

# The York Review

A Literary Magazine of Poems, Short Stories and Essays

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# ***THE YORK REVIEW***

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EDWARD T. JONES, *Chair*

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## EDITOR'S NOTES

Make no mistake: writing is a difficult and thankless job that pays next to nothing (mostly nothing). So why do we writers continue to bleed on the page and then send our work out to editors who casually send it back with a "Thanks, but no thanks" form letter? Do we enjoy pain? Do we enjoy dealing with editors who keep our work tied up for a year and then send it back with nary an explanation or apology? Do we *really* get a kick out of being kicked around like a human soccer ball?

Are we masochists, or what?

After all, if I were an accountant, after a few months of being beat over the head with (apologies to *The New Yorker*)--

Dear bean counter,

We are sorry to say that this financial statement isn't quite right for us, in spite of its evident merit. Unfortunately, we are receiving so many statements that it has become impossible for us to make specific comments about as many of them as we would like to. We do thank you for the chance to consider these calculations.

The Business Managers.

--I would quit and find another line of work. I would soon figure out that writing up

financial statements is not something that I do well, and I would get on with my life. I would find a line of work that would garner me better results, both emotional and financial.

"But I'm a WRITER," I keep telling myself. And so I continue in a field that has, for all intents and purposes, treated me (and most of my compatriots) shoddily.

So why do writers continue plodding under such circumstances?

I can speak only for myself, but I write because I have to. I've been writing ever since I picked up my first crayon (and didn't eat it). At first, I told my stories through stick figures, which eventually became more detailed and sophisticated. Being raised a Catholic and in a dysfunctional family before the word became fashionable, I drew large, happy families. (Even now, when the words won't flow, I'll get out the crayons and try to draw something childlike, which ends up being an abstract.)

When I acquired writing skills, I started keeping a diary, and throughout my teen years, I wrote silly stories about pop idols. But I was writing.

I sent my first story out when I was 24 years old to *Redbook*. It was a "touching" story about a young mother who discovers that her five-year-old son needs expensive orthopedic shoes--a very autobiographical piece. The story came back with a "Good try" scrawled on a form letter. I was crushed, but I kept on writing. I realize now

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that most of that early work wasn't very good, but I was "in training." One does not become "good" at anything overnight, unless one is an exceptional talent--which I'm not. I've received help and encouragement along the way, most of it right here at York College, where I started my undergraduate work. I was 27 years old and in a transitional period of my life. My practical side told me that I needed a major that would help me find a "real" job, so I chose accounting. My heart was with literature and writing, however, and I found that I was signing up for more literature and writing courses than business or accounting courses.

My desire to read good literature and write fiction and non-fiction finally won out, so I switched my major.

York College is a good place to learn and practice writing, and I have several people to thank for helping me to develop my writing skills and find my voice: Dr. Ben McKulik, who saw "something" in those early pieces and encouraged me to take risks; Dr. Florence Ames, who explained the uses of the comma, semi-colon, and colon to me and showed me how to cut the deadwood from my wordy prose; my husband, Dr. Jerry Siegel, who has always been supportive and an excellent editor; Dr. Richard Batteiger (no longer at York), who introduced me to various writing theories; and Dr. Edward T. Jones, who once told me he preferred my non-fiction over my fiction, which made me work harder on my fiction. Thank you all for encouraging me to stay in a field that I love.

I am not likely to become a "famous" writer; the majority of writers enjoy, at best, modest recognition and, with perseverance and a little luck, a few publications. Most of

those who attempt this field *just* because they want to write the mega-bestseller and make mega-dollars soon discover that it's not worth the trouble and go on to other pursuits.

But those of us who genuinely love what we do will continue writing for the rest of our lives--even when the large SASE comes back with our work and the ubiquitous form letter.

Masochists? I think not.

\* \* \*

Since this issue of *The York Review* opens and closes with poems about writing, I offer "A Grave Digger in Search of a Body," an allegory, based on a dream, which addresses the three Yoga principles (or *gunas*) of creation and for creating--*tamas* (inertia), *rajas* (activity), and *sattva* (light and clarity):

*A grave digger digs a perfect hole in an idyllic, flat spot shaded by a grand old oak tree. Not too close, however. It would never do to have the tree roots invading the quintessential grave site, coiling around the future tenant, a young boy who is expected to die as a result of a tragic accident.*

*Just as the grave digger scoops out the last shovelful of dirt, word comes that the boy has turned the corner and is expected to live after all. She (this is MY story, remember?) feels a touch of excitement: the possibilities. . . !*

*The grave digger climbs out of the hole and assesses the situation: now that time is no longer a factor, she decides to shore up the walls of the hole with grade-A bricks, specifically choosing gray ones*

## EDITOR'S NOTES

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because she believes artificial structures should blend in with the environment, and the soil in this particular cemetery tends to be a grayish clay. She spends months (mostly weekends and evenings) on this project, grading the sides and leveling out uneven spots, mixing the mortar just so--neither too wet nor too dry--and placing each brick in its place, in harmony with every other brick. Just to make sure nothing filthy or contaminated leaches through the walls, she applies a clear water sealer, and after everything has dried, scrubs down the walls with Ammonia Mr. Clean.

Then she waits. And waits. And waits.

Coffins arrive at the cemetery and are buried in other graves, and mourners, who peek into the grave digger's masterpiece, come and go, but no one chooses the perfect grave site for their loved ones.

She can't figure it out, so she spends her life savings hooking up spotlights so that no one can possibly miss the perfect spot shaded by the grand old oak tree. Then she hires Merry Maids to give the hole yet another thorough cleaning, this time with powerful industrial cleaners not available to the general public. What could possibly go wrong now?

Alas, she waits some more and watches while the adjacent sites around the idyllic spot that no one wants slowly fill up. Meanwhile, out of habit more than anything else, she continues maintaining the open grave, and no longer thinks too much about filling it. In fact, by now, she has grown rather attached to it and wonders what would happen if someone really did come along and take it.

One day, many, many years later, as

the grave digger climbs a ladder to change a bulb in one of the spotlights, a short, rotund bald man in his sixties, flop hat in hand, approaches her and clears his throat.

She stops, and forgetting about the bulb, she steps down slowly from her ladder, for she has grown quite old and arthritic by now. She sets the bulb onto the grass and wipes her sweaty, veiny hands on a rag.

"May I help you?" she asks.

"I've come to apologize."

She stuffs the rag into her back pocket. "What on earth for?"

"Well, you see," he says, nodding toward the grave site in question, "I was supposed to go in there. I was just a lad of 10 when my bicycle hit the side of a train. I wasn't supposed to make it through the night, so my ma--" Here he becomes choked up and begins to weep. His hat slips out of his hands and drops to the ground.

The old woman puts her arm around the man. "There, there, now. It's okay."

The man blows his nose. "I just want to say how sorry I am, you getting stuck with--," he points at the hole, "THAT!"

"It's been no problem, really," she says, suddenly realizing what she has just said is true, that her life has had meaning after all, that, no matter how unappreciated her efforts might have been, she has created and maintained a peculiar kind of beauty.

"This is what I do," she says, picking the hat up and returning it to the man. "So there's nothing to forgive." She gestures for him to leave. "I have work to do now. It's only a matter of time. . . ."

Turning her back to the man, she climbs the ladder and changes the bulb in the spotlight.



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According to Yoga philosophy, all three *gunas* must be present in the creation process. For example, as writers, we incorporate *tamas* (inertia) into the process when we have at hand the instruments for writing: paper, pen, word processor--even language acuity itself. Then *rajas* (activity) comes into play when we pick up the tools and begin the act of writing. *Sattva* (clarity or light) is what sets us apart from those

who choose not to write as their act of creation, the "*THAT*" from the allegory: the compulsion to create a story, the ability and talent, and the ideas that find their way through our instruments. And without any one of the *gunas*, there can be no creating, for we can have in front of us all the instruments for writing and a desire to create stories, but unless we ACT, nothing concrete will occur.

## *Writing Lesson*

by

TIMOTHY M. RESH

Here are some tips that I think you should follow  
So what you write doesn't sound thoughtless and hollow--  
First create something that's out of the norm  
And then check it over for syntax and form.  
Tame all your words like a lioness caged;  
Make them sit for awhile and then leap off the page!  
Choose your words carefully, and think about pacing;  
Give up a clear message so you're not self-effacing.  
Give us the details but don't be verbose,  
And make it clear whether it's poetic or prose.  
Don't make verbs passive; we want to read action--  
And be sure to mix imagery 'twixt concrete and abstraction.  
Pay close attention to simile and metaphor,  
And if you want rhyme, that's what poems are better for.  
Be realistic, but don't use clichés,  
And don't end a work with a prepositional phrase.  
Generate characters who are dynamic, not static,  
But never rule out someone a little dogmatic.  
Set the tone early, and sustain it to finish,  
But don't let the story line sag or diminish.  
Make sure your setting is real and precise;  
A few hours of research on one would suffice.  
Be creative as possible, use some imagination,  
And just keep on writing despite the frustration.  
Come up with a masterpiece if it takes you all night--  
And by the way, try to have fun when you write.

## *The Silent Places*

by

MIKE ROSENTHAL

Writers like to describe the outdoors as the place to go to escape the noxious noises of our modern world. They muse eloquently about silent snowstorms and of the peace, quiet, and tranquility of the deep woods.

But anyone who spends time afield, listening, knows that the outdoors is anything but silent. Trees creak and groan even in a light breeze, and on a windy day, twigs and branches snap off and crash to the ground. Even on a still day, the woodlands hum with the wings of insects, the cries of birds, the chatter of squirrels.

But there are places I have discovered in the outdoors where there seems to be absolute silence. It isn't difficult to identify a silent place. When you stumble into one, you immediately know that something is different there. To me these are special spaces, these still eddies where the tumult of the world swirls past and around but does not intrude.

I remember my first silent place. I was young, I don't remember how old, but at that age when I first felt comfortable roaming alone in the woods. I was wandering through a large, shallow, briar-filled swamp when the absence of sound stopped me in my tracks. I sat down on a log, listening, my ears straining.

That was when I first heard the drums. My mind raced to explain the deep, regular beat. I imagined that I was hearing the music of long-dead Indians who once

inhabited the very spot where I sat. In fact, the drums were the echo of my heart beating, the blood pounding in my temples. In the hush my senses had rushed to fill the void as if the absence of sound was an unnatural condition.

Over the years I've found myself returning often to silent places in an attempt to draw meaning from them, but much has eluded me. There is something almost palpable in that soundlessness that surrounds me like a comforting blanket. I wrestle with my perception, impatient and frustrated that I am unable to turn the silence over in my mind as easily as I turn a rock to see what lives beneath it. But nature has never shared her secrets with me with such ease.

In silent places I imagine I hear things I shouldn't be able to hear: the crackling, straining fibers in the trunks of growing trees, the clicking of burrowing roots pushing aside tiny grains of sand. I imagine I can hear the smooth contractions of earthworms sliding through the soil, and the gentle murmur of rivers gliding deep in the earth.

