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The Vehicle, Spring 1993

Peter F. Essig

Walt Howard

Sue Songer

Susan Eisenhour

Scott Langen

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Archives

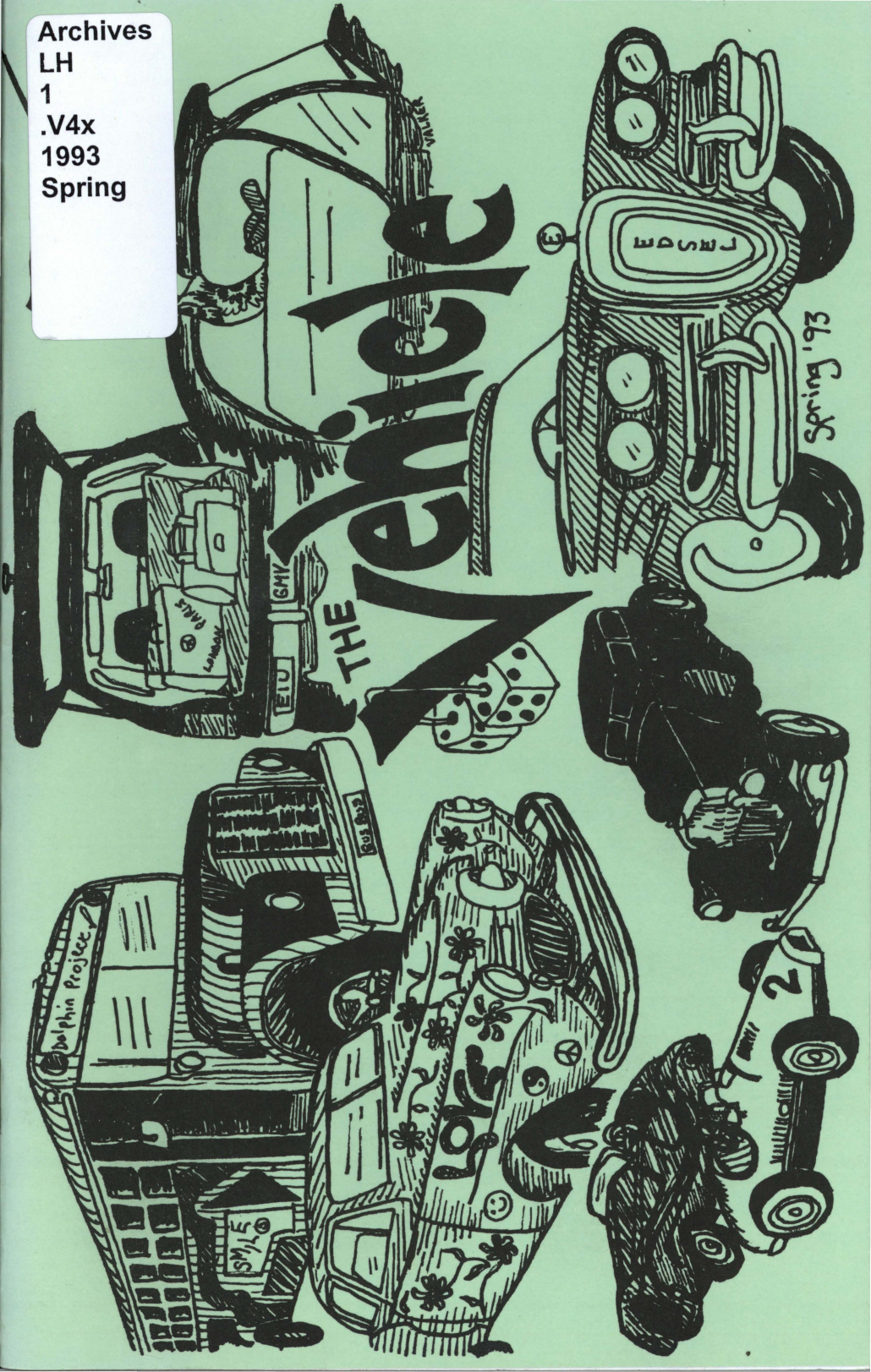
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1993

Spring



The Vehicle

**PRODUCED BY SIGMA TAU DELTA
International English Honor Society**

**Eastern Illinois University
Spring 1993**

The Vehicle

Spring 1993

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All Submitters

Milestones

We would like to thank the hundreds of authors and the handful of artists who submitted work for both the fall and the spring issues of *The Vehicle*. In the past, editors have had trouble coming up with enough material to fill even one edition. This year we had over 200 submissions in the fall and over 300 this semester. It is great to see so much interest in the student literary magazine. Perhaps Eastern is experiencing a creative renaissance.

For those of you who don't know, *The Vehicle* is Eastern's student literary publication. We accept submissions from all students early in the fall and then again in the spring. You need not be an English or art major to contribute. (You don't need to wear Birkenstocks or penny loafers either.) *The Vehicle* gives the student a creative literary voice otherwise unheard on campus. It is of great importance that the sentiments of our age, our youth, and our time here at Eastern be expressed through writing.

Since this is the last edition of *The Vehicle* that we will have the pleasure of assembling, we would like to thank everyone at *The Daily Eastern News* for putting up with us, laughing at us when we mentioned our deadline, and above all, keeping us laughing. We would like to especially thank Karen for working with two Macintosh idiots and helping us to create what we hope you'll agree is a great magazine.

