

The background of the entire page is a dark brown color. Overlaid on this is a complex, abstract pattern of overlapping, rounded geometric shapes in a lighter tan or beige color. These shapes resemble stylized letters or symbols, some of which are reminiscent of the Hebrew word 'Genesis' (בְּרֵאשִׁית). The pattern is dense and layered, creating a sense of depth and texture.

genesis

fall 1977

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Invitation to Artists

The Spring 1978 edition of GENESIS will feature a section solely devoted to artwork. The length of this section will be determined by the number of accepted submissions. Any type of drawings may be submitted, although black-and-white ink sketches, such as the artwork in the current edition of GENESIS, are preferred. Photographs may also be submitted. All artwork will be reproduced in black-and-white. Artists whose work is not accepted will be notified by mail; those desiring the return of their work must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Instructions to Authors

Manuscripts are invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. Manuscripts of essays, fiction, or poetry, on any topic, may be submitted at any time to GENESIS, Student Services Office, Cavanaugh Hall, 925 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All manuscripts are considered by an editorial board elected by the English Club and the Philosophy Club. Authorship is not revealed to the board until a manuscript has been accepted.

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

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

Approach Unto Jerusalem

Christ walks

 beaten in the rain,
praying beneath his breath.
Blistered feet even
softening the clay.

Eyes for Jerusalem

 lanterns unto his feet,
glancing at Peter
need ascertain his temperament.
Thinking of Mary—
of Mary and of praying.

Speaking but softly

 the stuff of his memory.
The Buddha's own cat then
wandering in twilight,
so sleek and so strange
so loathsome and reticent.

Spirit is Eastern in mind

 of all clearness,
careful in speech and
heedful of children.
Glancing at Peter
who swells is disheartened.

—Bruce Grelle

Folk Songs and Prayers

We must go our own way, and we must steadfastly carry on our regular work, and the less our reliance on the unexpected, the less the chance of our being caught unawares by any "historic turns" (Lenin, in *Where to Begin*, 1901).

Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter. (Revelation I:19)

I.

I saw continents moving.
Water between
the landforms
shifting changing the
slopes the
coasts
of the continents.

No towns nor
cities nor philosophers
today
from this view.
Only
Mountains in distance

Horizon.

Shifting waters
great seas
between
— say six continents
nearly the same white
sort of chalk.

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These continents are moments
moments moving—
dividing—continents.

With seas between
and beneath

(Rest

Continents surging wild in
water
in Distance Mountains,
Horizon.

II.

My tribe was begotten of the Land
adjoining the red seas and the
other.

Before the spring,
before the day or dominion.
The harvest reigned in its day.
And the night heard the songs
of the immigrants, who
descended by way of the North.
As tribes long ago.
As songs and an epoch.
Who brandished hardened gourd drums
throughout the dance of the feast.
“Daughters né geben
Moorish and golden brocade
come by way as an epoch.”

And eleven sons declare as many stones
for building,
And the journey to the other river
in spring.

-The Songs of My Sons-

"Go down. . .
the flood on our river.
Begone far another way."
Many deaths it does reap
as it breathes their breath.
". . .And cripples don daughters—
go back dé down. . .
Leave the wailing ones who
have lost their small children.
Leave the poor ones who weep
for mourn for their grain and
their cattle.
Lay long in your path. . .
the flood on our river. For
our loaves have rotted
and are wrong and wet and are spoiled."

III.

Movement
the Power
in every form
and inside

the play the light
the god.

that $\frac{1}{2}$ of the fuel that has been used
by man has been used in the last 100
years is something to think as Snyder
says the potential in all locales on
earth and nearly consumated in China
deforested by 1000 (AD India by 800
as entire forests in Yugoslavia were
fashioned into the Roman Fleet.

channels to *tatháta*
energy into heat.

IV.

a wooden cart took us to the sanctuary
in the city where many of their priests
were present and structures were of iron
and glass then when the sky was with us
and we gathered our tents and herds and
wandered through their streets melting
our gold into spirit but were discovered
anyway before our God could save us.

and she tasted like a human sharing with
us the warmth of her thighs but still
we sold our science to africa for dried
fruit and fresh meat and only three days
into the spring we heard that our science
had not failed but at the same time
learned that africa had fled.

V.

Time
in the center,
gone down with the water between the
cracks
in (the rock.
or
no—seeds that are dead rock.
Small stones and grains of sand, mistaken
for seeds.
Thusly deluded, and
undeniably, we have become more—
but as well more aware—
and attuned
to the collective karma of the ruling
classes.
Which means and of necessity, that
we grow less—
concerned with the victims of the

venomous worms of the capitalist conceit
 — with non-capitalists and
 (more difficult to see
 less concerned with our own true liberation
 from *samasara*.
 We have grown
 and more steadily always
 into concern for
 “My own karma” very narrowly conceived.
 (so this song)

Although not wholly oblivious
 to the class structure,
 we are and indeed are now more ensnared by
 a narcotic mode of being
 that we as a class
 as individuals
 each of us, choose
 (or would like to
 calling upon an internal and exclusive contract
 or — cite personal karmic involvement
 to that point.
 Thus searching frantic for some basis for
 our humble request
 for exemption from turning the
 wheel of the *dharma*.
 We mutilate the Bodhisattvas and
 we crush the vanguard.

Though we know truly,
 while at peace and resting,
 that Father Torres has explained the necessity
 that we not claim special vocation
 or exemption
 unless our revolutionary activity
 is known utterly to be
 in vicious and non-compromising conflict with
 the apostolate itself.

VI.

But that scarlet priest's Italian lute music
is near damned too sweet.

There are no pristine moments
nor commandments from God
no sacrifices

 the *akedha* no longer understood
no festivals nor rites of returning

on this day.

Women's songs are lost
song is marketed.

Words are now finally ashen.

Rotted Bone.

Even Pound could not have made
 Sordello new.

No pristine moments.

No proper bargain with time.

Guerilla prophets

reveal a just and efficacious theology.

Bidding for the masses:

“*fanshen* or counter-revolution
material or moral incentives”

But I have fear indeed that

the new brotherhood

the new church the new *sangha*

shall be subverted

accomodated to what we must here call

a residue of the dialectic.

O shall be smitten and

atrophy from within!

I see Roman Christs

at the borders.

VII.

Cantata in Memory of Camilo Torres,
Che Guevarra, Salvadore Allende, and
the Vision of their Peoples

In a shadow
thick
like bile
— cat-like sound and darkness
of hearts.
My stripes more infected and
painful
than ever before this
time.

This as it is,
mortal and sad, and
lacking righteousness,
still I can't say.
And I can't say, wisely,
and optimistically
(condescendingly
as a true martyr should, that
all things are
as they should be.

I can't see that
way, Now
on this day,
and
I can't see it at all.
Would indeed, be
a lie and a falsification of the affections
if I did.
No rejoinder is suitable
on this day.

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So rejoinder &
(disclaimer
omitted
and the entity thus incomplete, still
I the servant, wish good health,
and rightly,
and mightily so,
to the patriarchs of love
and the keepers of pain,
and, at the same time,
a sort of bliss and a sense of justice
to those of us who assemble here.

VIII. Chorus

They slide past
what is seen as to please.
Only,
solely,
to make do.
Supposing like that is truly to be?

IX. Scene I.

Crazy & daring this madman bets his soul line
on an ebb tide. Getting
restless with Phaedra,
left stupid and stoned.
Meeks his way out of it all the same
under false auspices siren
down plundered & lost.
Costs seven pieces of the daughter's gold thread
to the treasury to say
(precious and lovely but bits soft
for a metal).

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And after the labyrinth
he shook hands to the
village elders
to whom he is attached from this day
till a few spans hence on to here.
On to where
when whose very comrades
shall come singing
in sight of
and in time to the shrieks
of the screaming nigger children
who'll soon be wailing countless fold more,
slapped down and raped by the Junta-khans.
Comrades are singing
 "get a red papa-mommy
 up the farms
 hold a true Buddha baby
 make it last long (as you can)"

Scene II.

And it's only to say that outland
there lists an old troop wagon.
On to here from Guatemala & Chile holding
down the racks to hills raving starking crazy
at the Modjus. Who holding
vindictive trained clinics practice.
Shutting away the fleshes of the
women/men, solitary and blank-faced.
Who can't be embracing
nor working rightly & hep-free.

Scene III.

So in cities now
the windows at night
show lots of scratchy cinema shutters.
Through insect screens and the starvation
of swollen infants.

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Hack glare
Distorted audible dust and
yellow crysanthemum color light stream,
projection pockets.
And the fattened men sit on the side of the bed,
rounding slowly,
steady see. . . fleshy breast socket.
Maybe straighten their ways after that
fling in Angola,
twelve year old dolly gone from the bed.
Moon dice hat
breath copter
Lead on. . .!

X.

The names of the Buddha
are,
and as I am told,
were also
the names of many indeed,
themselves working at the meanings
of the Name.
Those same few who forever still hold
the changing-stones
and the sticks of the *Ching*.

Beckoning *T'ien*.
Beckoning ourselves and
The sages,

In the proper effort toward
gaining some semblance
of way and of principle (*li*).

Thus may we utter the Name
in the groves of yellow trees.

—Bruce Grelle

**A Man's Command Falsely
(With Commentary)**

The stains on these floors
are the same. . .
that our sensibilities
Cannot
make peace with, easily.

Amaze
and Disgust us.

They are blood life,
placenta,
scab-like. They are the center.
They bespeak Life.
They bespeak Breathing.
The stains betray centeredness
so give lie to our vision.

