would miss her flowers from the vase.

Calley: I'll be out in a few moments (Grandma pushes the wash aside) Ma Fried, could you pour Jullian a glass of water?

Grandma: Never mind him. You see about yourself.

Jullian: I'll help myself, thanks anyway, Calley Ray. (He pours water for the three of them) I can smell your German cooking halfway up the road. (To Calley) Calley Ray, we'll be eatin' by candlelight before long.

Calley: The men have always been hurrying the woman since the beginning of time. You would think that they were the ones who created the world. Thank the Lord for small favors. (She suddenly enters onto the porch. She stops abruptly) Hello . . . Jullian, you look . . . so nice today. Did you borrow your Father's clothes from a wee time ago. (She places her hand over her mouth and laughs under her breath)

Jullian: I . . . I . . . You look as beautiful as your garden. I mean, you're even prettier. (Silence for a moment) Turn around and let me look at ye!

Calley: Spinning around makes me dizzy.

Jullian: (He circles around her with a grin. Her eyes try to follow his movement) Ye wearin' the same black ribbons from your younger days. Some things never be changin' the way we be holdin' a memory in our eyes.

Grandma: Jul, behave or no blueberry pie for you. Sit down, fool.

Jullian: (Looking at Calley) Well, the good Lord was gracious to us today. (He diverts his eyes away to the sky) . . . given us that hot, yellow sun making everything grow until— (He looks back at Calley)

Calley: It scorches!

Grandma: Wilts!

Jullian: Drops dead!

Calley: Now, Julian, don't be wishing bad luck our way.

Grandma: The flowers look faint.

Calley: Did you give them their pitcher of rain water today?

Grandma: Nein. No, I've been savin' the rain water for the wash.

Calley: You would save a dew drop. Ma Freid, our garden will fall into the cracks of the earth.

Jullian: (Laughing) I think some of those blooms be foldin' for good.

Calley: Dolittle O'Brian! What do you know about flowers? The only thing men know about flowers is how to pick them out of a field or step on them. (She dips a pitcher into a big basin and fills it with water) I break my back in the fields to earn enough to spend on more seeds. I plant them just right to the flowers' liking. Then I wait for the blooms to poke out after a bitter winter.

Grandma: It was a long winter.

Calley: Then the drought comes when old yellow up there decides to over-do-it. (She sits down)

Jullian: Flowers are like potatoes, You can't depend on them . . . We'd call it a flower famine. (She rolls her eyes)

Calley: Yep, It's a fine thing the Lord does by making the blooming buds wake-up and smell life to be burned by his creation.

Jullian: Don't you think you may be takin' this to heart too much.

Calley: Then he tries to make it up to me by sending a little friendly shower.

Grandma: (Sarcastic) I wish it would rain!

Calley: Well. I can't thank Him enough for such a lovely sight of Noah's flood in my very own garden.

Jullian: Amen!

Grandma: (Relieved) Hallelujah!

Jullian: Praise the Lord!

Calley: Glory, glory!

Jullian: God be blessin' all the beautiful gifts of sunshine.

Calley: AMEN Jul!

Jullian: You always did be sayin' what's on your mind.

Calley: (She tries to crack a smile) I wouldn't mind if you didn't.

Grandma: CAL!

Jullian: Well, if the clover isn't sweet.

Grandma: SOUR!

Jullian: (Calley walks toward the door) Won't you be a smilin' for us today. (She fakes a warm smile)

Calley: Shall we see about dinner. (To grandma)

Jullian: Couldn't ye be forgettin' the past and leavin' it buried beyond the hills and send yesterday its blessing to be leavin' this place.

Calley: DO! Life isn't a bundle or a heap of wild flowers on a hilltop.

Jullian: It would be better than a dark winter in me heart. I think you should start rememberin' that there be a little bit of spring hidin' in every day if you be lookin' for it.

Calley: The look of Spring in your eyes and your gay, happy manner remind me of the frogs I see at the creek!

Jullian (laughing) And might you be the stone that I look upon. (Grandma chuckles)

Calley: You will see a stone flying over your head if don't keep your place.

Grandma: Maybe . . . I should bring supper to the table before the rocks fly. (She exits to the kitchen) Don't be long now. Mercy, Mercy! (from the kitchen) I might eat all the food myself. Jul, you know how much I like blueberry pie too.

Jullian: Come and sit with me. Let me make it up to ye. I'd hate to think I'd be the reason for that terrible face you're makin'.

Calley: (Hands on her hips) Dolittle, for once, just let me be. Stop trying to make me smile for no reason . . . just because the sun shines on your face and not mine . . . I will smile when it suits me! And just because I don't go around showing my teeth all the time doesn't mean that I'm UNhappy.

Jullian: (He extends his hand to her) Me dear, Lassie Ray.

Calley: I'm not your Lassie and—

Jullian: Then I'm not Dolittle.

Calley: Don't be thick in the head DO! . . . I mean Jullian . . . Never mind.

Jullian: Cal, I mean Calley Ray. Ever since I've known ya as a young girl you've been my Lassie Ray of sunshine.

Calley: Your sunshine is out yonder setting in the East in Callway Glen. Maybe it's time you—

Jullian: Everytime you be sending me away . . . I'll be returnin' as sure as the prettiest sparrow in the wind. Lassie, I'll sing my song to ye until I be hearin' you whisper I love ya in the breeze. (He kneels down beside her)

Calley: (Untouched) A stone never listens.

Jullian: Perhaps a little bit of love will touch your heart someday. Your heart will be flutterin' like the wings of a butterfly greetin' a flower. (He grabs his cap) Ye be missin' a lad like me when you're alone and wishin' . . . to hold a man in your arms.

Grandma: Cal, Jul . . . Supper is on the table.

Calley: I was just tellin' Jullian that we should sit down for supper.

Jullian: I promised your Pappy the day he died . . . I'd be lookin' over your shoulder for him. (Silence) (He stands) So, I be keepin' my promise. That's it!

Grandma: It's best that you come now. (Different sounds can be heard from the kitchen)

Calley: I'll make it without your promises, Jullian O'Brian.

Jullian: (Appears solemn. Begins to exit to the kitchen) Lassie Ray—

Grandma: JUL . . . Don't you like my cooking these days? Bring Cal.

