



genesis



Spring
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*This issue of genesis is
dedicated in memory of
Kelley Diane Kramer*

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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''x 32.'' Please identify each piece on the back with its title, medium 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 for publication. Artists will be notified as to acceptance prior to publication; they will also be instructed as to how artwork will be returned.

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Submit all artwork, prose and poetry to:

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Mary Magdalen Kim Devane

Hair flowing, Spun sheaths
Rippling a hands-breadth
down from the crown

Blinding/Shining/Electric—
Sparked

Glorious Deviance

Auburn lights playing
Hips undulating, fingers
snapping time

Shameless

Were you really reduced
to a waiting, wailing
Shadow

Recycled Virgin
Empty Vessel/Vassal
For a death-god
Savior?

All your SEX plastered
on a holy-card
that my grandmother carries
in her purse, next to raffle tickets
and Rosary Beads

Sorrowful Mystery this—
Slavery Myth

Sainted Serfs
Selling Tombstones

*Poetry, a safe outlet for rage, civilizes and strengthens
Kim Devane. Being in genesis last semester gave
validity to feelings long-buried. She's personally
grateful for the opportunity to publish in a magazine
the caliber of genesis. She is the recipient of the
genesis award for poetry.*



Night at the Ten

Kim Devane

Each time I see you
the shock invades my bones
and sleeps there, insinuating
itself, deadly bacillus
breaking down my immunity

You're Dangerous
would eat my children for breakfast
would steal me away from the deathbed
of my mother
have filled my apartment with
DeSade intricacies

Slid into my heart like
the Black Creep of poison

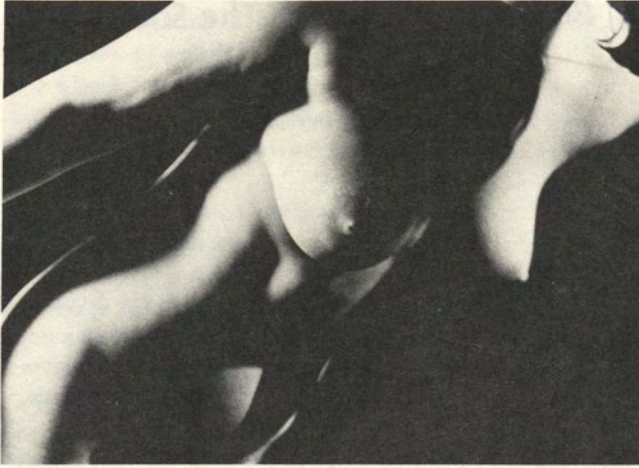
Laura
Never a Woman so misnamed

Innocent sound for Someone
Armed with Silver-Bullet Eyes

Lock me in your iron-tight
thighs—while I sleep there burning
like a slow fire

Anachronism/Symbol beyond
Sexual Politics
Feared by our Own Kind

Sum of all I long for
and Despise . . .



Untitled


Kelley Diane Kramer

Kelley Diane Kramer is a junior studying Visual Communications at Herron. She came from planet Claire. Her current passion is studying the erotic aspects of bovine mammary glands.



Places in the Heart: The Sound of American Faith

Rick Powell

oundtracks of otherwise exceptional films can detract considerably from the director's tone by creating a ponderous, self-serving mass of sound which says little except that John Williams wanted another Oscar for his mantel. These self-indulgent musicians often insist on composing a plethora of separate themes for every character, meant of course to somehow depict in music the dominant mood of the characters. Movies are often full of these pieces entitled imaginatively like "John's Theme" or "Juliet's Theme" or "John and Juliet's Theme." Even worse, composers score dozens of little pieces for each little bit of action. The audience is supposed to be entranced by the sheer imagination of setting "John Walking Down the Street With Juliet" to music.

The composer may have enough music to fill a record album but in the end his or her work has little to do with the film's purpose. Effectively scoring a film is something a great deal more subtle than setting the action to music using various time signatures or even employing certain instruments to evoke specific emotional responses. These methods are only a little beyond the piano player's role in the old nickelodeons.

Such unimaginative scoring implies that the audience is too stupid to cry at this particular point so we need some weepy violins right here, or this guy's angry so let's beat the drums real loud, O.K. Not only are these assumptions cynical but they also represent art as static. They imply that the images on the

Film criticism is something I'd been driving my friends crazy with long before I decided to spare them my opinions and write them down. Many thanks to Dave Stafford, former entertainment editor of The Sagamore; Steve Sylvester, editor of Stepping Out magazine for publishing me. Special thanks to Marion Brock for helping me hammer out my own film philosophy...but, gee guys, what I really want to do is direct. Rick Powell is the recipient of the genesis award for non-fiction.

screen represent truth itself and no further insight is required or even possible to understand the theme of the film.

So what is the role of a score, or, to include other effects including dialogue and silence, what is the role of a soundtrack? The best way to find this answer is to analyze an effective soundtrack.

Scorer John Cander and the sound editor of *Places in the Heart* understand very well the role of a soundtrack. Rather than overwhelm the visual images with music that overstates the emotions (a serious danger in such a potentially sentimental movie as *Places in the Heart*), or merely retells the action, not doubling the drama but deadening it, they have instead opted for a spare soundtrack with only a few original pieces. Aware of the sources of Robert Benton's period piece, they have used traditional hymns, folk tunes, country blues numbers, and other songs and music from the Depression era. The songs not only convey a sense of time but express more eloquently than any original piece the feelings of Americans of the period.

The opening montage is a series of shots that is a visual summary of what's important in American life at the time: churches and farms, families at prayer and at meals, fields of flowers and grain. Over all these images surge the voices of a church choir: "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine. Oh what a fortress of glory divine." This intonation of traditional mores and values doesn't romanticize real life in America at the time. Rather, the hymn declares that everyone who holds onto these values is accepted by God even if society doesn't accept them; to emphasize this point the montage includes a black man giving thanks for his food even though he is prevented from eating with his white employers inside.

The montage also includes a couple of extreme long shots of country roads which lead off to who knows where. The audio equivalent of this shot is the train whistle which sounds repeatedly throughout the film but increasingly toward the end. The whistle can be heard at night and is usually placed at times of struggle. It's a melancholy sound which seems to tempt the characters to give up, to leave their home, not to fight for what belongs to them, to move on down those country roads to an unknown future. The lonely whistle blows first when Edna Spaulding sits on her front porch during the reception after her husband's funeral. She wonders what's going to happen to her family, and the whistle suggests that she can always give up and move elsewhere.

The whistle means something else entirely to Moses, the entrepreneurial black man who helps Edna save her farm. The



whistle foreshadows his eventual undesired departure from the Spaulding family because of threats of the Klan. Not only does the train call to him on the night he's forced to leave but first blows when Mrs. Spaulding lies to save him from the police who have caught him with her silver. Moses may be a partaker of the peace of God as the spiritual ending seems to say, but that doesn't protect him entirely from the injustices of life.

Another interesting treatment of the dilemma of Blacks in this period is the placement of another hymn, "In the Sweet By and By." Sung in aching call and response by the grieving friends and family of Wiley, the young black boy who was hanged for the accidental death of Royce Spaulding, the song continues on through scenes of Wiley's funeral procession and scenes of Royce's burial and doesn't fade out until Edna returns home to her house. The song joins the grief of the two families, pointing out the universality and commonality of human suffering. This statement is repeated in the final scene where Royce and Wiley are united in God's sight, both partaking of the peace of God achieved through and despite their pain. The song, "In the Garden," sung by the choir, drives home this point with grace and quiet transcendence.

Other traditional numbers are used as well. "The Sparrow" is the closest thing to a "theme song" for Edna Spaulding. It's first heard as an instrumental when she falls asleep picking cotton and dreams of dancing with her husband. The scene and the song with words is repeated later toward the end of the film after the cotton is successfully sold. Her son Frank asks her to dance at an old-fashioned community hoe-down. The song communicates not only the hope which Edna Spaulding represents but also the dreams which had come true right under her eyes though she hadn't had time to notice: her son growing up and becoming like her husband. The song isn't simply an ode identifying the presence of a character on screen; it is a bridge for Edna and for us between old dreams and new dreams born. "The Sparrow" becomes a signpost not for some static platitude but for dynamic change.

