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spring 78

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Invitation to Artists

The Fall 1979 edition of GENESIS will feature a section solely devoted to artwork. The length of this section will be determined by the number of accepted submissions. Any type of drawings may be submitted, although black-and-white ink sketches, such as the artwork in the current edition of GENESIS, are preferred. Photographs may also be submitted. All artwork will be reproduced in black-and-white. Artists whose work is not accepted will be notified by mail; those desiring the return of their work must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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.

All submissions must be accompanied by a separate title sheet containing the author's name, address, and telephone number. Essays and fiction should be typed on a sixty-space line and double spaced. Manuscripts of less than sixteen pages will be given first consideration. *Manuscripts must be submitted in duplicate.*

Authors whose material has been accepted will be notified prior to publication. Authors who wish to be notified of rejection prior to publication date—and all authors who wish their manuscripts to be returned—must include a self-addressed stamped envelope with their submissions. Any manuscript submitted too late for the current deadline will be considered for the next issue. Prizes of \$25 are awarded at the discretion of the editors for the outstanding entry in each of the categories of essay, fiction, art, and poetry.

Fable of the King

Mark Jansen

Mark Jansen tells us that he is one of those unclassified graduate students who has a background in Ecology but declares no loyalty to any school in the university.

"I'm a careful author," claimed the jester. "I will teach you of the mysteries of triangles, you royal hierarchy." The King motioned with his leg of lamb for the jester to continue.

"First there is the Point, the fixture of the mind," and the jester drew a dot in the dust and grit on the floor. "And many a great scholar has said that everything is the dot, that the dot is the truth." And the jester cleared his throat, straightened up to the stature of a scholar, and spoke: "I say that the common element of all is Water. For, are not all things moist; and does not the land float on the sea?" At this there was much guffawing and laughter.

The jester returned to his jester stance and spoke again, "Second, there is the opposite, the contrary, dear little contrary, contrary is a little black kitten with a bright coat and a red collar carrying a silver mirror." At this point, he stopped and gracefully drew a second dot in the dirty floor. He then took the posture of another philosopher; this one was shorter and more nervous. "Ah, yes, friend," he began, "but it is not Water but its opposite, Fire, which is the source of all. For Fire is light, and all things when heated become lighter—water boils—breath is warm and light and the source of all life." Laughter broke out again. The jester's motions were just like the minstrel who had passed through the season before. Then the jester acted more strangely. He would stand behind one dot and argue for awhile; then hop across behind the other dot and argue the other way. Back and forth, back and forth, the people laughed as the jester's motions became more agitated and ridiculous.

"Now, the great truth, good Lord of this castle," spoke the jester. "It is neither the first point nor its opposite, but the third point of the triangle, the apex which is both the dot and its opposite, dear King." At this point he drew a third dot perpendicular to the first two and pointing to where the King sat. The truth of the example was obvious to the King. Obviously, the judicious ruler knew the truth of the debates of the people and the philosophers. The King, amused, rose (a feat so late in an evening of wine and song) and applauded. The guests also rose and applauded. The dogs barked. The jester stood in proper stance, bowed, turned, and took his leave. But as he left, he left his heelmark on the floor opposite the apex, turning the triangle into a square. At which point, I rose and followed the jester out.

dreams
 promises laid
 in a box
 words veiled
 in lace
 shadows cast
 on walls
 faceless
 now.

—Debbie Franz

The Tea Party

thoughts wander where
where are you, harry, you
were at the party,
then suddenly left.
mrs. osborne was peering
down my throat to find
out if I was a blueblood.
Of course I knew I
wasn't, I'm just green.
Her daiquiri was dripping
over diamonds, while chanel # 5
reeked over added pompadours.
harry save me!
You told me the party was
in honor of life. I
found out it was in honor
of black, they were all
dressed in black chiffon
and white pearls.
Amy Vanderbilt was the
hostess, and I was the
tea.
I came with my flowers
and songs, they with
their scotch.
They poured it over me,
and lit the petals.

— Debbie Franz

Debbie Franz is the
winner of the *Genesis*
prize for poetry for
Spring, 1978.

Eros in Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*

Georgia Ann Shockley

Georgia Ann Shockley is a junior with a major in Religious Studies. The essay which appears here was written for a course taught by Dr. Rowland A. Sherrill.

A close examination of Paul's love-relationship with Jeanne in Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*, when regarded in the light of the Platonic notion of Eros, suggests that Bertolucci is telling the reader or viewer that modern man still gropes for some transcendent form of love. Although modern man may deny any need of something more than the fulfillment of biological needs in sexual gratification, he still desires and seeks to fill the spiritual element of his being, as illustrated by the drive to transcend the earthly through the union of lovers in order to achieve a higher, heavenly, sacred realm which is the goal of Eros.

To begin to understand the screenplay in these terms, it is necessary to define "Platonic Eros" and, by using Denis de Rougemont's description of the Tristan-myth of romantic love, to demonstrate how this myth relies on a conception of Eros. Next, an analysis of Paul's behavior in the play will demonstrate that the ways in which he thinks about his wife, Rosa, and in which he attempts to express his feelings about her establish his desires for a more fulfilling relationship with her, a relationship only possible after her suicide. This relationship with Rosa which he did not have when she was alive and which he seeks only after her death has as its goal the transcendent realm to which Paul aspires. His relationship with Jeanne can then be seen as an example of erotic love, and, as their relationship is nothing if not degrading and dehumanizing, Bertolucci is pointing out the inadequacy of an exclusively erotic love to provide any mutually satisfying model for human love relationships.

First, Eros—especially heavenly eros—is a part of the Platonic order that states that there are higher forms of being and relationship than those found on earth. Everything on earth is an inferior shadow of a perfect model in “heaven” yet each shadow has some spark of the ideal or perfect image in it. Thus each person contains some spark of the ideal although the actual person is unimportant. De Rougemont describes the attitude of the erotic lover in *Love in the Western World*: “Let not a man attach himself to his fellow-creatures, for they are devoid of all excellence, and in so far as they are particular individuals they merely represent so many deficiencies of Being.”¹ The individual selves are imperfect and thus undesirable. The erotic lover loves the spark of perfection in the beloved and not the beloved, and he seeks to transcend into the perfect realm through the creation of a union with the beloved on earth. To love the beloved in Eros is not the goal but the means; the beloved is *used* to reach the goal. The “selves” of the beloved and lover are lost in the fulfillment of erotic love because that fulfillment involves the abolition of their distinctive, personal “selves” to achieve a transcendence to the abstract and ideal forms.

Denis de Rougemont, in *Love in the Western World*, gives numerous examples of how Eros or the “romantic” notion of love has been articulated in Western culture. In Book II de Rougemont discusses how courtly love was an intricate part of the myth of romantic love. The troubadour is described as being “both an enthusiastic adorer of the Lady whom he extols and exalts and a scourner of women whom he disparages.”² In other words, de Rougemont is saying that the men who espoused *cortezia* loved the image of the perfect woman and yet hated and degraded women. The “perfect” in Eros corresponds to the Lady of *cortezia* who is described as chaste and holy, unobtainable by mortal men and yet ever-desired. Likewise the ways in which the troubadours regarded real women correspond to the lover’s regard for the beloved: women were “low” and imperfect objects of scorn. The beloved and real women are undesirable and even contemptible because of their imperfection. That which the troubadours and lovers desire is far more perfect than anything in our world and they constantly strive to reach it. Another aspect of “romantic” love that is helpful in understanding the Paul-Jeanne rela-

tionship is the passion of suffering. De Rougemont points out that "Passion means suffering. . . . To love love more than the object . . . [is] the longing for what sears us and annihilates us."³ Suffering is necessary and longed for in "romantic" love. Love is not love if there is no passion and passion *must* include suffering. If love is Eros it is a destructive love; it "annihilates" the lover and the beloved. The lover loves not the beloved but the idea of love, and, de Rougemont says, this can only lead to suffering, pain and ultimately to total destruction: "The lovers have never had but one desire—the desire for death!"⁴