Breath now is like horn songs—
but crawls with deception and
mutes even further
some *thing* so long denied.

That even now,
the timbre of the voice
itself
can only make gestures—
only allude
to the time and the circle.

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That by which we know
is transformed and in absence
It is sculpted and hammered,
we no longer can love it.
It is forced and assumes
hard shapes and is changed.
It is hewn and smooth
planed
and is stripped.

Clean and well-fitting,
these stones must remain
inviolable and untouched by that
which can sustain itself.

The stains on these floors must be
smoothed and wiped over,
sanded back, and forced—
down,
and painted out by December.

—Bruce Grelle

Bruce Grelle lives with his wife in Indianapolis and majors in Religious Studies and Political Science in the university. For the poems in this issue, he is co-winner of the GENESIS prize for poetry.

Hands

J. C. Starker

J. C. Starker is a junior, majoring in English in the School of Liberal Arts. The story was written after Ms. Starker visited the old brick house in the Winter of 1976.

How she cried when we brought him in between us laid on the stretcher made of two sodden branches and a worn-out blanket. Chaney scratched his feet on the rug by the kitchen door before going in, scratched his feet while I stood at the other end of the stretcher on the porch. He stamped his feet while she cried and threw about her hands and let them fly in the air before settling on what we had brought to her out of the snow. Then Chaney tramped on into the next room, dragging me behind with wet feet and her hands smoothing down the hair on the old dog's back.

"There's a nice pup, Randy," she kept whispering. "There's a nice pup."

"He's in an awful bad way, Miz Turner," Chaney mumbled.

She became aware of us then, her hands moving against Chaney, flying toward him as shooing away flies, erasing his words from the air.

Chaney hunched his big shoulders and ducked his mouth into the collar of his coat as we laid the dog by the fire. He turned to me and shook his head and smacked his lips in the funny way he did when he couldn't deal with something in a straight manner. He watched her limp away to find blankets for the dog, watched her walk away while he smacked his lips.

"Come over closer to the fire and get warm, boy," he said gruffly from beneath his collar.

I stood uncertain, afraid that the sound of my breathing might stir something out of place. The large room with its threadbare gray carpet, its high ceiling, and its firelight shadows seemed to whisper for me to be silent. Everything in the room hung back in the night as though

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the old woman had pushed them aside for safekeeping. The thick oak dining-table had been shoved against a wall to make room for a stuffed divan in one corner and a narrow bed in the other. Two worn rockers were pulled out from the fire and a small shelf with books stacked tightly into it seemed to hug the far wall in fear of revealing what it held. The fire was muted, its soft glow falling on yellowed books and broken pieces of china piled high on the table. A heavy quilt, coming untacked at one corner, hung across the bay window I'd seen from outside. The smell of dust lay heavily on the air, seeming to wait for some lost burst of wind to free it. I felt as if I had been in the room before, as if I already knew the dust, as if I had shaken it loose from my wandering feet last summer and it had been waiting for me to come back for it.

"Come on over here, boy," Chaney said again.

"I got to wipe my feet," I told him and hurried out into the kitchen. I kept wiping until even the bits of snow stuck around the soles of my shoes had melted onto the frayed rug she'd laid out at the door. The linoleum in her big kitchen was wet with the snow I had left coming in and the naked light overhead swung on a cold breeze blowing through a cracked window. A gas stove, slanted with age, stood with a crippled refrigerator in the big room. Against the far wall a rectangular table covered with a faded-blue oilcloth lay empty, while high above me water-stained paper, yellow in its center and gray at its edges, peeled from the ceiling and fluttered helplessly. There was, in the movement of the paper, in the slow loosening of the paper from its source, the memory of hands, the aging of the old woman's hands. I turned my eyes down quickly to stare at my own hands, broad and rough, young without ever tasting the feeling of being young. Then I remembered how her hands fluttered and I could see hands once so young stretched out to bones with the passing of time, laid out until the flesh was stripped away. Suddenly I wanted to call Chaney out to the lonely kitchen and tell him what I knew of time and the wearing away of flesh and blood to what lay beneath it all. Yet I wanted to tell him something more than that. There was something important that I needed to say to him, that I'd meant to say to him while we carried the old dog back across the fields in the dying light—something that kept crossing my eyes to block out

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the two-story brick farmhouse with its kitchen light calling us. But the closer we'd come to the house, whatever had been in me was lost inside the thick walls where the old woman waited. The drops of water on the faded linoleum in the kitchen glistened like tears and I let go of wanting to tell Chaney what I was trying so hard to remember. I would remember tomorrow.

"Travis, you about ready to head on back?" Chaney called into me.

"Yeah, Chaney, I'm ready."

I want back to watch the old woman kneeling by the dog she'd covered with blankets smelling of moth balls. She glanced up at us and mumbled that if we'd wait a minute until Randy was dry she'd fix us a cup of coffee. Chaney looked over at me and I shook my head "no" for the old woman's eyes had already left us and were fixed somewhere between the dog and the fire.

"Well, we'll be getting back over home, Miz Turner," Chaney said. "I've left off my milking too long as 'tis. You need anything just call up."

She hesitated for a moment as though trying to remember what she might be needing, then her hands were busy again, rubbing the dog's head.

Chaney turned and went out toward the kitchen, motioning for me to come along. The rug seemed to hold me, making my feet heavy in leaving it, and the kitchen door when it shut behind me sounded like the whine of a young puppy. Chaney jumped in his truck and I climbed in beside him, hearing the door and listening for the wind whistling through the crack in the kitchen window.

"It's a sad business," Chaney muttered. "Sad all the way 'round." He looked over at me as if needing to make sure I'd heard. "I can remember," he started again, "way back in 1949 when the old man was living. I was a young boy like yourself then." The truck coughed to a start and we backed slowly out of the long drive onto the main road. I could feel something in Chaney wanting to talk about it, wanting the end to come to the story. I could feel his trying to hurry it so it wouldn't stay with him on cold winter evenings when he was warm and happy with his family down the road. He'd told me before, told all of it that he knew, but I listened as if I had never heard him say the words.

"She was on to forty-seven or thereabouts when the boy was born. The old man must have been near sixty. They never expected children to ever come, nor did anybody else expect it for them. They'd run the farm pretty good, just the two of them, with some help coming in now and then. Sometimes a boy like you would come along, just drifting past, and stop to help with the planting or harvest. Sometimes one of them would stay over the winter like you're doing, having no place else to hurry to."

He paused for breath, perhaps thinking about those other boys who'd owned nothing but the dust they carried when they came. I stared out the window, watching the flat farmland, whitened with snow, reach back toward the hills.

"So they were old when the baby came and tickled I can say for a fact. A prettier baby you never did see. All pink and fat with blue eyes like hers. In the summer evenings when we'd come by they'd both be out in the yard with that boy. It was something to see them two old people playing with that baby."

Chaney paused again remembering and I remembered too. I could see the farmhouse as it had been that first summer evening when I had walked down the road looking for work to tide me over my winter travels. I could see it sitting far off the road on a small rise, with almost an acre of tall trees between me and the front door. The grass had grown up in need of cutting, with flowers growing wild wherever a bit of sunshine sneaked through the leaves. The woman had been standing by the bay window with a hoe in her hands, looking off toward the back woods. The rippling of the grass had led me to her, almost hidden by the trees. That summer evening something had called to me, making me want to walk up the dirt lane to stand beside her and watch for whatever drew her thoughts to the woods. A feeling had been with me, whispering that I belonged beside her, that it was my place to be there, and I had known then that the house and the old woman belonged to dreams in my childhood, belonged to an emptiness which all the dust of the world had not been able to fill.

Chaney cleared his throat and eased through snow that had been blown across the road.

"It was closing in on winter," he said, "when the old man called us. The kind of winter that sneaks up in the Midwest, first coming in on sunshine, then blowing down

with rain, and then falling off to snow by night. Their boy, who was about five then, had wandered off a little before the rain had started, while the sun was still shining. They'd missed him when the rain came and had been looking around back in the woods by the hill. By the time we got over there they both were soaking wet and the snow had started. Seems he liked to play in the hills back of their place."

"You never found him, did you, Chaney?" I broke in, knowing but not knowing how I knew it so well even having heard it all before.

Chaney gripped the steering wheel and grunted.

"Strangest damn thing," he said. "We searched until daylight and it freezing out. The snow kept getting thicker until we couldn't see where we'd been and where we hadn't. That old dog was a pup then and we had him with us, but he couldn't do anything except yelp and whine and run around in circles by the creek bank like he was afraid of something. That woman kept saying, 'Randy'll find him. You'll see. Him and Randy was close as tacks to a floor.'"

I kept thinking I should tell him that I didn't want to hear anymore, that he'd told me the story last fall when we'd chopped wood for her, but I found myself asking him where the dog was when the boy had been lost. He glanced at me, perhaps remembering he had told me once, and then he went on.

"The old man had taken him into town for some reason. Anyways, they didn't get back until after the rain had started. If there was a trail, it was gone by then. The man and woman had followed the boy's tracks through the field until they hit the woods. Then there were dead leaves and the boy was light. We looked on and off all that week and the next, but it snowed for the first two days and froze up after that. Still, we kept searching down along the creek with that pup running here and there around us. That kept us thinking maybe the boy had fallen in and got drowned during the rain when the creek was up, some parts of it being pretty deep. Well, we never did find the boy and for a while some folks was even saying he was kidnapped. Them woods ain't all that big. Myself, I just can't figure out what happened. Then the old man took sick and died about a year later. I guess that was what set the old woman to sending the dog out every day to look for the boy. Been doing

that for fifteen years. Some say she's crazy. I ain't so sure."

