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VEHICLE

1967

Vol. 9 No. 1

VEHICLE

EASTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY
CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS
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THE PUBLICATIONS BOARD

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Acknowledgements

We acknowledge our gratitude to the English Department, the Student Publications Board, C. E. Schumacher (our printer), and our contributors.

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COMMENTARY . . .

VEHICLE belongs to every student on this campus. It is the rightful property of each singly and all collectively. So, as is the case with any joint-possession, we are hard-pressed to keep in mind certain simple facts of ownership.

What VEHICLE is, we are. What it will be, we will be.

There will be two issues of the VEHICLE this year. The second will appear in the spring. This shows us, the editors that there is a growing interest, and a need for, a creative expression among many students.

Therefore, this first issue is a realization of this expression for those who are acquainted with or contributed to VEHICLE, and an introduction for those who were heretofore unacquainted with it. This is all to the good for the second issue in May.

We will still be soliciting poems, short stories, ink sketches, photographs, and essays—including those of critical, theoretical, or scientific content—for the rest of the school year in order to prepare the second issue in May.

Essays are particularly sought, for we hold strongly that literature need not be isolated; it should encompass any experience that can be reduced to or induced through writing.

This issue, unfortunately, does not include any short stories or essays. There is a different type of offering, however—a dramatic monologue by Mrs. Marilyn Henry Hood, who graduated last summer and is now teaching.

The Winnie Davis Neely Award, the Short Story Award, and the Poetry Award winners will be chosen and printed in the next issue. All works in this issue are eligible and, if awarded a prize, will be reprinted in the next issue.

THE EDITORS

Poof

Molly J. Evans

The snowflakes wander aimlessly;
They seem to have no cares.
They flit and dart and roam about;
They fly just everywhere.

They look so wondrously refreshed
As all about they drift.
And thankful we should always be
That snow does not like thrift.

So plentiful they are at times,
It seems we can't believe.
But ever are there more and more
Than numbers we conceive.

And each one has a life his own,
As even you and I.
We cannot know where they all go;
We merely watch them by.

And even as I ended this,
The snowflakes all had gone.
They disappeared while this I wrote,
Before their lives I'd drawn.

Prelude

Mike Baldwin

In September, when we begin
Another type of year,
We begin
With hopes weighed down
By wasted summers;
And the rain falls—
Until our souls are filled
With the soggy, dying leaves
Of another type of year.

Untitled

Mike Baldwin

With you, belonging is
What loneliness was:
The solemn chirping of one cricket
on a cool September night,
An empty bench under a sycamore,
One leaf, shared and fallen
as minutes become timelessness, measured.

Where Is Tomorrow?

Paula Bresnan

Tomorrow is a vague promise from today.
Tomorrow exists to finish the work of today.
Tomorrow builds dreams of hope.
Tomorrow paints pictures black in despair.
Tomorrow launches individual ships—each in its own
direction, that it may capture the precious cargo
of fulfillment.

Yet, tomorrow is a mere instrument.
Where is today? Why has she not left to claim her fruits?
Why does she hold back the curtain of Tomorrow?
Why does she skip and tarry at her task?
Why does she keep my door locked?

Come, Tomorrow! Come while I am still able to behold thy
radiance, thy royal splendor!
Come, Tomorrow! Come dressed in ermine robes.
Display the awful power of your promise.

Is that Tomorrow I see creeping over the dawn?
It is only today in disguise.

Cloud It Be Or Not

Mary Hoegger

O, little white cloud,
You've donned a fluffy shroud,
Aren't you proud, little cloud?

O, little cloud,
You're turning grey!
I surely hope it doesn't rain today. . . .
O, hell, I'm all wet!

O, little grey cloud,
O, little grey shroud,
This I must say very loud. . . .
O, damn you, little cloud!

Psalm

Anthony Griggs

Blessed be bubbling broth,
And praised.
Praised be the stirabout from out which
Sensations seep—
 a stew-hued, yellow yarbyield
 scalding from consciousness
 unto consciousnesses.
Again alms outright on the mindmanifest
Even blessing—
At least the liquor in this pot wants not warming.