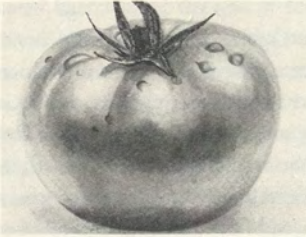
I've talked mostly about how and why music is used, but *when* it's used is just as important. There are times when less perceptive professionals would have succumbed to syrupy schmaltz, but instead the sound editor used silence and natural sounds along with Cander's restrained compositions to avoid melodramatic cliché. The sound of soft wind in the trees precedes one of Wayne's and Vie's secret meetings, and the next sound heard is the loud echoes of Vie's heels on the hardwood floor. This combination speaks both of the gentleness of their en-

counters but also the hard reality that they must conceal their passions. The plucking of a solitary violin begins as they kiss at the end of the scene and then expands to complete stroking of the strings with the bow. Cander could have fully orchestrated the line but that would have overwhelmed the scene and betrayed director Benton's balance between sympathy for his character's humanity and his advocacy of traditional values. Like Benton, Cander's music neither condones or condemns.

The train whistle is one sound effect I've mentioned but, there are others. Notable are the tolling church bells which often denote death or impending death and sorrow. The bells ring after Royce's funeral, just before the storm (and after Edna has said "God, I miss my husband"), and just after the cries for help immediately following the storm when Vie loses hope and begs her husband to move away. The bells are indicative of the choice Benton feels his characters face. The ringing is both chilling and comforting. They are sad in tone but in that they come from a church, they carry a note of faith as well.

Much of the soundtrack is filled with pastoral sounds: cows lowing, birds singing, chickens clucking, crickets chirping. These sounds both establish a physical setting and an idyllic auditory setting where adherence to traditional values and, specifically, man's basic ties with the earth and earning his way by the sweat of his brow, signify peace after struggle. That's not to say that nature doesn't sometimes prove dangerous, a point to which the storm testifies.

Composer John Cander and the sound editor have created a sound track which conjures up powerful emotional archetypes of American faith without pandering to excessive melodrama. Their choice of existing songs is perfectly suited to Robert Benton's view of hope in the face of adversity. The original compositions are judiciously placed and never overpower the visual images but rather create images of their own in our minds.



Untitled

Donna Neel

Donna Neel, 21, likes pink flowers, chocolate and her car, Cliff, 20, with whom she has deep and meaningful conversations. She is a junior at Herron majoring in Visual Communication and Art Education.

Patio Carnival

Barbara Koons

Sparked by sunlight, electric raindrops
Shimmer in the dawn, tiny bare bulbs
Gleaming, whimsically rimming
Rounds and rungs and swirls,
Outlining miniature rides,
Thrills and spills,
A tiny, shining carnival,
Where small night creatures held
A midnight merriment
And moved on,
Their fragile light-strands
Forgotten by giddy rodent roustabouts,
Dizzy from whirling,
Drunk on dewdrops,
Unaware we've found
Their incandescent whirligigs,
Their secret starlight spinarounds.

Listen!

Can you still
Hear the music?

Barbara Koons, a non-degree graduate at IUPUI, is a daytime journalist, a midnight philosopher, a closet poet, and an authority on how little she really knows.



Untitled

Tara Hillenburg

Tara Hillenburg is a returning adult student, currently a senior at Herron School of Art who is working towards a BFA in Sculpture and in Painting. She is also on the National Dean's List for 1984-85.

Hands and Soles (to debby)

Rick Callahan

My feet are cold
And I'm thinking of
Your Florida beaches.
On those shores we would
Pick up some of the strangest
Debris. Shells, crab-toes,
Bits of whales and ships.
The sand was still warm at
Midnight and we would take the risk
Of walking through it on
Bare feet. Who knows what
Creatures were afoot (afin)
At that hour? Things would
Occasionally move coldly
Beneath our foot-soles
And we would shriek and
Jump apart to save our
Individual skins. Your hair
Would fly up indecisively
Into the night air and pat
Your back like a
Grandmother

"There is nothing to write about, you say. Well then, write and let me know just this—that there is nothing to write about." --Pliny, 90 A.D. Rick Callahan is fond of this quote, but he has given up trying too hard.



Night Kingdom

Rick Callahan

I am one of those who
Wait for the moon
And first lightning bugs
To appear; back along the hedge.
I lounge on the back porch, sipping
My night-tea and the sky
Like a king. The crickets are
My orchestra and the June Bugs
Perform an air-ballet for me.
Their stiff wings hiss sadly
Like escaping gas.
I applaud them,
And they bow in
A mysterious silence.

Demystification

Rick Callahan

Give me a number
No one worships.
Show me a river
That cannot baptize and
A field that is sacred
Only to the sky.
I will move there,
Build a house
And drink from that river.
I will use that number
As my address;
Then, please,
Come visit
Me.

Dissection of a Poem

Leslie L. Fuller

We pinned the bright poem's trembling wings
Immobile
against a chalkboard back.

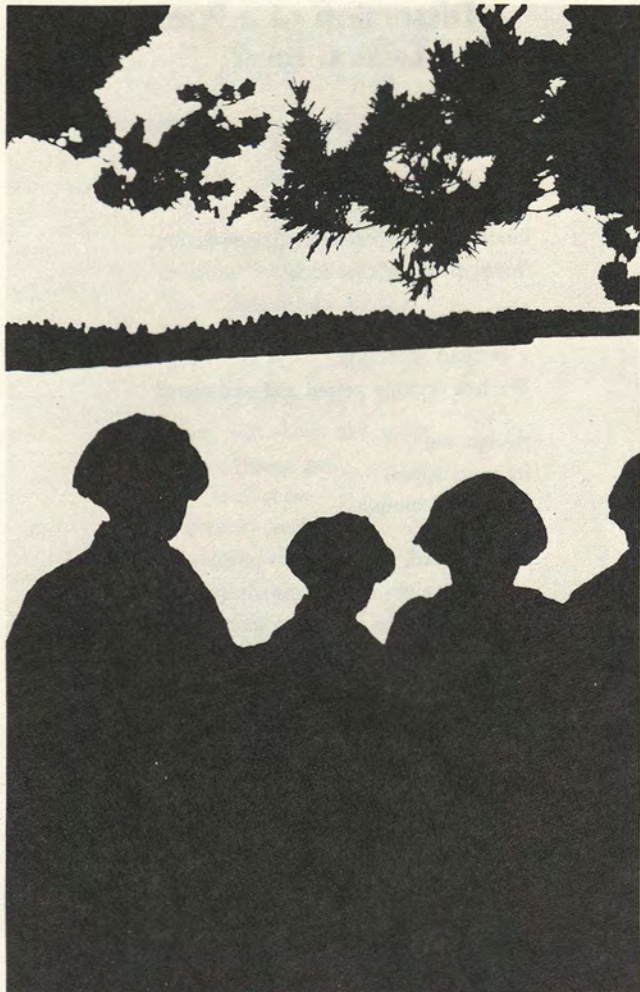
Under the teacher's careful instruction,
We slashed the first incision.

The poem trembled:
a glorious wildthing
We had roughly netted and underlined

we ignored
its mute appeal
to life and motion

Spreadeagled,
under a weight of push-pins, paper labels
it twitched once to live no more
(for us, anyway)
the coroner came.
"Death by interpretation" he said

Leslie L. Fuller would like to apologize to professors Blasingham, Cahill, Dow and Saleh, all talented teachers who deserve far better pupils. Leslie frequently allows things to come between her and her work. She is also an undisciplined perfectionist, which is a bit like being the victim of an Indian execution ritual in which the victim is tied to two trees bent in opposite directions and then left to enjoy simultaneous release.



Vacation on Lake X—1939 Rick Callahan

Letter Home From Lake X, Wisconsin—1939 Rick Callahan

It is morning among our dark pines
And loam of lakes and lakes.
Sunfish are plentiful here—and pike,
They seem to be the true owners of the state.

Yesterday, we rowed out to the middle of Lake X
And floated on choppy waters tainted with the odor
Of Canadian glaciers. The wind spoke listlessly
Of great upheavals while the waves spouted foam.

