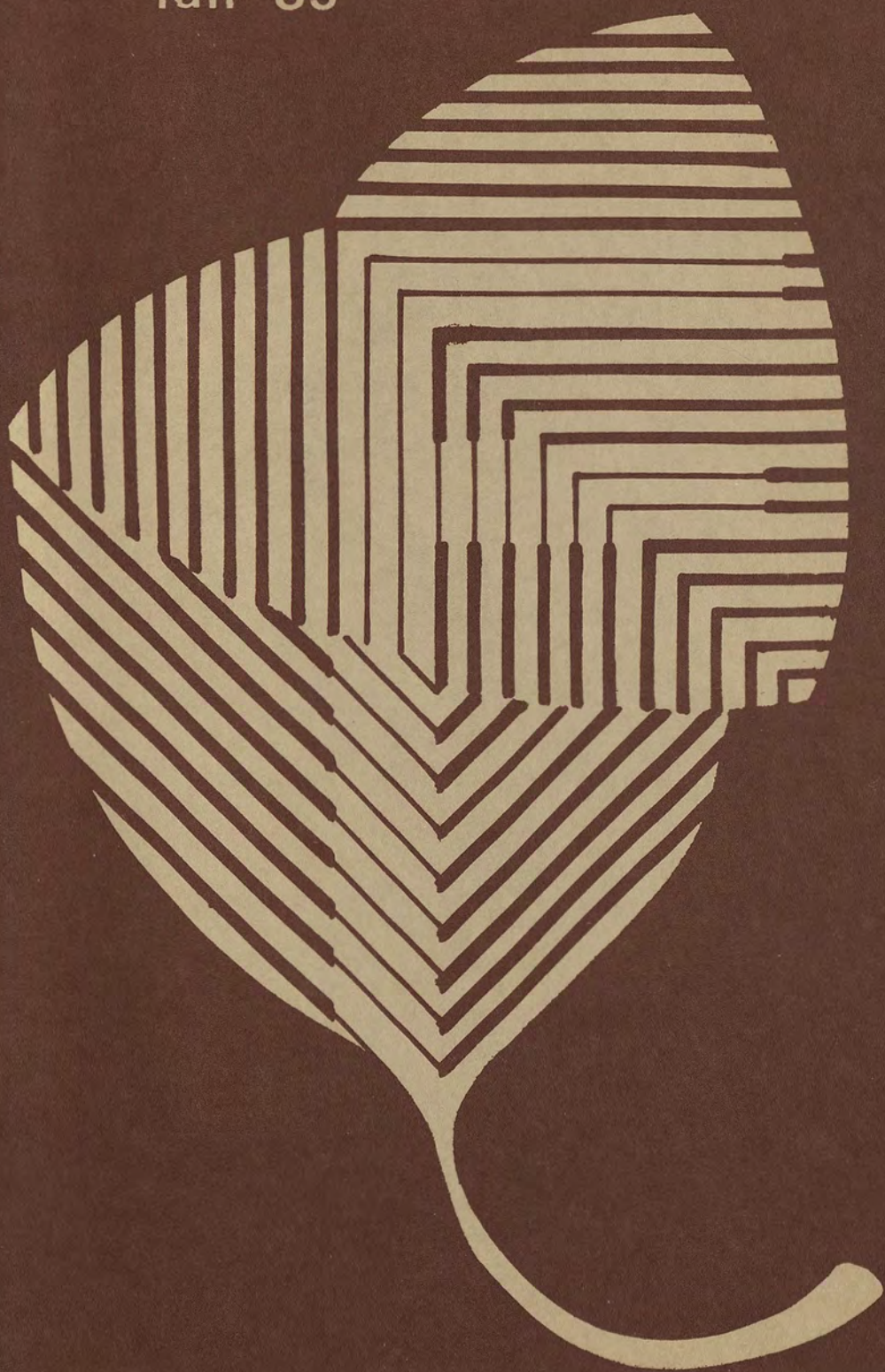


**genesis**

fall '83



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## Invitation to Artists and Authors

Artwork is invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. Any type of artwork may be submitted. All artwork will be reproduced in black-and-white. Artists are asked to submit no more than ten pieces for a given issue; artwork should not exceed 26 inches by 32 inches. Please identify each piece on the back with its title and your name. Enclose a cover sheet with your name, address, phone number, title(s) of your artwork *and* a 25-50 word bio. Submissions not accompanied by a bio will not be considered. Artists will be notified as to acceptance prior to publication; they will also be instructed as to how artwork will be returned. Submit work to GENESIS, Student Activities Office, University Library, 815 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202 or to the Herron Student Senate Office in the JA Building, Herron School of Art, 1605 North Talbott Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

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*Manuscripts must be typed and submitted in duplicate;* prose pieces should be double-spaced on a sixty-space line. Please classify prose pieces as either fiction or non-fiction. Poets are asked to submit no more than ten pieces for a given issue. All submissions must be accompanied by a separate title sheet containing the author's name, address, telephone number and a 25-50 word bio; submissions not accompanied by a bio will not be considered.

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 art, essay, fiction and poetry. Members of the Editorial Board are ineligible to receive prizes.

## we crown the hill on saturday

barefoot with toes muddy from gravedirt,  
garbed in carnelian wedding gowns half  
decades old (yours fastened with pin from  
diaper of the babe, eight years born now,  
who prompted my nuptials at all),  
streamers of pastel trail the earth,  
soiling, a bit; under the dripping willow  
we sit, balancing on fallen tombstones their  
words worn away,  
safe in our secret place we eat  
cadbury's, drink chablis and feel  
strangely at home, shivering from some  
unseen breeze we think only  
idly of poison ivy and hide  
behind sepulchres.

patient artist, he  
lets us laugh and  
waits while we  
stroll 'round monuments, mausoleums,  
angels their lips parted perpetual;  
marble horns silent till  
sounds the last trump.  
making note of the names, ancient  
names, city names: LILLY,  
CLAYPOOL, VONNEGUT, WASSON  
they are all at rest here.

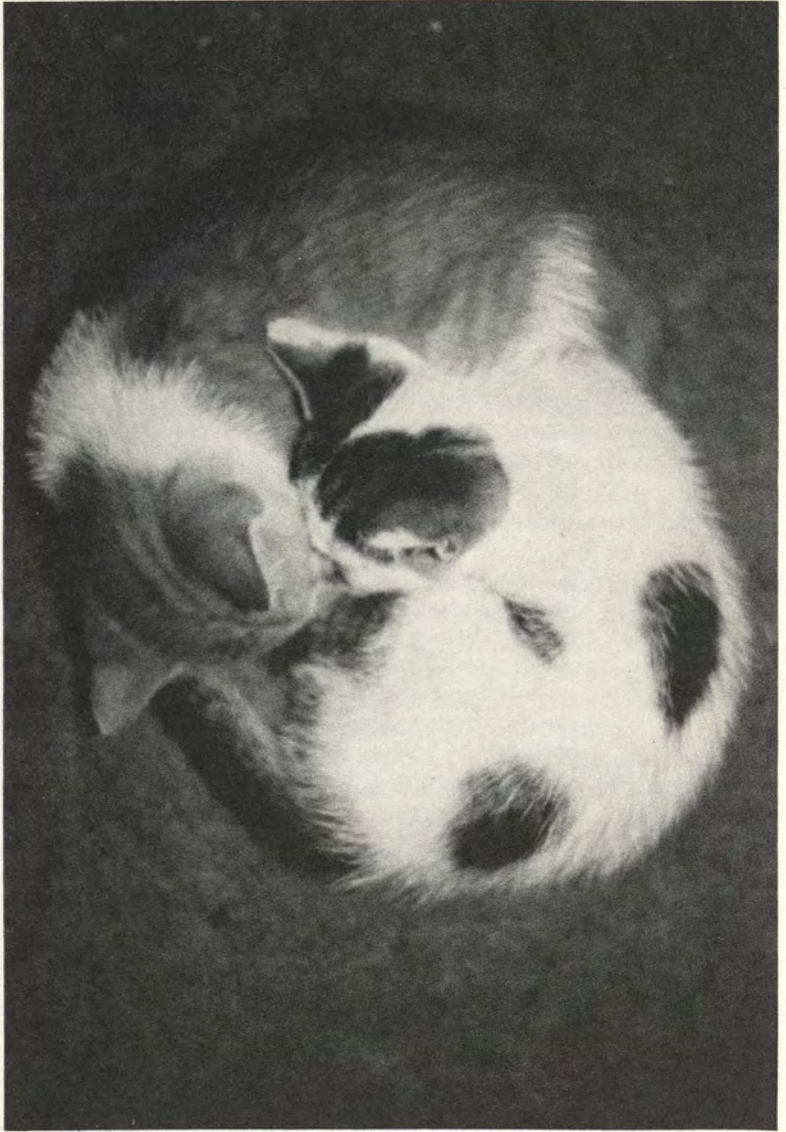
we sobering pose  
beside Mary and Sarah,  
our namesakes, wives of  
the brothers Walker,  
and you mourn these  
witnesses to what was:  
to the once ivy-choked oak  
and hickory forest, to the once  
kame and kettle swamp killing  
earliest settlers,

while i am the grief-stricken angel,  
wings of verdigris drooping as  
head in her arms she weeps copper tears  
on the tomb, evermore;  
i'm awaiting for that chariot  
to swing so sweetly low, to  
take me home, too

While everyone and his  
brother was out at the  
track one Saturday last  
May, Frances  
Lawrence and Therese  
Vierne were making the  
scene at the cemetery.

—Frances Lawrence  
Therese Vierne

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—David H. Frisby

## Cinderella's Chinese Slippers

Looking at the Chinese boys  
me and Irene were  
checking out those boys from  
China, not the Mao and Taoist China  
but the boys in Chinatown.  
We were walking the streets  
in search of Chinese slippers  
black size forty, checking out the boys  
in Chinatown. The Citibank sign  
saying Citibank we assumed in  
Chinese and don't go that way  
the old man rasped, if you want  
to get to Canal Street and we  
were checking out the boys in  
Chinatown. It was a sun-warmed  
September Saturday, a perfect day  
for city-walking, and me and  
Irene went city-walking  
checking out the boys in Chinatown.  
Which thongs should I buy  
the peach or the yellow, said Irene  
to me in the streets of Chinatown.  
Oh buy the peach, said I, but  
she bought the yellow, and we walked  
on past the red and black pagoda  
with the sign admitting it's the  
Chemical Bank branch down in  
Chinatown. My right Nike  
scraped my ankle raw from all  
that walking we did down  
in Chinatown. I went walking with  
my little sister, my sultry-eyed and  
taller than I little sister and  
we were looking at the boys from  
China as we walked in Chinatown.  
The slippers on the street were  
cheaper than the ones I bought  
inside a store, but no street  
pair fit me like a prince  
and we stared at the periwinkle  
slippers with the crimson-and-gold  
dragons on their toes and the rose, the fuchsia  
slippers and the dead squid on ice  
and the live lobsters who had their

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pincers ensnared by green and yellow  
rubber bands, in the streets of  
Chinatown. Plump Chinese faces,  
spare-cheekboned Chinese faces, Chinese  
faces smooth and jubilant with youth  
Chinese faces august and ageing  
Chinese faces everywhere our round-eyes  
looked and that consonantless spoken  
Chinese spilling liquid all around us  
and we giggled at our looking  
over all those boys from China  
never knew we liked the boys  
from China, till we walked in  
Chinatown.