Out of Darkness

A Dramatic Monologue
Marilyn Henry Hood

(The time is early afternoon, but the room is dark because the shades have been drawn. The walls are covered with wallpaper with grey flowers. The furniture is big, bulky, and dark. Two big armchairs are setting center-stage while a round table is seen in the background.)

Andreomea walks on stage and speaks very timidly to someone in another room).

Yes, sir. Yes, I will learn them. Yes, before Uncle Fredrick is home. Yes, right here—until he comes.

(Andreomea walks nervously to the chair and sits stiffly on the edge. She opens her book and starts reciting her French in a tense voice:)

Je suis, tu es, il est, nous sommes, vous etes, ils sont, je suis allee. . . .

What can I tell him? How will I answer for myself? Two hours gone, and he will ask of every second. What, what will I do?

Je suis, tu es, il est, nous somm....

He will ask, "Andreomea, what of your day?" And I will say, "Uncle Fredrick, I awakened at six o'clock this morning, ate my breakfast at six-fifteen, took my walk and, and"

"And, Andreomea? What is this?" he will say. "Waste, Andreomea, waste. You have lost place."

My place, if only I could deserve that place there on the wall . . . like all those nice grey flowers, so silent, so still, so grey. He will hate me. I have disappointed him so.

Je suis allee, tu es allee, nous sommes

He will be so angry. He's so black when he is angry—so big and black and beau, beautiful. I love

(She listens to something and for a moment forgets her terror).

What? What? Did you say something?

(Andreomea gets up and looks around the room for her imaginary friend, Mr. Altimont).

Did you say something? What? Where are you? Where are you, Mr. Altimont? Oh, there you are. Come out from behind that chair. I need your help today. Where is he? Oh, out, just like always. I have disappointed him so, Mr. Altimont. He will hate me. Why? I have broken the rules—his rules of silence and order.

Of course, I must tell him. He is my uncle. He is caring for me so well. (laughs gently) Oh, don't be silly. I could never

Mr. Altimont, help me. He will yell and yell, and I will cover my ears, but he will yell, and then I will have to go there again. Oh, Mr. Altimont, I hate it there. It's so dark and cold and ugly—and the black dress! I hate the black dress then I'm ugly, too. But I must tell him, I must.

Why? Why can't I be good like the lovely little grey flowers? So silent. He cares for me so well . . . he loves . . . no, no. He wants so for me to be good. Mr. Altimont, he told me once that I was his pretty white Lily . . . his Lily . . . but now I am black, ugly and black!

Je suis, tu es, nous sommes . . .

What? Do I remember whom? Mother . . . Mother. She was pretty, wasn't she? And gentle and soft and magic. When I cried and felt bad, she sang me a song—a lovely, cool song . . . and then, why then all the tears went away. A song, a beautiful song. (She sings musingly).

Stop! Andreomea, stop! Silence! Singing is waste. Oh, little flowers, Why can't I be like

Je suis, tu es, nous sommes

Where did I go? Shall I tell you? You won't tell Uncle Fredrick? I guess I can.

I went for a walk in the woods, by the spring. (growing more excited) It was so pretty, Mr. Altimont, so pretty and nice. The air, oh, the air filled me to the brim with so many things . . . flowers, pretty flowers . . . blue and white and pink, not grey! The sky was so big and so full of blueness . . . oh, so much magic. Not magic like yours and mine, Mr. Altimont, but magic that made me stand on my tiptoes and cry out, "Look at me! Look at me!"

And the birds were there and the bubbly spring and the rabbits and the buttercups. And, oh, Mr. Altimont, do you know what else was there? Guess! Guess! No, not that, silly. A butterfly, a beautiful, beautiful butterfly.

Its dress was just like mine: all white but much prettier. And it flew—jumpy at first from flower to flower, almost like it told each a very special secret. Then, all of a sudden, it soared into the blue sky and around the green, green trees.

I flew too, Mr. Altimont! I flew too! I could feel the cool, cool air and see everything, everywhere! I was free! I was a butterfly, too!

Then slowly, surely, we came to the earth and talked to our flower friends. "How do you do, Miss Tulip? And how are you today, Mr. Cabbage Rose?"