In silent places I lose some of myself. I no longer require as much and in the process I gain more, more than I understand. The silence forms around me in rings and in unwhispered things, and often I feel that I don't understand because I won't let myself.

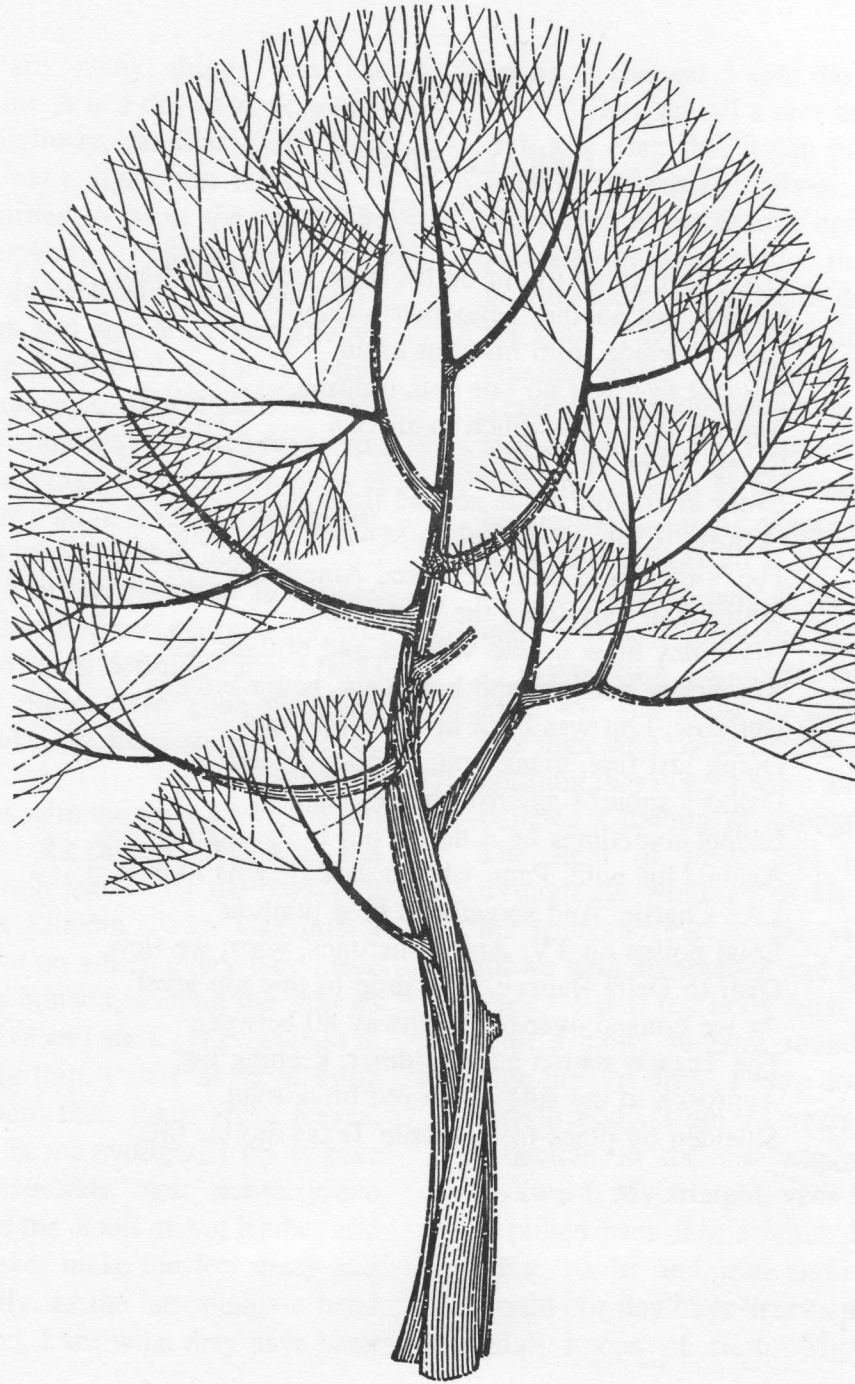
The message isn't in my imagination, or even in the cerebral drums, I think. It is

## MIKE ROSENTHAL

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there in the silence when I am able to empty my mind and allow the regular rhythm of my body to rise and glide away. Only then

do I feel the still, strange warmth, cavernous and vast, as I become one with my aloneness.



## *Stateside*

by

GERALD SIEGEL

When Lou came to our outfit, fresh from Viet Nam,  
He was just another helicopter jockey  
Back stateside from his stint as an  
Advisor to a war no one was fighting,  
And he didn't talk much to anyone  
Except when he drank.  
Every afternoon in the second-floor  
Officers' Club, he'd explain MAAG Viet Nam.  
The Vietnamese he'd met liked Americans  
Better than they liked the Viet Cong.  
After they blew up the villages and bridges, the  
Americans returned and built new, better bridges.  
But now, Lou was back in our world and  
Doing just fine, thank you, helping defend  
Dallas's suburbs against bomber attacks.  
Except sometimes he'd thrash out in the night  
Against his wife, Pam, who in dark dreams looked  
Like Charlie. And sometimes he'd jump at  
Loud noises on TV. And sometimes, when we flew  
Over to Delta Battery, he'd drop to tree top level  
As we cruised over old Highway 80 between  
The Texaco station and the diner, keeping his  
Approach to the side of the red brick road,  
Shielded by pines from hostile Texas mortar fire.

## *The Dream*

by

KELLEY FAY

There are many things that can trigger the dream. A bad day at work, a near miss on the highway, familiar looks from strangers, too many cigarettes; there are so many opportunities to plant the seed. The brain is a perplexing enigma, don't you think? One could be totally oblivious to the fleeting thoughts and memories racing about, but the mind herds all of them into a corral, chops out the thickest, tastiest parts of each fragment of information, and then feeds you this multi-colored chop meat of memories in one mouthful. My mind feeds me the dream.

Though in my waking hours I cannot recall much of that hot Fourth of July many years ago, the dream shows every detail with such clarity and sharp definition that I feel I must, at some point, have gone over and over the events so they would not be forgotten.

It begins with the drive down the dirt road leading to the house. The heat has turned the maroon leather on the back seat of my father's Lincoln Town Car into a sheet of flypaper on which every bare piece of my skin has bonded, turning me into an insect that is alive and alert, yet powerless to escape its sticky trap. I stare at the passing trees which flaunt their thick green leaves, winking at me in the sunlight. I try to peer through and penetrate their dense green camouflage, but the smell of hot leather and the winking leaves make me feel dizzy and nauseous. Finally, as the car rounds a bend in the dusty road, I see what they have been

trying to conceal. I spot the horses.

They are all a rare brown, a color so rich and deep that it can only be found on horses, expensive velvet, and a freshly sharpened Burnt Sienna crayon. The seven animals trot lazily around the white fencing, bowing their oblong heads down to nibble at the sparse patches of grass that had not been crushed under the weight of their hoofs. Their tails swish behind them, the dull and stringy hair used to ward off pests. They are beautiful. I want to be close to those seven beasts, walk among them, feel the heat of their skin; I must go to them.

We park behind the house, and the man who is holding the barbecue--a friend of my parents, I suppose--swaggers over to greet us. The house looks very much like this man who owns it: a large white square building that is very worn and plain, but still radiates a feeling of strength and comfort. The light of pride and pleasure beams through the windows of his blue eyes, and the welcome mat of his wide white smile glows with acceptance and friendship to all.

I peel my body from the leather seat with a slow, sucking sound, and step out onto the dirt drive. I stare down at my small boyish body. I am 13 years old. I see my reflection in the car windows: bony and awkward. My straight, very fine brown hair is pulled back into a braid. I am wearing a white t-shirt and jean shorts, but where I would one day have breasts now only shows small lumps of flesh. My soft, innocent

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brown eyes reflect back in the sun-beaten window, and I turn from their gaze to find the horses.

I wander through the maze of wooden picnic tables, smiling and nodding at the happy squeals and chattering of those I pass by. Bloated adult faces hover over me, red from the hot sun and laughing. They shower me with meaningless compliments, their breath a mixture of barbecue sauce and alcohol. I manage to duck their questions and avoid being pulled into conversation. No longer noticed, I slip away toward the barn.

I walk at a slow but steady pace, my white sneakers changing to a dingy brown as I kick up soft earth with each footstep. As I grow closer, I can see the warped wooden planks, freshly coated in red paint, loom up before me, splitting the blue afternoon sky in two. The smell of fresh hay and manure mixing with the sweet summer air drifts toward me, and I notice a boy who had just finished his chores emerging from the square opening.

From the look of his body, he has not been a boy (nor worn a shirt) for a couple of years. His lean yet muscular torso is tan and weathered, revealing the hours spent working under the summer sun. The pair of work jeans he wears are so smeared with dirt and sweat they almost match the caramel color of his skin. He flings his head back, throwing his brown stringy hair away from his dark eyes--eyes that are fixed on me.

As I walk past him into the barn, I see his mouth forming words, but they fall like drops of saliva into the dirt. As my eyes adjust to the darkness inside, I glance around at the animals before me.

I walk toward a horse who is looking at me, its black eyes beckoning me closer. I

stand in a small opening between the stall of this horse and another, all the while maintaining the gaze that links us together. Without warning, the animal lunges toward me, baring its teeth, angry at the secrets of my eyes. In defense I drop to my knees, looking up at the snorting beast who glares down at me with such hatred.

What had it seen?

My back against the wall, I stare toward the opening. There, blocking my only way of escape with his body, stands the boy.

He smiles, knowing what I have done. Though his greasy hair still hangs in his face, I can see his piercing black eyes, filled with the same accusing hatred. He falls to his knees, smile widening and gaze fixed, and slowly crawls toward me. My back is against the barn wall, my own sweat causing the white t-shirt to stick. The thick wood planks of the stalls tower above me on either side, barricading me in. The space that I have wedged myself into grows smaller as the boy comes closer.

The rushing, swirling sound of blood pounds in my ears as the boy grabs my ankle. I look up to the horse, his eyes wide with excitement and fury as he kicks the stall, trying to reach me. Now he has my leg; I can feel the fast and heavy breath of the horse on my face, the rapid breathing of the boy as he touches my body. The horse stomps his hoofs on the stall floor, and the boy puts his hands down on my shoulders, pinning them into the fresh hay. He rears up, coming down on top of me, his movements wild and frantic. Brown skin and stringy hair cover me, and I am helpless to escape my trap. Black eyes bore into me, pushing the anger into my mind, I open my mouth, my eyes grow wide. . . And then I wake up.

## *Rebirth*

by

MARTY KAILIAN

Each disparagement  
Casts a shovelful of death and  
Slowly succumbing, the soul  
Is buried  
Perhaps forever lost.  
Tragic, this decay  
In life's midst.