—Sally A. Boniece

## which curves allow the magic touch?

which curves allow the magic touch?  
all should and all do  
most often is the best time to approach  
it is at this time and hardly any other when  
the welcome's clear  
otherwise they live alone  
and need nothing else  
but don't worry  
these  
curves enjoy the company

—Rick Karcasheff

**Rick Karcasheff:**  
only listen to those who  
never speak  
allow your shadow to  
occasionally overtake  
you  
look askew and mumble  
alot  
be mean and blow out  
everyone's candle  
have a fit and multiply  
initiate an evasive  
maneuver  
and finally  
carve your initials on a  
nice piece of furniture  
now are we friends?  
(adapted from Cornelius  
Cardew)

It

Over the East River  
The rising sun breaks the night  
And reassembles day

In the forever shadow of an ancient tenement  
A wino screams at no one in particular  
He stumbles, falling onto the cool, grey sidewalk  
Laying there, he laughs at a joke  
He has suddenly remembered hearing  
Many decades ago

Mrs. Martinez, survivor of 97 revolutions  
Around the blazing sun  
Recalls the Victorian earth  
When the sky was braided with telephone wires  
And machines and brass design chugged full of steam  
Along brick rivers illuminated by flaming gas  
Moon and stars

But now we bury our voices deep in the earth  
And we travel in fiberglass shells fueled with dinosaur  
breath  
The streets are white concrete lit by phosphorescent zaps  
And you never see the stars, and rarely is the moon to be  
found

But this is all right for most of us  
We never felt the real past  
So sit-coms are adequate entertainment  
And feeling wonder or awe is not necessary  
Or even desirable

But did you ever wonder what an autumn leaf  
Smelled like?  
Did you ever drive out of the blinding city  
Into the dark green night  
And watch the invisible universe  
Pulse warmth and vitality through the  
Milky Way  
Like a heart

Remember the person who said  
"I found it"  
Well, he didn't even know what "it" was  
And come to think of it  
Neither do we

Although it's not definite, Rick Callahan thinks his major is going to be Egg Science. That is, the study of the shape of eggs in hope of discovering some fundamental law which can be applied to life as we know it. (Never mind, he adds, I'm a journalism student gone mad.)





STATE OF NATURE)	) SS:	IN THE COURT
AMERICA )	)	OF
		ENVIRONMENTAL
		MORALS: CASE #1
MOTHER EARTH)	)	
vs. )	)	
UNITED STATES)	)	

## Motion To Preserve Life

Walter Robinson

Walter Robinson, former inhabitant of Camp Yellow Thunder, Black Hills, South Dakota, is a Cherokee Naturalist who obtained a B.A. degree with a major in philosophy from I.U., December, 1983. Copies of this Motion were sent to President Reagan, the Senate and the House of Representatives. Mother Earth is yet displeased with the Imperial Empire and still awaits a judgment from the court of morality.

Comes now Complainant in this cause of action and in support of this motion says the following:

1. That the Complainant, Mother Earth, charges the United States Government, the multi-national corporations and the cultural inertia of Indo-European civilization with being morally irresponsible with regard to its industrial exploitation of the biosphere of earth.

2. That certain activities of industrial design serve only short-term benefits for a few greedy individuals at the cost of long-term disadvantages for a larger humanity. The proposed mining of the Black Hills is such a design with the potential of such an effect.

3. Environmental impact studies suggest that mining the Black Hills would result in ecological damage beyond the techniques of reclamation to heal. Therefore, such action would be unlawful under the guidelines of the Surface Mining Control and Reclamation Act of 1977 (Pub. Law 95-87, 91 Stat. 448 U.S.C.A. 1201-1328).

4. That the area proposed for said mining is a Federal Forest Reserve. Thus said reserve fall under the 1963 Wilderness Act (16 U.S.C.A. 1131-1136) which defines such areas "for preservation as wilderness" (section 1132).

5. That evidence exists that mining of said area would contaminate the water of surrounding aquifer which is extensively used by local population. Therefore, mining of said area would be unlawful under the Clean Water Act of 1977.

6. That under the 1868 Ft. Laramie Treaty, upheld as an honorable treaty by a 1980 Supreme Court Decision, the Black Hills are the lawful property of the Sioux Nation. Therefore, no governmental or business institution can act in any way with regard to the Black Hills without putting into consideration the legal implications of this fact.

## GENESIS

7. For all of the above stated reasons the proposed mining of the Black Hills is both illegal and immoral.

WHEREFORE, Complainant moves that the Black Hills remain in an undisturbed state of nature.

### MEMORANDUM

Environmental Ethics and Survival Ethics are inseparable; if we destroy the life support capacity of our environment we destroy our life. Such action is not mere suicide for not only is human life affected but all life, and not just this generation but all potential generations. Hence in dealing with environmental questions we are dealing with questions larger than matters of utility and deeper than mere norms. These larger and deeper questions are ones in which the value of life is called into consideration—thus these are questions having outstanding moral implications.

The underlying assertion of environmental laws is that long-term survival is more important than short-term profit; and not just survival but humanitarian survival, which implies not just biological continuance but psychological values such as the aesthetical value of the natural world.

The mining of the Black Hills would undermine the concerns of the above stated with the resulting effect being more than just disturbing the ecology of a particular geological location; more seriously, it would be threatening the bio-carrying capacity of whole biomes. Most seriously affected would be the water which is already under environmental strain.

Mining operations result in geo-chemical changes yielding in acidity of groundwater. In addition to this, water may become hard because of minerals entering into the water table from mining operations. By the same process, in areas in which the soil contains uranium (which the Black Hills do), the uranium may enter into the water table, contaminating said water. This problem has already occurred, resulting in the closing of a well near Rapid City, and I am informed that this is not a singular phenomena (see Akwesasne Notes: Early Spring, 1982).

The above stated problem is compounded by the fact that the groundwater system is already overused. The United States removes an average of 7.7 trillion gallons of groundwater per year. This is 21 billion gallons more per year than natural processes return. At this rate, in 40 years most of the Ogallala Aquifer could be depleted. When one considers that this is the principal water supply for the so

called 'breadbasket of the world' the problem has great implications. In a world of increasing population we cannot afford to debase our agricultural systems. Hence in those areas where agricultural productivity is high and rainfall is low, the existing water supply must be used conservatively, and agriculture given the priority. Thus, any activity that pollutes the water supply should be prohibited.

Industrialization in these areas should be minimized, urbanization and general population growth should be discouraged and environmental laws strongly enforced.

Respectfully Submitted,

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Support H.R.5664

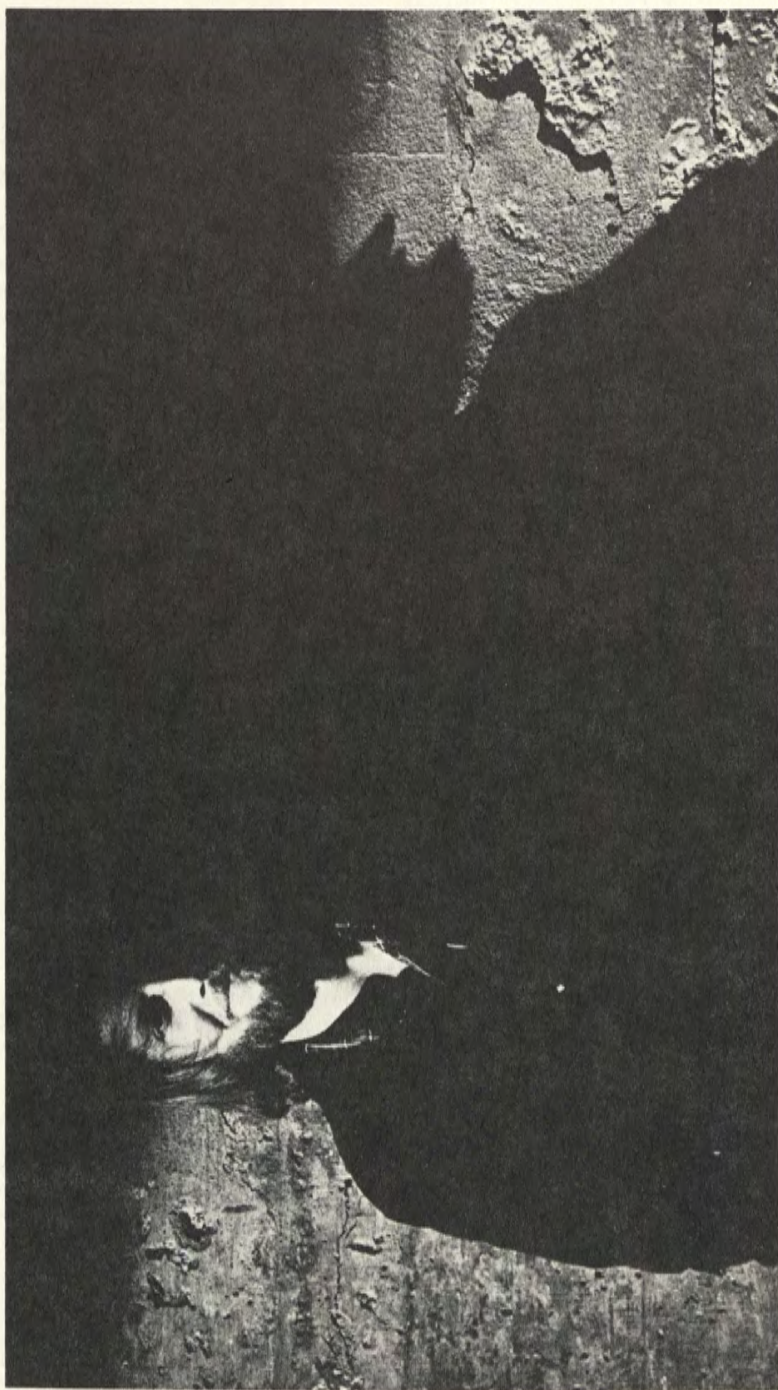
## Termination

A reckoning looms ill-omened  
 upon a tender life unlivid;  
 a woman waits for portents  
 to prove she can forgive  
 herself for death of fragile hope:  
 quenching a beginning  
 with which she cannot cope.  
 She meets the white coats' coming  
 by rising from her sterile spot,  
 aware of heartbeat drums inside,  
 her frozen features burning hot.  
 Knees go weak—like trembling pride—  
 but carry her to freedom's door,  
 a sacred wholeness to restore.

—Shirley Vogler Meister

Though penning poetry is a salient compulsion, **Shirley Vogler Meister** has been juggling words in diverse ways for over a quarter of a century—as a writer-editor from an Illinois daily, an editorial assistant for two magazines, a "p.r." person, a published freelancer, and, ex post facto, an IUPUI English major.

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—Ron Neal

## Men Like You

I used to hate wintergreen  
and cigarettes  
and men  
like you  
who are hardly soft  
and like being naked  
too frequently.  
I'd been warned  
beware  
hot-breathed men  
who take risks,  
die young,  
and wear their dangling smokes  
and bitter carelessness  
as proud, painful signs  
of a worn survival.  
I used to avoid  
talking back,  
speaking up,  
and sleeping over  
on workdays  
in memory  
of men I'd known:  
mostly mad,  
monied  
(and money-eyed),  
mostly moving up  
and out of me.  
But you are not them.  
Your heart is nearer mine  
than theirs.  
You cry and spill hot salt  
of fear and feeling.  
You speak and aim  
sharp words that sting,  
then cool them with mintkisses.  
Since you  
I've developed  
a taste for wintergreen,  
a tolerance for smoke  
and a liking for men  
like you.

