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Spring 1992



The Vehicle

Spring 1992

**Produced by Sigma Tau Delta
Honorary English Organization**

Eastern Illinois University

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all photography by Dan Koonce

The Vehicle

Spring 1992

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Makin' Mudpies

by Nancy James

Talking with you
is like makin' mudpies.
Carried back to a time
when plaid, polyester
Bellbottoms were IT year-round,
not just on Halloween,
And the scuff marks
on my Hushpuppies
Reappeared, no matter how many
layers of polish applied.
Back to when
I'd be anybody's best friend
For a Twinkie,
and Band-Aids administered
With an endless supply
of hen-peck kisses
Could still make everything better.

There are no Type A personalities
in a sandbox.

OBSCURITY

by Kim Frost

Brown eyes
watery from pain
then dry with bitterness,
purple from punishment
and red like fire,

They don't see the light
just the blackness of despair
and sterile whiteness of insanity:
Eternity is a ghastly
shade of grey

The Plea for a Pink One
by Victoria Bennett

You've been blessed
with a bag of babies—
mute, miniature

amphibeans, but cradle
criers just the same.
She's there (who

would be ours)
swaying soulless in
your human flesh

hammock. You hoard
so many tiny pink
ones. Couldn't you—

I mean—all I ask
is that one move
through the miracle

cylinder, sliding in,
bedding down in my
expandable house.

It is natural, this
migration. Yours
is a sack of kittens

to be pit pitched.
Entrust one suckler
to the womb

world. Let
a live one
loose.

MOM'S LOVING PUSH

by Amy Boone

When the sun warmed
the playful breeze,
we'd go out
to hang up the clothes.
I was your little helper
who handed pins to you
one-by-one.
Honestly though,
I'd skip across the yard
like an excited puppy
because I knew our journey
would end at the swings.
We'd never quite
get to the socks
before I'd sway you
into pushing me - "just one push."
With my hand clenched
to the squeaking chains,
you'd push me
again and again,
higher and higher
forward and back,
until my tiny body
would raise off the seat.

Between my squeals and giggles
that floated into the clouds
when I thought I was surely
going on around the bar,
we had our first talks.
I jabbered, and
you listened carefully
as if I were the
most exciting person alive.
Stories later,
the swing slowed down,
and the worn path
welcomed my feet back to earth.
You pinned up the last sock,
and together we walked back—
the bond between us stronger
than our touching hands ever showed.

THROUGH A FROG

by Laura Durnell

As algae thickens and clumps
into one solid circle,
a frog beneath the pond's carpet,
just developed,
pumps his newly formed muscular legs
up and down
to reach the surface.

He soon tires and darts down to the bottom,
only inches from air.
His legs snared by
the peridot sea.

COLD SNAP

by A. L. Gallion

A leaf --
Frozen in a puddle
As it drifted
When the cold snap hit.

Not all brown yet,
Still edged in green --
Red slicing close
Along the veins.

DIMENSITY
(for Steve)
by Anthony Smith

My car died in the cemetery,
Coughing its last and
Coasting to mark its own grave.
Say nothing but good
Of the dead so I'm told but I
Kicked it and cursed anyway and
Apologized to nobody
And shushed
As the trees became fingers
And the wind arched its lips:
Shhhhhhhhhh said the winter
Through stone teeth.

COLD WAR

by Anthony Smith

Sounds like the boiler's on again,
Smoking used-up ghosts out of
Last year's dead iron cold,
Rusty blood running again in
Those thick-painted bones,
Cages of ribs as warm as yours.

The world is winter-white, even light
Is cold as we rise and stand naked,
Braced against the blare of nothing.

Morning is the same dream as yesterday
With the coats the gloves the door the
Steps, the unsatisfactory kiss and
The walking, back to lonesome back like
Receding duellers who never turn to fire.
I tell you of this and you laugh.

So we trudge today as every day, itchy
Trigger fingers jammed in our pockets;
But this morning I can't stand it and I
Whirl and draw on ten, prepared to fan the
Hammer at your back but stopping, blinking
In surprise. You grin me dead behind
One spent mitten, smile slanted to blow
Breath-smoke from a quicker kindred gun.

