

KENNEDYBEC

VOL. II
No. 1
1978

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE
AT AUGUSTA

Aiguier Anderson Bernard Carpenter
Clark Colcord DeBlois Einhorn
Fahy Foster Goodman
Gordon Greenspan Haley Hutchins
Larson Lignell McGuire McKenna
Munroe Oakes Palm
Pert Plunkett Rawlings
Rawlings Scribner Sharkey Siegler
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Walker Woodworth

\$1.00

SUPPLEMENT TO KENNEDY JOURNAL
FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1978

GOOD DAY, FINE DAY

They stood in a circle on the deck of the white cruiser talking to a young serviceman. The boy, short for his age but husky, shifted his eyeglasses and his feet. He stood next to the gunwale and his father stood between him and the Ensign. The Ensign was doing a little talking. He explained that the lobsterman had called them as soon as it happened. The boy's father tucked in his shirt and checked his sunglasses. He was much taller than the Ensign, and broader. A one-time high school athlete spreading quickly through middle age.

It was early afternoon, three miles offshore. The boy's father's borrowed speedboat was secured to the cruiser. So was the skiff the boy had been in. The father said he had come out as soon as he heard about it on his police scanner. He kept it in the cottage on the windowsill next to the television.

It was a good day, sunny and warm. Still, a crisp breeze was kicking up some good chop. It was a fine day, but the boy didn't want to talk. He fought the questions and accusations of the Ensign, who had already questioned the lobsterman, silently for as long as he could.

"You want to hear all about it? Do you really? Then I'll tell you, goddammit --"

It was the first thing he'd said.

"Relax now, Henry --"

"No, I'll tell it, if you can't leave me alone --"

"How about if he tells you later on, Ensign?"

"No, Mr. Kearns. He's got to explain it now," said the Ensign.

"No, okay, okay, I'll tell you," said Henry. "I'll tell you everything. We rowed out to the island early in the morning in Oscar's Grandfather's boat." He pointed over there, behind him. "We went out very early in the morning. We do it about once every couple of weeks, you know, Dad. I woke up Oscar and we went down to the beach to get the boat."

"Straight to the beach?" asked the Ensign.

"I can tell it, okay? Oh, I don't know, Jesus, what a mess."

"Sit down now, son, we understand," said Henry's father. He was looking about the cruiser, the deck and the little office there. "But you have to help the Ensign do his job. He can't learn anything unless you help. It's for everyone's sake, really. Here, take it easy, okay? Now start over."

The sun rises in the morning behind the nestled island and up above the birds that swoop circles over the southwest breakers. Breathing curls break into the island and whistle in along the dike-wall that pokes out splitting the herd of lobster buoys. The boats are out with the birds early and the gulls close their eyes and reach out.

"Okay, first we got up," said Henry. "I got up and went outside very quietly, carrying my sneakers, so you and Mom wouldn't wake up. I climbed over the fence and cut through Oscar's back yard. I tapped his window until he woke up. Then I left. He met me down on the beach a little later." He stopped and pushed his short hair back with his hand and banged the toe of his sneaker into the deck of the large white boat. "In the dunes we had, we had, uh, a couple of bottles of beer. Only two. I hid them there yesterday."

"Okay, go on," said his father, looking at his feet. "You met Oscar and had some beer. Christ. And what about the oars?"

"Yeah, the oars were under the boat. Oscar's grandfather leaves them there. He always said if anyone wanted to steal the boat they were welcome to it. He let us borrow it whenever we wanted. We tipped it over and pulled it down and rowed out to the island." He pointed again. "It took a long time to row out. Well, longer than usual."

"This is about three miles from the point, right?" asked the Ensign. Mr. Kearns looked at his watch and checked the speedboat, leaning over the rail a bit.

"Yes, three miles from where we left, but the tide was coming in and pushing against us the whole way. We took turns rowing and finally got there and built a fire. Oscar filled the bailing can with fresh sea-water and we put it on the fire."

Up from the water the gray, wind-smooth beach is round rocks, rolling rocks. Bits of green, bursting up, tilt the big rocks aside. Dead seaweed and decayed gulls for fertilizer.

"We got the fire going pretty well; we used driftwood and it was really burning. Then we shoved back out again and rowed around to the cove on the backside of the island. Like always we checked it all out first. Oscar rowed around the island once and I watched. It was almost noontime and we couldn't see any boats. Though it was foggy and hazy and we couldn't see that far. It's clearer now but it was real hazy. Really. Anyway, I figured we were safe so we pulled into the cove.

"There the, the tide sort of got us. It wasn't our fault." He stopped. "Well, Jesus, Dad, it doesn't seem like it was our fault."

"Relax now, it's okay," said the Ensign. "Want some ice-water? And Mr. Kearns, go down to the galley and get something to drink for yourself, if you want." Mr. Kearns stayed on the deck, between his son and the Ensign, watching the gulls. Henry didn't have any ice-water.

"We went in too far, the swells were lifting up the old boat. Oscar grabbed a blue buoy with a yellow stripe, to hold us steady. It had a real long pole that he grabbed --"

"You know, I think those are Bo Crafts," said Mr. Kearns. "New-painted ones, too. His wife got him to do it last March --"

"Then, well, we should have tried rowing out, but we didn't. We pulled it up. Jesus," he hesitated. "I'll I'll never do it again --"

"Yeah, continue," said the young Ensign. Henry's father shielded his eyes with his open hand and surveyed the sea from the cruiser's deck. He looked behind him at the island and tried to pinpoint their summer cottage back on the shore.

"Okay, okay. We pulled it up and the tide kept running in strong. The pot had a real long line and the waves rocked the boat. God, it was heavy. We got it alongside, finally, but it took us too long, and we had to be careful because we were drifting since the pot wasn't anchoring us to the bottom anymore. You know what I mean? Jesus, we couldn't, we couldn't --"

Patches of flat, white sand, spotted with sand dollars, stare back through the waves, between the rocks. The seaweed through the water flops back and forth over and under and then it whips all the way around the rock and rushes back again, like a girl who's pretty and washes her long hair in the lake and then swings her head all around to dry it.

The three on the deck were quiet for several minutes.

"Well, we weren't really looking out very carefully. We were in too much of a hurry to be careful because the water in the bailing can was probably boiled away and the fire must have been very low and the waves and tide and rocks." He stopped abruptly and breathed for a minute more. His hands were cold.

"Anyway we couldn't lift the pot over the side, into the boat, so Oscar held it against the side, leaning way back to balance it, and I, I pulled a lobster out. It was the first one, a chicken, and I wasn't sure if I wanted to keep it or not. And then I reached back in to grab a much bigger one. I held the small one in my other hand." He was speaking fast now, not looking at either man next to him. "It was tricky, you know, with both lobsters swinging their claws around. Oscar told me to hurry up with it. He said something else, but now I forget what it was. See, we were both facing the island and riding the swells and watching out for the rocks. The trap was floating along with us now." Then he stopped and closed his mouth and looked at the deck.

"So what happened?" asked the Ensign.

"Do I have to --"

"Yes, now briefly, son, what happened next?" said Mr. Kearns, listening again.

"Well, to me, nothing. I never heard a thing. I didn't know anything happened until the trap fell and water splashed all over my face and the front of me. I figured Oscar had just let go or something and I was soaked, so I stood up to yell at him for screwing things up."

Seagulls rise out of the butterflied grasses and nitrogened bushes as one, a monster, a circle flying over the dead black natives in Tarzan days who die on top of African mountains, and the vultures wait quiet like trees until the right time, until the island invaders come and must be attacked by roused sea-vultures swarming around and around on the up-drafts and down-drafts and out far over the waves. Screaming.

"I turned around and that's when I saw the lobster boat coming into the cove real slow and careful and I looked down at Oscar. He was, he was laying on the bottom next to the small lobster that I dropped. His eyes were closed and he wasn't moving."

"So you just stood there? And the lobsterman came up and took Oscar aboard? Did you know it was birdshot?"

"Wait, ah, yes, but the lobsterman didn't say much. At first I thought it was rock salt, but then I knew better. I don't know why. Anyway he leaned Oscar against a pile of rope and tried to make him comfortable, I guess. Oscar was awake and watched me but he looked bad and never said a word. The lobsterman told me to wait and we all just sat there in the cove and waited for you to show up."

The Ensign said, "Your buddy will be okay, you know. Our launch is very fast and he's probably at the hospital by now. Might be real sore, though. Maybe hurt his back bad."

"Lucky it was just birdshot," said Mr. Kearns, smiling.

"Yeah," said Henry. He wiped his eyes and nose and face on his nylon jacket's sleeve and watched the island. He leaned his elbows on the railing, put his face between his cold hands, and watched.

Kirk Anderson
Saco, Maine



The Sandpiper Catcher

One minute the mist-net's an almost invisible ripple
In the wind. The next time we look
There's a sandpiper in it; so distant it might be a knob
Or knocker on the wind's front door.

Over the bladder-wrack I come stumbling,
Wanting to touch the breathing bird,
To feel the bones that veined like a leaf
The equinoctial gale.
I want to begin to untangle the bird,
To pull the meshes over the head,
Squeezing the crown-feathers flat, and widening the eyes;
Perhaps for an instant unveiling
The keyhole of the ear.

And then I want to spread the long wings,
To see, like some ancestral map
On which the course of flights might be retraced,
Meridians and parallels of silk
Lacing the white wing-linings.
For some slack
In the black taut strands, I bend the resilient
Primaries like a bow, and draw them through
Until the strands all circle the sandpiper's shoulder.
Then I can ease them down the tangible bone,
Tense at the fragile angle of the elbow
Then gliding off at the wrist. Suddenly nothing.

Except my plumeless fingers holds the bird.
Habitude of fog and cold and night
This ounce of warmth commutes through seas of air
Twice every year, two thousand hollow miles,
But tolerates these insults at our hands
With a kind of shocked politeness.

We write down the measure of wing and bill and weight.
We fix an aluminum bracelet above the knee,
And toss the bird back to the wind. We'll know who it is
If we ever again intercept it.
The tide is climbing to our boot-tops; time
To take down the nets, to finish the writing of numbers.
As we go in, the flights criss-cross the basin,
Uninterrupted now, and almost make
A pattern with a name
Like a song overheard in snatches:
Two thousand interrupted flights: rhythms to start with.
Two thousand sandpipers caught and let go: words to pursue.

Beverly Greenspan
Brunswick, Maine



Kennebec Morning Missed, Libby Rountree, student, UMA

ICEBERG

I
 imagine
 an iceberg
 inside my head —
 its dark underbelly
 moving slowly and
 largely hidden,
 then suddenly growing unwieldy,
 it capsizes my brain, tears it open
 like a tin can: air rushes in
 hissing like a breath
 drawn through clenched teeth.
 Sometimes I imagine that moment
 when dagger precision and icicle cold
 collide.

Donald Foster
 Peaks Island, ME

EIRIK'S SONG

When I have gone
 Let me dwell in a treeless land
 Where bared hills delight the eye
 Standing in from sea.

There the Lord God of Hosts sleeps not
 In shrines to man's good taste
 Nor peeks shyly from behind windows
 of colored glass.
 It is the land of the day
 Where God's unblinking eye wheels
 Forever in terrifying knowledge
 Drowning earth-sea-ice-sky in surreal
 light.

It is the land of the night
 Where the Great God goes forth as the
 Bear
 Stalking treasured snows
 And writing His name in green crackling
 flame
 Across the still eternal sky.

Let me lie with Innuits by the fires
 Blessed by the cold without
 Where man knows that he is but man
 And God is there.
 J. D. Aiguier
 Waterville, Maine

The House

The woman
 shuts up the house
 against death, against
 the memory of death
 crawling around the rim of a cup
 like a spider.

Before buds form
 she prunes the rosebushes
 covers the furniture
 with old cloths
 says her prayers. . .

Still death
 seeps in the cracks
 down from the attic
 where tales have been locked in old
 chests
 and the children
 riding wild horses in their rooms
 feel the wind
 and shiver.

Susan Sterling
 Winslow, Maine

The Wife of Bath

The Wife of Bath wore a headdress
 The Wife of Bath was tall
 If a man reached for her quoniam
 She minded not at all.

The Wife of Bath was healthy
 Of this there can be no doubt
 Twixt the ages of twelve and forty
 She wore five husbands out.

The Wife of Bath grew older
 Regretting not her lust
 She knew that constant usage
 Prevents unseemly rust!
 Nadya Bernard
 Kingfield, Maine

Editor's Note: Any resemblance to local
 celebrities is purely coincidental.

Three Pieces

from AUGUSTA, MAINE

Mary Casey
 Married Jack O'Riley
 They Live on Court Street.

On the same blessed day in 1961 a Cony teacher read aloud my poem in a rhythm I did not expect and that night I kissed Jack so suddenly he was too surprised to speak.