Jullian: I'll always be havin' enough love for the both of us . . . so if you be findin' your heart shallow . . . just whisper in the wind and someone will be listenin'. (He exits to the kitchen)

Grandma: Fool, don't you hear me calling for you . . . Well it's about time you decided to eat. (Lights begin to dim slowly to a spot on Calley)

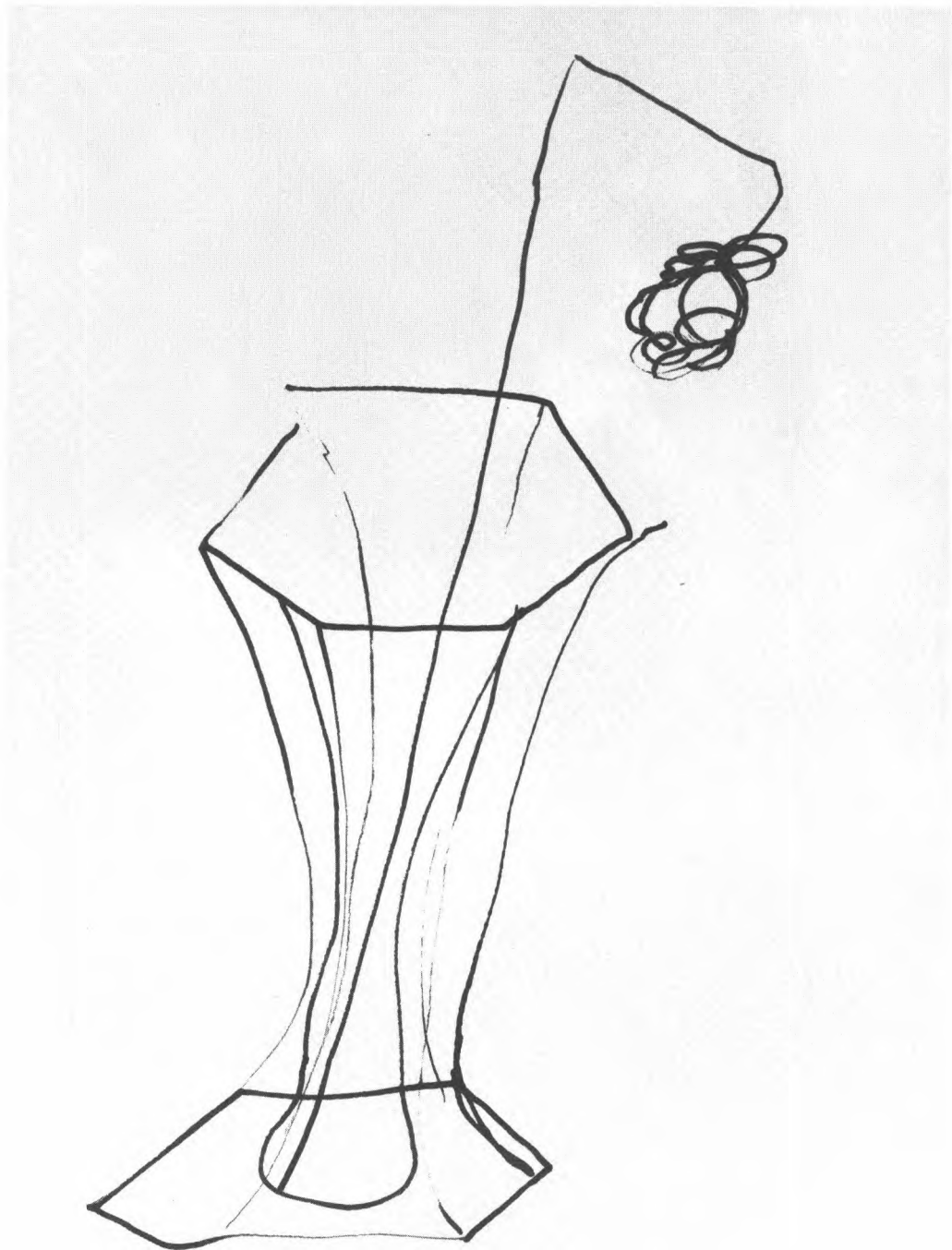
Calley: And I will hear you say me name from yesterday . . . Lassie Ray, I love you . . . and then you won't be there, because nothing the Lord creates is forever . . . except for the spirit. Someday Jul, you'll be where forever is beyond the Vorderwieden Hills with the others . . . and I alone once again with another memory and a thought of you. So, the prettiest sparrow will never whisper . . . and the wind will never speak your name.

(As the spot fades to black, the sound of Jullian's voice can be heard softly echoing, "Lassie Ray." The English folk song fades in underneath)

## END OF SCENE II



*Laura Labieniec-Pintel*



*Kimberly Saunders*



*Carolyn McHale*



Anne Schmidt



Ying Li

## Signs

As I drive Route 86  
my eyes try not to stray  
to wobbly worn-out windmills  
amid sunflowers' sway.  
Empty tractors turn into  
giant bugs at play.  
Behemoth plastic butterflies  
attack homes in decay.  
Buckle Up for Safety,  
roadway warnings say.  
Disaster may be only  
one farmhouse away.

## Excerpts of a Journal

I received this journal for Christmas 1987. Today, February 18, 1988, is the first day I feel comfortable to write in it.

Thursday I saw the production of "Mere Crayon." Since then I have come to many conclusions about my life. I realize my relationships have not been based on trust. I have let my relationships be built on society's expectations. Therefore, I have no friends whom I can trust and really build a relationship with.

March 14, 1988

Hello, it has been so long since I have written. I have not been able to communicate my feelings on paper until now. I would sit down to write, but nothing would come out. I realized earlier this week I need to find my voice vocally. Anele has taught me to use my voice to express my feeling. It has been wonderful to finally speak and vocalize my feelings, be they trivial or profound. Now that I have found a new way of communication I can return to the old way—writing—I have missed writing to express my thoughts. It scared me for so long I thought I would never again be able to write for me. Now I can, and I am so sad that I wasn't able to write for two months. So much growing has gone on in my life over the past months. I found a vocal voice, I found a friend, a true friend. One who supports me. I have never had a friend who is so consistent with me. Anele has taught me so much. It truly is rare in life to find a friend like her. The downfall of all of this is that I find it difficult to finally trust someone after twenty years of never being able to confide in someone. I have taken so many risks with her.

I do not know why it has taken me so long to write how I feel. It is really not all that complex. I always try to make everything more complex than it really is. I again realize how much I want out of life. I want to embrace life. I do not want anything to limit me. I want so much from life. I want to learn so much. I hope to god that I will never live my life in a rut.

I guess this is my greatest fear. Remaining where I am. I do not want to lead a "normal life." I want to experience it all. Yet, in order to enjoy that experience I so desperately seek I need to continue my education. I do not want my life renounced for lack of knowledge. I WANT to learn so much; therefore, I need to stay in college. I do not care about day-to-day life—I want to know the larger picture, and I WILL!