He finished and cleared his throat of the story. His broad hands relaxed a little on the wheel and a sigh left his tired body. In the silence I could almost see her hands, the bones arched and stiff with time. Then I saw mine, pressing down on the handle of the door so hard that the knuckles were white. I was trying to sort in my mind the bones of the hands I saw, but something held me back, weaving on the edge of a memory that kept fading away from me.

"Chaney, I've got to go back there. Maybe I can help bury the dog when he's gone. Or something."

He didn't seem surprised, but slowed the truck to turn around.

"I'll take you," he said quietly. "It's a sad business."

We went back more quickly than we had come as though he sensed the urgency I felt to get back, as though he, too, knew of the wind that whistled through the window to plead with me to come back.

"Let me know, boy," he said when I got out of the truck at the foot of the lane, "let me know if something comes up that needs my looking after."

She was smaller standing in the kitchen doorway than she had looked earlier. She stared up at me without saying anything and I knew she was trying to remember who I was.

"I was just here a while ago with Chaney Wishmire, Ma'am. We brought Randy home."

The old dog whined from the fireplace when I said his name and she glanced back toward the room where he waited to die. She leaned toward me then, a small sway that pulled us together in the sparse kitchen.

"He's going to be just fine," she whispered. "You'll see. He just stayed gone too long this time. That's all. He's going to be just fine in the morning."

Her hand clutched at my tattered coat as she caught herself from stumbling in her rush to get back to him. I grabbed for her and her fingers wrapped around my wrist, holding onto my strength, pulling at the memory I had buried coming back across the field with Randy. I went in to the fire with her and knelt down. The dog turned his head to look at me with sad brown eyes starting to fade. I smoothed the blankets and rubbed his head.

"It's all right, boy," I told him. "I'm going to stay awhile."

He whimpered like a child and the whimpering kept telling me not to remember.

"Ma'am," I said softly. I said it three times before she turned to me with her far-away, questioning blue eyes. "Ma'am, I'm planning to stay on a few days if it's o.k. with you."

"Oh," she murmured. "Well, yes . . . I can't . . . I don't have . . ."

"I'm not planning on pay, Ma'am. Just some place to sleep for a few days if it's alright?"

She stood up slowly. "I'll make us some hot coffee, then," she said. "And I'll fix a bit of something soft for Randy to chew on. You think maybe he'd eat a bit. He ain't been eating right lately. That's all there is to this nonsense. If you could make him take . . ."

"I'll try, Mrs. Turner," I told her, thinking the old dog wouldn't want anything to eat again. While she was in the kitchen, I wandered around the room picking up pictures and pieces of old glass that seemed to reach out to me in the firelight. By the divan in the corner I found the picture of him, his blonde hair curled down around his ears, his blue eyes staring up at me from a past I felt as close to as my own. The light from the fire glittered for a second on those blue eyes and I felt as if the sweet curve on his silent lips were asking for silence in return.

"That's our Jamie," she said from across the room. "James Roy Turner." There was love in her words, so strong and alive that it flew across to me, wiping away the words which threatened to find us in the dark. "He's away just now, but he'll be coming home soon."

I set the picture back on the shelf and walked over to take the cup of hot coffee.

"He looks like you," I said.

She smiled and pushed back a few strands of gray hair escaping from the bun on the back of her head. The movement of her hand, the way it touched her hair, the skin stretched tight over bones, reminded me again that I had no right to remember the secrets of this house. I tried to get Randy to take a bite of the food she'd brought, and finally he pretended to, and I pretended he had, to please her. She grew easier with me, watching me try to feed him, and later we pulled two chairs close to the fire with him between us.

"We ain't had nobody around here for years," she said with a sigh. "The place is getting in pretty bad shape, but Ansel will get things moving when Jamie comes home."

Her words, spoken softly in the night, pulled together the going and coming of people.

"Maybe I could chop some wood and fix the window in the kitchen," I said.

She smiled. "Folks around here have helped us out considerable. But I guess a strong boy like you could do better than most."

She rocked in her chair, humming, and now and then leaning over to rub Randy's back through the blankets.

"You got folks that are going to be worrying?" she asked suddenly.

The warmth of the fire had settled into my skin and I was heavy with the room and the old woman's question, so heavy that I answered her sleepily, repeating the worn story which belonged to me.

"Never had real folks. Fact is, they found me on the doorstep of an orphanage up in Chicago. I was about five and all I had with me were the clothes I was wearing."

Her chair stopped its movement as she listened in the night and I felt foolish for having told her.

"It all happened a long time ago. It makes no difference," I added for the house to hear. The old house moaned in the wind and I could feel a chill so deeply set that the fire couldn't reach it through my skin.

"They just left you?" she whispered. "Didn't nobody see them or know who you were?"

I told myself that I should have left my story buried, should have kept time piled upon it until it was no longer there to be looked at and stared upon in horror.

"No, Ma'am. I was just left standing."

"Our Jamie will be about your age when he comes back," I heard her say as I put two logs on the fire. The flames gathered in the hearth, whispering within the house while the wind outside threw the snow against the kitchen door, locking us inside with no trace of footprints on the steps. The floors in the rooms above us, the rooms she had shut off, creaked as if small feet were skipping across them. I sat back down, feeling the steps inside my head as I closed my eyes, and then I was in shadows behind those eyes. I saw how the narrow stair in the room next to us

had been shadowed this late at night, and how I had carried a candle up the stairs, my five-year-old feet being careful to hit each step just right so that it would squeak loudly. At the top of the stair I had turned right and walked down the hall to my room overlooking the side fields stripped of their harvest. The moon had touched the tip of the big maple outside my window and I had told the moon secrets that Randy and I had discovered that day in the woods. I had told the moon about a small cave the spring floods had dug back inside the hill next to the creek, and I had described the big rock that lay right on top of my cave, hanging over the edge a ways so that no one would be able to see me if I tucked my small legs under and hunched over on my elbows, and then someone had called up the stairs . . .

“Jamie, it’s time for bed.”

I awoke to find her bending over me.

“I’ve made a place for you in the corner, son. We’ll air your room tomorrow.”

The house was in darkness except for the firelight. The room glowed its strange colors, coming to me in orange and red and gray shadows like dreams come on lonely nights to lonely people—dreams that seem so real that hands touch and are touched, that lives are lived and lost in the sigh of slumber.

“I’m tired,” I answered. “So tired.”

Then I was full awake and knew and didn’t want to know, didn’t want to remember the life lost outside my dreams. Everything in the house shouted for me not to remember. Randy felt it coming to me and whined pitifully by the fire.

“God,” I begged, “don’t let me say anything tonight. Only for tonight.”

The stuffed divan in the corner had been spread with soft blankets. I stumbled toward it and fell there exhausted with trying to keep silent. She bent over me and kissed my forehead while her hands smoothed the blankets against my tired body as they had smoothed the fur on Randy’s back. Sleep came to me in a rich blackness that had no memories or dreams or voices to cry out for silence in the night.

She was dead in the morning when I awoke, her long search ended. Randy lived for a moment to thank me with his sad eyes. Then there was nothing left for me to do but remember, for the wind had gone and so had those two who had kept me from the truth about myself. In the light of morning, without the fire and the shadows, I could let loose of my dreams. I was not the child stolen from its home and left abandoned. I was not the child who had been found and brought home at last.

I called Chaney and told him, but I couldn't explain why I hadn't said anything before and Chaney never asked. I had known the truth of the house and of myself by the way I had found Randy next to the creek, his front quarters buried in a hole that he had dug beneath a huge rock. I had known when I had seen his muzzle cupped in the bones of a child's fleshless hands—hands that had been caught and buried beneath the weight of a heavy rock caving in on their small owner—hands of one who had not had time to suffer or worry that he might be missed—hands that Randy had crawled back to to die—hands that would never write of loneliness—hands that held, for one of us, a time to come home.

Plath's Axes

Insane; they run from
the tongue, lemmings into
air, drowning in the distance
between us.

We all appear like players
in a charade without a message.
What do they escape, these
flocks of noise?

They grow in the throat
with the umbilical cord
of breath and how they swarm
when the larynx flits.

—David Glen Mick

In Memory of Wystan Hugh Auden

(d. 9/21/73)

Were you happy? Were you free?
Did you think your wings would never melt?
By the way, the Old Masters were wrong.
I wasn't eating or opening a window
when your heart burst. I was reading you
in maudlin sunlight. Today I sit
at my writing desk, wanting your words
to rise from the page, from the tender grave
you dug with your pen.

I am an admirer
though convinced your eye was cocked.
Eliot carved you into a fresh arrow
but you sprouted wings and flew away.
Now you have burrowed in like a flower
in reverse, far from the deserted airport
where the voices and signs
had died or blurred
because gravity collapsed.

Visit me this winter,
defenseless under the night.
Together we can touch
for the deaf, taste
for the dumb, smell
the sour irony of our art.
Stay with me
so you alone may understand.
And when they ask

you can say

"Who is your companion?"

"He is the unknown poet,
belligerent like a bomb."

—David Glen Mick

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)

Damned to act the day your mother died,
 your father dissolved. You sailed to England
 with the man of money and later wagered,
 from Ludlam's Whorf to Warwick, to swim
 six miles against the current—did you Eddie?
 Your poetry was mesmeric rhythm
 whispered from a distance you never escaped.
 Hired by Gentlemen, the mere editor warned,
 "By God, Poe, blunt your tongue, we have
 subscribers to satisfy." So you drank
 your demon (always less!) and cursed them all
 to hell. Yes, you and Kepler had it bad—
 geniuses of fantasy, you both evoked
 the universe, thirsting for recognition.
 But when the Gothic winds flitted
 the curtains in the room you screamed
 like a hyena, at your own obscure joke.
 You fooled them all, Poe; you coddled
 your fear while your readers yearned
 for sin. So when the bibleman
 inherited your heart he wrung your guts
 out. Soon everyone believed you loved
 the lord. No! That election day in the rain,
 the brandy swirling sugar in your blood,
 you were tripped into a Baltimore gutter
 and last seen with Reynolds, prying the lid
 of the South Pole.