—Jan Michelsen

## Drying Benjamin Off

T.C. Doyle

T. C. Doyle, a junior in Journalism, is a transfer student and wrestler for the University of Illinois.

Benjamin Prenn stepped from the shower and walked up to his old friend, Charlie Feller.

"How are you, Charlie?"

"What?"

Benjamin looked at his sixty-six year old friend. He leaned over, looked in his ear, and said: "Turn your aid on Charlie."

Charlie reached up his hand and poked in his ear for the switch. "How are you, Ben?"

"OK I guess. I just don't like this place like I used to. I mean, why is it a YMCA for women, too? They have theirs."

"I know what you mean. Look at us, we even wear trunks in the pool, now."

"Yeah, it's really different, now, I guess," said Benjamin. He then turned and walked down the long row of tall metal lockers. He moved all the way to the very corner—to locker 001. A few turns of the wrist, his locker was open.

He glanced back and saw his friend fully dressed waving good-bye. "So long Charlie," he said.

Next to Charlie's locker in the corner by the showers, he noticed Henry Todd, the swim coach, dressing.

"'lo Mr. Prenn."

"Hello, Henry."

"Don't mind me asking none, Mr. Prenn, but in the thirteen years I've been coming here, I always see you in that far corner."

"It's too damn humid where you are, Henry. A man can't dry himself off properly over there with them showers runnin' all the while. And 'sides, I don't mind the walk none, either."

Benjamin lifted his foot onto the wood bench that ran the length of the room. He dragged his hand over his wet leg, sweeping the drops to the floor.

Henry Todd watched Benjamin take his towel and pull it over his skin—a ritual he had seen many times. He knew their conversation was over.

Todd quickly finished undressing and slipped into his trunks. Within seconds, he was on his way to the pool.

“I don’t mind being down here where it’s dry,” thought Henry aloud, “at least the vent is here.”

The vent was there, just over his head to the left. And it was dry. Such things were of little importance to most swimmers, but to Benjamin, a sixty-seven year old man, they were top priority. Especially on a crowded day as this. A busy day meant swimmers milling in and out, constantly showering and filling the air with moisture. Beads of water would collect everywhere—showers, sinks, mirrors, and the legs of old men.

Finished with his towel for the moment, Benjamin turned and faced the full-length mirror. He looked himself over carefully, sizing up each detail of his frame. When he jabbed his right, the underside of his arm swung freely. Glancing from side to side, he boxed openly with himself, alone and naked. “A few days in the gym and I could still show some of these punks a thing or two,” he thought.

After a few short rounds in the mirror, Benjamin heard the showers running again. “Damn, it’s humid in here.”

He stood up on his bench and banged at the window to let some air in. The window was high in the corner above Benjamin’s locker. It was the only window in the room, and the glass was painted over. It was painted when the women came to the YMCA, after Benjamin complained that little girls were peeking in as he dressed. Benjamin looked up and watched the parade of feet and legs passing by, no one stopping to look in.

Benjamin smiled at his window. He also smiled at the soap dispensers in the showers and everything else that was there because one old man with wet legs complained. Benjamin had his way in the locker room. People moved from his shower when he entered the area. They left his sink, his stall, and him generally alone.

He stepped from the bench and faced his locker. He pulled out his comb, his talcum powder, and razor. He then moved his way down the long row of tall, metal lockers toward the sinks.

As he moved, he passed a few swimmers, some old, some new, but spoke to none. Some nodded, but most merely moved to one side as he came near. They moved aside—not because his stride evoked fear, nor because his uncovered physique warranted submission; they moved because he was



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Benjamin. He had been there the longest, long before the women came.

Just before he entered the shower-sink area, Benjamin stopped and bent over from the waist. He paused to examine a large sweat sock lying on the floor. His knees bent and swayed apart as he moved in for a closer examination. With the longest of his thin, frail fingers, he poked the sock to turn it over, the same way a boy jabs at a snake to see if it's alive.

The sock moved, turning and exposing its stripes. They were blue and yellow, and not Benjamin's.

Assured the sock was not one he might have dropped accidentally, he stood up. Quickly he turned and caught the faces of young men and boys staring at him. They turned away in unison, and he continued over to the sinks.

Benjamin stood confident, naked in front of the mirror. Carefully he arranged his things. He placed his razor behind the faucet, his can of talc on the raised grooves of the soap dish, and his comb between his teeth.

"Damn, it's so humid in here," he muttered.

With his left hand he swept the water droplets off the clouded mirror and began to comb his hair. He stood casually, flipping his few remaining strands over the top as swimmers passed by on their way to the pool. Some glanced at the naked old man, but no one spoke.

Benjamin merely noted their colorful swim trunks and continued on.

Two young boys, clutching an assortment of lotions, floating toys, and towels, stopped momentarily and stared. Their eyes widened and mouths fell open as the old man turned quickly toward them, exposing his front side.

Benjamin looked at their swimsuits with scorn, but said nothing. He turned to the mirror and continued combing the same few strands of hair. The boys left.

Benjamin put down his comb and reached for his powder. He sprinkled some talc in the hollow of his hand and began to rub it over his wet shoulders. From behind a long row of tall, metal lockers he heard some boys giggling. He stopped and rushed over to the hushed giggles.

There he found the two young boys with their trunks down to their ankles poking and tickling each other.

"Boys, what are you doing?"

The boys instantly froze when the old man glared at them. Shameful, frightened looks fell upon the little faces of the exploring youths. Abruptly, little fingers raced down the sides of skinny legs and hiked up their trunks.

One of the little boys blurted out, "Well, you were naked too!" And the other chimed in, "Yeah, and if you tell, we'll tell everybody you had no clothes on . . ."

Benjamin cut the boys off with a single stare. "Boys, boys," he said quietly, "It's alright to have no clothes on, but this is very different."

The boys were silent as he spoke, but very anxious to move on. When they saw their chance, they rushed past Benjamin.

"Boys, wait," he tried to explain, "we all were naked once, before the women came."

One of the boys stopped and turned, "I don't care what you say mister, you're nothing but a dirty old man."

With that, the little boys turned and ran for the pool. Benjamin spun sharply on his heel and again caught the stares of the small crowd that had gathered. He looked scornfully at them and their colorful swimsuits and growled, "Well, dammit, we all used to be naked, before the women came to the pool."

Benjamin stormed back to his sink. He began to wipe the droplets from the mirror. He stared into it, scanning himself. His eyes moved down, and he fixed them upon his front. A sudden chill came over him.

"Damn, it is humid over here." He reached down and felt his leg. "And my legs are still wet," he said aloud for all ears to hear.

"We were all naked before the women came," he thought.

With that he left his things behind and made his way down the long row of tall, metal lockers. When he came to the corner, he opened his locker and reached for his towel.

## I would

I would hope she does not smile  
quite the same way for him  
nor  
shudder, clothed in thin  
nightgown stagelit by the window . . .  
I would hope that.

—Robert M. Aull

## Are The Dreams of Today Really Here Real To Stay?

wolves bay distantly moonwards not yet visible . . . temptress this lola luna, white she-devil of dismal night . . . take two of a scenario or the beginning of a dream I thought or just the questioning of rapid eye movement reality . . . proper proportions disintegrate and all of all balance goes berserk . . . crazeful amok runs these dreams in way too much takeover . . . a slight intrusion of outside unease . . .

release into inner world . . . I struggle against this dream god . . . can you grasp my disorder, my unassuming collaboration, the mirthless manipulation which afflicts and subjects me to no end silly biblical tummy jargon . . . I feel as if I have been and left, a zombie wake-walking without a reason . . . a constant and distant ringing, not particularly unpleasant, more a dream drone . . . the loss of control . . .

burdens and demands drift in unabated torrents to sleaze throughout my sleep or nonsleep or current state of nonrest or never much at one . . . I seem to seek a scheme, a proper arrangement, an order, an order . . . plans drawn up and out in circles that don't quite float right . . . nightmares so teeming a blind man would see blood red . . . I pray as if to an unsubstantial being . . . the pale fiend snickers . . .

I can only surmise dear god is on holiday fulltime summer sabbatical . . . shadows creep to crawl and I never draw upon their source . . . the anguish throughout the ages tugs at my shoulders . . . I roll over only to recur . . . an inward dead word depot, these thoughts waste away as my body will decompose into dada divinity unless I am able to read the directions carefully . . . disgusted, my nerves dance and then drop . . .

sometimes I think the future resides in these dreams . . . until I sink into these worn out thrift plan manholes . . . sometimes the images are resonant, like the deep canyon's echo, only the vanishment remains less so . . . a perpetual psycho alarms at cycle per second seriousness . . . directly at you mania . . . a fraction uneven and a watered-down hydroponic symphony . . . I'm afraid I'm a bit confused at this point . . .

I cannot find frivolous this mind fetish without the lights fantastic . . . dreams, they serve the times and accommodate the slant, they adapt and scream sideways and subvert and reek of decadence and dirt and slime and all promises

unheard . . . they hint and hurt our inner facilities . . . they  
 flow unheeded and alone and misconceive to kill the  
 problem . . . but it just doesn't seem to work out, does  
 out? . . .

this no good neurotic half-life . . . twist the inner twine till  
 juices run dry and released . . . self-confessed torment is not  
 my only conceit . . . I seek joyous tumult to begin in  
 breezes . . . a colorful culture distilled . . . I want to take in  
 great gasps of air . . . air to clean and air to lubricate and air  
 to layer . . . I see glory misfits in memory lane . . . a lover's  
 leap that got away . . . nothing but a night trip in vain . . .

my secrets of the mind are not so fragile . . . learned and  
 grinned and sometimes drowned in excess baggage . . . you  
 may think obscure and inexplicable but these are not your  
 dreams . . . mine are underpinned in sombre  
 sexuality . . . teased and taunted . . . try having one of those  
 sometime . . . I try to make sense, I really do . . . but veiled  
 impressions outdo . . . I confess to articulation and accept  
 blame and shame . . .

exotic women beckon me to exhibit remorseless animal urges  
 and for what reason? . . . stripped of sanctions and  
 mores . . . my embarrassment pinkens . . . desire drifts away  
 in serious wafts of was not . . . I tell these nocturnal harlots  
 I'm not such an easy faucet, fast tendencies towards drip  
 lock and none the preventative measure . . . haunting  
 cesspools of the silent community thrive while I cry thick  
 rage . . .

this synapse saturation, a cold runner too tight and under  
 the same thick shame of electric sleep . . . take this frightful  
 curse from me . . . vanish to vanquish to extinguish this  
 night-time desertion . . . over and out . . . I must have my  
 mind at night . . . not necessarily happiness but just the  
 removal of misery . . . are all such answers antiseptic and  
 outdated? . . . a tripping red eraser and I need it bad . . .

