Curt Rideout: "Love may fail, but courtesy will prevail."
Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Loretta Sharp: Basho read these poems to his wife.

Nothing important can be done in seventeen syllables, she said.

From The Basho Poems by Keith Harrison

Aaron Shohet: You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.

Monica Tate: "Rather than look for yourself in the Art, look for the Art in yourself."
--Stanislosky

Jay Tomaszewski: There is no win and fail, there is only make.
CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Julie Jurrjens:
Oh we've become so cryptic!

Katherine Kelly:
Let he who is without sin among you drop the first bomb.

Kaye Krump:
We must remember to acknowledge Art--
If we forget, Beauty itself will be unknown.

Kathryn Lambert:
No one ever accused me
of being an actor.

John Logie:
The pen may indeed be mightier the the sword,
but this is rarely said by persons fencing with a ball-point.

Bonnie Nevel:
"The men where you live," said one little prince
"raise five hundred roses in the same garden -
and they do not find in it what they are looking for."

"They do not find it," I replied. "And yet what they are looking for could be found in a single rose, or a little water." --Antoine de Saint-Exupery

Jason Novetski:
Yassassin.

Juan Nunez:
Give me a good reason why I shouldn't.
Kathryn Lambert

my mother's photograph

Today's mail covers your face.
The phone bill, a letter
from your brother, two fliers from Woodies,
Time magazine. Underneath I see
a lock of your hair, a piece of your sleeve.
I slide you out from under
and hold you close.
I almost feel your breath on my cheek, almost
hear your whisper.

I look at your face.
The smiling mouth, the eyes
that watched me, the queen
in my third grade play.
The one who sat with me
through the aftermath of Agatha Christie.
The designer who made my clothes through the second grade.
The nurse who sat through the chicken-pox and comforted
me long distance while I had the flu.
The short chestnut brown hair you called mousy.

My sister, laughing, calls to me.
Holding you, I turn to her
and walk away.
II. On those nights when you dreamed, I woke trembling, wondering if the screams I heard were mine or yours. We shared your nightmare: hands bruised from crawling under wire, our sleep stabbed by guns and dogs on taut leashes.

III. At night, after falling asleep you stalk the yard, dragging bare feet back to Russia, to childhood, 1905. The night breeze blows your nightgown against your legs, blue-veined, knees poking through folds of grey cloth. Toward morning you dream your one dream: Smoke grey sky, you on a street the stones slippery under your feet, your hair knotted in a kerchief, the laundry basket you carry concealing guns too heavy. Your fingers clutching your nightgown never let go of the basket, again and again, you must walk and carry, walk and carry the basket. Footsteps echo on stones, guns fire into morning. Morning, grey as your nightgown, grey as the morning you wake to.
Bonnie Nevel

FOR MY GRANDMOTHER, ROSE NEVEL

I. When I was seven you
lay on our couch and whispered
stories in my ear.
I remember how your grey hair
blended with the blue cushions,
as my fingers twisted in your nightgown,
grey as morning sand,
as I strained to grasp your fading words.
My face pale, with freckles and soft skin
against yours, rough, dried by sea air,
like an old gull's. I remember your stories
through your hands
cressing mine, as you dreamed and spoke.

"Once there was a girl in Russia, your age maybe, her
hair in a kerchief, flowered shoes on her feet. She
was afraid of nothing and thought she would like to be
a soldier when she grew up. But her mama told her she
could not and she was sad. One day, real soldiers
came to her door and she asked if she could join them
but they laughed and pushed her away then searched her
house and seized her mama who tried to stop them. The
girl ran from the house, ran and ran until her flowered
shoes were only shreds. She hid in the woods, still as
dust, until she imagined she heard the soldiers foot-
step pass away."

