



genesis

fall '75

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Essay

- 3 **Henry James in Indianapolis:** Suzanne Perozzi

Fiction

- 11 **The Mirrors:** Alice Ely
18 **Young Woman Who Lived in a Shoe:** Patricia Cornelia
24 **The Faded Rug:** J.C. Starker
32 **The Vacancy at the Hotel Imperial:** Daniel Lucy
42 **Runaway:** L. Susan Jarzynka

Poetry

- 8 **vorsichtig, das idiotenkind (guarded, the idiot-child); anniversary:** Two Poems by Jeffrey Alan Purvis
10 **Sometimes:** Claude T. Kunkle, Jr.
14 **teoP the Alchemist;**
The "You can be Sure if it's Westinghouse," Casino;
Vandal's Confession, or Saint George and the BELL:
Three Poems by Alexander F. Wilson
17 **Rain at Night:** William D. Nolan
20 **All Reds are Equal?:** Jane Tilford
21 **"T's"; Josh:** Two Poems by Hadley
28 **Quick Brown; Soulfear:** Two Poems by Terry W. Malone
30 **Flower; Cradle Song; my brother;**
Three Poems by Donna Scoggan Charnstrom
38 **Fast Ones; Why:** Two Poems by Thomas Hugh Gilmore
40 **Recollection; Saturday Matinee; The Amos Rothman Suite:**
Three Poems by Tom Orr
46 **filler:** Mary Walker
47 **Embroidery:** Donna Lynn Connor
48 **In the Darkness of the Early Morning Hours:** Dennis Sweet

GENESIS is published in the spring and fall of each year by the English Club (Sigma Tau Delta) and the Philosophy Club (Phi Sigma Tau), Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis. Content is devoted to creative writing in the areas of fiction, essay, and poetry. Correspondence pertaining to business or editorial matters should be addressed to GENESIS, Student Services Office, Cavanaugh Hall, 925 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, 46202. Publication of GENESIS is made possible through a grant from the School of Liberal Arts.

The Genesis Bicentennial Essay Competition

The GENESIS Editorial Board is pleased to announce a Bicentennial Essay Competition. The theme for the competition is "American Horizons - Perspectives for the Next Century." All entries must be appropriate to this theme. Only one entry from each student will be accepted. Eligibility is limited to students currently enrolled at IUPUI as undergraduates. The three winning authors will be awarded checks for \$500 on Awards Day in the spring of 1976. These prize-winning essays will be featured in the spring 1976 issue of GENESIS. Entry in this Bicentennial Competition will not exclude the student's submitting material for prizes in other areas of GENESIS (short story, poetry, essay, and review).

Detailed instructions to authors are available in the lobby of Cavanaugh Hall, the Blake Street Library, and the 38th Street Library.

The editorial staff appreciates the support and assistance of its faculty sponsors, Nancy Newton, from the English Club, and Laurence Lampert, from the Philosophy Club.

Instructions to Authors

Manuscripts are invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. Manuscripts of essays, fiction, or poetry, on any topic, may be submitted at any time to GENESIS, Student Services Office, Cavanaugh Hall, 925 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, 46202. All manuscripts are considered by an editorial board elected by the English Club and the Philosophy Club. Authorship is not revealed to the board until a manuscript has been accepted. Any manuscript submitted too late for the current deadline will be considered for the next issue. Manuscripts of less than sixteen pages will be given first consideration. Essays and fiction should be typed on a sixty-space line and double spaced. All submissions must be accompanied by a separate sheet of paper containing the author's name, address, and telephone number. Manuscripts must be submitted **in duplicate**. No manuscripts will be returned to authors. Authors whose material has been accepted will be notified prior to publication.

Suzanne Perozzi, 36, is a former high school teacher. She graduated from Depauw University with a B.A. in English. She did graduate work at IUPUI and is presently a graduate student at Harvard. She wrote her essay for a creative writing class taught by Dr. Mary Louise Rea. She has been awarded the prize for Essay.

Henry James in Indianapolis

Suzanne Perozzi

Henry James stepped off the train from Chicago at Indianapolis' Union Station. It was 5:00 P.M., March 16, 1905. Charles W. Moores, president of the Contemporary Club, and H. H. Howland, editor of **The Reader Magazine**, waited on the platform for him. James, an American expatriate for twenty-five years, was to be their guest at a small dinner party that evening at the University Club, and the next evening he was to lecture on Honoré Balzac at the Propylaeum.

As Moores and Howland hurried James to the University Club (where he would stay while in Indianapolis), they noticed that James was surprised by the skyscrapers and impressed with the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, which James Whitcomb Riley had dedicated three years earlier. But compared with centuries-old London, where James had lived a part of every year for the past twenty-five years, Indianapolis was still "a'borning," a large proportion of its population of nearly 200,000 inhabitants having moved from the farm to the city.

Arriving at the University Club, Moores and Howland introduced their renowned guest to the anxious staff gathered at the door and then watched James' stout frame advance to his quarters on the second floor. Probably the evening Indianapolis **News** awaited him, and there he read of himself:

[James] is a person of large affairs...who has made a long, careful and sympathetic study of the great French master [Balzac]...and no one [but James], at least no English-speaking person, can give more interesting or valuable information.

Mr. James has been a 'great producer'...and the Indianapolis Public Library contains of his works a greater list than any other living writer.

But also, some servant may have inadvertently left the Indianapolis **Morning Star** by James' bed. There he would have found an arresting editorial which advised those attending his lecture "to use a little reserve when speaking to him about his productions" because the highly self-esteeming author on touring Chicago, had been quite insulted when he found apparently few people there had read his books.

However, after thirty-five years, adverse comments rarely bothered James. He was making this trip for one purpose—money. He had lectured in Baltimore, St. Louis, and Chicago, and he was bound for California, receiving an honorarium with each stop. Alone in his room at the University Club, he must have smiled. Here in Indianapolis he was collecting a handsome figure: \$400—which was \$150 more than usual. It could have been still another hundred, \$500 being the original figure offered him, but James, feeling flattered and magnanimous, declared, "Bloated Indianapolis!" and indicated the lower sum was quite adequate.

The one person who most probably influenced James' decision to come to Indianapolis was Booth Tarkington, whom James had met in New York in the fall of 1904 at a publisher's party. Booth Tarkington—James said the name aloud. He wouldn't be in this strange town if it weren't for their chance meeting in New York. Although Tarkington was in his mid-thirties and James was sixty-one, both men enjoyed travelling in Europe and writing about their impressions. The summer before they met, Tarkington had been in Europe and upon returning home had written an article about the Vatican for **Harper's Monthly**. After that article, he wrote a two-part story, **Beautiful Lady**, portraying Americans in Paris. James was flattered. Was not this a young disciple?

The minutes passed quickly. James came steadily down the stairs to greet his host, Mr. Howland, and a "coterie of literary people," who were to honor him at dinner. On the next night, he would give his lecture and attend a more elaborate party. However, tonight the company was intimate, and James realized he must be cautious—and not respond as he had in St. Louis. There forty or so people had cornered him and asked his opinion of Lew Wallace, the Indiana author of **Ben Hur**. With growing impatience, James had said that he could not account for **Ben Hur's** success "except there are multitudes of people who have little taste; or upon the ground that religious sentiment is more prevalent here than elsewhere." This time he would be less hasty.

His caution caught the attention of the **Morning Star** reporter:

It was immediately after dinner and evidently the celebrity was engaged in some psychical activity foreign to the subject at hand. He finally managed to say: 'I am delighted with it all.'

all Indianapolis was
curious about James
the man

How long were you in England, Mr. James?
'A very long time. Yes, a very long time' was the reply. Then by apparent heroic psychic effort, he continued. 'I was there more than 22 years.'

By evening, the *News*' report also contained his impressions which seemed to begin with light flattery, but still his thoughts seemed slow and ponderous, as if he tried to pick a careful path between truth and commendation.

James probably left more impressions than he gathered

'I am not in the habit of giving impressions extempore so that I may not be able to say anything of importance...the total impression is more interesting especially in the West, which is all new to me. [St. Louis was, at this juncture, as far west as James had been.] I am struck with the enormous increase in material civilization...the multiplication of the arts; living is more convenient...it is a more interesting country to move about in. ...[I] may find more beauties [in the far west] that are perhaps wanting in the middle part of the country. Meanwhile I find...in Indianapolis a little touch of the South. I was...[there] a few weeks ago and was sorry to come out of the comparative blandness and softness of those regions....I met a snowstorm in Chicago. Now in Indianapolis, I come again into a more golden light.'