This discussion of Eros and the transcendent to which it aspires helps to clarify Paul's feelings about his dead wife in *Last Tango in Paris*. Paul discovers after Rosa's death that he knew very little about her. He finds a box which contains useless mementos and knickknacks which he did not know she collected. A prostitute tells him things about Rosa's childhood that he had never known. Paul says to Rosa's body: "For five years I was more of a guest . . . than a husband . . . And then to help me understand you, you let me inherit Marcel. The husband's double whose room was the double of ours."⁵ Marcel was Rosa's lover and Rosa had made him into a carbon copy of Paul. All of these things caused Paul to wonder about who Rosa had been. Although he had lived with her for five years, only at her casket did he begin trying to understand her. Paul had no concept of Rosa as a human being. Her "self" was not important to him. The only way a human self can be important in Eros is after it is no longer human—humanity is imperfect and undesirable. Thus Paul's relationship to Rosa can be seen as Eros: he did not love her or even know her as a human "self" but he seeks a love relationship with her after her death. Paul muses: "Rosa, my love . . . forgive me . . . I don't know why you did it. I'd do it too if I knew how. I just don't know. I need to find a way."⁶ This statement seems to be the key to all of Paul's actions and feelings. In this line Paul expresses the love for Rosa that has been magnified after her death, a fact which can be deduced from Paul's increased awareness of who she had been and his contemplations at her casket. Paul not only articulates his love but he expresses a desire to fulfill that love by finding a way to follow Rosa. Rosa, by committing suicide, is removed from the earthly realm, and, in Paul's eyes, this

raises her to a level that is more desirable than earth. Paul covets this escape and tells Rosa that he is trying to find out how to do it too—that is, Paul wishes to join Rosa in death. He is expressing his desire to fulfill this new-found passion and yet he is unsure of the means to achieve it. He is still trying to find a way. Rosa is Paul's image of the "perfect," the unknown, that cannot be obtained on earth, and this passion, by definition, can only be fulfilled through death.

If Rosa is the "perfect" for which Paul strives, Jeanne is the means to transcend into the higher realm. Jeanne is the beloved, and—as has been stated earlier—the beloved in erotic love is just an object to be used. Paul desires to know nothing about Jeanne—not even her name. Each time Jeanne makes an attempt at getting to know Paul in anything but a sexual way he ridicules her. Her only importance to him is as an object that he uses to fulfill erotic love. Paul has nothing but scorn for Jeanne as a person; this is always the attitude of the lover towards the beloved in Eros. Because she is human she is contemptible and Paul only wants her as a means to transcend to the "perfect." Paul's contempt for Jeanne is obvious from his actions: he continually misuses and degrades her. He taunts her with a dead rat and stories of pigs. All of these things not only show Paul's disgust for Jeanne but also emphasize the suffering that is involved in "romantic" love. Love is not Eros unless it suffers; the beloved, Jeanne, must suffer.

Paul and Jeanne's relationship seems to be moving toward some final act of violence and Paul is surely aware of this. Although they have made a pact of secrecy Jeanne tells Paul some things about herself. He knows, for example, that her father was a career army officer and that she idolizes him. Jeanne tends toward a violent nature as can be demonstrated by the fact that she is the first to suggest the possibility that he could kill her and no one would know. From these instances Paul would know how Jeanne would react to situations such as those he presents to her in the final scene. In this scene, Paul tries to force Jeanne into a new type of relationship. Paul says that he has decided that he wants to marry Jeanne and she then sees Paul for the first time as what he really is—a middle-aged owner of a flophouse with a prostate like an Idaho potato. Jeanne does not want this and begins to feel more and more trap-

ped. Finally, after Paul chases her to her apartment, she shoots him with her father's gun. Jeanne provides the means for Paul to obtain the transcendence for which he has been striving. Although he could not decide on a conscious level how to do what his wife had done Paul did decide on an unconscious level and forced Jeanne to do what he was incapable of doing himself. Thus Eros is fulfilled: "Eros could lead him but to death."⁷

Bertolucci, then, presents the reader or viewer with a dramatization of Eros in contemporary terms. Paul's relationship with Jeanne may at first seem to be nothing more than a sexual encounter but, by the presentation of Paul's musings about Rosa and her death, Bertolucci forces the reader to realize that the Paul-Jeanne relationship involves more than sex from Paul's standpoint. It involves the search for a transcendence beyond orgasm. Bertolucci is saying that sexual gratification is not enough or even the most important element of Paul's relationship to Jeanne; man still gropes toward some transcendent, spiritual form of love. Paul can be said to be representative of modern man in this characteristic for various reasons: he has been a drifter; he has been a boxer, a racketeer, an actor, a musician, a revolutionary, and a journalist. He has always sought the transient pleasure and then moved on. In this way Paul can be said to be representative of modern man: man seeks pleasure and happiness through physical "things"—he denies the need for anything that he cannot duplicate or control. People today are more concerned with moment to moment happiness than spiritual fulfillment. But even as man denies the need of anything other than earthly pleasures, Bertolucci uses the character of Paul to show us that he still has a desire for something that "transcends"—such as some notion of love other than physical or sexual pleasure.

Bertolucci is not only dramatizing the fact that man still seeks some form of transcendence, however; he is also demonstrating how our love myth—Eros—is bound to misuse and destroy persons. Bertolucci is calling to our attention the inability of Eros to provide an adequate model for mutually fulfilling human love relationships. Eros is bound to lead to the dehumanization of persons and the loss of "self." The erotic lover desires "only an illusory or fleeting aspect of what is actually a complete life."⁸ The

beloved is not considered to be a self with needs or desires; rather one aspect of the beloved is important — that aspect that the lover can best use to serve him. The rest of the “self” of the beloved is considered contemptible and ignored. Thus Eros is brutalizing not only in a physical sense but, as depicted in *Last Tango in Paris*, also in a psychological sense. The beloved is not considered as “having a matchless and independent life which required *active* love,” that is a “self”; so the beloved feels rejected because he is not loved as a complete person but only as an object. This destruction of the “self” can only lead to misery, disillusionment and death. Unless man desires death for himself and degradation for the one he professes to love, Eros is incapable of providing him with satisfaction. Thus Bertolucci has shown that the myth of romantic love to which man has aspired throughout Western civilization and to which he still aspires is a mockery of the persons that participate in it. Perhaps it is time we realize the failure of the myth to establish anything more than dehumanizing relationships and search elsewhere for the models for our love.

NOTES

- 1 Denis de Rougemont, *Love in the Western World* (New York, NY: Harper & Row, 1956), p. 70.
- 2 de Rougemont, pp. 113-114.
- 3 de Rougemont, p. 50.
- 4 de Rougemont, p. 46.
- 5 Bernardo Bertolucci, *Last Tango in Paris* (New York, NY: Delacorte Press, 1972), p. 166.
- 6 Bertolucci, p. 167.
- 7 de Rougemont, p. 312.
- 8 de Rougemont, p. 313.
- 9 de Rougemont, p. 286.

Hephaestus

The watch is too small:
 It will surely be crushed
 By the leathery, paw-like hands —
 Covered with tiny pink scars,
 Fingered with thick, blunt digits —
 That descend on it
 With the sharp, shiny tools.
 But no, the paws are gentle,
 Deft and quick in their precise motions,
 Certain and final in carefully patterned assembly.
 The coarse scarred hands have a body,
 A gnarled, hunch-backed form
 Seated in a wheelchair,
 Withered strands of legs dangling.
 A blocky head, indecently exposed
 By thinning tangled wisps of gray,
 Oversees its work with molten brown eyes.
 The minute screws are tightened,
 The springs coiled, the cogwheels oiled.
 A hatpin sliver of screwdriver
 Stalks through the watch's inner maze
 Then darts away as the case snaps shut.
 The watch revolves in the blemished hands,
 Is wound, set, listened to —
 The wild-haired lump of head nods,
 Melted-earth orbs bore into the customer,
 Pry him open, take him apart,
 Assemble his person in an instant.
 Red creases from the loupe
 Parenthesize the fierce gaze.
 "Done" is all the grizzled mouth says.