In the West the sky darkened and a thunderhead rose
Slowly, like a sick thing. The wind blew stiffly and
Shook our quiet boat, trying to awaken it. We rowed
Furiously back to shore, and the lake and sky merged.


We send you greetings, you in the city. I and she
Hope dust is not too thick and the heat
Within comfort. Is it true that boredom exists
There? We lack it here. The Milky Way is the spine
Of the night. Last night,

Night drooped down lazily after the rain, fat with
Mosquitoes. As we sat on our dock, looking,
An aurora descended the Northern sky. Green.
It winked at us and soon we were asleep.



Alibi

Tom Lee

 Mike slipped the piece of steel into the lock mechanism. He turned it to the right. The lock did not turn. He pulled it back out and with the small triangular file he shaved off a little more of the metal. He inserted this key into the lock again. It worked. The front panel of the machine swung down revealing the clock's inner workings. He looked around, though he did not need to; he was the only employee present in the post office at this hour. He worked the midnight to eight shift with the rest of the night crew except for Saturday night. Only one man was required to sort the mail collected on Saturday, so he worked alone on this night.

He had first thought of opening the time clock last Saturday while sitting at the large desk at three a.m. His work finished, he waited for the time to pass, for the hour hand on the clock to reach eight. He was paid by the hour and he needed to stay the full shift to get a full paycheck. He had seen the key used by the secretary to open the time clock, and, after obtaining some blank keys from the hardware store, it was only a matter of time and trial and error before he could file one to the right shape.

Now, with the front panel open, he turned the wheels for the hours and minutes, setting the clock for eight-fifteen a.m. He held the panel in place and inserted his time card and pushed the handle to stamp the time on the card. He smiled at his cleverness. He put his card back in the rack with the others and reset the dials at five-forty-five a.m. With his new key he locked the time clock. He knew no one would be in on Sunday morning; no one would know when he left.

In his car on the way home he thought of his wife and how good their six years of marriage had been. He was very happy with her. Even though he worked the night shift and she the day

Tom Lee is in his third 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.

shift, they got along great. He would come home just after eight and she would be getting ready for work. They only had time for a few minutes of conversation or a cup of coffee before she left. Then he would go to bed and get up when she came home at five. They would have supper together and he would go to work at midnight. They had lived like this for two years now and it worked out fairly well. But now, with his new discovery, they would have a little more time to spend together on Sunday. He had not told her about it yet; he would surprise her this morning.


He turned off the car's engine half a block from his house and coasted into his parking place on the street; her car was in the driveway. He gently pushed the car door shut and walked through the lawn to the front door. Once inside the house he quietly shut the door. As he turned toward the bedroom, he heard something. He stopped, listened. He heard it again, a soft moan. He hurried toward the bedroom door. Many different thoughts raced through his mind at once. His wife was sick, maybe hurt. Someone had broken in. Maybe she was just having a nightmare.

Just as he turned from the hall to enter the bedroom he heard a man's voice. "I love you," the man was saying. Mike stopped. From the doorway the scene stabbed his eyes. Electricity shot through his body. There in the dim, indirect light from the partially closed bathroom door, he saw her, sitting upright, her bare back toward him. Below her back he saw the bare legs of a man, his arms on her waist. He saw, past her shoulder, the head of the man on a strained neck pointing upward, his eyes closed. "I love you, too," she said.

He spun around, his back pressed against the wall to the right of the door. Neither lover heard the soft thud as he made contact with the wall. He stood, his eyes closed, his head pointing upward on his strained neck, his teeth clinched and his lips pulled back in a parody of a wide grin. His hands, flat against the wall, whitened with the pressure.

He pushed himself away from the wall and started back the way he had come. The pressure behind his eyes was tremendous. There was a sound, a vibration, in his ears increasing in intensity with each step. He rounded the corner, crossed the living room floor and pulled open the door. The cool air hit his burning face. He shook his head trying to lessen the pressure, the vibration, the image.

In his car, he sat staring at the steering wheel, momentarily stunned. Then, realizing where he was, he began fumbling for



the keys in his jacket pocket and, finding them, put the one to start the engine in the ignition. He drove. He passed three stop signs without seeing them. He drove for several minutes before he realized he did not know where he was going. He shook his head as if to clear it and decided where to go.

He stopped his car in front of a darkened house. He knocked on the door and waited, his head against the door frame, his eyes pressed shut. He heard a noise and a man curse, then a light came on somewhere inside. A man wearing only white jockey shorts opened the door, rubbing his knee and squinting in the dim light. "Mike!" said the interrupted sleeper.

"Dave. . . I . . ."

Dave reached out and pulled Mike in by the upper arm. "What's wrong, Mike? What happened?"

"It's Joanie, she . . ."

"Joanie? What happened, an accident? Is she all right? Jeezus Mike, you look terrible. Sit down."

Mike stood, looking into the kitchen. Dave again took his arm and led him to the table, flipping on the light as they passed the switch. "What happened to Joanie?" Dave asked again.

"She . . . I . . . I came home early. She was in bed. She was in bed with a man, Dave." Mike looked at him, his eyes wide, blank.

"Oh, shit!" Dave said. His hands were on his hips and his head twisted with the words. He turned toward the cabinet and took out a bottle. From another he took two small glasses and sat them on the table. Mike sat, staring at the glass in front of him.

"I heard a noise. I saw them from the doorway," Mike said, still looking at the glass in front of him.

"Here, drink this," Dave said as he poured some of the brown liquid into the glass. He poured one for himself.

"She said she loved him. I heard her, Dave, she said she loved him."

"Jeezus, Mike!" Dave said, and emptied his glass.

"I didn't know what to do, so I just came here."

Dave poured himself another drink. Mike seemed to just then notice his glass had been filled. He picked it up and drank the burning liquid. He did not taste it. Mike placed the glass back on the table. Dave refilled it and sat down across from Mike. Both sat in silence. Mike emptied the glass for the second time and sat it back on the table in front of him and stared into it. Dave drank his down and got up from the table. He turned and walked to the refrigerator and pulled out two cans of beer. He came back to the table and sat one in front of Mike. "What are you

going to do?"

"I don't know," said Mike. He opened the can of beer. "But I'm not going back to live with her." Dave sat the can he was holding on the table and, turning to a hutch standing beside the table, took a package of cigarettes and a book of matches from the top drawer; there was an ashtray on the table. He sat, tapped the pack against his hand and removed two cigarettes, handing one to Mike. He tore a match from the book, struck it against the dark strip on the book and tossed the remaining matches on the table. He touched the flame to the end of his cigarette and pulled with his mouth, drawing in the smoke. Mike picked up the match book. Dave dropped the burnt match in the ashtray and blew an expanding cone of smoke into the light hanging above the table.

"Listen, Mike, I have three bedrooms here and, with me being by myself and all, I . . . well, if you need to, you can stay here," Dave said, his voice soothing, sympathetic. Mike tore a match from the book and struck it against the abrasive strip on the side. The match broke. He tossed it at the ashtray, which he missed, and tore out another. He was successful with the second match and put the flame to the end of his cigarette, drawing in smoke. He tossed the spent match in the ashtray. He exhaled smoke, then picked up his can and drank. Dave picked up the broken, unlit match, put it in the ashtray and tapped his cigarette on the edge, knocking off a quarter-inch-long ash.

"She told him she loved him, Dave, that's what really gets me," said Mike, looking at the top of the can. "She said she loved me last night."

Both men sat, each, except for clothing, a mirror image of the other. Dave held his cigarette between the first and second fingers of his left hand, his fingertips and thumb touching the can, the ashtray was slightly to his left, between Mike and himself. His right elbow rested on the table, his palm flat on the table in front of his chest. Mike held his cigarette in his right hand, fingertips and thumb holding his can, the ashtray was slightly to his right and between Dave and himself. His left elbow rested on the table, his palm flat on the table in front of his chest.

"Look, Mike, I don't work today and Kathy is out of town, so, if you want, I'll keep you company. Maybe we can go over to Pete's later and get drunk, you know, get this off your mind. Maybe make it easier on you."

"Yeah, make it easier on me," Mike said, looking down.