Juan Nunez

FAMILY HOSTS OVERSEAS STUDENTS

When Darrell O'Kiefe, an English exchange student, came
to live with his host family, the Morgans, he thought it was
only for a couple of weeks. As Mrs. Morgan explains, "One night
our front door fell off it's hinges. My husband was sick and we
had no way to fix it, and I don't resist the night air as well
as I did when I was younger. Darrell stood in the doorway for the
night and worked out exceptionally well. It was then that the
idea hit us," adds Mr. Morgan. The two talked it over with
Darrell, and six months later, Darrell is still the front door
of the Morgans.

Darrell is one of nearly 7,000 international students who
are experiencing life in America as doors this year through a
program set up by the Morgans, Student Door Exchange. SDE, an
independently run, non-profit organization, has only been oper-
ational for three years, and yet has been amazingly successful.

David Heinz, and Darrell's younger sister, Mary, were at
one time simply exchange students before trying it as doors.
Explains David, "I was looking for a host family and found my-
self at the Morgan's door. Was I surprised! But from the first
I was taken by the idea. I knew that something new, something
different was happening here. ''Darrell wrote about it in his letters
to home. It sounded great, and it is. You should try it some-
time," laughed Mary. And although the Morgans have no children
of their own, "we've got a big home with a lot of rooms and a
lot of doorways."

Volunteer host families in need of doors are crucial to
SDE's efforts since the program is built on shared family
experienced with a family member as a door. According to Mrs.
Morgan, "The door as a symbol has very profound implications.
The door is a symbol of protection, as well as one of passage.
We're getting as much out of it as they are. The kids have matured
and become very responsible, and they always leave a positive impression on people." Harry Turnland, mailman, says, "When someone like Darrell tells you 'America is beautiful,' you really feel elated."

Host families are only responsible for their student's room and board. Darrell, Mary, and David, like all SDE students, brought their own spending money and earn extra cash by renting themselves out to the neighbors.

The Morgans and other host families have had no problems. This is probably due to the fact that SDE screens all students and tries to match them with families that have common interests and doorways that match the size of the student, although the areas in which a family lives does influence a decision. If problems do arise, SDE's staff and volunteers are available to help. In case of illness or accident, all students are covered by SDE medical insurance.

"I've met other SDE students and their families, and have been invited to be a door at their houses some nights," is David's final comment. "We've only had one problem with Mary, she being rather small for a door, so we made her a shutter for the upstairs bedroom window," says Mr. Morgan. Beams Mrs. Morgan, "Mary is doing fine, and is very visible from up there. A neighbor down the street has to have everything I do, but this time I don't mind. Who knows? Maybe we've hit on something again." "I used to be afraid of heights but I'm not now. The view is great, and I'm always the first one to know when it's raining," laughs Mary.

"And what of Darrell, the first SDE student? "Being a door does get uncomfortable sometimes, like after a few hours of sun or rain. There's the winter, but you can dress appropriately enough. I know last week the doorbell was out of order and people had to knock." Then Darrell's eyes take a far-away look and a slight smile plays on his lips. "I have a responsibility here. I'll not shirk my duty."

The number of students participating in the SDE program this year is expected to increase substantially, since it has been announced that the President has extended an invitation to all SDE students to spend a day as doors in the White House. He does this in recognition of the growth process that the students experience while being doors here in America, and he would like them to know that their personal achievements do not go unnoticed.

Loretta Sharp

UTAH VALLEY METAPHORS

Metaphors crowd through these three windowed walls. I see clouds veiling Timp again, the mountain that people say is an Indian maid waiting her lover. The sun is almost fallen in Utah Lake, and Catalpa pods rattle in the March wind. Already the dark pushes at the light.

The Rockies ring this valley, blue and cold as the fear that circles when I reach for a pen, when I wonder if this time I'll write a real poem. There are too many connectives! Let me let go of all such looking. I want to see: a lake, mountains, tree. Better still, blue, yellow, red. Let image and word become one. Let me duck to avoid bumping the new moon; oh, let the brain and the blood reach their same conclusion.
said Freda.  
"Fink," said Morris.  
"Frank," said Sam.  
"I think we will go now," said my grandmother.  
"Flunk," said Morris.  
"Goodbye!" we shouted, waving from the doorway.  
"Flink," said Sam.