Regardless of the feeling of the press, all Indianapolis was curious about James the man. The next evening, March 18, 1905—the great lecture evening—the *News* announced: "Probably no more intellectual audience than that comprised in the membership of the three clubs, the Contemporary, Irvington Athenaeum and Gentleman's Literary, assembled...to hear Henry James" and to judge him "well-fed,...anglicized in appearance, manner and speech and with the look of the substantial investor."

Obviously the audience was intrigued with James' personality rather than his lecture. Furthermore, the social notes of the March 18, 1905, *Morning Star* added, "The affair was chiefly interesting because of the list of guests, which included the literary men of the city." The one literary gentleman whom James wished for was missing—Booth Tarkington. Living in New York and writing articles for *Harper's*, Tarkington was working on a dramatization of *The Gentleman from Indiana*. Tarkington, among all the Indiana *literati*, would have appreciated James' lecture most: that the novel should be always a representation, and that Balzac co-ordinated character development with events and kept an effective treatment of the passage of time.

Ironically, James, the master of psychological insight, asked more than one hundred people on that March evening, perhaps only a handful of whom were half as well-read or as well-travelled as he, to recognize Balzac as the most inspiring of novelists. It was no wonder the next day's newspaper reviews would find James amusing and somewhat presumptuous. An Indiana winter found most readers snug before their fires with exciting adventure tales, such as **The Island Princess**, a serialized novel currently running in the **Morning Star**, or with a romantic novel such as **Alice of Old Vincennes**. The day after James' lecture, the **Indianapolis News** criticized him, saying, "He apparently assumed that all of the brilliant assemblage were authors, novelists or about to become so."

One interesting anecdote regarding James' lecture concerns the dinner party following his speech and his dinner partner—James Whitcomb Riley. In **Those Innocent Years**, Richard Crowder, Riley's biographer, relates that Riley sat next to

James, with whom he did not hit it off any better than he had with Matthew Arnold years before. Riley said later that this experience had made reading of James' novels easier because they were simpler than conversation with their author. As the halting talk turned to novels of Hardy, James remarked that he thought Hardy was gifted at finding suitable titles for his works—**A Pair of Blue Eyes**, for example. When Riley commented that eyes generally came in sets, everyone burst into laughter, in release from the increasing tension of forced conversation and in delight at Riley's drollery. No smile flickered on the imposing face of James. Riley said nothing further. James simply wasn't a Hoosier....

Riley's tone at the party seemed to foreshadow the next day's newspaper reviews of James' lecture, because the March 18th **News** called "The Lesson of Balzac" "monotonous." The same day's **Morning Star** allowed that "The Lesson of Balzac" was thoroughly enjoyed and understood...but not by the common herd."

But the **Morning Star's** March 18th coverage of James' lecture was merely a warm-up to its editorial on the 19th: "People who read books tend to arrogate to themselves a certain superiority over the considerable element of respectable society which confines its reading to newspapers." The editorial then explained these same literary elect seemed to be humorless in their "arrogation"!

Two days earlier, on March 17th, the **Indianapolis Sentinel**, with provincial sensitivity, headlined James as "a former American" (when, in fact, James was not yet a British subject), and said he must have been pleasantly surprised to find an

advanced civilization in the United States. The **Sentinel** petulantly added, "It should be said that the progress made is not due to reading Mr. James' inane books...evidently the middle country doesn't impress Mr. James."

If the Indianapolis newspapers carped about his intellectualizing and if they showed poor manners to a distinguished visitor, they judged James no more sternly than other area journalists. **The Reader Magazine**, a month before he arrived in Indianapolis, compared James "to the man...so refined that it was a wonder he could endure himself." **The Reader** explained, "Mr. James is not an easy talker. He finds difficulty expressing the simplest ideas and leaves many sentences unfinished...the bachelor life he had led has made him...finical and difficult."

But finical or kind, erudite or bewildering, James probably left more impressions than he gathered. On both sides, however, the impressions were certainly contradictory. James was "interesting to his audience" and "felicitous" or "monotonous" and had "a coldness to his eyes." Indianapolis was "in a golden light" or "bloated." In any case, a somewhat travel-weary, talk-tired James sat himself heavily in the cab that took him past the budding skyscrapers, the new post office on Meridian and Pennsylvania Streets and between the streetcars to the bustling, red-stoned Union Station. There, with almost the entire \$1,350 he was to earn lecturing before he travelled west, James said good-by to a developing and changing young American city. A figure diametrically opposite to his Christopher Newman, James had become the old man to the new world.

vorsichtig, das idiotenkind

ich streife die schwinge von deinem falke ab.
er hat mich beleidigt;
das fleisch, das er geritzt hat,
meins war.
er lacht,
aber ich sehe keinen humor in seinen scherzen.
ich werde langsam krank:
die grössten geister sind kitt.
du bist das idiotenkind
und ich, dein inhaber.

schlaf gut.

(guarded, the idiot-child

i'm stripping the wings from your falcon.
he has insulted me;
the flesh he tore
was mine.
he laughs,
but i see no humor in his jokes.
i sicken slowly:
the greatest minds are putty.
you are the idiot-child
and i, your keeper.

sleep well.)

Jeffrey Alan Purvis

anniversary

(the intoxicants of autumn have distracted us;
feelings: emotions of the mob.
tomorrow's morning is last night's despair;
hardwoods and soft-pulps are god.)

leave the arena!
a virgin has surrendered her serenity.
madman's grappling:
and eternity smites the vague and the innocent.

oh, tremble!
you foolish and ill-bred nymph.
the creator's creation creates chaos.
doggedly dogging—a dandy's damnation
makes no appeal
to the
facts.

Silence! a far-reaching fiasco
resounds amidst the intelligent.
(grave-dancing is the moron's delight
and the virgin hums in time) bloodied.
drenched in sweetness,
the bride dons her robes of snow.
blush;
the father's kiss is simplicity:
his affirmation.
tradition triumphs.

a slave is born.

Jeffrey Alan Purvis

Jeffrey Alan Purvis, 22, is a senior with a double major in psychology and philosophy. He is a professional musician who enjoys writing in his spare time. His fiction has appeared previously in GENESIS. Dr. John Barlow provided invaluable assistance with the German grammar in one of his present poems.

Sometimes

sometimes in the late afternoon
when my energy is all spent,
i think i might like to float;
to sail like a milkweed seed
suspended from its tiny umbrella
drifting this way and that,
pushed about by the moody
autumn breeze...

sometimes i'd like to coast,
when the sun has turned to rust,
like a feather from a bird flying south
gently down to earth and come to rest
in some seldom traveled place
and go unnoticed
'til the end of my days...

sometimes in the late afternoon
i'm sorry i'm not a floating thing,
to drift from stream to river to sea,
and on without a thought forever...

Claude T. Kunkle, Jr.

Claude T. Kunkle, Jr., 27, is a graduate student in Secondary Education. This is his first submission to a literary magazine.

Alice Ely, 23, graduated from IU in Medieval Studies. Her goal is to be a free-lance writer-artist. She is presently writing full-time for **Holiday** magazine under her own by-line. Her work has appeared previously in GENESIS—an essay which was written for a creative writing class taught by Dr. Mary Louise Rea—the same class for which she wrote her present story.

The Mirrors

Alice Ely

"In conclusion, I'd like to thank all of you contestants for coming, and ask you to remember that even though only one of you can win today, each of you will carry away from the contest new experience and confidence..."

At this, the speaker paused, straightened her shoulders and directed a smile toward the camera. She was fifteen years old.

"Thank you, Alicia," said the master of ceremonies, "I know all the contestants here today are glad that you have come and shared your winner's secrets with us. Now let us begin!"

Her moment over, Alicia slipped away from the stage. She allowed herself to meet a few of the eyes she knew to be watching her: questioning, eager, admiring. She drew up her chest; but dropped her eyes. A minute passed as she went farther down the aisle; when she looked again, all of the eyes were once more safely fastened upon the center of the stage.

The gilded doors of the auditorium swung shut behind her and she entered a hall of classic proportions and marble pillars. A diffused, pearly light fell upon the stone. She leaned back against a column, pressing her hot neck and shoulderblades to the cool surface.

Just then she caught sight of a vague but graceful figure mirrored in the glossy tile of the wall across the corridor. Irresistibly, she was drawn to pose further, absorbed in the figure opposite who did the same. "Look at me!" she nearly said aloud, "Lucky, smart—even pretty..." Then, anxious to confront her new self—or maybe just mirror-gaze—in whatever privacy she could find, she set off at a determined pace.