Dave put his cigarette in the astray, leaning it against the edge



with the filter sticking up. He got up and walked the few steps into the living room and switched on the stereo. The unburned match in the ashtray flared in flame and smoke, putting a black mark half-way up the cigarette which ignited it. Dave returned to the table and picked up his cigarette; his eyes narrowed as he turned it around looking at the black mark. He squashed it down into the ashtray, putting out the cigarette and the burning match. He stood in front of Mike. He had a blood spot on his knee where he hit the table when Mike knocked on the door. His hair, disarranged in sleep, was pointing in every direction. "I'm going to take a shower and get dressed, then we can go to the diner and get something to eat. Get another beer if you want it." He left the room.

Mike took a last draw on his cigarette and put it in the ashtray, squashing it out. He poured the remainder of his beer down his throat. It was good. The shock was starting to wear off; he could think. He got up, tossed the empty can into the trash can in the corner of the kitchen and opened the refrigerator door. He pulled out another beer.

As he peeled the tab from the top of the can, he walked into the living room and sat in the big chair in front of Dave's stereo. He turned to put the tab on the end table next to the chair and saw a framed picture of Dave's girlfriend. He picked it up and sat looking at the smiling face. On the bottom of the picture in perfect handwriting were the words "Love Forever, Kathy." He took a long drink from the cold can and thought how lucky Dave was to have such a fine girl and how miserable he was being married to a girl who would betray him, who would go to bed with another man. He sat the picture back on the table and drank again from the can. The shock was wearing off and he was starting to get mad. How could she do this to me, he thought? He remembered, again, that she had told him she loved him just the day before. He wondered what other lies she had told him.

A singer on the radio was telling a tale of love gone bad and Mike thought how right the singer was and how bad he felt and how all women were liars and cheaters. He emptied his can and sat it on the floor at this feet. He sat staring at the little red and blue lights on the stereo. Soon he wasn't seeing the stereo but the scene in the bedroom. It played over and over again in his head. He heard the noise, stepped into the doorway, saw them and spun around flat against the wall. As he was watching it for the fourth time, he suddenly realized what it was he must do. Then he heard Dave come out of the shower. "Dave," he called, "I'll meet you at the diner. I don't want to sit here anymore.

I'm kind of restless, you know."

"I'll be ready in a few minutes," Dave protested.

"It's okay, Dave, I'll just go over there and wait for you," Mike said. He left the house.

He got in his car and drove toward his own house. This time he stopped at the stop signs; his mind was clear. At the door he was quiet; he did not want her to hear him come in. He did not turn on any lights as he crossed the living room and walked slowly down the hall. He hesitated before he stepped into the doorway. The terrible scene, again, flashed through his mind. He turned the corner and stopped. His wife was on the bed, alone, asleep. He stood looking at her. He thought about how much he had loved her, of how much he still did. He knew he could not live with her anymore after what he had seen. He knew he could not let her live after what she had done.

He stepped quietly up to her side of the bed. He looked down at her. She still looked pure, innocent. He reached across her and picked up his own pillow from the unoccupied side of the bed. Still looking down at her, he slowly lowered the pillow to her face. He pushed down on the pillow. She woke. She tried to scream but it was muffled by the pillow; he heard only a soft moan.

She began to swing at her assailant with both arms. Mike leaned down to avoid the blows. He pushed his own face into the pillow directly over hers. She tried to turn, to push him off. But he held her down. Again and again she tried to scream. He could feel her face through the pillow with his own. Her struggle became weaker. Finally she relaxed. Mike held his breath. She was still. He held the pillow on her face for a full minute after she quit moving. Then he gently lifted it and put it back in its place. He looked at her again. She looked as she had before, innocent, pure. She looked as if she were sleeping. He wiped a tear from his face and turned toward the hall. His mind was clear. He got back in his car and drove to the diner. He wanted to get there ahead of Dave. He pulled into the lot. Dave's car was not in sight. He went inside and sat at a table near the front.

He had it all thought out. He would sit here with Dave for awhile and then get him to go home with him. There he and Dave would find his wife dead, the apparent victim of a lover's rage. He could visualize the defendant, his wife's lover, squirming in his chair in the courtroom as the prosecutor painted a sordid tale of adultery and murder. He saw himself sitting in the same courtroom surrounded by various friends and loved ones, the true



victim of this hideous crime. The imaginary judge was just about to pass sentence when Dave came in the door and sat across from him. "You okay?" he asked.

"I guess so," answered Mike.

In the corner of his eye, Mike saw a couple approaching from the rear of the diner. He had not seen them when he came in. "Hello, Mike," the girl said. Mike turned. It was Joanie's sister, two years younger than his wife and almost as pretty. "Mike," she said, "this is Carl. We just got engaged tonight. We've been out all night celebrating."

Carl nodded to Mike and then said to the girl, "I'll go pay the check." He walked toward the cash register a few feet away. The girl leaned down to Mike and said, "When you get home don't wake Joanie up. She was awake most of the night because Carl and I borrowed your house. Tell her I really appreciate her being so hospitable on so short a notice; we sort of just showed up at three a.m. She took my car and came here and waited until seven to go back home. She will probably sleep for a long time."

Violations

Barbara Koons

Like fallen Victorian virgins
Topped toadstools reveal
The stiff, meticulous pleating
Of lavender taffeta petticoats
Now violate, disheveled, torn.



Untitled

James Lamb

James Lamb spent eighteen of his twenty-four years being indoctrinated by conservative, auto-industry employed, middle-income American parents and four years being indoctrinated by the U.S. government (USAF staff sergeant commendation medal, secret security clearance). Of this, he says, "You would think that I would have been converted by now!"



New York Across The River

S. Ashley Coutts

I hear her from my room
on this side of the river
where tears roll down the window pane
I am pushed to the hard edge of a lover's bed

I hear her
stretch
open wide her mouth, yawn
her voice falls through Marie Osmond teeth
broadcast one thousand watt stereo
I imagine her breath blow as wind rolls
down streets
pushing newsprint into gutters

She is a bawdy heap
flesh slogging from bedsheet
tangle of hair
to tease with multi-colored combs
no one wakes like she
slow to crawl from bed
having walked the streets all night
this lady
groggy in gray light
hung over from the fire
and the night when red ladies
sparked her eyes
and her pubic hair grew moist
in back alleys and on boulevards

I can hear her
from my room
across this river
where the window frames her face
a bawdy broad, she is, stretching arms and legs
awaiting the rape
meeting the day

S. Ashley Coutts is a journalism major from Indianapolis. As an artist and poet her work has appeared in genesis, The Indiannual, INPrint, and Womankind. As a feature writer, her work has appeared in numerous regional and national publications.

At 15

Robert M. Aull

at 15,
I swang my misery out
on swings in the winter's park
with rusty chains
screaming in the arc
of motion

I swang with snowlight falling
and streetlamps dim

rising to the weightless crest
and down again

I was no more alone
than the empty, expectant branches
swinging hours out
under their weight of snow

but how romantic I must have looked
at 15
four blocks from home.

Robert M. Aull dedicates every tender moment to Ann, a lithesome brunette with smoky eyes. His lesser thoughts he commits to paper.



The Gift Kristi Hart

*"It is not as important whom we love
as it is whom we allow to love us."*

F. Walker

I lay a rock on my shoulder;
you knock it off.
I draw a chalk line;
you step across.
I flash a cross in your face;
you shut your eyes.
There is no mercy
in your love,
no gift in your giving.
Like the caged wolf
I would survive,
but my soul would slip out
between the bones,
its shadow still
in the corner.

Kristi Hart is an evil, evil woman. She did not turn her biography in on time for typesetting; and therefore shall receive only this meager mention, along with the suspension of her poetic license. "It is rumoured that Ms. Hart has kept an ill dwarf, which she captured from a traveling fair, in her bedroom closet for many years."

Our Poor Power to Add or Detract

Robert M. Aull

In Indianapolis,
the monument we built for the Civil War
had to accommodate
the Spanish-American War
by the time it was finished.

Our World War Memorial
served equally well
a Second time.

After Korea, we tried not building
anything at all
and now we're behind.




What Will The Neighbors Say?