—Rick Karcasheff

## if used properly

if used properly  
 it will at least be reduced  
 if not  
 eliminated altogether  
 you'll see

—Rick Karcasheff

## GENESIS

### Clara

She went to the right schools,  
had the necessary degrees,  
the upward moving spouse  
the prestigious house  
on the cul-de-sac  
with in-ground pool  
and a bug light that goes zap.  
The 2.0 children wearing  
Izods and Sassoons,  
the Audi in the drive.  
Summer by poolside,  
Winter in Palm Springs.

One bleary day,  
she looked in the mirror  
pulled the trigger  
and was not at the next gourmet dinner.

—Fran Brahmi

A participant in the  
Writer's Workshop and a  
supporter of the Writer's  
Center, **Fran Brahmi**  
writes poetry for fun and  
therapy. She enjoys  
reading James  
Kavanaugh and Robert  
Bly, and currently works  
as a reference librarian  
at the I.U. School of  
Medicine Library.

### Thursday's babe

A child conceived  
during competitive sex  
does not care—  
being at birth far too occupied  
with questions of the proper shade  
of swaddling clothes  
to know whether to fake  
or demand an orgasm.

—Robert M. Aull



—Ron Neal

## GENESIS

# Paid In Full

Tom Lee

Tom Lee is in his second year at IUPUI working on an English degree. He is a 1982 graduate of the Indiana Law Enforcement Academy and a jail officer for the Hendricks County Sheriff's Department.

Friday, June 17 11:15 p.m.

Dan and Mia Rafton walked slowly out of the theatre. They walked slowly because it was Friday night and there is no work on Saturday; Dan could sleep late. The movie had been romantic and Mia pulled close to Dan with her head touching his shoulder and both her arms clutching his left arm as they walked. She was making soft, quiet little sounds, like very low moans.

The street was dark except for the occasional soft circles of light from the street lamps they passed through as they made their way from the center of Morton to their house a few blocks away. Each was proud of the thought of the sight of the two of them together as they passed through these pools of light. The last street light grew dim behind them and dimmer still with each step. As they walked away from the artificial light of town the moon seemed to grow brighter, or maybe their eyes had just become more accustomed to the thickening darkness.

The air was warm and Dan was happy. He thought to himself how happy he was to have Mia and his job and his house. It was moments like these—too few in a man's life—that made all the sacrifices seem worthwhile and all the decisions made seem right. His decision to accept a position with a Morton law firm instead of joining one of the out-of-town firms vying for his services now seemed to have been the right decision. Most of the decisions he had made—crossroads in his life—seemed to have worked out for the best. Mia was his most important decision. She was his strength, he knew that. She was his inspiration. Before law school, before he had met Mia, he had been satisfied with what he had accomplished so far. But that did not seem good enough after he met her, so he worked hard; and he studied and she worked hard. They both had worked and paid enormously

even for the privilege of walking on this street; it was such a simple thing, yet so valuable. All this Dan thought as they walked.

Mia loved movies like the one they had just seen; movies in which the boy and the girl end up living happily ever after were her favorites. She knew, of course, that stories did not end up like that very often in the real world. But they made her feel warm all over anyway. She had married Dan when she was nineteen—ten years ago—and had never been sorry. He was her strength, she knew that. She needed a man to lean on, one who would not take advantage of her need to be dominated. All the boys she had known in high school and college were not so inclined. It seemed she was always crying over some guy who had told her he loved her, and had not been sincere. Then came Dan. She pulled a little closer to him now, pressed her face toward him and kissed his shoulder.

The night was calm. There was a soft breeze gently moving the scent of flowers and wild grasses past them. They were walking past a section of town that had been left undeveloped. Trees and underbrush still grew thick here. It was very pleasant. The breeze was pushing the trees against each other causing a soft rustling sound. They both looked at the trees as they passed. Somewhere far off a dog barked and the moon was full.

“Hey!” from behind.

They both turned, startled.

“Keep your hands where I can see them.”

A man neither of them had even seen before, dressed in shabby jeans and a worn flannel shirt, stood a few feet away holding a very large gun. He had stepped out of the trees on the right side of the road. Mia squeezed Dan’s arm.

“Give me your money,” the man said in an irritated tone.

Dan stood, stunned. His head was fuzzy, his vision blurred. He had a feeling inside he had never experienced before. He looked at the end of the gun pointed at him. It looked big enough to put his hand in. He could not believe what he was seeing.

The man stepped closer. “I said give me your money, or I’ll blow your head off.” The man moved very close now and leaned into him, putting his face right up next to Dan’s. Dan could see his yellow teeth and the black in between. He could see that the man had not shaved in a week and his hair was stringy and dirty. The smell of a man that had been drinking heavily was all about him and when he spoke Dan could feel the stale tobacco and alcohol odor hit his face.



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“OK, OK,” Dan said. He reached back with his right hand to his wallet in his back pocket. He took out his wallet and handed it to the man.

The man took the wallet and stepped back. He put the gun right up to Dan’s left eye close enough that Dan could have seen down the barrel if there had been enough light.

“How would you like me to blow your boyfriend’s head off, slut?” Mia was crying. It was more like sobs, one with each breath. She was petrified.

“I asked you a question, bitch.” He spoke vehemently as if he had some reason to hate them both. He continued to hold the gun to Dan’s eye.

“Leave her alone.” Dan’s voice was noticeably shaken, and a bit higher pitched than normal.

The gun came down from Dan’s left to catch him on the left side of the face. Dan went down to his knees holding the side of his face. The man kicked Dan in the face and hand. Dan’s nose broke and so did two of his fingers. Blood drained onto his shirt and down.

Mia put both hands over her face and started to scream. But the man pulled one hand away and put the gun to her face. Dan lay all the way on the ground now but looked up and tried to clear his vision enough to see. He could not get up.

The man told Mia to get down on her knees. She did.

Dan said in a feeble, half moan, “No.”

“Open your mouth, bitch,” the man said.

Mia open her mouth, sobbing. Again, Dan moaned, “No.”

Still holding the wallet with his left hand the man put the barrel of the gun into Mia’s mouth.

The man said, “Hey, pal, how ’bout if I blow the back of her head out? Yer ready for a new girlfriend anyway, aint ya?” The man laughed.

“No,” Dan said, barely above a whisper. Mia gagged on the barrel and pulled back, sobbing. She fell to the ground.

The man took a step toward Mia. Dan made a weak attempt to grab on to the man’s ankle. The man look down at him and, laughing, hit Dan’s previously uninjured hand with the gun, breaking three of Dan’s fingers and two other bones in his hand. Dan was covered with blood—facial wounds bleed profusely. The man put his foot on Dan’s newly injured hand and said, “If I wasn’t in such a hurry to catch the next bus outta here I’d pump your ole lady one time and make you watch, you bastard.”

Dan opened his eyes. The man was gone. Dan’s head was pounding. His hands were twisted and throbbing. He had to use his wrist to wipe the blood away from his eyes. He could

barely see. Mia had fainted. He half rolled, half crawled, over to her. She open her eyes and started to scream. She didn't recognize him.

"M—." He tried to speak. He choked on something. He spit it out: blood. "Mia, it's OK," he said. "It's OK, he's gone."

She looked around. She had the look of a cornered animal on her face. She looked around again, terrified. Finally she looked back at him. "Gone?" she asked in a voice he had never heard before.

"Yes, yes," Dan said weakly.

She helped him up. They walked slowly back in the direction from which they had come, toward the center of town. The moon looked ominous, treacherous. It was full. Everything was dark, menacing. The trees on the side of the road all looked like men ready to attack. The wind blew the tops of the trees around so that they made a frightening, scratching sound. The circles of light from the street lamps made cones of mist in the street, dismal and gray. As they turned toward the doctors' office each was ashamed of the thought of the sight of the two of them as they passed through these pools of light. Dan had his head on Mia's shoulder, and he was holding on to her left arm with both of his. He was making soft little sounds, like very low moans.

Friday, June 17 2:15 p.m.

At the First Federal Bank of Morton the attorney stood in line. The bank is busy on Fridays. When his turn at the teller's window came he took a check from his wallet, gave it to her and said, "I just need to cash this one check today." She turned the check over to look at it, put it in the machine to stamp the bank's endorsement on it, and put it on the stack with the others. She counted out five new twenties on the counter in front of him. He picked up the money and smiled. He took each bill from his right hand with his left as he counted to himself. "Thanks," he said. And he walked out of the bank.

Friday, June 17 11:15 a.m.

The judge sat looking over his glasses at the prosecutor as he finished his closing argument.

"This defendant is guilty of a crime both vicious and cruel. The victim was abused both mentally and physically by this animal, this animal we have trapped. She was changed by this ordeal and will never be the same. Although this crime was perpetrated almost one year ago, she is not yet recovered. This man must pay for his crime," the prosecutor said.

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The defense attorney put his hands upon the jury box and leaned very close to the members as he spoke. "My client is guilty only of being poor, of having dirty clothes and a shabby appearance. But this alone is not proof that he committed a crime. He cannot be proven beyond a reasonable doubt of being in the area the night of the robbery. By virtue of these premises we must conclude that he is innocent. He should be set free," the defense attorney said.

Outside the courtroom after the trial a very happy client hands his attorney a check for his services.

Dan folded the check into his wallet and put it into his back pocket. He turned and started for the bank. He was happy. He had just won another case and he thought to himself that he would take his wife out for dinner and maybe even a movie.

## Abuse of Property & The Apology

She has a blacked eye,  
A cracked rib —

And he opens the restaurant door  
That she may pass  
Safely, gracefully through.  
He pulls out her chair,  
Lights her cigarette.  
He samples the wine  
That no bitterness touch  
Her delicate lips.  
They speak in whispers,  
And all but stop  
When the waiter brings their meal.  
In careful silence, they eat  
And, after coffee,  
Rise to go home.  
He slips a cloth coat over her shoulders,  
Lifting, gently, her soft, brown hair.  
He whispers, again, "I'm sorry"  
And she knows that he is.  
She sighs, "Let's forget it," she says,  
"It's late and the sitter . . ."  
But her voice trails off into silence,  
Another careful, frightened silence,  
As he waits at the restaurant door,  
Opened, once more,  
For her safe passage.

As a teenager, **Janet Zukerman-Hammel** was sure of who she was. In her twenties, things changed, and she spent a lot of time trying to solidify, attempting to reach some self-definitions. At 30, she pretty much leaves the definitions up to the people she meets, and just concentrates on being.

—Janet Zukerman-Hammel



—Jean Salzmänn



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—Ron Neal

# I Love My Car

Sally A. Boniece

By day sab from else,  
where Sally A. Boniece  
puts strawberry jam in  
her tea (and calls it  
Russian).

I have never believed that I wanted to live in the twentieth century, which impresses me as a singularly unpoetic era. Our art is stark, our music is atonal, and our existence is dependent upon an ugly metallic clutter of toasters, telephone wires, fast-food chains, and, more than anything else, our cars.

Once in while, usually because I am under pressure for several different reasons—work, school, relationships—I seem to develop an unreasoning antipathy toward my car. Poor little toy car, my Toyota; she does her best to bring me through dark of night, and sleet, and snow, but when I am made tired by other things, I begin to resent the constant necessity of driving. Unfortunately, my ill temper becomes deflected upon the most accessible object, the innocent offender who conveys me to all destinations: my car. When I get up in the morning for yet another day of running around, and look down from my window to where she sits in the street, meekly waiting for me, I do not like my car.