A series of turns brought her to the lavatory, a room full of ponderous, dripping basins and non-functioning knobs, a cavern of glass tiles and pipes lined with globules of ancient white paint. A row of mirrors seized upon the girl's image as she entered; at first glance she saw a series of rectangles like pages, with herself, in a new blue dress, the single illustration within each. This view pleased Alicia, she had inarticulately wished to find a blank sort of place where her own new dimensions could be the central study. Her avid eyes met those in the mirror. Confident, knowing, these same gazed back at her, then swam out of focus—turned inward.

a cavern of glass tiles
and pipes

Thus occupied when the door groaned open behind her, she was unprepared. Someone had silently joined her—a woman in a wide skirt, barelegged, feet stuck into frayed dancer's pumps gone slack at the heel, skin as creased and greasy as her clothes. She advanced toward the girl; her hands held out as though carrying an invisible bowl. Alicia thought, "She wants money," and edged away...but was halted by the intruder, now squarely between herself and the exit.

The stranger's face was seamed with dirt, but in the high cheekbones and curved lips there hung a remembrance of pride. The eyes, fixed upon the girl, were haunting: red-rimmed horizons for some diminished sun. The girl felt some part of her own self sinking, tried to pull away, was caught again as the woman repeated the begging gesture with her hands. Now the newcomer spoke for the first time. Syllables: round and single, they struck the girl's consciousness like stones—for the phrases came out slowly, between two mere clumps of teeth—overlaid, moreover, by the rich tang of foreign speech.

Alicia lowered her eyes, confused, only to meet a new horror. At last she saw what the woman meant her to see: the palm of her hand was flayed clean by a cruel burn. The wound was a taut, broad ribbon of red sunk into unwashed skin. Fear and pity wrapped themselves around the girl's stomach.

Again the woman made her incoherent plea. The row of sinks stood like stolid jurors, dripping loudly with the regularity of a ticking clock.

"Please, I don't understand you...." Alicia broke into tumbled speech, afraid to be judged by silence.

"You ought—you ought to show that to a doctor. Can't you find someone who will look at it?"

The woman began again, but Alicia, who could not bear to hear that same cadence of strange words repeated yet another time, cut her short.

"Listen, this is what you should do for your burn...." She spoke nonsense now; rote memory from her girl scout days, anything to fill the vacuum. "...keep it sterile. A burn like that is probably third degree, and it should be protected from the air. Go and get a sterile cloth. Go...."

Still the woman stayed; thrust her hands once more at the fifteen-year-old, who averted her eyes. But the image of the

woman had stolen even into her trusted mirrors: there reflected stood a figure scarcely larger than the girl's; long hair smeared with grey strayed down the back of her coat; the loop of an earring glinted for a moment on her neck; a tattered trimming edged her skirt. The guttural words began again.

"I can't help you. I don't know what you're saying," the girl cried out—now with a note of begging in her own voice, a pleading to be excused. She had had enough; she fled, forcing herself through the deliberate, leaden door, her heels echoing as they hit the marble tiles once more.

With her young shoulders heaving, she stopped, suddenly aware of the purse she had held all this time, clutched in her hand. A thought came tolling into her consciousness. "A dollar. I could have given her a dollar. Oh—I was going to buy my ticket for tonight with it! And mother says you shouldn't give money to them. But that lady, she's not a...she needs...."

"There you are, Alicia! They're taking a break in the contest. Come join us, honey, that was a fine speech you gave. I'm so — has something happened?"

"Mother! I —" the girl began, her voice thin with an effort of containment: polite strangers surrounded them.

"There was a poor woman in the bathroom. She wanted...."

"Oh, honey, a beggar? Did she threaten you?"
I don't know—no—I just—"

"You didn't give her any money, did you? You know I've told you it doesn't help them—Lloyd," she called to the master of ceremonies, "Excuse me, Lloyd, but my daughter's just told me there was a vagrant woman who approached her in the women's lavatory. Shouldn't the guard be told?"

"He most certainly should! Are you all right now, dear? Didn't give her any money, did you? You can be sure she was after a glass of wine. Come, let's find a guard. They shouldn't allow this sort of thing to happen."

Ear bangles. A
dancer's shoes

A security officer was sought out. Alicia saw her testimony was unneeded, and hung back while her "episode" was sharply repeated to the uniformed man. The guard, whose jowls hung over his collar, peered at them from beneath his shiny visor.

"Yeah, I told her to git. I seen her go," he said, and turned away.

Alicia had drifted aside, hugging her thoughts. "They're wrong! They didn't see the way she looked. I didn't tell them about it because—they didn't give me a chance."

Ear bangles. A dancer's shoes. Hair which had always been long.

"Why do I have to excuse myself? How could I help her—I don't know what she said, she never answered me—she kept asking."

Words, not indistinct through illiteracy or stupidity: foreign.

"My money wouldn't have made any difference, even if I gave it. They have hospitals for those people. What did she want from me? She begged me three times. I denied her."

This morning she had felt "grown up"—but that itself was a child's word—it did not touch upon this hollowness, this craving for an absolution none could give. The young girl pressed shut her eyes, confronting a knowledge burnt into her mind. She saw still the hands, cupping themselves about a pain whose origin went deeper than flesh.

teoP the Alchemist

alchemist—
mixing,
like ancient elixirs
distilled emotions
(intensely boiling).

stirring imagination
with quicksilvered grace
and
incantation:
"fox fire phrases in darkness.
bring unfound light to life."

bottled essence of emotion
touchstone testing
(lead or gold?)

toil,
tempest of creation—

seek,
the philosophers' stone.

Alexander F. Wilson

© Alexander F. Wilson, 1975

The
"You can be Sure if it's Westinghouse,"
Casino

the technical temple beckons—

an unmentionable urge is
growing/growing
desire,
the need piles up.

drawn
to the people's palace.

cold empty tables,
and
row on row
of machines,
softly spinning.
(mouths open and hungry)

quarters quietly disappear,
and dimes
drive endless circles.

faded hopes,
and shrunken dreams
tumble/tumble
(tempers tremble)

losing
always losing,

a sock,
or a button,
or the shirt off your back,
(permanently wrinkled).

cleaned out
and overheated,
the urge is spent.

Alexander F. Wilson

© Alexander F. Wilson, 1975

Vandal's Confession, or, Saint George and the BELL

PUBLIC DISGRACE,
psychiatrist inquires,

“Now Mr. Peterson, what EXACTLY went on in
your mind before you committed this wanton act of
public destruction?...Mr....Peterson?”

(confessional?)

outside,
unbearable waiting/waiting
weighted with anxiety/

lost souls unburdened, or,
graced with direction
emerge,
enlightened.

inside,
closed door
behind me/

(ritual tithes)

forgive me Operator,
for i have sinned.

dime, and
time again
i
asked for assistance,
didn't
dial
direct (i guess)

i called Denver, got Poughkeepsie....

* !

Operator?

finally

frustration/

dial tone demon
endlessly humming
calling
crying for a listener
answer me.

endless echo
no comfort given/

SLAY
the dime eating dragon/

Alexander F. Wilson

© Alexander F. Wilson, 1975

Alexander F. Wilson, 22, is a graduate student in Medical Genetics. His poetry has been published in **The Annual Anthology of College Poetry** and in **Pegasus**. All three of his poems which appear in this issue of **GENESIS** were written for a class in creative writing at Western Maryland College. He has been awarded the prize for Poetry.

Rain at Night

Two A.M. and, driving home,
The rain-slicked streets, hushed, hiss beneath my wheels.
In a dream I am, and as I drive
Thoughts of you dot my mind as raindrops dot the windshield.
In a reverie I drive on, marveling at how
Each drop glistens once, and
(That another may take its place)
Is swept away by the moving blade of Now.

William D. Nolan

William D. Nolan, 22, is a junior in English, studying both at IUPUI and at Butler University. His poetry has been published previously in **GENESIS**.

Patricia Cornelia, who recently moved here from New York, is a sophomore in Psychology. She is the mother of three children, the oldest of whom is a freshman at Purdue and the youngest, a first-grader. Her play was written for a contemporary literature class, taught by Professor Gladys Williams, after the class had studied Ionesco's Theater of the Absurd.

Young Woman Who Lived in a Shoe

Patricia Cornelia

(Scene: Living-dining area, worn, shabby room littered with toys, books, bottles, assortment of clothing, play pen, baby carriage, seemingly indeterminate number of children, one crawling, one toddling, two fighting, running, climbing on chairs, one drawing picture in corner. Young woman, hair disheveled, clothes flapping, slumped in chair, eyes downcast, chin in hands, speaks in lifeless monotone.)

She: "Oh, joy, joy, the privilege of creativity in this life of serenity—this oasis of tranquility, of myriad madnesses, of insane sadnesses, of inane gladnesses. What have I done to deserve this richness of despair, the rats in my hair, the bats in my belfry—blame my own selfry? Take me away, let me stay."

Doorbell rings.