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CONVENIENT GLOSSARY OF YIDDISH

1) Machers: Well-to-do, often snobbish persons.  
   Slang. (Herman don't be such a big macher and  
   finish your borcht.)

2) Tsooris: Misfortune, bad luck. All that is the  
   bane of life. (Iggy was in real tsooris when  
   they found the handgun in his underoos.)

3) Hava-negilah: A famous Jewish song often played  
   at weddings and bar mitzvahs.

4) Homeentashen: Little doughy, triangular shaped  
   cookies often filled with prunes or poppy seeds.
Twisting roads
like coiled ropes
and rides that materialized
like a crop of frosted cherries
prevented me from coming home.

I've got a book in one hand,
suitcase in the other
waiting for a calendar day.

My life is becoming a calendar;
days torn off one at a time,
some used to start the fire,
others thrown in the trash,
still others saved in my
Executive desk planner.

My grandmother and I were ushered to a long white clothed table. As it turned out, Gert was having her cousins, Freda and Sam over for the afternoon shabbas meal, and we were more than welcome to attend. The four Bergers sat around the table like bean bags, saying nothing, but eating one after another of little Herring snacks, maccaroons, and homentashens set out in ornate dishes that resembled ashtrays.

"So, he's getting to be a beeg boy. Yes?" said Sam.

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"My little Dorrie's Saul is already five," said Gert, gesturing the hopelessness of the situation with shrugs of her shoulders.

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"You know what my little Saul said," said Gert. "He came home from school last week and he said, "Mom, I know a word that starts with "F" and ends with "K."

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"Why, she almost hit the ceiling. But do you know what that word was. No. It was fire truck."

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I went into the kitchen to get a glass of milk. A cow-shaped sponge with a magnet on it held a recipe for homentashen onto the refrigerator door. Written on the sponge in green tin foil was: Holy Cow Gert, are you eating again?

I came back to the table.

"Frack," said Sam.

"What do you think of this Jimmy Carter?"
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THE WANING OF COOKIE-GERT

My grandmother likes to take me to her friend Gert's house. When I was little and sweet, my grandmother says, Gert used to bake me lots of cookies and I in return would call her "Cookie-Gert."

Cookie Gert had a husband named Morris. My grandmother says that Gert and her husband (The Bergers) once owned slot machines in Las Vegas and had been "Big Machers" in Duluth. This is before their "real tsoris" set in, (The Bergers invested their money in pinball machines and lost all their Vegas stock). Nevertheless, in my opinion they still manage to keep up a comfortable standard of living.

Once when I was twelve, my grandmother goaded me over there. We rang their doorbell, which chimed the first few notes of Hava-negilah in hollow tones (a little project Morris had been working on to occupy his time during the post-Vegas years). I could see Gert's stoop-shouldered figure wavering behind the bubbled plastic-glass of her front hall windows, as she made an effort to gauge us by our heights and shapes. The door opened and I found myself smothered with kisses that had the scent of a medicine cabinet behind them.

Curt Rideout

LEFT ON A KITCHEN TABLE, 1973

The sun rises from parched soil, the noises from the reservation mar the morning.
I pass from dirty bedsheets, from the darkness of gray plaster walls, into the sharp light from the sun.
I hold a bag of loose clothing in my work-chapped hands.
Vultures hang overhead, their eyes searching for the deadness from my recent sleep.
The birds crank heavy wings against dusty clouds, eyes emptied of dreams and slow, soft meat.
I turn against the wind, face the bending and swelling of a dry road.
Dirty tennis shoes pick up the dust of my ancestors, who traveled with their feet, smoothing the soil with soft leather moccasins.
My land had softer edges, it is rich with rivers, grass, trees.
There are deer to track, traces of smoke from a fire in the sky.
There are birds here too, but not for carrion.
Jay Tomaszewski

KEEPING TOGETHER FOR MY FATHER

I. My dad never drove
drunk into the lake
at the cottage,
or ran naked through summer camp
chasing albino skunks,
bow and arrow in hand,
the end of iceberg lettuce evenings.