We would also like to take this chance to welcome and congratulate Catherine DeGraaf and Mindy Glaze, next year's issues of *The Vehicle* Editors. They will do a terrific job. *The Vehicle* reading sessions, new this year, which give the authors a chance to read their work, will continue to add a new dimension to *The Vehicle*. **The Vehicle Spring 1993 Reading** will be held later this semester in the Tarble Arts Center. Ahead are many milestones; with the current abundance of creative interest on campus, *The Vehicle* will continue to flourish.

Well, we are off to educate the masses, save the world, find a decent cup of coffee and regroup The Beatles.

Farewell Eastern. We love you.



Gail

Larry ☺

The Shape of Things to Come.

Some say
that the written word
is dead.
Or dying,
crucified on the page.

Soon no one
but archivists and English majors
will read the written word.

Illiteracy and alliteracy
will kill the paper press.
The lure of TV
will draw what writers exist,
and the rest.

That lucrative, luminescent laughing box.
Baron with power,
barren without.

Once books are fully, truly dead,
will someone sell the Last Rights
for a Movie- Of- The- Week?

- Peter F. Essig

Saxophone

Darkness. In its coffin rests cold brass and white pearls.
Forest green felt and soft cork. Tension mounts on sharp metal
springs. Beneath burgundy velvet lies worn leather and golden
lacquer. Ebony plastic and dried out cane. Still, voiceless,
dead.

Light. The coffin's latches click open when the sun sets.
Soft flesh meets the white pearls, and eyes flutter as springs
stretch. Dry cane is soaked in wet rejuvenation, as warm breath
consumes the cold brass. Motion, screams, life.

- Walt Howard

Gravity Bed

Hazy hot harvest day
Playing at the end of a row
In a green gravity bed wagon
With my brothers and sister

What fun - swimming in soybeans
Little eyeballs by the millions
Smell the beans "Ahh"
Don't sniff too hard or you'll choke

We scramble up to look for the roar
Here comes the combine
The giant head lowers
To spew out more fun

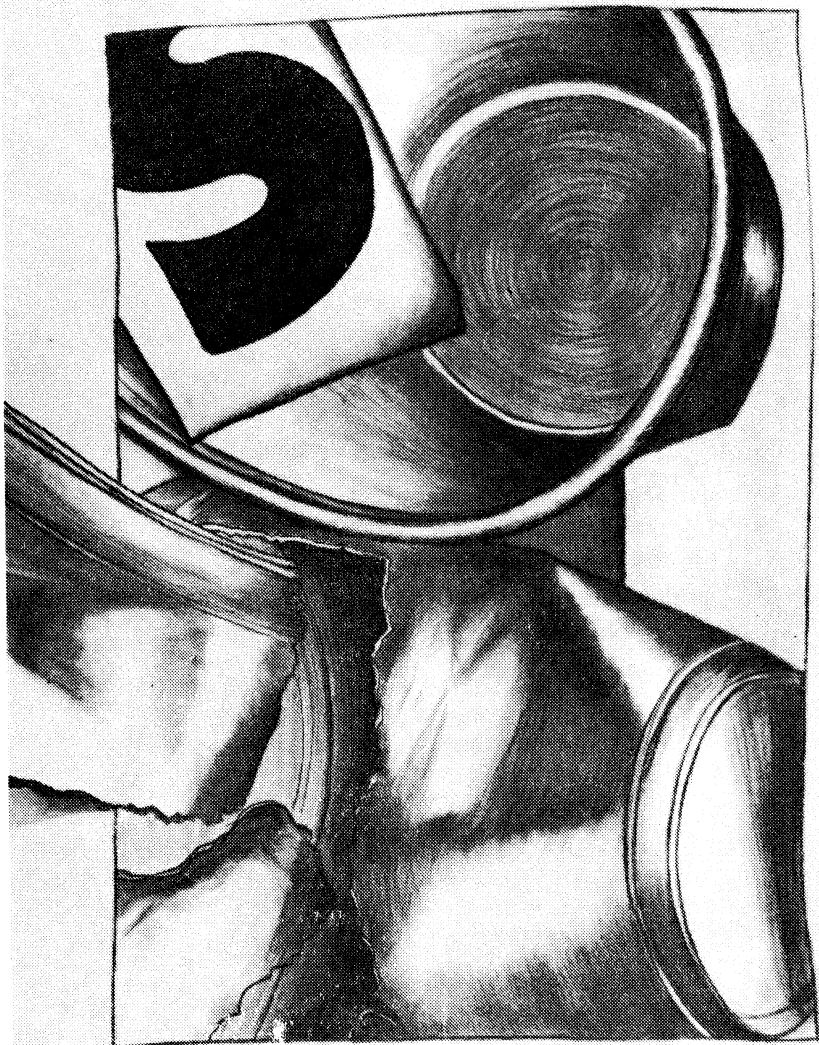
We lie on the beans
Our heads together
Telling tall tales to the clouds
Wishing we could sleep here

The combine man and Dad are talking
Bushels to the acre, market yields
Grimy dust outlines Dad's wrinkles
He smells like diesel fuel and sweat

Our silly laughter causes Dad to snap
Why is he so grouchy at harvest?
It's not our fault he has to work so hard!
Or was it?

- Sue Songer

- Jennifer
Gutowski



uncertainty

Waiting to meet with the lawyer to sign the pre-nuptial agreements, Nicole sat crushing the complimentary chocolates in the lobby, so she wouldn't get one with pecans.

- Walt Howard

Ruth Ann, et. al.