She: "My deliverance is at hand, foot, mouth, brains. Here come the judge. Rattle my chains."

Rises, answers door, stumbling unnoticingly over bodies, objects, etc. At door is revealed man clutching vacuum cleaner, hoses, attachments.

He: "Make a clean sweep today! Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?"

She: "Begone, depart, get lost, beat it—entrez-vous s'il vous plait."

He enters dragging equipment.

He: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

She: "The quick red fox jumped over the lazy brown dog."

He: "Exactly! Where can I plug it in? Do it my way. I'll show you my way, his way, her way, their way. Rules of Order! It's expected. Clean sweep, don't weep. Jack be nimble, Jack be quick. Shut up, let me do my schtick."

She: "Intruder, disrupter, let me be abrupter. My tomatoes are growing as you can see, leave the dust and dirt undisturbed by thee. I love tomatoes when I don't hate them. I understand them but they puzzle me. Juicy, delicious, spilling their messy seeds all over me, choking weeds, greedy needs.....What time is it?"

He: "The little hand is where it's always been; the big hand is almost half past."

He starts to vacuum everything in sight, including children; some cry and scream, some run in fear to She.

She: Grabbing hose attachment, shouting, "No! Tomatoes, potatoes, my heart bleeds for seeds. It won't be too long now."

She sinks to floor, children clustered around her. Periphery darkens. He is no longer visible.

She: Rocking and moaning—"Give them broth, more broth, not bread—not dead. Put them to bed. It won't be long now, it won't be long now."

All Reds are Equal?

Look—a redbird in the redbud! Ha.
Thought flashed in my mind; whoso-
ever named that bird, that tree,
was color blind.

Redbird in the redbud. So? Makes
a scanny verse. But
pallid female birds confuse;
tree names are worse.

Indiana cardinal (unliberated mom)
wears rusty brown. Hoosier
cercis springs magenta, tops with
lilac crown.

Males alone prove color prone in
feathered family. Horticulture cat-
alog promotes **white** redbud
tree.

Problem with chromatics here.
Pass your pointillism test?
Can't say all reds are equal: some
seem purpler, browner, lilacker and
whiter than the rest.

Jane Tilford

Jane Tilford is a junior studying the History of Philosophy. She has been published twice before in GENESIS—in poetry and in fiction. She also writes professionally.

"I's"

I sympathize
with those unwise,
who criticize,
and patronize,
and supervise,
and exorcise,
monopolize,
and do advise.
won't compromise,
but yet chastise,
and miss the prize
of dawn's arise,
or getting high
on moistened eyes
with tender lies,
and yielding sighs,
as passion's cries
are eulogized.

Hadley

Josh

On a sultry day in mid-July
with honeysuckle hangin' heavy,
we tied our pony near the levee,
skipped some stones
'fore goin' home,
I was ten and Steve was nine,
it's etched forever in my mind.

While we played
our pony strayed
to a hilltop, dark with shade.
Steve climbed the rise,
then with surprise,
called to me to come and see

A small graveyard, all overgrown,
only a dozen markers there,
all the graves unkept and bare,
'cept for one with a huge red stone,
dragged up from the crick below,
placed there under the maple tree,
placed there for old Joshua T.

Placed there on beloved land,
carved into by lovin' hands,
and tho' the stone remained smooth-faced,
most the words had been erased
by wind and rain of many years,
gone were chisled thoughts and tears,
and all was left for us to see,
was "Joshua T. 1873"

A few days later
we returned
to clip the weeds and grass,
and burn the brush
from the maple tree,
to make a pleasant spot
for Steve, and me, and Joshua T.

Genesis

We imagined Josh a hero
or an Indian brave,
or a runaway slave.
Those summers we were free
to dream or run
beneath a Hoosier sun,
just Steve, and me, and Joshua T.

There was room on that rock for two small boys
and Joshua T. kinda shared our joys,
our growin' pains, and fears
for the next few years,
as we tried our first cigarettes and beers,
and even girls, 'neath the maple tree,
our haven, known to only three,
Steve, and me, and Joshua T.

We grew too old for childish ways,
but I admit, the other day
I drove back to that old graveyard,
the weeds were high and the sod was hard,
fonder thoughts of yesteryear
nearly brought a friendly tear,
but a fresh cut rose lay on that stone,
and I wondered why I'd felt alone
as I gazed up into the maple tree,
and thought of Steve, and me, and Joshua T.

Hadley

Hadley is an ex-soldier,
ex-husband, ex-father,
ex-student who writes.

J.C. Starker, is a freshman majoring in English. She has been a Peace Corps volunteer. She is presently a work-study research assistant in the School of Nursing and is planning to be a professional writer. She wrote her story for a class in creative writing taught by Professor Mary V. Blasingham. Her short story has won the prize for Fiction.

The Faded Rug

J.C. Starker

The snow was tramped down into a path leading from our house across the field to Granny's. My feet trudged along the slippery ground as my scarf and long brown hair whipped around my head, slapping against my face time and time again while my brother's outgrown coat kept dragging in the freezing whiteness. I could feel the woolen mittens as they tickled my skin and can remember, even now, the tingling hotness of my left hand as I changed the supper pail to my right.

It was my duty that night to carry Granny's supper and my eleven-year-old legs could not be made to go faster by the thought of her hugs or warm fire. I was angry with Granny that cold evening, angry to the point of not forgiving her because she would not come to live with us in our new frame house. Instead, she clung with skinny, boned-laced arms to a log cabin at the foot of Deer Mountain. That she should do this, when everyone wanted her to let go, was to me, at eleven, unforgivable.

At last the lantern light through her kitchen window reached out to catch my eyes and it seemed as if I were spellbound by that light, held in its magic and led forward to the solid oak door with the carving of a wild buck and doe on its face.

As I opened the door and stepped into the small front room, the warmth of the fire made my face burn, and I hurried to put down the pail and throw off the coat.

"Granny?" I called, frightened by the stillness.

Her weak voice came to me from the big bed Pa had put in the corner near the fire.

"Child, come closer, here in the bed."

"Ain't you feeling good?"

"I'm poorly, that's all. Where's Troy? Why ain't Troy here? I want to see Troy."

Granny's voice sounded old and far away. I heard the tiredness of hard years and little rest in its quiver. Pa had said that Granny wouldn't be with us much longer, and I felt her going in that voice as the warmth of the fire, growing low in the hearth, touched my stubborn heart and thawed resentment from it.

"Troy comes on Sundays, don't you remember?" I asked, snuggling down into the bed beside her.

"I did want Troy tonight. There's an aching in me that ain't no bought medicine gonna cure and Troy reminds me of Benny. Listen to me grumbling like some half-grown baby, give me your hand, honey."

I laced my fingers through her slim, dry ones.

"Why, you're cold, honey. Why in the world has my youngen been out in this cold?"

"I brung your supper, Granny. On Mondays I bring it, and if'n you lived with us my hands wouldn't get cold."

Granny patted me and didn't say anything, but I noticed her lower lip jutted out a bit before she smiled.

"Lord, I ain't hungry, and I used to eat us out of house. There was a time, why seems like last week, Ben brought that squirrel home for me to skin and told me how fat and sassy it was, just like me. Course I was carrying Benny at the time." Granny stopped in the middle of her laughing and looked puzzled, the way she looked when she couldn't find something she'd dropped.

"Janey," she whispered, "let's get down the old Bible and pretend we're writing down our weddings and babies. Ma won't know, and don't say you don't want to. It'll be fun."

My feet struggled in the thick quilt upon the bed and struggled more as they went slowly toward the big Bible. The corner shelf was dusty, long unused for odds and ends laid upon it by that other child. Darkness settled in the corners of the room and I knew, dear Lord, I knew Granny was feeling bad again in the way an eleven-year-old would know. My name was Carey. Janey was dead. The Bible felt heavy in my young arms and I tried to pretend that Granny knew who I was, though I could not pretend enough to forget she didn't. Pa had said she was getting ready to go back to God as a child, and the big, black Bible told us "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." I carried the Bible and laid it in her arms and stood beside her.

"Here's the Bible, Granny."

"Thank ye, Janey, and don't worry. If'n Ma finds out, I'll tell it was me." Granny carefully turned the yellowed pages that threatened to crumble in her hands. At last the book fell open to the page which was headed "Marriages." Granny hesitated, looking confused because there were things written past where her finger stopped. I knew she had started crying for I felt wetness on the hand she gave me.

Granny's voice
sounded old and far
away

I ain't no good about saying I'm sorry, Janey. I was born like that, too hard. It weren't right that Ben should marry me, sister, not when you see'd him first. It weren't right. I know that now."