Then, at home, I could not sleep, as though a new perfume clung to my nightgown. Finally, before dawn, I climbed the hill we lived on and looking down Bennett Street, by snow heaped houses, across the frozen Kennebec, and over St. Augustine's spindly spire. I thought I could see an ocean.

The Prom

We dance easily,
 smiling, pleased,
 our dresses are white
 as weddings.

Suddenly, we are kissing. I am sixteen; she is fifteen. Mary is the first girl I have kissed. Her lips are warmer and softer than you would imagine; and I am taken aback.

The old man turns toward the crowded room, moving away from us. Mary looks up at me; she is smiling. Her arms reach around my neck; and suddenly, we are kissing.

The man's name is Tim Sheean. He came to America from Glasgow in 1953. His daughter who works in a Biddeford factory persuaded him to live with her. A room of his own in the attic; above the nursery. "And why not? Had not all my people left, to one place or another?" We had helped him fold away the dinner tables and now, in a corner of the meeting room of the Biddeford Hibernians, he is talking to us. "Jack O'Riley is it? And would you have had an uncle named the same? From Glasgow?" Lights are switching off. A small band plays. Couples move slowly toward the center. The annual dance is beginning. Tim Sheean turns toward his waiting daughter. Mary is motionless, looking up at me. Our bodies move together, as though to dance; and suddenly, we are kissing.

We had driven that afternoon to Biddeford from Augusta. Down Route 27, following the Kennebec for as long as possible. Mary, my mother and hers, sat in the back seat. I would turn to talk to mother in order to glimpse Mary. During dinner we sat together but only listened to the many relatives recollect their last year and more. Finally, we are standing in the far corner of the hall. Tim Sheean, a small man in a thin and fading blue suit smiles at us. "Yes, I have an Uncle Jack who lived in Glasgow." Tim's smile widens. "On the docks, son, there were four Jack O'Rileys. We called them 'Jack', 'Black Jack', 'Red Jack' and 'The Boxer' ". He looked at us hard and his voice lowered. "Now, do you know what they called your uncle?" "They called him Boxer, Mr. Sheean." He looked me over closely and chuckled. "well, Jack O'Riley, when it was night and the Priest was called to the Protestant side of the docks, he'd stop and pick up the Boxer. 'Boxer O'Riley', he'd say, 'You're the toughest man on the Glasgow docks and a mother's dying in Stetson. Will you come with me?' " Tim's daughter is waving to him from across the room. He turns toward her, moving slowly, slowly.

As he shuffles toward the circling dancers, for a moment I think we are with him in his attic room, as he steps off the bus from New York City, in his flat near the Glasgow docks, at the breakfast table before work, his wife still sipping her tea. Mary seems to be asking to dance; and, suddenly, we are kissing.

Yesterday the rooms of my house
 seemed to lose their charm and
 always I cannot understand why
 children do not need to praise.
 Often when I climb this hill
 the many back porches gather
 me in their spindly arms and
 we sway, slightly, slightly,
 as the waltzing river
 circles the bridge
 dancing to
 the ocean.

James McKenna
 Augusta, Maine

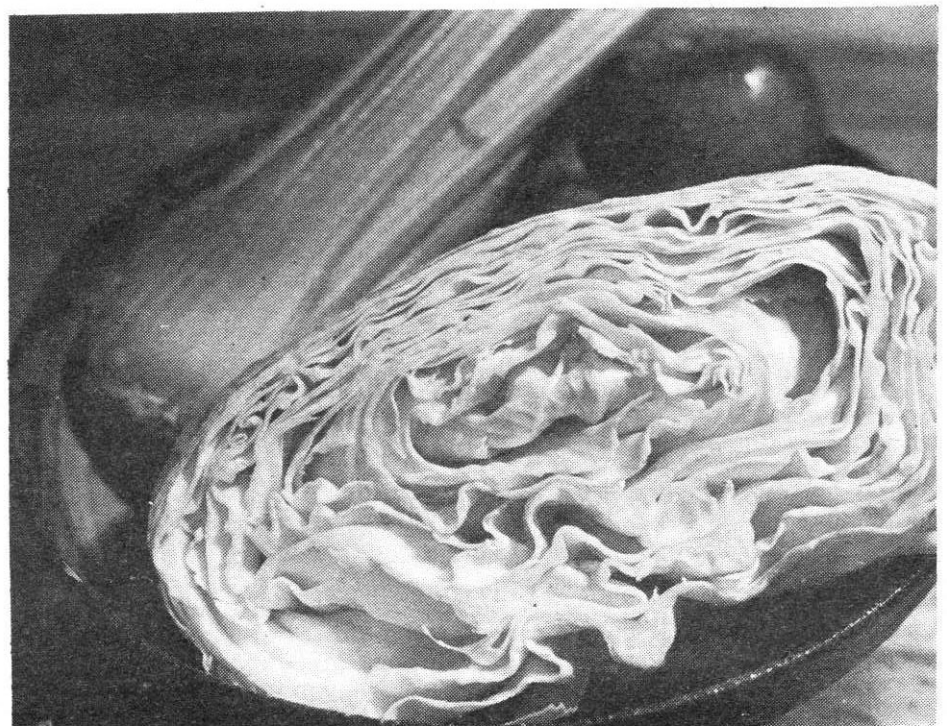


Photo by Howard Hansen, student, UMA

Battledore

"Four thirty!" Kate groaned — blinking in the half-gray light to see the hands of the clock beside the ample bed from which her husband (second) Jonathan, had just launched his six feet and two-hundred pounds with disastrous effect on her dream in progress. She'd raced her little car up the stunt ramp — just airborne.

"I'm going out to dig around the apple trees. Gotta get started on my sermon for Sunday. First the Lord God Jehovah said: Go ye to the people of. . ."

"You're going out — in the middle of the night — to dig?" It being Maine she knew the darkness in July would soon be gone — too soon. The clock gave her three more hours.

"All slept out. I didn't stay up half the night watching television." She ignored the barb, knowing better than to respond. The routine was familiar.

"First I'm going to write a letter to Felicia and maybe one to Norma if I have time — or did I write Felicia yesterday?"

Yes and the day before and the day before that. Kate didn't feel like playing just now.

"Shhh — I'm asleep! Go away!"

Jonathan wasn't ready to go away.

"I can't help it if you never write to **your** children."

Kate pulled her husband's abandoned pillow over her ears; then squeezed her eyes shut tight as bright white light blazed over her head.

"Dah-ling. Close your eyes for a minute. Gotta find my pen. Thought it was here by the bed." His lilting preacher's baritone failed to warm her now. Kate held fast to the last shred of blessed numbness. Three more hours of floating free — if only she could shut out his damned Cecil B. DeMille presence. It was too much. When she had given up entirely she heard the scrape of the pull chain overhead and felt the soft darkness come again as the squeak on the stairs disappeared into the lower part of the house. Maybe now. . .

But no. Jonathan's words. . . her children. . . television. Against her will she felt the juices of self-justification flow — her nerves grow correspondingly tight. A second grandchild within three months from now. She'd bet he'd never have a one! Jonny Carson. How she hated his smug, supercilious face! Still he'd kept her awake long enough to finish knitting the soakers she'd promised Foss's Pam. It soothed her to knit — made her feel less abandoned by her offspring.

How dare he? Suddenly it was all there again. Jonathan's taunting words. Her heart muscle squeezed into a fist pounding against her ribs. She had tried to do something for herself — felt driven to at least try — to reach out for a place she would make herself — in the outside world. Todd, her first husband, the father of Leighton and Foss (their only two) hadn't been able to give an inch — had literally panicked when she'd wanted to finish college and then go on to teach, perhaps. The boys were both in high school. She'd held back as long as she could!

But to have them both choose (and she encouraging them) to live with their father. That had sunk her. At the time she felt it was a sacrifice she had to make — for them. But it had been too much for her to know they had not forgiven her. Then, she'd discovered there was no place for a middle aged woman starting out in teaching. She'd been good but not good enough. Foss, a lawyer, and Leighton now an engineer like his father. She'd been partly right about the 'models' but mistaken, perhaps in believing it so important to think in terms of stereotyped male and female.



Kate became aware of her sleep-numbed extremities spread-eagled across the huge 'king-sized' bed. She recalled Jonathan's bride-groom's fantasy of a second marriage spent snuggled up in a single 'twin' bed — hers. She'd enlightened him in a hurry, then! Nocturnal *lebensraum* she'd thought as important as any other. Now — maybe it was symbolic of their situation — the silly bed he'd agreed to purchase to enhance her freedom was itself trapped in the tiny upstairs bedroom. How to get it in? Simple, he'd said with his usual booming confidence in the face of patent impossibility, just take out the window and the wall under it. How many months had she endured the gaping square of obscene pink fiberglass bulging beneath the window before he'd completed the repair. She sighed and tested the sweet persisting numbness in her extremities. Then, as she'd been taught, she drew it gently to her center — notch by notch up her spinal column toward the base of her skull. Counting, five. . .four. . .three. . .two. . .

"Da-ah-ling. You must forgive me for disturbing her sacred wonderfulness in the midst of her morning ablutions." Kate wiped the soap from her hands — handed his black shaver case through the partly opened doorway through which he carefully extended just his hand. Breathing and stretching now in her closet version of morning yoga her mind began to loosen. Just her luck to get herself married to a country preacher! When she met him he'd been teaching *Old Testament* at the community college where she had been teaching Asian history. Both divorced and both 'on the beach', when Mohawk Community had cut their staff, they decided to try it together. She supposed he'd been lucky at his age to get a small rural parish in Maine. Still what a bummer for her — for him, too, to draw a wife who prided herself on being an unbeliever. (She'd been shocked when she discovered — too late — he'd been teaching not historical myth but the revealed word.)

Still she'd avoided relapsing into 'housewifery'; she brought in at least half their modest 'living'. How much better than a role as dependent variable — homebody — volunteer — slavey. She knew from what **wasn't** said, what his parishioners thought of her refusing to teach Sunday School. Even smiling on Sunday mornings made her slightly nauseous. Jonathan's 'day of judgment sermons' even more so. Still she wasn't ready to call it. . .

"Oi-y-a-ah!" Only Jonathan could wail in a baritone voice. "Holy Jesus, protect your servant Jonathan! God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob! I completely forgot! I told the Ross boy to meet me with his bride-to-be in the sanctuary at eight-thirty! I'm going. **Good bye!**"

"Did you remember to get the battery recharged? Too late. She heard the front door slam behind him.

Then she saw the up-ended hood of the old Dodge — his car — one for which he'd developed an affinity over the years. Jonathan was hunched over the engine. He straightened up.

"The damned car won't start."

"So I notice. I told you you should have called the garage — **yesterday.**" Kate's voice betrayed her disappointment — lack of good grace.

"Shut-up and get in your car!"

Here, in spades, was the other side of Jonathan's volatile personality. It swept away the remorse at her own short-comings. Stiff with resentment she, nevertheless, climbed into the elderly Saab and started the motor as Jonathan gathered his books and papers, threw them into the back seat then wedged his oversize body into the seat beside her. There was always a slight sarcasm in his voice when he referred to the Saab as **her** car. Yet she had gotten into the habit of thinking of it as almost an extension of herself — that part of herself that still "kicked against the pricks" — struggled to exist as a separate being. It was one of Jonathan's Biblical phrases that seemed to fit.

She let out the clutch; the little square station-wagon roared out of the shadow of the high forest that surrounded their putty-colored clapboard 'farmhouse'; the openness of the sky always thrilled her. She found it always new; the varied constructions of clouds — now cumulus dipped in pale gray — Maine's best "Canadian" air. Kate felt, again, a desire to mend fences with Jonathan. She searched in her mind for a way to show she understood his frustration — distress — was sorry not to be more helpful to him in his ministerial roles. But he was so intent on memorizing — mumbling half-aloud — the phrases of the marriage ceremony he intended to use with the young couple, he wouldn't have heard her anyway.

She swung the car neatly around the turn and down toward the narrow bridge. She allowed herself to be mesmerized by the ribbon of incandescent fog — as she had earlier imagined it — the road curving up over the rise and into the morning sun. Then directly in front of the wheels there was a spot of exploding light (broken bottle?). She braked sharply. In the dampness the brakes screamed and then locked. Jonathan's head flopped forward and the little black book flew out of his hands onto the floor.

"Pull over right here! I'll drive the rest of the way." His voice was cold — frightening.

There was a **whack**. Oh God! Kate couldn't believe it! She'd flung out her arm and whacked him across his face! Suddenly she was struggling with all her might to hold the wheel against the strength in his anger-stiffened arm; grabbed on, holding tight to the wheel — his knuckles whitened by the force of his grip. Oh God — oh god — oh god! Must get across the bridge without hitting the concrete — before another car comes over the hill — too fast! She felt every hair in her head stand straight up and then go dead. They were stopped — just beyond the abutment — on the side of the narrow road.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." She said it over and over again. "I didn't want to do that — Please! Please! She was shaking, now, close to hysterics. She must throw everything at his feet. Nothing like that **ever, ever** again! There was nothing more. She felt faint. Jonathan loosed his grip on the wheel. She pulled on the handbrake — hard.