It was so nice, so nice. I wanted to stay forever.

(Andreomea's face suddenly shows fright as she recalls the rest of her magical afternoon).

But then, ugly noises came—from over the hill.

"Oh, look, Joe. Two white ones. Let's go!"

Ugly little boys with dirty hands. They chased us—with those dirty, clawing hands. They wanted us; they wanted the butterfly!

"Hurry up, Joe! Bring the net, bring the pins!"

Oh, we flew and we flew until . . . until we could fly no more.

One ugly boy threw the net. He trapped us! Those dirty, dirty hands!

"Oh, please don't, please let us live! Let us fly! Don't, don't!"

(Uncle Fredrick, who has entered the room and has been listening to Andreomea, walks over and slaps her across the face. He says:)

Silence!

(Andreomea crumples before him, sinks to the floor, saying:)

Please, please don't kill the butterfly.

She Cried

Molly J. Evans

She woke me as I slept.
Her great sobs shook the earth.
Her tears fell fast and, oh, so long,
And beat upon the land.
Ferocious, terrible her tears;
I thought she'd never quit.
Yet intermittent rays of hope
She knew; I saw them too,
As through my window they did peek.
But bright and bold as this hope was,
She did not halt her sobs.

At last I drifted back to sleep
And left her all alone.

Next morning she was quiet, and
The fiery hope-ball burned.
Her sobs and sadness both were gone.
Had I just dreamed it all?
But no, 'twas true; the proof was there.
Big puddles were her pools of pride
That soaked the soggy, gloomy globe.

When I Move

Anthony Griggs

When I move I move not at all.
Least not as far as from Saul to Paul,
For distance is unto me homogenized
As for unto him damascusized.
Those near are near as those
Far are far as near is near
And I am constant too.

The universal flux:
No bizarre juxtaposition it,
For far fathoms my mind has flit
And makes one little room an everywhere.
So, as this effluvial force can fold, bend me,
I may move, though not here or there.
I pour out my soul in me
And am led by degree to believe
That you and I—all we—were created
Anamorphoscopically.

Hi Ya, Morning

William A. Frame

Another beautiful day
Jumping out of bed warmth
Into soft summer clothes
Running down the stairway
To greet a glorious morning
And dashing out into freezing rain!

Summer Twilight Thoughts

Steve Allen

I look across this vast flowing field
to the enormous hardwood forest.

A field of wheat, infinite amber grains
lay as a floor to the forest wall.

The dome of the wall of trees stands jagged,
etching the borderline of boundless heavens.

Encompassing blue covers, without smothering,
the earth with her benevolent beauty.

What feeling is this,
one of expansion, thrilling and pulsing?

Is it my heart?

Surely my soul.

It must be released.

It is free. It glides through the wheat.

It feels the beauty of manifold plants.

It experiences the presence of infinitesimal particles,
acknowledging their messages.

It flees through the woods with their life and serenity,
animated but peaceful—a satisfying calm.

It bubbles with rapture.

I now conceive what I experience—
a bubble.

One on the surface of space
with a flat bottom and beautiful, arching dome.

Within the bubble is a world in itself,
yet the bubble is a world among many,
is a part of something else.

Perhaps a larger, perfect sphere?

Truly a huge bubble that has burst into the universe.

My soul must cease lingering in perennial daydream,
and explore its own circle first.

Now through the sky,
expanding,
expanding;

Soul now of magnanimous size, regard your tiny cell,
your empty shell where you are oft held captive.

Tiny, microscopic, the bubble grows minute.

Rescind from exploded universe,
explore your own sphere while free.

You have made everything wondrous, alive.

All exhales soul: fields, forest, sky.

The shell is no more but will return.

The souls unite unified, varied but as a whole.

I am with love.

I am with fields, forests, skies, universe.

I am part of all souls,
expanding,
expanding.

I am with God.

I am in God.