Then comprehension of self,  
Like a chisel carves  
And cripples the impregnable barrier  
Built over time to protect  
The dying soul.

Slowly  
Slight at first, like a child  
Relearning, the spirit  
Resurrects and becomes

A resplendent outgrowth nurtured  
Lovingly, tenderly,  
Not in childhood's innocence  
But in the wisdom of age.



## *The Old Tree*

by

MIKE ROSENTHAL

In early spring after the first hard rain of the new year, the river ripped the old dead tree from its bank, where it had stood for more than 100 years. No one heard its headlong plunge into the turbid, icy water.

The tree slowly dragged downstream, riding low in the water, collecting an escort of leaves and brush. A mile and it beached gently on the crest of a small submerged island where, as the water slowly receded, it pressed flat a grove of pussy willow saplings.

At first the old tree rested uneasily in its new location, balanced precariously on the stubs of its protruding roots. That summer, bittersweet vines crept along its trunk and the bark peeled off, exposing the pale white belly of the tree to the hard summer sun, gradually fading the shining patina to gray.

The next spring, when the snow melted and ice-filled water raked the island, the old tree heaved and shrugged and settled flat on the ground. As the water retreated, the river's gleanings grew around the tree; a tangle of grapevines ensnared in the exposed roots, tree branches piled up against the trunk, tiny rounded river rocks lodged in its crevices. In the backwater behind the tree, the water deposited a ridge of pale yellow river sand framed in sodden brown leaves and fine twigs. That summer, goldenrod and wild daisies pushed up out of the sand.

In November, a cold hard rain soaked the valley, and far up river on a small

tributary, a beaver dam tore away in the strong storm. A cluster of its chewed, pointed branches swept down river to lodge in the protruding root ends of the tree. The next summer, a pair of mallard ducks nested under the pile of beaver branches. On cool mornings, the ducklings would reach from the nest to drink the dew gathered on sagging spider webs spun just above their heads.

As its field of influence grew, the tree reached out to gather more spoils from the river: maple limbs and pine slash left by loggers far up river, a growing pile of river rocks. Fine sand filled in around the cobbles, leaving long golden fingers pointing downstream from every stone knuckle.

The ring of detritus around the old tree revealed the character of its watershed: a strand of gray squirrel tail, pine needles and cones, a tattered bluejay feather, a dead wasp, snail shells, fronds of ferns, the claw of a crawfish, a dead garter snake dried stiff as a twig.

Every year, the island expanded around the tree, and the tree settled a bit deeper into its self-made quilt.

One summer, wood-boring beetles discovered the damp bottom of the tree and tunneled deeply into its softening heartwood to lay their eggs. Predatory ants found the tunnels, and inside the tree a silent, savage war raged as the ants killed and carried away their quarry. Termites moved into the vacant wood honeycomb and hollowed out

## MIKE ROSENTHAL

---

chambers as they chewed through the damp, dark interior. The once-straight line of the tree began to sag and buckle from within. Tufted green whiskers of grass grew out of its crumbling brown cavities.

For several springs, a male ruffed grouse used the hollow shell of the tree to drum for a mate. Deer mice gathered the soft, dry, water-washed bits of leaf and fern from around the tree to build a nest in a small hollow inside the trunk. A foraging weasel found the nest and carried the baby mice away to feed its own young. Alders and willows formed a canopy above the old tree, and a wild grapevine snaked across its softening surface, sending tiny tendrils deep into its cracks and crevices.

Up river, roads and houses cut into the watershed. The surface runoff increased, and the island flooded frequently during storms. The composition of the river began to change. The spring freshet now carried coarse brown sand that had been spread on the new roads during the winter. Cans and bottles and bits of white plastic protruded

from behind the tree in the growing pile of sand. One spring, a snapping turtle crawled from the river to lay her leathery white eggs in a hole she dug in the soft sand, covering them carefully with her back feet. A skunk rummaging in the sand discovered the eggs and ate them.

The island rose higher around the sloping shoulders of the old tree, which now barely protruded above the surrounding cobbles and sand. In the deep summer shade beneath the brush and vines that capped the island, moss grew over the crumbling trunk of the tree.

One warm, wet spring, the island lay submerged for several weeks. When the water withdrew, all that remained of the tree was a long thin line of moss at ground level, an unnaturally straight green stripe across the crest of the island, barely visible beneath the thick brush.

That summer, on a hot, windy afternoon, a layer of fine white sand blew in over the moss, and the old tree disappeared forever.

# The Catherine Wheel

by

JENN CROWELL

The cry shakes her, raking her out of sleep; it resonates its murmur. She wrenches her back, moves in to him, tries to get closer. *Did you have a nightmare?* she whispers, and presses the side of her palm to his forehead, feels the dry fever. Her thoughts tangle in the bedclothes. Poor little love. He coughs, and it rattles through him. She gathers him into her arms, feeling every wretch and spasm, as if he is seeping into her. Thunder cracks outside. His head is bent into her chest, her lips pressed to his forehead. She's praying.

\* \* \*

*we were married once bill and i before i ran away before i ran away from him and england we lived in a craggy old house in devon before curran was born and i played the game the first night we were there it came a thunderstorm window casements shook branches tapped swirled and unpacked boxes threw wicked shadows like the vibrations off somebody's damn crucifix katharos i whispered as he picked me up and carried me up the stairs barefoot in my white nightdress the whole world tangled and dark oh damn it i was scared a little girl again "come now love" he said and kissed me it tasted awful one foot moving up the steps ear to his chest hearing his heartbeat with the silent secrets ringing in my head gloria come on angel muttering my name ready to devour and locked away*

*to tremble (boudoir dreams against this) and the china dolls with their smashed faces screaming WATCHING i was dead katharos I whispered and split into a million pieces pure as a baby there was no struggle only a motion simple as playing cello underwater a babble from old childhood and it won. . .it won. . .it won. . .*

\* \* \*

They watch shadows play upon the walls.

"You want to tell me about it?" she whispers. He rests in the crook of her arm. She feels him shake his head. Their fingers touch, threaded like static air, an almost telepathic sharing, death-secret. A luminous, circular shape, spoked, flickers by the window, in the far corner.

"I know what that looks like," she murmurs.

Her breath falls on his hair; his hair falls on her cheek.

"A Catherine wheel," she says. "You remember that, don't you?"

She searches for a smile, for her own comfort. But he has already fallen asleep.

\* \* \*

*My father would stare at me, as I came up the stairs. After seeing Bill.*

*I'd freeze, my false buoyancy stopped dead. The flush sucked itself out of my*

## JENN CROWELL

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*cheeks, while the tingling ceased on my lips. The skirt of my green silk dress suspended its swirling. He clamped his hand on my wrist. Liar, I told myself.*

*"So late?" he whispered.*

*He blocked me in the doorway. Greyish, dignified. Broad shoulders. The buttons at his collar. Strange youthful lines of his face. Temptation snapped my bones in two. The martyrdom swelled in me, cold and empty. A professor, a madman, suicide-father. Lecherous lamb I'd have to kill.*

*Damn you, I thought, why did you make me want it?*

\* \* \*

*She traces tepid circles round the boy's cheek, feeling the surge of electricity, noxious heat, the violence in her fingertips. He stares up at her, eyes unfocused, frog-like, cherubim, myopic and moist, a gardenia flower, his lips forming silent words, trapped in the voile folds of her white blouse, vulnerable and moonlit. Bare and soaked with calenture and rancid perfume's water-droplets, her arm forms another circle. He's too warm, too perfect, this love so pernicious it's scary. He's too much her son. She tastes sepia-toned photographs, old words that died on her lips. *We were never innocent*, she thinks.*

\* \* \*

*We sat in the kitchen, up all night, face shaded in the dark by Kafkaesque modern appliances. I sat at the table opposite. My hair hung dismally over my cheekbones like a schoolgirl's. He said my name once: Gloria, my love. He put his head*

*down and wept, burning, shoulders shaking, so wild no sound came out. I loved him the way a masochist loves herself, searching for bodily weapons, tunnels, places to cut. I reached for his hand, and said nothing. He wept harder. Midnight came, but still no voice, only the twanging of pulled-taut threads, slavish father and daughter, the prurient hum of the teakettle.*

\* \* \*

*She rises, feeling the heat steam up from the sheets, a sea of rubbing alcohol and drowning violets. She tucks the blankets back in around him. She lets him sleep here, when he's scared and sick. Lately, it seems he has been sick all the time. Her manacled heart flutters its dead-girl refrain as she drags and the hardwood floors squeal. She cares nothing for her rumpled clothes. No time even to bother, no time to slip into pristine white frocks and nightgowns of cutwork stitching. She forgets the vodka-men, the cyclone of parties. This, this mother-dependency, is the sweetest thing she knows.*

*She pulls the combs out of her hair. It falls dark and curled thickly round her shoulders. In the neverlight, she could pass for demure. She licks her cracked lips, stares in the greenish mirror, her eyes too hollow. The illusory bouncing of a broken doll down the stairs mingles with littleboy sighs. *Katharos*, she whispers, and the secret signal goes on; she hears the far-off wail of a crucifixion.*

*She bites her lip, hard. The world shuts down.*

\* \* \*

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*When I was a little girl, I thought I was St. Catherine.*

*In the convent schools of my childhood, I knelt before altars. Stained-glass wrapped all around me. I remember the candles. A scent warm and musky, of burnt flesh and chastity, the sliding of a screen. "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned, . . ." My lips moved, stabbed and numb. I tripped up on the words. Hands grasped at the small of my back, imaginary yet with secret wantings, a thousand Sienna voices singing the rapture in my ear. Anglican habits bustled, golden bridal rings fell to the floor. I felt a demented kinship with this tortured saint, dissociated into a woman pure I did not know. A thousand glass panes broke in my mind. The folds of my white dress wrinkled, and my hair fell over my face in its curtain. In the Novena, I bowed my child's head. Guilty. So guilty.*

\* \* \*

She sits down on the bed. She hears the gentle creak. It comes to her, warm and soft, ectoplasmic, with old thoughts best not toyed with. Her head falls into her hands. Fingers dig like wild spokes in her scalp, her hair. Life seeps out. Her spine sinks as she exhales. The weight drops from her. There is nothing, only the sounds of her punctured breathing.

\* \* \*

*thinking back there were too many years i can't remember can't my mother smashing vodka bottles he led me by the hand to the nursery she played vivaldi on cello in the parlour like a madwoman the*

*mauve coverlet the huge oak bed do you dare to close your eyes to hold your breath and swallow undoing all the rose-coloured buttons on my pinafore so many tiny pearl buttons the spokes came down on my six-year-old hands oh damn it no and i became catherine delight shocks my mind her fingers on the strings, moving down his hands, moving down oh bloodlovedeathpain. . . .*

\* \* \*

She turns in the dark and shifts toward him. He lies in slumber, still as an infant corpse, clad in pale blue flannel pyjamas. The torpid hazel eyes burn beneath their closed lids, the shaded sensual face so reminiscent of English cottage-children, running on empty, with seraph lips. The garden outside is alive with whitish fire, night migrations and swallow-songs, rain rising up with radioactive purity and dew after the storm. He inhales, fungal and soft, his sigh reeking of candied cough syrup. She touches one blonde curl and sees a blue spark. *Curran*, she says.