Life as it is lived in the 1980's seldom ceases to demand that I be somewhere to do something, and to go somewhere I must drive there. I feel oftentimes as though I were an astronaut, strapped into my seat on board Gemini Five for six days until I can set foot on the earth again. In moods of this nature, if my wishes were horses, I'd be spending my days out on Pa's claim on the prairie, except for monthly wagon trips into town for provisions.

I forget, when such fits of nostalgia overtake me, that a few years ago I was given the opportunity to experience life at a lesser pace, to live my dreams. As I dart from one lane of the interstate to another, desperate to get to class on time, perhaps I should try to recall a wagon trip I once had.

On an Indian-summer afternoon in September, a friend and I left the office early to drive up to Stonycreek Farm near Noblesville. Stonycreek is open to the public during the

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fall season, for those who would sample the pleasures of rural Indiana with a wander in the pumpkin patch, or a hayride after sundown.

My friend and I capped our visit that day by going for a ride in the horse-drawn farm wagon. For all my love of the historical past, I did not enjoy that ride. It was an extremely slow ride, and I was not feeling patient. It was a bone-jarring ride, and my toleration for discomfort is low, probably due to lack of practice. Everything went by us just a little bit at a time, as if it would never end—fence posts, corn shocks, a weatherbeaten shed.

I was nearly twenty-five years old on that afternoon, and I said to my friend, "Just think! If I were a real pioneer woman, I'd probably have had seven or eight kids by now, and lost most of my teeth!"

But the lighthearted words, as I spoke them, oppressed me. The wagon ride was giving me a frightening sense of the very limitedness of life in bygone days, a limitedness in vision and motion that was its own sort of cage.

Jolting about in the back of the wagon, I could close my eyes against the reddening sun and imagine that I was riding into town, perhaps to purchase the drygoods for our winter garments. Ugh, I'd have to sew them up myself, for me and my husband and all of the children, out of some horrible scratchy woollen stuff. My hands in the waning afternoon light would be roughened by continual contact with lye and the harsh materials of our clothing and blankets, the joints misshapen from the rawness of winter mornings. My hair would be scraped out of the way into a knot unbecoming to my face, my face itself years older than my age. I'd squint into the sun from under my bonnet and think: after my trip into town this afternoon, there will be days, and days, and days in the same place with always the same work to be done, before I can go away from it again.

This way into town would more than likely be the only road I'd ever travel, this Indiana countryside the only scenery I'd ever know. I had probably married the first eligible man I'd met, in spite of his looks or disagreeability, because not to marry would have been to make myself into a social misfit, an unsupported burden. Marriage would have been almost an economic arrangement, in that it constituted a pooling of resources: his land and his hard laboring of it for my cooking and sewing and childbearing capabilities.

Then, as my body balanced itself against the relentless bumping of the wagon, would I be too wearied from my unending days at the farm to mind? Would I be grateful for

this time of rest between home and my destination? Would I be glad to see the fence posts passing by me so slowly?

Afterward, I was never so happy to get into my car and drive home. I sped down the highway toward Indianapolis with a new enthusiasm for the twentieth century, delighting in my freedom to fly over miles of smooth asphalt in a matter of minutes.

I need to remind myself of this episode every now and again. I need to remember that a certain restlessness in me is satisfied by my escaping into a car to hurtle through space. The truth is that despite the many hours I view life from inside it, I love my car.

## Bother Not

Borne out of the holiday air  
 Like a comet in the medieval sky  
 Her gelatin eyes  
 Roll smoothly in her tight  
 Thin face  
 She laughs in a piercing tone  
 Putting a long thin finger to her left temple  
 And a heavily jewelled hand on my shoulder  
 "Don't even try"  
 She whispers to me  
 As her Limo appears  
 Zipping her away  
 And leaving a trail of bent dreams  
 In her wake  
 I walk slowly away  
 Kicking at them

—Rick Callahan



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—Rick Callahan

# Understanding Education

**Lois Gilbert**

Lois Smith Gilbert has been published before in the spring '81 issue of *genesis* and was the recipient of the award for Essay for her contributions. She is presently a graduate student in the school of education working towards completion of a Master of Science degree with a double major in counseling and guidance and college student personnel. After graduation she will seek employment with the university so as to remain involved in her favorite endeavour, understanding education. She is the recipient of the *genesis* award for non-fiction.

In the following paper I will first present my thesis: that education is best understood not as rearing nor as drawing out but as leading forth. Second, I will present the antithesis in two stages: 1) that education is best understood not as leading forth but as rearing; 2) that education is best understood not as leading forth but as drawing out. Third, I will present my rebuttal of the antithesis in two stages: 1) I will argue against the rearing metaphor; 2) I will argue against the drawing out metaphor.

*Thesis:* education is best understood not as rearing nor as drawing out but as leading forth.

The leading forth metaphor here resembles the cave analogy, in that the student is to be led from the dark cave of ignorance into the light of reason. Leading forth is accomplished through teaching the basic foundations of understanding, such as the arts and sciences. The leading forth metaphor will here be referred to as traditional education.

Traditionally, the best educational efforts aim at helping the student to develop his rational faculties. Rational faculties, including theoretical understanding, critical analysis, and the ability to make knowledgeable and independent judgments, are understood as certain potentials of the student which do not develop spontaneously. The development of one's rational faculties depends on the student's acquiring certain disciplines. The educator in this case should channel the student's energies into productive pursuits and provide structure to learning situations.

While traditional education is not to be considered the pursuit of undisciplined and spontaneous growth on the one hand, on the other hand, it is also not the mere training of a student for a career. Traditionally, the first duty of the educational system is to provide a firm foundation in the arts and sciences on which technical know-how may be built. Lastly, the highest educational aim traditionally is to lead

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the student into an understanding of the good as a secure ground for making ethical and moral decisions.

*Antithesis:* 1) education is best understood not as leading forth but as rearing.

The rearing metaphor represents practical education. Using this metaphor, education is: 1) training in basic skills; and 2) learning to apply those skills to the real world. I will now give the argument against traditional education as expressed with the leading forth metaphor from the point of view of practical education as expressed with the rearing metaphor.

Traditional education for the most part has been too idealistic (i.e., impractical). First, the traditional educator assumes too high a standard for most students. Such a high standard inevitably produces a certain percentage of failures. Only the few can complete the curriculum (i.e., graduate from college), and even they are unprepared for the real world, lacking marketable skills and know-how. Second, while a basic education in communication skills and mathematics is important, it is far more important to know how to apply these basic skills in the work of life. Traditional education does not make proper allowance for the technical skills that are needed to live in today's world. Since the students of a traditional education cannot see "what it is good for" (i.e., what they can do with it), even those students who are highly capable may drop out.

The proper aim of education ought to be to train the student in responsible citizenship and to be a productive member of society. The skills of responsible citizenship are the skills that allow the student when he finishes his schooling to survive in a modern society and to be a productive and contributing member of society. The student ought to be fitted with the particular skills that enable him to pursue a career or vocation, to cooperate with others in an adjusting society, and to function in a democracy, knowing his rights and knowing how to make informed political decisions. The teacher following this model is to bring the student up to these standards through techniques such as modeling and shaping.

*Antithesis:* 2) education is best understood not as leading forth but as drawing out.

The drawing out metaphor resembles the paradoxical logo of humanistic psychology (e.g., the works of Carl Rogers and Abraham Maslow), namely, "Become who you are." In this respect education is: 1) discovering who you are; 2) realizing your potentials; and 3) learning to be yourself. The drawing out metaphor will be referred to here as expressing the process of progressive education.

The argument against traditional education as expressed with the leading forth metaphor from the point of view of progressive education as expressed with the drawing out metaphor is as follows.

While intellectual growth (i.e., the development of reason) is important, traditional education stresses too heavily the importance of intellectual growth at the expense of other dimensions of growth. In traditional education, emotional growth and development is almost totally ignored as being outside of education proper. In reality, the full development of reason is dependent on emotional development and well-being. In traditional education, the individual's freedom to chart his own destiny is omitted. The individual ought to be able to pursue actively those areas that are most suitable to his individual needs and interests, rather than simply to follow a prescribed and rigid course of subjects that assumes there is one standard curriculum that is good and necessary for all individuals. The individual ought to have the freedom to grow according to his own internal rhythms and not according to the beat of the educational system's drum. The aim of education ought to be the development of inner human potential. In developing human potential the educator must first take into account the natural stages of mental, moral and physical development. The second factor the educator should take into account is the individual's innate inclinations (i.e., talents, abilities and interests). In order to bring both of these about the teacher should provide favorable conditions for learning and growth to take place rather than imposing certain structures on the educational process which lie outside the experiential world of the individual. The potential to be "self-actualized" is present within each individual. In developing human potential (self-actualization) the teacher's role is: 1) to remove obstacles to growth; and 2) to allow each individual to develop his own potentialities. In short, the teacher's role is to enact the maieutic art of drawing out of the individual that which is potential in the individual.

*Rebuttal to:* 1) education is best understood not as leading forth but as rearing.

First, practical education (rearing) can lead to premature vocationalism. The young student lacks the maturity and experience it takes to make a life-long commitment to a career and the way of life that career entails. Second, today's world is rapidly changing and those individuals who prepare only for today's world will be left behind. Although one might say that educational institutions ought to be able to predict tomorrow's job world, tomorrow's world is not

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completely predictable. Many of today's industries and vocations will decline or become obsolete. Unforeseen discoveries will open up new vocations. With the decline of old industries and the emergence of new vocations the trend is toward many career changes over a lifetime. Given the changing job market, the individual's need to learn-to-learn is far greater than his need to learn any certain vocational skills which might be needed and marketable at any certain time. Education need not stop at a given age or level and in many cases should continue periodically through one's life, not only for vocational skills, but for personal enrichment and life skills (such as preparation for retirement), along with refresher courses as to the fundamentals of education, the ground without which all practical education becomes meaningless.

*Rebuttal to:* 2) education is best understood not as leading forth but as drawing out.

While growth as an aim of education is a fine goal, the aim is too vague. Not all growth is healthy. For example, on the physical level, cancer and obesity are matters of growth and yet no one would argue that these types of growth are good for the individual. Just as there are standards for what comprises "healthful growth" the educational community ought to set standards for what comprises "good and healthy" education. In addition, not all that can be learned is worthy of being taught nor is one area of learning necessarily as important as another. Even though the art of theft can be both taught and learned one would doubt that it should be included in the curriculum, even for those particularly gifted individuals who might have a talent for it. Certainly one might argue that it is more important to teach mathematics than it is to teach astrology even though the student might find astrology more interesting. However, individual interest should not be totally ignored and there is room in the curriculum for electives. Basic subjects though ought to form the core of the individual's learning experience. Grades or a degree ought to reflect a standard of performance and achievement, even perhaps a mark of excellence and a capacity for leadership.

In conclusion, while the individual should not be taught to comply to given standards outside of his frame of reference it is not enough to simply resist suggestibility. One needs to be able to be critical (i.e., weigh the evidence). Critical analysis does not just happen spontaneously. It must be learned in a step by step procedure like other rational activities. Even a master of critical analysis though cannot employ his rational faculties without a content (i.e., a body of knowledge) to be

critical about. For one to make a critical political decision, for example, one must have knowledge of the matter of political crises and of the history of political thought. In traditional education this body of knowledge, which is known collectively as the tradition, can aid the teacher in guiding the student from an ignorant but potential state into the light of reason.