My grandma died at 72,
Ma never made it ta 50.
Me?— 85 and feelin' fine
An' ev'er day I'm dancin' on my grave.

Ain't made love since the ol' man died;
Sold the car when my eyes went bad
But I won't give up my whiskey an' weeds
An' ev'er day I'm dancin' on my grave.

These old bones break real easy now,
Can't wear rings; got knuckles like rocks,
But old feet and hands still know how ta jig
An' ev'er day I'm dancin' on my grave.

Folks say I'm too old ta cook an' clean
Grandkids tell me, "Siddown; relax."
But that's the surest way I know
To land in the grave I'm dancin' on

So I jus keep on dancin'
dancin' on this grave

- Susan Eisenhower

Failed Industry

Abandoned buildings rust and
crumble in the overly dramatic
Midwest seasons.

The tiny broken windows look like
missing teeth that open into a
stale blackness that releases a
regretful moan.

Flocks of birds now fly in and out
of the smokeless stacks and arms
of ivy seem to drag the walls back
into the earth.

Each day more malicious than the next-
a tiny town slowly evaporates.

- Scott Langen

Untitled

I put on socks
to warm my
feet.

I wear my shoes
to protect my
soles.

I walk on eggshells
to avoid the
pain.

- Karen Wiss

wanted:

packaged enough to never be boring with enough sexy curvaceous
idealistic good theatre music and adventurous intelligence to
live out semi-retired special-interest lifestyle that includes
most outdoor activities.

- Walt Howard

Dida; 1978

He sits on his ivy walled balcony
feeding pigeons perched along the railing,
cherry, pear, plum trees
scenting the
summer morning
breakfast coming
early, early.
Cool air still wafting
about from the night before.

Dida takes her hand.
Smoke stained fingers
tell this seven year old
about the Communists,
that breathe down his neck
everyday, everyday.

Coffee breath mouth
depicts nights he lie
on prison floors
cold, cold.
Brown haze blood shot eyes
detail war tanks
they rolled into town
1941, 1941.

Gray hairs poking from his undershirt
show her black and white photos
uniforms, uniforms.
Walking hat perched atop white hairs,
they stroll onto his streets,
Ilica, Jurisiceva, Gunduliceva, Mihanoviceva,
that used to be clean,
white, white.

Old schools, churches,
Sveti Petar, Sveti Blaz,
museums of his history, Mimara
dying, dying.

Morning walks along
with them
into Tuskanac Park
through the trees,
Dentures smiling

towards this seven year old,
this timid little girl.

Serious look on her big eyed face
so stern,
pretending she understands
all of his old miseries,
playing on the
wooden plank
playground rides.

He has so many stories,
wedging them into
short morning times
to this seven year old
who only understands
fourteen years later.

- Diana Matijas



- Jennifer Gutowski

The Lesson in November

*"Cinderella dressed in yella
Went upstairs to kiss her fella
Made a mistake and kissed a snake
How many doctors did it take"*

One... two... three... four... five... Being in the fourth grade that year was fun. I liked school anyway, but having Mrs. Morley for a teacher made learning effortless. She was kind and so happy. But best of all, she jumped rope with us at recess in spite of the fact she was sixty-some years old. And that zest for life was transferred into the classroom. She often reminded us of our future lives. It was in her class I first realized that I was a potential adult. "Boys and girls who were in my class just like you," she would say, "are attending the University of Illinois." What a dreamer and giver of dreams she was. She was missing most of the fourth finger on her left hand from a farming accident. My mom and dad said she was holding the tongue of a farm wagon for her husband as he backed the tractor to hook it on with a pin when the hitch cut her finger off. That missing finger impressed a tomboy like me. But poor Mr. Morley! He was reminded of that everyday. Each morning as she poured his coffee, he saw her missing finger and remembered that dreadful day.

Mrs. Morley called it social studies that fall, in reality, political science was introduced. Unfortunately, the study of the two-party system deeply divided our rural classroom. Great chasms formed between former friends over political affiliation. Every student could be labeled as Republican or Democrat. Such positioning was not Mrs. Morley's desire - no, we were careful to keep the strife away from her watch. The playground was where cruelty reigned and name-calling was a daily expectation.

In that playground setting, my mentor in politics was Carol Harvey. Carol was also in the fourth grade and a friend of mine. But more importantly, Carol's dad was a Republican committeeman, and she had lots of Republican paraphernalia in her desk - buttons, pencils, rulers, hats displaying elephants in every conceivable way. Carol's desk was full of all kinds of neat stuff. I often asked her if I could see her pencil case. It had a translucent plastic sliding top that worked like a roll top desk, disappearing into nothing when I opened it. Just like Carol, I knew my dad was a Republican, so I assumed I should or must be, too. Carol approached me in class about a Republican meeting at recess.

"Do you want to come? We're meeting at the merry-go-round."

I said, "Sure. Who else will be there?"

"Janet, Brenda, Linda, and of course Karen."

Karen, Carol, and I were an inseparable three-some, that is except when Carol wielded her superior control. When she decided to exclude Karen, she talked to me about what was on TV the night before because Karen didn't have a television because her dad was the Methodist minister. To exclude me, she talked with Karen about their phone conversation the night before because my family didn't have a telephone because my dad had ten kids. That was Carol - always in control surrounded by kids desiring to be controlled.

At the meeting, Janie taught us how John F. Kennedy was a Democrat and worse yet a Catholic. He was too young and too rich to be our president. But it was after the meeting that she took me aside.