---

Kimberly Saunders

# Untitled

So much dies  
when a pealed pink petal,  
windblown and sore,  
is sealed  
between hard, white pages.

## Go America

The junior year abroad. This phrase conjures images of students diligently studying in vast European libraries, speaking French with ease, and criss-crossing the continent with grace and matching luggage on punctual European trains.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Stomping across Europe with hiking boots and backpacks, Eurail passes and copies of **Europe on 25¢ a Day** in hand, American students resemble boat people more than world travelers.

Many incidents occur due to rather haphazard attempts to speak a foreign language. In one Swiss cafe I ordered "Une vasse de vin rose," in my best French accent. But instead of ordering a glass of red wine, as was my intention, I was asking for a mug of pink wine. My clever waitress finally discerned what I was trying to say and brought my wine in a glass, not a coffee cup.

One friend of mine decided he needed a haircut. He speaks fluent German, but the hairstylist didn't. When she asked, "Beaucoup?" which means "a lot" or "much" in French, he replied, "Yes." He had understood beau, which means handsome, and agreed that yes, he would like a nice haircut.

His red locks fell to the ground. A month after the incident, his hair is still short, but at least now he can laugh about it.

Many European men are more forward than their American counterparts. Since I'm blonde and American, I'm a natural target for a lot of their comments. I now know how to say "Leave me alone" in five languages. I also have a wealth of stronger words to use if that doesn't suffice.

People also find ways to communicate even if they don't understand each other's languages.

In October I was traveling from Florence, Italy, back to Switzerland. My companions in the train car were all Italian and took a vested interest in every movement I made, such as reading **The International Herald Tribune** and eating an apple for lunch. They discussed whether or not I was Dutch or Scandinavian.

Finally, a boy who was about my age asked in Italian where I was from.

I don't know how I understood this, because my Italian is limited to "thank you," "yes," and asking for gelato in five different flavors.

I answered, "AH-MER-I-KA," very loudly, and the five of them smiled and nodded. The boy's mother seemed especially pleased, for she laughed and elbowed her husband.

He asked me another question.

I didn't understand this time.

"DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?" I asked. When a person knows another person does not understand her language, she yells and waves her arms, as if this will aid the other's comprehension.

He smiled and shook his head. I looked around the cabin. Everyone else was doing the same thing.

"PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?" I tried. Again, more smiles and shaking heads.

"SPREIKEN SIE DEUTSCH?" This was a futile question, because my German consists of counting to five and asking for a beer. Again, I received the same reply.

"SNAKKER DU NORSK?" This was even more futile than the previous question, since **no one** speaks or understands Norwegian outside of Scandinavia or northern Minnesota. I always ask anyway, in hopes that someday I'll meet someone who does. Of course, no one in my car did.

"Whas-ah your name-ah?" he asked.

He speaks English!

"MELANIE," I replied.

"How old you-ah?" he asked.

"TWENTY," I said. Everyone smiled.

That was the extent of his English. He also knew the lyrics of "Born in the U.S.A.," which was playing on my Walkman. He sang along on the refrain.

"Marcello," he said, pointing to himself.

The men sitting beside me, who I think were his uncles, were excited about these developments.

One asked how much it cost to fly to America by flapping his arms, pointing west, and making the sign for money by rubbing his thumb and second and third fingers together.

I tried to convert Swiss francs to American dollars, then dollars to Italian lire, and finally wrote down some ballpark figure.

The uncle smiled and nodded.

Then Mom pointed to her son, flapped her arms and pointed to me.

"GO AMERICA?" she yelled.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I was in over my head, trapped on a trainride to matrimony and dozens of Italian children tugging at my skirts in the kitchen.

They wanted me to take Marcello to America.

"I have a BOYFRIEND," I yelled back.

"BOYFRIEND!" they all repeated. "Si, si!"

"No, AMERICAN boyfriend," I said.

She pointed to me again, held up two fingers, and pointed to her son.

"Duo BOYFRIEND?" she asked.

Knowing one boyfriend was more than enough, I took out a picture of my boyfriend and me, taken at Stephens Park in Columbia. They all looked at it and smiled. Marcello didn't seem overly disappointed, but his mother did.

They were still friendly to me after my rejection of their son. Although I'll admit that Marcello was good-looking, I didn't see much of a future in our relationship, other than singing Bruce Springsteen lyrics together.

I loaned him my Walkman.

He and his father tossed my bags to me from the train when we pulled into Milan. I smiled and waved good-bye as Marcello smiled through the train window.

Two more trains and a busride later, I was back in Faruagny, Switzerland, snuggling into a down comforter in our apartment on a dairy farm. The air outside smelled of cows. After my Italian adventures, it was good to be back in my Swiss home.

# Woman

You are more manipulative than I will ever be. These loving things you say to an empty face. You are another blurring hole in the eternally damned earth. If there were a flicker of emotion, the world would be set on fire. So you are God. Majestically slaying all their unchained thoughts. To tame the mind and soul just for the body. Still she sits there waiting, knowing this true. Fate up against her, be there few or many she will wait until she gives herself to him. But still you sit unloving in the closet. Take another drink and follow your ancestral past. Another drink to gain perspective from your tiny box that is the world. Still she will weave the flowers for your grave and think of the afterlife. Your life is so well planned and placed upon a shelf. It is not something to be shrouded with hesitation or the questioning she brings. You have told her everything and she only sees today and not what tomorrow can bring. Reach out to crush the flower blooming in the spring. The life so simple it could not flourish in a complex place.

## Different Places

Once there was a man  
A simple man  
Who sat unencumbered  
Through the long grains of grass.  
Sitting, sitting  
Weaving all the grains of grass  
With eyes not affected by  
The changing of the season.

I will sit here weaving grains of grass.

Man with yellow seeing eyes  
looks across the brook  
He sees the simple man  
His worthless tasks unworthy  
Of all the knowledge  
Seeing, seeing  
seeing men of worthlessness  
not affected by the misery.

I will sit weaving grains of grass.

## M's Birthday Presence

A log cabin on a mountain. M is preparing. Three Coke bottles and two Pepsi bottles, each with its own sparkler inside, stand in a circle on a cookie pan. M does her bit. Jason, Margaret and Dave enter.

Jason: M . . .!

M: Jason, hi! Leave.

Jason: Why? What ya doin'?

M: Takin' the Pepsi Challenge. Leave.

Jason: Oh. (Forces a laugh) That's nice.