— Ray C. Gainey

Ray C. Gainey is enrolled
 in the School of Liberal
 Arts as an English ma-
 jor. A native Hoosier, his
 hobbies include
 photography, mythology,
 backpacking.

Madame Lysiane dans l'Orient

you teasing the ease
 with which my mind is lost
 in ideals and details,
 sleep creeping
 into this fort Knox
 blonde insomniac ornament,
 your powdered brow and crest
 and opulent granddam's chest,
 epitome of grace
 fully aging
 french whore of Colette and Genet,
 contesting my loyalty to female flesh,
 borne of the realization, disturbing:
 figures without faces in antique print,
 original work by Hokusai.
 I see your coming nights' dreams,
 travesty of wet sentiment spirituality:
 poodle-buddha.
 the junk shrimp trawler on framed curling sea
 hemp nets dragging through dark chill waters
 opium sweet eyes on the forgotten face fisher
 taste of salt you find on the cracked lips
 of lost face sailor who takes you and rapes
 buddha-like, from your stretching mouth
 he squeezes dried and scented oranges.
 from the audience I sing your praises,
 behind the curtain and satin canopy
 the propmen exchange mockeries of the Primadona:
 her taste for young American boys.
 hearing all of this, convulsed to hysteria
 epileptic between the sheets
 I must stuff the pillow in my mouth
 to keep from stopping the show.

— Jim Elliott

Inside (a prose poem)

Jim Elliott

Jim Elliott is a senior English Major whose interests center around modern American writers and photographers.

I walk across the gravel to the steps, feeling the eyes of those inside, piercing incriminations, "there, that boy is not well, see him smile for he knows we are watching him." Once inside, I go to an empty table, aware of their straining to ignore me. Here I shall sit and work. How interested they are in what I'm doing, all alone and so intense. My presence discomforts, strains idle conversation. Now it grows late, only one other customer remains: a woman, pale, thin, her dull, brown hair uncared for. My fascination grows as I study her. In loose and ill-fitting clothes, her awkward tall frame adapts itself poorly to the chair. I can tell she feels my eyes. Becoming nervous, she looks up and shoots back at me eyes that condemn my interest. Now the waitress comes to close the place, we begin to gather our things. I watch her intently now, she nearly seems to squirm under my stare.

For a moment, I lose the plot. She hurries by me out into the dark. From the doorway, I watch the puffs of fog that issue from her, like forced steam, as she crosses the gravel to the unlit street.

Three Naked Women

Jim Elliott

the situation contained all the essential ingredients.

one lunatic, male, caucasian, twenty-seven years of age, destitute, the Protagonist.

props including three naked women, real or imagined, perhaps simply flashed on a screen in the third floor apartment, \$85 a month, various climate conditions and times of day, a mother in Portsmouth, into the yellow rooms blinks the neon from the streets, straight out of the *Hot L Baltimore*.

themes of neurosis, decadence, mal-nutrition, fatalism, self-indulgence, social darwinism, social disease, the morality of bad taste.

given the preceding, the story unfolds itself, in the dark, across the street, from a phone booth lined with cracked glass, before the Catholic Church of God.

all the same, no writer ever came to frame it, no theater to stage it, the mother remained in Portsmouth.

all the same, the lunatic carried on, never the same, a subtle twist, choked in nuance and malaise, oblivious of the audience, the stage, his own performance, consumed as it were, in the actuality of indestructible constructions.

Timeless Mirage

permanence eludes. impossibility
possibly touching an unspoken need in me to uncover
a different truth.

sometimes, and again, always
everyone speaks aloud (or not at all) about love
talking permanence
tenaciously clinging to whatever object allows
grasping to overwhelm
temporarily, at least.

sometimes, and, always
someone is found wanting love forever now
possibility, momentarily, is permanent
impossibility's measure
itself confounding that, this, and the next moment
moving in space.

sometimes always
love is not exceptional
so longingly abused as expression of feeling deeply about
permanent uneasiness
the senses falling into impossibility and possibly
love is unable to distinguish between the two.

sometimes
love of one moment stands alone
always then unaided moves itself into the new
possibility impossibly
strange this familiarity holds warmth from that previous
moment
only, in the next, gone.

permanence eludes. impossibility.

—Sandra Donahue Owen

A Question of Density

I am obtuse
and never deny it
being truth
or
curiosity
asking everywhere in nature
Is Obtuse Being a peculiar thing?

I watch stones play
reflecting playing stones
or
stones being stones
refracting play in me
only
play is universal
or
peculiarly particular
If my play is stone being.

I am matter
being stone and curiously obtuse
perhaps
or
thinking
abstracted thought is fantastic
And absurd—

there is no difference
knowing that
stones doing the same thing
define reciprocity.

—Sandra Donahue Owen

Sandra Donahue Owen
still searches out the im-
ages in cloud formations,
talks with the wind, and
majors in Philosophy and
Political Science. When
not otherwise engaged,
she writes about things
mundane and ex-
travagant.

Death of a Friendship

Tonya Burton

Tonya Burton is a junior with a major in Religious Studies. She is interested in philosophy and all forms of creative and interpretive art.

I don't know how or why we became friends. The association just seemed to evolve after a short exposure to each other. He recalled once that he had first been attracted by my apparent aloofness. And I remember being a little dazzled by his fantastically kind and shiny face.

I think the best description of our particular friendship is found in Webster's Dictionary: "friend, n. person on the same side in a struggle." The struggle that we were engaged in was not especially new or unique. It was and is very personal. Yet it is universal. We were engaged in that struggle devoted to finding a means to defeat the inanity of existence.

The methods he chose to battle this were both subtle and gentle. I remember the first time he showed me his special place at the reservoir. We walked to the water's edge and I noticed strange braided rope-like objects strewn across several rocks. When he noted my puzzled expression, he calmly explained that he had spent the previous day braiding long green moss to pass the time. I was so overwhelmed that anyone would spend a portion of their day braiding moss that I burst out laughing. That was the beginning of our friendship.

Once when we were driving, a Greek folk dance came over the radio. He stopped the car, jumped out and became a flying dervish beside the road, keeping perfect rhythm with the music. I felt slightly inhibited as I sat in the car and watched his spectacular performance. But when he climbed back in he thanked me for letting him be himself. I felt that I had had the easy part.

The summer ended. School began. And he left for his last year at the university while I stayed behind. Letters

were infrequent. The letters that did come were not really letters. They were poems. And I thought they were beautiful.

I was really impressed by our written poetic conversations. But then the tones of his letters began to change. They became less positive and more troubled. And I became aware that we were losing contact. Part of one of his letters read something like this:

. . . Let us find where past and future join. That must be now. Too concerned with nows of then and nows of when, but never nows of now. Oh, the insanity of that word.

Nowhere can be now here. The elusiveness of now.
My mind is mad whirling butterflies.

Of course, I had no way of knowing that was to be his last written communication to me.

The Christmas holidays came and we exchanged our absurd little gifts. He gave me a pink button with the words "I like '31' icecream" printed on it. And I gave him the biggest thorn I had ever seen. It was four inches long and shaped like a cross. He tied a string to it and wore it around his neck every day after that.

We were destined to be together only twice after that holiday season. The first time was during spring vacation when we drove to a state park to camp for the weekend. Even at the beginning of our trip the atmosphere was charged with tension. Conversation was strained. Not at all like the summer before when it had flowed so naturally.