Get a Spoon

by Sheila Taylor

a poet unnoticed, an uncured cancer
melted ice cream, a washed-up dancer
a broken fingernail, mismatched socks
a New Yorker whose home is a cardboard box
a wedding ring down the sink
a sunburn, flat tires, a fridge on the blink
menageries that pace their cages
treasured books with torn-out pages
a puzzle of the Beatles with missing pieces
put together by the girl that only teases
stones that don't skip, a dried-up pen
shoes with broken heels, he's drinking again
people afraid of shades of skin
freedom to lie, wars about to begin
still-born babies who never will sing
losses at the buzzer, static cling
words that should have never been said
dust, road kill, moldy bread
scratched 45's, pants ripped at the seat
a cop who watches men sell drugs in the street
loss of hair, an out-of-tune band
the sexual plague roaming the land
a rained-out picnic, broken bones
Kleenex boxes from funeral homes
children who found out about Santa Claus
widows, and wine-stained table cloths
broken necklaces, misspelled words
dead batteries, extinct rare birds
illiterate highschoolers, divorces, lost pets
an auctioned farm, the state of regret

add a dash of despair to the bitter brew
this is your recipe for Sadman Stew.

Explore
by K. Thorsson

Think, Think, Think
Explore your horizon
the world waits before you
Seize what you need
Your dreams can come true
Escaping is not the answer
build up your strength
enlighten your character
Face your fears
you can only learn
learn from others
Explore the world it's yours to discover!

*Winner of the 1992 "Natural High"
Drug Awareness Week Poetry Contest.*



The Proofreader

by Jenny L. Shields

"Harold, did you get it?" she asked, pouring hot cinnamon tea into his mug, the steam rolling up to her face, fogging her thick-lensed glasses. "Harold?" She pulled the glasses down lower on her nose to see more clearly. "Harold, did you?"

"La Vie du Homme" was in front of him, held close to his face and failing vision and all Anna could see of her husband was his shiny bare head with a wisp of white hair. On the table was a vase of wilting roses, their soft petals of velvet brown drooping, but their flowery scent still strong, pungent to Anna as it mingled with the cinnamon. Holding her breath, she pulled them from the vase, their stems dripping water as she threw them into the garbage can.

"You're not listening, Harold."

"Yes, yes. Mhm." was his response, almost more like a grunt, a hint of his existence. He pushed his sliding glasses back to their proper position on his nose.

"Mhm, *what*, Harold?"

"Yes, Dear."

"Yes, Dear.' `Yes, Dear,'" she mimicked, annoyed, but more tired than anything. Tired of battling his distracted mind, always in a book or magazine, a clipping in its entirety, unlike the bits and pieces he proofread at work. He would proofread something of interest, an article in English or French or German or a number of languages, and then he would spend the rest of the week trying to locate it, to read it in its completeness, to find its beginning or middle or end.

She sat next to him in the same chair she had been sitting in for a thousand years. Looking at him, she felt angry, angry at his wrinkled face, his broken glasses, a screw missing, and his pale blue eyes directed to his magazine article, his brow furrowed in intense concentration. Every few minutes, with his index finger he

would habitually push back his glasses that had been remedied by wrapping a stripped bread fastener where the screw should be. It didn't seem to bother him much, at least not enough to get them fixed. It bothered Anna though. So much so that she envisioned herself grabbing them from his face, throwing them on the floor and jumping on them, glass flying, as she laughed with glee. She didn't act though. Instead, she drank her cinnamon tea.

"I'm dying, Harold," she said quietly.

"Yes, Dear."

"I went to the doctor, Harold. He said I only have twenty-four hours to live."

"Mhm." He turned the page.

"Of course that *was* Monday. And since today is *Wednesday*, well, my twenty-four hours are up, Harold. That's what I'm saying. So, you see, I'm dead now, Dear. Dead, I died." She pulled her faded yellow cardigan closer around her person.

"Oh!" Suddenly Harold came out of his magazine. "That reminds me. Professor Stewart is coming to dinner tonight. So cook your lamb, dear. He loves your lamb." Quickly, like a habit, he touched her sweated arm and went back to his reading.

"Well, I *would*, Dear, if I *could*. But I *told* you I'm dead. So, you see, I can't. Very sorry, Dear. Perhaps you could eat dog food. That is *if* you remembered to buy it this morning when you went to the store, which is *why* you went. Which is why I *asked* you five times if you bought it. But my guess is that you found your magazine, the one you've been looking for, the one you're reading at this very moment, and you completely forgot to buy dog food for our little dog, Leo. By the way, Dear, Leo's dead too. He died of starvation. So sad." Harold pushed his sliding glasses back to the proper place on his nose. "Is it interesting? Your article, Harold?"