## **New Apples for the Teacher**

Like fragile snowflakes,  
your apples are unique,  
embodying new forms  
and patterns unperceived  
at the time of Eve.  
Handle with care each  
bruise and imperfection.  
Marvel at your fruit,  
sitting with proper  
apple postures,  
umbilical cords  
cut from mother trees,  
leaning imperceptibly  
toward your direction.

—Shirley Vogler Meister

# I Have To Write An Essay

**Sally Boniece**

Whenever I have to write an essay, I wish I had signed up for a history lecture instead of a course in composition. I would quite honestly rather read five volumes on Catherine the Great than come up with a rough draft on the meaning of the library in my life. Basking in the warm illumination of other worlds seems to me far preferable to creating blindly out of the relative darkness in my own.

A current hypothesis in education postulates that good writing may best be taught by good reading, but I disagree. Surely one learns most effectively as a participant and not as a passive observer. I myself have been an incessant reader ever since I finished with phonics in second grade, and that very dependency on other people's imaginations would appear to have made me into a slothful writer. For me, it is so effortless to read; it is such a struggle to write.

Reading generates in me grand illusions which do not translate well onto paper. As I read, I am telling myself: I could have written this easily enough. How much more enjoyable do I find it to simply criticize another's hard-spun prose, than to sit down and attempt to spin my own!

Yet I have always wanted to write. When I was seven years old, I was ambitiously churning out my own fairy tales for the benefit of my younger brother and sisters ("Girl and Grandma" is the only one I remember). Nowadays, however, as the moment arrives for me to sit myself down and write, almost anything else may constitute a welcome diversion. All those otherwise meaningless homely activities, like taking out the trash, suddenly blaze into direst necessity on my horizon.

Housework, when a writing assignment is hanging heavy over me, becomes a desirable occupation. Never do I mop a floor with such efficiency as when I am supposed to be composing an essay; never is my bed so exquisitely dressed as on the morning I get up early to type a paper. Last week,

instead of doing my sentence-combination exercises, I cleaned out the toaster. And at what other time, except when I really should be writing, do I look forward to emptying the cat-box?

All day long at work I am crabby as can be, because I know I am about to spend still another evening in a frenzy of housecleaning to avoid dealing with my writing.

"Oh, do you get to watch *The Thorn Birds* again tonight?" I say enviously to my co-workers. "Gosh, I have to write an essay."

"You poor thing," they sympathize at once. Adds innocent Amy, "I'll be glad when you're done with that class."

Don't they ever wonder why I have to write an essay every night? Can't they figure out that it's always the same unwritten essay?

Ah, my unwritten essay: the eternal spectre at my shoulder, my private Marley's ghost. Only at the last possible minute will it be born into reality. Never mind how we are told that all last-minute writing productions are worthless; the last minute serves as my ultimate source of inspiration. At the last minute, I know I am not only down to the wire, but walking it like a circus acrobat, and when I reach that point I can finally force myself to put words on paper.

Yes, again I must say I would much rather read than write, as the act of writing represents to me so uncomfortable a task. Perhaps, or is it more obvious than a mere perhaps, I am an immature person who would rather dream and play than commit herself. Nevertheless, my hope is that I will continue to write, because the thought of dreaming and playing until I die terrifies me.

It is actually just as well, I suppose, that I have to write an essay, and I have already de-limed every pot in my kitchen.



## GENESIS

### hiding in the hideaway

—for Marcie

nothing here makes any sense to me;  
this frantic place with concrete eyes  
and pretty people with their  
fingers crossed trailing dreams  
like garbage all around the bushes  
in the windy day that mocks me  
through the windows smudged with  
lies

this air is teeming with delusions  
and cigarette smoke and unfocused  
desire that pounds against my  
mind like sulfurous waves—  
i could not speak if i tried,  
i am from a foreign land i  
cannot even smile here my  
face is a study in cement,  
afraid to move that i would  
fracture the air and bring it  
crashing down around them—  
your eyes would lie in fragments  
on the floor  
and cut my hands as i stooped  
to pick them up,  
melting through my fingers as i  
stumbled for the door

—Joel Thomas

### post coitum physics

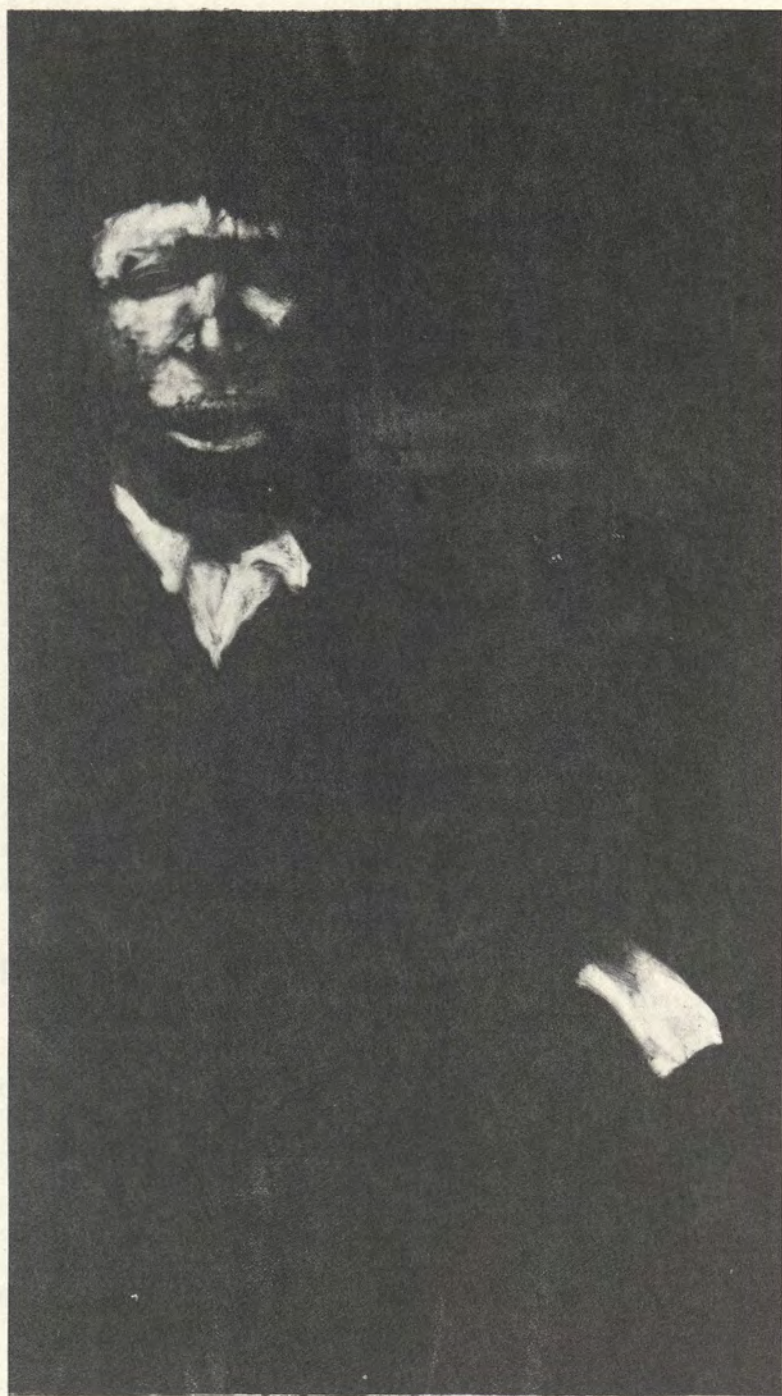
nude  
before the mirror  
in the dark,  
there is an intense glow  
within my pupils,  
my hands tremble  
and a phantom  
touch dances on  
my skin—  
i stare and stare.  
(there is nothing  
missing here)  
except the fear.

—Joel Thomas

**timbered ridge**

it is dawn and i knew  
all along it would come,  
although in the abyss i  
doubted yesterday i  
wondered if perhaps i  
had seen my last dawn  
come crashing to the  
earth to be dragged  
bleeding away in chains  
by ranks on ranks of  
guttural bulldozers,  
sliced into convenient  
slabs of day;  
in the perpetual night  
i would feel my way  
along the tracks they  
made like ancient evil  
fossils once blind and  
writhing on some barren  
sunless earth, some  
fainting trace of warmth  
where they had dragged  
you stained a thousand  
hues of ruby and scarlet  
in the sterile dust where  
may-apples were pushing  
up through dozer tracks  
and dying in the dark.

—Joel Thomas



—Stuart Keefer

## Existential Abeyance

Afternoons during this  
 Season of my life  
 Haunt like the call of a lonely loon:  
 Like an eerie moan too near to hear,  
 Except for the airy rattling memory  
 Of intense insanity  
 Kept gracefully subdued  
 By the Daily Routine  
 Of making cobwebs disappear  
 Before it's time  
 To bake the chicken and manage its warm  
 Breast onto the steamed wild rice:  
 Telling myself that there's still  
 The Egg—  
 Telling myself that there's still Time—  
 Telling myself that seasons turn,  
 And in accordance with degrees of light  
 Insanity  
     Too  
         Turns  
             Tomorrow  
 Into clairvoyance and timidity  
 And precocity and religion:  
 As long as the Egg comes through—  
 It all depends on the Egg.

—Janet Whalen Moore

## Paper Cut

I sat beside a man  
 Who cried into the grass  
 For all his lost opportunities:  
 Who got his wife pregnant and then  
 Married her  
 To pay the debt  
 That lasted twenty years,  
 And hated her for being a trap.  
 I sat beside him  
 While he cried that he  
 Should have been a doctor  
 But the price of a son

## GENESIS

Was higher than med-school  
And he still couldn't afford it  
On the day that the bastard boy  
Thanked him for the graduation car.  
He begged me to help him  
And didn't want to cry,  
And cursed his father  
Who'd made him a weakling  
By forgetting to whip him,  
Or by not wanting his mother,  
Or by working his whole life in a factory.  
I sat there waiting  
While he tore out patches of grass  
Larger than his life  
Before he dried his face  
With the back of his hand  
And mumbled something about  
Being late to dinner.

—Janet Whalen Moore

Janet Whalen Moore is a restless wanderer who gathers Queen Anne's lace along Indiana's summer roads and looks for solitude in the tops of twisted apple trees. A cautious seeker, she loves to linger on the edge of satire until it becomes philosophy and rudely wakes her up.

## Temptation in The Windy City

Moving cautiously, they at first avoided confrontations: roller skating girls with glazed eyes and painted faces, kinky hair and garb, arouse them slowly—girls who smile so blankly, heading toward tainted trysts. Illicit business bustles nights like this, and passions blaze as summer sizzles. Overawed tourists—boyish fellows—stroll, conspicuous, midst the northside shops, eschewing ethnic smells suggesting guiltless pleasures. Gawking along with country gait, they try to blend into the neon setting. Mini-skirted legs on skates whisk by thrice and, nearing midnight, lure the pair awry.