Donna Neel



The Purple Poodle

Barbara Koons

er coat was mohair, soft and curly, a deep Parisian wood-violet hue. Thick and warm and pliant, it flowed from her shoulders and encouraged her body in luxurious splendor. On her head, a matching beret tilted coquettishly over one eye. Wrapped in her provocative finery, she exuded an aura of glamour as rich and sensuous as French perfume. Her companion was a country-gentleman type, with a heavy thatch of white hair, hand-carved pipe, Harris tweed sport coat. She was considerably younger than he. Salon-groomed and coiffed, with impeccable manners to match, she was clearly best of show and best of breed, his blue-ribbon prize to parade and display. As they entered a country inn for breakfast, he led her to the center table.

He heartily consumed ham and eggs and hot cakes, while she sat beside him quietly, obedient, daintily nibbling a muffin, a dropped crumb. She divided it into small morsels, displaying flawlessly manicured nails, glossy and smooth. They did not talk. He propped his newspaper and forked his food, while she sat wrapped in purple curls. A discreet yawn revealed her small, pink tongue and polished, perfect teeth. When he finished his food, they rose to leave, and she gave her shoulders a tiny shake, realigning her coat.

She stood a moment at the door, waiting for him to open it. Then she moved ahead of him into the sunlight, mincing along on high heels, taking small stiff-legged steps, her coat gleaming, shoulders back, head up, inhaling the freshness of the morning. Bending to a flowering shrub, she sniffed the aroma of a blossom. He strolled along a few steps behind, hands in pockets, pipe in jaw, puffing contentedly. He said nothing, but he held her on a gaze as short and taut as a leather leash.

dear man; you knocked my cloud to the ground with a vacuum cleaner

Leslie L. Fuller

Man,
you knock my cloud to the ground and
beat it to death with a vacuum cleaner
you wear that ol' Y chromosome
like a superman badge and
man,
I'm diffident, I'm feline I'd
do without you if I could

but,
Man, I love that phoenix dream within you
fighting for life and air
and the contortion of your spirit
so violent, you fear you are coming apart and
man, I love you not for your suffering,
but your aptitude for it

I pity you, man,
running to the summons,
you pause
to knot all your treasures in a greasy handkerchief;
frog/sling-shot/business diploma
carefully secured to your back
you rise, bewildered,
to discover while you waited

the fire went out
your young foot-ball muscles failed you and
that old century fowl snored himself asleep:

and because I love you, man,
always I shall be there, waist grown thick,
to croon until
you sob yourself
to sleep.



Oh yes, baby

Deborah Eads

Oh yes, baby
I know
about
the crystalline purity of white white snow.

Time, baby?
Time for Rudy?
Time to dine with Rudy.
Phone on a spinning wheel make that deal.
Time, baby?
Did you say time?
Oh yes, baby
I always got time for Rudy.

Boil that troubled toil
in the little glass tube
on the old gas stove
that I remember long ago
long ago . . . food.
Close the curtains
pull the blinds
pour the wine
oh baby, yes, yes baby
that does look fine.
Accurate return
look at it burn
Sustenance.

Waiting for the soul's salvation
through the eye of the needle
and baby,

Deborah Eads is a Fine Arts Painting major attending John Herron School of Art and IUPUI as a Freshman. At 32 years of age she is beginning her third incarnation of her life. She believes in physical, emotional and mental balance. She believes in desire. She believes that the fulcrum point upon which impersonal love can rest and be cultivated is unbending intent. She believes that consciousness is everywhere to be witnessed. She believes in having a good time while we are here.

oh, baby,
yes,
it's my turn and it's
that
ultimate
awesome
First
HIT.

Plans, the plans
the good good, oh yes, baby,
the oh so very good
intentions
floating around
the kitchen
the clarity, the absolute
right angle
clarity
of why I haven't ever realized that before?
The baseboards
on the floor reality
is
shrinking
 near the baseboards.
 Don't look at the floor.

Flask
metal and glass
suck
hold
wait
inhale
hold
hit
wait
hit
wait
wait
wait
wait

wait



Untitled

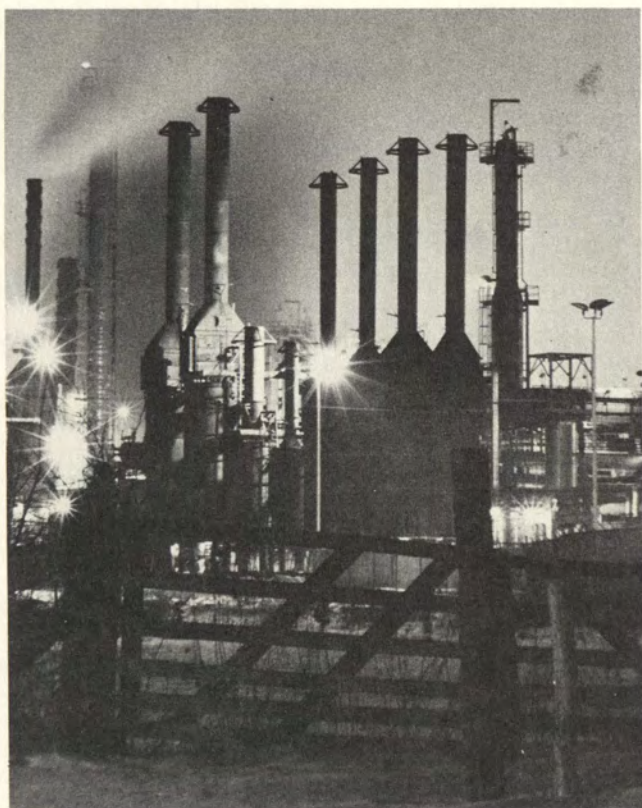
Donna Neel

To Another Woman

Mary Rose Niemi

you and he shared your pain
together
& then you handed it all back to him
you painted red rooms gray
& now you want to color
them yellow.
i wish i could take
your paintbrush away—
you should not be allowed
to pick it up as you please

Mary Rose Niemi, who finds attempts at self-definition self-defeating, is a history major, international studies minor. She finds the following insipid question most irritating: "What are you going to do, teach?" At such moments, she reminds herself that Ted Turner is a classicist.




Untitled

James Lamb

Wall With Light

Anne Steichen

*Night separates you from your neighbor,
and you're not to go find him and defy that.* -Rilke

 never noticed the planes until S. started spending the night. We sleep in the empty room, because it has the only double bed—really, just a mattress on the floor. Bare walls, bare wooden floor, windows that rattle when you walk across the room. Sometimes I light a candle because the bare bulb on the ceiling is so merciless. Lying there one night, S. asleep next to me, I listened to jet after jet pass by overhead. How had I never noticed them before? Perhaps I was that night listening with his ears, wondering if my house sounded different than his house. It did, especially that room, where every sense except the visual was magnified, because there was nothing to look at in that room.

Daylight, Indianapolis. It was pointed out to me that convenience food marts simply took over old gas stations, and that is why there are so many of them. Of course. And I, wanting to point out something in return, repeated something I'd heard, that the bumperstickers "One Day At a Time" and "Easy Does It," are actually encouragement from reformed alcoholics to other reformed alcoholics. Ever since I have known that I find myself looking at the drivers of these cars, in the same way I stare at people who kiss at stoplights, until I catch myself, and look away a little guiltily, ashamed at my curiosity. I did not add this last part of my observation.

S. and I are sprawled across his bed, amusing ourselves with the personal ads. Someone is looking for someone who possesses, among other things, a "progressive lifestyle." We decide this means someone who gets high. I am reminded of a story and tell it to him:

"A few years ago, in California, I had a job helping a blind Chinese woman. I tutored her in math and computer science, and also read her mail to her, filled out forms for her, etc. One day

Anne Steichen frequents IUPUI to study German and English. She is the recipient of the genesis award for fiction.



she asked me to help her fill out a computer dating form. When we came to the question of whether you would consider dating a handicapped person she said "no" without hesitation. I was dumbfounded. It was as if she expected other people to accept in her what she would not in them. But later I thought you couldn't really blame her, because her life would be easier with a non-handicapped person, and maybe it wasn't fair for us to say, "Hey you two handicapped people, you have so much in common, why don't you get married." Working with her I learned to question my initial responses. Like when she told me she'd gone to Europe the year before. Right away I thought to myself, "Why would a blind person go to Europe--they couldn't see anything, they couldn't see how it was different." I always had to remind myself that it wasn't my place to question, even silently, what she did, to limit her because of my conceptions of what did or didn't make sense for her to do.