M: If you don't leave now you won't make it back.

Jason: Why is that, M?

M: Storm.

Jason: A storm?

M: (Poignantly) Storm.

Jason: Well M, it's the clearest day I've seen yet.

M: It's gonna storm J. J. my boy like you've never seen in your life . . . or mine. It's gonna make that tidal wave on "Hawaii Five O" look like turtle piss.

Jason: Well shoot M, weather man says it's—

M: Weather man don't know shit! Leave.

Jason: M, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine. You know Margaret—

M: Hi ya, Mags. How they hangin'? Hey, nice coat.

Margaret: I'm fine M. How are you?

M: Great! Fantastic! Couldn't be better! Hope you like storms.

Jason: And this is Dave. He's Margaret's brother.

M: Well Dave, I hope you're brave cause you're gonna get wet, real wet. What's the wettest you've ever been, Dave? Hard to say isn't it? Well, tonight you'll know.

Margaret: Do you really believe it's going to rain?

M: (Pause M looks at her) Just because I like your coat doesn't mean you can ask stupid questions.

Dave: (To Jason) Maybe we should go?

M: Too late. You're stayin'.

Dave: What do you mean we're stayin'?

M: What do I . . . What do I . . . What do I . . . mean? Let's ponder this Dave.

Dave: Je-sus!

M: Nope. Not this time.

Margaret: Good God!

M: That's an arguable statement.

Margaret: Jason, maybe we should leave.

Jason: Hey, we just got here. Let me at least show you the creek where dad and I used to fish.

M: Gonna be a river. Amazon. Niagra Freakin' Falls.

Jason: M, please!

M: What?

Margaret: I really think we should go.

M: Leave the coat then.

Margaret: I will not.

**M:** You're gonna fall off the mountain. Corpse can't tell if it's cold or not. Leave the coat. (Margaret gasps a little)

**Dave:** All right, all right. Cut it out.

**M:** Okay Dave, I'm your slave. Take it easy. Make yourself comfy. I'll be back shortly. (She crosses out. Pause. Another pause)

**Jason:** I'm really sorry. She's . . . uh . . . little eccentric. She's just playing. Don't take her seriously.

**Dave:** Who . . . What . . . was that?

**Jason:** Who? My sister. What? is a more difficult question.

**Margaret:** She thinks she's a Medium.

**Dave:** A what?

**Margaret:** You know. Kind of a—

**Dave:** (With a hint of sarcasm) Witch?!

**Margaret:** No, no, a Medium. Someone who can bring people back from the dead.

**Dave:** Back from the dead? Modern medicine has come quite a ways.

**Margaret:** Don't be too unkind, David. She's certainly taken a liking to you. Right Jason?

**Dave:** How do you figure that?

**Jason:** What?

**Margaret:** She rhymed him.

**Dave:** She what me?

**Margaret:** Rhymed you. That means she likes you.

**Jason:** Yea, his name too.

**Dave:** What the heck are you talkin' about?

Margaret: If M likes you, she speaks to you in rhymes. And when she rhymes words with your name, that means she really likes you.

Dave: Could have fooled me.

M: (Crossing in) I was wrong.

Margaret: So the weather man was right.

M: Weather man don't know shit. I was wrong. You wouldn't have made it back even if you'd left when I said.

Dave: Oh come on now!

M: (She walks over to Dave smiling. She gazes into his eyes. Still eyeing him) What nice presence you have. Hope you brought lots of food, big brother. I could sure go for some cake and ice cream. (She shifts her eyes to Jason) No tellin' how long storm'll last.

Margaret: I don't believe this. Can Mediums really predict the weather?

Dave: Yea. What makes you think you're a Medium?

M: Medium, Dave? Who said I was a Medium?

Dave: (Rebelling from her domination) You look more like a small to me.

M: Dave's a comedian too. Too? What else are you Dave? Besides a comedian, I mean?

Dave: (Defensively) I am a student.

M: Oh, an expense. (To Jason) Generators gonna go. Hit by lightning.

Margaret: How do you—

M: Got any candles on you, Jason. Just ordinary candles, of course. You know the kind that help keep things lit?

Jason: No M. I . . . forgot.

M: Well, well forgetful Jason. Nothing new I suppose. Maybe it's hereditary.

Dave: What's all this talk about stayin'? If we start back now we'll only be in the dark for about an hour.

Margaret: Yes, Jason, I think we should go.

Jason: (Pause) We can't leave. (Pause)

Dave: What? Why not?

Jason: (Glances at M) Storm.

Margaret: What in God's name are you talking about?

M: (Quickly) Whose name?

Jason: It's gonna storm, Margaret. We can't go back.

Margaret: But how—

Dave: Well I'm going. Come on Maggie (looks at M) With your coat!

M: Listen to Dave rave. S'got some spunk.

Jason: You don't know the way back well enough, Dave. Especially in the dark.

Margaret: He's right, David.

Dave: (Dropping things) Dammit . . . all right.

Margaret: (There is an awkward pause. M smiles. Margaret searches for a way out. Then finally . . .) Well, if it's going to rain I suppose we should go out and find some firewood. (Crossing out) Come on, David. (He looks at her, hesitates, then starts to follow)

M: (Grabs a hatchet) Oh Paul Bunyon! Here's your axe! (And tosses it to him)

(at once)

Dave:  
Hey be careful!  
(He catches it)

Margaret:  
Oh my—

Jason:  
M don't!

M: (With all eyes on her) Its got it's cover on. (Dave and Margaret cross out)

Dave: (Now outside) Firewood?

Margaret: Couldn't you see they wanted to talk?

Dave: (Glances at hatchet in hand) What the hell is it with that . . . girl. I mean Jesus! Do you really think it's going to rain?

Margaret: I don't know; it doesn't matter. Don't make such a fuss. We'll spend the night and go home tomorrow. That's what we planned anyway.

Dave: Yes, I know but . . . that . . . whatever she is, is just too weird.

Margaret: There's nothing to be scared of—

Dave: I'm not scared.

Margaret: Besides, I thought you and Jason wanted to go fishing?

Dave: Yea, but—

Margaret: Hey, she likes you. If anybody should be scared it should be me. She's very protective of Jason. But, he says she's harmless. So don't worry. Okay?

Dave: All right, but what does she do? I mean does she work somewhere or does she just sit around on this mountain all day waiting for someone to terrorize?

Margaret: I don't . . . know really. I only met her once, last month. She was very nice to me then. Interested in me and what I was doing. I don't know what's the matter with her now. Maybe she's just having a bad day.