"You drive," she whispered weakly. She couldn't. Not now. Suddenly Jonathan's irrational burst of emotion evaporated. She felt he sensed a victory. His voice softened. As suddenly as it had departed, his poise regained. Anger subsided into hurt.

"No, my dear Kate. I'll be all right now." His voice was subdued (humble?). He was urging her to go on — they would both be late, now, but she was drained. She laid her head against the steering wheel and closed her eyes.

"Please, Jonathan. . . I can't drive now. You'll have to. Please?" Her voice pleading, she reached over for his hand — seeking reassurance — a mending of the now torn bonds that had weathered eight stormy years of marriage. He drew away from her touch. She felt under the seat for the black covered book of marriage services. He took it still looking straight again. Then without warning his round thinly fleshed face fractured into a mosaic of juxtaposed creases that converged on his once broken nose (soccer). His pale eyes now slightly wet turned inward in a look of self-reproach. Could she trust it? One of his bag of tricks?

"It's all right. You can leave. I've lived alone before."

Immediately Kate felt a flow of relief like a welcome transfusion fill the void inside her. She knew what to do! She was once again on familiar ground. She knew how the next line went! She leaned over, then, the blood already flowing into her cheeks and kissed him on his pale forehead — damp now from his cooling sweat. It was going to be O.K.! She let out the emergency brake deliberately — once more in control of her limbs — turned the key, let out the clutch and put the little Saab into forward gear.

She pulled up to the steps of the Regional Clinic.

"Will I see you tonight?" His voice was tentative — even meek. Kate marveled at the depths of insecurity Jonathan plumbed in these moments.

"Of course, you silly ass. You know two golden-oldies like us can't afford separate maintenance!"

"Well. . ." The hesitation lingered. Both reluctant to move beyond the moment of truce. "Kate. . . What do you have in mind for tomorrow? It's Saturday."

"For a couple of worn-down survivors. . .?" Kate counted on immunity to cover anything she said for awhile but she calculated her words just in case. "Just the usual Saturday routine: laundry — library — staying out of your way so you can finish up your sermon (**careful here.** . .)" She stood on the curb still grasping the door handle. She peered into his face for any sign of lingering danger. The color was returning to his forehead and cheeks — mending the fractures. He was in the driver's seat now.

"I've got it already written in my mind."

"Then maybe we could go to the movies — the cheap matinee in the afternoon."

"Only if it's cowboys."

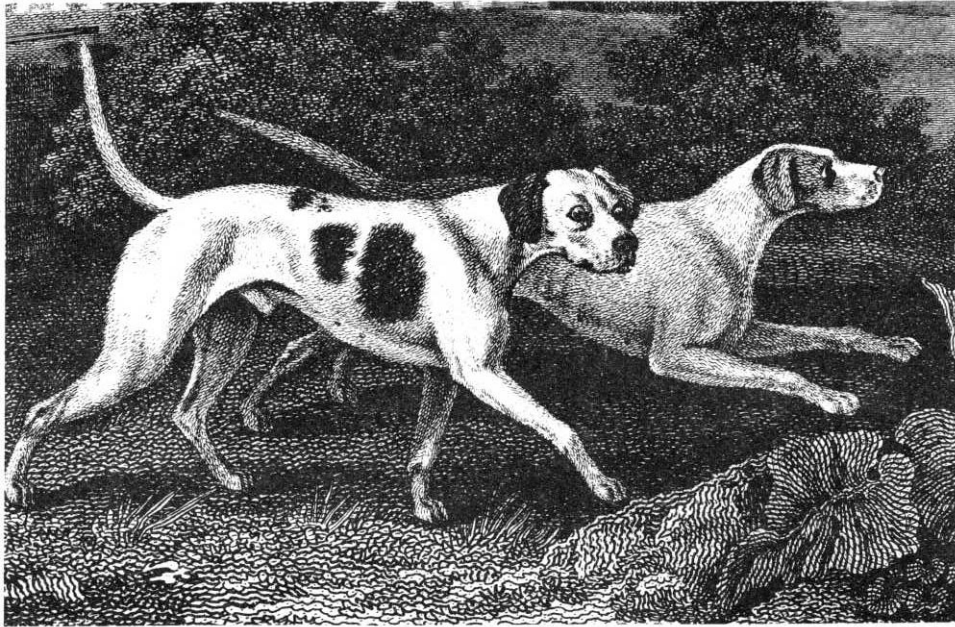
"I could say: only if it isn't." We'll see. . .

"O.K. — Bye. Love you." He made a motion of blowing a kiss.

"Me too. . ." Kate slammed the door of the Saab to close it. It closed hard; she knew just how. She waved as he drove away from the curb with a punishing scrape of the gears. . .

Meg Haley
Oakland, Maine

HE THAT LIES WITH DOGS



(Unfinished M.S. for a Chamber Theatre Production to be given at U.M.A., December, 1978.) Bare stage, podium c. with glass and water pitcher. Mrs. Romona Katz, a bosomy, beflowered clubwoman and Dr. Dogbane, the horn-rimmed speaker of the evening, are seated upstage R. & L. Mrs. Katz rises, crosses to podium, sips absently at a glass of water, adjusting her notes and spectacles, then addresses her audience.

Mrs. Katz: Well, now! I think we all know why we're here. At least I do. As your presiding President, I do want to welcome you, and your guests, to the Spring meeting of Hoe and Spades and to introduce our speaker of the evening. But before we all settle down and get sleepy. . . (Turns to Dr. Dogbane apologetically.) Oh, I'm sorry Dr. Dogbane! Not that we would, or even could! I just mean it was such a **big** dinner (peers out into audience) and our Refreshment Committee couldn't have done better. Just lovely Esther (to audience). I did want to bring to your attention the perfectly marvelous table decorations that Mary-Ruth arranged for us. Forced apple blossoms, just imagine, at this time of year! Lovely, dear! Now tell me how **did** you manage it? (Remembering Dr. Dogbane) Oh, well, Perhaps later. Now, for our speaker, Dr. Dogbane, whom I need not introduce again, it having been done more than adequately at dinner. Just let me say that his subject this evening is of special concern to members of Hoe and Spade, "Pets in the Garden". Dr. Barrie Dogbone. . .Bane.

Amid applause from audience, Mrs. Katz and Dr. Dogbane exchange places, he taking her place at the podium.

Dogbane: (Bowing to Mrs. Katz, who simpers and recedes, attempting to disengage her spectacles from her lace jabot.) Mrs. Katz. Ladies and gentlemen. Members of the Hoe and Spade. When I was given my subject for the evening by your President, I thought to myself, back in my New York apartment, with never a Hoe or Spade, or indeed, place to use either. . . I thought, those good people will assume I am going to speak on cats and dogs and the unmitigated joy they engender in the patio and at the fountain, not to mention in flower beds and at trees. This is not necessarily so. Of course, life is based on assumptions. We all know that. That love lasts forever; that industry is rewarded; that crime doesn't pay. Even, in fact, particularly, that we'll be here tomorrow. Surely no assumption is dearer to the hearts of a red-blooded American audience than that we all love animals. Not just in general, but most specifically, dogs. Why, I bet if I were to ask you right now who man's best friend was, almost every last one of you would bark. And the few who were left that didn't, would want to argue that cats were the thinking-man's companion, in gardens and out. Yet, isn't this assumption, like most, based almost entirely on a disinclination to examine facts? Isn't it just an uneasy illustration of the old saw that misery loves company?

Don't misunderstand me. I have no wish to offend the dog-lovers here this evening. I've certainly had my share of dogs in my day — and **been had** by them, too. Starting with a fox terrier, when I was four, that bit me in my left eyelid when I leaned over to pick up a mitten I'd dropped on the sidewalk in front of his house; and ending with a cocker spaniel I owned that bit twenty-one people.

Lady from audience: (Rising up in place. She is dressed in tweeds and carries a large purse.) Now just a moment, sir.

Dogbane: (Peering out into audience) Yes, madam?
Lady: As a senior member of Hoe and Spade and as a representative of the S.P.C.A., I really must object to the tone this speech, or whatever you call it, is taking.

Dogbane: Why, what's the matter?
Mrs. Katz: Oh, dear, Esther. I'm afraid you're out of order.

Esther: (Advancing to footlights and confronting Mrs. Katz) I'm sorry Ramona, but you know me. I speak my mind. I don't pussy-foot around. (Then directly to Dr. Dogbane) You obviously know nothing about canine psychology and are misinterpreting the whole occurrence.

Dogbane: Occurrence?
Esther: Yes, when that little fox terrier snapped at you.

Dogbane: Madam, he bit me.
Esther: He was merely defending his territory. Dogs do that you know. After all, it was **his** sidewalk.

Dogbane: But it was **my** mitten and **my** eyelid.
Esther: And then that impossible exaggeration about your cocker spaniel, which everyone knows is the gentlest of dogs, biting people twenty-one times.

Dogbane: I'm sorry, but that's **not** what I said.
Esther: Why, you most certainly did. Twenty-one times. I heard you. (To someone in front row) Didn't he? Didn't he say his cocker spaniel bit people twenty-one times?

Dogbane: No, I said **twenty-one people**. You assumed it was twenty-one times. He bit some of them more than once. He used to bite my sister pretty regularly.

Esther: (Incredulously) A member of his own family? Impossible!
Dogbane: Mostly on the legs. At breakfast time. Of course, I suppose it was a matter of territory again. He did spend a lot of time under the dining-room table. And my sister did sit down at it to eat breakfast.

Esther: What did she have on her feet?
Dogbane: Scars, mostly.

Esther: (Impatiently) No, I mean what was she wearing on her feet?
Dogbane: Well, let me see. Yes, I think that year she had a pair of fur slippers.

Esther: (Triumphantly) There, you see! I might have known it. Anyone who would be so insensitive as to wave a pair of fur slippers in a field dog's face deserves whatever she gets.

Dogbane: But my dear lady. He also bit me one time when he was sitting in a chair in my bedroom and I had nothing on at all. I only wish I had.

Esther: We do not approve of dogs being allowed up on furniture. He certainly was not well-trained. (Exits up aisle haughtily) A dog can always tell who loves him.

Mrs. Katz: (Rising) Oh, Dr. Dogbane! There goes our Refreshment Committee.

Dogbane: (Calling after Esther) I'm sorry if I've offended you, madam, but thank you for the explanation. (To audience) You know, I'd never thought of it in quite that way before. Canine psychology and all. I just thought you got a dog for a pet and then. . .

Man in audience: (Interrupting) Oh, I get so sick of people talking about dogs as **pets**, as though they were a bunch of no-goods. A bunch of do-nothings.

Dogbane: Well, aren't they? I mean, sort of?
Man: (Advancing to footlights) Why you're up there talking about dogs, I'll never know. As a member of the Society for the Promotion of Working Dogs of America, I'm here to tell you dogs are contributing members of society.

Dogbane: (Turning to Mrs. Katz for support) Mrs. Katz?
Mrs. Katz: (Icily) Dr. Dogbane! That man is no Hoe and Spader.

Dogbane: (Shrugging and turning back to his interruption) I don't believe I've ever heard of such an organization, sir.

Man: (Grimly) You will. Just let me come up there and show you a few pictures I have of dogs in action.

Dogbane: Why certainly. I wish you would. This beats "Pets in the Garden" by a mile. (The man gets up on stage and joins Dogbane at podium) I guess I just never thought of dogs as being very useful.

Man: You're just like most people. Where do you think the expression, "working like a dog" came from? Think it over. There's the hunting dog, and the watch dog, and the seeing-eye dog, for instance. And take bloodhounds. And police dogs. Crime rate in America being what it is now with all those foreigners and all, where would we be without them?

Dogbane: Life's not just Petsville for all dogs, you know.
Dogbane: Yes, that's quite true.

Man: You better believe it. You go to the circus, whatta ya see? Poodles dancing around. Right? Jumping through hoops. Regular little troopers. Movies. Cartoons. The whole bit.

Dogbane: Oh, they can be entertaining. I never doubted that.
Man: Not just funny. Scientific. Take any big hospital. Whatta ya got? A lab. Right? And rows of dogs sacrificing their lives for mankind. For you and me. Switching brains on 'em. Fastening bells to 'em. Open heart surgery. Sending 'em out into space. The whole shmear.

Dogbane: I thought that was monkeys.
Man: Dogs ten to one. Now tell me that's not useful! Here let me show you some of my snaps. (Opens briefcase, removes sheaf of glossies. A large bone falls out.) Oops! I'm sorry. Always stop on the way home and pick up a sharpener for Fang. That's my Doberman.