"Hm?"

"What is it about?" No answer. "*Really?!, naked women?* My,

my Harold. You certainly are moving up in the literature department.” She sipped her apple tea that was getting cold, but she didn’t mind. In a way, she was enjoying herself.

“What do they do, Harold? These naked women?” She leaned a little towards him.

“Yes, Dear.”

“*REALLY?! They have sex with each other?! My goodness! Now these are all women, are they not? There are no men involved? Well isn’t that something. And I thought you only read dull boring stuff like Tolstoy, Lord Byron, and George Eliot. I’m awfully glad you’re expanding your tastes, Dear.*”

Harold stopped reading and looked at Anna with puzzlement and annoyance as he peered out over the top of his broken glasses, sliding down on his nose again. “What are you talking about?”

“Nothing, Harold. Nothing at all.” She drank the last swallow of her cold tea.

A piercing steady beep came on and Harold looked at his watch, the wrinkles creased between his eyebrows as if his watch were a foreign object he had never seen before. “Ah, well, time to go to work.” In his routine, he folded his magazine into a small rectangle and slid it into his back pocket. “Well, goodbye, Anna.” He nodded a hasty farewell, then he pushed his glasses back on the proper place on his nose and walked briskly out the door.

Leo lay on his favorite rug, an old oval braided one, frayed and faded to a dingy gray. He lay on his back, his tummy full and his dog life content. Jingling came from the key in the door and he sat up quickly. Someone to pet him. That was always exciting. Tail wagging, he trotted to the door and sat expectantly. It was Harold in his old brown golfing cap and a pipe in his mouth. “Hiya, old boy,” he said, giving Leo a pat on the head. Humming, he put his cap and jacket away, anticipating his dinner guest. The conversation with Professor Stewart was always very scintillating.

“Anna, I’m home!” he shouted through his pipe. Leo sat at his

feet, his brown basset hound eyes longing for affection. "Looky, looky, looky," Harold said to Leo as he pulled from his pocket a rolled-up magazine. "'A CONVERSATION WITH GOD,'" he said, waving the article in the dog's face. "I've been looking for this for months, old boy. AND, look at *this*." He pulled off his newly fixed glasses. "All fixed. NO more sliding off the old nose. Ha, ha." He gave the dog a final pat. "Anna, I'm home!"

Very suddenly he was stopped in his tracks, physically as well as mentally. Sitting there in the kitchen were sixty fifty-pound bags of Purina Dog Chow with red and white checker designs on the front, their mass filling the entire kitchen. Speechless, he puffed harder on his pipe, exhaling the thick grey smoke. Never in his life had he come home to anything but tea in the kettle and some of Anna's homemade cookies or cakes. Certainly never had there been so many pounds of dog food. Squinting his blue eyes as if this would help him to understand the situation, he remembered that he had forgotten to buy dogfood this morning when he made a trip to the store for that very thing. Was this a joke? When did Anna acquire a sense of humor? Not that this was funny. No. This was *not* funny. Fifty-pound bags of dog food sitting in the kitchen was not amusing. Especially with the Professor coming for dinner. Leo came up to Harold and sat obediently, as if he were the explanation for this queerness. "Anna!" No answer.

Spying a note on the table, he made his way through a few bags of dogfood, pushing their heavy weight to the side or laying them on the floor. It was a small white piece of paper. 'Harold, please proofread me' read the note which was attached to a cream-colored envelope. Befuddled, but intrigued, he opened the folder and inside was a thick clean manuscript with the title page reading 'ANNA, THE LIFE OF A WOMAN.' He turned the page. 'Page one, Chapter one. Anna packed her bags and left.'

The rest of it was blank.

BA, BA, BLACK SHEEP

by Victoria Bennett

I found my father alone in the living room one evening years ago, smoking in the dark, listening to some oldies show on the radio. "Staggerlee" was playing, a song my parents danced to the first night they met back in '58.

"Why are you sitting in the dark, dad?", I asked him, groping along the wallpaper for the light switch.

"I'm thinking."

I flicked on the light and turned to ask him for permission to go to some party, then I noticed something wet on his cheeks and a redness about his eyes. I quickly turned the light back off.