—Shirley Vogler Meister

## Tuesday at the Latest

Monday:

I checked the mailbox eight times  
 But by six o'clock I began to wonder  
 If the announcement would come  
 At midnight I thought I heard the mailman  
 So I crept outside to see for meself  
 Nope, musta been a late night pedestrian

Tuesday:

Set a chair by the mailbox  
 Sat and waited  
 Nothing

Wednesday:

Three letters arrived  
 A bill from the Mental Health Center  
 An advertisement of a cologne called "Engage"  
 And a reply from a seasonal poetry tabloid  
 Inside the envelope, on a yellow  
 Piece of paper the word  
 NEVER

Thursday:

A sample of Grey Poupon  
 And a postcard from my Aunt Dorothy  
 Who is currently touring southern Spain  
 She hopes I am treating myself well  
 And inquires whether I can send her some "good laxatives"

Friday:

I think I smell victory  
 In the wind  
 But it is only the odor  
 Of trash bags  
 Sautèing as they await disposal  
 Beneath the sun

Saturday:

I convince meself that an accident has occurred  
 The announcement has been temporarily delayed  
 So, fame Monday, or Tuesday at the latest  
 Soon my phone and mailbox  
 Will be inundated with callers  
 Requesting interviews  
 And autographs  
 Tuesday . . .



—Jean Salzmänn

## Deli-girl

Reluctantly  
out through the indoor  
pursuing abhorred employment  
dutifully.  
Superficial supermarket personalities  
glide by antiseptic counters  
hesitate  
then order processed meats  
kosher clean.  
Little Jewish ladies  
whine  
inspecting butchered carcass slices  
ground patties, strips, rolls . . .  
and leering looks cast  
from bored husbands on bologna runs  
assault, harass the  
pretty Syrian deli-girl.  
Blood-stained whites  
worn out make-up  
wearied limbs, bruised  
hamburgered-hands  
mark  
butcher shop shift winding down.  
Equipment sterilized tidy  
meat cellophaned in locked cooler case  
apron strings anxiously untied  
time clock appropriately punched—  
day's end.  
Her departure saluted  
by an automated usher door  
Outside—  
sweet air, sunset  
Wind blown hair  
swept across reviving cheeks  
reveals an unnoticed piece of meat  
tiny, red  
curl caught.

Tim Mulherin, a perpetual student and poet of scant renown, lives in Indianapolis with his small, cohesive family unit. He is overjoyed and overwhelmed at the opportunity of communicating with so many via the medium of his writing.

—Tim Mulherin



## GENESIS

limping through a novel  
on a cold grey day  
half awake—  
i try to feel the sun  
within the pages,  
live the character's  
mistakes;  
words weave a fragile  
transformation in the air,  
with one foot in today  
and one along a crowded  
street in london 1885  
i lean against  
the rail becoming  
fictionally alive,  
becoming chapter two—  
but there among the hoopskirts  
a glimpse of faded jeans,  
the character becomes confused  
and stops and stares at you.

—for Marcie

—Joel Thomas

## As You Leave Me, Amy Marie

Eight months pregnant, she went  
picking strawberries at seven o'clock  
one morning this June;  
in December, she said, I'll  
have a five-month-old baby  
and take strawberries from the freezer  
to eat summer again;  
she can't wait, she said,  
to get unpregnant, drink tequilas till  
dawn and discuss with me our being Catholic:  
how indulgence gives us something  
to confess —  
I've not yet remembered  
to ask for her Confirmation  
name, though the exchanging  
of Confirmation names constitutes  
final confirmation;  
'twill rob my goddesses, but let her  
since she wants to  
name her baby Emily.

—Sally A. Boniece



—Rick Callahan

## GENESIS

### Misled and Mistaken

Whoever  
the jerk was  
who said  
it's better  
to have loved  
and lost  
than  
blah  
blah  
blah  
knew not  
in the hell  
what he was talking  
about;  
sure sounded good  
and quotable  
so natural  
ly  
people  
keep loving  
and losing  
and losing  
and losing  
and waiting  
to see  
what's better  
about it.

—Jan Michelsen

### Liqueurs and Vapors

After the party  
The rich liqueurs and sweet vapors  
I weave slowly home, to my rumpled mattress  
And lapse into my favorite coma  
Where reality is only an extra  
An elective  
I run off and dance somewhere  
Quite near a pacific beach party in 1963  
Soon a street corner appears  
Complete with trash can, streetlight and whore

She asks for a light for her long, thin cigarette  
 But before I can answer  
 She withers into a sardine-like old woman, and dies  
 While the men in aluminum foil and picnic baggies  
 Are preparing her for interment  
 I leave  
 Returning sluggishly, reluctantly  
 To a brightly colored, but ill smelling pillow  
 And the early morning heat  
 Of industrial august

—Rick Callahan

### go away

knuckles grimace against wood  
 a disturbance at the door  
 the heart threatens to evacuate  
 and the stomach  
 tightens by tens  
 somewhere a bitter crevice creaks  
 and alludes to a mythic illusion  
 of noble suffering  
 a past deed misdome  
 a quaint notion far past forgiving  
 forget it  
 give it up  
 the pallid jealous illness  
 prevails  
 even in the smallest corners  
 I look in the nooks  
 and feel its ache, its ages  
 of an icicle womb  
 and the resulting  
 imbecile sickness  
 I begin to feel sorry for it  
 I do not think it can help itself  
 please, please  
 take it away  
 before it infects  
 and the only acceleration  
 is that of rot and decay  
 natural only in nature  
 give it time  
 allow it to heal  
 let us be

—Rick Karcasheff

## GENESIS

the mad song  
in my soul  
was loud enough  
to drown the din  
of dawn coming  
on like fever—  
there on the walk  
a tiny bird baby,  
pointless pinprick  
heartbeat and glazed  
eyes that knew no  
thought or pain  
but hunger—helpless  
lump of potential  
flight and stoic  
voracity.  
you died and went cold  
in the palm of my hand  
and i felt your hunger  
huge and like you stood  
helpless and starving in  
the indifferent dawn,  
but unlike you this  
unrelenting song this  
siren song—  
i should have crushed you  
and gone on

—Joel Thomas

**Joel Thomas**, presently recovering from a childhood in Beech Grove, has been "major hopping" for four years at IUPUI, finally "coming back" to a double major in English and History. He is co-winner of the *genesis* award for poetry.

## Stifled sighs

I am as tired of you  
as you are of me,  
and yet we will not sleep  
for watching.

—Robert M. Aull

**Robert M. Aull**, 23, English major, who, when asked to submit to *genesis*, wondered if she was kind. He shares the *genesis* award for poetry with Joel Thomas.



—Mark S. Simons



—Stuart Keefer

# The Rat's Christmas

R.F. Russell

If you really want to learn something about R. F. Russell, you should buy him a beer some evening. However, the knowledge would cost you more than the price of the brew. He would demand a story from you, an episode where a parent or uncle or brother or you stepped out of your ordinary world to become someone larger than life. From such times come good stories, for the ordinary man isn't interesting until he becomes extraordinary.

Casey, Dutch, Left-to-Right Thompson, and Buck Thorpe played team gin rummy across a long table flanked by benches blistered with peeling paint. Warm and echoing, the basement locker room smelled of smoke, whiskey, and the coffee I delivered every hour. Between runs, I watched the games and listened to the four men curse and joke. Had Mom heard their talk she would not have insisted I go to the golf course with Dad.

It was 11:30 in the morning of my twelfth Christmas Eve. I had been downstairs watching the card games for about an hour. There wasn't anything else to do. Outside, two inches of snow covered the fairways. Dad stayed upstairs in the pro shop reading, making coffee, and selling the occasional last minute shopper a gift box of Titleists for under the tree.

I wanted to be at home, snooping through closets for presents to shake, but Mom had nixed that by packing me off to the golf course with Dad. Dad and I had kissed her goodbye in the kitchen about eight A.M. She was making turkey dressing and smelled like oysters; she told us four times to drive carefully in the snow. After four reminders, Dad wasn't about to drive carefully.

It took Dad 15 minutes to slide the Olds through the unplowed Indianapolis streets to the Pines, the municipal golf course where Dad was pro. We opened the club house; Dad fried eggs and hamburgers on the grill for breakfast, and I waited for some of the Dirty Thirty to arrive.

The Dirty Thirty. My sister Annie christened the group of men who played the Pines every weekend for money. "They're so grubby," she said one afternoon. "Dirty. The Dirty Thirty." We both laughed.

The Dirty Thirty bet each other seven ways from Sunday, so whoever won took everyone else's money, and dollar signs decorated their souls. Given the rough characters in the Dirty Thirty and the ease with which golf clubs can double



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as weapons, it was lucky no one was ever murdered at the Pines. Dad called the Dirty Thirty “those jokers.” Mom called them “club members.” I guess Dad never told her how Shanks Wilson rode with a motorcycle gang and broke his shafts in drunken fights; or that Mr. Crossfield, who was always so polite, disappeared one June to build the first miniature golf course inside the Michigan City State Prison. If Mom had known the Dirty Thirty caused more trouble than my neighborhood friends, she would have chained me to my bed at home, despite the fact Dad like having me around.

This being Christmas Eve and snowy, only four of the Dirty Thirty regulars came to play cards. By noon, I was thinking about going upstairs to ask Dad for a cheeseburger. Then, the Rat rushed in, more excited than I had ever seen him. They called him the Rat because he was very small with a long, shrewish nose and darty eyes. No one in the Dirty Thirty ever called him Bob, his real name, even though the Rat disliked his nickname more than a little.

The Rat was excited because he had just won \$1,000 in the pool—a local moniker for the numbers game. This was very good news because the Rat’s wallet had seen more moths than money, and it was Christmas. The Rat worked construction during the summer but he squandered his earnings on beer and new golf balls. During the winter he suffered chronic short pockets disease; he couldn’t even play cards. He had to watch, like me.

The Rat still lived at home and every Christmas he hustled around hitting up his friends for enough bucks to buy his mother a bottle of cologne. He used half his borrowings to buy the cheapest drugstore cologne and decorated it with the red bow he stole from the wreath on the clubhouse door. The other half he donated to the Blue Note Lounge for Christmas cheer, 80 proof cheer.

“No cologne this year,” the Rat declared. “This Christmas, Mom gets what she really wants.”

The Rat explained that his mother had cataracts so thick she couldn’t tell pepper from salt—which solved the mystery of her oddly flavored meals. A student optometrist at the free University Eye Clinic had assured the Rat a real eye doctor could fix his mother’s eyes for a thousand bucks, “five hundred a peeper.”

“Mom’s gonna see as good as Tarzan,” the Rat said. He refused Dutch’s very warm invitation to play poker and scurried away.

I left the locker room soon after the Rat and went upstairs for lunch. With two cheeseburgers warming me, I braved the

outside. For an hour I labored over a skinny snowman on the first tee, but it wasn't much fun. I didn't even bother giving the snowman a face. I spent another thirty minutes stalking imaginary spies through the yews east of the clubhouse. When my teeth started chattering, I shot my last make-believe foe and hurried inside. Dad saw my blue lips and sat me down in the pro shop while he fixed me a cup of coffee, which I hated. Dad made me drink it anyway. "Pretend it's hot chocolate," he said. I knew right away Dad didn't drink much hot chocolate.

When my lips had returned to normal pink, Dad released me. I wandered downstairs to the card game. Whiskey made a fine catalyst. The men used words I hadn't heard before, and they didn't bother diluting the Jack Daniels with coffee any more.

The hospital called around four o'clock. Dad walked down with the message.

"The Rat's in Wishard Hospital," Dad said. "Someone mugged him."