We endured. I'm sure there are no other words to describe it. I remember now certain incidents of that weekend that should have been indicative of our point of departure. He, who had been so involved with the sunshine aspects of life, became preoccupied with shadows: with the after life, beyond life, spirits, and little people.

How much clearer situations become in retrospect. I remember now chance remarks he made that weekend. We had decided to visit a cave and were both awed at that underground phenomenon. He said he would like to live there with the spirits. Then, perhaps he could find the answer to life. Not long ago he had been dreaming and had been on the edge of finding that answer. It was almost

within his grasp but he woke up. I replied that had he actually known the answer he would probably be dead. He agreed, but said it wouldn't matter if that were the answer.

I guess I knew that weekend our relationship had ended. But I am not a person who gives up easily. I vowed to try to communicate one more time. Not just talk. Really communicate. So I began my journey to his house, arriving just before dusk. I suppose I will never forget the impressions of that evening. I walked to the door, prepared to knock, but my actions were arrested by what I saw inside.

He was sitting on the floor, feet bared, before a miniature jungle. I was sure it was something he had concocted from one of his trips to the woods. He had always had an affinity with nature and was very artistic with the little woodsy things he collected. This jungle was realistic, with mounds, and valleys, and ferns and wildflowers. The basic earth sod was green moss. The short kind that feels like velvet. The kind that needs just a little moist sod and lots of air. One could almost imagine shrinking to a miniature and walking through that lush greenness.

But the thing that impressed me most was his total involvement with this little world. I decided not to knock and walked on in. The venetian blind rattled against the door. Still he didn't look up to see who was there.

"Shh. . ."

"What is it?"

"Time for the little people."

"Oh."

I waited. I hardly breathed. Suddenly he started laughing and clapping his hands. The little people were arriving. He helped them with his hands. Somehow these little people had poor muscular control. He muttered that he did not have them perfected yet. They came nude and in great hordes with no apparent direction or goal except to stumble and be rescued by him.

I felt dizzy so I walked to the door for air. It was soft and warm, and it revived my spirit some. A chime tinkled in the wind, and I remembered that he had told me once how the chime played music for the tree shadows in the street.

I felt tired. And I felt resentment resentment towards an anonymous force that had robbed me of a friend. Resentment towards the force that had obliterated my profound definition from Webster. I wondered if every struggle only led to another struggle: if every question could only be answered by another more probing question.

I only knew that as I walked down those steps and climbed into my car that evening, I didn't have any answers. One of his poems was lying on the seat beside me.

Somewhere
an autumn laced leaf

makes
 sun patterned shadows
on gently held palm.

I tossed it out the window and quickly drove away.

Winter Night

starlight streaming
cross winter skies

poets and painters
gleaning
gods mystic sparkles

reality teeming

yet eludes
lovers dreaming

nocturnal illusions

— Douglas Downey

**whence beauty came
may prose claim?**

1

dawn awakens
aprils virgin green beauty
to be a blazing august rose

winter beckons
whilst autumn seeks to hold
natures kaleidoscope of green and gold

2

whence beauty
mortals dream

a glimmer or gleam
there is occasionally seen

a kiss between

sky and earth
man and woman

3

beauty is natures gold
the arts professor told

whence beauty goes
may science or prose suppose?

—Douglas Downey

Birth of the Night Star

O mighty Apollo
hear me O god of light

gaze upon thine unholy son
thine dark son

Dionysius!

O wanton Venus
thy serpent beckons thee

taste the fruit of thy lust
O sensuous harlot
ravish
and
worship thy Sun Master's image

thine Night Star!

O bountiful Divinities
thy poets speak of gifts

alas
your wine grows bitter in Zarathustra's mouth
knowest thou not we slew the thornbearer

Crucified Him!

—Douglas Downey

L'Effrayé

Deborah Selke

Quel enfant misérable. Il n'osait même pas pleurer. Ses lèvres tremblaient, son petit nez rouge coulait; de ses grands yeux épouvantés s'échappaient de temps en temps d'énormes larmes qu'il essuyait aussitôt, de peur qu'on ne les voie. Toute sa figure semblait en proie à des convulsions, tant il grimaçait. Pourtant pas un bruit ne lui échappait, pas même un petit sanglot étouffé. Il s'était réfugié sous la table de la cuisine, accroupi, le dos contre le mur, les bras autour des genoux, sur lesquels il reposait parfois, pour un instant, sa pauvre tête endolorie. Il la relevait aussitôt, cette petite tête aux yeux gonflés et aux joues saignantes, il la relevait d'un geste brusque, presque violent, et ses yeux semblaient vouloir éclater d'horreur. Il écoutait, tout tendu, tremblant de peur pour sa chère maman, tandis que celle-ci se défendait de son mieux contre le furieux qui les avait attaqués. En entendant cette voix horrible, et pourtant si bien connue, l'enfant frissonnait. Son papa avait encore trop bu.

l'effrayé: the frightened one
osait: 3 p. sg., imp., *oser*: to dare
épouvantés: terrified
s'échappaient: 3 p. pl., imp., *s'échapper*: to escape
en proie à: prey to, victim of
étouffé: stifled
accroupi: crouching, cowering
endolorie: sore, aching
gonflés: swollen
saignantes: bleeding
éclater: to burst
tendu: tense, strained
tandis que: while
frissonnait: 3 p. sg., imp., *frissonner*: to shiver, to shudder
encore: again
avait bu: 3 p. sg., pluperf., *boire*: to drink

This literary portrait was written in imitation of the *Caractères* of Jean de LaBruyère (1645-1696) for the third-year French grammar course of Professor Vermette, Fall 1977. LaBruyère's *Caractères*, noted for their elliptical and "nervous" style, paint a series of lively and often cruel moralizing portraits of individual character types drawn from late seventeenth century French society.

Friend In Deed

A land lies here
populated solely by Adonis'—
tempting beacons, beckoning servants coiled,
shining brightly
dispelling all shadow remnants.
Here, there, seemingly most everywhere
wherever one gazes
the light is often blindingly bright
illuminating his impotence thousandfold.
These self-styled titans,
learning from prior mistake,
ponder daily what best way
to avoid the terrible claws
and overcome the prodigious strength
of bristly boars!
Such blaring contradictions, these—
these warriors for you and me—
witless wonders never ceasing
year after year after year.
Man used to eat man
he felt he to be man
and 'The Other' food.
So it was a toast made
of one another's blood—
a declaration that man would feast on man no longer—
came about.
The New Order of Things:
man surviving and growing
enjoying himself and others.
But it seems lest we all become as Zeus
this respect must be re-visioned
kindled anew.
The caterpillar
violates, conquers, surrenders to none
the butterfly by the cocoon.
The swan of evolved beauty
serenely floating in life-full clouds

the lilly pads bellowing
 laughing hyena bathes in tempestuous sea.
 The cavern is wholly sacred
 inextricable root, once seed
 whence we grew and grow,
 the Grail by which we taste
 one another's freely flowing milk.
 Sipping unity of ages
 that Missing Link we seek and cheat
 year after year after year.

It is true when they say
 how easy to speak with upturned nose
 of potency and pride.
 But be ever so quiet
 lest they hear us
 and laugh heartily
 even, perhaps, cry heavily
 at the site we make them.
 The torrent rushes, gushes
 bursts the Gate of Heaven and Hell,
 subsides,
 raindrops lightly pelt ridges and valleys,
 trickle down.
 Here, blow your nose
 I wipe you clean
 as she did so long ago.
 You ask me why
 I've yet to touch
 your lips with mine.
 Need you really?
 Tho I be man
 I still long for that which you do
 year after year after year.

Friend
 come, suckle
 at me please,
 I too have to give.