I moved away from her to the faded rug laying crooked before the fire. The embers glowed, some dying around the edge, and I took a small log and threw it into them. Granny sat up suddenly with the sound of catching wood.

"Did ye let the fire go out?"

"No, Granny, I just put on a log. It'll be going in a minute."

"You always t'was afraid of fires. I remember the time a travelling preacher told us about the firey brimstone. God, he put a scir' in you and you wouldn't kiss Ben fer a month after that preacher left, but I did."

I didn't answer but went to get the food. Granny's shrunken frame was almost lost among the quilts as she wrapped her arms around the Bible and sang snatches of "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms."

"Are you warm enough, Granny?"

"Warm, Janey? Remember when we took off looking for coons and you hollowed the live-long time that you was cold and Ben laughing the whole time about women and weather. Did I complain? No siree, I don't recall I did, course you was younger and a little more soft-like. You was the pretty one, Janey, you sure was."

"Eat this Granny, it'll make you feel better. Got to get you strong so you can come stay with us."

"I ain't leaving here," she answered, pushing away the spoon I lifted toward her mouth. I took the pail back to the table and sat there until she called me.

"Here honey, put this Bible back, it lays on me heavy-like."

I started to carry it away, but as I took it from her the yellowed pages fell open and I saw my Aunt Jane's name, but this time the book lay open on the page headed "Deaths." I carefully placed the book in its resting spot on the shelf and went back to Granny.

"You just lay back and rest, Granny. Pa's coming over to keep you company tonight."

"Oh, I like company. Course when all our kids was home Ben and me had to sleep out back. Ben liked it though, said he could keep an eye on the chickens and me at the same time."

I went to stand before the fire on the rug Ma said Aunt Jane and Granny had hooked when they were young. The rug had faded into a muted gold and was unraveled at the edges, but it had been a comfort to feet chilled by coldness and small children had nestled against its warmth. I was startled by Granny's loud moan.

the rug...had been a comfort

"Ben, oh God, Ben help me reach the child. He's got out there in the pond on that old boat. Ben, help me get the baby."

"Granny, it's alright," I called, running to hold her while remembering the story through my father's words. "Go to sleep now."

"It was my punishment, Janey," she whispered, "my Benny drowning like that. It was God's punishment for me trapping Ben."

We both cried and she hugged me and kissed me and fell to sleep. I wiped the tears from my cheeks and went to look across the field for Pa. I heard Granny move on the bed.

"Granny, you git some rest, hear me."

"I don't seem to have a good hold on anything," she groaned.

"Hold my hand, Granny," I told her, hurrying back to the bed, and she held it.

"Your hands are warm, Janey, like they was the day you told me you loved Ben and I told you he was marrying me. Do you still hate me, do you still hate me?"

"No, no. I never hated you, never, never, never," I cried, "no matter what I said to Ma. I never hated you, Granny."

"Oh, Janey, are you forgiving me after all this time?" Granny moaned. She let go of my hand and raised her arm and wrapped me into it. I could hear her heart next to my cheek, thumping and pushing to be set free.

"I forgive you anything you ever done," I whispered.

She held me and I felt a sigh leaving her body as if all the air in her smallness was breaking loose. She spoke once more to tell me she thought spring would be pretty this year, like when we were young, and she smiled, and then she died. I took her hand in mine and it felt like a rose petal, fallen from the stem, still smooth in its dying. Her body lay peaceful and I remembered Pa telling me that no living thing can die completely. I placed her hand by her side and turned as if to leave her, but there, laying in the firelight, I saw the rug and it looked new, its patterns leaping into the reds and oranges of the embers. Pa would come soon...the milking finished, he would take it in for Ma to skim and then he would start across the field. I turned back to the bed and lay down next to Granny. The shadows of the room found and left us with the falling of the firelight. My eyes were heavy and tired watching their comings and goings.

Pa found me asleep. He said we looked so peaceful it scared him silly. His touch awoke me, sleepy and still held by long ago.

"Did she go easy, Carey?" Pa asked in a voice that sounded deep and muffled.

"Oh, yes, Pa, she went easy," I mumbled against his rough, warm coat.

we looked so peaceful it scared him

Quick Brown

The quick brown dog slowly supped
On the remains of the lazy ol fox.
"Tally Ho," thusly spoke, those
Wouldst yearn pretendingly to share.

"Bull," thought quick, "I'll lead
Them away." Horseingly chase thusly
Fooled to thinking dumb animal gets
Naught but cheeseless gravy.

Lies ahead, yappingly claiming sure
Kill, take no pows only foxes, dine
Runs ahead and last rider eats entrails.
With quick but dumb.

Dumb brown scent now (ha ha) lost
And whimper slinks a pretense, finds
Supper naught but watergravy food
Fit mannorbeast, slip away, feast.

Terry W. Malone

Soulfear

"Warning shot?"
"Back of the head."
Thusly asked and answered
Simply a man's life, unceasingly
Unquestioned, reasonless but necessary.

"Protest?"
"Not from me."
Reaching gun comb
Buttocks itch, judgment
Death by accident, unfortunate.

"Apologies..."
"Are unnecessary..."
Frustration fear anger riotless
Remorseless c'est la guerre and pyrammiding
Hatred grows till turns in on itself and feeds.

"This is..."
"Throw up your..."
Fear stay in the car shoot
Read rights, hand shakes, soulfear
Reasonless five years on pension fifteen only more.

Terry W. Malone

Terry W. Malone, 25, is a junior majoring in English. The poems he has sent to GENESIS are his first efforts.

Flower

Petals curling gently upward
softly, slowly
then exploding
passion-colors, vibrant, screaming
soft perfume on gentle breezes
whispers silence, laughter sparkling
darkness closing, stars on fire
whirling, twirling, higher, higher
touching down, then
slower, slower, close together
nothing but the sound of breathing
quiet

Donna Scoggan Charnstrom

Cradle Song

Jennifer

Christmas child
glorious gift of God above
laughing angel formed of love
come, wish upon the star
for it's your birthday

See the tree, all glitter-green
peppermint wishes, sugarplum dreams
twinkling lights that dance and sing
carols in the air
magic everywhere

Jennifer

 holy child
spin our lives with angel-light
bring us peace this Christmas night
 a world of joy to share
 one childhood free of care

grant this silent prayer

Donna Scoggan Charnstrom

my brother

my brother lives in dreams of worlds
 worlds of dreams
 that never were/should have been
 happy

life to him is like a song
 haunting, melancholy-blue
 a country ode to cheating hearts
 over, always
 just too soon
 to ever catch the ending

my brother lives among the ruins
 of shattered hopes, with hidden scars
 sits
 in smokey silence, broods
 raise a glass
 chase the past
 here's to dreams

Donna Scoggan Charnstrom

Donna Scoggan Charnstrom, 21,
will graduate from IUPUI in
May, 1976, with a B.S. in
Elementary Education. Her
fiction has appeared previously
in GENESIS under her maiden
name.

Daniel Lucy, 27, is a junior with a double major in English and Spanish. His poetry has appeared in three previous issues of GENESIS and was awarded the prize for Poetry in the Fall 1974 issue. He publishes professionally and is currently working on another novel.

The Vacancy at the Hotel Imperial

Daniel Lucy

for Antonio

He felt, almost with resignation, the weight of what he envisioned as a list of shames, a list which, as he sat on the splintered seat of the open trolley, could be checked and rechecked, deletions made, last minute additions attached, much like a list of groceries to buy or errands to run. But he knew in his mind, or thought he did, that the items with which he was dealing were a much more serious matter, commanding far more respect than he felt capable of lending them. It was true, he acceded to himself, that the platform supporting his life had given way, perhaps even irrevocably; but the collapse itself was much too ponderous an event to approach at the moment; and the implications, he had decided, would have to remain no more than the sea that stretched out to his right, or the cobalt sky that counterfeited it.

What was important now, he reaffirmed, was to leave that list behind. Mechanically, he reached into the pocket of his suitcoat and retrieved the glossy square of paper that pictured **Morphos polyphemus**. He unfolded it carefully, with what almost seemed reverence, and as his eyes took in the now-familiar beauty of its wings he felt his thoughts clearing. He knew he would never be able to verbalize the shade of blue. Beneath the all-but-endless panes of his collection there was nothing to compare it with. Even as he cradled the paper its hue seemed to shimmer, changing indescribably like a fine gem, perfectly cut and slowly turned against the light. The trolley clamoring to a stop jarred him to his senses. He hurriedly refolded the picture and returned it to its place as he stepped down onto the pavement.