Dave: Yes, well what about their parents. Are they as wacked out as she is or normal like Jason?

Margaret: Their parents are dead . . ., I think. I suppose I should know. Yes, they're dead. (Pause) She's harmless. We'll leave tomorrow. Come on I saw a dead tree at the end of the path. (She starts to cross out)

Dave: All right. I guess. (Follows out)

Lights up in cabin.

Jason: I'm asking you nicely. Please don't get too out of control.

M: Control?

Jason: I mean it, M.

M: Don't talk down to me, Jason.

Jason: You brat, you little brat.

M: Yea. Isn't it great?

Jason: That's it, we're leaving.

M: (Knowingly in staccato) No, Jason, you're staying.

Jason: You little witch.

M: Witch? I believe the word you chose was Medium. Medium. What the hell is that?

Jason: I don't know. I just thought it might give you a little . . . leeway.

M: Leeway?

Jason: Yea. I mean, Jesus, you're already starting in. Don't you think they're gonna wonder?

M: 'Bout what?

Jason: You, dammit! (Pause) And all your . . . crap.

M: "Crap"? If you ever refer to it as crap again, I'll "crap" all over you.

Jason: Okay. I'm sorry. But, just relax, take your time. We've got all night, remember.

M: Don't tell me what to do. You're always so paranoid.

Jason: M, listen—

M: No! You listen! You listen to me! I'm the one, not you. Today, it's me!

Jason: M, listen, she's a nice person so don't!

M: There you go again with that listen shit. Nice? (then seriously) Jason you haven't . . .

Jason: (Reassuringly) No we haven't. (Jokingly) I'm old fashioned. Remember?

M: I sure as hell hope not. You can't, you know, . . . you can't. You owe me.

Jason: I know. But she's a nice person so there's no need to—(he stops short as Margaret and Dave enter, carrying a few twigs)

Margaret: (Crossing in) Oops, I'm sorry should we—

Jason: Oh no, that's okay. You're fine.

Dave: Sorry, we couldn't find much wood out there.

M: (Resuming her original attitude) That's okay. We don't have a fireplace.

Margaret: Oh, gosh— (The lights flicker and go out)

M: There you see, I knew the generator'd go.

Margaret: I didn't even hear any thunder. (As she crosses to Jason, she trips a bit, screams and then laughs at herself) Oh my—

Dave: Hey, hey, take it easy. You're going to be glad you brought me along. (He crosses back to his things and gets a lantern out)

Margaret: (Excitedly) A gas lantern!

Dave: Fully fueled and ready to go.

M: Won't work.

Dave: (Slight pause. Then a little aggravated but confidently) Yes, it will. (He sets it down then tries to light it. M snickers. He tries again)

Margaret: Come on, David.

Dave: I don't understand this damn thing. I checked it this morning. (He shakes it)

M: Not to fear, your lovely host is here. I've got a few candles ready. They're back in the pantry. Jason, you're closest. (He crosses back) Matches are there too, might as well light them. Come on, Dave, time to behave. Put that thing away.

Dave: I can't understand it. (At this time Jason has lit the last of the twelve candles. They are all new and uniform in size. They are set up in a circle on the tray which Jason brings down and sets in front of M)

M: Inhales deeply and prepares to blow them out. Then she exhales at Jason) Just kidding.

Margaret: I thought you said a few. How many—

M: Twelve.

Margaret: Gosh!

M: Well the night's young and I am too. What about we play some games?

Dave: Games?

Margaret: I don't mind.

Jason: M!

M: How about Pin the Tale on—(she follows her finger around and gets to him) Jason!

Jason: I don't feel like playing any games, M.

M: What do you feel like, Jason?

Jason: Like going for a walk. (He crosses out)

Dave: What's eatin' him?

M: Ya got me.

Margaret: I don't know. He does seem a little upset.

M: Oh, you know Jason.

Margaret: Maybe I should see if there's anything wrong. (She stands)

M: Yea, maybe you should.

Margaret: I think I will. (She starts her cross to the door) We'll only be a minute. (She goes out)

M: (Following her to door) Okay. Take your time . . . (She closes door. A beat. She turns) So, Dave, some celebration.

Dave: (Nods with eyes forward) Uh . . . yea. (He nods again) Yea. (She starts a long round cross to him. He has lost track of her so he turns to look just as she gets to him. They are face to face. Dave jumps a little)

M: Dave: What do you do?

Dave: I'm . . . uh . . . student.

M: That's right. That's right. What do you study?

Dave: Well, I'm undecided. (Pause. He looks at her and sees she expects more) That uh . . . that means I haven't chosen a field of study yet.

M: What subjects are you interested in?

Dave: (Working to be comfortable) None really! (He laughs but sees she doesn't) Um, but seriously though uh, I'm sort of interested in Accounting.

M: Oh?

Dave: Yea. (Pause. She is expecting him to continue. He looks to her again) Yea. (Nods)

M: (Nods and pauses) All those numbers.

Dave: Yea.

M: Bookkeeping.

Dave: Yea.

M: (Without breaking the beat) What do you do in your spare time?

Dave: I . . . really don't have a lot.

M: All those numbers and bookkeeping.

Dave: Right! (They share a smile. Then Dave relapses) Uh, but, um, when I do have time, I like to read.

M: Really? Like what?

Dave: Oh . . . the paper mostly.

M: The paper?

Dave: Yea. I like to keep up.

M: Do you like me?

Dave: (Shocked) Huh?

M: Do you like me?

Dave: Um, . . . well . . .

M: That's okay, first answer.

Dave: Sure . . . (He looks at her) sure, but . . .

M: But what?

Dave: Well . . .

M: Ya got a girlfriend?

Dave: No, but . . .

M: But what, Dave?

Dave: But, I don't really know you . . . at all. I mean—

M: (Getting comfortable) Well what do you want to know? Ask me anything. Ask away. (He blinks a couple of times in thought. Then confidently) If you want to.

Dave: Sure, . . . sure. Um . . . Are you . . . Do you go to school somewhere?

M: No. (Pause)

Dave: Oh. (Nods)

M: I graduated when I was fifteen. One of those learn at your own pace schools. And didn't see a need for college.

Dave: Fifteen? Really?

M: Really. (Pause)

Dave: That's young.

M: I'm seventeen today. How many are you?

Dave: Huh? Oh, I'm twenty-one.

M: Wow! that's old.

Dave: You didn't see a need for college?

M: No. (Pause) Why? Dave?

Dave: Yea, why?

M: Don't know. (She smiles at him) Just kidding. I knew what I wanted to be when I grew up. Nothing college would help.