The shadow moves across the bed. It flickers white. Her throat closes, all the muscles in her neck working, her face contorted. Silent wrenched words convulse on her lip. The demon of a little girl, trying to kick her way out. A nursery-rhyme chant: *Have to, have to*. She tastes the delectable scent of peppermint and caged fear. She brushes his hair back, with one damp palm. The vein at his temple juts out, pulsating, the translucent vein of a child. She's crying. She rises up on one knee. *I love you*, she thinks.

She unbuttons her skirt.

*The Night was Cool as I Walked Alone*

by

TANYA A. WATSON

The night was cool as I walked alone

I walked over a land scattered with leaves  
Beautiful, colorful leaves  
Glistening in the light of the moon  
The ground felt cold under my feet

I had walked this path before  
Air in my face  
Wind blowing my short, flowing dress  
Coat warm around my neck

Thoughts in my head  
Love in my heart  
Flower in my hand  
My Soul drifting

My sandals clicked on the steps of the wooden porch  
I knocked; you answered  
The best friendship grew closer  
More intimate by the second

Serious, playful discussion  
We talked in the darkness  
Warm beside you  
Sleeping in your arms

Loving you  
I must go

The morning was cool as I walked alone

*Honeymoon*

by

MARYELLEN CLEARY

The sand holds hot crystals in its grainy grasp,  
desperately trying to capture the last remnants  
of the liquid sunset.

He slumps before the frothing shore,  
blindly groping for the bloody shard embedded  
in his tender heel.

The water slaps against her lifeless body,  
slowly washing the gore so savagely rendered  
by the shattered champagne bottle.

# *Memories Can't Be Sold*

by

ANN E. HENRY

My grandparents built the white Cape Cod on High Street in 1947, and I'm pretty sure they planned to live on that corner in Spring Grove for the rest of their lives. They raised their three sons there and went to church at St. Paul Lutheran on Main Street. Eventually, the boys married, and grandchildren, six of them, began to appear. The house was the site of Sunday dinners and holiday buffets, when laughter and music were the most common languages spoken. That ended 45 years after they built the house, when Grandpa, the healthier of the two, got sick and couldn't take care of Grandma. That's when we moved them to Autumn House, a personal care facility where waiters serve them in the colonial-style dining room, musicians perform "golden oldies," and Bingo is a favorite activity. On the whole, it was a good move and the best thing for Grandma and Grandpa, but it left us with a house and everything that filled it to dispose of. Dad and his brothers decided a public sale was the best way to do it.

Until the morning of the sale, I felt nothing but excitement. For starters, it was the first one at which I had spent any significant amount of time. Besides that, it meant an end to most of my father's worries. Without another lawn to mow, a house to get in order, and dozens of boxes to go through, I hoped he'd be a lot happier. It also meant we'd be rid of a house no one lived in--a dark, smelly house that was too

old to be modern and too new to be antique. Lastly, it meant we could all finally move on. Grandma could relax because without a house to go back to, she wouldn't have to leave Autumn House and the attention she gets there. Grandpa could accept that he wouldn't be going back to his home. Dad could realize that memories of a place are what's important--not the place itself.

Thinking back on it now, I feel as though the whole day is like a slide show running through my mind, just a bunch of moments frozen in time. I see certain people or hear the auctioneer's call as clearly as if I were back in the front yard listening to him.

\* \* \*

**Slide #1:** Furniture is all over the backyard. My brother and cousin keep an eye on things from the old armchairs that were in the basement. I suddenly don't want to go through this day. I want these strangers to go home so we can put everything back in the house. All this stuff is a record of my grandparents' lives together, of the children they have, and of the hobbies they enjoy. It isn't right that people should be looking in their chests and tramping through their house, wondering how little they can pay for something.

**Slide #2:** The auctioneer steps up to the podium to announce the terms of sale



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and general information. Cash or personal checks accepted. Furniture may be stored with consent of owner. Restroom facilities inside the house. Food stand across the street. No questions. The gavel falls on the first item. It is a startling sound.

**Slide #3:** I move out of the hot sun and into the coolness of the garage. Mom tells me to stand to one side and make sure no one steals anything. Behind me, clocks tick; none of them has the right time. I feel so in the way with people pushing past me to sort through books or look at dishes. It makes me uncomfortable to watch these people. They're like vultures picking all the flesh away from the body of the house.

**Slide #4:** We've moved to the back of the house. Grandpa's big, red sleigh with Santa Claus in it sits behind a tree. Years ago, he used to put it on the roof at Christmas, but I only remember it full of fake packages and sitting in the front yard. I loved to see it when I was little, and it still springs to mind when I think of Christmas at my grandparents'. Looking at him now, I see Santa's wave as a final farewell, rather than a promise to return next year.

**Slide #5:** Grandma's sewing machine. How many Barbie outfits and doll clothes did she make on that? I remember when we all got robes for Christmas. My two cousins and I, along with our dolls, had matching ones. Only my brother's was different. Grandma hasn't been able to sew since her eyes got bad, but while she could, she made the wardrobes of little girls' dreams. I think of those outfits stored in the basement and wonder if the little girl I

would like to have some day will ever meet the woman who made them.

**Slide #6:** Where did that long chest come from? In the corner of the basement? Oh, it's the one we piled high with Christmas gifts each year. It's funny how different it looks out of its proper place. Someone says it was made to store flags in. I never knew that. To us, it was just an old chest.

**Slide #7:** Wandering around the house, I think about the things I've done there, and a print that hung in the living room comes to mind. It is of two girls at a piano, and it looks just like my cousin Karen and I do when we get together. I play, Karen sings, and we enjoy ourselves and the love of music that has come down through our family. Karen took that print, but I don't mind because I got something with much more meaning. Months ago I took home Grandma's tattered copy of "Twas the Night Before Christmas." Karen and I both have the new ones Grandma bought us, but this is the music we all stood around to sing as she played each year. It wouldn't bring a quarter by itself at the sale, but the memories it brings to mind are worth more to me than anyone could pay.

**Slide #8:** It's already past noon, the appointed hour for selling the house itself. We finally reassemble out front, and I settle myself on the grassy bank. "I have 68,000. Who'll bid 500? Who'll bid 500?" chants the auctioneer. Slowly, reluctantly, the bid goes up. 68,500. 69,000. Up to 70,000. No one bids higher. He pauses to confer with Dad and Uncle Jerry. "I'm sorry, folks, but

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the owners can't let it go for \$70,000." We still own the house after all.

**Slide #9:** Dad and Uncle Jerry have started helping to distribute things. I watch as Dad hands a coffee grinder to someone. I know how hard this is for him. Having lived at home till he was 35, he's very close to his parents, especially his mother. Now he's giving away her belongings to people he's never seen before who will pay a couple of bucks for them. This is a sad day for him.

**Slide #10:** It's finally over. The auctioneer and his helpers pack up their equipment and leave. In about eight hours, the things accumulated over a marriage of 60 years are gone, dispersed into the trucks and cars and vans of others, who will take

them home as prize finds or cart them off to a shop or flea market to sell for a profit. At least the most important things were out of the house long ago. Grandma and Grandpa haven't lived there for over a year. Their home is Autumn House now, where they've made new friends.

\* \* \*

Since the house didn't sell, we'll put a "For Sale by Owner" sign in the front yard and hope that someone takes an interest in it. With everything else gone, it won't seem like Grandma and Grandpa's house anyway, but my memories of times spent there assure that it once was. Those memories at least can never be sold.

# *Selected Haiku:*

by DONALD

Summer begins--  
the pale-skinned lifeguard  
climbs to his post

At a beach cottage  
opening all the windows--  
the sound of the surf

After spring rains,  
finding at the garden's edge  
her lost gold earring

February dawn--  
we lie under thick blankets,  
hearing wind and sleet

Ice in the birdbath--  
an energetic bluejay  
drills for a drink

Day after the storm--  
schoolkids waiting for the bus,  
tossing sunlit snow

Weak winter sun,  
with a north wind gusting--  
the cat wants in

# *Academic Cycle*

L. HOLROYD

End of summer--  
the well-tanned lifeguard  
starts job hunting

Just before meeting,  
the chairman checks agenda--  
takes two aspirin

Chilly autumn day--  
resting by the river's edge,  
a lone butterfly

Jumping on the desk  
the cat asks for attention  
prompting this haiku

November nightfall--  
a squirrel jumps one last time  
for the bird feeder

In late December  
among still-growing grass,  
dandelions bloom

The first snowfall--  
an eager young father  
pulls his son's sled

## *Mrs. Ditty Visits the I.R.S.*

by

SUSAN K. WEITZEL-JOINES

Mrs. Ditty sits down with a sigh at the kitchen table. She dreads this time of the year. It's April 1st. The crocuses are blooming in the yard along with some scattered daffodils. The weather is turning warmer, and the days are longer. The robins have returned from a vacation down South. It is INCOME TAX TIME.

Covered with an assortment of papers and forms, the kitchen table looks disorganized and messy. The potted silk flower in the center is partially obscured by the mountains of paperwork.

Usually a well-organized woman, Mrs. Ditty starts to arrange the papers. "Let's see," she murmurs, "bank statements over here. . . stock reports should go over there. . . now where's my pen at?" She shuffles and lifts piles of papers to give them a shake; two pens bounce onto the table and fall on the floor. "Shit."

With pen in hand, Mrs. Ditty pulls out the I.R.S. 1040 form and goes down through the lines. All goes well until she stumbles onto the line where taxpayers insert any I.R.A. information. As one who never qualifies to take an I.R.A. deduction, she is surprised to see that there is another form to be completed for non-deductible I.R.A. contributions. "Huh, I never even heard of that form before," she mumbles. "I bet I should've included it on other returns. Shit!" Disgusted and a bit panicked, she knows she cannot finish her return until she can attach the non-deductible I.R.A. form. She then

gathers up all the papers, stack by stack, onto one pile and stuffs them into a Weis Markets' plastic bag.

The following afternoon, Mrs. Ditty takes her plastic bag full of tax information and drives to the I.R.S. building. A bleak, plain, and ominous-looking place, its red brick walls are cold and unwelcoming. As she drives into the parking lot, she is greeted by an austere black on white sign stating ENTER HERE ONLY.

*God, I haven't even entered the place, and they're telling me what to do.*

She pulls into one of the empty parking spots. *At least the lot isn't full today.* She puts the gearshift into park.

With plastic bag in hand, Mrs. Ditty drags herself out of the car and heads toward the door. The double glass doors at the front of the building are dirty and streaked. She struggles to pull the door open, but it is heavy and difficult. She takes two hands and tries to physically manhandle the door, sliding in only to have it slam shut, hitting her hard on the butt.