When the trolley had rolled away, Edgar Stubbs looked up at the sky. There, out over the tops of the ragged palms, he

could make out a semblance of the sun through the choking clouds. The air was heavy and close and stank of fish. He tugged at his collar to loosen his tie and started down the sidewalk, following the directions that had been given him. The street along which he went followed the beach. To his left ran a row of squat, pastel houses, all badly weathered by the salt air, some nearly hidden behind bushes of bougainvillea or thickset palms. Far ahead he could see a part of the harbor, dotted with sail-less boats. He began to perspire, and found himself hurrying.

At the street which had been designated to him he turned to the left, away from the sea. He walked only a couple of blocks before seeing the sign that read, "Hotel Imperial." He stopped suddenly, as if shocked by its existence. It was a fairly large structure, with perhaps four stories and a rather mournful appearance. Tables and chairs were spread over the sidewalk outside the front door. The chairs were empty except for one, on which a short, chubby Indian-looking man was sitting, seemingly half-asleep. Edgar Stubbs felt a harmless uneasiness descending on him. He pulled at his collar and walked past the man, on through the door into the lobby.

Two women were seated behind a crumbling counter in the far left corner, engaged in what appeared to be a conversation of whispers. When they detected his presence they looked up at the same instant, with the same flat stare. He approached the counter and heard himself say, "My name is Mr. Stubbs. I believe there is a room for me."

Their faces brightened simultaneously, and one, the smaller of the two, who also seemed to be the younger, rose from her chair and swept past him out the front door.

"You are the norteamericano, no?" the other one was saying. He felt a key being pressed into his hand and heard a voice behind him. He turned around to see the Indian motioning for him to follow. His room, as it were, was on the top floor, reached by the broad stone staircase that formed an open patio in the building's center. By the time he reached the room he was panting audibly. He felt sweat spilling down his temples. The Indian took the key from his hand and opened the door and Edgar Stubbs stepped into the room. The Indian crossed to the bed and, leaning over, pushed down on the bed with open palms, then looked up and smiled. He gave the Indian a peso. Before he left, the Indian opened the wooden shutters on the screenless window and turned on a creaking fan that was mounted precariously on the wall. When he had gone, Edgar Stubbs spent a few moments thoughtlessly examining his new quarters. The room seemed to be clean enough. A rusting, oversized showerhead hung over the ancient tub in the bathroom. He took off his clothes, which he found to be a tremendous relief, and lay down on the moaning bed without bothering to pull back the sheets. He stayed very still, watching the ceiling. An impotent breeze fluttered at the window. When he awoke rain was spilling onto the tile floor out of the gray morning sky.

He stopped suddenly
as if shrouded by its
existence

* * *

"You are actually a bit far north," Professor Cerqueda was saying, and a hand with long, delicate fingers brushed the air in that general direction. "You would be much better off in Guatemala, or even further south," he continued, and his watery eyes seemed to fix on a distant, artificial horizon; "but, of course, **Morphos polyphemus** is known to frequent these parts."

The Professor stroked his pointed chin and bared a row of long, narrow teeth.

"With some luck you might succeed," he concluded, beaming, as though some tremendous discovery had fallen into his hands.

"I'm very glad to hear it," Edgar Stubbs said. He clasped his hands together in a gesture of pleasure. "It's really quite important to me, you understand."

"Of course. If you like, I can lend you the help of one of my students. One of the more industrious ones, to be sure. Would you mind?"

"You've been very kind," he said. But the idea of a companion had not entered into his plans before. Nonetheless, he thought to himself, it would be impolite to refuse, and so he said nothing. Professor Cerqueda promised to arrange the details and their meeting ended.

Edgar Stubbs stood on the steps of the university for a while, pondering what to do with the remainder of the day. The sky was flat and nearly cloudless. At length he resolved to walk to the center of town. The streets, at first almost empty, became more crowded as he walked. The strange meter of Spanish fell on his ears. He felt distinctly out of place, horribly conspicuous, and he began to realize how helpless he was with his paltry knowledge of the language. When he reached the square he picked out the least crowded of the cafés that lined one side and seated himself at a table. When the waiter came, he managed the word "cerveza." He drank it quickly, with little consideration for the taste, and ordered another. His seat afforded him a full view of the park in the middle of the square. Nervous birds fretted in the tops of the trees. Indians in straw hats sat on the silver-painted benches behind catatonic stares. As he watched, he wondered secretly what he would be doing if he were in Chicago instead of in this Veracruz, this place where he knew no one. But his wondering only brought back the items of that list, the empty rooms high up above the lake and sea of cars, her distance, as if seen through a zooming lens, when she stood by the door, hands full of luggage, the toy taxi far below, and then again the empty rooms, to fill with nothing more than ticking clocks and whiskey sleep. His throat tightened. He took a swallow from the can of beer. He didn't care to think about it. But the vision persisted. He wrenched his gaze from the park and it sought out the women who were passing by.

He felt distinctly out
of place

Some returned his stare, then walked slowly by, glancing back. He rose from his chair, grappling in his pants' pocket for bills, then tossed them onto the table.

* * *

In the days that followed, the delirium, which he assumed to be nothing more than the product of another culture, subsided. His life began to take welcome turns. He found, to his surprise, that the student which Professor Cerqueda provided not only spoke very fine English, and knew a great deal about butterflies, but was, indeed, a young lady. He found himself immediately much taken by her quietly charming manner. **Morphos polyphemus** was, after all, his reason for being here. The gloom which had followed him like a nebulous cloud began to fade. At forty years of age he found himself feeling once again at least partially alive. And the twenty years between them seemed nothing more than a detail not to be bothered with.

At their first meeting they had arranged a schedule for their trips into the countryside. Cristina, as she was called, suggested the areas where success would be most likely, and he marked them meticulously on a large map with red pencil according to her directions. "There is a narrow stream here. See?" she would say, and out of the corner of his eye he would watch her lashes flicker over the map like the wings of the very species which he sought.

The afternoon of their first expedition came and went, and although they were unsuccessful it didn't seem to matter. Her intrepid self-assurance had astounded him. She had led him through tangles of vegetation without hesitating, seemingly oblivious to the danger of snakes, which he was certain existed, or the reality of the bothersome insects that buzzed all around them. After hours of searching they had yielded to the gathering twilight, and returned to the city in his rented car with nothing more than a few specimens of comparatively little interest. He had left her at the steps of the university and gone to take his evening meal alone.

As he sat eating in the Café Parroquiano, he reflected on the changes that had taken place in his person. The life which he had so recently discarded was a withering memory, a weed uprooted and left to the sun. As he spooned at his soup he took comfort in this new certainty—that his past could all be so easily brushed away. He glanced at the Panama hat that lay on the chair beside him and understood that he had changed. He had exchanged a suit and tie for a cotton shirt, which he left open, and chinos. He no longer bothered to put on underwear or socks. He broke a *torta* of bread into halves and nibbled at it absent-mindedly. At any time, he thought to himself, he need only conjure up Cristina in his mind. He recalled the texture of her hair, dark and thick, flicking in the wind. There could be no time to question it. He could despise the world without her now.

that his past could all
be so easily brushed
away

When he had finished his meal, he took an evening walk along the waterfront. Solitary men loitered along the *malecón*, leaning on pier posts and smoking sullenly. Edgar Stubbs stood for a long while, face turned out toward the open sea, lips moving.

* * *

Perhaps...she sensed
what he had never
spoken

As the weeks passed he could not help but notice that their visits to the country were becoming less frequent. Perhaps, he conjectured, she sensed what he had never spoken, although she had given no indication that this was the case. Her studies, she explained, were consuming much of her time. And finally, upon returning from another fruitless attempt, she intimated that she would not be able to help him again for at least another month. He said nothing, except to thank her for her assistance. As she hurried up the steps of the university her skirt fluttered around her knees, and a tightness rose in his chest, and then she disappeared through the doors.

The long days that followed would have been intolerable had he not told himself that nothing had changed. He would see her again. And he made up his mind that it would then be time to tell her how he felt, what he was experiencing. He thought of going to her house, but he also knew that doing so would constitute a grave mistake on his part. Things of this nature proceeded differently here.

Instead, he contented himself with sitting, sometimes for hours at a stretch, on the bench that faced the doors of the university. He never saw her; but even the thought of her being inside, somewhere in one of the many rooms, was a comfort to him. In the evenings he drifted into one or another of the cafés on the square and sat, staring blankly into the darkness above the cathedral. It was while seated there, some three weeks later, that he saw her again.

Earlier on that day he had gone, as he ordinarily did, to take his place outside the university's science building. But even before he had seated himself he noticed that something was different. The doors, he realized, were closed. There was no one on the steps. He looked around, bewildered. And then it came to him that today must be a holiday. When a small boy passed the bench, he motioned for him to come over.

"Fiesta?" he said. "Hoy?" he added, quickly.

The boy nodded slowly.

