

Literary Column

Where The Turtles Go

By MARGARET SWENSEID

Note: This is the start of a new literary column. The contributors are students and others. Anyone who has anything good is welcome to submit it. The first short story, "Three Scenes" is from a friend of mine at Harvard University Extension, Cambridge, Mass., and I chose it for its original lay out.

I. time: late afternoon; school has just let out for the day.

place: a bank on one side of the broad Chester River, on the Eastern shore of Maryland.

action: A boy, eight years old, is walking along the river bank. The boy's head is lowered in a resigned attitude and his face, if we could see it, is sad. But there aren't any tears. He is thinking:

I just don't feel like doing anything, and I don't know what's wrong with me. The teacher thinks I'm stupid because I don't answer her questions. But I can't hear her. Sometimes I don't even know I'm in school. I never feel like my body is in the right place or doing the right thing. Last Saturday when Joey and Charles and I came here to fish, I only caught one, little fish. They caught lots, and big ones. I couldn't throw my line out far enough and Joey helped me, but I just quit trying. Why? I can't even feel my legs now and see...when I hold this branch, I can't hold it tight enough. But I have to feel it.

closing: The boy clutches at the bark of the tree and falls on his knees. He digs frantically in the wet soil and lies in it. Stretching his body and rolling over the soft weeds, the begins to cry. His hands are clenched tightly and are full of weeds and mud. He gets up and runs fast along the bank. We know he feels joy.

II. time: about 1:00 at night.

place: in bed.

action: A woman and her husband are lying in bed next to each other. He has been gone for two weeks and returned only a few hours ago. His arm is still around her, and they are very close to each other but quiet now. The woman is thinking:

It is so still and dark. My legs are heavy and my whole body is dropping away from me. My breasts are disappearing and by belly seems far away as if I can touch it but it isn't mine. O God, I am close to my husband, but I feel overwhelmed. He has taken my body away. It's because he's stronger than I am and bigger. I remember once waking up and seeing his back, which was like a wall, growing larger and larger.

closing: She stretches her legs and body, breathing deeply. Her husband holds her to his chest and rocks their bodies gently back and forth. Until at last she begins to feel like a warm female bird with a full breast which is being held gently in the hand. She says it's alright now and they move apart to sleep.

III. time: 9:30 in the morning.

place: A small wing on a men's ward in a general hospital.

action: Lying on one of the first beds is a man in his late fifties. He looks much older, and his limbs are stiff even when relaxed on the bed. His gout is hereditary and he will be presented at genetics rounds in a few minutes. As two nurses approach the bed to move him to a stretcher, he is thinking:

I can't even sit in a chair now, and I have to show my body to a crowd of people. Ah, I have no dignity left in front of these nurses. My pants are pulling down, but they put them on anyway. The open sores on my back and legs—how can they look at them. I know the doctor will lift the sheet and point at them. Yesterday he asked how long my parents and brothers lived. Yes, my father was 75 when he died and spent years with this same pain. We're going through the front lobby and up a ramp. I don't want to look at myself. I don't want those young doctors to have to see me. My bones are deformed and my skin burst open so my body shouldn't be alive.

closing: The nurses open the door and wheel him into the amphitheater. He looks up at the doctors and students and is suddenly afraid that he is too helpless now to end his own pain.

Traveling ecologist's
"individual trip"By CHARLES FELLEBAUM
Staff Writer

Steve Kek is a traveling ecologist. He wears his hair long to cover a scar on the back of his head, the scar was the result of a wound when a Mexican Indian tried to lop off his head when he was on a trip to South America.

Kek and his are will be around today and tomorrow. He closes the truck around 5 p.m. each day.

Kek is an artist who paints matchbook size pictures concerning ecology, the "historical 60's and the performing arts. His paintings are on exhibit at his blue and gray panel truck parked in front of Russell House.

One of the features of the exhibit, which is sponsored by ECO 70's, is what Kek calls "cine painting." "These pictures are an individual trip," he said.