DAVE: Oh. So, uh . . . What do you do?

M: Nothing. (Slight pause. He looks at her) I'm not grown up yet.

Dave: Oh. (He forces a laugh) That's funny. (He rises) I think I'll go check on Jason and Maggie.

M: Why? They're fine.

Dave: (Crossing to door) Well I'm sure they are too, but I'll check to make sure. (Trying door) Hey the door won't open!

M: (Facing out, Not looking at him for the next bit of dialogue) Sometimes it sticks.

Dave: The handle won't even turn.

M: Sometimes it sticks.

Dave: It was fine just a minute ago.

M: Sometimes it sticks.

Dave: (With her on her last line) It sticks! I know I heard the first time. (Crossing back in) Is there another door?

M: Nope.

Dave: All right, I'll—

M: Windows are sealed shut.

Dave: Sealed shut?

M: Storm.

Dave: Sealed?

M: Try one.

Dave: All right. I will. (He does so. It doesn't move) I don't believe this! (Then, after seeing them, he knocks on glass and yells) Hey Jason! Jason! (Seconds later Jason and Margaret come easily through the door)

Jason: (As he enters) What's the matter?

Margaret: David, are you all right?

Dave: (Looking at door in amazement) I don't believe this.

Jason: What!?

Margaret: David?

Dave: I tried that door not more than two minutes ago and it would not budge!

M: (Finally turning around) Sometimes. It. Sticks. (She turns back around. There is an awkward pause)

Jason: Yea, yea, it does tend to do that sometimes.

Margaret: (With motherly concern) David, you look a little flushed. Are you okay?

Dave: (Defensively) I'm fine.

Margaret: Are you sure?

Dave: (Defending his masculinity) Sure I'm sure. You guys go on out and enjoy the (To M) nice night.

Jason: All right. Okay, we will. (They cross out. They appear at the upstage window to the cabin and view the following scene undetected. There is a still pause)

M: (Reclining on couch with eyes shut) Oh!! Kiss me you fool can't you see you're making me drool? Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me! Let me feel your big strong arms around my weak, but shapely frame. (Dave steps to door, looks at it and decides not to attempt it. He turns, walks to her, interrupting her plea) Let me experience your— (and kisses her. She jumps up and backs away, eyes wide and very frightened) Hey! . . . what are you doin'?

Dave: (Confidently) Kissing you.

M: Yea . . . well . . . thanks.

Dave: (Quickly moving in) You're welcome. Have another?

M: (Retreating again) No! . . . no.

Dave: Why?

M: I don't know. I just don't . . .

Dave: Like it? Really?

M: No, no. I'm . . . I've . . .

Dave: What M?

M: I've just never . . .

Dave: BEEN KISSED!?

M: No. I've been kissed.

Dave: Oh yea! By who?

M: (She is silent and realizes he has been in control for the past minute) Only once by you Dave. (He loses ground) Let's do it again.

Dave: (Pause. His confidence is waning, but he tries to maintain it and challenges her) Okay, come here.

M: (She walks slowly to him and stops inches away) Okay, kiss me.

Dave: You kiss me.

M: Chicken.

Dave: I am not a chicken.

M: Are too.

Dave: If anybody's a chicken—

M: Dave's not so brave after all. Big lion shrunk to a pussy cat. Meow. Meow.

Dave: Cut it out.

M: Kiss me then.

Dave: No.

M: Why not?

Dave: I don't want to.

M: Liar.

Dave: You are weird.

M: Kiss me. You know you want to. (Pause. They eye each other) Please.

Dave: (In disbelief) Please?

M: Please!

Dave: Well . . . okay. (They kiss awkwardly and then break apart)

M: Thank you.

Dave: Thank you.

M: Really?

Dave: Really, yes. Thank you.

M: (Laughs pleased) You don't kiss very good.

Dave: What?

M: It was okay, but I seen better.

Dave: I am a good kisser.

M: Yea?

Dave: Yea.

M: Prove it. (He takes her into his arms and passionately kisses her) Wow . . . that was good . . . that was great . . . that was stupendous!

Dave: See, I told you.

M: Don't get cocky Dave.

(Scene shift to Jason and Margaret coming around cabin to forestage)

Jason: I had a feeling about those two. Do you think Dave likes her?

Margaret: (Not listening) I have never seen David kiss anybody like that.

Jason: Margaret!

Margaret: What?

Jason: Does Dave like her?

Margaret: Yes, I think so. Did you see that kiss? What about her? She likes him, doesn't she?

Jason: I don't know. Yes, I think so. I mean it's hard to tell with her. But I think so.

Margaret: Well, she should. He's a good-looking guy with a great future.

Jason: She isn't interested in that.

Margaret: What, his looks or his future?

Jason: Neither.

Margaret: Why, I thought you wanted to get them together?

Jason: For a first date.

Margaret: With the hopes of a second?

Jason: M doesn't get second dates.

Margaret: Why?

Jason: She's too . . . She gets too aggressive.

Margaret: Yes, that's pretty obvious. (He looks at her) Hey, kiss me.

Jason: (Mockingly) I'm not sure I know how.

Margaret: Please.

Jason: Please? (She nods. He takes her in his arms and kisses her. Then breaks away)

Margaret: So, we get these two together. Then what?

Jason: Then we have a birthday party.

Margaret: A birthday party?

Jason: Yea, I forgot to tell you it's M's birthday.

Margaret: Really?

Jason: Yea. Haven't you picked up on any of those hints she's been droppin'? She thinks she's so smart.

Margaret: That's why she's been acting so funny.

Jason: Yep. (In thought) It's that time of the year again.

Margaret: What did you get her? (Pause) You did get her something.

Jason: Yea, I got her something.

Margaret: What?

Jason: It's a surprise. You'll have to wait. I think those two really like each other.

Maargaret: I suppose. What if they do?

Jason: (Inwardly) No more of her . . . idiosyncratic steaminess. (laughs, then reassuringly) It isn't a big deal really. She's . . . sensitive . . .

Margaret: Sensitive? That's what I like best about you, Jason. (Smiles at him) But, I thought you said she was a medium?

Jason: I did. I know. She's not really. She's just . . . uh . . . eccentric.

Margaret: Oh?

Jason: Yea. And after she's with someone for the first time . . . . She'll calm down a little.

Margaret: And uh (Going to him), when do I get the chance to calm you down?

Jason: Margaret . . .

Margaret: I know you're an old-fashioned boy.

Jason: That's what you like best about me. Remember? Hey, uh. Maybe Jason wants to go fishing?