She whispered, "My daddy told me not to tell, but." . Looking at her in her matched sweater set, the privilege of being an only child, I felt my heart speed up with anticipation. It feels great to belong, especially when others are so obviously excluded. "This is a little known fact, actually a secret. President Kennedy is a Communist." Well, if I hadn't been convinced before, I certainly was now. I had watched the civil defense films about the Red Threat with how-to instructions on backyard bomb shelters. I was persuaded to align myself with Carol's convincing dogma. And yet, often I regretted that I couldn't like such a nice looking man as the president who had such a pretty wife like Jackie. Jackie even reminded me of my brunette Barbie doll. But I quickly recovered, remembering that I was a Republican.

In this politically charged situation on November 22, 1963, Mrs. Morley began afternoon class. She cleaned the blackboard erasers by beating a steady 4/4 rhythm with chalk dust filling the air. I opened my mouth so I could taste the dust. We were working in our Palmer penmanship notebooks. What an awesome task it was. Writing the Palmer alphabet with real fountain pens exceeds the fine motor skills of fourth graders. But we didn't finish our penmanship page that day, for class was disrupted when the principal called Mrs. Morley in the hall. When she returned, she tried to speak, but she couldn't. Her narrow shoulders drooped as she leaned on the desk. At first I thought she was sick. She reached inside the neck of her dress and pulled out her hanky as we had watched her do many times before. Then she removed her small wire glasses. She became a stranger with her glasses off and made it all the more confusing. It was very upsetting to see this happy woman cry so painfully. She drew in a big breath and told our class that President

Kennedy had been killed in Dallas, Texas. In our state of innocence and confusion, our class had absolutely no response initially. It all felt so awkward - Mrs. Morley crying, teachers talking quietly in the hallway, then the announcement that the buses would come for us to go home early. I had a deep ache inside until our class went to the cloak room to prepare to go home. The normal chaos of the narrow room lined with hooks was subdued. Obviously, Carol had a different response to our news. She turned to me and quipped, "I'm glad the president is dead."

It felt so wrong for her to say that. But wait, her dad was a Republican committeeman, and Kennedy was the enemy. On the bus ride home she continued, "America is better off with him gone. This is better than beating him in an election. It would have only been time until we would all be Communists with him in office. My daddy said he might even make us eat fish on Friday."

I was mustering up agreement with her. Carol's acceptance of me was too precious to be jeopardized. She had me utterly confused. But soon I was chanting with her in a sing-song fashion - "President Kennedy is dead, President Kennedy is dead." By the time I jumped off the bus, it all was clear. But I was unprepared for the scene I would find at home.

I said goodbye to Mr. Bradley, the bus driver, as I jumped down the three steps to the gravel road. As I raced down the lane with my brothers and sister, I could smell the wood smoke from the chimney of our run-down green farmhouse. My brothers and sister never acted like they knew me on the bus. We never would speak until we were in the house. Faithful old Mac greeted us with his tail wagging, but hung his head as we approached him. There in my living room, I found my older sister Darlene already home from high school sitting on the linoleum floor in front of the television. Next to her, in a chair, was my mother leaning toward the TV as if she couldn't hear. The ironing board sat in the corner waiting for my mother to return to her work. Darlene and Mom had been sobbing from the sad scenes of the Dallas tragedy played over and over that day. Their eyes were red and puffy, and their voices sounded funny. I wanted to remind Mom that we were Republicans, but instead she spoke of poor little Caroline and John without a daddy. It was then I realized what a tragic day this was for my country, my family, and me. Just as we had been dismissed from school, routine and normal behavior was dismissed at home. How unsettling it was to feel no one in control. At least, Carol was in control. At the supper table, the assassination talk made my head hurt. My dad forewarned that this is the most historical day of our lives, and we will never forget it. I already wanted to forget it. Watching my family's sorrow that

evening, I felt as guilty as Lee Harvey Oswald. I couldn't bring myself to confess at the dinner table how I had cheered on the bus. It was an evil too terrible to speak. Instead, I sat there in agreement, looking at my peas, and wondering if they had heard me on the bus. And suddenly, I realized how Mr. Morley felt.

- Sue Songer

Coal Miner

My father's lunchbox,
old and tired, sleeps on the kitchen table.
Black,
like the mine he works in,
it's frame shows years of use.
A dent dominates one side
yet it remains sturdy.
Nicks and chips surround
the white handle worn with age.
The black paint has faded in patches
to show grey.

The lunchbox's inside shows
no sign of its battered past.
A strong, white paint
coats the inner walls
making them shine with fire.
No dents or nicks
can be found here.

My father, old and tired and grey
with all his dents and nicks,
sleeps.

- James P. Tang

Christmas Cruelty

The calendar lied
When my father died
It said it was December

My favorite time
Christmas bells that chime
Are tarnished because I remember

A hospital bed
Filled with suffering instead
Of a manger with a holy child

Carols were cruel
Santa a fool
This, my father's last trial

The cancer was raging
His body was waging
A war we could not comprehend

We looked for a star
Chemotherapy in a jar
Oncologists - our three wise men

But with each struggling breath
He drew nearer death
Poinsettias mocking nearby

We huddled around
The near frozen ground
Laying wreaths not designed for goodbye

- Sue Songer

Astral Projection

I like to whisper their names
Aldebaran Rigel Regulus
for the pleasure of knowing,
imagining.
Magic names—
the way they flow around my tongue, teeth.
Try to say
Capella
without hearing a song.