*I can't believe this. If it's this hard to get into this place, I'd hate to see what it's like to get OUT.*

Once inside, Mrs. Ditty stands in a small vestibule with rows of slots holding hundreds of different types of forms on the walls. Some of the form titles had been scratched out with new names and numbers written on top, giving them a junky, haphazard look.

## SUSAN K. WEITZEL-JOINES

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*So much for the reduction in paperwork act. I wonder if they have any forms for taxpayers who just want to tell these people to mind their own business?*

Turning to the right, she enters through another streaky set of double glass doors into the main office, which is bleak and dirty. To her right is a row of cheap plastic chairs in faded orange that look about 30 years old. The dirty windows above let in some sunshine, which softens the harshness of the fluorescent lighting.

The only other person in the room is a young man sitting in one of the chairs by the window, his eyes fixed and staring into space. Mrs. Ditty notices that he is not holding any forms.

*He can't take too long once it's his turn. I should be out of here in no time.*

Looking to her left, she shudders to see the I.R.S. employee on duty behind the counter. A middle-aged woman, she is tall and slim, looking a lot like Olive Oyl in the Popeye comic strip. Her black hair is pulled straight back into a severe knot. Wearing no makeup, she is unsmiling and distant. Her suit is dated, being a faded gray, with her blouse buttoned up tightly around her neck. Peering over her bifocals, she looks up at Mrs. Ditty and curtly remarks, "You MUST take a number!"

Looking for a "take one" number system, Mrs. Ditty turns to a PC sitting on a small stand in the middle of the waiting room. Instructions, written in both English and Spanish, are pasted onto the table beside the terminal. She notices three customers waiting, including herself.

*Incredible! No wonder the government's broke! Whatever happened to the old-fashioned "take one" system? A lot*

*easier and cheaper, too. Doesn't need complicated instructions either.*

Mrs. Ditty types in her name, hits the "enter" key, and watches as the screen displays a large message: YOU ARE NUMBER 6. She takes a seat near the door to wait her turn.

Watching the I.R.S. clerk, she notices the woman's name badge: "Your I.R.S. Service Representative, MRS. IMAN."

*Or is it MRS. IMGONNAGETCHA? Or MRS. I.R.S.?*

Mrs. I.R.S. is waiting on an elderly woman who is noticeably confused by her forms. The clerk is becoming increasingly agitated because she has to repeat her answers and explanations. As the customer shuffles through her papers, Mrs. I.R.S.'s beady eyes look up at the young man and Mrs. Ditty and asks if either just needs forms. The young man jumps up and states that he needs form number blab, blab for small businesses.

*Now how does he know that? What a smart kind of guy! I'm impressed.*

As Mrs. I.R.S. hands the man his forms, she glances at Mrs. Ditty. Noticing her plastic bag of papers, she motions her to stay seated. "I'll get to you after this customer."

As Mrs. Ditty looks past the I.R.S. clerk, she notices the office is laid out in cubicles. There is a large cardboard sign, warped and streaked from age, that states, "All Returns Kept Confidential." The air in the room is stale, and the faint sound of a radio can be heard from one of the small offices. Posters are scattered on the walls, reinforcing the I.R.S. philosophy of great service--

*You've got to be kidding!*

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--and taxpayers' rights.

*Rights? Is there such a thing?* A smirk crosses her face.

There are signs on all the doors and walls that say NO SMOKING, but there's an ashtray on the window sill above the waiting room chairs. Mrs. Ditty assumes it's there for nervous taxpayers.

Because Mrs. Ditty is on her lunch break from work, she begins to get a bit antsy as she watches the clock. Already, twenty minutes have passed.

*All I want is a simple form and a bit of information. This is ridiculous!*

Suddenly, the glass doors into the waiting room push open, and an old man shuffles in. He looks ancient, dressed in a tattered old suit and tie. Bent and balding, he carries a battered cardboard box, stuffed with papers, cradled in his arms. It looks like he's carrying his entire life's story in that box. Looking around helplessly, he turns and heads for the row of chairs. As he settles into a seat and places the box on his lap, Mrs. I.R.S. looks up over her glasses and says sharply, "You MUST take a number."

"Who, me?" the man replies, his expression unchanging on his unshaven, wrinkled face.

"You MUST take a number to be waited on."

"Why, I have an appointment for 1:30 with Mr. Audit," he says, his hands shaking.

"He'll come for you at the time of your appointment," Mrs. I.R.S. stiffly replies, looking down as she fiddles with her keyboard.

Mrs. Ditty is next, number six.

"Number five, please," Mrs. I.R.S. calls out while still looking down at the

keyboard. As no one moves, she looks up, staring directly at Mrs. Ditty.

"I'm number six," says Mrs. Ditty. "The young man you already took care of was number five, remember?"

More fiddling with her keyboard. "Number six, please."

Mrs. Ditty can barely hide her irritation.

*This is unreal. Maybe I should suggest the "take one" system.*

Pulling her paper work out onto the counter, Mrs. Ditty explains her dilemma regarding the past I.R.A.'s.

Mrs. I.R.S. drones that form number 8022xx must be filed with this return, with such and such totals on line 23 of 1040, carried over to Part D and attached together where indicated on the form.

"What???"

"Just fill out form number 8022xx. You do have it, don't you?"

"No."

"Well, fill out 8022xx and fill in the totals here on line 23 of the 1040, and don't forget about Part D."

"Oooo-kay, if you say so."

"Here is an 8022xx. Better take two in case you make a mistake."

*Me, make a mistake? Noooo!*

Confused and slightly put off, Mrs. Ditty gathers up the forms and stuffs them back into her plastic bag. She decides she will do what she can and send in the return, figuring she's probably due for a date with Mr. Audit anyway.

As she turns to leave, Mrs. Ditty glances at the clock on the wall: 1:45. She can see Mr. Old and Scared To Death still huddled in his chair. Mr. Audit is late--so much for today's service-oriented I.R.S.!

## SUSAN K. WEITZEL-JOINES

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As she walks out the front door, Mrs. Ditty inhales the fresh spring air. She backs her car out of its parking space and looks at the driveway where, earlier, she entered the lot. She sees two signs:

**NOT AN EXIT**

and

**WRONG WAY**

Looking to make sure there's no incoming traffic, Mrs. Ditty turns the wheel and drives past the two signs onto the street.

"TAKE THAT!" she says, pointing her finger at the I.R.S. building.

She heads back to work.



## *Anastasia*

by

JENN CROWELL

*We'll see how fast you'll be running.*  
*We'll see how brave you are--* Tori Amos

The world at two a.m.  
sucks on its silence  
as she laces buttons  
on corsets of jewels  
that may well save her life.  
Her eyes are those  
of her own executioner--  
grim at 19, lost in that dour cubicle  
where doors open and close and rifles  
click, bayonets are drawn  
as the tableaux of family smell  
shoulder to shoulder heats up  
with a flash of childlike screams  
slick with rain and bursts of light.  
Later they find her in Germany  
trying to jump off a bridge, skirts  
swirling, body flying  
in an arc like the soul of that executioner  
and hitting the outer limits of the universe  
in freefall, numb to their shouts  
and the release that follows  
angry to be alive, unable to  
feel anything but the dank water.  
She resurfaces with no more than a name  
in itself a victory, saying: I am.

## *Outfront and Backstage View:*

### *Some American Women Stars of the 1950's*

by

EDWARD T. JONES

In the 1950's I became a pubescent pursuer of women stars of the American theatre whose performances I viewed and whose autographs I sought on what I now know was the end of the old "Road," as it had been understood for more than half a century. These actresses brought their star-vehicles to Baltimore, Washington, and an occasional upscale summer theatre near where I lived in tryout or "direct from Broadway" visits. Most of these performers had been born in the late 19th century, and the Bernhardt influence was perhaps subliminally affecting the ritual I engaged in with them.

My usual procedure for securing a backstage meeting was to write letters to these actresses, tip the head-usher when I entered the auditorium to deliver my message to the performer, and wait at intermission to see if I would receive an invitation, which I almost always did, to come backstage after the final curtain. And during this time in the American theatre, curtains were omnipresent, separating the performing space and the world of the play from the outside. The frequent absence of the curtain I associate with later decades and may be symptomatic of the lost "magic"

audiences felt for both performance and performer. To be sure, I did not see legendary actresses like Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Eva LaGallienne, Tallulah Bankhead, Josephine Hull, Ruth Gordon, or an actress of a younger generation at the time, Jessica Tandy, in the plays wherein they acquired their original star status, but they brought the luster and aura of their reputation with them, even in inferior efforts.

This passion for living theatre and its women stars was partly fueled by my reading, while I was still in elementary school, a biography addressed to young readership on the career of Katharine Cornell, *Curtain Going Up*. Somehow "Queen Katharine," "the First Lady of the American Theatre" whom I had not seen in movies or heard on radio (television was in its infancy), embodied for me the imagined unique achievement that was live performance, even though I had never seen her, or nearly anybody else, on the professional stage. That neglect was soon changed by my indulgent parents who began taking me to sometimes distant theatres usually for matinee performances.

At that time I did not know that Katharine Cornell had visited 77 cities, in

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the face of the nation's worst depression, and covered some 17,000 miles to re-open the "Road." I subsequently read, after meeting Miss Cornell, Margalo Gillmore's and Patricia Collinge's *The B.O.W.S.*, their memoir of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, as presented to the allied troops during the winter of 1944 in Italy, France, and Holland, which made me think of Katharine Cornell as a kind of Saint Joan, another notable role from her repertory, unseen by me but with powerful resonance for my own myth-making.

I, at last, had the pleasure of seeing and meeting Katharine Cornell in a revival of W. Somerset Maugham's *The Constant Wife*. Maugham's sophisticated, insouciant view of marital infidelity of 1926, which served as a harbinger for Noel Coward's *Private Lives* of a few years later, was beyond my ken in the early fifties. However, John's final speech before the closing curtain proved intelligible enough for me even then to reinforce my glamorous image of Katharine Cornell:

You are the most maddening, wilful, capricious, wrong-headed, delightful and enchanting woman man was ever cursed with having for a wife. Yes, damn you, come back. (*She lightly kisses her hand to him and slips out, slamming the door behind her.*) (768-769)

My letter written and delivered, I was told that I could go backstage to meet Miss Cornell following the performance, in this case a rare evening outing for me in Washington, DC. Meanwhile before the third act (or perhaps it was the second, I don't

recall), President Harry Truman came to the theatre, as I learned was his wont during those years. My post-play visit had to be deferred until the President of the United States had paid his respects. I see myself standing impatiently and a little anxiously by the stage door of the old Gaiety Theatre (it was not a burlesque house despite the name), waiting until President Truman reappeared with what I suppose was Secret Service support. Then I was ushered into the labyrinth of backstage corridors to the stage itself where Miss Cornell greeted me with enormous warmth--I imagined as genuinely as she had greeted President Truman--and said something about the pleasure of having such a young and knowledgeable admirer.