—David Glen Mick

David Glen Mick, who has a background in philosophy and English, is presently a graduate student in Health Administration with interests in medical-hospital law and the origin and destiny of cats. For the poems in this issue, he is co-winner of the GENESIS prize for poetry.

The Fourfold Episodic Aion of Philosophy

David Frisby and Michael Drippé

In the episode of the 'flight of the gods',
Plato,
as a Prophet of Philosophy,
allegorically opens up an age
where the world is viewed
as the lighting up
of an occurrence
of an instantaneous present
that demands
that one dialectically transcend
the necessity of becoming,
and remember the manner
in which man,
as a good man,
knows himself as a soul
that is to bring to unhiddenness
a paradoxical dimension
of a non-same Deity,
through creating super-constructed ideals
which, as such,
allow mortals to get over on Fate,
and to tingle and throb with excitement and
adventure.

In the episode of the 'destruction of the earth',
Aristotle,
as a Physician of the Thing,
analogically places Being
as epochs
which transform
the self-showing presence

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of the now of duration,
and directs simple rational animals
to analyze
the absolute non-contradiction of nothing,
and learn
to project 'what-is'
into its beingness
as a body
that unfolds a tautological dimension
that negates the ontological/difference of Being,
and in-so-doing,
these evil rational animals
objectify and possess nature,
placing Freedom into a perspective
that drives them out beyond the usual and familiar.

In the episode of the 'standardization of man',
Nietzsche,
as the Prince of Metaphysics,
metaphorically rings an Aion
that eternally returns
the appearing-forth
of a momentuous future eon,
that instructs
that only supermen
can synthetically correspond
the infinite with possibility,
and teach the manner
in which man
can take and institute
the measure of truth about 'what-is',
uncovering a contradictory mind dimension
that annihilates
the identity of God
through fabricating a political rule
where the superman can look back upon his Destiny,
and thus, uproot himself from a tragic tradition.

In the episode of the 'pre-eminence of the mediocre',
Heidegger,

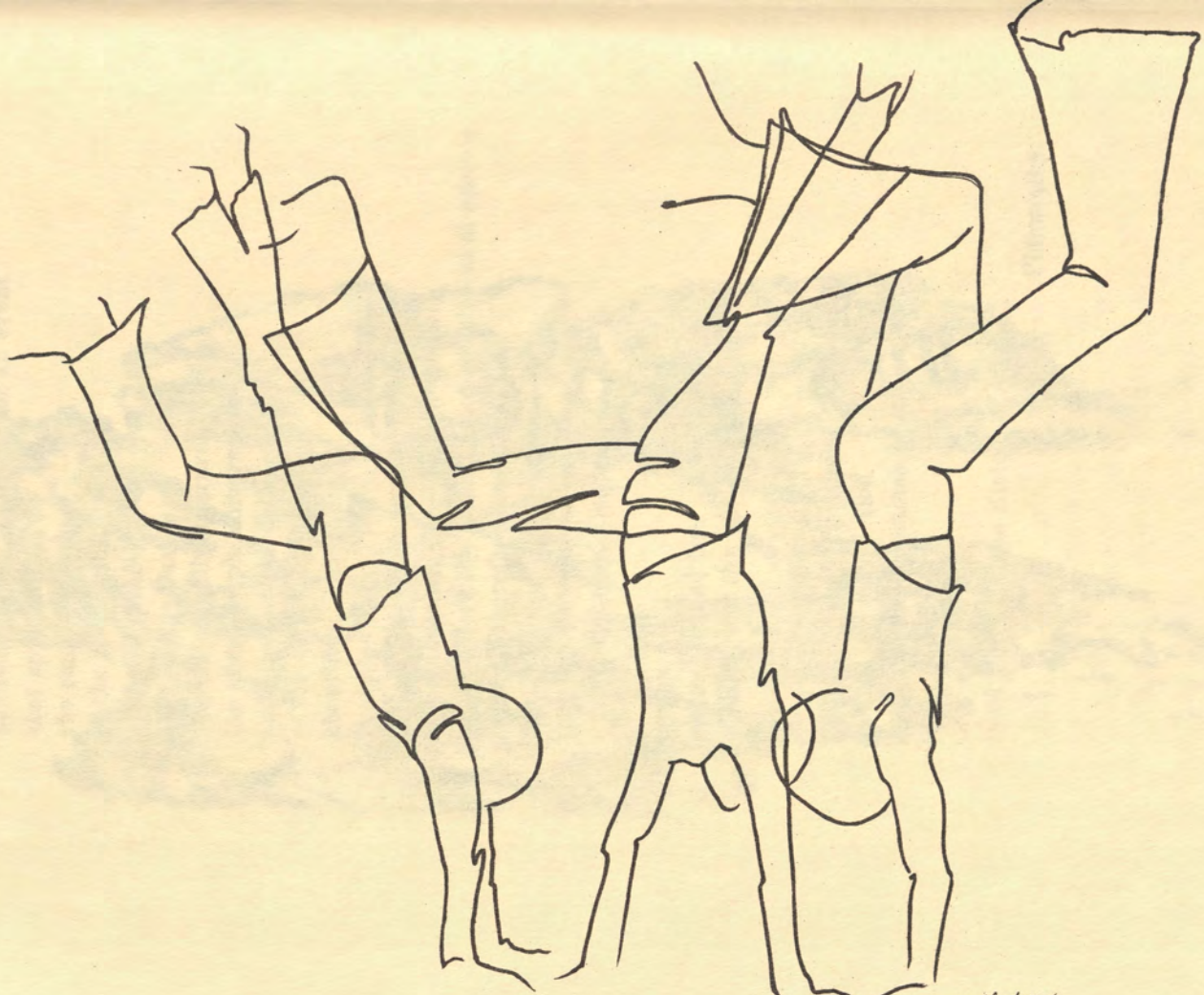
as a Poet of Thought,
 symbolically gathers together an event
 that appropriates
 the coming-out
 of the temporality
 of the happening of the past
 that invites Dasein
 to paratactically interpret
 the great simple universal mystery
 and question the delineation
 of the essence of truth
 about how 'what-is-not'
 mediates
 the circular dimension of the Holy
 that unconceals the spirit
 that masters the planning and calculation of culture,
 and that therefore emerges
 as a History
 that recovers human existence
 from anxiety and Desolation.

Philosophy,
 as the fourfold fate
 of the age of the world-view,
 things
 the epochs of Being
 with an episodic Freedom,
 so that the eon of Aion
 metaphysically destines Aion
 in an event
 that appropriates
 the Thought of the History of

Philosophy.



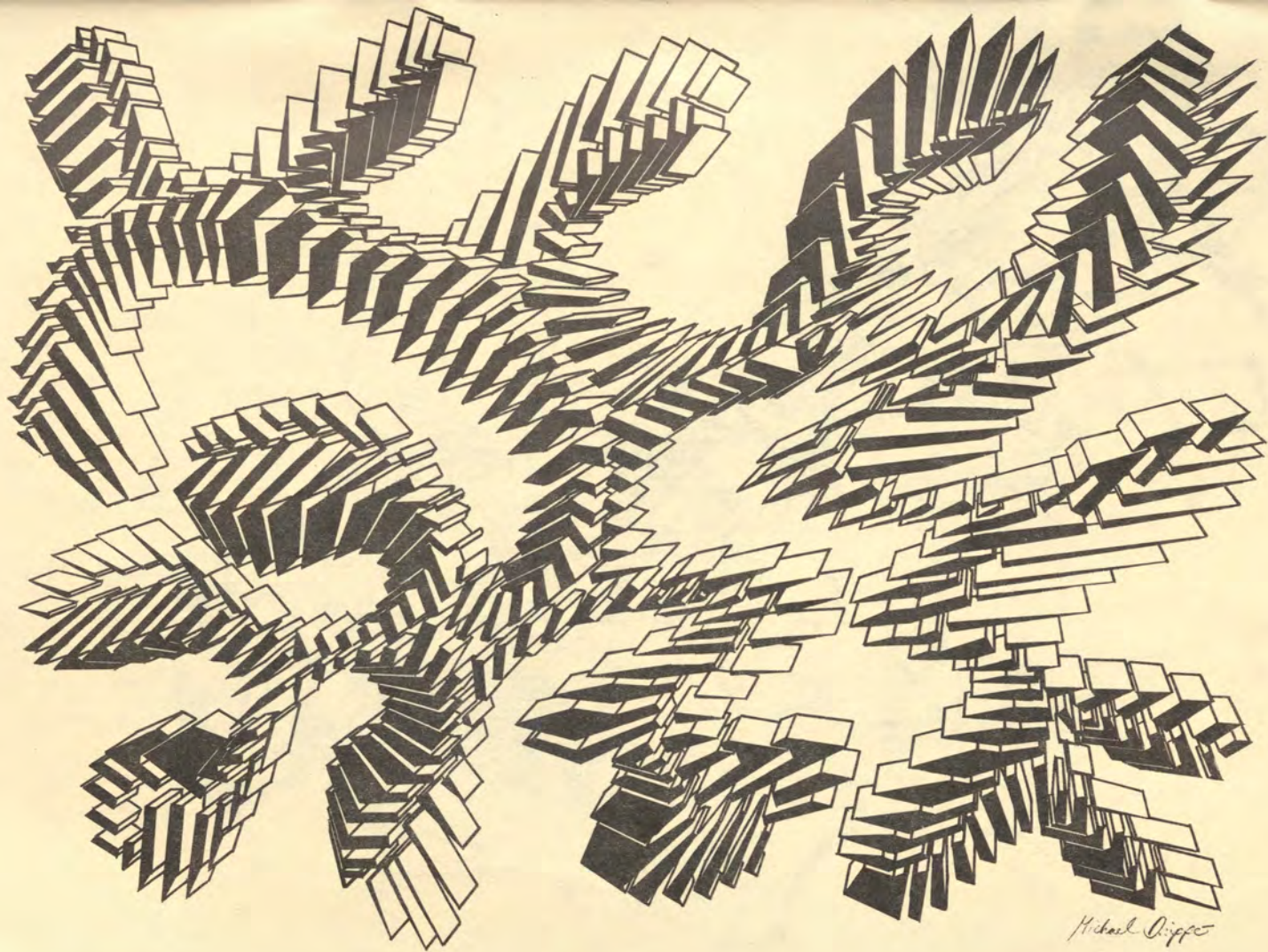
DANE STEELE
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Margellen Arthur