Antares:
Not Ares, but
red, like Mars:
a ruby glitter in the dark -
The Pleiades
soft cluster you can only see
with the edge of your eyes—
Rigel
so bright it pulses
on my retina—

All these strange names
these astral attributes
rooted in earth:
Magnitude—
measuring brightness from Earth
Parallax—
distance from Earth
labels given by the planet-bound
to objects that never will be bound.
Denebola Altair Pleiades
out of touch or reach
I hold them in my mouth
Capella
Vega
Arcturus

Feet gravity firm, growing from earth
containing bits of ancestors
prehominid australopithecus
Darwin
and strangers
the strangest less alien
than what could be out there
must be out there—
Body planted,
whipped by the wind
that whips the trees
salix alba acer rubrum
that leaves the stars
untouched

- Susan Eisenhour

Untitled

The tired old man
sits quietly on the guardrail,
chewing his gums
and asking for nothing,
He is part of my life
for only a moment,
sitting in the cold
by the gas station,
or walking, slow and arthritic,
His short leg only slightly compensated
by the primitive raised shoe,
His brown jumpsuit, slick with dirt,
is worn year round,
tattered and fringed at the cuffs
hanging down over the dark hands
that have been empty for years,
clutching only a memory of who he was,
We exchange hello's and I leave him,
like everything else he has known,
alone, yet smiling,
I sometimes wish he would just go away
and die,
But he is as much a part of this town
as the historic old buildings
whose steps are now his home,
padded only by the dirt
we wipe from our shoes.

- Ben Hausmann

Into Zagreb's Evening *

Summertime cool
wraps coming dusk.
I run down
three flights
out of
Ana's apartment,
jumping the final step
I run across the walk
down to the ground,
stepping on to the street,
picturing the evening ahead.

Thick stench of exhaust
suddenly surrounds me—
old Fiat flies by.

A little ways
down Zamenhoffova
skipping through the weeds
turning a sharp left
I climb

a
steep
set
of
steps
into chilling comfort,
green tree flesh
swallowing the
final leg
of stairs
on to another street,
moving, moving
towards Rokov park
to 132 more steps
going down.

Dog dropping,
urine puddles,
cigarette butt,
beer bottle mess.
Stench impeding
my footfalls reaching
Dezmanova Street
moving towards
cappucino
vanilla sugar
walkways—

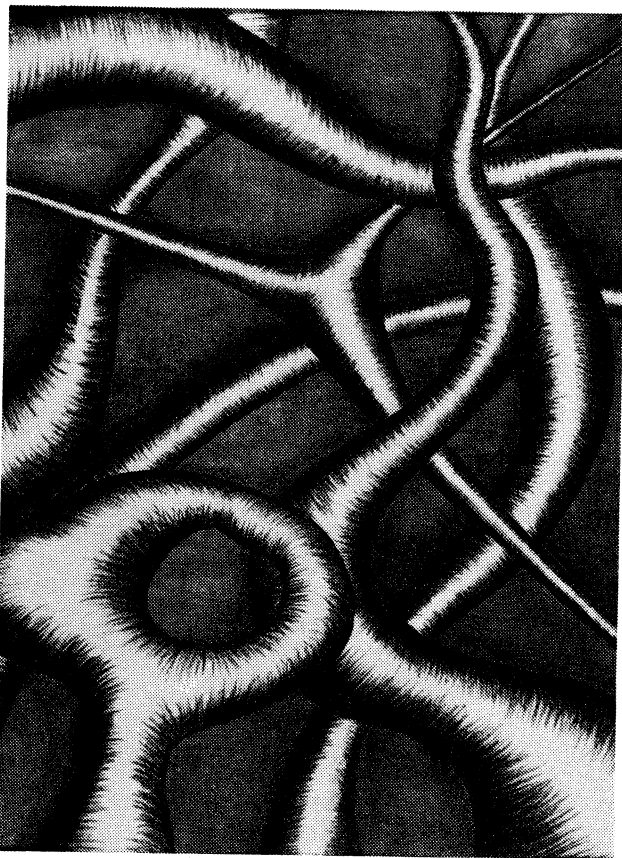
weaving in and out
of
two seated tables
burning in
lifting heat
of coming night.
Trampling papers
beneath my feet
flitting through
Dezmanov Prolaz,
movie listings of XXX flicks
no age restrictions,
posters melted
on to dingy beige
cobblestone arch passage.

Shrill buzzing—
street car whizzes bye.
Weathered drapery face
standing next to me
needs some change,
I offer
a few Dinars
and move
down Frankopanska.
Night air scented—
cigarette smoke,
showering soap,
ladies' perfume
strolling along with me,
heading for Kavkaz,
old theatre,
bordered with benches.
Finding a seat for tonight,
to watch,
to wish,
to listen to
passing arguments,
buzzing of enormous
night bugs
flying from bushes.
Eight O'clock ringing
of cathedral bells,
police ordering children from
graffitide monuments,
smelling the rot of flowers
flowing from Cvjetni Trg

around the corner
of the curling street.
Women in orthopedic shoes, closing
magazine stands,
going home.
Someone waving, nodding
me into another evening,
to eat, swallow
and digest.

* Zagreb is the capital city of Croatia

- **Diana Matjas**



- **Jennifer Gutowski**

The Anniversary

The evergreen is a few more inches high
its full branches, now blocking
the picture window, tap the glass,

vexing her with its company,
ever-congratulatory
while she dusts the furniture

with a rag from his old shirt.
He didn't forget though. She
overheard him telephone the florist

asking prices. She knows he'll seek
out the sofa first, in changeless
consistency, shifting positions

and channels from time to time.
Finally she'll fidget out
of her recliner to burn popcorn,

rearrange the roach motels, and
slam the cabinet doors shaking
their hinges, until the end

of the late night news. Then to bed,
and sleep side to side
like privates contemplating duty,

while the fan hangs over the bed
winding away the hours, stirring
the putrid air of more days.