Dogbane: (Handing him the bone) Sharpener?
Man: Yeah. Gnawing a bone. Nothing better for their teeth. Here take a look. (Shows photograph at Dogbane) White. Sharp. Ever see anything like 'em?

Dogbane: (Gazing at photo) Very impressive.
Man: You can say that again. (Confidentially) You know with these foreigners around, you can't be too careful. Just one word from me, "Kill, Fang!" That's all there is to it. You have to watch out, though. One time it was someone who just wanted to find out where the bus station was.

Dogbane: I suppose you do have to watch out for over-achievers.
Man: Oh, he's much better now. Since he's been to that second school. It's made a new dog of him.

Dogbane: Second school?
Man: Yeah. That first one was a real drag. Teacher expectation out of sight. Regular crash-course for Seeing-Eye Dogs. Fang was still running 'em into walls when we quit. (Shows another snapshot) Get a load of that.

Dogbane: Why, it looks as though Fang had a muzzle on!
Man: You know it. Broth-er! That guy was a real nut on discipline. Regular Old World approach. "Values clarification", I think he called it. (Holds up snapshot admiringly) But he's out of the doghouse now. Yes, sir, we really lucked out.

Dogbane: In what way?
Man: Fang won a scholarship to this dog training school. Can you beat it! Just when he was beginning to feel like a real flop, the neighbors got together and awarded it to him. The teacher's a real peach. (Continues to show pictures.)

Dogbane: No more bones of contention, eh?
Man: She's not **too** permissive, ya know? Has a real understanding of career mobility, though. Fang tested real high on watch-dog aptitude.

Dogbane: Sounds like a case of real self-actualization.
Man: Right on! I'm still a little worried about the peer pressure, but we can get on top of that.

Dogbane: I've always found it irresistible.
Man: That reminds me. Gotta skeedaddle. (Sweeps up pictures.) Gotta big date with Fang's teacher. (Starts to leave)

Dogbane: Oh, wait a moment, sir. You forget one.
Man: Keep it! Keep it! Be my guest. (Exiting) Fang would love ya to have it.

— Robert McGuire
Faculty, UMA

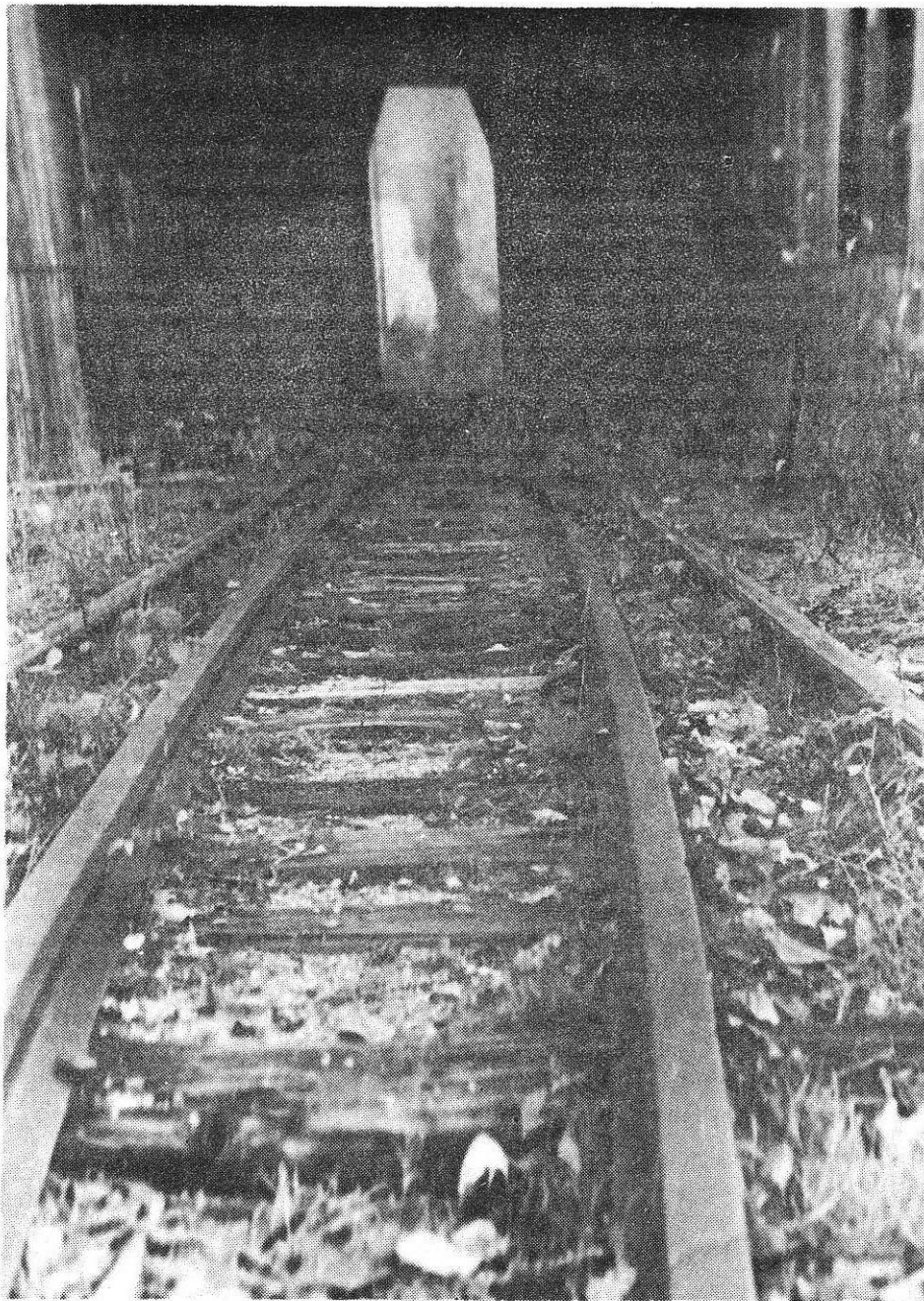


Photo by Leslie Parker, student, UMA

The Closing of the Cherryfield Depot

CHERRYFIELD, June 12, '74 —
The Maine Central Railroad will
discontinue its station here,
after a citizens' appeal to keep
the station open failed today.

Our fathers find a few weeks' work
when the tracks are set down,
heaving 20-pound sledges against spikes,
stapling new steel to soil.
Irish-work, a Chinaman's chore,
but not so different after all
from a double-edged axe, except for the swing
and sparks where chips should be.

In towering night, an open camp along the tracks:
a man finds a stone for his head
and with day's iron ringing still in his ears
like the bell-buoy off Schoodic, seeks sleep.
In moonlight, new steel shines
on his eyes like Jacob's ladder laid on the land
and he dreams in silver of angel hands
reaching for hands from Bangor to Donnell Pond,
an agreement reached — of steel, wood and steam,
sealed in earth, a sound marriage, a touching.

A tree falls in the forest
and everyone hears it: then more
until the beechwood goes.
Men gather by the track to watch
yellow creosote cook in the vat.
They sit on stacks of axe-hewn ties — cedar —
and watch viscid blisters swell on the surface
and hear the slow splat when they burst.

**The smoky odor of tar, our fathers' ammoniac sweat
dead in old clothes for decades, these linger,
linger in Cherryfield attics like silence,
like belief betrayed.**

In quiet places, memory stays on, a whisper
felt in the ear long after being heard:
it gives way slowly, like ice going,
like tearing across a tympanum.
But March ice booms in the Narraguagus,
the clot of logs for masts, for keels,

think through to the tide-mill at Milbridge,
and behind the silence left, behind the forest's deafness,
yellow bubbles
breaking like an embolism in the memory.

The lonely come to know their place
by how it's found. Two roads, begun in emptiness,
drift through each other, echo, die:
nothing pours into nothing,
air melts in water.
But the crossing quickens us,
the frothy Narraguagus driving out of the north
hard through town for the Atlantic,
and from the west, the narrow gauge of track,
a seam stitched through hills.
We open our hearts to that train,
we scar our hills to spread gravel
for the railbed: a train, some pink-cold people,
both give life a place
where life has no obligation to be.

At twenty below, we sense the train before its sound.
Chilled tracks pass a hum, a parallax of noise
into bone and timbers
stilled in the paralysis of cold.
A fresh moose rides in on the bumper.
An axe cracks,
a frozen stream of sap parts along a grain,
melts into smoke and the smell of suet
spreads like a smudge against the spruce.
People gather: a community feed.
While families furrow snow to unload bales,
firkins of British cheddar,
new calico for summer smocks, demi-johns
of black rum, molasses crocks, Massachusetts tinware.
And last, an iron plowshare, arched like an angel's wings
to gore a course across earth
as easy as the cut of a clipper's keel.
Men stack wood by the station for the boiler:
hot lungs flush vapor into air,
and as the engine stands to load, smoking out top,
exhaling below in ribbons of steam,
alchemic spirits mix, man, machine,
a metallurgy of hope compounded in a dead space,
oxygen traded on the forest floor.

Today trains come through but cannot stop.
A connection withers,
scratchy voices in the country telephone
die in the wire.

64 miles to Lubec, a bridge to Campobello:
he finds us on his way.
They roll him onto the platform,
pine-panelled wheelchair squeaking.
Rubber tires press an equal sign into the snow.
Behind his glasses, he looks wounded,
a man ruined by too much hope,
but he spoke calmly of rural electricity,
of poles strung with power to brighten lamps
and mingle Boston voices with our own.
He speaks of American rivers and his Hudson,
of the mixing of waters, like blood, or history,
by flood tides which stir salt into sweet.
When he finishes, we applaud
and some scrape their feet.
But he just sits there, looking at us,
breathing slowly in and out,
as if air hurts him inside.
An ash grows on his cigar;
snow sifts into his tread marks.
He looks at the depot, river, and a throbbing hill
lifted like the lobe of a ventricle
against the sky.
Have engineers missed his signal?
Soon a cleaving ceases his face;
eyes damming back a dream
break, and the past pours onto the future.
They wheel him back along his tracks, up a ramp,
and he is gone.

Geometry: a study of surfaces, of points,
how lines meet. Parallel lines never join,
except in infinity. To illustrate, the teacher
marches her class down to the depot to observe
the tracks. A young undertaker has renovated the depot.
The kids figure infinity to be somewhere downeast,
approximately between Machias and South Trescott.

Terry Plunkett
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For Philip it had been one of those days. First his parents died, then his phone was cut off by mistake. He was a sensitive man with thick eyeglasses and the heart and soul of a poet and he took it hard. When he'd pulled himself together he called the phone company from a booth.

The woman who answered said: "Are you calling from your home phone?"

"If I were calling from my home phone I wouldn't be calling," Philip said.

"Well we can't help you then, you have to call from your phone."

"You don't understand. You've removed my phone in that way of yours where nothing moves. The phone remains in the very same spot but no longer connects. Technology of that sort baffles me, I'll admit it, I'm impressed." All he heard in reply was a smack of gum and he thought of a Frank Capra movie entitled "American Madness," in which a run on a bank is ignited by a rumor started by a gum-chewing telephone operator. Philip explained that he had to arrange a funeral and needed his phone. The woman said you must talk to the Boss in person.

Philip did. The Boss looked like a boss. He had big feet, a business suit, a business tie and face. A painting of a dime hanging on the wall. Bell tried to help the deaf, he said. "Even today there is the Alexander Graham Bell Association in Washington, D. C., dedicated to helping those with impairments of hearing. This is how the Empire came about, quite accidentally. Don't be misled by stereotypes, young man. 'Mr. Watson, choke good lord,' that kind of tripe. There was no commercial motive."

"Can I have my phone back now?" asked Philip.

"It would be easy for me to say. You're an affable fellow, I hold nothing against you."

"I have this funeral to arrange. A double funeral, actually."

"But you've transgressed and rules are rules."

"I paid my bill. I was late only once in five years, there has been a grave error, I swear."

"The computer doesn't lie," the Boss said. "It holds no grudges, singles no one out for unfair punishment."

"I need my phone."

"Your phone," the Boss said, and he smiled. "I'm afraid we cannot come to terms. But this is a land of opportunity, free choice. Go get your phone service from somebody else."

Philip had to arrange the whole funeral by pay phone. When he got to the wake, he saw that the meats were of the cold variety. He had ordered hot meats because they had much more class, and he was embarrassed. Somebody had screwed up. Or maybe they hadn't screwed up. No, they just **know**, he thought. When the operator says things to you during your private affairs, your saddest most intimate moments, they **know**. They picture you putting more coins in the slot and they say to themselves, no class. Why does he not have a phone of his own, in his home? A red wall phone or a Princess with lighted dial? They imagine your home, they generate a picture of where you live: in a shabby room with torn green shades and sad light dripping through those shades and falling on the chipped round yellow wooden table that shows the

AMERICAN MADNESS

stains and scars of a life of squalor, despair and perhaps a touch of disease. Why does he not have a green touchmatic? Or a gilt-edged colonial phone? What do the outlet plates on his walls look like and why does he need hot meats? Cold meats will do, he won't even complain. All this goes through their heads in a fraction of a second as the coins fall, ding their dongs, magically connect the cables once again. And then the wire hums, but it's too late. You have been shamed, exposed.