Inviting lips redden,
 moisten,
 the dew drops trickle down each grass blade,
 glisten in the twilight.

Here
 take off my shoes
 as I, yours
 else they become wet and ruined.

Frolic
 chirp, whistle, whisper in tune with wind-hymn,
 barefoot
 the meadow's sentimental tears cleanse each toe
 and us
 touch the earth.

Skin mingle, melt with soil,
 blood of Mot drench Anath,
 Wind Flower blossoms, pomegranates ripen,
 year after year after year.

He claimed her as his
 she sprang from his gashed forehead.
 Few knew his belly had hands
 belonging to another
 usurped of all she had to give
 unable to be seen, heard,
 touched.

No-thing existed but he who birthed.
 He of such proud origin
 should for once
 attempt to swallow that.
 But he passes cup in Garden
 refusing to heed any but he.

Listen
 you of gentle ears
 listen softly
 hear the spear whistling
 the Nike Zeus rocket flashes, thunders
 lightning bolt piercing its side.
 The heavens forbid,
 crescent-shaped moon descends angrily

sending many howling in agony
to molding caskets tightly clenched denying entrance.
Those frightened whimper
wonder if no-thing will be Left
and Right again.
Seconds ticking, minutes passing, hours to come.
The chalice is adorned with red stones
prickly thorns
drawing blood from lips sipping thirstily
in vein
mixing till no discernible difference.
Raise then this chalice, friend
no-thing worthwhile is had painlessly.
Drink of me
as I, you
this new year's eve.
Drink to satisfy those fearful urges.
 Drink to enjoy all Left.
 Drink again.
 Drink still again.
 Drink still once again.

— Patrick Hannon

Patrick Hannon has a degree in Political Science from the university and is currently in basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for the Adjutant General Corps.



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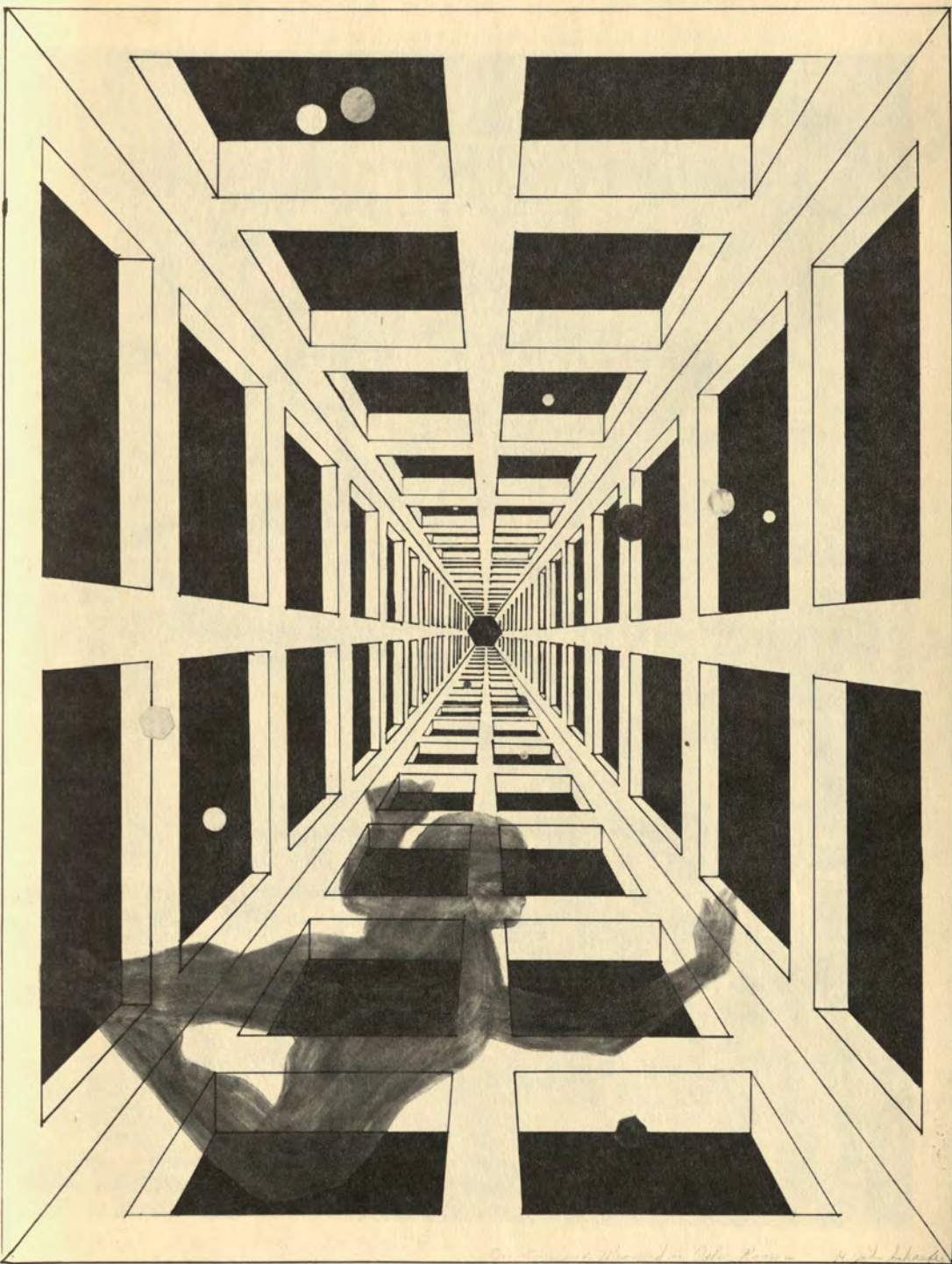
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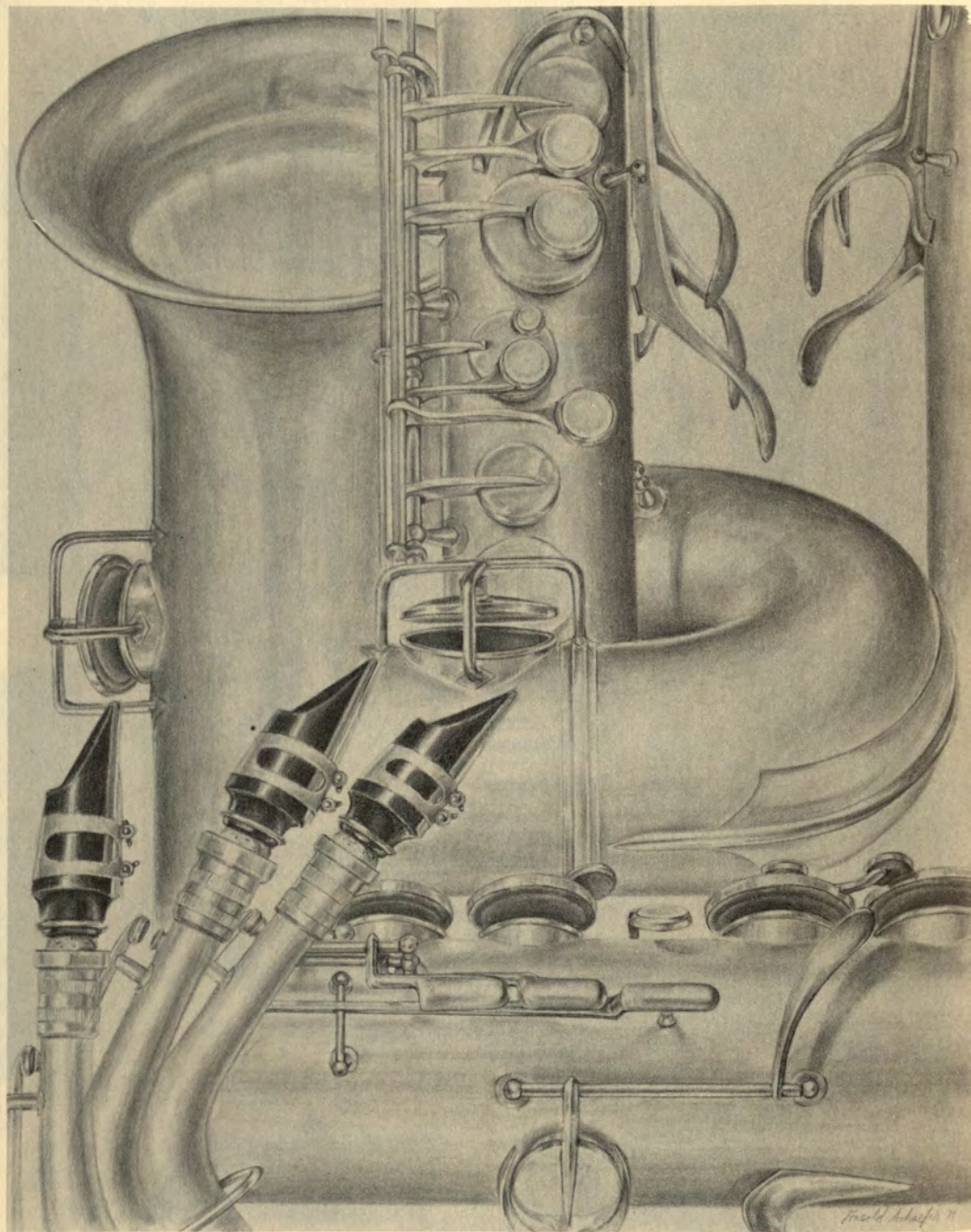