Margaret: Tonight? (laughing) I doubt it. I thought you wanted to get those two—

Jason: Yea, but it's nice out. Just for a little while.

Margaret: Okay. (She rises and looks at him) You're acting as weird as she is.

Jason: Oh, and have him grab those two poles in the closet. (As he sees her cross in rushes off)

Margaret: (Disgustedly) All right (She crosses into cabin) David, Jason wants to go fishing.

Dave: Now?

Margaret: That's what he said.

Dave: Okay, where is he?

Margaret: Out front. (He crosses out) Oh, and he said to take the two poles out of the closet. (M reacts. He gets the poles and crosses out. Pause)

M: Your brother's a nice kid.

Margaret: Yes, he is, isn't he. (Pause) Do you like him?

M: (Blankly) No.

Margaret: Really?

M: Yes, really. Why?

Margaret: I just wondered. I think he likes you.

M: Really?

Margaret: Yes.

M: Oh. Well, he's nice. (Pause)

Margaret: Yes. Oh! um, Happy Birthday!

(M is shocked. Her eyes burn through Margaret's body) It is your birthday isn't it?

M: (Beginning to flame) What makes you think it's my birthday, Margaret?

Margaret: (Sensing the tension) Well, I just . . . Jason said . . .

M: (She starts to drift within herself, becoming more and more oblivious to the outer world) Yea, it's my birthday. I'm seventeen today.

Margaret: (Lightening up a little) How come only twelve candles then?

M: Sparklers. (She grabs them all in one hand)

Margaret: Sparklers?

M: Five.

Margaret: Oh, I get it, five sparklers plus twelve candles, that's funny. Why sparklers though? You might burn the place down.

M: When I was five . . . they left me . . .

Margaret: Who?

M: Daddy . . . and Jason. (As if he might come) Daddy? (She bends her head down and weeps silently)

Margaret: Are you all right? Hey . . . I'll go find Jason. Just take it easy.

M: (Now, oblivious to everything she continues undisturbed. She is now five) Daddy? . . . Daddy! . . . I don't like fishing. I want to go home. Daddy please . . . I can't . . . Where are you? (Softly) Rain rain go away come again another day . . .

Dave: (Crossing in) Hey, I just saw Maggie run out of here! What did you do to—? Are you okay? (He watches her)

M: (She shows no awareness of his presence) I don't want to be alone anymore. I'll be quiet. No rocks in the water, I promise. We'll celebrate after . . . I just don't want to get my new pink dress dirty . . . I know . . . I know, but . . . um . . . Okay I'll come . . . I'll come. Just wait for me daddy. Daddy? . . . Daddy! Please wait daddy!

Dave: (Finally going to her) Hey are you okay? (He bends down to help her but she forcefully pushes him onto the ground) Take it easy, will ya? I was just trying to help. What . . . What are you doing?

M: (She lights the sparklers and controls his move with them) You thought you could come back and make it all better? You— You are wrong! All wrong! I was five years old for chrissake! Five years old! Say Happy Birthday! . . . Come on, say it . . . Say it. Happy Birthday.

Dave: (Awe-stricken and still on the ground) Holy Shit!

M: SAY IT!

Dave: Happy Birthday! (Margaret and Jason enter)

M: Good. Now that wasn't so bad was it?

Margaret: (Going to M) Stop it! Stop it! You'll catch him on fire!

M: (Turning sparklers on Margaret) Your turn Mags. Say it.

Margaret: What?

M: Happy Birthday. Say it.

Margaret: Happy Birthday M! Happy Birthday!

M: (Coming at her) Well that was fine, Mags. You look a little chilled. Shall I warm you? (She jabs the sparklers at her)

Dave: (Pulling Margaret out of the way) Come on! (He grabs what he can of their things and they run out)

M: (Evolving back to normality, a normality not yet seen. She removes flowers from a vase and extinguishes the sparklers) Ahhh . . . .

Jason: (Glistening with a smile) M. (He bows to her) Happy Birthday.

M: (Brightening) Oh, Jason! (She runs to him) You're delicious. Thank you! Thank you! (They embrace and/or kiss) Thank you!

Jason: You're welcome. (Pause. They look at each other)

M: Medium?

Jason: (Pause) Yea, . . . I thought I'd try something . . . different this year.

M: (With measured emphasis) Medium?

Jason: You didn't like it?

M: (Shakes head no) No.

Jason: Okay. (She eyes him. Pause) Okay.

M: (Controllably forceful) Don't try anything Jason.

Jason: Okay.

M: (Sees she is victorious) So, what'd ya think? (She crosses to the refrigerator and brings out cake)

Jason: (Crossing to his stuff and brings out a bottle of wine or milk and two glasses) Gets better every year.

M: You think so?

Jason: Sure.

M: No ice cream?

Jason: Forgot.

M: As usual.

Jason: Sorry. (Pause. A new beat) You know I am sorry.

M: I know, I know. Let's not get into the annual apology.

Jason: Well, okay. But I think sometimes you forget, you know. I mean I was only nine. It was Dad's fault anyway. I didn't even like to fish.

M: I know.

Jason: And then the storm came. He said you'd be fine. I wanted to come back, M, I really did.

M: Jason, I know. It's okay. It's over.

Jason: All right.

M: But really, how was it? (Through the following they eat cake and drink milk or wine)

Jason: It was great. I'm convinced. Why do you think it always sends me into the apology?

M: (Testing him) You like her?

Jason: (Defensively) No. (Pause. She tries to read him) I don't. How could I?

M: That's right. (Shakes her finger at him) How could you. You remember that.

Jason: How about him?

M: He was fun. (Thoughtfully) I should be an actress.

Lights fade out.

## from **A Father's Dream**

In England, people called Kiboi 'Gabriel'. In his opinion, people in England did things the opposite of what was normal. For example, no woman at home had openly admired his looks. In England, it was the white women who said he was handsome. The women would walk up to him, regard him from head to toe and say something favorable about his looks. At first, he was uneasy about such compliments and stumbled for words like "thank you." But in time, Kiboi became bold. He even learned to tell women things that flattered them. He found out that it was taken well to tell a woman that her hair was pretty. He acquainted himself with the different colors of white women's hair, like brown, black and blonde. He found out that he could detect the color of their eyes too. To the women of England, Kiboi became popular. Those who familiarized themselves with him thought he was a very outgoing young man. Kiboi on his part stopped feeling uneasy with the women. Pretty soon he started asking them out to tea. Then he became more selective and started going steady with one woman who had blue eyes and blonde hair. He even thought he loved her and told her so one day. She loved him too, she confessed. Then she suggested that if both of them were indeed in love with each other, they should go ahead and get married. Kiboi did not know what to say to that. He asked the woman to give him time to think it over. He panicked and wrote to his father on the matter. The reply took about one year to come. Kiboi read it.