"La Independencia, Señor," he intoned, and went away down the street.

He felt foolish and got up to walk to the square. As he approached the square the sounds of a band playing floated over his head. The streets were crowded and loud, and everywhere there were children, whose shrill, edged voices he could hear above the music. The cafés spilled people out onto the streets. He managed, finally, to obtain a table and ordered a beer.

Almost before the waiter had left, a man, a Mexican, with only the gesture of an outstretched palm for permission, had seated himself on the chair opposite him. He was short, a bearish-looking man, and he wore a dark, wrinkled suit, and a tie that seemed to be suffocating him. As he sat down he grinned good-naturedly, revealing very white teeth. The fact that the man hadn't spoken meant, as Edgar Stubbs had learned, two things—first, that the man knew that he was an American, and, second, that the man didn't speak English. Edgar Stubbs returned a weak smile and looked off over the crowd. He was vaguely unhappy over losing his solitude.

Perhaps an hour passed, during which time each of them ignored the other ritually.

And then, totally without notice, like an apparition materializing, Cristina was standing there, directly in front of him, and he could see nothing but her face shining, as though it were a painting or an unplaceable dream. And even as he opened his mouth to greet her she bent over quickly and brushed the stranger's forehead with her lips. The lights in the café began to wheel before his eyes. He was vaguely aware of being introduced and felt a thick hand take his briefly.

"What a surprise," she was saying, "that you and my husband should meet here," while he shook his head in counter-point, repeating *Mucho gusto, Mucho gusto*. The words were bells, or perhaps they came from the cathedral tower. He heard a moan and he knew it was his. He fled the café, not looking back, and there were voices shouting behind him, waiters' voices, and the sound of chairs overturning and the band began to play. He pushed his way through the streets, blindly, feeling nothing.

After walking for what must have been hours he found himself standing at the railing, on La Calla Villa del Mar, gazing torpidly out toward the sea. He noticed the woman at his shoulder, and then they were walking again; and then they were at the entrance of the Hotel Imperial. They were in his room, and she was undressing in the amorphous lightlessness, and he was taking her, and he felt as if he were dying.

And then she had gone, taking with her a handful of pesos, closing the door.

Edgar Stubbs stood at the open window. The moonlight made a queer geometry on his skin. Somewhere Roman candles were bursting. His hand brushed the photograph of **Morphos polyphemus** that he had pinned on the wall. It trembled, as though trying to free itself.

He felt himself smile as he leaned forward, and then he was flying, so easily, out over the vacant street.

* * * * *

Somewhere Roman
candles were
bursting

Fast Ones

Walking along
Seeing the coffee jump
Out of my cup
Onto my hand, my pants, my shirt, my skin
Ouch
Staring out
Gaping at all the figures
That I must not touch
Should not think about or linger on
Gotcha
Oh boy golly gee
Aren't we having fun
Can I climax for a bit? or is
My time up? Does someone have
A deed to this space
Or is my improvisation boring you.
In that case...
Walking along
Seeing the coffee jump
Out of my cup
Onto my hand, my pants, my shirt, my skin...

Thomas Hugh Gilmore

Why

Why are you looking at me?
Is it because I have features you desire
Or money that you want?
I have only myself
Which is all that one man could ever hope
To satisfy one woman with.
Why are you looking at me?
Am I chosen for some reason
That you can't put out of your mind?
Or do I just fit your needs
At the present moment
But will be forgotten in the next scene?
Why are you looking at me?
Better posed—why am I looking at you?

Thomas Hugh Gilmore

Thomas Hugh Gilmore, 23, is a senior in Occupational Therapy. When he was a high school student, his poetry was published in **National Poetry Press**, a national high school publication.

Saturday Matinee

Age of groping, this, below the belly,
Love and death mere stunts, turns reft of poise, while
Frothing cougars, rebels without cause, run.
Damn this welter, furies bucking time's end!
Still the world has need of fools and angels.
Question here not whether, but, forever,
Why the race (half-breed or true *imago*?)
Patters up and peaks beneath the throne's height.
War is made and pawns are queened, the peace kept.
Think we paradise a bore? Quite so, our
Sense of humor not explained to us here.
Sudden, crypts will crack and bodies amble
Out, a merry twist of ends which baffle
All attempts to join them. Love and die, then.

Tom Orr

Recollection

The season turns both hot and cold,
Like August moonlight on the teeth
Of timber wolves who shun the dawn
And haunt the hollows of dark dreams.

Old woman selling brooms for bread
Mutters a sad old woman's song,
And children's chatter in the noon
Arrests the violence of the sun.

Life is keenest on the killing floor,
When quick blood steams on graven stone.
Here at the forking of the road
Choose dragons yet or nameless dread.

The gauntlet of the rain shakes down
A fall of pearls through lamp-light beams,
And after wounds and tears, some say,
The bright peace comes, when rage is spent.

Tom Orr

The Amos Rothman Suite

Standing on one leg
On a manhole cover
In the middle of the street
You remind us
Of some old enchanted painting
In which an infant seraph
Trembles in a naval of light

That is hard
That is easy
Somewhere in between

Among the passing cars
You look like a pinball bumper
Every moment waiting
To be lit up by the bang

You are hit hard
You are hit easy
Falling in between

Standing on one leg
On a manhole cover
In the middle of the street
You are a veteran of the wars
The last whooping crane

Standing hard
Standing easy
Flying in between

Tom Orr

Tom Orr, 25, is a graduate student in English. As an undergraduate in Massachusetts, he was published in the student magazine of Gordon College. He is currently a reporter-commentator for the **NESCO News**, a community newspaper.

L. Susan Jarzynka, 28, is a senior finishing work for her B.S. degree in Nursing. She has had her own by-line doing book reviews for the school paper at Southwestern Union College in Texas. She wrote her story for a creative writing class taught by Dr. Mary Louise Rea.

Runaway

L. Susan Jarzynka

A taxi honked out front. Picking up her purse and luggage, Maria shut the door on a year of life. For the last time, she stumbled over Jimmy Breyerson's tricycle, parked on their sidewalk. Walking to the waiting cab, she turned to look at the house, "Goodbye Stoneybrook; I won't be missing you."

"Union Bus Terminal," she said to the driver. The taxi edged its way out of the suburbs onto a street lined with Victorian houses and her eyes stared into the dark of last night....

As Nicholas slept, Maria polished her hatreds of him, one by one. His glance of disdain earlier in the evening as he looked at her dress; the promotion party—two hours—all simpering boredom; then his demands after arriving home: "Get my suitcase out, okay? And how about folding these shirts? And hang up those pants. Get the house cleaned while I'm gone."

"I'm not his child. I won't be his slave. Tomorrow has to be the day; twelve months is enough," she told the shadows of midnight.

The scent of Aramis and a smooth-shaven face made up Maria's memory of Nicholas as he left for Minneapolis that Thursday morning....

She jerked as the taxi driver rasped, "Fare will be two-fifty, lady. Need help with your luggage?"

"No, I can manage." And silently, "I'm the slave."

The station was deserted. Cigarette butts dotted the once-painted concrete floor and the heels of Maria's shoes grated across them scattering bits of tobacco.

"Can I help you, Ma'am?"

"Yes, one-way ticket to Albuquerque."

"Yer bus leaves here in half an hour and you get into

Indianapolis at eight o'clock, then you change and go on to St. Louis."

Maria sat down near the terminal's only window and looked out. She willed her mind blank and was glad for the agent's tuneless whistling. Fingers of light reached through the window, filtered through smudges. The hard bench and chill cut across her thoughts. She repeated some almost forgotten lines, "I said to dawn, be sudden; to eve, be soon."

No one else appeared for the seven a.m. bus. She would be in Albuquerque before Nicholas discovered her flight.

The bus swept into the station. A little scurry of activity occurred as the agent took some packages out for loading and received morning papers in return. He came back to the station and announced, "The Seven A.M. now boarding for departure to Indianapolis—connections for Terre Haute and St. Louis."

Maria handed her ticket to the driver, took a seat near the back, closed her eyes against the view of the misty morning, and listened for each new sound as one gear was replaced by another. The wheels sang in her mind, "You've left Nicholas, you've left Stoneybrook, you've left Nicholas, you've left Stoneybrook—." Crayoned into her imagination, she saw bright stick figures—one, herself, laughing—two, Nicholas, reading another poem, as clouds led the way to Gluck Hall and threw pebbles of rain in their faces. The song and memories iterated themselves until she almost dozed. Then fear printed another of the lines in her head, "I am defenseless utterly. My days have cracked and gone up in smoke."

A lurch forward shook her out of the drowsed reverie. The bus turned into the station at Indianapolis. Fifteen minutes later she was bound for St. Louis.