... not to be a fool
is merely a
varied freak
of folly...
-PASCAL

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The Artists

Bruce Grelle, who majors in Religious Studies and Political Science in the university, also has poems published in this issue.

Michael Drippé, rooted in philosophical art and artistic philosophy, is a perennial student flying between fields. He hopes to emerge with degrees in philosophy and in art.

Thomas McCain is a history major and a commercial artist who also does cartoons and artwork for the *Sagamore*. He is the winner of the *Genesis* prize for art for his work in this issue.

H. John Schaefer is a graduate student in the School of Education whose poems have appeared in *Indiana Writes*, *Alkahest*, *Stoney Lonesome*, and *Primo Times*. He recently served as art editor for *The Ballantonian*.

Between the Ages

Bruce Grelle

O she sat down and enjoyed it. Reveling in the chair without fright while the traffic pounded on the street just outside the large window. Somehow the noise did not distract. She drank wine and ate yellow cheese conscious of the importance of her acts. Stale cigarette smell mingled with the odor of cats in this apartment. Late humid August but longing for frigid air and virgin snow. Walks washed white by freezing rain. Lighting another cigarette, she leaned back in her chair and crossed her legs. Her skirts were tightly wrapped.

They arrived at half-past seven and she was abundant as she had been before the guests had entered the room. She did it through like a patroness in Paris in times earlier unknown. Or as she thought them to be. In cordial time she asked for their comments and offered up wine and trays of fresh fruit and hard breads and white cheeses.

The last time she had ridden was beyond any exact recollection. They had nearly committed themselves to the course once the year before, but the saddles and the cost were not proper nor comely. The fees staled the horses. Her cousin had taught her to ride as a child—and to sing and to love. Her eyes had widened though, and she left it in the distance and only remembered at night. Her love had been aged since and smelled sweet like the hay.

The night wore on and the drunken guests lingered for hours—feeding her reveries and holding out for more. Early mornings before dawn they would leave but pay homage to clear thought and to friendship and to liquor in slow hot pursuit.

If only her clothes had been fresh for that evening.
 Correct colors and lines to impinge properly upon their pic-
 tures. Now lonely and silent she walked through the
 darkness which was humid and growing beyond what was
 assumed. The cats sang and protested the manner in which
 she laid claim to the dawning and to the rigidity of her lust.
 She sought distraction and thus was uncomely to feline
 senses and common function.

So
 neatly
 ruled,
 this paper.

I am to contain
 all that I am
 and reduce it

to an
 eight
 by
 ten
 black on white
 epitaph.

—Cathy A. Burton

The Chant

Cursing the faded cloudless sky,
He asks why the sun must go down
And walks heavily overcoated in fear
of a fall.

Picking through the rusted cans
Looking for life among soiled wrappers
A face like the pemmican of the warrior
who never returned.

He quickly retrieves the meatless bone
For the dog he does not have
Stuffing it deep within one of his
empty pockets.

Those who pass try to avoid
The lonely old paranoid chanting,
Afraid they may see the reflection
in his eyes.

He tips his bottle to the starless horizon
And nestling among yesterday's papers
Wonders what it would be like
to have a son.

—Stephen J. Cooper

Stephen J. Cooper majors in Psychology and has worked in the past as an air traffic controller, a truck driver, and a high school teacher. Currently, he is a brakeman for Conrail and is writing a book about his teaching experience.

Nightmare

The man in black is knocking again,
That's twice today he's come.
But mother said to keep the door shut,
And not to let him in.

The curtain moved and out I peered,
To glimpse this man in black.
I could not see his face,
But saw the movement in his sack.

He seems so sad and lost outside,
And keeps on knocking on our door.
But mother said to keep the door shut,
And not to let him in.

— Robert Braitman

The Final Revelation

Through incense filled with nitrate,
The small procession marched.
With vestments green and sweaty,
They marched along the trail.
Through loud and booming music,
Through cries of dead and dying,
The column headed forward,
To view the revelation.

— Robert Braitman

Robert Braitman is "a
sometime-student, who
tries to think of things
beyond the ken of normal
men." These are his first
published poems.

Hammer and Nails

part I

solicitations of 25 nails

And you would ask me
if they are made in limited lots
and if they are numbered
I would tell you with deep industrial pride
that they are made
by the millions!

part II

hammer

hammer

a hammer deals with a thousand nails' lives a day
the hammer beats and dents the wood planks
the hammer swings high in the frothed dirt sky
the hammer crushes still words
the hammer resounds in the still woods
he is the cheap armature of the premeditated threat
and he is angry
he drives wood fibers apart
he splits the finished beam
the hammers are forged mad
and that is why the carpenters have kept them for so
long
while the nails are tossed free by the millions

but maybe you had thought it was the circular saw
that the carpenter loved
no, he tosses the ripping circles to the hungry sawdust
he curses the blades blind and he curses the earless
sawhorses

or maybe you thought he had loved his tape
no, it has rusted its coiled length before
its retraction dies
and the tape's interior rattles with loose parts

maybe you had thought he loved his work
but he doesn't
only the mad hammers remain true to him
only the mad hammers still drive the heart piercing nails
home

how can I hate the mad hammer though
for the tape and blades are happy in their rust
and the millions of nails sing happy in the yard grass
but only the noble hammer would continue all through the
day and night
to resound the builder's tale.

— Mark Jansen

Man of the Blue Corn

he carries blue corn
and he now wanders country fields
he carries his few possessions in a sling from his shoulder
he examines old woodlands
he examines fallen and shattered limbs
he sees them by blond white sunlight
that has rushed here silent and apart of the vacuous
blue skies through which it flies
he steps down green grass hillocks toward half plowed corn
stubble fields

and as sunset rushes the sky
he hurries home
bent over
tumbling blue corn between clods of the newly
frothed dirt

— Mark Jansen

they came with their talk and fury
 they came with winds and spray
 and heavy walls of water
 and screaming

I remember the shivering of the mast and beams
 and how the rain broke and streamed down the boat-
 swain's unmoved face.