At the wake he saw Aunt Minnie. He hated her. He had hated her since she gave him piano lessons when he was eight years old. "We're all so sorry," she said. Aunt Minnie lied. She hated Philip's father because he was her brother and had gotten better grades. "We only see each other at weddings and funerals," she said. "By the way, why don't you get married?" Aunt Minnie smiled and said, "I heard you arranged all this by pay phone. How clever of you! How did you ever do it? Where did you get enough dimes? Your index finger must be sore. Cold funeral meats. How quaint! By the way, I'm going to Curacao after this, I bet you wish you could come. You'll probably have enough money now god knows, but you can't come to Curacao. People without phones cannot come, they never come. There has never been a tourist in Curacao who did not have a phone in his home. Do you challenge that? You have always been an obstreperous sort." Aunt Minnie had taught grade school. "Well name one," she said. "Name just one tourist in Curacao. . ."

As he walked, Philip saw the poles. The wires were inescapable. They brought back memories of calls he'd made throughout his life and trying to get change in stores, asking strangers to change half dollars. Long distance calls from phone booths, quarters, nickels, dimes scattered over the metal ledge below the phone. Then the dropping of them, dropping them in as rain beat on the glass of the booth, ran over the metal edge of the door, formed puddles at his feet. "Mother! Please take me away from this camp! I'm homesick, come and get me! Please! I swear I'll make my bed every day. I'll take the garbage out, I'll always be home for supper on the dot." Jobs: "Mr. Which? This is Philip Spend. You remember, the boy with the jet black hair and winning smile? I applied for the job of telegram delivery boy, remember now? You don't. You already have someone. I see." And girlfriends: "Janet! Tell me! You can't leave me up in the air like this. Somehow we can work this out. Look, this is silly, really, darling, please" and the wire's silent death. The doctor: "I'm afraid that that growth must come out." "But doctor I can't see your face." "That's all right, the results are the same, either way they're the same, don't be foolish."

Philip sat in a bar and tried to erase his bad days. Behind him a man made a call in a telephone booth. "Hi! Ann! It's Bill! Just wondered how you were! No, no. Well sure. Hey listen." It was all so easy and casual that Philip drank beer and read matchbook covers, of which there were three in his booth. Learn Greek! The first one said. But he knew Greek already. He was still a high school teacher of Greek, though soon he'd be rich from the couple death and have all days off, and he tossed that matchbook as he. Become a poet! the next one said. Earn local recognition, undying fame! Astound and confuse your friends! Become proficient at the sonnet, ballad, ballade, villanelle!

Close cover before striking! This held no interest for Philip. The last match cover said, Master electronics at home in your spare time! See inside cover for details. Someone else entered the telephone booth as Philip flipped the matchbook cover open, a woman. "Jim! It's Ruth! Hi baby! Miss me? Love!" In just a few hours a day of your spare time, using our easy methods, you can learn to become a true electronics craftsman! Learn integrated circuits, disintegrated circuits! Master baffling technology, tame it, put it to work for you, make it knuckle down and say "uncle."

Since Philip's life was now spare time, he did just that. His first year of study he learned about the source and transmission of power. His second year he built transmitters, receivers, modulators, antennas, radio-wave tuners, radio signal amplifiers and detectors, and a super high-powered intelligence amplifier. His third year he studied vertical stages of non-circular thermodynamics; his fourth, transverse theories of fractional telegraphy; his fifth, transmogrification of disordered nystagmatic beeps.

His sixth year of study he invented the Perpetual Ringer. It rang Aunt Minnie's phone no matter where she was. It rang it all day long in Curacao, Tahiti, Guam. She had it disconnected and blown up but still it rang till at last she punctured both her eardrums and went deaf.

In Philip's seventh year he invented the Phantom Caller. It called the Boss. Whenever the Boss picked up the phone it was not his wife or mistress or his son who was hitting .346 in double-A ball in the Betty League, but the Phantom Caller, which said: "Emotionally you are still a child. Your clothes and demeanor cannot conceal this fact. The whole world knows. Your gruff exterior hides nothing. You still like Dubble Bubble gum. Give in, give in."

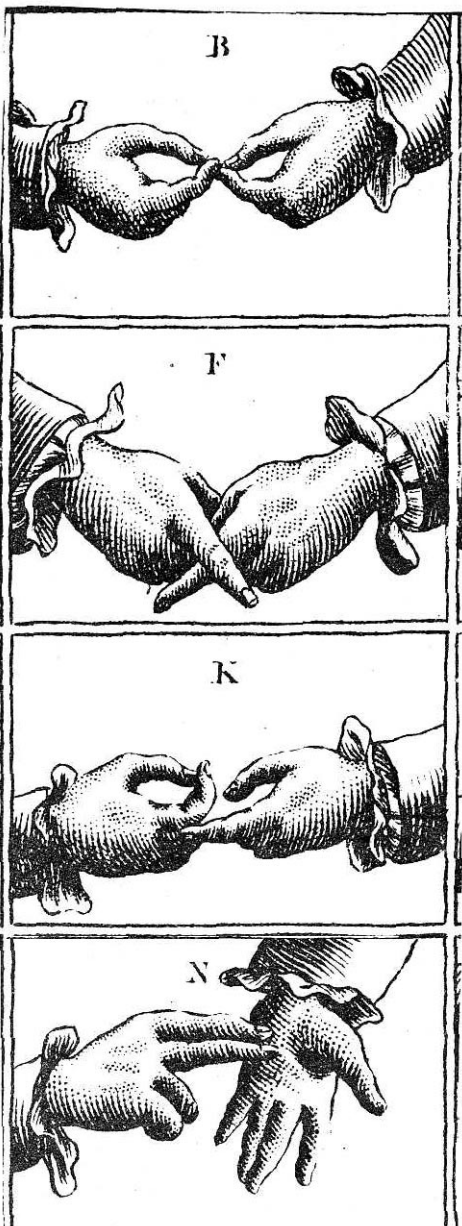
In his eighth year Philip made the Melter. This heated up circuits so telephone wires melted on poles, black plastic dripped from trees. Receivers dissolved in hands of doting mothers, harping wives, hot lovers. Phone booths sagged in the midst of winter, toppled, closed like clams on those within. International business deals collapsed in the final stages, twisting slowly, squirming, giving up.

In the ninth year phones called each other across the oceans, talked for days. No people were involved but the bill was staggering, and stocks declined in New York, London, Brussels, Paris, Bonn. Aunt Minnie panhandled dimes outside the Alexander Graham Bell Association for the Deaf in Washington, D. C., which was sinking into the Potomac. The Boss steamed himself into monastic repentance, lived in chastity and silence for the rest of his life.

Philip took two years to create the Seducer. Operators begged him for his number. His body. They called him day and night with unspeakably erotic proposals. He heard their hot and eager breaths pant into his ear, pleading. If only, oh god, I'll do anything, don't hang up, you have to listen, I swear, be good to me, oh Philip, Philip. Philip. Violate me! Pretty soon he grew bored with this.

Christopher Fahy
Tenants Harbor, Maine

RURAL COMMUNICATION SYSTEM A HONK AND A HEADLIGHT



As small towns in Maine go, Lubec is big for its size, harboring 2,022 natives and "from aways" in its easternmost corner of the United States. A stone's throw across Lubec Narrows lies the island that made Roosevelt famous — Campobello. Its sunrises are spectacular, as are the numbers of tourists who cross over into its Canadian landscape to gawk at Roosevelt's former summer cottage — all 37 rooms of it. Needless to say, these same 134,000 annual visitors pass by Lubec as if it were an unmarked exit off the turnpike. Going nowhere.

When I first arrived in Lubec from San Francisco, coming as I did like a contemporary pioneer: by jet, by Ryder truck, by hotfooted Datsun the last thirty miles of country road, I was unaware of the complexities of rural life. Like so many others "from away," I naively assumed I was leaving behind me the vast network of cliques, of small talk at literary cocktail parties, of panicky scrambling up the proverbial ladder, of smog alerts and leash laws, of the confusion of free signs which invariably tell you to "Turn Back: You Are Going the Wrong Way." At last the hodgepodge of urban doubletalk would be cleared from my life.

Soon enough I discovered that country living is not all that it seems on the surface. An underground communication system, more intricate and complex than a macro-computer organization, operates in this part of the state. Long before C.B.'s, a far cry from radar, sonar, and eight-party telephone lines, outmoding the ICBM, the carrier pigeon, the TransAtlantic Tunnel of tomorrow — this energy response

system, highly personalized and catering to individual eccentricities, functions twenty-four hours a day.

Wherever men and women are at work, at play, asleep, in school, out dancing, or dining on the hill overlooking the unpretentious clam flats and herring weirs which surround the necks and heads and arms of this wholly connecting landscape, the Downeast Communication Operations Yammer — DECOY, for short — is also at work.

Messages sent by DECOY are prompt and immediate. There is no place for hesitation, no room for error, before the news is out and received. DECOY relays a language of its own; it is the social side of the community, acting like a wire service which links the separate members of the town together. It is the reason why Lubeckers do not need to read the daily newspaper, watch the 6 o'clock news on television, or rely on the telephone. DECOY exists by virtue of a sort of unsigned contract adhered to by the members of the community.

The significant. The need to know how and where and why. These are the priorities of fishermen, cannery workers, postal clerks, town selectmen, and shopkeepers alike. Language gives life, and for them, the faculty of speech might be just a synonym for the unnecessary and superfluous.

In Lubec one can witness culture exert an influence on language.

A honk and a headlight. The cannery whistle blasting at seven to inform workers the herring are running. A horn off Quoddy Head warning of fog. Bells at noon, and again at Vespers.

Downtown the siren at nine imitates the old town-crier calling out the curfew hour. After dark, more honks. One if a relative, two if a friend — reporting in safe and sound. The trip up and down the county road has been safely maneuvered, and everything is as it should be. Then, in the still night, the repeated blasts. Men counting in their sleep — Fifty-Two! A fire this time in North Lubec; perhaps the next one will be right here in town. The language is not translated, only the experience.

Speech may seem to be helpless at times of crisis or extreme emotion. Words are often weaker than the experience itself. And like the Tarot pack, revealing its symbolic secrets in the cards, the DECOY system is at its best when used as a touchstone, a guide to action, a criterion for responsible behavior. There begins to emerge a set of values that owes its existence solely to usage and general acceptance. Without these values, the community could not react as a unit, and would consequently be out of touch with itself. Speaking through the code, the forms are preserved, and the experience recognized.

Secrets are meant to hold things in, to retain the spell, to form a liaison between individuals which brings them closer. It is a way of passing on information that keeps the status quo intact. There is a permanence about secrets that outlasts time and discovery. In a small town like Lubec, nothing is obscured with passing time. Here, an individual can see better by entering the darkness with a honk and a headlight, and everything becomes clear.

Kathleen Lignell
Lubec, Maine

Kong Twice

I first saw the original "King Kong" when I was thirteen, and I was quite impressed (as most thirteen-year-olds who watch a giant gorilla fight with dinosaurs tend to be).

The film is, of course, extremely silly, but those who dismiss it as such don't know how to have any fun. Besides, how many movies aren't fantasy? Just because it is extreme fantasy doesn't mean it isn't good. "Kong" is a fine example of a movie employing what is known as "temporary suspension of disbelief." In other words, if you go into the theatre with the idea that the film is going to be the ultimate in realism, you're going to be disappointed. You're not going to have a good time sitting there booing and hissing and throwing popcorn at the screen just because you don't believe in big monkeys. You've got to accept certain things. And if you don't accept them, shut up. The rest of us are having the time of our lives.

"Kong" was one of the pioneering animation films. At the time it was made, nothing of its type had been tried on such a scale. The man behind the monster was Willis O'Brien, special effects expert. He and his team of assistants built hundreds of miniature sets and prehistoric animals. There were actually two models of Kong, constructed of cotton, latex, and rabbit fur. Also, a large head was built for close-ups, replete with rolling eyeballs and flaring nostrils. Finally, a giant paw was created, all the better to grasp Fay Wray with.

The casting was perfect: Robert Armstrong, excellent as Denham, the headstrong showman who would risk anything to capture Kong; Bruce Cabot as the first mate of the ship, the brawny hero, untutored in the ways of women; and Miss Wray herself, the terrified heroine, whose screaming becomes very annoying after five minutes.