"One day I went over to her apartment. Had I thought about it, I might not have been so surprised. She had the curtains drawn, because naturally she had no use for daylight. The walls were bare--why would a blind person put up pretty pictures or pretty wallpaper? There was hardly any furniture--all the less for her to bump into. I had stepped from the bright daylight into this dark bareness. That room was like a manifestation of what it meant to be blind, and I felt claustrophobic; I felt I had to get out of there.

"Sometimes when we were standing outside and it was cold, she used to squat down and lean against her seeing-eye dog to keep warm. He was an incredibly patient dog. He used to lie across my feet whenever we were at a desk working. At first it bothered me a little because he was so heavy, but I never had the heart to push him away."

Alternative Sights in Indianapolis

gravel pit off Northwestern Ave.

houses on stilts in Rocky Ripple

oak tree near library at CTS

bridge near Naval Armory

face carved into tree near White River

train trestle off Westfield Blvd.

I prefer to spend the night at his house. He brought the TV up to his bedroom one night when I was sick, and it's been

there ever since. I've watched so much TV in the past few months. I'm starting to know again what people are talking about when they mention certain shows or actors or commercials. I could get hooked on the TV news, especially the weather maps. Cold in San Francisco, heat wave in South Florida.

With snow on the ground, so much more light comes into the bedroom at night. Finally, S. tacked an old tablecloth up across the largest window. But the painting on the wall doesn't get the streetlight that used to shine on it now. I sometimes wake up sweating in the middle of the night because of the electric blanket, especially if we are sleeping pressed against each other. Wool blankets are better.

File tomorrow: From Riley's Tomb on a clear day you can see the flame at Rock Island and the pyramids on 86th. Jet streams are visible only during the day, jet lights only at night. Music sounds better in the dark. Call S.

Feeling for trains Dean Mundane

The express it
pulls the local
The trains come in the station
The
faces boil, they leave in twin
A feeling for trains

In this heat, on this night
Working girls
working up and back
Always the same refrain
A
feeling for trains



Bridget Anne, The Mailman, and the Sun Rick Callahan

Bridget Anne in the
Evening lawn chair
With grass too high for croquet. A death
March of ants crosses the driveway
Without her notice.

The sun hurts her eyes,
But this is all right;
Anything to disturb, and
Prove her existence. A steady

Stream of blackbirds,
Many dark-winged indiscernibles,
Flows along the horizon,
Moving South.

The lawn chair creaks
Its aluminum legs under Bridget's
Weight. There is a chill in this
Metal frame. Its straps stretch, stretch.

Bridget Anne crosses her legs
And folds her arms to hold in
Her warmth. The mailman pulls up
Close to her.

There are letters even at this hour.
The sun is down, dragging its orange hood along.



WELL, I'M NOT IN A HURRY TO GET TO WORK, MY FRIENDS -- IN A HURRY TO GO TO MY HOME AND
SEE OFF THE BOYS -- THEY'VE GOT TO GO TO WORK, MY GRANDCHILDREN WILL BE HERE TOOK SPARKS -- I'VE SENT TWO BOXES OF
WHITE CHOCOLATE FOR THE BOYS -- TO TAKE AND TAKE -- I'LL BE OUT IN 2.30 -- DON'T YOU KNOW -- WHAT
THE DEPARTMENT IS NOT HERE -- DON'T YOU SEE, THERE, BROTHERS AND I DON'T EVEN HAVE ONE -- DON'T
FORGET TO CALL ME FROM THE OFFICE, PLEASE -- I'LL BE OUT IN 2.30 -- DON'T YOU KNOW -- WHAT
ON THE OTHER SIDE, PLEASE, WRITE ME -- I'LL BE OUT IN 2.30 -- DON'T YOU KNOW -- WHAT, MY FRIENDS!

Untitled

Tara Hillenburg



Wintersong

T. Shaw

listen . . .

the
silence
of a
snowfall;
a raw
wind
whispers
to the
trees

night rushes
upon
us
warmed by

a fire
sends
distorted images
blend and
dance
about the
room

smell
scented skin
hot and smooth
firm
yet
yielding
to the

caress
of hands
linger and stray
send

T. Shaw has been seen playing the guitar on the steps of an old elementary school.

shivers
echoing

a subtle
sigh
escapes
when we
taste a
fine
white wine
reflect wide
dark eyes

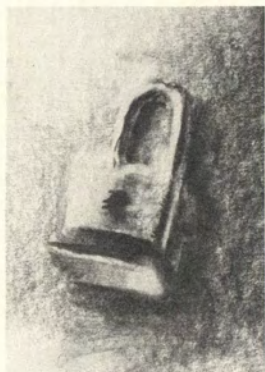
moist
with
anticipation
deep
in the
darkness
candle
flame
flickers
growing
pulsing
rhythmically
breath
quickens
in a
song
that
pierces the
thick
air
with
animal
power
masculine and
feminine
mingle
woven
together
as one
soaring
to reach
the sun

white
hot
it
EXPLODES

later . . .

a puddle
of
blue
winter moon
drifts
across
the
bed
to
bathe
our
body

we
share



Tetralogy On Locks

W.B. McFee

W.B. McFee is going to a better place. A better life.

Suicide Poem Number Fifty-Seven

Rick Callahan

Stop whirling
Your arms for a second.
I want to look.

Cracks, cracks, they are here.
You are flawed in a major way.
Your wrists are swollen
And wishing for relief.

When you were a child
You would chew on them,
Biting hard against the skin.
They would leak blood.

Go ahead, I'm done looking.
Spin your thin wrists in the air
Again. They may not last
Much longer.



We Deliver

James Lamb



Statue in the Garden

Kim Devane

What possible truths could alter your stance—
Even pale, wan, almost bent
double against the door—

Your composure lies—
in the direction of the Absolute

Level glance contains storms
calmed, long before me—

now held in check, behind
a monastery wall of past lovers

You, yourself, put them to bed
In stone, with murmured consolations
Their faces stare at me as you walk
in the gray and wooded shelter—
unneeded veil swirls around sins
no veil can hide—
cold steel bells chime, rain-muted
Matins fill a schedule, unaltered
and unalterable—

I could only worship humbly at the
Sanctuary, briefly, as a pilgrim hoping
for cheap grace

Then slowly oaken doors would swing closed—
on my too earthly needs
like a Leper my thoughts rattle in a tin—
cup, begged for scraps your hand has
touched

Jean-clad and booted, just enough
Medieval Nuns in past lives have become—
warriors in white-face and blue relief

Your room filled with ghosts of half-lived lives
who have taken up residence
hoping for Benediction,

I refuse to offer Novenas, but would
breathe warm, wet, life through these chambers

hallowed halls of this—
your final time around

ican'tgetpastyourlittlewhitelines Rick Powell

spilled like sand puresweet cane into shimmersoft
pile the silksharp edge of the guillotine splits the
heap into snakes you suck in through holes in your
head rimmed with snow slices goodsense off the top
of your sleeping brain rub gums with pearlpolish
powder to fill gaps in your education whitewash
bigblacklie slobberstains gained from lying hiding
your Man your Angel your Holy Snorting Dust from me

Rick Powell: *There's only so much he or she can say about his or herself and by saying it reveal his or her spiritual and/or social and/or sexual motivation and/or self-esteem needs for composing such silly bios. In other words: "Polly and I went to the circus/And Polly got hit with a rolling pin/We got even with the circus/'Cause we bought tickets but we didn't go in." —Rickie Lee Jones.*



The Wall Builder


Linda L. Lewis

Your fortress, maintained with such
Energy and care—
Strong, impenetrable, impervious to
My constant demand to be granted
Entree . . . So challenging to me!
Infrequently, I notice a crack and
Quickly peer within . . .
Such lovely things; how could you bear
To hide them!
I revel in the glimpse—
My good fortune on this day . . .
Knowing tomorrow will see the crack
Refilled.
Simply realizing what exists inside
Keeps me patiently searching for
New entrances, passages . . . doors.
Why may I not enter?
Perhaps someday you will hand me
The key . . .
And I will understand.