II. He admires Van Gogh
and blossomed
one stained glass summer.
"Still," Van Gogh said, "a great deal
of light falls on everything."

III. My father keeps secrets
with worn furniture edges;
some things only they know about.
He sits in aisle seats at movies.
He can watch pieces of light
from lobby doors dart in,
break off,
ooze onto the carpet.

Katherine Kelly

THE ADULTERESS

"Let him who is without sin
among you be the first to
throw a stone at her." (John 8:7)

You wait with eyes closed
for the burning stab
of that stone, from the hand
of one arrogant man, starting
an avalanche of shame
against your back, bare
and warm in the desert sun.

But only rough grains of sand scrape
your skin, a dust bowl
in the silent breeze
as rocks drop unthrown
from dusty palms, thumping
the soft earth behind you and footsteps
fade, crowded on the much used path.

"And Jesus said unto her...
'Go, and sin no more' " (John 8:11)
Monica Tate

TELEPHONE BOOTH

Often as a child, I remember being confused about things people told me. Sometimes what I was told in answer to the questions children are known to ask didn't seem to make logical sense. Either in a state of this confusion or in a time when I had a major crisis, that my parents often looked on as funny thing, I fled to some fortress. My refuge was a telephone booth across a highway from where we lived.

I remember how the telephone booth stood on the edge of a parking lot and always looked out of place, not standing on a sidewalk or street corner. When I opened the doors that folded inward the telephone booth smell reached my nose—a mixture of the smell of all the people in the world momentarily trapped in a glass box. The mixture consisted of a harsh aroma of old lady's perfumes, the young fragrance of a teenager's $1.99 perfume, the smell of anxiety of someone waiting for their call to be answered, and the most prevalent scent of body odor and the deodorant that worked in vain to cover it up. Somehow, though, through the showers, soaps, roll-ons, sprays and powders the body scent seeped from the pores of the skin and got trapped inside the booth. But I could stand the odor. As I walked in, closed the doors and heard them click shut, my first thought was of being trapped, as a lightning bug in a glass jar. My freedom of movement was stolen from me. But unlike the lightning bug I had control over the phone booth; to prove it I always checked the money slot for a dime. Then all intimidation was gone and I felt protected as if Ma Bell had taken me under her wing to nurture me. I breathed a sigh of relief, realizing how safe I was. I then remembered how I lowered myself to the shoe printed floor, and felt the grit of sand beneath my fingers. I tucked my knees close to my body, wrapped my hands around them, and gazed at the top of the glass. The crown of the telephone booth was a burnt-out light bulb that I thought had been that way the first day the telephone booth stood in the parking lot. I lowered my eyes to the bottom of the pay phone. Wads of gum were stuck there, indented with finger prints. Some of the gum looked fresh, wet and

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SEARCHING FOR PEARLS AT MIDNIGHT

I sit in your lap
to curl against your salt-scented body.
You hold me in your arms,
the cat playing in the folds
of the material under the chair.
The brittle pages crackle and the wind moves closer
to beat against the windows with invisible wings.
Stories unwrap themselves from your tongue,
echoing back from the wall across the room.

From reading, your lips grow numb.
Your head tilts back,
your tongue falling against the back of your throat.