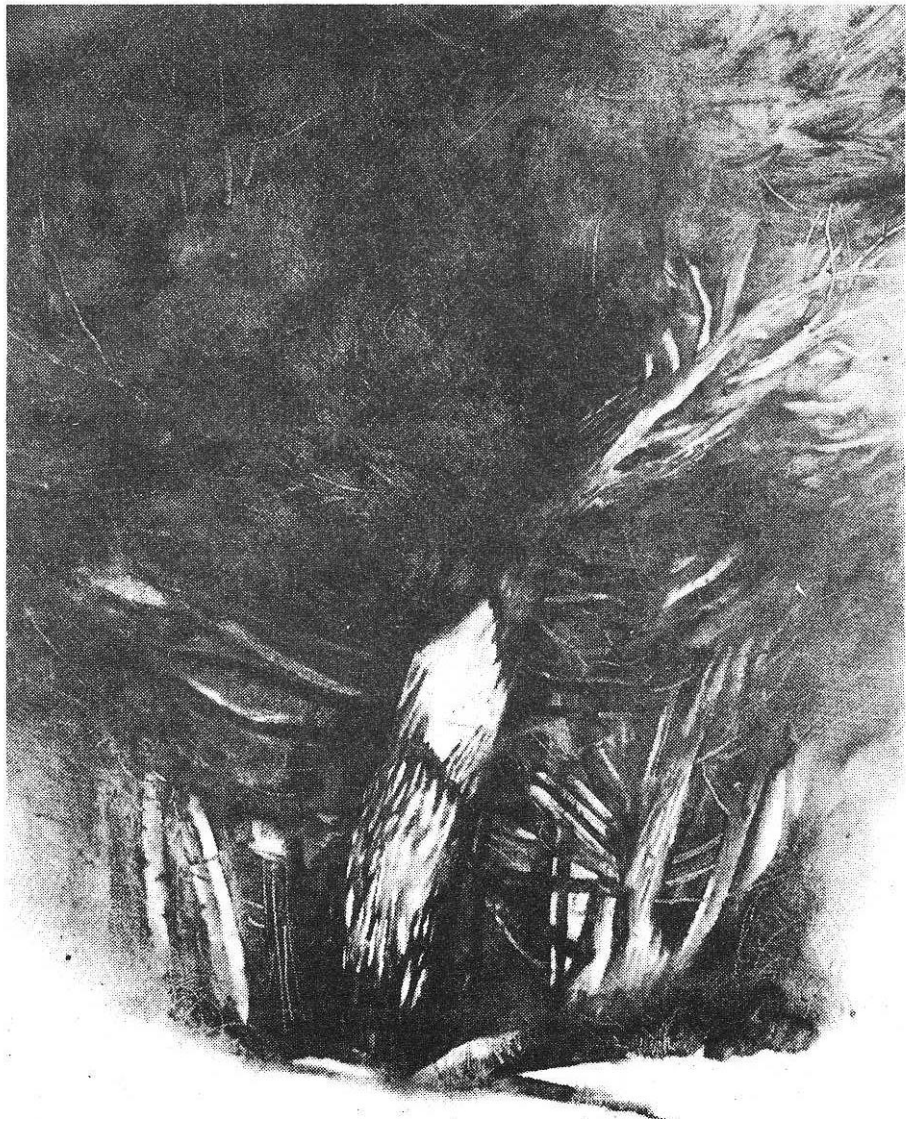
Dino de Laurentis was the mastermind behind the new "Kong." In spirit, he closely resembles the Carl Denham character. Money flows through his veins. And that's how he looked at the movie: not as art, but as money.

The live action sequences in the new "Kong" are what's really bad. When screenwriters attempt to update old screenplays, the result is often embarrassment. Such is the case with "Kong." Also, the hiring of a model with no acting experience (or ability) for the part of the heroine was, to put it bluntly, stupid.

However, the special effects in the new "Kong" are quite impressive. Believe it or not, a man in an ape suit was used. The one thing I found amusing was that de Laurentis had a giant robot gorilla built for some scenes. In the final version of the film, it appears in one scene and it looks like a giant robot gorilla. So much for spending a lot of money to insure that the film is "good."

With Kong, as in paintings, nothing an match the original. The original "Kong" has a mystical quality about it that, while perhaps quaint at times, can never be recaptured. King Kong will never die! He's just kept coming back in cruddy remakes.

Jeff Pert
Student, UMA



Editor's Note: Photo of oil painting by Philip Paratore, UMA art faculty. Paratore recently completed an exciting series of landscapes.

Reviews: TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS

CHANSONETTA: THE LIFE AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHANSONETTA STANLEY EMMONS, 1858-1937

by Marius Peladeau
(Maine Antique Digest, Waldoboro, Maine, paperback \$8.95)

The work of a remarkable pioneer photographer has come to light. A quiet Victorian from Kingfield, Chansonetta worked assiduously all her life, without even the modest fame of her contemporaries, Alice Austen and Frances Johnston. The 95-odd photographs here will interest historians and excite photographers and antique lovers who care about early equipment and technique.

A master of interior photography, her sensitive lens fixed rural New England, a dying world, onto thousands of cumbersome glass plates, most of them later hauled to the town dump. Fewer than a thousand remain, plus 1200 prints and some hand-colored glass lantern slides — not a lot for 50 years' work. Chansonetta's daughter, Dorothy (d. 1960) tried to preserve them, as did her nephew.

Beautifully composed shots of farmhouse kitchens and parlors, blacksmith shops and grist mills, shed and barn interiors have a gentle, serene simplicity, like Shaker rocking chairs. Children gather eggs, fish, play in the orchard — most are rendered without sentimentality. Her brilliantly-lit Yankee farmers spinning, weaving, haying, cooking, or grinding grain are parables in light and dark.

Born in 1858, an only daughter among seven, Chansonetta grew up "headstrong and determined." Two brothers invented the Stanley Steamer automobile and the Stanley Dry Plate, a photographic process. Her brothers acquainted "Netta" with photography; soon she moved to Boston to study and teach art. At 29, she married a young businessman and set up housekeeping. By 1897, she was back taking pictures. Two years later her husband died, leaving her a widow at 40, with a seven-year-old daughter.

Her scope astounds. She carried around a heavy 1904 Century 5"x7" camera, tripod, carrying case and film holders. The equipment necessitated strict posing of her subjects and many retakes before she was satisfied. Indoors, she made pictures only in natural lighting, and kept track of long exposures by counting out loud.

Especially beautiful is an early picture of 90-year-old Tristram Norton shelling corn inside a spacious shed, Chansonetta's young daughter Dorothy sitting on the floor building a little house with the corn cobs. A halo of light streams through the window, tangling in the old man's white beard, falling on the basket of corn, highlighting a simple barrel. Corners of the barn remain dark, as do Dorothy's hair and dress, a perfect study in the contrast of old age and youth. Timeless evanescent beauty and domestic city. An interior shot of an attic in an old Maine farmhouse, c. 1909 — a Flemish still life — contains a jug, a pair of shoes, a spinning wheel, bundles of drying corn cobs. She seems especially interested in elderly women alone, doing daily tasks or simply sitting quietly in solitude. Her daughter was also a favorite model. Some curious late photographs even show us nude women bathing in a pond with their infants.

Kathleen Palm
Hartford, Conn.

NIGHT TRAIN AT WISCASSET STATION
Photographs by Kosti Ruohomaa

Text by Lew Dietz
(Doubleday)

All Christmas books, I suspect, should be suspect. Especially those about Maine. A Christmas book is large, glossy, with lots of pictures. One glances, and leaves it on the coffee table. At Easter, it's still there, slightly stained with martinis.

I'm not quite sure about *Night Train*. Mainly because of its connotative title. But — do we really need another book about Maine? Perhaps instead, fewer books and more reading. But that's merely a rhetorical gambit. Doubleday published it because, commercially speaking, it was a safe bet: Christmas / rural Maine / nostalgia. These photographs of the way-it-was, and some poetic if erratic philosophic commentary by Lew Dietz are blandly prefaced by no less a name than Andrew Wyeth's. A book like this plus a drink or two can do wonders for the troubled holiday spirit.

My reservations about content do not reflect on Lew Dietz' skill as a writer. Here is his response to the rural values implicit in Ruohomaa's camera work.

Maine at the crossroads sees its future through a glass darkly. What is clear is that decisions made today will shape a course from which there is no return. On the side of optimism is the example of the Maine past. Always there has resided at the heart of the native consciousness the wisdom to know that those who own the land own the people, and only a people who own and honor its land can control its destiny. . . nature demonstrates that ecosystems support growth only to the point of equilibrium. . . The speed of the runaway horse is not important. . . The shape of Maine's future turns upon how well its beleaguered villagers protect the land and order growth. In the meantime, the earth turns and the night train still waits at the wayside station.

"Returns" from decisions depend on who makes those decisions. History demonstrates that those who own land do not necessarily own people. That only people who own and honor their land can control its destiny reminds one of that particular relationship of the American Indian to his land.

As for the camera work, there is little of the concern with mis-en-scene that marks the best photographers. We search through the oddly familiar for an aesthetic. The value system says that the "good old days" were truly good, when life moved slowly, innocently, toward a final apotheosis with that great hayrack in the sky. "Local colour," nostalgia, "where never is heard a discouraging word" is visually defined by Ruohomaa. He gives us a rural world peopled and set, except for one childhood sequence, with the old — old farms, old tools, old people. The old people stare fixedly and distantly at us from behind photographic gloss. What passions? What fires? Who shaped their careful symmetry? Somehow Ruohomaa's work suggests personal desperation.

If the night train is a metaphor for Maine, so Maine is a nostalgic metaphor for our country. Anxiety about the present, fears for the future, can be glazed over with sentimentality which believes in what lies over the rainbow, looping backwards. Publishers will always be ready to fill this need. But this book at least suggests the reality of night, of stations, and trains that never wait.

Gordon Clark
Faculty, UMA

Suicide Note of an Ancient Lady

and this started out as a short suicide note, but it's getting out of hand (Although, I've got a right to wander in my thoughts, seventy eight years will buy you that much understanding from your friends). But all my friends are dead now so it hardly matters. I find it difficult to say what I want to in a few short pages. Who was I? — a frightened schoolgirl, a lonesome dancer, a passionate lover — a sometimes cynic, an incurable romantic. I was all of these and none of these. Somewhere inside me is a lovestruck Juliet, a defiant Nora, a guilty Lady Macbeth, and even a confused Stella, still stuck in that same streetcar. I'm not sure where to look for myself anymore. I was what I did, not what I said, or thought, and the deeds were done and done again in watermelon sugar (my readers are always surprised that an old prune like me has read Brautigan, but I read him as well as Balzac, Voltaire, Marx, Hemingway, Dickens, etcetera, from soup can labels to doctoral dissertations and all of them added up to words and more words). Where do I start and end? Born on January first nineteen hundred in the first hour of the first day of the 20th century, I thought myself very special. When World War I broke out I was much more concerned that my skin would break out and ruin my complexion. My first acting break was in 1921 when I was an extra in three silent films. But you know the rest from my plays, books, and poetry. If anything, I've been overexposed by the press and television. Everyone knows the silent film actress of the twenties who became the ballet dancer of the thirties, the playwright and poetess of the forties. But at fifty one I was too tired to argue



Watercolor Collage by Karen Wilkinson, student, UMA

with the House UnAmerican Activities Committee. For over twenty-five years I've lived here in this house my second husband built for me. A house stuffed with photographs and memories and mirrors. I'm sure my life would have been different had it not been for the goldfish bowl I was forced to live in, the public eye is often a jaundiced one, blinded by malice and greed and just

pure jealousy. So as a not-so-willing goldfish I performed and swam out my life and each time I burped or broke wind a reporter was there to chronicle it for posterity. And yet I missed it a little when I was no longer news, like a toothache that throbs deliciously, you're a little sorry when the tooth is pulled (but not too sorry). At least I don't have to wallow in guilt because of the

friends or relatives I am leaving behind because I have none. My first husband, Jack, died in the Second World War of pneumonia. A very gallant way to die — in Fort Sill, Oklahoma from a bad bout of pneumonia. Which didn't really bother me because we would have been divorced anyway. And Walter died from too many martinis in the early sixties, but I loved him very much even when he was drunk. As for my friends, they are all pushing daisies in little cemetery plots with school kids playing frisbee over their sacred graves. Now this house that Walter built for me has become my early grave and I can't stand it anymore. But the real purpose of this note (which will be rewritten and distorted anyway) is to say goodbye, I love you, and it's been fun. I don't feel sorry for myself, or depressed, or much of anything. I am tired and I have led a good life, I've had my share of lovers and haters, have been drunk and enlightened, and I feel that it is time for me to leave this planet since I have outlived myself. (What a horrible run-on sentence, they'll have fun with that in rewrite.) Like Brautigan's dog I have lost my way to death and before someone wraps me in a rug and shovels me under or horrors of horrors puts me in a nursing home, I plan to stand in front of this mirror and watch the expression on my face when the bullet enters my brain. I don't fear death but welcome it and leave knowing that if I wasn't a saint I wasn't the worst sinner either but just another pretty face (it's good for an old prune to have some humor left when she shoots herself). As for my fortune I spent the bulk of it years ago on paintings and booze and good food — and

David Hutchins
Student, UMA

旅に病み
夢は枯小野を
駆けめぐる

To Be in the Village

The "pei chi" blackbird threads trees with its words as white-eyed geese thronging the pond, fanfare; I bring a cool drink to the road's sun-stricken, and a mess of rice to help a neighbor plow; our flimsy bridge shelves of at the edge and tottering house-rooves cant half askew. Don't laugh Mister, at these indolent ways, here's enough to overbrim my lifetime.