* * *

Maybe life is like oversleeping, waking up startled, glancing at the years speeding by like rows of corn from a car window. You know, the sudden swell of anxiety and regret at having pushed the snooze button one too many times? You can either roll back over and say to hell with it, or jump up, panic-stricken, shower, dress, and run out the door in ten minutes flat. Chances are, you'll discover later that your socks don't match or that you forgot to put on deodorant, but at least you'd made an attempt.

* * *

I guess you could say I'm the black sheep of my family. I had a child out of wedlock and never had a steady boyfriend. I smoke, and I don't go to church because I just don't buy into that mumbo-jumbo anymore. I did, however, go last Sunday out of respect for my grandparents who were celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary.

I hadn't been in the church itself for years and as I walked into

the vestibule, I felt like Scarlett at Ashley's birthday party. I sat between my father and my younger brother listening to the organist play "How Great Thou Art" with a heart so cold, I swore I could see my breath every time I exhaled. I couldn't bring myself to open the hymnal. I could hear grandma's shaky soprano making a joyful noise. I wondered why I spent all those Sunday mornings leafing through a Bible and cutting out prefabricated Biblical characters, pasting them onto a prefabricated background. The place still smelled like Elmer's Glue, crayons, and Doublemint Gum.

Everyone was praying, except for me. I bowed my head, but my eyes wouldn't close. My father was mumbling some holy hogwash with his eyes shut tightly. The woman in the pew in front of me bowed her head and closed her eyes in a serene sort of way. I couldn't help wondering if she was actually praying or trying to decide if she should make spaghetti for lunch or warm up the leftover pot roast.

I decided not to take communion. As I passed the silver plate of saltines to my father, he pushed it toward me with an urgent nod. I shook my head resolutely. I could see his jawline tense the way it does when he's about to lose his temper. I knew I'd be hearing more about my unacceptable behavior after the Doxology.

"Why didn't you take communion?"

"I wasn't hungry."

"Don't get smart with me. Don't you have a conscience?"

(Ba, ba, black sheep, have you any conscience?)

* * *

My son is four years old. He jams to Led Zeppelin, knows what a bong's for, and takes showers with his mother. Sometimes I feel he's not connected to me. Occasionally, I see a glimpse of his other side—the half that isn't mine.

Many women say that they know as soon as it happens. I don't remember feeling any different the day after his conception. I

only recall having bruised thighs and a horribly painful case of whisker burn.

It happened at 2:38 a.m. on December 28th. People find it humorous that I can pinpoint my son's conception down to the exact minute, but I was staring at the digital clock on the dresser the entire time, hoping it would all be over and done with so I could roll over and go to sleep.

I actually barely knew his father. My most vivid memory of him is watching as he trimmed his moustache in the bathroom mirror the morning after.

* * *

Men perplex me. I find some relief in knowing full well that I'm not alone in my bewilderment. I'm suffering from an emotional virus that plagues the entire feminine population.

Things were perfect with Tim. We'd sit out at Green Valley in his old LTD and giggle at our own giddiness. We made love on a slide in Center City Park at dusk. We'd sit in restaurants and entwine our legs under the table and feed each other french fries.

I was two months pregnant when I met him. He was one month married.

I feel love is basically a farce. It's like trying to catch a cloud. It's never close enough to grab onto and just when you think you might have a hold, it slips right through your outstretched fingers.

Mary and her husband stayed up all night last Wednesday discussing the divorce. My sister's leaving her husband as soon as the baby's born. Tom and Michelle have been married for ten years and haven't had sex for the past three.

My mother and father don't talk anymore.

* * *

It's like falling over the edge, hitting a drop-off. You don't even see it coming. There are, however, warning signs to look for:

intense blushing, an erratic heartbeat, and insomnia, just to mention a few. You may even think you've mastered the art of walking without touching the ground.

The last one told me that I have beautiful hands, thin wrists and shapely fingers. He was fascinated by the quirky way I smile with one side of my mouth higher than the other.

On Friday night, I'm smearing lipstick all over him. By Monday, we've run out of things to say to one another. A shameful silence, a sigh of disappointment, and one or two tears, then it's over.

* * *

She told me that men find me intimidating.

"You're too intense," she told me. "You met John once and scared the hell out of him. He says you're too smart for him."

She must have noticed that I'd tuned her out the way I always do when I'm forced to listen to something I don't want to deal with.

"Come on, you could have anyone. You just need to get out of this town. You'll never find anyone good enough for you here."