Up close, the elegant Donald Oenslager set appeared to lack the richness and credibility it had conveyed outfront to the house, but Miss Cornell did not disappoint face to face. Her wide, heart-shaped face seemed wonderfully expressive. I thought she was unusually tall, as she bent to greet me and shake my hand. I later learned that Katharine Cornell was five feet six and three-quarters, according to Tad Mosel's biography, *Leading Lady: The World and Theatre of Katharine Cornell* (151), tall certainly for her generation but not as stately as I thought then in her fashionable heels. I also recall her deep, well-modulated voice, and that voice I might describe as "tall" also. In *The Entertainers*, reference is made from an unidentified source that her impassioned voice could "lick at the dialogue like a flame" (205). Even if I did not understand all of Maugham's dialogue, I felt something of Cornell's skill during her performance, and it continued backstage as well. Her voice,

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style, technique, call it what you will, was unfamiliar to me from my movie-going experience, and I found it very exciting. Cornell's distinctive voice coupled with her imposing presence has stayed with me through the years.

Likewise I remember my pleasure in Jessica Tandy's voice during a pre-Broadway tryout run at a suburban Washington summer theatre of Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter*. Her more intimate, unprojected "voice" she used backstage with me still had a quality I found more compelling than ordinary voices in my experience. With her briefly backstage I apologized for not having seen her in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. She endorsed *The Fourposter* as perhaps the better debut for me. Hume Cronyn, her co-star, was not in the immediate vicinity, but she graciously offered to take my autograph book for him to sign and then return it to me. This accomplished successfully, we left the theatre together. I remember her doing a lively spring over large protruding tree roots near the parking lot of the summer theatre. I was struck by her immense vitality, on stage and off, which endured during the many later decades until her recent death. I recall a Tony Awards telecast perhaps a decade or so ago where Mark Hamill and Jessica Tandy appeared close together. The difference in authority between the two performers simply as a result of voice quality seemed especially striking, and I was thrust back to memories of my earlier star-gazing, star-listening, and enthusiasm for live theatre.

The matter of height persisted in my experience with the actresses I met backstage. Eva LaGallienne, for example, who appeared tall on stage, was actually

diminutive with the closer proxemics of backstage. Moreover, her perfection of diction and timing of gesture and phrasing I remember as superb, even breathtaking--today we might consider these attributes stylized and artificial--but that kind of technique was characteristic, indeed expected of these actresses. The audience wanted something extraordinary, larger than life but validated by the actresses' living presence. How great was the applause when these performers entered the stage! They accepted it modestly, decorously, but apparently without much concern for whatever disruption such an outburst might cause the play's "throughline." For the audience to withhold its applause or for the performer not to acknowledge it would have seemed a breach of theatrical faith. By the same token and maybe because of my experience during formative years, I have never accepted the absurdity of pleased audiences applauding a movie screen at the end of a film.

One actress who did appear physically small to me, both on stage and off, but without any impairment of stature in commanding the performance space, was Helen Hayes. I saw her for the first time in Mary Chase's play "for children of all ages," a delicate blend of fantasy and reality, *Mrs. McThing*, which neither enjoyed nor deserved the success of the playwright's earlier *Harvey*. Still it was a good vehicle for Helen Hayes who was adept at playing the droll and whimsical. Yes, she was "cute," but that is not meant to be pejorative, for, in addition, she brought her usual steely strength to the character and the play.

For me, then and maybe now as well, Helen Hayes did not possess the glamour of

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some of the other stars I admired; nevertheless, her reputation as "First Lady of the American Theatre" had registered on me despite my own vote for Katharine Cornell. More recently, I have decided that it may have been the androgynous quality of a number of these actresses--Cornell, LaGallienne, and Bankhead--that separated them from more conventional actresses. Often the plays those particular women appeared in were beyond my level of maturity, but that, too, made them almost more provocative. *Mrs. McThing* was not in that category. I felt comfortable with the play and with its star whom I "interviewed" briefly in the alleyway of the stage entrance to the National Theatre, only recently re-opened in Washington after years of being dark but still calling itself "America's First Theatre."

Helen Hayes related to me with attentive interest, as she had just demonstrated on stage in *Mrs. McThing* to characters supposedly about my age then. To my predictable questions like "what has been your favorite play?" Helen Hayes politely responded that she particularly liked whatever she was appearing in at the time. She and I talked a little bit about a television production she had recently appeared in of Thornton Wilder's *The Happy Journey* where she had played another mother-role, roles she assured me she enjoyed doing. I had not seen Eva LaGallienne in her famous production of *Ghosts*, but I remember at the time thinking that neither Miss LaGallienne nor Katharine Cornell would probably be so convincing as Helen Hayes in maternal guise.

I was impressed by Helen Hayes' graciousness, yet I was not awed as I had

been on some other occasions. In retrospect, I think her effect on me may have been at the heart of her enormous appeal in the American theatre for nearly the whole of the century. To that extent, *Mrs. McThing* may well have been an apotheosis of Helen Hayes' special gifts, and my brief encounter with her appeared almost as a continuation of the play itself. The memory of the easy familiarity between us endures.

I had a similar experience when I saw a Saturday matinee pre-Broadway performance of George S. Kaufman's and Howard Teichmann's *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, not the greatest vehicle for the incomparable Josephine Hull, yet near enough to *Harvey* and *Arsenic and Old Lace* to become a big hit of the mid-fifties, complete with film sequences, references to television, and other mixed media indicative maybe of the fight the Broadway theatre was starting to put up against its entertainment competitors. From about seventh grade I began savoring Kaufman and Hart comedies. My devotion to George S. Kaufman was unbounded; I considered his dialogue the apogee of wit and sophistication. Besides at least in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, Kaufman and Hart seemed to support the notion that Katharine Cornell was "the First Lady of the American Theatre." My letter to Mrs. Hull had been duly delivered and favorably accepted by the end of the first act, and I was looking forward to my visit backstage in her dressing room where I was told I might meet her.

During intermission, in one of the boxes of the National Theatre, I discovered George S. Kaufman and others associated with the production, busily working and talking. The playwright with legal pad was

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furiously making notes and re-writing parts of the script, I suppose. In violation of my usual practice where I tried not to intrude without first obtaining permission, I slipped down to his box to ask Mr. Kaufman for his autograph. His initial response was "How did you get here?" I apologized for disturbing him but continued to ask for his autograph. He reluctantly complied, and I felt triumphant, although a little wary about how Josephine Hull might react to me. I dimly sensed that a pre-Broadway tryout might put everyone connected with the play on edge and understandably impatient with someone like me. After all, I had seen *Kiss Me Kate* in 1950 and remembered the lyrics and anxiety of its opening number.

I did not have to worry. With her legendary good humor and graciousness Josephine Hull welcomed me to her dressing room as if I were her most valued fan of the afternoon. Some reviewer, the exact source I have forgotten, described Mrs. Hull's shape as that of a "battered coal barge." I thought she looked remarkably attractive in a colorful dressing gown. Indeed she reminded me of a favorite aunt I later thought rather glamorous in an Auntie Mame way, the eponymous heroine I was not to become acquainted with until at least two years later. Mrs. Hull told me how much she liked doing comedy, for these plays seemed to bring audiences alive with happiness. She personalized her autograph to me and said she hoped I would continue to support the theatre and someday try writing for it. I wished her well on the tryout tour, having failed to ask her how difficult it was to learn new lines, blocking, and the like in the midst of public try-out performances of a new play. That kind of practical question was

beyond my star-struck behavior that afternoon.

After years of absence from the stage, the legendary comedienne, Ina Claire, returned to the live theatre in the mid-fifties with a new play by T. S. Eliot, *The Confidential Clerk*, a somewhat Wildean treatment of the Orestes story. Obviously I had no direct knowledge of Ina Claire except what I had read about her. I had pored over Daniel Blum's *A Pictorial History of the American Theatre* off and on for years, and the wistful, dreamy portrait of Ina Claire from the 1932 season in one of her major hits, S. N. Behrman's *Biography*, had especially fascinated me. Again I suspect I found something exotic in her provenance being almost exclusively theatrical, since I had no opportunity to see any of the early sound movies she had appeared in. Once more from Blum I learned that Ina Claire first attracted notice in 1911 (74, 78), so she was hardly an ingenue when I saw her playing a savvy matron in Eliot's comedy.

This time, although my goal was to meet Miss Claire and obtain her autograph, I wrote to Claude Rains who was also in the cast and who was an actor I much admired. My appeal to him was through an acquaintance who bred dogs Rains was reported to like and who knew the actor slightly from a summer home he occasionally visited near Downingtown, Pennsylvania. I received no response from Mr. Rains. Indeed, I encountered him by accident in the alleyway of the National's stage entrance. He obligingly signed my autograph book but gave no recognition of having ever received my letter. He did kindly lead me to the stage door, permitted me to enter but proceeded out of the area

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himself. Once inside I quickly found Ina Claire. With a sort of twinkling incredulity, she inquired about the basis of my interest in and knowledge of her. When I catalogued some of the salient highlights of her long and distinguished career, she seemed convinced of my sincerity and with a flourish signed my book and thanked me for caring to learn "all that."

I finally saw Tallulah Bankhead on stage after I started college and hence by my own code was presumably too old to pursue autograph collecting. Nevertheless, I made an exception in her case. She was doing another doomed stage adaptation of a Henry James novel, *Eugenia* based on *The Europeans*, a play destined to go the way of the Master's *Guy Domville* but without the audible and public boos hurled at the author.

The pre-Broadway tryout came to Baltimore's old Ford Theatre, soon to be abandoned, and the poor star had broken her hand or wrist, I forget which. Consequently she was physically unable to sign autographs. Perhaps I only imagined it, but I hear in my mind's ear her throaty "Dahling, how can I write?" as she glided to the stage door, reminding me rather of Mae West as a possible Blanche DuBois. This lacuna in my autographs was a source of disappointment, even shame. Now I rather glory in it.

My last autograph from this decade of my life--another exception of those early college years--was Ruth Gordon. I saw her also in Baltimore in a post-Broadway tour of Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*. Her Dolly Levi seemed always so perfect--even so musical--that Jerry Herman's later musical struck me as nearly redundant. I had seen Carol Channing in Shaw's *Pygmalion*

earlier in the decade, got her autograph, and lamented that she had not done *My Fair Lady* in 1956.

Because I had not intended to visit the star of *The Matchmaker* when I went to the theatre, I did not have a note ready for Ruth Gordon. By this time in my Baltimore theatre-going, I was reasonably familiar with Ford's backstage, and so, on impulse, I simply went backstage following the matinee performance. No security guard was present at the stagedoor, I recall. On a dressing room right off the stage, I found the star's name on the door and had the temerity to knock. Ruth Gordon herself opened the door. It being a kinder, more complacent America in the Eisenhower Era, neither she nor Garson Kanin, whom I recognized within but was polite enough not to pursue, took me for a crazed fan or worse.