An Early Evening in Late Summer

I.
After I've gone past
their fear, the crickets once more
strike up behind me.

II.
But what remains: cold
road of moonlight, how closely
you follow the day!

III.
One red leaf, fallen
in my path: it's still August,
I'll walk around it.

IV.
My life half over,
I listen with the half year. . .
next full moon, a frost.

David Walker
Freedom, Maine

Frost, 6 a.m.

I.
Minefield in the grass:
some sky we'll never wake to,
lost there overnight.

II.
Three deer muse across
tart crabapples: the freckle
on-pink breasts of fall.

III.
Each leaf that drops, will
freeze where it strikes — how perfect,
their composition!

IV.
In the blue shadows,
house and barn are waiting — still
as never before.

ORIENTAL VERSE FORMS

Translations from the Chinese — David Gordon

Editor's Note: David Gordon (Alna, Maine) seeks "fairly exact" translations of the poems of Lu Yu. His second volume of translations will appear soon.

Night Return to the Courier's Inn

As the tower's "tung tung" begins to sound the watch the broken clouds suspend the rain, clearing the air:
at the market bridge a freshet sways the lamps' reflections, and in the courier road's deep ruts heavy clogs sound.
But the market gate is all changed from former times — will this feel of loneliness outlast my days?
Still in high autumn, my health revived, I could have a drink, with extra cash buy unstrained wine to toast the Great Peace.

HAIKU

The fox knows many
Things; the porcupine knows one.
It is sufficient.

R. J. Siegler
Augusta, Maine

TANKA

We saw a red fox once
Stop on a field with apple trees
And watched him stand alert
Hopefully to have an apple fall
Before returning to his forest den.
Robin Colcord
Boothbay, Maine

At Anchor

On Girl River
riding the tide,
as it came to full flood,
and up at Long Reach,
the tide
had just started to then slap-dash
every boat
cast off in one swoop, with
me lying there, hearing
the river fill
with the oars' swash.



Calligraphy
Doug Aiquier

FEARFUL WISHES

"Men, some to business, some
to pleasure take;
but every woman is at
heart a rake."
Alexander Pope

Because Cleo urged it, Roberts rushed home at five, but when he got there, she and the children were gone. First he cursed. Then anger turned to fear: his God! Hacked? Burned? Mangled, stabbed or maimed? Clothes tucked away death in secret folds — hot grease snickered, sprang up in faces; hoodlums slithered in through unlocked screens. The back door stood ajar like a mouth agape with terror; bureau drawers hung open, trailing their contents like the entrails of gutted beasts — signs of VIOLENT haste?

"Whoa, now!" Roberts reigned in his fear. "I should investigate further before reaching such a hasty conclusion. I'll look for a note beneath the sugar bowl or on the ledge of the bathtub or on the refrigerator door."

On a square of brown wrapping paper laid out in the middle of the kitchen floor he found a mound: a large safety pin with three buttons impaled upon it, a diaper which smelled of furniture wax, a matchbook cover from Leong's, an old issue of *Time*, one blue sock, a half dozen bobby pins, two hair rollers, and a lawn sprinkler made of brass. Now here are things to sink the teeth of the brain into! he thought. He stuffed the smaller items into his coat pockets; he lifted the sprinkler to inspect it, then thrust his left arm through the opening up to his elbow to test its sincerity. Next he strode to his neighborhood tavern, where

A melancholy, almost sullen hush prevailed, with some half dozen solitary drinkers at the bar, like scholars brooding in the archives of the soul.

"Large schooner," Roberts told the barkeep. "You know," he added, gesturing with the arm encircled by the sprinkler, "the half dozen drinkers at the bar here put me in mind of scholars brooding in the archives of the soul."

"We get all kinds," the barkeep grunted. "It takes all kinds," he added after reflecting. An aspiring writer, he considered himself a perspicacious student of human nature.

Roberts wanted to give vent to his grief, his confusion, but the barkeep had turned away to dust the bottles beneath the mirror.

"It's quiet in here," Roberts complained.

"Yes," the barkeep mused. "Only the soft clink of bottles jostled against each other can be heard as I move along the counter underneath the mirror."

Suddenly the door burst open and in rushed a barbershop quartet taking a break from a rehearsal in the annex of a nearby fire station. Their names were Phil and Frank and Bill and Jack. They sang hello:

"Hellooooo-"
"Helloooooo-"
"Hellooooooo-"
"Helloooooooo-"

The chord was G7. Like magic the mood changed; now there was gaiety and joyful exuberance mixed with the intimations of sorrow and pain. Roberts rejoiced in their presence.

"I've lost my wife and children," he announced at large.

"I should be so lucky," someone snorted down the bar.

Having ordered, Phil and Frank and Bill and Jack hummed "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag".

"I'll kill the bastard!" growled the man who sat two stools down from Roberts. He wore a railroad hat with a rounded peak like a cupola of a church.

"What bastard?" Roberts asked in puzzlement.

"Have another drink — then you'll remember," the man promised bitterly, then swept up his change and departed.

"You don't know what you got 'til it's gone," spoke a man who was seated on Roberts' right. He wore a crumpled tweed suit and a fedora pushed back on his head. His name was Carmichael; he was a reporter and he had been up all night and day watching an especially tragic or profound story unravel itself to a faithful conclusion. His words seemed to come from deep within. Roberts saw he had much depth.

"You got a lot of depth, fella," he told the reporter. "Your words seem to come from deep within."

"Thanks," Carmichael said. After a moment, he added wisely, "I just don't know, you know?"

"Yeah. I don't know either," Roberts put in. They shook their heads sadly and drank in silence for a moment, and between them their not knowing seemed to them the culmination of human wisdom.

"Maybe it was my fault," Roberts offered, absently revolving the sprinkler around his elbow.

"Takes two to tango."

"Still—" Roberts insisted. "Had I acted differently, maybe I wouldn't be sitting here right now wearing this." He tapped the sprinkler lightly with a forefinger.

"Women!" Carmichael snorted. "Happens all the time to everybody— try to be philosophical about it."

"Thanks. You know, I find myself growing stronger somehow, more stoical, as though already I'm bucking up to accept whatever strange turn my destiny might take."

"Maybe, too you're a little excited to suddenly find your life in turmoil and realize you'll have to fight like hell to keep from going under, but if you bear the scars you'll emerge a stronger man."

"It's possible." While Roberts thoughtfully stroked his chin, the sprinkler clanked against the edge of the bar. He slipped it off his elbow and laid it gently beside his schooner, then patted his bulging coat pockets as if to console them.

"This is all that remains," he declared as he removed the articles from his pockets.

"Jesus, if only they could speak—"

"Ah, but they do!" Roberts snarled. "Take this matchbook cover, for instance. Obtained at the scene of the crime. Leong's. Our tenth anniversary. Such dancing!" His eyelids drooped in vivid reminiscence. "Such indescribable elation!"

"Tell me about it," Carmichael mooned.

"Take this old *Time*. The matchbook cover. Old times. Not like the new times. Anniversaries grow increasingly tinged with the bittersweet mixture of joy and sorrow."

"Huh!"

"Next I offer in exhibit this diaper—" Roberts held it in his palm like a crippled songbird. "Look at it. Used as a dustcloth, then discarded. Discarded!" He wagged his head, overwhelmed. "Can this be fathomed?"

"Could it be she left you because your relationship isn't as satisfying as it once was?"

"Yes," Roberts hurried to agree. "Also, the discarded diaper suggests a rebellion against domestic chores, as does likewise this—" he proffered the safety pin with the three buttons impaled upon it. "Safety. Security. Cast aside in hopes of adventure!"

"The plot thickens!" Carmichael exclaimed in alarm, his cry arousing Phil and Frank and Bill and Jack and the barkeep into alert expectation. There was a pause while Roberts lifted the sock from the bar and dangled it before his eyes, mulling over its implications. Finally he looked up. "Blue sock?"

"May I?" Carmichael extended a palm for the sock; Roberts handed it over with courtesy, open end first.

"Maybe she's implying that living with you is sort of like a sock from the blue," Carmichael decided.

"Or—" Roberts added with mounting excitement— "this is what she hopes I feel like now. Blue sock— a bruise!"

"At any rate, the general tenor is unmistakable. That leaves the hair rollers and the six bobby pins," Carmichael said, nodding sagely.

They studied the items on the bar in deep silence for a moment. The reporter moaned quietly with revelation. "Well, it's all there **now** isn't it!"

Roberts shook his head sadly. "My God, that last link! So final!" They looked at each other.

"She's letting her hair down with a man named Bobby!" they shouted in grief-stricken unison.

"Oh no!" cried Frank and Jack and Bill and Phil.

"Or—" Roberts wailed in horror— "six men all named Bobby!"

"Ahh, my God!" Carmichael screeched in anguish. Phil and Frank and Jack and Bill began to blubber out a chorus of "Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine", after which

They all sank into a sullen silence. They drank deeply in sorrow. They thought of Destiny as a whore.

"Destiny is a whore," Roberts muttered.

"I was thinking the same thing," the reporter replied.

"I wonder," Roberts mused bitterly after a while, "was it her intention to reveal herself so clearly through these simple objects, too cowardly to utter aloud her infamy?"

"Cowardly bitch!" growled Carmichael.

"Or have these objects simply been strewn about the rooms of the psyche with Freudian abandon?"

"Freudian bitch!" Carmichael snapped into his schooner.

The phone rang. The barkeep answered it, listened, hung up.

"Carmichael, your old lady wants you to come home."

The reporter rose from his stool.

"I'm a crud," he said, tears springing to his eyes. "I don't deserve such a woman."

After he left, Phil and Frank and Jack and Bill hurriedly crowded into the phone booth to call their wives. They closed the door. Tears welled in their eyes. They sang "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad". They emerged chastened and humbled.

Roberts felt all alone. In the end, he thought, a man is all alone. "when you get down to the nitty-gritty, nobody really gives a hang about your troubles." He began to sing. Nobody knew the trouble he'd seen.

The quartet eased silently up behind him. "Doo-wah, doo-wah," they sang.

"My friend," the barkeep spoke gently when they finished, moved beyond his usual callous cynicism by their touching rendition of the old song, a favorite of his departed mother's, "let me give you some advice. If you want her back, go get her. Find her, love her, hug her, kiss her, squeeze her, cherish her forever!"

Roberts felt he was on the verge of a new phase. "I think you're right!"

"Hooray, hooray and hooray!" the quartet cheered.

Outside, night had fallen. Frank and Bill and Phil and Jack leaned against a lamp post, while Roberts checked his coat pockets to secure his treasures and give the sprinkler a tug against his elbow to firm it.

"These are my only clues. They've got to be protected at all costs," he ordered, charging the quartet with the mission. "Great secrets lie in them. Clues to location. In the days to come, as I wander the face of the earth in search of my... my home, my essence, these simple, homely objects may come to have a meaning far beyond their mere intrinsic monetary value. Can you see how, trudging across trails grown faint with time, I might grow weary of the quest and these few seeming insignificant items might help to restore my dedication? There will, no doubt, be moments of uncertainty, say, when I am braced against the railing of a tanker, staring out across the icy gale which lashes the ship from stern to stem in some wild, hard-charted North Sea voyage."

"Oh, you can see him braced against the railing of a tanker," chimed in the quartet.