- Jennifer Moro

Nude

Sketch the view
of the man's
naked crust.
Detail all twists
and turns
with a charcoal sword
and revel in the swelling
drama as you cover
voids in black blankets.
Analogy crafted
by a master of perception.

Watch the man's
delicate filling
flee his shell.
Listen
to the wrenching sound
of his raw heart,
exposed and dripping.
Scrutinize your work
and know that he
was not discovered -
as you watch metaphor
crumble.

death for sale

- Dan Trutter

there is something morbid
about a lone monument store
on a desolate highway . . .
some are inside
some are outside
like a used car lot
you would have to decide
whether grampa gets the new Corvette
or a used Chevy

- Walt Howard

Judged

I am hated,
I know not why.
I want to make friends,
but they will not try.
I am avoided...
just like a disease,
a cancer of society.
Someone love me - please.
I am tired,
my patience grows thin.
I am never judged
by what is under my skin.

- Kevin St. Angel

Nature's Refuge

A part of me wanted to reach out and save it.
The other more malevolent side just wanted to
watch. I stood safely behind a thick pane of
glass as the summer storm vented its anger on
the land and a certain monarch butterfly.

Large drops of rain toppled it from the
honeysuckle onto the wet green grass. One
after the other the drops struck the papery
wings. Sinking deeper, back side down, the
insect struggled to regain balance;
but the rain still came.

An hour passes and the rain stopped. I went out
to see who won. I found the butterfly clinging
to a blade of grass. All the color had been
washed from its wings - colorless, but not quite
transparent. Knowing its fate, and feeling
partly responsible, I went back behind the
glass to let nature finish its task.

- Scott Langen

Arrowhead Hunting at Tippecanoe

He always settled on that stagnant marsh
the river abandoned when it changed course,
where mosquitoes dripped onto our sleeve-rolled
arms like steady drizzle and dragonflies
wavered across the lime-waxed lagoon, but
sometimes darted mindless zig-zags between
the two intruders squatting in the sand—
the wisp of their wings breaking our silence.
Working side by side, he clad in raincoat,
slumped toward the upturned earth envisioning
the past, its peopled forests, desperate
for a relic; a shaman's bundle strap;
a warrior's fragmented, scattered bones
bleached white like his ghost that battle cries still
like eagles in our ears; a souvenir
the tip of an arrow— just anything
he could find, digging deeper in the ground.
And I watched him in his patient wonder
and I waited for cursory questions
if only to contrast to the chatter,
the undecipherable clamor of
warblers and finches. Never a "how's school?"
nor talk of home, or dinner, or weather.
I wanted to tell him I hated it,
gouging my fingers in the clay and mud,
feeling the waterbugs slip with the sand
through the crevices between my fingers,
but never did, after considering
his excitement the week before, calling
from work at least once a day, reminding
me not to forget my weathered pocket-
knife to mark out some trees in case, as if,
we could get lost on the familiar trail.
That's why when we stopped at that old town store
I spent my allowance on one of those
show-piece arrowheads in plastic cases
racked on the end of the counter, while he
picked me out one of those ugly wool coats,
like his, to keep me warm during the dig.
Next morning on the bar I sat distanced
from him, scuffing and chipping at the stone,
roughing it up so an amateur like
my father would swear it was authentic.
Then I complained about the cold so he
could jog the mile or so back to the car

where I left my coat, after I promised to keep toiling. It didn't take me long to bury it in his spot so that some minutes later I heard him shriek from where I stood and I saw him scramble towards me with the jagged flint in his outstretched palm, the culmination of swamp escapades. Now every free weekend he spends indoors since our project's over. He sits watching Barbara Cararra ride a bareback pony to warn unsuspecting braves of coming attack, alone in his room with the T.V. When I pass through the door, not always to bum a couple of bucks, he asks what I'm up to. He asks about—classes. They're fine Dad. There's not anything else to talk about, so I leave him there, and I head out the house with no big plans, and dwell on conclusions— the ones I know: termination of hostile tribes, the death of peace-piping chiefs, the moment I saw my father with bent knees in the heaped mounds of clay, filled with awe for the arrowhead shrouded in my fingerprints, while the frogs croaked behind him and locusts buzzed beatless.

- Jennifer Moro



- Kimberly Fox

TAINTED LOVE

all my friends
got burned in the '60s.
I screamed, let me live!
until I learned
girls don't like me.

barbed wire underwire,
straps that cut like knives.
release me, she roared,
and yanked me off,
threw me down.

it is our fate to be together,
I yelled, but go ahead and try.
burn me at the stake
for freedom's sake
and watch your posture die.

- Sarah C. Patience

cemetery

there is a grassy green field on a hill in Schweinfurt Germany where Jewish people are buried exterminated by the poisonous cleansing gas that burned the lining of their lungs burned the skin on their naked bodies raped of any dignity they had left in their souls raped of any will or desire they had left to live at all thrown by the masses into giant earthy craters dug out of the grassy green fields where one after another their burnt flesh met and cracked like parchment in an underground orgy of death until it was covered up carelessly hidden by Der Furer's cold earth left to rot for fifty years to fertilize the golden daffodil tombstones that now stand on the grassy green hill in Schweinfurt where there is now solitude in the exception of a small bird's call where no children ever play where the townspeople are careful not to ever trample on the daffodils in some sort of respect some glimmer of hope that God will one day look down on them forgive them but never forget the frightened wretchedness that today is simply marked by flowers on a subtle memorial hill far more powerful than any pristine shining glorious monument. . .