The next thirty-six hours blended the resonance of wheels, unfamiliar countryside, the pungent memories of Stoneybrook. The bare walls of the house and the starkness of the Early American furniture Nicholas had decided on matched the bleakness of the day outside....

"My dear, you're book smart, but you don't have any common sense. French furniture is just not practical. My mother would never consider a white carpet. And that Picasso print—who can tell what it is?"

"I know what looks good. I'm grown now; I'm a person, not a toy...."

Rain spattered down the tinted pane as the bus slogged its way into St. Louis. Another change and Maria was on the way to Oklahoma City. Insistently the lines beat against her thoughts, "I triumphed and I saddened with all weather, Heaven and I wept together." Night blacked the sky. She slept and awoke, cramped, to see the pink of dawn. Miles of flat country rolled by.

Stoneybrook still intruded. "The bottom of those pans need scrubbing—you don't care for anything properly, Maria."

Flat plains obscured Nicholas' voice. Somewhere inside her soared a flame of joy. Pavement markings blurred into the

going home after a
thousand years

white dresses of her childhood. "You'll make a beautiful angel." Mother straightened Maria's outfit, laughing. "You girls should carry yucca blossoms instead of lilies."

An old man smiled toothlessly as Maria threw open the window and sucked in great draughts of sage-air. Tears filled her eyes. She wanted to leap off the bus and shout, "This is my land." Instead, she shut the window and tried to calm herself. Albuquerque was still one-hundred twenty miles away.

"Are you going home, Mees?"

"Yes, yes, yes, I'm going home after a thousand years in a strange land."

"What is your name?"

"Maria."

He nodded his head, "Yes, a very good name that is. The name of the Blessed Mother herself." He crossed himself.

"And what is your name, sir?"

"El Manuel de Felipe Hernandez, Maria." On his tongue her name sang with rolling R's and the music of Mexican nights.

"Will your family be waiting for you in Albuquerque?"

"I have no family, Senor."

"Ah, but a beautiful girl like you must have a husband."

"Yes." Maria's twisting fingers remembered the texture of Nicholas' crisp hair and the strength of his arms as he had kissed her before leaving for Minneapolis.

Her answer had seemed to satisfy Senor Hernandez; he rested his head against the seat.

Giant cacti lifted their arms; day fell beneath them. Abruptly, movement ceased; she stepped off the bus. Cool air touched her face. Albuquerque, nestled in a valley encircled by mountains, became reality—no job, no place to stay, and three-hundred dollars.

Monday morning waked Maria early. Spicy aromas from the kitchen of the Angelo Hotel wooed her downstairs. Between bites of huevos rancheros and refritos, she scanned the help-wanted ads of the morning paper and decided to go to the airport's Cocina Room for an interview.

After savoring sopapillas filled with honey, Maria took a bus ride through the city, past stucco buildings, and then to the airport. A slight breeze nudged her from the bus into the building.

"What experience do you have?" inquired the Cocina Room voice. The desk plaque read B. Justin.

"I was employed in college food service."

"How long ago?" quizzed the personnel manager.

"Two years."

"Did you actually wait on tables or did you wash dishes?" Mr. Justin asked, scanning her application.

Maria looked at him quietly, "I waited tables for banquets only."

"And what have you done with a B.A. in Music?" he asked sarcastically.

she...remembered
the gentleness of his
hands

"Nothing yet except first chair violin with a small symphony."

He looked at the application and back at Maria. "I don't know; don't like college kids much, but you'd certainly grace one of those long skirts. We'll give you a try. Start tomorrow evening at four. Pick up one of those outfits on your way out."

"Thank you, Mr. Justin."

He nodded his head doubtfully and replied, "Good day, Ms. Stavros."

Outside, jets laced the sky with faint contrails. Seven-O-Sevens roared as they flared for take-off.

Tuesday afternoon dragged. How often the clumsy skirt with its tiers of ruffles had almost tripped her when she set steaming plates on the tables! Her shoulder muscles alternated numb tingling with sharp pains as she slumped at a small table in the back for her break....

"Oh, Nicholas." She closed her eyes and remembered the gentleness of his hands strongly massaging her shoulders after the relentless sessions with Mr. Strophsky when he would intone, "Don't be afraid to use the bow. Vibrato, more, more!"

"Don't mind the old man, Maria; someday you'll be great." The words from Nicholas would banish the strain. As Maria lay on the pink comforter he would read stately, now-familiar lines from Francis Thompson. When the reading was finished, they would re-live their days of early courtship....

Sunlight enhanced the mellowed stucco structures of Laurelwood. The modern concrete buildings of Fairhill Technological College on the neighboring hill boldly overshadowed the academy.

"Maria, wait!"

"Nicholas, I thought you were studiously buried between two of Fairhill's computers."

"Was, but I always sneak in over here to Barhill's English Lit class."

"What did the master present today?"

"Francis Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven.' Let's sit on that bench over there near the conservatory and I'll read you some of it."

"You like the sounds of the budding Hines?"

"Your 'Concerto in D' is better, but stately anthems will be a good background for 'robes purpureal, cypress crowned'...."

Days of saffron sunshine intertwined with nights of crisp ebony. Long-skirted evenings blended with visions of arroz pollo. Still memories chased her, "Across the margin of the world I fled, and troubled the gold gateways of the stars." Each quick brown hand, each dark head, each knock on the door pursued her.

One night, leaving work, Maria rounded a corner and came face to face with Nicholas—only it wasn't. Her legs weakened. Would she never be rid of him? The dark-haired man walked on unaware of Maria's eyes. "I fled him down the labyrinthine

and in the midst of
tears I hid from him

ways of my own mind," she repeated. The words echoed behind him.

Nicholas' footsteps dogged her steadily homeward—the roughness of his beard on her face almost reality. She could hear his voice saying, "I'll never let you go."

Still trembling, she inserted the key in her hotel room door. The scent of Aramis and serapes of crimson and purple welcomed her—the bed, small desk—everything as she had left it.

Pacing in the small room Maria spoke aloud, "Nicholas, Nicholas— you are the voice of my thoughts, you are the Hound." "I fled him, down the nights and down the days; ...and in the mist of tears I hid from him...."

Daylight always muted the sounds of his pursuit, but nighttime brought them onward—onward calling, "Rise, clasp my hand and come."

To the word in geste, averse indeed,
F I L L E R
Is the epicured quest, the perverse of need.

Sub-titled: Hero Sandwich

or: Edible Conflict

Mary Walker

Mary Walker has an A.B. degree in Chemistry from IU and is working on a second degree in English Literature from IUPUI. She is a housewife and the mother of three girls. Her verse has appeared previously in GENESIS.

Embroidery

a day of beginnings and endings has fallen on the small village
the people scatter in a brisk motion of gossip and gossamer
summer is laden with lamplit juniper and the bells of christmas
the rich smell of burgundy circles the mouths of les jeunes filles
some say the sun is crying in the rain for tis so many mornings
woken in darkness the cries of unsuckled babes lying cold
in quilts of torn and ragged kersey
on the harbor the children play some grown tall by now
some yet small—for that is the way of the day
the ships that come and go bring trinkets and tea
and woven cloth of sea water and sky glow and night fall
a boy-child stoops high on the bluff with the curls on his neck
blowing, in clover dreams against a daffodil
jerking off the blossom he runs to give it to the hot blooded woman
who heaves a large breast in suck to an infant
some say the sun is crying in the rain
bowed heads felled with eyes wide and wet with the sphere drops
two souls join under the blackness of heaven that claps in mockery
and fires with flashes of dancing wickedness
lashing and licking into the clothing over naked flesh
nearly unheard are the lingual gasps of the pipit in the wood

Donna Lynn Connor

Donna Lynn Connor, 23, is a graduate student in English Literature. Her poem was written for a class in creative writing taught by Professor Mary V. Blasingham.

In the Darkness of the Early Morning Hours

[Necrophilia is a state of mind.]

The turgent fire of my desire
 Anguishing in the froth of madness,
 Overwhelmed with tearful sadness
From the second to the minute to the hour.

O, the loss of love that wakes me;
 Praying for the gods to take me
In the darkness of the early morning hours.
 Nothing left but things forgotten,
 And the stinch of warm love, rotten,
 And the dirt, and stone, and flowers.

Mounting grief; O God forgive me!
Digging madly, senses leave me,
 Till over box and lover I do tower.
Grabbing, stripping, loving boldly
Till passions reek at odours mouldy,
 And under realization do I cower.

O, my God! What have I done?
My desire for a son has left me—
 For death's a greater power.

Dennis Sweet

Dennis Sweet, 21, is a freshman majoring in Psychology. His poem was written when he was a sophomore in high school and is his first published work.