I probably sounded fulsome in my praise for Ruth Gordon's hilarious performance, but I was sincere then and now. I had never experienced such an electrifyingly comic performance before in the theatre and only one or two comparable examples in the years since. When Ruth Gordon achieved cult status after *Harold and Maude* in the seventies, I could fully understand and saw myself as a crypto-Bud Cort. Maybe like Jimmy Carter I had sinned in my heart. My brief, presumptuous meeting with Ruth Gordon took me back to my younger self and memory of my visit with Katharine Cornell. I asked her to sign my autograph book on the opposite page from Kit Cornell. I think *The Matchmaker* was an admirable culmination of her remarkable stage career.

Film critics, historians, and my students tend to assume that the glamour and

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mythologizing of actors began with film, but the history of the living theatre shows otherwise. In the years since my autograph-seeking of the fifties, the theatrical event itself has changed. First of all, it is much more likely to occur in a context other than the traditional proscenium or arena and to be more informed by a spirit of experimentation than was customary in the conventional star-vehicle of the fifties. The American theatre of the sixties featured a range and diversity hitherto unknown; nevertheless, star-power definitely diminished with the rise of the experimental director and innovative playwrights, communal and largely ensemble productions, and "happenings." With someone like Katharine Cornell, the theatre harked back to an essentially nineteenth-century arrangement à la Bernhardt with the actress-manager presiding.

In the commercial theatre of the later decades of the 20th century, the American theatre audience favored musicals over straight plays. By the eighties and nineties, the audience seemingly had become impatient with words themselves and sought ever more elaborate and astonishing visual effects. I find it revealing, and disturbing, that the principal performers' names are rarely known for long-running shows like *Cats*, *Miss Saigon*, et al. The star's name no longer shines above the titles of such shows--only a Cameron MacKintosh logo. While perhaps the ensemble work in the contemporary theatre is better than in the past and something to celebrate, I miss the first ladies of the theatre from my youth. Moreover, I regret that our children who have enjoyed the living theatre from an early age were still deprived of the special magic

I experienced.

What did these gifted actresses bring to the theatre beyond craft and excitement? Whatever their personal doubts and anxieties may have been, I doubt that any of them would have been quite so self-deprecating as Alec Guinness in his autobiography, *Blessings in Disguise*:

To be an actor was his adolescent dream and has been his means of livelihood for 50 years or more; but although he has no complaints about that (indeed it would be ungrateful of him to make any) he knows that an actor is usually no more than an assortment of odds and ends which barely add up to a whole man. An actor is an interpreter of other men's words, often a soul which wishes to reveal itself to the world but dare not, a craftsman, a bag of tricks, a vanity bag, a cool observer of mankind, a child, and at best a kind of unfrocked priest who, for an hour or two, can call on heaven and hell to mesmerise a group of innocents. (xiii)

Such a "deconstruction" of the profession seems contrary to these women stars of the fifties, but maybe I was and am too "innocent." They demonstrated the unusual capacity to share something of their own wholeness with a live audience with the result that each member of that audience experienced a special communication and transfer of energy--what pulled me backstage after the performance. And they were still present between us backstage as upfront.

In *The B.O.W.S.* Gillmore and



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Collinge report on a military audience's response to Cornell's star-vehicle in a particularly challenging "theatre," Europe of World War II:

And that was the second act--the play was almost over, we were nearly done and it looked as though we were all right. Kit had a light shining in her. With that strange sixth sense of the actor that functions unexplainably in complete independence of lines spoken and emotions projected, she had been aware of the gradual change out front from a dubious indifference to the complete absorption of interest. At first they hung back, keeping themselves separate from us, a little self-consciously, a little defiantly, and then line by line, scene by scene, she had felt them relax and respond and give themselves up to the play and the story, till at last they were that magic indivisible thing, an audience. "We must never forget this, never," said Kit. "We've seen an audience born." (49)

These actresses gave birth to me as a theatre-goer in my early adolescence. I remember them, perhaps, in an idealized way as never emotionally false or technically clumsy. What I recall as effortless may have been too meticulous because the actresses had figured out what was best for them and

stuck to it. No matter, I was mesmerized, as I never was by movies, admittedly the fifties now conceded one of the least notable decades of film in the United States. While eternity may not have roared when these stars trod the boards, as Max Reinhardt supposedly said of Duse in contrast to Bernhardt who, in his opinion, at least rattled the stage, the reverberations of these actresses still resound for me.

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# *The Denial Game*

(A One-Act Play)

by

RUTH GROVE

## Characters

Angela, a talk-show host  
An assistant  
Monica (voice only)

## Setting

A radio station. At stage left, a desk with a computer screen, a microphone, a coffee cup, assorted papers, and books. A framed photograph of a man sits on the desk. At stage right, a window looking into a control room, through which the assistant can be seen, and a door into the room. As the lights come up, Angela is seated behind the desk with headphones on and is holding a pencil in her hand.

## ANGELA

*(In a bright and cheery "talk-show host" voice)* . . . and for our next call, we go to Los Angeles to talk to Monica. Monica, are you there?

## MONICA

*(Hesitantly)* Uh, hi, Angela. How're you?

## ANGELA

*(Sets down pencil, relaxes back into chair, sipping at coffee)* Just fine, Monica. What can I do for you?

## MONICA

I'm kinda nervous. Never called a talk show before.

## ANGELA

*(Laughs)* That's okay. We treat all our first-time callers well. Just say what's on your mind.

## MONICA

Well--you asked what we think about violence in schools and . . . I'm against it.

## ANGELA

Monica, why don't you tell us a little about what you feel about it? I mean, all of us are concerned about our schools and kids carrying guns and knives for protection. Be a little more specific. What do you see as the cause of the violence?

## MONICA

*(Voice hardens)* What is this, an interrogation? You just asked what we thought, and now you're cross-examining me.

## ANGELA

*(Looks mystified and moves forward in chair)* Why are you being so hostile?

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**MONICA**

*(angrier and louder)* Hostile? I'm not hostile; you are. Here I call your show, expecting a little kindness, and what do I get? You ask me what I want to talk about and then tell me what I think.

**ANGELA**

*(In a placating voice)* Whoa, Monica, calm down. I just meant that a lot of us are worried about violence in schools. I'd like to know from your perspective what you see as the problem.

**MONICA**

I think the problem's guns. If the government'd get the guns outta school, then there wouldn't be no violence.

**ANGELA**

*(Sets down coffee cup)* How do you think they could do that?

**MONICA**

*(Dramatic shift in tone--angry and defensive)* What do I sound like, Mr. Wizard? They're so smart--let *them* figure it out.

**ANGELA**

You know, Monica, it kind of sounds like you have something against the government.

**MONICA**

*(Still hostile)* There you go again, sticking your nose in my business.

**ANGELA**

Monica, *you* called *me*, remember?

**MONICA**

*(A little less angry, more pensive)* You know, you remind me of my old man. He always tried to get me tangled up in my words.

**ANGELA**

Well, why don't you tell us about it?

**MONICA**

*(Unsure)* I don't know . . . it was a long time ago.

**ANGELA**

What was a long time ago?

**MONICA**

Why're you getting so personal with me? I called to talk about violence, remember?

**ANGELA**

*(Rests head on hand deep in thought looking at the picture on the desk)* Right. Ummm...it seems like your attitude toward violence might have something to do with your father.

**MONICA**

Why d'ya keep bringing him up? He don't matter to me at all.

**ANGELA**

Okay, I guess you don't really want to talk about him then?

**MONICA**

No, I don't. I just wanted to express my opinion to you--that's all.

## RUTH GROVE

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**ANGELA**

*(Giving her assistant the "cut" sign)* All right then. If you don't want to say anything else, we'll move on to our next call. Thanks for. . .

**MONICA**

You mean that's it? You're hanging up on me?

*(Quickly, ANGELA motions her assistant to wait.)*

**ANGELA**

Monica, you said that was all. Is there something else you wanted to talk about?

**MONICA**

*(Sullenly)* Yeah. *Him.*

**ANGELA**

Who? Your dad?

**MONICA**

Yeah. Uhh. . .

**ANGELA**

*(Kind and patient)* Go ahead, Monica.

**MONICA**

It's just that . . . being in school reminds me of being around him.

**ANGELA**

*(Picks up pencil)* You're still in school now?

**MONICA**

Yeah. I guess I must sound older, huh?

**ANGELA**

*(Taps pencil on desk)* Yes, you do. What about school reminds you of him?

**MONICA**

Well, it was a long time ago.

**ANGELA**

Yes . . . ?

**MONICA**

It didn't matter what I said to him, it was never right.

**ANGELA**

And how does that remind you of school?

**MONICA**

At school, there's always someone mad at you, someone ready to bust on you if you say something wrong.

**ANGELA**

*(Nodding)* And it was like that with your dad? How did he "bust on you"?

**MONICA**

Once I came home and said that my teacher wasn't fair. You'da thought I'd tried to murder her.

**ANGELA**

Really? What did he do?

**MONICA**

*(Dull and unemotional)* Well, first he took off his belt and hit me with it. Then, 'cause I wouldn't cry, he started on me with his fists. After that, he just told me I was no good and why didn't I run away.

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**ANGELA**

*(Writing on paper)* Monica, how long ago was this? How old were you?

**MONICA**

I guess I musta been seven or eight. Oh well, it don't matter anyway; he's not around any more.

*(Silently ANGELA motions her assistant to get the paper she was writing on. He comes into the room, reads the paper, and nods. He goes back to the control room, picks up the telephone, and dials.)*

**ANGELA**

*(Watching her assistant)* Do you want to tell me what happened to him?

*(Assistant can be seen talking on phone.)*

**MONICA**

*(Pauses)* He was busted for beating up a guy in a bar. He almost killed him. Then he went after the cop who busted him. So he's still in jail.

*(Assistant nods to Angela and points to phone.)*

**ANGELA**

*(Picking up photograph and walking around desk)* Monica, do you have anyone to talk to about this? I mean, it seems like you're still hurting pretty bad about . . .

**MONICA**

Me, hurting? HAH! That's a laugh. Nothing bothers me. I'm doing just fine.

**ANGELA**

*(Replaces photograph on desk and brushes a tear from her cheek)* Monica, would it help if I told you about. . .

**MONICA**

I don't wanna hear it.

**ANGELA**

Oh, all right. It just seems like you wanted to talk. . .

**MONICA**

Yeah. I just called to say that I'm against violence in school--

*(A click, then silence)*

**ANGELA**

*(Desperately)* Monica? Monica? Monica! Monica. . . please stay on the line. We have someone who can talk to you. Monica. . .

*(Silence. Fade to black.)*

*A Winter Mosaic*

by

NANCY RUPERT MARTER

\* Azure, white, \*  
 And variegated grays \*  
 \* Juxtaposed on sugary,  
 Frigid icing glaze: \*  
 \* Scintillating snowflakes  
 Enchant cold wintry days.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* Crystalline colors, \*  
 \* Myriad mirrored sights, \*  
 Whining tires and moaning engines \*  
 Entwined in shrouded lights-- \*  
 Silent snowstorms swallow \*  
 Stark silver frozen nights. \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\*  
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 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \*

Moonhazy cataract \*  
 Filmed solemn winter skies;  
 Now spirits are uplifted \*  
 As this somber season dies. \*  
 Night fades and Sun arises: \*  
 Golden promise fills our lives.