I untie your hands,
wake across the hard-wood floor,
and open the door.
The air is heavy with salt water.
I walk to the beach and look for sea shells.
They glow up from the bottom,
and I wade into the dark water
to gather them in my arms.
I pull them open, one by one,
to look for pearls,
the pages of the water
turning softly against my eyelids.
Bonnie Nevel

WOMAN WITH A HAT

*after a painting by Pablo Picasso*

Each day before leaving the house, she sets the hat on her head, fixing it with exactly 6 pins. She has 27 mirrors in her bedroom and stares into each before stepping out to the cold day, her hat of woven ostrich feathers in order, the bright, dyed greens and blues bleeding into her hair.

On the street, children stop to watch her advance, her perfect triangle chin tilted to the sky as she pretends not to notice men’s glances: the curving breasts, the gentle calf. Her eyes, two moon shine off the pointed brim of her hat.

It pulls her to the crowd of a bus station. Over all heads, her hat floats like a buoy in an ocean of bodies. She leans against the wall of the station, her head protruding from her neck. With wheels the color of her eyes at night, the bus rolls in and stops. She is first to enter the coach, pretending she is a queen returning to her throne.

She loves her hat more than night.
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unfaded, but most pieces were gray or light pink and the outer spit had seeped to the middle of the wad, dense, like a cactus. I recall listening to the low hum of cars on the highway. Through the partition of the sliding door, I could see the whiz of colors as the automobiles passed by. The wheels turned round and round and round. The faces in the car hurried by so quickly that all I could see were the set jaws and eyes rushing to beat their goal.

The time I spent in the phone booth might have been minutes, but seemed like hours. Then I lifted myself up, unclicked the doors and marveled on how the runners felt as if they had just been oiled.

I stepped from the glass box and the hum became a roar of the passing cars. Parents clenched their children's hands tightly, discouraging them from greeting passing strangers. People leaving their cars locked every door and checked them again. I wished to return to the phone booth, but instead walked home.
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STUCK AT 21 AND 52

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Host families are only responsible for their student's room and board. Darrell, Mary, and David, like all SDE students, brought their own spending money and earn extra cash by renting themselves out to the neighbors.

The Morgans and other host families have had no problems. This is probably due to the fact that SDE screens all students and tries to match them with families that have common interests and doorways that match the size of the student, although the areas in which a family lives does influence a decision. If problems do arise, SDE's staff and volunteers are available to help. In case of illness or accident, all students are covered by SDE medical insurance.

"I've met other SDE students and their families, and have been invited to be a door at their houses some nights," is David's final comment. "We've only had one problem with Mary, she being rather small for a door, so we made her a shutter for the upstairs bedroom window," says Mr. Morgan. "Beans Mrs. Morgan, "Mary is doing fine, and is very visible from up there. A neighbor down the street has to have everything I do, but this time I don't mind. Who knows? Maybe we've hit on something again." "I used to be afraid of heights but I'm not now. The view is great, and I'm always the first one to know when it's raining," laughs Mary.

And what of Darrell, the first SDE student? "Being a door does get uncomfortable sometimes, like after a few hours of sun or rain. There's the winter, but you can dress appropriately enough. I know last week the doorbell was out of order and people had to knock." Then Darrell's eyes take a far-away look and a slight smile plays on his lips. "I have a responsibility here. I'll not shirk my duty."

The number of students participating in the SDE program this year is expected to increase substantially, since it has been announced that the President has extended an invitation to all SDE students to spend a day as doors in the White House. He does this in recognition of the growth process that the students experience while being doors here in America, and he would like them to know that their personal achievements do not go unnoticed.

Loretta Sharp

UTAH VALLEY METAPHORS

Metaphors crowd through these three windowed walls. I see clouds veiling Timp again, the mountain that people say is an Indian maid waiting her lover. The sun is almost fallen in Utah Lake, and Catalpa pods rattle in the March wind. Already the dark pushes at the light.