Born in 1948 in Frankfort, Indiana, Linda Lewis graduated from Clinton Prairie High School in 1966. As a new student to IUPUI, she is currently enjoying her first college course, English composition W131, with instructor Anne Williams. A housewife and mother of three, she has worked for the past five years as a reading tutor at Harris Elementary in the Brownsburg School Corporation.

Witness: Peter Weir's Spiritual Common Ground

Rick Powell

 Peter Weir's sensitivity to human settings both emotional and geographical transforms what press releases call an "action-romance" into a delicate observation of the meeting of two disparate cultures. In his last film, *The Year of Living Dangerously*, Weir illustrated the inability of the west to comprehend the ubiquitous poverty and resultant rage of the east. Such ignorance led to the disillusionment and death of Billy Kwan and revealed the spiritual poverty of journalist Guy Hamilton.

While *Year* soberly points out the areas where cultures can never meet, *Witness* suggests commonalities. When the Australian journalist and the British Embassy secretary crash laughingly through a curfew roadblock in Jakarta, Indonesia, it represents among other things the couple's oblivious yet arrogant ethnocentrism. A thematic parallel is drawn in *Witness* as detective John Book (Harrison Ford), delirious and bleeding, collides in his car with an Amish birdhouse. Both scenes depict an outsider's intrusion into a way of life of which he or she is ignorant; yet Book's helplessness makes the intrusion a very real statement of need.

Weir creates common need between John Book's fast-paced urban mindset and the Amish woman Rachel's gentle rural faith—Rachel's widowhood and Book's bachelorhood as well as the more immediate need of protecting both Book and Rachel's son Samuel from corrupt cops. However, the more subtle emotional needs of Book and Rachel are more important to Weir and are actually what transcends the limitations of the inspired but familiar plot.

Weir directs skilled cinematographer John Seale to beautifully create with varying types of film and lighting different moods to coincide with different settings. Most of the scenes which take place in the city are short and either dark street scenes or are lit with the sterile lights of the police station. In contrast, the Amish scenes are lit with natural sunlight or candlelight, and the pace is much more leisurely, evoking a pastoral mood. Seale also uses rich earth-browns and greens and soft focus in these scenes to further separate the soothing refuge of the Amish countryside



from the harsh, high-contrast of the violent city. Despite the monicker of “plain” its people adhere to, the Amish farm looks and feels like a place of sanctuary and loveliness.

The Amish provide a physical refuge for Book but also give him a spiritual sense of community which he lacks in a large city such as Philadelphia. The barn-raising scene where Book uses his carpentry skills to integrate himself with his Amish hosts is a powerful example of how Weir is able to capture the small things that promote cohesiveness and cooperation among people. Similarly moving is the climax of the film where Samuel rings a bell that sends all the neighbors running to Book’s aid. It is at this point that Book realizes himself as a part, however temporary, of this community. He persuades the police chief to lower his weapon by invoking Amish solidarity. Later, even Rachel’s orthodox father recognizes Book’s membership by advising him to be careful out among the English, a term referring to non-Amish.

Rachel’s emotional needs are not as central as Book’s, but her desire to achieve independence from her father is the final consideration which allows her to submit to her attraction for Book. Weir pairs this refreshing assertiveness with a low-key eroticism which Kelly McGillis as Rachel exudes beautifully, especially in a scene where she turns from sponging herself off and silently, gently extends an intimate invitation to Book who stands watching her in the doorway. His statement that if they had made love he would have to stay or she would have to go predicts the changes each has catalyzed in the other rather than either’s forsaking of their respective cultures. Harrison Ford here, and later at the farewell to Rachel, shows a touching vulnerable side which he hasn’t shown before in any of his more aggressively masculine roles.

No director but Peter Weir could have transformed a simple cop story with its inherent violence into a quiet ode to tolerance and cultural empathy. With *The Year of Living Dangerously* Weir showed us a place to be frightened of, warned us to understand the origins of shadows before we step into them; in *Witness* he carefully brushes aside seemingly foreign beliefs to reveal the human center, and we can only gasp in epiphanic discovery.

haiku rags J.B. Straw

a piece of chinese
cloth torn on the edge as the
quiet sparrows fly

thru harlem above
winter alleys where cats starve
outside sad windows

covered with plastic
to keep out the bitterwind
and hide the yellow

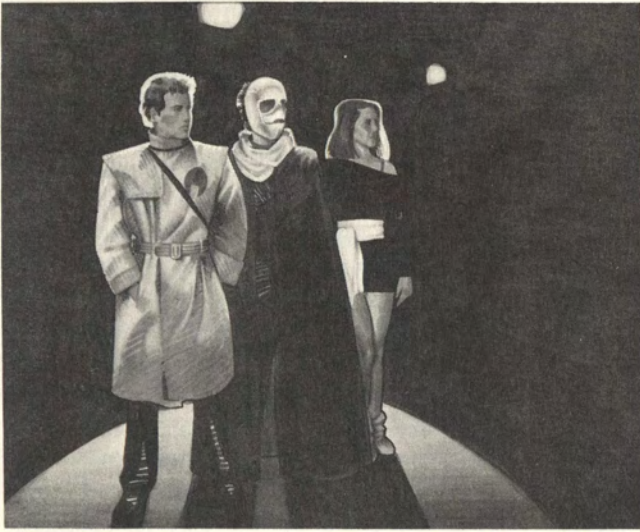
sheets covering two
quiet bodies on the edge
torn between dreams and

death as the ancient
cockroach crawls thru the bedroom
remembering old glaciers

while children scream from
nightmares of black ice cream and
dark candy offered

in the wrinkledhands
of chinese poets dying
in the flooded fields

wearing rags of torn
chinese cloth as small wings of
quiet sparrows snap



Zeitgeist

W.B McFee

darjeeling

J.B. Straw

6 a.m. croons: sinatra-like flat, ecstasy & jazz, musical Q-tips;

furry feet climb my Everesting chest,
to give alarmclock nosenibbles;

as water & stove wed to yield our morning steam,
my semi-conscious molecules meld into blue niagara nirvana;

finally, like a screaming butterfly,
my shell breaks,
my monkey chirps from shadowed corners,
timid sparrows migrate south from ceiling aeries,
all small animals unite out of night,
& my lips seek leave & leaf.

Stirring cloudy insinuations
which congeal in fickle southern promises:

fluttering fans before faces,
dissolving,
springing into large white
hats flopping in magnolia
gossip;

our i's begin to focus
as we feel the indian warmth
descend
from mountain laurel head,
thru body vein,
to cool linoleum feet,
& we are feathered in quiet morning quilts.

Having had his literary "genesis" last semester, J.B. Straw now feels ready to pursue new creatures and try to locate all those characters in the fog. In conclusion, he would like to sum up his aspirations by quoting Marx: "I really must be going."



**be my lover not
my wristwatch; an invitation to time.**

Leslie L. Fuller

come touch me like a lover
i desire
deep wrinkles where my smile was
my stomach,
now seal-smooth &
petal pink
seam me time; give me
pregnancy marks
to show that I loved and was loved

pull out this hair of yellow yarn
favor me with a modest cap of
shining silver
erratically freckle these hands,
with the spots that tell age
pigment galaxies

don't ever let me fever my cheeks with rouge
or dye my hair
like the women do who
wish to be mistaken for someone that
somebody loved

give me
baby-chewed nipples and
when you seize my hands in passion
and force them folded
let it be because I'd worked with them and
I was tired

let those who knew of
our romance
gazing at that junked chrysalis say

time touched her like a lover

africa
J.B. Straw

All senses become macaws.

Then change:

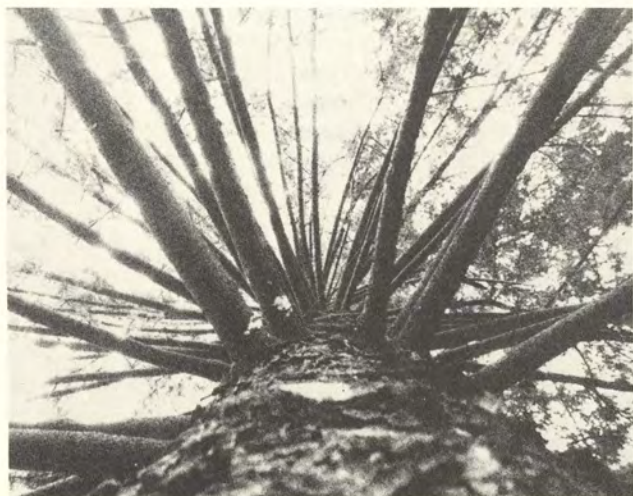
growing,
leopards leaping from hidden branches.

growing,
elephants rampaging, seeking memory.

exploding,
into eons of chattering, scattered among the trees.