## *Quick-Fix Shop*

by

JENNIFER SEMPLE SIEGEL

Twenty minutes late  
You amble in  
With your beat-up, old clunker--  
Spiral edges  
Flaking onto the floor--  
And request a complete overhaul  
Within the next 10 minutes.  
Mrs. Goodwright sighs,  
Pulls out a pointed  
Instrument,  
And digs through the labyrinth  
Of sentences.



*Prognosis looks bad.*



The introduction hesitates  
To engage  
Into a lively start,  
And the metaphors need  
A little spark.



Diction is sadly out of tune,  
And verbal echoes  
Reverberate  
Throughout all three main points.



Most sentences here  
Seem to miss important  
Connections. . . .  
We could try splicing them--  
As a temporary measure--  
To the main controlling idea,

## JENNIFER SEMPLE SIEGEL

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But, really,  
We ought to order up some solid  
Commas, conjunctions, and semi-  
Colons for the job.



A sad case, indeed:  
Tenses seem to grind  
In and out of gear, and--  
Though we may find a used  
Standard shift  
To propel untimely verbs--  
A factory-sealed one,  
Manufactured just for your ideas,  
Could be installed,  
With, of course,  
Limited guarantees.



The body itself  
Hinges  
On a weak, rusty  
Thesis sentence,  
Which could fall apart  
Under a scrutinizing eye;  
So plan for a  
Galvanized effort  
To patch up  
Holes

O

In  
Shop-  
Worn arguments.  
Some vital words here  
Seem foreign to  
American spelling;  
And getting the right  
Parts could prove  
Somewhat expensive,  
Requiring hard-  
Ware,





## Notes on Contributors

**MARYELLEN CLEARY** (*Honeymoon*) is a YCP student.

**JENN CROWELL** (*Anastasia* and *The Catherine Wheel*) is a 16-year-old junior at Dallastown Area High School, where she contributes to the newspaper and literary magazine. Jenn's work has appeared in *Onion River Review* and *The Apprentice Writer*, a regional student publication. In summer 1994, she attended the fiction course at the Pennsylvania Governor's School of the Arts. Her interests include alternative music, psychology, and, of course, the "resurrection" of Anastasia Romanov. A self-confessed Anglophile, Jenn hopes to travel to England in the near future. After college, Jenn, in addition to writing, would like to teach and direct films. Currently, she is working on a novel, which incorporates the characters of "The Catherine Wheel."

**KELLEY FAY** (*The Dream*) was born in 1972 in the small town of Jackson, New Jersey. The fifth child from a family of six siblings, Kelley now resides and works in York, Pennsylvania, and is a junior at York College. She majors in secondary education and English, and hopes eventually to teach English to high school students.

**RUTH GROVE** (*The Denial Game*) is a secondary English teacher at Red Lion Christian School. She is a graduate of Lancaster Bible College and was formerly a missionary to the Navajo Indians in New Mexico. Born in North Dakota, she learned adaptability by moving frequently because of her father's government job. She is married and has a son, a foster daughter, and a Scottie (MacDuff). Feeling the need to "lighten up" after years of writing literature essays, she enrolled in YCP's Interdisciplinary Writing class. "The Denial

Game" is her first attempt at a one-act play.

**ANN E. HENRY** (*Memories Can't be Sold*), a junior English major at York College, enjoys performing with the college's Symphonic Winds and reading novels by Maeve Binchy. With "Memories Can't Be Sold," she ventures into the world of published writing for the first time. She says, "The day of my grandparents' sale will remain in my memory as a jumble of images and feelings, as I tried to capture in my essay." She wishes to dedicate this piece to her grandmother Lillian Shunk Henry and to the memory of her grandfather Gerald Garrett Henry, for "they were and are an important part of my life, no matter where they live."

**DONALD L. HOLROYD** (*Haiku: Academic Cycle*) was introduced to Japanese haiku while teaching in Nagoya at Aichi University of Education through a Fulbright grant during 1967-68. Since then, he has continued to study and write haiku and been active in the Haiku Society of America. His work has been published in several magazines, including *Frogpond*, *Dragonfly*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Haiku Highlights*. He enjoys introducing haiku--sometimes called Japan's greatest contribution to world literature--to his classes at York College.

**EDWARD T. JONES** (*Outfront and Backstage View: Some American Women Stars of the 1950's*), Professor of English and Chair of the YCP English and Humanities Department since 1985, is the author of books on the 20th-century British novelist, L.P. Hartley, and the famed stage and film director, Peter Brook. He is a frequent contributor to *Literature/Film Quarterly* as well as other publications on film and performance.

**MARTY KAILIAN** (*Rebirth*) is a part-time, non-traditional student, employed at Dallastown

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Senior High School. She has lived in York all her life, graduating from York High in 1970. She is married and the mother of two children, Adam and Lauren. Marty says, "My greatest desire is to graduate some day, hopefully before I am too old to begin a career."

**GARY KEENEY** (Cover photograph), part-time photographer at YCP, captures many scenes around campus.

**NANCY RUPERT MARTER** (*Winter Mosaic*) teaches composition at YCP.

**TIMOTHY M. RESH** (*Writing Lesson*), a Communications major at YCP, attended Dover High School where he won numerous writing awards, including Honorable Mention in Smith-Corona's national competition, where his essay placed in the top 25 in a field of 25,000 entries. Timothy prefers writing humorous parodies, however. His story "Murder in Produce" appeared in the Fall 1993 issue of *The York Review*.

**MIKE ROSENTHAL** (*The Silent Places* and *The Old Tree*), a free-lance writer, is an adjunct faculty member in the Department of English and Humanities at YCP. He is author of *North America's Freshwater Fishing Book* (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1989). His articles, essays, and short stories have appeared in such publications as *Country Journal*, *Yankee*, *The Boston Globe*, the National Wildlife Federation Press Service, *The York Dispatch* and *York Sunday News*.

**GERALD SIEGEL** (*Stateside*) is not only the author of several texts and reference books and a number of articles and papers, but has been publishing poetry for over 20 years. He teaches

and coordinates the YCP program in Communication and Report Writing and teaches popular and American literature. "Stateside" is based partly on his experiences in the military.

**JENNIFER SEMPLE SIEGEL** (*Quick-Fix Shop*) recently received her MFA from Goddard College. She teaches journalism and composition at YCP and edits *The York Review*. Her work has appeared in *Pennsylvania English*, *Eating our Hearts Out*, *Sleeping with Dionysus*, *The Dictionary of Literary Biography: British Short-Fiction Writers, 1945-1980*, and elsewhere. She is editor of *Onion River Review*, an independent publication of Goddard MFA alumni and students.

**TANYA A. WATSON** (*The Night was Cool as I Walked Alone*) is 20 years old and currently a junior majoring in secondary education English. She is originally from Waynesboro, PA, and hopes one day to teach in a foreign country. Tanya is interested in meeting many new and interesting people and writing about them.

**SUSAN K. WEITZEL-JOINES** (*Mrs. Ditty Goes to the I.R.S.*) is a native of Wrightsville. Sue has lived and worked in York County her entire life. A 1973 graduate of Eastern York High School, she is a non-traditional part-time student at York College pursuing a degree in Business Administration. She currently works full time as a Vice President at Brewery Products Company in York. Sue started writing when she was about 12 years old, composing simple poetry, short stories, and scripts for skits which were held in her parent's garage. In addition to writing, she is an avid gardener and distance runner.

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## CALL FOR MANUSCRIPTS

(For Spring 1996 issue, Volume 3, Number 1)

**\* \* \* \* DEADLINE: May 15, 1995 \* \* \* \***

### MANUSCRIPTS

- High quality poems, short stories, plays, excerpts, and creative essays can be any length. Excerpts from novels, plays, etc. must stand on their own. If we accept your work, you will retain all copyrights for future publication.

### SUBMISSION FORMAT

- Submit **two** copies of your work. On each page of the manuscript, include title of work, your name, and page number.

- Include a cover letter/sheet with a short *biography* (about 50-100 words), name, local address, and phone number. **Also include your summer address and phone number.**

- Submissions **must** be typed (typewriter or word processor), double spaced, **not** handwritten. Print document out in letter-quality mode and use a fresh ribbon. If using computer fan-fold paper, separate all pages and staple or paper clip together. Good quality photocopies okay.

- We cannot be responsible for lost manuscripts and disks, so **always** retain copies.

### SUBMISSION PROCESS

- For return of your manuscript, include a **SASE** (self-addressed, stamped envelope), with **summer** address.

- Submit your manuscript to Jennifer Semple Siegel, Editor, *The York Review*, English & Humanities Department, York College of Pennsylvania, York, PA 17405-7199.

# THE YORK REVIEW

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## **CALL FOR ART WORK & PHOTOGRAPHS**

*(For Spring 1996 issue, Volume 3, Number 1)*

**\* \* \* \* DEADLINE: May 15, 1995 \* \* \* \***

### **ART WORK & PHOTOGRAPHS**

- Submit your **best** line drawings--or camera-ready art work--not to exceed 6" x 8"; *quality and good taste* are the only other criteria. You will retain all future reprinting rights.

- Small filler pieces are welcome, for example, 1" x 1", 1" x 2", 2" x 2", 2" x 3", 3" x 3"--our column width is 3 inches. Also, 5" to 6" **wide** by 2" to 3" **deep** drawings could be useful.

### **SUBMISSION FORMAT**

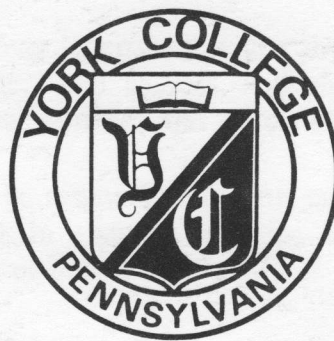
- Submit **two** copies of your work, one original and one copy. In lieu of original art work, you may submit two copies, provided that at least one copy is of excellent quality and can be reproduced. On the back of each drawing, include title of work, your name, address and phone number.

- Include a cover letter/sheet with a short *biography* (about 50-100 words), name, local address, and phone number. **Also include your summer address and phone number.**

- We cannot be responsible for lost or damaged drawings, so submit your work in a sturdy envelope and/or portfolio, and **always** retain copies of your work.

### **SUBMISSION PROCESS**

- Include a sturdy **SASE** (self-addressed, stamped envelope), with **summer** address. Submit to Jennifer Semple Siegel, Editor, *The York Review*, English & Humanities Department, York College of Pennsylvania, York, PA 17405-7199.



*The York Review*

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York College of Pennsylvania  
York, Pennsylvania 17405-1799*