Good enough! Good enough for what? Good enough to fall in love with? Good enough to share a bed with? Good enough to accept me, shortcomings, neurotic tendencies, and all?

* * *

I sleep alone in a twin bed with my two cats next to me, one on each side. I lie on three pillows, under my great aunt's quilt, smoking and listening to Joni Mitchell. I can ponder life's questions without intrusion. I can shut off the phone for days and no one complains.

I can turn out the light and cry.

* * *

I'd like to make a bargain with God. I'm convinced that he must be a reasonable entity.

"Okay, Sir. Here's my proposal. Believe me, I know I haven't followed every rule, but I'm basically a good person, really. I've got a good heart. I feel that eternal damnation is, well, a little extreme. How about this: fix me up with a spot on Heaven's lower east side. I mean, just a hammock between two trees would be great. I don't expect much from the afterlife."

* * *

I stared at the preacher last Sunday, a young, single, and attractive man. I found myself wondering if he ever thought about sex, whether or not he had ever gone down on a woman. I wondered if inside that glowing Christian soldier there might be a horny young man with a mind full of demented sexual fantasies. Perhaps I should have felt ashamed, but it was too fascinating a thought. I even planned out what I'd do if I found myself alone with him. Seducing a preacher would be the ultimate victory. I could hear him screaming, "Oh, God. Oh, God," and feel his trembling fingers clawing at my back. I'd say to him, "So, your holiness, how does it feel to fornicate with one of the devil's disciples?"

I must have been wearing a wicked smile. My father was peering at me over his glasses with a look of contempt on his face. I'm certain he had no idea what I was thinking about, but could tell from the gleam in my eye that it was something less than saintly.

The bells rang and I hugged my grandmother. I shook the preacher's hand on the way out, blushing fiercely when we made eye contact. I stood on the sidewalk with my brother and lit a cigarette. I saw my father in the vestibule, toting my son on his hip. He locked hands with the preacher, forming a poignant trinity.

I dropped my cigarette, crushing it with the pointed toe of my high heeled shoe, and walked home.

“Eat My Words”

by Sheila Taylor

I was waiting for the bus on a rusty bench by the restaurant where the highway workers ate lunch. A young man with a peculiar strut paused by me, a college student perhaps. He adorned his curly brown mane with a black hat that reminded me of Charlie Chaplin. Unfortunately, I can't remember much about the rest of him except this unshaven face with a smile placed somewhere in the middle of it. He sat down and lazily reclined back. I could feel him staring at me as the bench creaked.

“What do think of words?” he said, interrupting my polite silence.

“Excuse me?” I began to dismiss the idea of enjoying my daily break while the world whizzed by.

“I mean, what do you think words would look like if you could see them?”

I hesitated before starting to gather my coat and bag.

“Words are cheap, that's what I think.”

“Unless you read them,” he said. “What's your name?”

I answered with a civil tongue. “Jill.”

“Jill. I bet Jill wouldn't dot her i's with puffy little hearts.”

I smirked. He took the answer as a “no.”

“Let's just say,” he said as he leaned closer, “that if you pronounced words in a certain way, they could slide out of your mouth and you could see them.

“If you yelled them, they would come out huge and puffy. And maybe if you whispered them, they would be sorta' transparent.”

The man looked at my annoyed face and waited for a response.

“If you were mad enough, you could stab people with your words, or at least push people away with them,” I hinted.

He laughed. “That's a good one!”

He then pulled out a bag of candy corn. “Want some?” I declined and opted to watch this guy bite off each color of the triangular confections. I could tell he had this down to a science.

The only step he hadn't mastered yet was to keep his mouth closed while chewing.

"People could make you eat your words," he said. "Like if you ate the word 'shit' it could taste like shit."

I stifled a laugh and wished right then I could eat a word like "cheesecake" or "double-fudge ice cream." He knew he had caught my attention and started to play with his audience, stretching his arms against the back of the seat.

"Words could last only a while and then . . . um . . . how about evaporate once they floated to a certain height so as not to pollute the air." His voice became louder now.

"Of course some words would be heavier than others. You could make them last longer and try to make them look really good. Like 'love' - big, bold and red. Coloring would be important."

I challenged his theory. "Color the word 'disgust'."

"Muddy brown."

"Friends'?"

"True blue."

"'Trust'?"

Two heads nodded in agreement as the imagined word floated in front of us.

"Gold."

"What if you wanted to keep them?" I inquired as I turned to face him.