Michael Drapper



Michael Sipe

The Artists

Diane Johnson Steele is a second-year student at the Herron School of Art whose pursuits include drawing in various media, sculpture and casting, and writing poetry. For her work appearing in this issue, she is the winner of the GENESIS prize for art.

Maryellen Arthur is a junior at the Herron School of Art, is married, and is the mother of three children. In addition to a career in teaching, she would like to write and illustrate children's stories.

Michael Drippé studies painting at the Herron School of Art and philosophy in the School of Liberal Arts. He says he "was always interested in art and speculation," and he is the co-author of an essay which also appears in this issue.

The Gift

Val Christy

Val Christy is a B.A. in Philosophy from Indiana University. She now divides her time as mother to her young son, independent researcher in parapsychology, and substitute teacher.

"All I see is blue!" Anna happily exclaimed, as she made a full-circle twirl with her body. Except for the darkened blur of the earth beneath her feet everything her vision enveloped was blue, the sunlit blue of sky and sea. She wanted to capture the tranquillity high atop the mountain so she moved tenaciously to a flattened boulder nearby and turned her head and thoughts again toward the sky and the sea. The soft, cool blue surrounding her played gentle havoc with her head and allowed her thoughts to flow freely and easily. They were thoughts of Marty. She thought of seeing Marty and her mind danced with the anticipation of happiness.

Gabriel, Anna's five-year-old son, interrupted her reverie with a shout, "We're on the moon, Mom. Look!"

Anna laughed lightly as she turned to follow the direction of the tiny pointed finger. Yet she gasped when she had stepped up and over the stone ridge that had been blocking her view of the mountaintop until that moment. Huge, swollen craters spread majestically across a multi-colored landscape of reds and blues.

The mountaintop was a natural monument to the island's volcanic formation. Although this mountaintop was barren of plant and animal life, there was, nonetheless, a creative force present amid the remnants of its eruptions, a promise of life.

Spread majestically mile after mile across the flattened top in glorious deep hues of reds, dusts, and blues, the craters lay still high above the ocean. After millenia they were reminiscent of the primal creative urge that first formed the island, the mysterious creative force that came long before its creatures, for its creatures, a place con-

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secrated by nature to the mystery of creation, where man could come to ponder the beginning of things. This is Haleakala.

Anna knew something of the morphology of Haleakala Mountain. The island of Maui, part of the Hawaiian island group on which Haleakala is located, had once been two volcanic islands. With the passing of eras, the islands had risen and fallen from the ocean because of eruptions and the subsequent settling of the lava. A certain number of such sequels had eventually caused the lava overflow to form a peninsula joining the two islands into one. Haleakala Mountain is a massive volcanic peak at the center of the Eastern Hemisphere. So impressive is this peak that it has played a decisive role in the island's culture and history.

Once inside the pavillion, standing in front of a painting depicting the legendary formation of the island, Anna had a chance to reverberate part of the mythology of the island to the curious questions of her son.

"This is the demigod, Maui, snaring the sun's rays with his rope," Anna said as she read the inscription below the painting. The painting, by Paul Rockwood, was called "The House of the Sun". "House of the Sun" was the name given to the ten-thousand-foot Haleakala on which Maui was standing in the picture and on which Anna and Gabriel were now standing in actuality.

The legend had it, she remembered, that the demigod, Maui, angry with the gods for keeping his people in darkness, had made the arduous climb to the top of majestic Haleakala where, because of its great beauty and height, the sun liked to frequently go. Bursting with godly energy, Maui had snared the sun with his rope and would not allow it to leave that place until he was promised consistent sunlight. Once the promise was given he released the sun to the sky where it then began its apparent cycles of revolution up to the present day.

"Didn't the sun burn him, Mom?"

"No, because he was a god."

"Oh."

"Let's take a picture, Mom!" cried Gabe.

Taking film from her purse, she gasped because the plastic wrap that enclosed the film had inflated like a balloon. "Why is it doing this, Mom?"

"Because we're high up above the ocean and there isn't

as much air up here as there is down there. So, because there isn't as much air up here it can't push as hard on the package." Anna tried to demonstrate this by pushing down on the package with her hands and then slowly letting them rise up off of the wrap.

"The package pushes harder on the air then, isn't that right, Mom?"

"Yes, that's right, Gabe."

They took pictures of the painting and then went outside to take more pictures of the breathtaking craters. Gabriel's comparison had been good, she thought. The mountain's gigantic craters that spread sporadically for miles in front of them were earth-impressions of the moon's own surface. The huge cinder cones that sprouted out of the volcanic rooftop had given Anna an eerie feeling of being on the moon. Fear and wonder mingled here, high above the clouds on Haleakala.

Gabe and Anna jumped again into the small, rented car and began the final climb to the top. This last and highest stop on the mountain was the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory or rather, for the public, a stopping-place for information and for viewing nearby.

Anna moved toward the southern windows and again faced the blue ocean. Freed of her surroundings, her thoughts returned to Marty.

Marty was what the whole trip to Hawaii was all about. After her graduation, her parents had offered her and Gabriel a trip to wherever she wanted to go. It was taken for granted she would choose Europe. But Anna wasn't interested in Europe, and, although she was enjoying herself, she wasn't particularly interested in seeing Hawaii either. She was interested only in seeing Marty. Marty, Marty, how she had missed Marty.

The important thing that Marty had given her, Anna had surmised through the years of contemplation that their separation had allowed for, was, almost absurdly, hope. What seemed superfluous on the surface, Anna had time and again tried somehow to understand. It wasn't the sensible or rational kind of hope that one has of getting the right job, or of meeting the right person, or even the hope that one's life will be fulfilled. These important, yet lesser, hopes were included in this deeper meaning that Anna was aware of. This gift of innocence Marty had given her was

the hope that life could be trusted.

Although it was logically unprovable, Anna was convinced that this childlike quality Marty unconsciously exuded had brought her safely over her adolescence into her adulthood. Many times through the six long years of separation Anna had been thankful for this gift. She had understood, when despair had gripped her, the extent of that gift and the measure of the personality that had been able to bestow such a gift. Yet Marty had given the gift, not out of generosity, but as an extension of personality.

She had met Marty at a crucial time in her life. Society was revolutionizing its sexual and social mores while she herself was trying to form her own personal ethics. Situations and persons no longer fit her previously-learned categories. Marty handled situations that Anna felt she was floundering with.

Well, for example, the first time Anna had "turned on" Marty was there. Anna laughed lightly as she thought about it, but her first "high" had actually been terrifying. She remembered sitting there frozen with fear in some corner of the room. Marty had come over and begun a casual conversation, politely refusing to notice the obvious fact that Anna could barely speak. They had ended the evening at a popular nightclub on the other side of the city, and Anna to this day didn't know how they had arrived there. It was just one small adventure out of so many they had shared.

It seemed as if there were some unexplainable inner quality Marty had that Anna turned towards. This quality, whatever it was, could effect change in life. This was possible because of an open outlook towards life which made little allowance for illusions in any given circumstance. Life was seen with clear perception on its own terms, yet still with passion and abundant warmth. Marty was not a cynic but sought new paths because of a personal creative urge that wanted its own particular expression. This combined with a deep compassion for people that wanted to catch them up in this expression. From this point epimorphosis began. Marty effected change by looking at life, experiencing it, and then going off in a purely personal direction, while almost instinctively using this past-gathered knowledge.

The directions spanned the globe but, curiously, if

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Marty hadn't moved at all, the effect Marty had on people would have been as dynamic because of a rare quality Marty possessed. Marty could reach people's hearts.

While going in a direction, Marty gave direction both to people and the times, perhaps an era. In people this direction was really an epimorphic healing of the spirit, a new faith in life that enabled the individual to seek his own direction. With this regeneration came an irresistible hope in life.

It was not surprising that Marty had settled in the islands. Near Haleakala, the sun's own home, Marty would find a natural haven.

Perhaps, Anna thought, there really is a close spiritual tie binding us to the gods and where we find ourselves is not so coincidental after all. Maui, god of light, perhaps unknowingly to both of them, had called Marty's fiery spirit to his own, not to capture this spirit but to worship it as some lovers do in finding their own likeness in another.

Anna ran herself in mental circles trying to grasp at an understanding of this spirit only to come up with what she called "characteristics." Anna knew, after years of looking back on her experiences with Marty, of certain qualities that set Marty uniquely apart from others.