- Walt Howard

Cow Game

For Aunt Verda's funeral
I took old 69, south
Des Moines to Leon,
a whim
or pilgrimage.

Old narrow black top
two lanes
slow—I never could pass trucks,
little used—weeds encroaching.

My father always drove our '56 Chevy
Christmas
Easter
Family reunions

I can remember
the smell of a sulphur match being struck
though he hasn't smoked in thirty years,
my brothers and I in the back seat
arguing territory.

For children
the seventy miles seemed endless,
usual highway contests too easy,
sibling arguments too frequent,
so my mother invented

The Cow Game
with endless absurd rules:
Seating arrangement was first importance.
Back in the driveway
we'd scheme for one side
or another
especially not to be in the middle,
remembering, trip after trip
which side had the best herds.

The counting:
ten cows for a point,
five points for a strike,
lose your extra cows if
there's a windmill
but two windmills means double points
and three triple, but only
if seen together.
We vied to embellish,
elaborate,
complicate—

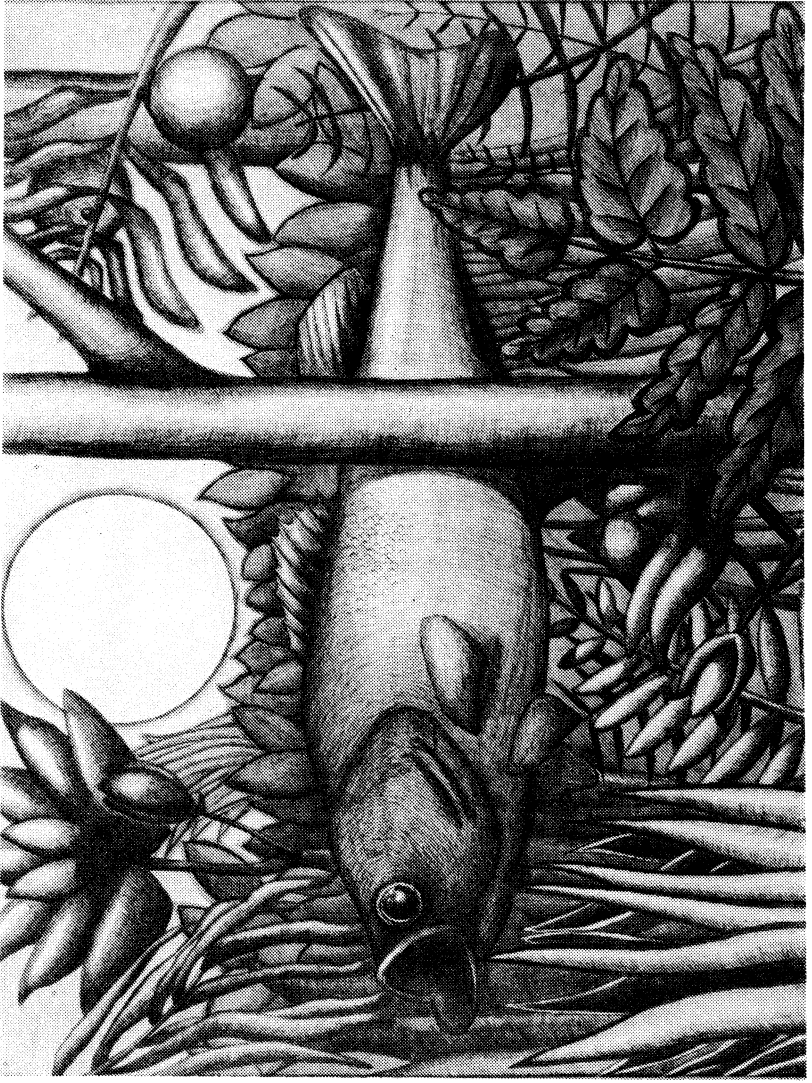
cows around a pond more points
or less, depending on season,
Mom the final arbiter of legitimate rules.

You had to count fast
before the car passed on—
around a curve
over a hill.

We never thought of prizes
being—still—competitive
for the win itself.
The first sight of Leon's water tower
ended the game
and gave extra points to the spotter.

We grew,
sulky teenagers shamed into playing to
keep the youngest brother
and baby sister entertained,
The Game died of technology and time—
the new interstate was faster
but farther from the herds
windmills slowly disappeared,
Leon got a new water tower—
shorter,
in the wrong place.
Trips home are
too often for funerals
and we're grown, dignified,
still
a herd of cows
makes me count silently, to myself—
catch them quick before they pass . . .

- Susan Eisenhower



- Jennifer
Gutowski

Reflections

Looking into the mirror for
a face to call my own.
One that's mine and truly me
possessed by me alone.

For there exists a similarity
between me
and my brother, He
(justifiably?)
gets all the recognition
for himself, perhaps for me.

Not twins, we
are separated sequentially.
And so I've become
the second son of a second son.
For so long just 'the other one'.
No identity
for me.

We share a face
so many say.
But I no longer see it
so close to the glass.
A reflection? Must I always be it?

Has heredity
cheated me?
Is it misery
to be a non- entity?
or can I live free
from scrutiny
and responsibility?