"Did they get all the money?" Dutch asked.

Dad shrugged. "They're keeping him for observation."

After Dad returned upstairs, the others discussed the Rat for some minutes. Everyone agreed the Rat had the luck of a turkey on Thanksgiving Day, and the mugging had been a set-up to steal the pool money. Dutch was genuinely subdued because he had planned to win some pool money in a poker game. Besides, he claimed the Rat owned him twenty bucks. Dutch suggested they visit the hospital and cheer up the Rat. The truth was, Dutch wanted to know if the Rat had stashed a few hundred in his shoes, or in some other hiding place the mugger had overlooked.

I piled into the back seat of Dutch's old Chevy between Buck and Left-to-Right. Dutch had promised Dad he would drop me at home on the way to the hospital. Dad claimed he had to wait for a late customer. He really wanted to stop at the Blue Note Lounge on the way home for a Christmas shooter. Since my beard wasn't heavy enough to let me pass for 21, I had to go with Dutch.

A half mile west of the Pines, Dutch slid into the small parking lot of the White River liquor store. He went inside and emerged with two bottles in a brown paper sack. He squeezed behind the steering wheel and held up the sack. "Boys," he said, "I want to introduce you to the Scotch Twins."

When Left-to-Right saw the "Twins" he issued the opinion that my house lay off the direct route to the hospital, and that the Rat undoubtedly needed to see a friendly face—mine.

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The others praised his sensitivity and insight, so I became a member of the welcoming committee. I scrunched down in the seat to enjoy the ride.

The hospital receptionist, a bitten old maid who hated working Christmas Eve, "informed" Dutch visiting hours didn't start until seven. Dutch pulled all his putts to the left, but he was by no means a stupid guy.

"This is the Rat's little brother," Dutch said, pointing to me. "We brought him because the doctor says it's touch and go, and maybe this is the Rat's last nine—Christmas Eve too."

The old maid and Dutch went around and around for some minutes while I screwed up my face to look like a rat. I don't think I did too good a job because the old maid folded her arms across her small bosom as if she faced a well known rapist.

Left-to-Right's mouth was slightly open and his eyes glassy as he watched Dutch play the old maid for sympathy. When she refused us entry for the third time, Left-to-Right started trembling and slurred something about "honoring a dying man's request." He was loud and threatening; he scowled fiercely. He didn't look directly at the old maid, but he got her attention. Left-to-Right actually believed Dutch and thought the Rat was dying. He would have ripped the reception area apart in another five minutes.

The old maid glanced at Left-to-Right, licked her lips, and waved the five of us and the Scotch Twins to the elevator. Of course, she hadn't been introduced to the Twins.

The Rat lay propped in bed, staring at a blank TV. "Take five bucks, in advance," the Rat said, pointing to the TV.

"There's no trust in the world," Dutch answered.

The Rat appeared unmarked except for a large bandage on the back of his head. Left-to-Right stared quizzically. "He ain't dyin'," Left-to-Right said.

I was the only one who laughed.

"Did he get it all? Dutch asked

"Even the extra hun from my shoe," the Rat wailed.

Dutch wailed along with the Rat; a stranger wouldn't have known who hurt worse. The Rat told us how he had stopped at the Blue Note Lounge for a bit of cheer before going home with his gold mine. After a lot of cheer and some loose talk about winning the pool, the Rat snuck out the back door. Someone hiding in the shadows whacked him on the head and knocked him out. The Rat never saw his attacker, but he had noticed as he finished his last drink, the exit of a small, bearded man. Buck remarked that maybe waving the money around hadn't been too good an idea, which was probably the brightest notion Buck had had in a year.

I rode in the front seat between Casey and Dutch. The Rat, minus the topcoat Buck had politely reclaimed as soon as we hit fresh air, rode in the back. The men argued about whose house was closer, mine or the Rat's. Finally, Dutch decided the Rat's was closer because the Rat didn't have an overcoat. This fact silenced the others, and Dutch started humming "Jingle Bells" as he made a U-turn to go south.

Halfway to the Rat's house it began to snow again. I closed my eyes because Dutch kept aiming for parked cars and missing them. I opened them real fast, though, when the Rat started blubbering like a baby. The loss of the money, his Christmas present for his mother, hit him very hard. Real tears rolled down his cheeks. The others didn't pay much attention, as they had seen the Rat weep twice as hard over a missed four-foot putt. The tears affected me, however. I wanted to help.

"Stop at a drug store," I said, "and I'll steal a bottle of cologne."

"Can't," Dutch said. "It's after six. They're closed."

The Rat sobbed hard enough to warm a witch's heart.

"I've got a dozen brand new Titleists," Left-to-Right offered.

The Rat complained of a headache, so Buck passed him one of the Scotch Twins. Soon that twin made everyone's acquaintance except mine. A half hour later, everyone felt better, even the Rat. He threw off his covers and sat up, saying, "I feel fine. Let's get out of here."

Everyone agreed, as a hospital was no place to spend Christmas Eve. Left-to-Right discovered the Rat's clothes in the closet, and the Rat dressed in a minute. The only problems were the Rat's lost overcoat and the patch on his head that flashed "Patient" like a neon sign.

Buck Thorpe generously offered his overcoat to the Rat, once Dutch pointed out how gentlemanly such an offer would be. Buck was a tall, angular Kentuckian who fervently admired good manners. His overcoat polished the tops of the Rat's shoes—the only polishing those shoes ever saw. Left-to-Right's straw Sam Snead hat covered the bandage. The Rat looked like a fugitive from a Goodwill store, but he was ready to escape.

The four nurses on duty averted their eyes, as the six of us crept past. I realize now they let us go, probably sighing with relief as we tiptoed out of the ward. At the time, though, I thought our makeshift disguise had fooled them. The others thought so too, but then their heads had been turned by the Scotch Twins.

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"What the hell is an old lady going to do with a dozen golf balls?" Dutch interrupted before the Rat could accept.

The snow fell prettily through the yellow headlights as everyone tried to think of a gift for the Rat's mother. I was tired and hungry; suddenly I wanted to go home and said so. No one listened.

"Pink champagne," Buck said. "We could buy a big bottle at Kroger."

"Cigars," Casey suggested. This was a speech for Casey; he usually communicated in grunts. His comment upset the group. If Casey, who moaned over every departing quarter like it was a son, wanted to give something, they had to give something. Offers flew around the car after that.

The Rat would have accepted everything, given it all to his mother, and then used it himself; but Dutch vetoed all the gift ideas, calling them "inappropriate."

"What does your mother really want for Christmas?" Buck asked.

"Besides her eyesight," the Rat answered, "the only thing she ever asks for is my brother Paul."

"What brother?" Dutch asked.

The Rat told the story of how his brother had blown town. It seemed that Paul had worked in a bank, and the bank had lost some money. Since, in his teens, Paul had matriculated at the state boys school, he was the logical suspect. The Rat swore Pauly was innocent, but he never explained how Pauly knew about the missing cash the Sunday before Monday's trial balance. This inconsistency bothered no one but me.

"Pauly's coming home for Christmas," Dutch said.

"Like hell," the Rat answered. "There's still a warrant out."

Dutch pursed his lips. "Your mom's got bad eyes, don't she?"

"So?"

"How long's Pauly been gone?"

"Ten years."

"Well, he's come home."

Dutch stopped at another liquor store to refill the Scotch Twins and outlined his plan. Frankly, young as I was, I didn't think it had a snowflake's chance in a hot skillet, but I was out-voted. The red-faced men agreed they could pull off the charade.

The Rat's house was small, dark, and smelled of cabbage. His mother waited for us in the kitchen doorway, the only lit room, her enormous eyes blinking behind the thick lenses, her house dress misbuttoned.

Dutch motioned Casey forward. Dutch had decided Casey would play Paul. Casey Fulmer stood six-foot-six with mammoth shoulders and a wasp waist. Casey worked on a loading dock, sometimes doubling as a fork lift. He looked as much like the Rat as Marilyn Monroe. In fact, Marilyn probably looked a whole lot more like the Rat.

"Ma," the Rat said as Casey stepped forward, "I brung Pauly home for Christmas."

The Rat's mom took one look at Casey and fainted. Maybe she could see better than the Rat thought.

Right away Left-to Right yelled, "Call an ambulance!" He thought the old lady had had a heart attack. The Rat bent over his mom and asked for water. Casey stepped back, not knowing what to do. It was the first time he had knocked anyone down without a punch.

Buck sprinted for the door because an ambulance would bring the police, and Buck was wanted for questioning by a certain precinct captain. Buck hated to lie. Dutch took a long pull at one of the Scotch Twins. He thought he had done too good a job this time. I watched and waited.

Then a bearded guy walked in.

The Rat took one look at the bearded guy and dropped his mom like she was on fire. Her head clunked on the floor, knocking her out for good, but the Rat didn't notice. He stood, yelled something about the Blue Note, and threw himself at the bearded guy.

The bearded guy was small, but he stood his ground as the Rat attacked. No one knew why they were fighting, but since the Rat and the Beard seemed evenly matched, no one intervened. Dutch even gave odds the Beard would handle the Rat inside ten minutes. Not a bad bet considering the Rat had been clobbered earlier in the afternoon.

Five minutes later the Rat was sitting on the Beard's chest, ready to severely damage the Beard's face. Dutch stopped cheering for the Beard and looked remorseful. He had bet four dollars at five-to-one on the Beard.

"Don't ya recognize me?" the Beard gasped.

The Rat stopped gritting his teeth, and, with a strange expression, bent down to study the Beard's face. Then the Rat straightened and frowned.

"Pauly?" the Rat asked softly.

The Beard grinned bloodily. "How ya doin', Rat?"

The Rat punched the Beard again. Casey pulled the Rat off.

Pauly rose shakily and explained he had been living across town for five years. He had a job, a wife, two children, and a mortgage. He had never revealed his whereabouts to

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his family because he feared the FBI still watched his mother's house. Earlier, at the Blue Note Lounge, he had overheard the Rat bragging about paying for his mom's cataract operation. He didn't trust the Rat to hold onto the thousand bucks; so, to keep the money safe, he had rolled his own brother. Pauly pulled a wad of bills out of his shirt. Dutch's eyes almost popped out of his head. Of course no one asked Pauly why he hadn't just introduced himself at the bar, or why he hadn't come to see the Rat at the hospital. Pauly had come home with the money. Nothing else mattered.

Right then Dutch passed the Scotch Twins around to celebrate, and Dad arrived. Dad was very unhappy, because Mom had roused him from the Blue Note to find me. We were both late for a turkey dinner. But as Dad introduced himself to the Scotch Twins, he lost his temper and wished everyone "Merry Christmas." Suddenly, everyone was grinning and feeling good. The Twins circled the room like Sputnik satellites. Everyone sampled the Twins except me and the Rat's mom, who still lay on the floor, unaware Pauly had really come home for Christmas.

## For Hours I Sit

For hours I sit  
facing the page  
Lines running  
side to side  
serene  
complete  
Invaded by words  
footsoldier letters  
marching solidly  
from top to bottom  
No resistance met  
thoughtlessly  
crushing  
white

—Marcus M. Smith

Marcus M. Smith will receive a B.S. in Supervision in December, and intends to get a second B.S. in English. Unable to say anything else about himself that would make any sense, he stopped here.