Anna knew, after giving cognizance to the intuitions gathered from those experiences and the revisitations with her mind afterwards, of a characteristic she thought central to Marty's personality. This quality, underlying Marty's other talents and making those other talents possible, was courage. It was strikingly profound to her because of its naturalness. It never stood out or apart from the rest of the person and seemed somehow truer than perhaps a more pompous or arrogant type.

Marty's spirit, like Maui's, she thought, unfolds life for the participation of life's creatures. Finally, trying to understand anyone was probably futile. Marty's spirit would remain a mystery.

A paradox occurred in her remembering Marty. One always ended in speaking of mystery but one never thought of Marty as mysterious. Clear, sharp, green eyes were direct. They did not penetrate but, rather, observed head on. Anna tried to form an image of Marty, blonde and suntanned, in the blue mountain sky. But Gabriel called Anna back to the everyday world, and, with a final look at

Haleakala, they began the final descent down the steep mountain road.

The two days until they were to meet Marty on the island of Hawaii passed swiftly. What with botanical gardens, old missionary homes, and seaside towns to see, they were easily distracted.

At last, however, they were coming into Hilo airport, on the biggest of the Hawaiian islands, Hawaii. Anna was absent-mindedly checking herself in a mirror, as she was apt to do when especially nervous, thinking aloud as she did so, as if to counterpoint her unsteady nerves. Within minutes they were standing in front of each other.

"Marty!". She grabbed Marty with such intensity that she found it difficult to let go. When she finally did let go she found herself staring impolitely long and hard. Then a conversation started between the two of them that was such a mixture of confusion and ease it defied every law of logic and reason. The heightened dialogue was some combination of English and primitive laughing noises. There was a general preclusion of any expression outside of the most fundamental and deeply-felt emotions. Somehow, Gabe was introduced and given all the usual compliments that mothers love to hear. Anna found herself being driven to a 'secluded apartment by the sea'.

"Wonderful," Anna shouted over-exuberantly. She couldn't contain her happiness and kept affectionately grabbing Marty, so that the car kept moving off the road. Marty would laugh then, the merry contagious laugh that made Anna laugh out loud.

The apartment was a nice size, filled to overflowing with art objects of every size and description. Painting, jewelry, blown-glass sculptures and goblets, handmade and hand-painted plates and ceramics, macramés, even beautifully hand-painted furniture, adorned the rooms.

"It's heaven," Anna murmured. Her body was flushed with excitement and she wanted to fall back on the couch and lose herself in her surroundings, but she had to put that notion aside because people began arriving and Anna knew from previous experience that it would be like this for the entire stay. There were always people in Marty's life.

The time past swiftly. They rose early and went to bed late. Marty had to go into town daily for a few hours to

work in the shop shared with a partner, Bill Stephenson. "A likable fellow, but not half of Marty's talent," Anna conceded with loving bias.

In reality, bias wasn't necessary in judging Marty's work. Real talent was obvious here, she knew. Much use of sun symbolism in paintings and ornamentation gave a wonderful sense of optimism and joy to the works. Subtler, but no less important, was the use of upward movement present in the sculptures and other art objects. There was a sense, then, of spirit being freed, although, because the objects were heavy and curved, rather than slim and straight, this upward surge toward freedom and light was visceral and intense, rather than swift and easy. It was the opposite impulse, she thought, of Giacometti, with the same end-result of freedom and release.

Anna wore bold, round silver earrings that Marty had made for her. They were not unduly large but had a sense of heaviness because of their width. Instead of the silver following the circumference of a circle to the ear lobe to look as though the circle completed itself through the ear, the silver looped upward just before meeting the ear with ever increasing thinness. The decreasing change in width and the upward change in direction gave a sense of release from the heaviness of the material while, paradoxically, offering an attractive contrast to the main circle of the earring.

With the passing of days, Anna found that the one thing lacking, in the otherwise perfect visit here, was the time she had alone with Marty. She hadn't really had a chance to tell Marty what she had been doing for the last six years of her life. The chance arrived one evening when a group of them were at the ocean and Marty suggested that the two of them go horseback-riding. As the better equestrian of the two, Marty rode in front of Anna. The front rider made a blazing shadow against the red Hawaiian sun. Anna followed, bedazzled by this glimmering of movement running near the sea.

They rested. Anna built a fire while Marty lay in the sand laughing about old times and people.

They talked about Gabriel, such an easy topic of conversation for Anna. She rambled through past events. Sometimes she rushed through thoughts, sometimes she slowed down, even pausing between words, as if to capture

fragments of his lost babyhood with her.

They talked endlessly. Marty had much to say about life in the islands. Then, as if reaching into a private part of herself that Anna thought could not be reached, Marty suggested her staying. Anna would love Hawaii with its open air and gentle breezes. Anna could look into graduate school here. And, of course, Anna and Gabe would stay with Marty.

Anna was numb with delight. It must have been what she had wanted to hear all along, although she hadn't allowed herself to say so. How perfect. Graduate school suddenly became something to look forward to rather than something to just laboriously tackle. Marty, as always, would be so helpful. It was decided. She would stay. Thereafter, a burden seemed to have fallen off Anna's shoulders. With Marty's direction, confusions seemed lost to order.

The ensuing weeks were filled with applications and interviews for school and with hunting down part-time jobs. Every free moment was spent at the ocean renewing and revitalizing herself.

One day Marty was looking through the house for the snorkels and fins they needed for the skin-diving they had planned with some friends, when Anna was struck by a thought. "I completely forgot about cancelling my return-reservations, Marty. I think I'll stay home this afternoon and do that. Since it involved a two-day stopover in Seattle to see a girlfriend of mine, I'll have to call her too. What with this being the tourist season, it'll take me a half-hour just to get through."

"Gee, I don't think it's necessary, Anna, but you do what you like."

Marty had worked hard all week and wanted the much-needed break. What about Gabe? Could he go along to the beach? Gabe wanted to go, but Anna insisted she would be too lonesome without him.

"You'll be back for a late dinner, right?"

"Right. They're here. I'm off."

Anna watched the car till it was out of sight before she turned away from the window.

She picked up the telephone and dialed the airport.

"I'm calling to confirm my reservations."

"Certainly, your name, Miss?"

After confirming reservations and ordering a taxi, Anna placed the receiver back on the hook and packed up the few things she had scattered through the house.

"Aren't we staying here, after all, Mother?" Gabe looked puzzled but sufficiently removed from adult intrigues to be bothered.

"No, angel." Anna was walking into Marty's bedroom looking for odds and ends she might have left lying around the apartment. She stopped and stood quietly before the bureau, half thinking, half feeling. She reached across the dresser to the picture in the hand-painted wooden frame. The picture wasn't very old, six months perhaps. She picked it up and held it and let the tears come. She loved these people. She wanted to stay but she knew it was time for her to choose her own directions. She returned the photograph to the table and left the room. The photograph was of Jim, Marty's husband.

"Dear Martha," she wrote, "will write and explain later. Give my love to Jim. Love always, Anna."

Marty was always more than generous. Anna always seemed to have some need of it. She hoped she no longer needed to do that. Marty had taught. Anna had learned. She had no regrets.

After all, what are best friends for?

Bloody Morning

There's star blood all over the grass.
Doves wail amid a ragged weave of
shadow light and limbs,
as morning, gloating, dances
across the steaming fields,
his feet sticky with crystalline gore.

—Brad Frost George

Milkweeds

The old girls
stand in close clusters,
on brittle reed legs.
Grey pod bodies rattle,
clicking gusts of gossip
woven with rustles.

No more sticky white milk
pulses through their reedy veins.
Their wombs left empty,
dusty little husks
gathered by perenial daughters
and left lacquered in a corner.

—Brad Frost George

Windbreak

Slate grey backdrop, lowering
behind a stark black shock
of gaunt perpendiculars
reticular tangents
a limb-shattered sky.
Gnarled fingers clutch; grip slips
wind spills through the web
down a rolling slope
to where the tinny river
slashes a sharp diagonal
across the ocher fields.

—Brad Frost George

Adolescence

I.

A fly trapped in a coke bottle
tormented by the green-tinged images
that strain through his sieve eyes.

II.

She's walking between
the, the screen and me.
I see her moving inside
Her green summer shift.
She and the light
leak through the screen,
pooling at my feet,
formless as a newspaper picture
held too close too long.

—Brad Frost George

Quick Red Bicycle

Robert Barker

Robert Barker, while stationed in Alaska with the Army, was writer, photographer, layout man, and sometime editor for the Base newspaper. Presently, he is a freshman studying for a degree in Mass Communication.

"You don't love me," she accused him.

"Come on now. This isn't fair."

"But you don't. You don't need me. I honestly believe that. You need me sometimes, but even *that* you could do with someone else."

"Look, no, forget it. It's too early for an argument. I'll be back later." He got up from the table, leaving her staring at him while she chewed a cold piece of bacon.

Outside the house he pushed up the heavy wooden garage door and wheeled out his ten-speed bicycle. As he guided it out to the road, the gears clicked in rhythm with the chrome wheels and sprockets turning, making a crisp echo in the sharp morning air. Another age, he imagined, and it would have been a snorting horse he led out to the road, the gear clicks replaced by horseshoe clops. And the teasing future, he speculated, who cares?

He set the kickstand down and wiped a patch of grease off the red frame. "Flamboyant Red" the bike dealer had called it. Before mounting, he snapped thin wire bracelets around his trouser cuffs to keep them from flapping around and catching in the saw-toothed sprockets. Behind him he heard the porch door creak open and he knew that she was watching him. Pretending not to have heard her, he mounted the hard seat, knocked the kickstand up with his heel and pedaled down the road.