"Well," he said as he worked on another candy corn, "I suppose you'd have to catch them right away and eat them to remember their flavor."

"Yea, and if you stuffed in too many words that didn't taste right, they would have to come out . . ."

"Cause you're holding it all inside," he quickly finished for me.

We smiled at each other for creating that idea. He stared out at the street and licked his lips as if trying to savor the words from days past. Then he came back into the present.

"If a little kid said a swear word and a teacher was coming down the hallway, he'd have to run and catch it before she saw it."

I pictured myself scrambling after words that I didn't mean to say to my mother.

"Or you know how you can see your breath when it's cold? Well, you could freeze words in midair. Right there," and he waved his hand in front of him, "and people would run into them. A free advertisement, you might say."

I was on the edge of the bench now, lost in thought. It seemed the possibilities were endless.

"God, can you imagine the words you could make during sex!" I said with too much enthusiasm for this conversation.

His puzzled grin made me wonder if I didn't look as peculiar as I had just sounded. I awkwardly looked down at my dress shoes. Muddy brown.

"Maybe," I said as I waved on my awaiting bus, "if you didn't know how to spell a word you could just say it and there it would be, ending dictionaries as we know it."

I looked around me, content with the idea and dreamed it with him. In the restaurant, a construction worker was biting into a greasy burger with the works. I knew he wouldn't appreciate seeing words at all. One would have to be selective about the partners one chose for this game. I suddenly felt a certain closeness with my stranger.

"You know, this is a really wonderful idea you have." I smiled as I looked beside me, but he was already standing, his face to the afternoon sun and then started to walk away.

"Thank you for listening, gotta' go!"

"Well, goodbye," I said regretfully.

Then my friend paused and came back. The brim of his hat brushed me as he squatted down and clasped his hand around mine.

"You know, 'goodbye' would be the blackest, ugliest, heaviest word of all."

He squeezed my hand and for a moment there seemed to be no need for words. I silently agreed as he turned to leave, smiling with a candy corn between his teeth.

Biographies

Victoria Bennett, a graduate student in English, has contributed poetry to the last four issues of *The Vehicle*. The appearance of "BA, BA, BLACK SHEEP," however, marks the debut of her endeavors in fiction. Victoria is currently involved in a love affair with the novels of Vladimir Nabokov, the subject of her master's thesis.

* * *

Edgewood native **Amy Boone** graduates with a degree in English this May. Boone's childhood memories of growing up in the lush openness of the Central Illinois farmlands serve as the origin of her reflective poems and stories. "MOM'S LOVING PUSH" is the first piece she has had published.

* * *

When she's not watching "Ren & Stimpy" cartoons, **Laura Durnell** can be found at The Daily Eastern News either writing, editing, or sorting through confusion. "THROUGH A FROG" is her second poem published in *The Vehicle*.

* * *

"'COLD SNAP' happened on one of the first really cold days last fall. The mist was still lying low from the night before—and I was running late. Isn't that how it always happens? Inspiration comes when you haven't time to spend." -**A.L. Gallion**

* * *

"This little ditty is dedicated to the Sunflower Seed Man, a kindred spirit who taught me why 'ice cream has no bones'." - **Nancy James**

* * *

“Hi. I’m a Theater/Art major and I love chocolate, Sarah Vaughn singing jazz, good books and films, chocolate, Judy Davis and Kenneth Branagh acting in anything, novelty, variety, adventure and chocolate. If I could be anything, I would be a piano-violin playing ballet dancing jazz-opera singing world traveling multi-lingual orchestra conducting actor writer artist six inches taller than I am with a really high metabolism.” - **Jenny L. Shields**

* * *

Anthony Smith is dead. He was killed at his central-Charleston residence when a stack of 83 Norton Anthologies collapsed on him. His ‘78 Continental is now for sale, real cheap.

* * *

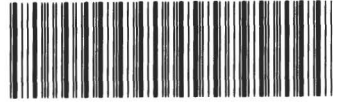
“When I see, hear, or read things that really intrigue me, I write them down on scraps of paper. I call my pile of thoughts ‘Book Material.’ I’m glad I have this opportunity to say thanks to the friends and strangers at Eastern that have given me some of the best material to write about.” - **Sheila Taylor**

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When they are not with Brother Dan on the library quad preaching about you evil fornicators, **Matt** and **Beth** are trying to revise Descartes’ theory by not thinking and therefore ceasing to exist.

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