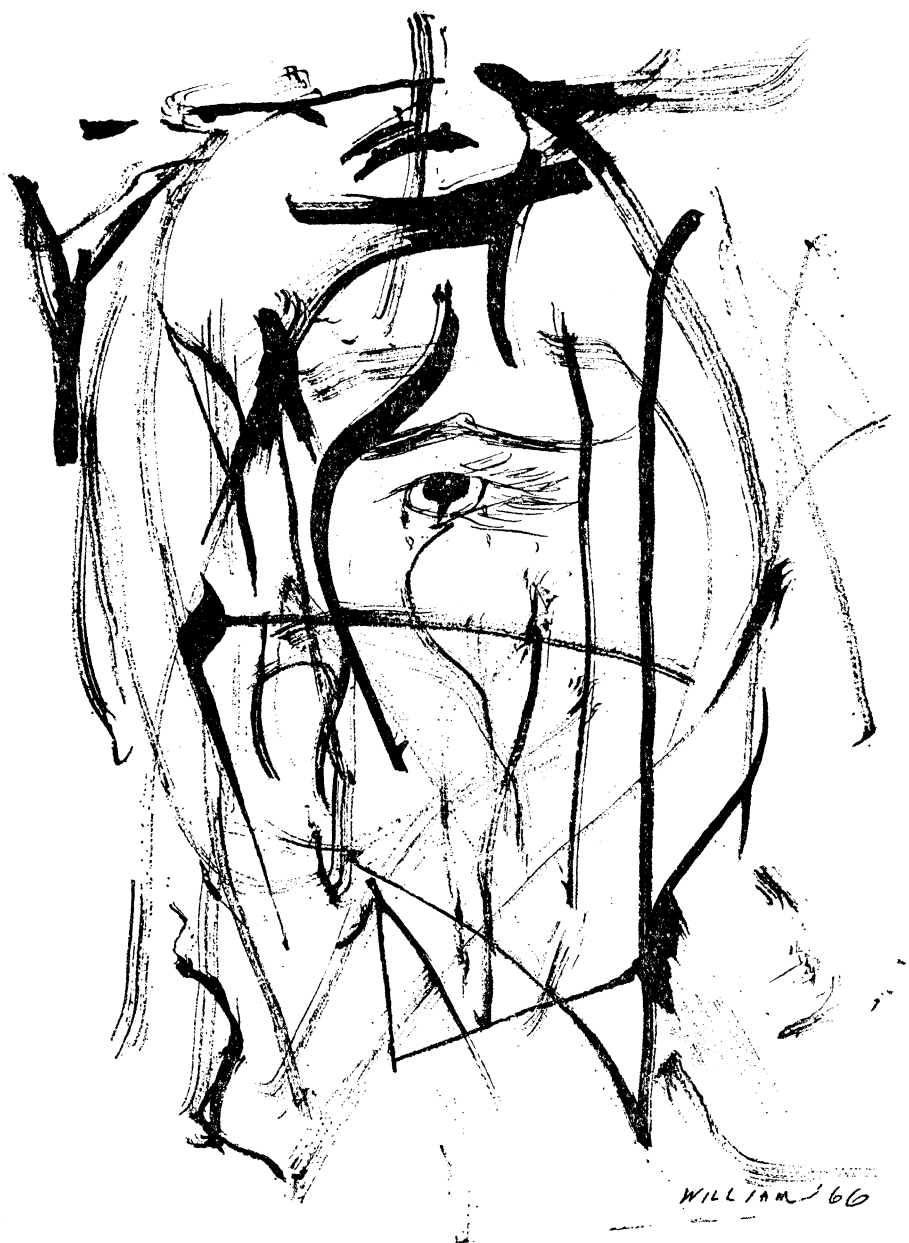
Too Much

Bill Moser

Too much is
Three finals in one day;
Three days of study for three finals
Three chocolate sundaes made with
Three dips of
Three kinds of chocolate ice cream.

Too much is
Two boys in love with one girl;
Two nights without sleep;
Two cartons of
Two kinds of cigarettes in
Two days.

Too much is
One broken window;
One broken heart;
One forlorn puppy in
One flyspecked window of
One pet shop for
One month.



WILLIAM 60

I

Molly J. Evans

Glide on, sweet flow of life,
And ripple on, immortal tides.
Continue all your quiet calm.