The bicycle wobbled as he started out. He'd left the gears in tenth last time he'd rode and didn't have enough speed for stability. With the left gear lever pushed up halfway, the chain jiggled and slipped onto the small sprocket and into third gear.

It was easier now to pedal and he gripped the plastic

taped handlebars hard as he climbed the steep hill in front of his house. He hadn't slept well and the long strain exercised his wooden muscles and swept air into his cramped lungs.

Sweating lightly, he reached the top of the long hill and was on level road. Straightening his back, he sat upright and warmed his hands in his felt-lined jacket pockets. Riding daredevil style, he shifted his legs and shoulders back and forth to balance the lightweight bicycle.

A car passed him on the other side of the road and a small boy waved and laughed at him from the rear window. He watched a far-off group of migrating birds approach him, fly over in a pepper of slashing wings, drop down like darts to feed on the remains of a harvested cornfield and then fly off again, pushing closer to the equator.

Recovered from his uphill climb and eager for fast movement, he pulled his hands from the jacket pockets and began pedaling rapidly, pumping out enough speed to work the gears into tenth. The resistant wind scrambled through his hair and cupped his ears in a roar. Straining his body, he pushed himself past aching thigh muscles and stretched wings of his shoulders until hot blood thumped behind his eyes and physical tune had been reached.

After another mile he slowed and crossed the road to return to his house. Bowing his head in momentary exhaustion, he slipped the gear-shift lever to fifth and watched the chain jiggle back onto the smaller sprocket.

He relaxed and put his hands back in his jacket pockets. His heart gradually slowed its hard thumping. Thick rolls of hot breath pushed from his lungs and out of his nostrils. Sweat on his forehead cooled and felt stiff in his hair.

Back to his mind came her face and her words that morning. He didn't like her. It was true that what he did with her he could easily do with someone else. He couldn't help it if she wasn't special to him. There had been some who were. And to them, he hadn't been special. He hoped eventually it would work out.

A few hundred yards ahead was the top of the hill that ran down and past his house at the bottom. Pedaling towards the hill it looked like he would ride over the crest of a smooth asphalt wave.

Slowing down and stopping before going over the hill, he scanned both directions for cars. He didn't want anything interrupting his long ride down. From the top he could see her standing in his front yard, leaning against his mail box, her arms folded beneath her breasts.

Nothing was going to interfere with his downhill sprint. He began pedaling and shifted to tenth. Bending low over the handlebars, he felt cold wind blow down the back of his shirt. The force made him squint his eyes, while his jacket sleeves ruffled and flapped. The bicycle gears ticked fast and loud as a newly-spun roulette wheel.

She came into view larger and larger at the bottom of the hill. He thought it a depressing end to a good ride. Bending his torso lower over the bicycle frame to get the last out of his downhill shot, he blurred by her fast, a splash of red with silver chrome.

The Ridiculous Magician

"There are more things in Heaven
and earth than dreamt of in your philosophy"

Hamlet

A scholarly philosopher
Saw an oak tree leaf by leaf
But seeing each separate leaf
Did not bring him any relief.

"Yes, I want a leaf and a tree."
And looked about him thoughtfully
"Oh, ridiculous magician,
Please solve this leafy mystery."

The ridiculous magician—
He did something beyond belief;
He placed his wand upon the tree
And put the tree inside the leaf!

—Jack M. Dashiell

Sleeping Handsome

The moon has closed his eyes with her soft hand
Letting him see what his longings demand,
And what he sees is a lady undressed
With pallid skin, cool eyes, and glowing breast.

She kisses him upon a bed of comforts,
And plucks out his cares, and his thoughts transports
To shadowy regions and barren space
Where she ties them to stars with words of lace.

She tells him that he is her cup of gold—
A joy for her sensitive hands to hold,
And so she blankets him with illusion
That shall not bear the morning blast of sun.

So he sleeps without effort to wake
Unless Princess Charming comes to break
The sack of contentment around his head
That is just the bloodless flesh of the dead.

And so he sleeps. . . . O Princess come and kiss
Away the dullness of his empty bliss
And toss your ball of fire to scathe his eyes
And painfully waken him to those lies.

Enchanting him like some deceptive tune
That by distance seems the joy of the moon—
O Sleeping Handsome, you will discover
That pain is your most genuine lover!

—Jack M. Dashiell

The Empress of Ishad

Ishad lay in ruins, citizens lay dead—
Their bodies lay bleeding and burned,
Smoke rose from rubble, the treasures were gone,
To the smiling Empress I turned.

She wandered through this desolation;
A radiant smile was on her face.
How could she smile so beautifully
When slaughter lay in every place?

Was it a smile of lunacy?
No, her smile was pure as sunlight
Perfectly knowing and serene—
But how could she smile on this plight?

She knew something I did not know—
A knowledge past all suffering,
And because she ALONE could smile
I left Ishad rejoicing!

—Jack M. Dashiell

Jack M. Dashiell says

"I've always considered myself a great poet and a great egotist. Which is more true—the former or the latter—I cannot tell. But I'm not asking for any opinions 'because there's no use talking to some men.'"

Heidegger's What Is Philosophy?

David Frisby

David Frisby, who is the co-author of an essay which also appears in this issue, is working for double degrees, a B.A. in Philosophy and a B.S. in Psychology.

What is philosophy? THAT is the question asked at the beginning of the book, and as such, Martin Heidegger (H) shows the importance of the title of the book. The book is *as* a question. A question, *as* a question, asserts a request that commands the listener who hears to respond. An authentic response to the appeal of the Being of being, correspondingly attuned, accordingly, is precisely what H understands by "philosophy." This, as the answer to the question, is revealed in the movement of the book.

The movement of the book takes place with H's "step-back". H says of "step-back" in his essay, "The Thing," page 181:

The step-back takes up its residence
in a co-responding which
appealed to in the world's being by the world's being,
answers within itself, to that appeal.

In accordance with a re-letting-be of this quotation, I will attune to the movement of the book, and correspondingly re-view its 'answer.' The step-back takes up its residence, and we leap into the circle of 'philosophy' and place ourselves in the Greek World, in a co-responding which hears the logos of the word "philosophy" from the place of Heaclitus-through-Plato, and which, appealed to in the world's being, by the world's being, wondering about the mystery by playing on a path that leads to Nietzsche, answers within itself, to that appeal, and mediates-within-identity, pro-jecting Ereignis's losing-of-Nietzsche.

To elaborate: in asking what 'philosophy' is, H has us listen to the word itself, and we hear it from its origin, i.e.,

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the Greek World, and, more place-edly, from the transition of the adjective of the Heraclitean 'philosophos' to the noun of the Platonic 'philosophia'. We hear many things from this word, 'philosophy', and in our following of its Saga, its saying, we take a path that winds to Nietzsche, as we discourse with philosophers along the way as to 'philosophy' in each epoch.

With our placing in the Greek World, and our staying with the word 'philosophy', we gathered into a belonging-together the Being of the epochs of transformations of Being, through our whiling with the various philosophers along the way, discoursing with them the state-of-mind of their and our understanding, and cor-responding to the accordance of their attunement as to "philein to sophon", i.e., to the way they responded to the appeal of Being, i.e., to the way that Being had them 'wonder' (thaumazein) of the Being of being.

I will conclude this review, ending as does the movement, by showing the underlying theme revealed in the path the discussion takes with its leap into the circle of 'philosophy'.

The movement of the book is a stepping-back to the Greek World of before-and-up-to-Plato, that there lets the word 'philosophy' be; here following a path that leads to Nietzsche, which there loses Nietzsche. In taking this path, we 'place' a circle, the ringing of thaumazein (astonishment or wonder), and it is *the* circle which reveals itself in the movement of the path of the book as the underlying theme. As to thaumazein, H says on p. 85:

In thaumazein. . . . We step-back, as it were, from being, from the fact that it is as it is and not otherwise. And thaumazein is not used up in this retreating from the Being of being, but, as this retreating and self-restraining, it is at the same time forcibly drawn to and, as it were, held fast by that from which it retreats. Thus, thaumazein is disposition in which and for which the Being of being unfolds. Thaumazein is the tuning within which the Greek philosophers were granted the correspondence to the Being of being.

It will here re-view this quote, cor-respondingly attuning, accordingly: In thaumazein we step-back, as it

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were, from being, from the fact that it is as it is and not otherwise. We place ourselves in the real, historical, Greek World. And thaumazein is not used up in this retreating from the Being of being, but, as this retreating and self-restraining, it is at the same time forcibly drawn to and, as it were, held fast by that from which it retreats. We retreat to the Greek World, and restrain ourselves from hearing the word, 'philosophy,' from anywhere but its "Origin." Thus, thaumazein is disposition in which and for which the Being of being unfolds. The "en-echeia to telos" of this "origin" opens harmoniously (harmonia) (accordance) out of this 'place' of 'origin,' i.e., the sophon, Being of being, and unfolds the erotic orexis of Plato for Nietzsche. Thaumazein is the tuning within which the Greek philosophers were granted the correspondence to the Being of being. The circle is completed: the Aion of Heraclitus and Nietzsche: we wonder of the Aion of 'thaumazein': and we lose Nietzsche. The circle is the Aion within which 'philosophy' astonished the historical peoples to the wonderfulness of the mystery.

Unlettered

The postman ignored my house today
not knowing
i was here
waiting
for an envelope
to tell me
who i am.

The postman ignored my house today
inadvertently
emptied
out of envelope
i am here
wondering
if I am.