Sometimes it's cool here
living in the shadow
of the son.

- Peter F. Essig

Destination U.S.A.

Loosen pages
of your map
to study mileage
and the like.
Distance flows
with the flip
of a page
as you weigh
the options
of alternate paths.

Circuitry
of bending lines
twists into forms
that shape
a nation.

America,
a vivid web
crafted
by a colony
of dizzy
spiders,
with us caught
neatly,
deeply
in-between.

- Dan Trutter

Make me a human,
I want to laugh, and cry, and live.
Make me a lover,
my heart is what I wish to give.
Make me a teacher,
our brother's children must be taught.
Make me a knight,
for human pride cannot be bought.
Make me an explorer,
many minds are foreign lands.
Make me an artist,
and view the world through human hands.
Make me a dreamer,
the world is mine to give and take.
For I am the poet,
my soul, my mind, my heart, all ache.

- Mario Leto

Authors' Page

Susan Eisenhower is a professional student, amateur actress, and mother. She is currently in grad school, working, and getting a free degree. She decided to take the University for as much as she could.

Peter F. Essig continues to be an English major and a junior. In his home town he is often mistaken for his brother Bill. "Reflections" reflects that. "The Shape of Things to Come" can be easily avoided. Turn off the Idiot Box, read a book, and encourage your friends to do the same.

Kimberly Fox, as she views herself, is a person always looking to make life a production. The extreme is definitely a word to describe her. After the good ol' big blue she plans on working as a graphic designer and illustrator. On the side her art work will flourish and she hopes to be famous (or at least known) by the time she's dead. As for anything else, it's all a toss to the wind in hopes of the best. She thanks her sisters and her roommates for keeping life interesting and full of love and fun. Always keep smiling for life is too short!

Mindy Glaze is yet another English major. She dreams of someday being someone and going somewhere. She would like to give credit to The Brady Bunch (especially meeting Greg himself), disco music, Chuck Woolery, Marty's, and Advil for making her the person that she is today. Her advice to people everywhere is "take a nap, wrap a hot towel around your head"

Jennifer Gutowski, a junior 3-D studio art major, is currently recovering from a past life as a saloon girl. She spends most of her days dreaming about living in a dream world.

Ben Hausmann would like to make a toast to everyone who writes, especially those who scribble in the margins of newspapers and on the backs of cocktail napkins.

Walt Howard is a junior English Major with a creative writing minor who is happy to be published in *The Vehicle* a second time. He would like to thank Dr. Martone for his inspiration and encouragement. "I wish everyone could have the opportunity to see the cemetery I wrote about, but I guess it's pretty far away! If you want to see the "used car lot," however, it's just a couple blocks west of Dairy Queen."

Larry Irvin plans a fruitful career as an educator after delving into numerous subjects in grad school. He would like to take with him, and leave to Eastern, one thought . . . "Believe".

Jonathan W. Iwanski is a Revelationary who would like to thank Aphrodite, Dionysus, Pan, Al, Will, Amazda, leigrab, Allen, Jim, Jack, Jose, Hunter, Beautiful, Alive, Trent, Perry, Cid, Mary Jane, Albert, and the Gallo brothers for their invaluable inspiration.

Scott Langen is a junior English major who, with the help of Hills Bros. and a psychotherapist, plans to attend grad school. His hobbies include procrastination, practicing Hromadkaim, and impulse buying

Mario A. Leto II is a student of life. He learns from his teachers, his parents, his peers, and from people he will never know. Everyone he comes in contact with molds him, shapes him, and builds him up. They make him what he is. He says to them all, "Damn you and Thank you."

Diana Matijas is a Croatian, directly affected by the war overseas. She has been directly inspired by it. Being an English major allows her to write about it. Being Croatian allows her to feel it.

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Jennifer Moro is an English major who likes sleeping late, picture books, flannel pajamas, bubble-gum ice cream, Amelia Bedelia, Colorforms, water slides, Scooby Doo, brussel sprouts, green grapes, poetry, violets, museums, wolves, go-carting, Bruce Lee movies, and Butter Rum Life Savers. She hates early classes and rain.

Sarah C. Patience is a freshman studio art major and says she is looking for the haircut that will pacify her.

Sue Songer, an English major, is a non-traditional (code word for middle-aged) student. She lives in Charleston with her husband, Roger, and three daughters, Rachel, Leah, and Rebekah, who are her real teachers. "Christmas Cruelty" is dedicated to the memory of her father, who died on December 12, 1978.

Kevin St. Angel is a junior Psychology major who doesn't like broadcasting his personal details. Period.

James P. Tang is a junior Social Science major who currently is pursuing life. He enjoys the excitement that comes from living life completely, good friends, and lots of chocolate ice cream. Also, for those of you wondering, he bares no claim to the Tang orange drink company. He doesn't even drink the stuff.

Dan Trutter is a Studio Art major. He also collects pictures of human suffering to hang in his room. They are his inspiration.

Gail Valker is currently trying to live through a bad case of "senioritis" and graduate in May. She would like to leave Eastern's campus with a final thought in memory of John Lennon . . . "Imagine".

Karen Wiss, a junior graphic design major, has had only one life goal during her 20 years of existence on this our planet Earth to be immortalized upon the head of a Pez dispenser. As of yet unachieved, this goal is not out of reach due to the advances she has made toward candy immortality in being published in Eastern's *Vehicle*. *The Vehicle* is one small step for Karen, one giant leap toward the golden Pez head.

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