"They are similar to LSD in that you see what your subconscious wants you to see, or needs to see. This art stimulant "is ecologically correct because it's natural," Kek said.

"LSD is an inorganic substance that can scramble your genes where art is natural."

Kek created the minatures on the theory that television has caused "limited vision habits." "We are used to quick visual perception where the eye takes in everything at a glance. Thus, you can see the painting in its totality."

A series of exquisite minatures

on the American bald eagle can be seen through the windshield of the truck. The eagle is featured because it is an endangered species.

The focal point of Kek's work is ecology. The exhibit has been shown at colleges and universities all over the country, each stop sponsored by the local ecology group. Students who wish to work with ECO 70's can sign up at the truck.

Kek often camps out in his museum on wheels and apparently eats there sometimes too. A loaf of bread was half visible under the backdrop blanket.

"Camping out is active ecology," he said. "It's getting away from a totally materialistic environment living your ecological beliefs and getting closer to the earth."

"I was up at Cape Cod. Many people were camping out up there. Boys and girls leave the car at the edge of the woods and get away from it all."

"Ecology is a concept of all parts of life. It's a complete culture; living, breathing, eating."

"Getting back to nature could solve a lot of economic, social and health problems. Medical expenses could be reduced."

Kek's art is, in his words,

"Expanding your mind by a series of aesthetically correct images—what is ecologically right."



'Stop the World--I want to Get Off'

World Stops tonight
in the RH Cafeteria

The world stops tonight at 8:00 p.m. in the Russell House Cafeteria with the national traveling Broadway Company production of "Stop The World I Want To Get Off." The show which has just concluded a 6 month world-wide tour features Jackie Warner who has been described as a talented blending of James Cagney, Gene Kelly and Marcel Marceau.

"Stop The World" features the award winning score of popular songs—"What Kind of Fool Am I," "Once in a Lifetime" and "Gonna Build A Mountain" by Anthony Newley.

The Arts Committee of the University Union is sponsoring the production in cooperation with The A.R.A. Slater Services. Admission is by I.D. at the door with one guest allowed per I.D. General Public

Admission is \$3.00. There is limited seating, so admission will be on a first come, first serve basis.



RANDALL SHEALEY

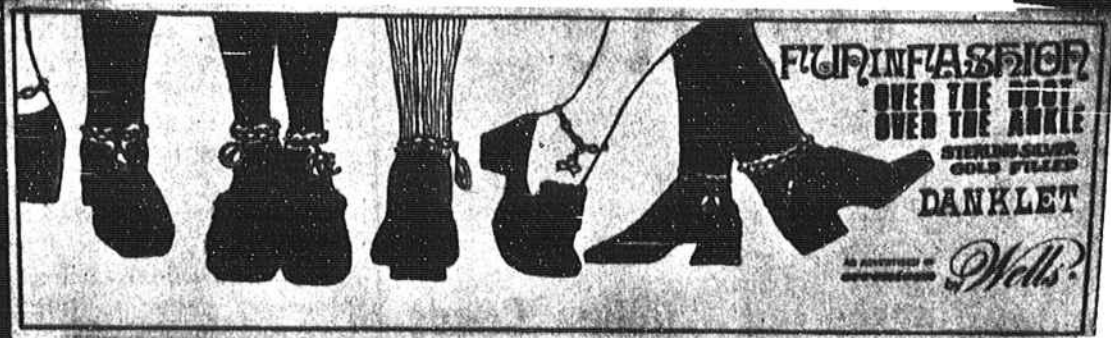
Citadel Cadet

EXTREME EMERGENCY

Please Contact your
Parents

795-0466

Step Out In Fashion



Danklets

Diamond Jewelers, Ltd.

1423 MAIN ST. DOWNTOWN COLUMBIA

PHONE 254-5377

Locally Owned & Operated

ACCOUNTS WELCOMED

Various
types of charm
Put your own
initials on.