—Sandra Donahue Owen

Matthew, Mark, and Friends

Children do not avoid
the distance
between autonomy and dependency.

They move
from dogmatic assertions
to babbling-baby-talk
and back to dogma
without embarrassment.

Becoming a child
one learns that towering babel
is fundamentally a void.

—**Sandra Donahue Owen**

Sandra Donahue Owen is
a junior with a double
major in Philosophy and
Political Science, a
member of Accolade, and
Matthew's mother.

Change of Address

Donald E. Carver

Donald E. Carver is retired from the Army. He reports that, "since he cannot find a way to fade away, he has decided to apply his military skills and experience toward becoming a creative writer."

In April I had been reading a damage-assessment-report, when I recognized Kranzler's name and personalia. Now it is the last week in June, and every Wednesday for two months I have followed the same routine, leaving the Hochhaus each morning at ten-thirty sharp. My promotion to Station Chief freed me from compartmentalization and allowed me access to all of the station's operations, dossiers, and correspondence. Besides, my supervisor appreciated my personal involvement, since my knowledge of Kranzler went back nearly thirteen years. I gladly departed what I derisively called my "fountain of knowledge" for my postman's holiday.

The safety-island on Ginnheim Strausse was a good place from which to observe the herd of aphids crowded together at the traffic light: VWs, three-wheeled Messerschmidts, Fiat 500s, GoGomobiles, BMW Eisetts, all tended by three huge Mercedes-Benz ants. The public torture-chamber jerked to a stop as the flow of voltage was reduced to its shunt motors and the electro-magnetic brakes hit the rails. Humanity, entwined like worms in a can, filled the car from end to end. I have considered writing to the Minister of Transportation to suggest the fare be raised by five Pfennig. This sum would cover the cost of spraying each passenger with a thin coat of petroleum jelly. Think of the smiles on the faces of the commuters when they arrived at their shops and offices each day. This day I was trying to think of anything distracting, if only temporarily, in order to relieve my anxiety about what could happen. Of course, at that time of day, the cars were not packed. I was only recalling the morning and evening rush.

The ride to the Haupt Bahnhof is only fifteen minutes. Even in winter I ride the empty rear platform, where I can smoke and observe to the left, right, and to the rear. I intentionally eavesdropped on a pair of Halbstarkers, wondering if the word "Sputnik" would be spoken. It was. The car cleared, and I lagged behind until everyone was ahead, then took a fast round robin through the Bahnhof before covering the eight blocks to Kranzler's. Concussion damage from the war-time bombing was still evident, and hundreds of panes of glass had not yet been replaced in the multi-arched canopy which covered the block-square passenger platforms. The canopy always reminded me of an old sequin dress, with most of the sequins having long since fallen away. I had three-quarters of an hour to kill before conducting business. Time enough for a leisurely window-shopping tour up Kaiser Strasse to the Haupt Wache. Herr Kranzler opened his "Kranzler's am Haupt Wacht" (which featured afternoon chamber music) seven years ago. He was a former Wehrmacht quartermaster officer and in December, 1944, was caught up in the wild German retreat from the "Bulge." His serial of three food-laden trucks was hit with two high-explosive "Tickets to Heaven" and he managed to be the sole, but unconscious, survivor. Twenty minutes later, a squad of American infantrymen, of which I was a member, captured him. He claimed he was the only soldier in history to be put out of action by a flying dried herring. In April, when we exchanged "bona fides" and I introduced myself, he had not recognized me. It is amazing what a bath, civilian clothes, and time will do.

Kranzler and his cafe-restaurant had served as one of our accommodation addresses for over four years, but in March he had become suspect. Evidence of tampering was found on two of the envelopes out of the five received. Technical assistance had been requested from the labs, and they had provided us with two secure envelopes which were inserted so as to permit handling by the postman only. If any attempt to open them was made, evidence of the attempt would be visible to a technician.

I still go to Kranzler's occasionally, especially in the spring and summer, when the sidewalk tables are set up. These days, by ten o'clock on sunny mornings, the tables are completely filled and one must wait. Very beautiful and expensive call-girls, along with their pimps, fill the place.

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The crowd seems to have been welcomed by the management to fill a slack period. Frau Kranzler has become an excellent business woman since the death of her husband.

Ebony Warrior

Black satin skin glistening with the sweat of your labors
Furrowed brow dripping jewels sparkled by the sun
Your body is lean with the suppleness of youth,
Heart beating cadence to a drum only you hear.
Legs surge with sinewy power as you run the race of life
Eyes gleam, nostrils flare as you sense the nearness of
your adversary
Your javelin's thrust is straight and true to its intended
target
Triumphant, victory is yours!
Yet respect is paid to the vanquished one struggling in
the throes of death
Heritage of your tribal ancestors has prepared you for this
jungle.

But what of that other jungle?
The one your forebears never knew
Adversaries of the mind are to be grappled with here
Trusted weapons wielded with skill now lie useless near
feet once so fleet.

Tense fingers clench in anger
Fury rages in your breast at the injustices assailing you
For the tempo of this drum eludes your understanding.

What knowledge is required to prepare for this awesome
battle?
Searching has made you weary, vulnerable to the enemy
Once-proud shoulders droop in humble submission to
misunderstanding.

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Ebony warrior, defeat is near.
Now you are hunted and to be vanquished.
No respect is shown the proud dying.

In the dark abyss you lie, a hand reaches out in comfort
to your tormented soul
At last the answer to the quandary understood even in
ancient times
T'is the priceless gift of friendship
Always bridging the mountains, valleys, and yes, even the
jungles of life.

—Shirley Simmons

Shirley Simmons is the
mother of four
daughters, a nurse in In-
tensive Care at Wishard
Hospital, and a senior in
the School of Nursing.

Isis

Isis
Woman of body
 made of silver
She stands
The bright blue white light
Of the darkness
Reflecting coolly
 off her metallic skin
Smooth curves make up her form
A form created by a loving craftsman
 taking infinite time
 to fashion her
 in
 my
 mind.

Silent she stands
Feet together
Arms to her side
Her body naked
In the night
So cold her nipples
Are pointed
 at me.
As if in fever clarity
 I see each pore
 The Skin
 Imagined so supple
 Yet looking
 So hard.
Climbing from the toes
Perched on nothing
My eyes search
 every inch and fold
Ankles
Thighs
Hips and Abdomen
Arms
Breasts,
 wide and full
Shoulders
All so smooth and round
Her hair falls in a cascade
 of zinc strands
 about her face.
Closed lips—the hint of a
 self-conscious
 sure
 smile
And eyes open
 watching.
The white sclera
 contrasts
 explosively
 with the metallic face—
 like porcelain

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with fine red veins . . .
And floating motionless
are the ice blue irises
each radiating line
distinct
The black pupil
A hole to let the outside
in
beckons . . .
The lips part
for a second I glimpse
alabaster teeth
and a red tongue.
Slowly, softly
She begins to walk
Supple
Each movement
Like moving water
The muscles ripple
One foot in front of the . . .
Oh!
I'm receding
Reaching out I shout
Silently
Faster and faster
She shrinks
Raising her arm
in salutation
She becomes a star and then is gone.

—Michael Wenzler

Michael Wenzler is a
third-year medical stu-
dent whose work
"provides plenty of
energy for the creation
of fantasy worlds."

Transmural

Close up slowly,
opened
arriving in a hint rustling of faint
leaves,
red
between resting eyelids and glaring sun,
I sift away.
I murmur, I haze, I clear,
I open slowly,
closed up to an abyss of motion
within realms of a breath,
a breath in the sphere of blood;
life unseen, unheard
soars to an instant, a view, a sound.
Touches of drifting potentials
are reaching a pinnacle in
my breasts.
I fold, unfolding
a moment.

—Lee Sredzinski

The Troupe

Twenty-three raindrops spatter,
the windowsill their balcony;
true Gentlemen of the Opera,
they applaud the passing of their days;
the scene below
slapped with city lights
that shine but memories,
neon realities.

Twenty-three Gentlemen
trickle from their seats,
and cry for the fringes of their dreams;
tears together,
but alone.

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Separation is an usher of time,
but not a ceiling for hope.

Twenty-three rainspots,
fine Gentlemen of the Opera,
await the linings of their loves.
The sky above
grays patiently.
The curtain is
soon to rise.

—Lee Sredzinski

The Chase of the Migrants

a slowly
waving bird-
peppered gray
shifts across
the morning,
trailed by
a few lone
pepper specks
struggling quietly
to catch the
flow (infant
sneezes chasing
cold breaths
of
dawn
)
.

—Lee Sredzinski

Lee Sredzinski is a
medical student who, he
says, "would rather be
soaking up moonbeams in
the North Woods."

Nocturne's End

Semi-conscious waver of awareness

to . . .

And fro, lingering fro

a fluid spirit

neither here nor there,

I bask in ripening August dawn—

A languid ebb

and flow of light-soluble dust,

rose-iridescent flecks in amber eddies.

Too soon the amniotic dust is dry,

Precipitated fallout:

Ashes,

Swept into corners by

Tidy, wire-bound thoughts

Of how to stuff my life's ambitions

Into the sleeve of one awaiting day.

How much will fit?

Restlessness is wedging in between

My covers

prodding and pinching;

Breath by breath each muscle twitches,

Tension peaking finally . . .

the siren's scream.

I bolt out when sun-charged tapers,

Unsheathed

thrust into my privacy,

And naked

flee the torn nocturnal womb!

—Nancy Thienes Hammer

Nancy Thienes Hammer is an adult non-major in the university who is concentrating on liberal studies while pursuing creative writing and a nursing career.