If tired eyes miss the new waves
 they are still felt
 for even if there is no watch
 the motion is still felt
 a clear and small quickened pulse
 that lifts the ship so slightly
 yet lets one know
 that yes, another one has passed
 from the north
 and I and my boatswain listen and wonder
 listening to hear the details of the new waves
 from the north
 to hear if it is one word or many
 a story or idea
 to hear just what would be the reason
 for such waves.

And the next wave comes and one hears of . . .
 a city
 just a brief vision of a city
 a city and shore in the starless night
 with lights, lights that glimmer winding paths to
 you
 as you view the city
 and I and my boatswain know that it is ever so right
 that a fair city and shore gleaming of diamond light
 should send such waves.

And the next wave is the same
 and it tells the same story
 the waves are almost still before the shore and city
 there is the slightest of breezes
 and the city has sand dunes behind it

and hills of dry sandstone
 the hot sun and desert wind have etched the hills
 with great and undying character
 even if they were buried by the shifting sands
 even if they were buried to neck and mouth and
 could not speak
 still the eyes of these hills would burn
 and still the traveler would know of their noble
 character
 such are the hills that surround the city and shore
 and the oaken timbers of this ship are moved by the tale.

And the next wave is the same
 and it tells the same story
 of the men of the desert who visit the rug-floored city
 who live in houses of carpets and canvas
 and who wear canvas
 and who of evenings sit in their rug-floored tents
 with their olive oil lamps
 and listen to the new north wind
 that tells of the lost forests
 that lay over the now eroded hills
 they have heard the song bloom before the unchanging
 moon for all their lives
 and they are sobered
 and still moved
 once again upon this evening
 and they hear in those forests
 the distant cries
 of their lost brothers
 and fathers
 and they smoke on this
 and they are dry like this smoke
 and etched and creased like these hills
 and they are all thus brothers beneath this moon
 and the boatswain allows himself one salty tear upon hear-
 ing this tale for he is moved.

And I am moved
 for the joy and happy sorrow of my ship and boatswain

The ageless checker cabs are always replaced
 by newer but just as outdated cabs
 the cabs remain eternally the same
 as men in Kalamazoo
 place one motor after another
 in their eternal checker sedan
 Detroit leaves behind one motor after another
 and so must follow the men in Kalamazoo
 and so the checkers cry for their lost hearts.

The old man listens as I explain
 that it was not the long line of ripped and stolen hearts
 that doomed the checker
 but less extravagant times
 and more expensive petrol
 it doesn't really shock him
 should it
 do you see old men crying for lost brothers
 hell, he doesn't even remember his sister's new name
 his heart has been ripped out more times than
 dumb and silent engine wells of checker cabs could
 ever stand
 their engine mounts would crack and rot long before
 they could catch up
 he ripped his first heart out himself when he was 12
 he fumbled with cords and frozen bolts
 by the time he was 18 he ripped them out every night
 after that he never noticed
 how could he
 he had lost his heart

and you would have him cry for the loss of checkers
 what does he care for the power stack's demise
 what does he care for 13 million metric tons of coal dust
 vaulted into the sky
 he cares not at all
 his teeth hurt
 and his heart is missing.

— Mark Jansen

Death of the Generalist

The death of the generalist
In well upholstered walls and streets
 baffled by meaning before the specialists' fine work
 baffled as to whether it is wisdom or folly
The generalist walks home in dull toed defeat
 before the assumptions that he could never really stomach
 there is no adventure left for him in the schoolroom chalk ledges
 the chalk is rounded and small and piled in a corner
 they are tiny children's knuckles
 worn to unrecognizability by the master's instruction
 they are piled in the ledge's corner
 it is sunset
 the board dust settles for the long night.

—Mark Jansen

Summer Grass

Checking under bedposts
 and behind flaking paint windowsills
 painting our steps so gray
 under the broiling summer sun
 laying our lives out as tacky gray paint
 placed on the steps
 to dry, caked hard resin
 for the foot scuffings of the tenants
 there are small patches of grass to lay our brushes in
 there the gray passes
 passes with the coming of the summer's blades.

—Mark Jansen

'Death Must Sound Like . . .'

John Storm

John Storm is a 23-year-old man who is a student of English and Psychology in the university.

He's sitting on the starched-white metal bed, gazing through the rain splattered window. Sitting, gazing, thinking. A barren tree's long bark-black fingers tap against November's bleary, yet balanced, mirror. Tap-tap-tap, like the silent rapping of reality's urging on the black bolt-locked doors of his private world — where everything sounds like tap-tap-tap.

Four months. Four empty months back from the black-jungled world of death, despair — back to the smelly stillness of this white-walled ward. Smelly stillness. Sterile, warm, starched-white scents float circularly on alcohol breezes. Osmotically active breezes permeating furniture, bed sheets, patients' lives, with the cold, quiet, distant smell of sterile aloneness. Patients' lives that smell like starched. . .

In a white-walled lifeless world motion becomes the enduring paradox, a fluid rebellion. Like a tank-turrets turning on an immobile machine, he rotates his head on its fleshy bearings in a slow, cautious, methodical defiance of the possible detection by the lifeless listening walls. And through the binocular vision of his half manned turret he views the white surroundings ahead, and thinks: 'white tiled walls, shiny floors.....four starched white-clothed beds, shiny little wheels.....one.....two.....three, four..... four in all, four straight, four right, four white, and all so nice and bright.....four more me's.....one..... two.....three, four.....four starched-white, knee length, tied-in-the-back, slippers me's.....stooping, stumbling, rumbling, mumbling me's roam about, just like cattle.....in a starched-white, tiled-white range.....stooping, stumbling, rumbling, mumbling to the ends of the world.....but it ends.....there's an end of the world wall.....a half-tiled, white-

light boundary line.....where two broad-black, bolt-locked doors lean right in the middle.....square eyes gazing out.....more tile???? more tile.....heaven must look like.....a black, too, clock right there above the doors, still locked, black and eyed.....counting months, but it's only four.' The half-sensed mechanical discovery fluidly continues as the half-empty turret steadily turns on its silently squeaking bearing flesh, stopping at the undiscovered portion of his black bolt-locked world. A mirrored world without windows spreads before his cataloging thoughts: 'four starched white-clothed beds, shiny little wheels...one.....two.....three, four.....'

"SGT. MACKAY."

'arrrrrrrgh!'

'hell must speak like.....'

A screaming bold black voice breaks through the antiseptic whiteness of his silent thoughtless world, sending him reeling, reeling, like the crushing leap from consciousness, back through his preordained course.

"TIME FOR YOUR"

'four, three two, one, shiny wheels, clothed-white four, heaven must look like.....square-eyed tile. clock month, clock month four, left leaning in the middle, two black-broad, bolt-locked doors on end-of-the-world-wall, rumbling, mumbling, stumbling, stooping cattle starched white range slippered tied-in-the-back knee length white starched me's'

"MEDICATION"

'fourthreetwoone.....life must smell like.....tap, tap, tap'

With the lonely, lifelessness, of a hope long since lost he returns to the gazing of November's moody, soothing, motion. The single hypnotic tree's long, bark-black fingers continue their remindful tapping, recalling the peaceful mindlessness of the time before his dangerous excursion into the peopled world. The tap-tap-tapping that recalls the only sureness left to a mind frightened by a wildly, whirling world: 'Death must sound like tap, t-a-p, t-a-p.'

Whistle-Chant Before Her A Love Song

My fears and my unfair assumptions
are scattered as you sleep.
Your easy breathing haunts the silence
that crawls through these rooms
in the latest hours of damp night.
That same silent motion
that no human knows,
silence gathering in the shadow
of thick darkness,
narcotic silence which feeds
your fitful dreams
with hollow songs from the dry mouths
of the dead.
Such a sleep hastens
the apotheosis of your mother's will.
Your replicas and your dreams are
consumed by the silence yet
speak such eloquent speech
as I have never heard from the throat
of a poet.
How can I know the manner
in which to approach such a wisdom as this?
How can I lift my eyes to such beauty
yet remain possessed of clear sight?
Pale love is left helpless
in its effort to embrace you.
My understanding is robbed of its conceit
by stark visions of your multitude.