The Rockies ring this valley, blue and cold as the fear that circles when I reach for a pen, when I wonder if this time I'll write a real poem. There are too many connectives! Let me let go of all such looking. I want to see: a lake, mountains, tree. Better still, blue, yellow, red. Let image and word become one. Let me duck to avoid bumping the new moon; oh, let the brain and the blood reach their same conclusion.
When I was seven you lay on our couch and whispered stories in my ear. I remember how your grey hair blended with the blue cushions, as my fingers twisted in your nightgown, grey as morning sand, as I strained to grasp your fading words. My face pale, with freckles and soft skin against yours, rough, dried by sea air, like an old gull's. I remember your stories through your hands caressing mine, as you dreamed and spoke.

"Once there was a girl in Russia, your age maybe, her hair in a kerchief, flowered shoes on her feet. She was afraid of nothing and thought she would like to be a soldier when she grew up. But her mama told her she could not and she was sad. One day, real soldiers came to her door and she asked if she could join them but they laughed and pushed her away then searched her house and seized her mama who tried to stop them. The girl ran from the house, ran and ran until her flowered shoes were only shreds. She hid in the woods, still as dust, until she imagined she heard the soldiers footsteps pass away."
II. On those nights when you dreamed, I woke trembling, wondering if the screams I heard were mine or yours.
We shared your nightmare:
hands bruised from crawling under wire, our sleep stabbed by guns and dogs on taut leashes.

III. At night, after falling asleep you stalk the yard, dragging bare feet back to Russia, to childhood, 1905. The night breeze blows your nightgown against your legs, blue-veined, knees poking through folds of grey cloth. Toward morning you dream your one dream: Smoke grey sky, you on a street the stones slippery under your feet, your hair knotted in a kerchief, the laundry basket you carry concealing guns too heavy. Your fingers clutching your nightgown never let go of the basket, again and again, you must walk and carry, walk and carry the basket. Footsteps echo on stones, guns fire into morning. Morning, grey as your nightgown, grey as the morning you wake to.
Kathryn Lambert

my mother's photograph

Today's mail covers your face.
The phone bill, a letter
from your brother, two fliers from Woodies,
Time magazine. Underneath I see
a lock of your hair, a piece of your sleeve.
I slide you out from under
and hold you close.
I almost feel your breath on my cheek, almost
hear your whisper.

I look at your face.
The smiling mouth, the eyes
that watched me, the queen
in my third grade play.
The one who sat with me
through the aftermath of Agatha Christie.
The designer who made my clothes through the second grade.
The nurse who sat through the chicken-pox and comforted
me long distance while I had the flu.
The short chestnut brown hair you called mousy.

My sister, laughing, calls to me.
Holding you, I turn to her
and walk away.

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CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Julie Jurrjens:
Oh we've become so cryptic!

Katherine Kelly:
Let he who is without sin among you drop the first bomb.

Kaye Krump:
We must remember to acknowledge Art--
If we forget, Beauty itself will be unknown.

Kathryn Lambert:
No one ever accused me of being an actor.

John Logie:
The pen may indeed be mightier than the sword, but this is rarely said by persons fencing with a ball-point.

Bonnie Nevel:
"The men where you live," said one little prince "raise five hundred roses in the same garden and they do not find in it what they are looking for."

"They do not find it," I replied. "And yet what they are looking for could be found in a single rose, or a little water." --Antoine de Saint-Exupery

Jason Novetski:
Yassassin.

Juan Nunez:
Give me a good reason why I shouldn't.
Curt Rideout:
"Love may fail,
but courtesy will prevail."
Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Loretta Sharp:
Basho read these poems to his wife.

Nothing important
 can be done
 in seventeen
 syllables, she said.

From The Basho Poems by Keith Harrison

Aaron Shohet:
You don't need a weatherman to know which
way the wind blows.

Monica Tate:
"Rather than look for yourself in the Art,
look for the Art in yourself."
--Stanislosky

Jay Tomaszewski:
There is no win and fail,
there is only make.

THE RED WHEELBARROW

EDITORS:
John Logie
Curt Rideout