

# Savage Indignation

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Terry Wheatley sat at the table in his apartment and stared at a cluttered pile of daily newspapers. A pen rested in his hand. He turned from the newspapers and gazed out the window. The building across the alleyway had bay windows and metal slatted venetian blinds that were half slitted against the severe spring sunlight. Terry signed. It did him little good to brood. With intense unhurried motions he began to write.

Dear Editor:

I feel compelled to share with you some of the melancholy details of my life. In the 25 years I have been alive I have been forced to live with the fact that my best friend, my mother, three of my four sisters, four of the six girls I dated through high school and college, and a childhood friend all were raped. There were no prosecutions. God help my untouched sister, she is only three.

I will not bore you with any more personal accounts. I know such things do bore you because the 17 year old girl who was stabbed outside my apartment a week ago bored you so much that you failed to print any mention of her encounter at all. Never mind such sleepy items as the attacker is still at large, that the girl survived a butcher knife in the stomach, or that evidence suggests the attack was planned. By the way, your newspaper did know of the crime, I reported it myself to your disinterested crime journalist.

Your omission suggests that the freedom of the press that you so covet is a myth. I'm sure the major advertisers upon whom you depend are not interested in seeing news about violence downtown and thus your precious freedom is secure within their bank vaults. Your censorship indicates you have granted invisibility to rape, murder, murderous attacks, and other boring crimes. It would seem your paper's ink is mixed from the black fears of your sponsors and the watery souls of your readers.

Signed—No longer blinded by your print.  
Terry Wheatley

Abruptly Terry stood and paced the room several times. His ineptitude frustrated him. It's too personal, he thought. No one cares about such things. Terry sat back down and squeezed his head in his hands as if to compress the ache in his mind. He thought of his father, of his Uncle Bud who moved from town to town frequenting playgrounds until the local

citizens would run him off. He remembered being sixteen years old and holding a sobbing girlfriend in his arms while she tried to describe the hurt of being penetrated at age ten by her stepfather. He also remembered how he desired the girlfriend and how immensely wrong he had felt. He still did at times.

None of this mattered to a newspaper. Terry tore the letter from the pad and put it aside.

"Make it simple, short, and to the point," he ordered, "Spare the life history."

Dear Editor:

A week ago a 17 year old girl was stabbed outside my apartment. Although I notified your crime beat reporter and told him such details as the attacker is still at large, that the girl survived, and that evidence suggests the attack was planned, you failed to print any mention of the crime.

As your newspaper is the major eye through which this city scrutinizes itself, I cannot but wonder at how much you have blinded us citizens. Withholding knowledge of violent crimes from the public is dangerous and unethical. It renders criminals invisible and creates a false sense of safety in the masses.

In the future do not make remarks as to the value of a free press. Evidence suggests this city's news is as controlled as Moscow's. Two pages of careful print could cover the bulk of daily crime in this city. Freedom is found in the actual distribution of complete knowledge, not the potential and partial.

Sincerely,  
Terry Wheatley

Morously Terry tore the letter from the pad and put it beside the other letter. He'd mail one of them tomorrow.

His lover was due home and Terry did not wish to be with her or anybody else, so he hurriedly changed into some jogging clothes and left the apartment. The sunlight reflected harshly from the sidewalks and Terry had to squint as he trotted lethargically on a street that led into the west hills. As the way steepened, Terry slowed to a walk.

As he made his way up and out of the downtown area the blocks changed from spare cement industrial buildings to large homes with thoughtful lawn and garden arrangements. Terry stopped on a serene street shaded by rows of long-established horse chestnut trees. A slight breeze shuddered through the broad leaves. Terry remembered awakening to screams from the parking lot. The memory disturbed the solid reason of the quiet streets and the manicured houses and lawns. He smiled grimly and decided to send the first letter despite its obvious flaws.

## Yearnings

something  
     is keeping me Awake tonite...  
 open the shutters  
 I want to BREATHE  
 ALL  
     that air  
 yah I'm ready  
 It is  
     the SHE ONE  
 the Flow  
 She's movin right thru me  
 I stand still  
     & I shake  
 the flow  
 She's poundin Here...inside me  
     I stand still  
 & my body  
     she will take flight  
 Yah...it's real  
     my blood  
 and I celebrate  
     everytime  
 She comes thru my flesh  
     & joins  
 the SHE ONE

Carie Winslow  
 Winnipeg