Roberts started off down the sidewalk. "Perhaps she lies ahead somewhere", perhaps I'll think," he thought aloud while the quartet shuffled off behind him, choreographing themselves around trees and bus stop benches. "Questions to be put

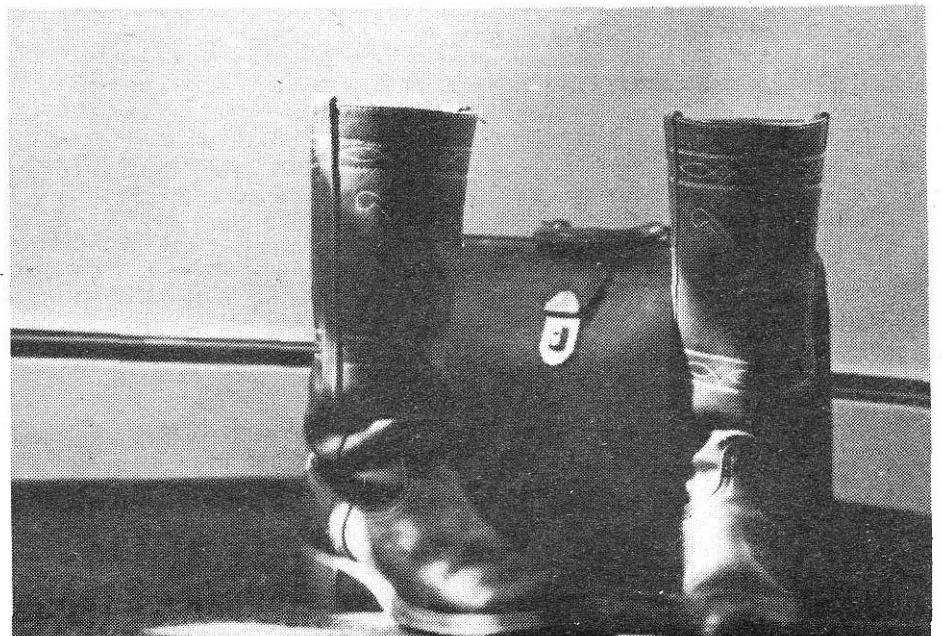


Photo by Rania Patterson, student, UMA

Essay on Orange

Orange surfaces by the woodshed.
Hiding behind paisley curtains I watch
khaki bodies pass the house.
Seven spread out across the road, shouting.
One's missing.
He's over at the edge of the road
wiping himself front to back,
flinging brown kleenex into the road.
Beating trees with sticks, yelling,
they startle doe and yearling in the thickets,
scare them forward to the reception line
sitting cross-legged half-mile away,
drinking whiskey, waiting.
Doe and Fawn, their eyes bulge-white,
skin shudder, make terrified leaps,
metal exploding into their chests,
men shouting and jumping into the air,
ecstatic.

Margaret Rigg Stewart
Waldoboro, Maine

Sometimes We All Feel Like Houses

Sometimes we all feel like houses.
What's going on inside of us,
we can't do a damn thing about,
except sit there on our cellars.

Charles Oakes
UMA Student

Orange

I strip an orange
sun saturated petals fall
under each thumbstroke
departing from each other
they squirt bitter juice
in my eye
I consider it pointless
feeling sorry for them
"You've had it now," I say
smiling to myself
I set out to find the brightest
ray of sunlight for a feast
It was a rich plush dessert
and I enjoyed it very much
revenge had nothing to do with it.-
Kathlyn Munroe
Solon, Maine

FEARFUL WISHES con't. . . .

to Missing Persons Bureaus the world over, tattered photos to be taken gingerly from my wallet, explanations made difficult by language barriers: 'avez-vous seen estos personnas?'

"Oh five-foot blue, eyes of two, could she, could she, could she chew-" sang the quartet after forming a diamond around a trash barrel.

"Despair!" Roberts cried out in lamentation. "Maybe another year will find me drunk in a Paris hotel, sheets wet with cognac-sweat, a stinking whore beside me, down to my last franc, my final lead having worked its way to a dead end, dark thoughts of ending it all worming their way into my dissipated brain when-"

"A clue from the blue?"

"A note from the boat?"

"A friend of the whore?"

"Slipped under the door?"

"Yes!" Roberts exclaimed with joy. "And from there perhaps the long climb to the restoration of faith in the mission of recovering that which once had made me whole — how many men can boast a suffering so great, a challenge so meaningful?"

"Too few, too few!"

They proceeded in silence for a block while Roberts brooded. There will be other women! he thought suddenly. At the corner he paused to wait for the light. The quartet hung back at a respectful distance, huddled, eyes averted. Then Phil stepped forward.

"We were wondering-"

"Yes?"

"There will be other lips that you might kiss-?"

Roberts smiled with the bitterness of ironic defeat. "Yes, but you know how that ends. No matter how tempting their siren call, my vision will remain forever fixed on that one bright star in my life, my Cleo. Their arms, their lips, their kiss, their hair, their hips — they cannot hold a candle to her simple smile, her warm embrace."

They continued to walk. "I'll leave my job," Roberts planned aloud. "Go on the bum, hitchhike, hop freights, sign on freighters, do odd jobs, I'll find a way. Somehow."

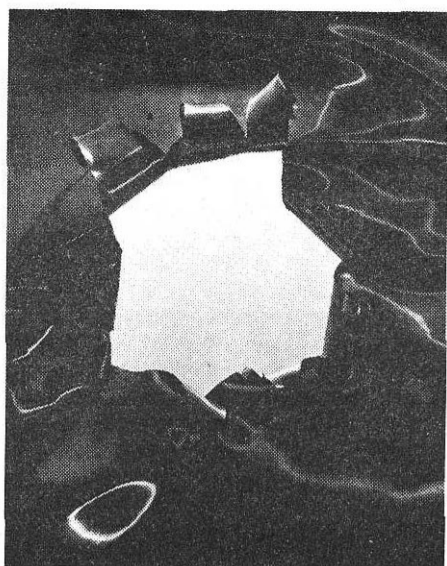
When they reached his house, Roberts invited them in for a final drink before his solitary quest began.

But when he opened the door, Cleo leaped up from where she had been perched on the edge of the couch, chewing her little fingernails to the quick.

"Oh, Darlinng!" she gasped and ran to clasp her arms about his waist. "I was so so worried! I thought he'd been run down in the street or wracked in a wreck or struck by a stroke or hacked by a thug or slain by a train-"

"Oh Cleo, my dearest Dear!" he yelped and drew her close to him. "My own true blue! I thought the very same of you!"

Rachel Butler DeBlois
Brunswick, Maine



Editor's Note: photo by Michael Woods, UMA art faculty, of his own stainless steel sculpture. Woods works with various steel plates, about 24"x18", and blasts holes in them with dynamite.

The Widow

No longer must she wear the widow's weeds
and shroud her face to ward off verbal wounds;
or walk with downcast eyes to raise her lids
and trap a strange, inquiring glance;
nor keep herself aloof from social intercourse until a proper time.
Diamonds she may wear; no need to buy the beads and pin and earrings all of jet,
which liven not an unbecoming black.
The widow now looks out from levelled eyes
which challenge, yet betray a fear of further
loss of brightness in each day.
Colors she dons with care
to show a braver heart than grieving;
but in whatever hues she clothes herself
the man's eye always finds a stripe of scarlet.

Elizabeth Rawlings
Alna, Maine

Deseilligny

(from The Pinball Players)

You found the walrus
and brought its skull
with much celebration
to public light.
Its long tusks
very like the hoe
you use in your work
yet how strange
it should come to you
instead of a veteran digger.
You might even cultivate
a legend
about the boy
who cleverly removed
the walrus's head
so it could neither
see nor hear
the tide when it came
and all the inhabitants
of the area
could harvest the clams
that grew and replenished
in its stranded body.

Kris Larson
East Machias, Maine

Jen

jen is two now
and can talk:
if this were
seven years ago
and she vietnamese
she'd almost
be old enough
to sell her mother

Doug Rawlings
Mt. Vernon, Maine

Five Years Out of College

I don't read the papers
much anymore.
It just doesn't matter
what the Governor says,
or how the Senate votes.
I guess I've met the enemy.
He is too much rain,
or not enough,
a lost check,
and that right front tire.
It,
like the world,
is out of balance.

Douglas Scribner
Augusta, Maine

A Poem?

If I were a Keats or Frost,
ne'er a thought would e'er be lost!
Yes, in my journal words would flow
Like lines from Shelley and Thoreau.
Phrases dance in unison
Like those of Pope and Tennyson.
To be a Coleridge or Shakespeare
and communicate some higher sphere!
I'd philosophize with ease
Like Whitman, Pound, and Socrates.
The moon, the stars, the sea and sun
I could describe like Dickinson.
Fame and fortune I would shun
To write like Wordsworth and Byron.
Could I pen an **Odyssey**?
On the other hand, you see,
If I were Browning, Donne or Lovelace,
I wouldn't need be in this place!

Micheline Woodworth
Student, UMA

COUNTY FAIR

The first time I saw a girl's body
was at the Windsor Fair. I paid
a dollar, stood on tip toes and wore a tie
not to look young. I was thirteen,
and shaking from head to toe. The others
were all old farmers; they stood quiet
with hats in their hands like men
hearing the national anthem. A fat woman
put on a record and the girl came out,
took off her dress and there she was,
clean as a fish and not much older than me.
She looked like me with a few changes,
but this was the great Mystery and I
felt as reverent as the young hunter stumbling
accidentally on the goddess in her tub.
She danced a bit to Elvis, then I caught
her eye, we were a human boy and girl
in a crowd of dirty men. She smiled
and blushed; I felt hot, turned and ran,
out past the shelves with the two-headed
foetus and the siamese calves, past
the dog boy and the tatoood woman into the sun-
light of my childhood again. For one day
that was enough of being a man, and long ago.

Now I walk the grounds of the Blue Hill Fair,
being in Maine again after a long absence;
nothing has changed, the same local politics,
the same oxpulling contest with the men
whipping and cursing, the dumb animals
straining to drag the cement blocks, the same rows
of beautiful cows, the same screams of ecstasy
from the girls riding the Ferris Wheel, going over
the top, the same pickled mutations
in their jars; I turn and the black tent is there
again, See The Dancing Girls, Nothing Is Left
To The Imagination; I am drawn, I reach
towards my wallet, but my own son now
protects me, a year or two too young
for desire, he is locked into gambling;
the stuffed animal prizes still tempt him.
My turn towards the tent embarrasses him,
and I go along, my hands full of quarters
for the child running before me,
but remembering that girl's face and eyes
in the alien tent. While we pitch the red balls
at the losing cups, her exact look:
it comes to me stronger than anyone's before or after.

— William Carpenter
Bar Harbor, Maine

ANIMAL

after
roy held the mud turtle
soup envisioned
by the tail
to the window
and richie fed it a stick
an inch and a half through to show how
it could bite off your finger
the thin toed thing
crawling in air
opening plum caverns
and i'd said
don't mess
with the ancients
after he slapped it
back into the trunk
and drove off
i sat down to mull it
watching that butterfly lap dried
urine from the stones
where the men piss
resist
a desire to wash it down
daily like a dutch housewife
savoring
the mild disinfectant
the barroom reek
and in no hurry
lowering wings flecked red underside
arched
stiff and slow and all the time
sucking waste
our coffee drunk bodies
provide the meal
one black butterfly came
flew off in a pattern
entrancing the dogs
i loved a little more
and when my back aches from hoeing
(see me chopping the slug at the eggplant)
i stop and breathe
and feather the handle
once again in just proportion

Lee Sharkey
Skowhegan, Maine

Harold and His Johanna

Of all the wet babies moving to shore,
She washed up.
He weighed her and named her.
She is the long distance swimmer,
The tired jellyfish with fluid eyes.

The babies resting as thick as slugs
In the cabbages,
The babies slumped in their strollers,
The babies in the cars being jiggled,
The insides of babies still cooking
Over a low flame.

The picture of Harold and the baby,
The doughy soft face
Held by a heart-rimmed hat
Tied under the chin,
And his face finished off
By the bright moustache
And the smirking beret.
His smile and the same smile on the baby,
But fainter.
Father and daughter
With not much to go on,
But satisfied with one another, found
Among all the found babies in the park.

Wendy Einhorn
Bar Harbor, Maine

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Photo by Michael Rountree, student, UMA

LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (Sometimes Lonely)

CRACK!
2 strides gone
before echo-crack rings jump
sole & heel's ultra-turbine Mercury juice
don't think! just run! don't think! run! run!
sock blade dew-damp tickle run
autumn nose in chest inhale lunger deep run
olympic grass flame of gut-torch run breath
creaky arm & ankle branch wind-stretcher run
— handshake (good luck) kick 'is ass. shake (nice run) —
skinny teeth push-up
knotted pulse of leaves
one more belly-hill
slide
glide
free ride
pass outside
pick it up — pick it up
step breath — tick tock
pick it up
snort of breeze
stride stride
shadow jolt
vein dangle shakes
everlasting thigh light
calf-bone slayer of time
tree's plexus gasps past adrenalin
adrenalinrun
turn open carpet green of sky
cheering flash over sprint final phlegm
dash of piston
shoots knee
into dizzy
never
(morning)
again
(tomorrow)

— Mark D. Goodman
Washington, Maine



Photo by Donna Kerrigan, student, UMA