But when the torrents come
And swiftly you must forge,
You do not need to fear:
We shall think kindly of you then
And understand your sometimes cruelty.
We shall await then patiently
The time when you are calm,
The time when you will ripple soft
And be at peace once more.

Youth, So Hated and Damned

Jeff Hendricks

Youth, so hated and damned
By the possessors,
Becomes the passion of the old.
And, through prayer and patience,
They find it in tattered snapshots
Pasted into their minds with trite captions
But photos fade, and who saves negatives?

Gone

Jackie Jaques

Look at the door, his shoes are gone,
Look at his bed, it's empty at dawn.
On the stairs his clothes are no longer there,
Nor on his bed or thrown in his chair.

No longer in the morning does his shaver hum,
Nor down the stairs does he come.
No more words does he say,
No more seeing him at the close of day.

No longer the racing of his car,
No more empty cookie jar.
No more three stooges on TV,
No phonograph blasting as loud as can be.

With him gone and no longer around,
The house is empty lacking his sound.
Everyone close misses him so,
Even the dog walks with his head hung low.

He isn't gone forever, but just for now,
He's not fighting a war, but learning how.
He's learning to fight for this great land,
While answering the call of Uncle Sam.

The Jester

William A. Frame

He! He! Look at the funny man!
Him is Jester
Him not have serious think in his empty head.
Boy is him funny!
Look at him act like him cut himself!
Him act like him bleed!
Him lay down—act dead
you can get up now—
funny man?

Reflection

Mike Baldwin

An opaque moment strikes,
Anticipated—
Only at its onset.
It flits by me
Translucent,
An unsteady relation
To past and future.
It becomes transparent
At a distance,
Just before it's lost—
In new opaqueness.

#3

Molly J. Evans

Somewhere out in the vast unknown,
Or maybe within reach,
There lies a bottle filled with things
That no one can us teach.

A bottle filled with wondrous things,
Like knowledge, meaning, good,
And truth and beauty and, of course,
God's word of what He would

That we should do. And yet this flask
Is still shut tight. Its seal
Has ne'er been broke. Well, once one tried,
Or started to, to steal

The contents of this glorious glass,
To find at last full peace.
And suddenly he saw a sign
That made his efforts cease.

A label pasted on the glass
In plain view he could see;
The label warned 'twas "not to be
Consumed internally."

Epitaph

Bill Moser

My tombstone says Charlotte Resom, May She Rest in Peace.
And I deserve a rest.

Born in the mountains of Pennsylvania of wealthy parents
I married poorly at eighteen.
Shamefully divorced at forty-five,
I died at eighty-six

Owning only the furniture I had married with.

I had three daughters and one son.

My eldest, Louise, ran away to marry at seventeen and
moved to Illinois.

Marylou and Jane married well, and Charlie, my youngest,
well . . .

Charlie was four when I was divorced and the youngest girl
was sixteen.

And every Wednesday morning I baked fifty pounds of
flour into bread and took it up the mountain to the
summit

Where the Llewellyns had their summer home.

And I sold my peonies on Memorial Day.

And Charlie worked in a grocery store.

And drove his uncle's car on dates.

And I scrimped and saved to send him to University
Where he did me proud.

And then he, too, married well and moved away.

All this time I certainly wasn't getting any younger.

But I saved a little and pappa died.

The inheritance wasn't large but enough to get me by
and leave a little to my children.

Then my heart gave out.

My glory was my funeral.

I got a new dress—the first in years.

Everybody sent me flowers.

And my children sent *my* peonies.

I should have spent my money on myself.

I Take A Long-Out-of-Use Book

Anthony Griggs

I take a long-out-of-use book
From a library rung,
Push it up close, and look:
It runs over me—this bladed axle—
And cuts gutty green gnarled spheres,
Long conceived and rooted
Like Adam's seeded apple,
Now rotary mowed,
Met midway by the
Crossbarred crisscross shears.
I hold it nearer and see:
Age-filed edges on the axletree
Pierce, and I reread
The long entombed passion.
Then from these hemispheres
New life.

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