— Bruce Grelle

Kisses From Old Nick

Last eve one clad in silken black
Was lying close to me.
A wall he scaled to be thus held
And through a door once locked by thee.
Last eve with kisses from old Nick
And sips of memory,
A thread he gave from his own grave
To weave an aging destiny.
Oh, Love, my youth, thy flame did lack
A stranger's warm delights.
With silk so fine we'll weave lost time. . .
'Tis madness courting me these nights.

—Smith

Dance Of Demons

In the minds of men dance demons
From the first great dance—they prance
Like stilted statues jerked about
By unseen strings
Held by ancient hands—they dance
The frenzy of the thoughts
That leap in frozen olden
Dreams.
What gifts my flooded soul
Could bring
To set them free,
To flow like blood
Upon a loosened sea,
To grab at stars
In triumphant waves
Toward death's eternity.

—Smith

Should One Day

Should one day in chance meeting
I brush a distant hour,
And days gone by flare suddenly
Like matches put to brier,
Would I not search with sadness
That time we shared in past
To remember angry partings
Which we thought to be the last,
Or would the wall between us,
That wall of time which parts,
Rise to pride and hold us
Prisoners of our hearts,
And between us on the pavement,
Would I find with small despair,
That I give you stony silence
And you thank me with a stare?

—Smith

Bleak the sky
sits up
to yawning stretch
a frosty hand
to cup the earth.

—Ruth Avitia

computerpoem

a terminal
to where you are
I reach across the miles
to hear your voice
the telephone

I spin a disc
that drives my thoughts
to go to you
and memory restores you to me
momentarily

the algorithm's incomplete

we share our time
in bits and bytes of words
to store them into
so many Ks of long-term memory

the flow chart misses steps
your voice is not enough
the interaction
lacks the sense of touch

— Ruth Avitia

Ruth Avitia is a senior, with majors in creative writing, psychology, and Spanish literature. One of the senior editors of *Genesis*, she will soon move to Washington, D.C. to continue her education.

Nothing Scientific!

Astronomy as a science

consistently knows nothing
of the order of the sky;

Only of objects in space
and radioactive truths.

Geology as a science

continuously knows nothing
of the content of the earth;

Only of events in time
and magnetic forms.

Psychology as a science

definitely knows nothing
of the sequence of mortality;

Only of patterns of behavior
and electrical order.

Science as a science

completely knows nothing
of the scope of the gods;

Only of fields of energy
and the gravitational law.

— David Frisby

Aphorisms for a Metamorphosis of Language as Metaphor

The spirit of Plato,
is a language of simile,
is as is
the nihilism
of life.

The great dragon of Zarathustra,
in a language on analogy,
is as the wisdom
of the will to power.

The eternity of Socrates,
in the language of allegory,
is as of
a lion
on the horizon.

The camel of Christ,
as in that parable,
is as in
a return
to the sea.

Apollo as an eagle,
in a hyperbolic language,
is simply the same
as the sun
itself.

Dionysus, the child,
expressed as a parody,
is of the moment of the death of god.

Nietzsche as a snake,
in this aphorism on metaphor,
is as in of
the overman
of man.

— David Frisby

David Frisby, "as if husband, as if father, as if citizen, and as if student, simply is as if in of a mortal who stands at a spot that spins the span between the points of the birth and death of a lifetime."

Tomorrow

Concrete walls
soar to the clouds.
The grass is no longer green.

The earth lies beneath a shroud
and is choking
on noxious steam.

All the open spaces?

They've long since passed away,
but the tons of flesh
and stacks of bone
are added to every day.

—Paul R. Ilg

Momentary Friend

I sat at my desk
and raised my hand
to scratch my eye.
A stranger passed
and he raised his arm
as if to wave
but instead
it went on up
to the top of his head.

With this innocent gesture
I saw him sigh
with my itching eye
as he walked on down the hall.

—Paul R. Ilg

Leaves

Cling to the tree
as long as you can
for your partner in dance,
the wind,
will someday hurl you mercilessly
into the gutter
where you'll be met
by another onetime friend.

Withered and parched
you will greet him expectantly
only
he'll carry you down
the most convenient sewer.

— Paul R. Ilg

Paul R. Ilg is a major in English literature, and "my current enrollment at IUPUI represents my fourth and final attempt to complete degree requirements. I feel sometimes like a hexagonal peg on a board with only round and square holes."

Mothkilling

It blew in through the mesh—
the screen was closed, tightly.
It blew in, dust on the night breeze,
blew in like dust, took body.

Flutters, dives at the bulb,
wheeling, silent, silent, batlike,
larger it would kill the lamp.

It would kill the light.
His shadow is a dark angel at the door.
The door is not marked. I have no lamb.
He eats my coat. The wind bores in. The warmth leaks out.
He swoops above as I sleep;
his wingdust makes my eyes red in the morning.
He dives in through my black eye-holes;
his wings flutter dreams in the dark wind, my sleeping.
He gnaws through breastbone,
plants white stones in the heart's four chambers.
He is brother to worm,
wings dusted with humus.

On tiptoe, not breathing, slowly, avoiding
his beaded eyes I advance. He waits, watching.
Mocking, shrugs wings once.
I move
desperate
Now.

I toss the mess outside.
His comrades, legion, draw the corpse home
under swarming night.

—William D. Nolan

**Epigrammata
or,
Anti-Heroic Couplets**

I

Romantic poets! Pyrotechnic piercers of the dark!
But oh! how oft you fan your flames with exclamation marks!

II

Yet once more, O ye poets, yea, once more
Ye poets, O ye poets, yet once more
I pray ye, gushing Sirs, condense your songs;
Pour out your hearts, just once—then move along.

—William D. Nolan

William D. Nolan, 24, is a senior, majoring in English. His literary interests include classical languages, criticism, and poetics. He and his wife Erin enjoy drama, motor-cycling, and cooking.

Generation

We could not force that sperm and egg to meet,
tangle and split the chromosomes,
select boy, girl, hair, chin or nose
or specify a certain temperament.

We feed him, clothe him, teach him right from wrong,
take pride in his intelligence,
presume to chart his life, advise,
though we could not choose the color of his eyes.

—Natalie Nicholls

The Educated Era (A Byronic Commentary)

What glory has this democratic age
With all its opportunities for knowledge!
Most anybody is considered sage—
At least enough to graduate from college,
And consequently thirst for cash assuage!
For economic evidence does now allege
Degrees from institutes of higher learning
Provide the simplest means to higher earning.

All one must do is never raise a thought
Which might confuse and cause ungodly messes
By disagreeing with what has been taught.
The student of today, in short, progresses
Best with examinations where he nought
Professes save that which his prof professes.
This certainly is but a small concession
In order to obtain a life profession.

So, then, behold the graduated man
Who has emerged from elementary phases
To intellectual heights of mighty span!
His academic discourse does amaze us
(But keep from asking meaning if you can—
His college education's just in phrases).
He's worthy to be held in veneration—
For he's a future leader of our nation.

—Natalie Nicholls

Natalie Nicholls holds a B.A. with honors in English from the University of Michigan. A housewife, mother, and aspiring writer, she is also a non-degree student taking poetry writing in the university.

Auntie Verse

one

I'm dreaming of Planck's constant h
cranked up to velocity v
she's speeding and speeding
discretely succeeding
in ranking with capital E

two

My wavy friend, a particle,
is playing hide and seek;
probably I'll find her
(if I don't peek).

— Jane Tilford

Jane Tilford is a senior,
philosophy major whose
work has been previously
published in *Genesis*.