"A man does not eat from the same plate as his enemy. Have you forgotten your mission? If you need a wife, let us know. We shall be happy to send you one."

The blue-eyed blonde dropped Kiboi soon after he translated the contents of the letter to her. Kiboi consequently became very lonely in the foreign country. It was then that he felt the need for a wife. He wrote back to his father and requested that he be sent one.

Kiboi's father was quick to act. The following year, he sent his son a wife. She was delivered to him by a missionary who was returning to England from the Anglican Church in Eldoret. Kiboi was excited to have a wife from home. Her name was Gakenia.

At first, Kiboi was proud of his illiterate wife. He took Gakenia around the city of London where they lived and showed her different things. She liked week-ends and looked forward to them because it was at that time that she and her husband made new discoveries.

One day, Kiboi was invited to a party and took his new bride along. When it was time to cheer and toast for the occasion, Gakenia thought the people had started a game to see which two wine glasses would make the most noise. It happened that she was standing opposite the hostess. When the hostess gracefully raised her glass, Gakenia aimed at it with great force. The two glasses came together in a clatter and the impact caused them to break into small pieces of shattered glass. The clothes of the guests around became all soiled with wine spots. The two women were lucky they did not get cut. Kiboi was embarrassed. He apologized to the hostess and explained that

his wife was not educated, not versed in English mannerisms.

In her own environment, Gakenia was a very pleasant young woman. She liked to laugh a great deal and when she did so, she threw her head back and bubbled up with a rich lustrous sound. Her manner of laughter did not bother her husband until later, when he took her to a movie theatre in town. She did not understand the English dialogue of the movie, but when she saw the actors on the screen smile, she would laugh freely with them and throw her head back. Her behavior made the other people uncomfortable. First the people sitting on the same row as she moved away. Then those in front and behind her followed. Eventually, the theatre lackey came and talked to her. But of course it was her husband who responded. The two left in the middle of the show and did not go to a public place together again in England.

After that incident, Kiboi began to feel flustered about his wife's short-comings. He became hesitant to take her out. Consequently, the couple generally stayed indoors. Within a year, they had a son. They named him Kibe after his paternal grandfather. To the mother, the boy was a true companion; she cuddled him, sang to him, and told him legends. To the father, the new baby boy brought fresh dreams of things he would have liked to do in his youth. Kiboi prayed that his son should live to attain goals that for him had been unfulfilled dreams. He promised himself to raise his son to be hardy man. But above all, he wanted to give him a good education. His son would attend school and finish high school. He knew the boy would get a university degree; perhaps two or three.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS . . .

**MARIAN GREER ALLISON** graduated with a B.F.A. in Musical Theatre in May. Her poetry has been featured in *Old Hickory Review*, *Shagbark*, and *Harbinger*. **KRISTIN ATWELL**, national traveler and "One Act" actress, is a sophomore at Stephens. She is also a member of the *Harbinger* Staff. **MELANIE BRUBAKER** swears "Go America" is a true story. She received her B.A. in Language and History and was editor of *Stephens Life*. **ANDREA CAVANAUGH**, another *Harbinger* staffer, writes poetry and plays. Hooray for genre crossing! **ASHLEY ELIZABETH CLEVELAND** reads Anne Sexton, Sylvia Plath, and Virginia Woolf avidly. She hopes to attend graduate school and pursue a career as a writer and teacher. **LAURA R. COON** had her first negative writing experience in third grade when her teacher took offense from her journal entry, "I really hate writing in this journal." Laura is a Business major, English minor. **W. JARED ELLIOTT** is an actor as well as a playwright. You may have seen him in the "One Acts". **LIZANNE FEHSENFELD** lives by the following motto—"If you can't understand my silence, you'll never understand my words." She is currently studying English and Public Relations. **DAN GRIMAUD** is a Theatre student from San Diego. **ANN HOLTER** is an English major. She spends all her time with Alice. She drives cars that start with "V". **AMIE KATZ** is our cover artist. The Print is sheer Pottery. **LIA KELINGOS** is an award-winning model as well as a poet. She's studying Theatre and Creative Writing at Stephens, and Dylan Thomas and Charles Bukowski are two of her favorite writers. **BEE NEELEY KUCKELMAN** is a Learning Unlimited student. Her work has been featured in *First Anthology of Missouri Women Writers*, *Grit*, *Harbinger*, *Midwest Poetry Review*, *Ozarks Mountaineer*, and *Quilter's Newsletter Magazine*. **YING LI** drew the lovely "woman with the chandelier" that you see in this issue. She is the first Fashion Drawing contributor to *Harbinger*. **AIMEE LINHOFF** is a junior at Stephens. Her lush Silver prints have appeared in previous issues of *Harbinger*. **ALICE LOWENSTEIN** is studying fashion merchandising, English and Women's Studies. She spends all her time with Ann. She is a cosmic star-child. **CAROLYN McHALE** is a sophomore from Virginia. She is studying Graphic Art. **AMY MORGAN** swims and photographs. She is working on a B.F.A. with a Color Photography emphasis. **CATHERINE W. NDEGWA** was born in Kenya, East Africa. She came to the U.S. to pursue her first love—writing. Her work has been featured in several African literary magazines, and her novel *A Father's Dream* has received favorable criticism from editors at St. Martin's Press. **JENNY NECHELES** is the creator of the intricate and lively mosaic you see in this issue. **ELIZABETH PENDERGRASS-RAINEY** is studying languages at Stephens. Hers is the first french poetry + translation to appear in *Harbinger*. **LAURA LABIENIEC-PINTEL** was a Research Associate in Molecular Biology for nine years. A career change brought her to the Learning Unlimited program at Stephens where she is a senior seeking a B.F.A. degree. **DESIREE RIOS** is a junior from Tucson. She is studying Art and is a member of Intercultural Scholars in Laura Stephens Hall. **KIMBERLY ELIZABETH SAUNDERS** is a sophomore from Texas. She is pursuing a B.F.A. in art and is currently studying poetry under Sherod Santos at University of Missouri. **ANNE SCHMIDT** is an artist with range. She works with gumprint, crayon, pen and

ink, and photography. Her "liquid" pen and ink bodies appear in this issue. **ANDREA THOMAS** was an English major at Stephens, and she is currently living in Colorado. She says that her interest in Japanese-American relations feeds directly into her poetry.