Sunlight becomes green streams,
through shadows,
turning the river to blue light.

This is the awakening of the africa of your mind.



Bent Forest

Rick Callahan



almost forgotten

Rick Powell

when i take it in my hand
the polaroid pries a smile
but for the remaining 364 days
our burned looted
lost-summer faces
face the splinters and the walls of
the bottom bureau drawer
smothered under a stack of
failing papers from Psych B105
(Psychology as a Biological Science)
my unreconciled bank statement collection
(june july august i lost my Balance)
W2s from six different jobs
(wages Taxed and Withheld but never Returned)
sales slips owner's manuals expired warranties for products
(SlicerDicersHotdogcookers)
i never needed
wish to god
i'd never
paid
for

highly strung obsession

Rick Powell

y
ou
are kite
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mc hi
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Move Over, Isadora* Shirley Vogler Meister

Winged dancers glide into view—
pirouetting and tiny-stepping
across the new-mown green; leastling
sparrows prance center-right, presenting
pristine arias, and exit with innate
innocence; bluejays and cardinals
swoop in and out while a squirrel
roots among the tulips with fast-
flicking tail and, finding nothing,
skips away to join others frolicking
up, down, around. Redwood blossoms
flutter in the currents like fragile
confetti, carpeting one stage area
in bright pink; and distant dogwood
petals shimmer like giant snowflakes
in tremulous suspension. Above, white
puffs slide slowly against a blue canopy.

I serenely smile the renewed smile of spring.
Lilacs scent my world and my lungs respond
with a contented sigh. Walking slowly onto
the stage, I unfurl my gossamery scarf
and, with impromptu dance, whirl and twirl
until I slump to the cool grass like a spent
marionette, my impetuous passion appeased.

- * *Isadora Duncan (1878-1927) was a famous U.S. dancer who repudiated artificial technical restrictions and prompted dance based on only natural movement, thus paving the way for modern expressive dance.*

Shirley Vogler Meister is a senior English major. Her poems have appeared in *genesis* since 1981; some have been accepted for reprint elsewhere. Her writings can be found in diverse publications.



Untitled

Carol Trigg

The clock on the wall

Leslie L. Fuller

The tail of the serpent is over us all
taking the form of
the clock on the wall.



Encore

Cecil L. Sayre

Jordan laid the gun on the bedside table. He jerked the tight, black gloves off his hands and tossed them also onto the table. He lay down on the bed and switched the radio on. The room was filled with jazz, a long sax solo. Jordan opened the top drawer of the bedside table and got out a bottle of bourbon. It was still in its bag, on its side. Jordan scooped the gun into the drawer and then slid the drawer shut. He had developed a dislike for guns. The liquor was good, as smooth as the music.

The hours slipped by quietly without hurry. The bottle was still half full when a knock at the door came. Jordan rose slowly, taking another drink before setting the bottle on the table and moving. His steps were like sleep, silently gliding over the wooden floorboards. He rested a hand on the doorknob. "Yeah," Jordan rumbled, using the full effect of his bass voice. He was answered by two more knocks. Jordan replied by opening the door and admitting his known visitor.

"How ya keepin' yourself, Mr. J," asked the slim man. He stood just inside the room, allowing Jordan only inches to close the door.

"Okay, Qui. Come on in, have a seat." Jordan gestured to the worn sofa chair in the corner, sitting himself on the edge of the bed. Qui tossed him a white envelope. "A little light, isn't?" queried Jordan.

Qui shrugged. "He's paying in bigger bills, now."

Jordan put the envelope in the drawer without counting its contents.

"You're getting a little gray, ain't ya?" asked Qui. Jordan stared at him solemnly. Qui tried again. "You know, when you called asking if I could get you a job, I didn't know what to think. Or say. Guess it's been tough, huh? At first, I thought

Cecil L. Sayre: "None of your damn business."

you might be working with the cops, being their second-hand man.”

Jordan didn't care to hear it, any of it. He carried the bottle over to Qui and then stood there watching him take a drink. After one sip, Jordan grabbed the bottle from Qui and pulled him out of the chair. “It's time for you to go.”

“Take it easy, J. You are getting mean in your years. Can't old friends sit and talk for a while? Com'n, buddy.”

Jordan caught Qui from sitting down again and propelled him towards the door. Qui's height was beginning to diminish in Jordan's presence. He was becoming the scared child Jordan remembered.

Qui grinned, making a final attempt to regain his footing. “You really don't like this, do you, Jordan?” he sneered.

Jordan opened the door and threw Qui headlong down the hall. “You call me ‘Mr. Jordan!’” he growled, slamming the door, collapsing against it. Jordan slid to the floor. His breathing was fast and shallow. He took quick gulps of the bourbon. “One last time,” he promised himself. “Just this one last time.”

Walking, Jordan's army boots slammed the sidewalk hard. The neighborhood was a blur to him, his mind filled with thoughts. He didn't want to remember, but remember was all he could do. He had a reverse case of amnesia; Jordan knew nothing but his past. A chance at a good childhood wasted in a terminally illegal town, several years of being the “gun-man,” and a military career that tried to get him killed at the front; this was Jordan's lot. While other guys came home with bullet wounds, Jordan came home with tracks on the insides of his arms, the deepest scars. Some that died came home to be buried, others that died came home looking for their fix.

The store was now a video arcade, but the room in the rear was still there, harboring the same people, the same deal. Jordan went inside, into the back room.

“Jordan! I heard you were in town. Come in, man, come in!” The speaker was Sam, a fat and usually jovial man, his lips always tight around one end of a cigar. He pumped Jordan's hand enthusiastically. “You're looking good, J, you're looking good.”

Jordan pulled back his hand. He knew he looked like hell and he knew Sam knew it too. But that's the kind of people Sam liked to see, people who needed it bad. There was a devil behind his smiling face. Jordan gave Sam the envelope of money. “You know what I want,” he said. “Half of that will pay for Derek's debts, and the rest will . . . pay for my package.”

The fat man's eyes lit up, overjoyed with resolving old debts



and regaining ex-clients at the same time. "That's real nice, J." Sam nodded to a kid in the back of the room who had been listening. The kid went into a small closet to get Jordan's order. "Yeah," said Sam, putting the envelope in his back pockets, "that's real nice. Too bad about your brother's gambling. He was winning there for a while, but then—well, you know how luck goes." Sam paused and smiled, then continued. "Really, I wasn't going to take any bets from him to begin with, as a favor to you—"

"You don't take bets from him anymore. Understand?" Jordan poked his finger into Sam's chest. "And you don't let him make bets elsewhere. Or anything else! Derek's to stay clean."

The kid had returned now, standing next to Sam with a plain brown bag. Jordan snatched the bag away and left, Sam uttering curse words after him.

Jordan disappeared into the jungle of video games. He had never actually been in an arcade before. The lights and sudden noises bothered him. But he wanted to get this over with quickly. Jordan just hoped they had what he was looking for. He finally found it in the farthest corner of the store, a photo-machine.

Jordan put two dollars worth of change into the machine, sat down on the stool, and closed the velvet curtain. His last ounce of control gone, Jordan feverishly tore open the bag and immediately went to work, the camera flashing away. The teenagers must have thought it funny, walking past the machine going to the restrooms, someone actually using such an antique.

The pictures popped out of the machine one after another, in strips of five, and fell to the floor unnoticed. The first picture was of Jordan rolling up his shirt sleeve, followed by pictures of him struggling to tie a strip of rubber around his arm and finally succeeding. The next strip of film showed Jordan filling a needle and squeezing out trapped air, looking like a beginning doctor, nervous, sweat on his forehead. One strip had nothing but pictures of the needle continually stabbing flesh in search of a vein. The vein found, Jordan sighed and leaned back his head, the drug already coursing through his system. The last picture showed only a smiling, dreaming face, Jordan dying one last time, just one last time.

