

fall '80'



genesis

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## Invitation to Artists

The Spring 1980 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.

## Invitation 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.

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**“Just Greek”**

Our limits,  
    arrangement fulfillments  
        compensations & necessity

Everything; is  
    more than it is  
        just perceived?

is unnecessarily  
    lacking in some,  
        Significant Respects?

most nearly ethos the  
    fact of eros and thanatos  
        child of pathos and our father

of reality  
    working with  
        ultimately hoping  
            for meaning

— J. A. Echerd

Looking for the stars,  
I fail to see the daisies  
Blooming at my feet.

— Elaine A. Childs



—Ed Norman

## Fast Food

Laura A. Burris

His nappy black head lies on long dark brown arms on the table; he is fast asleep. He wears faded dingy gray pants and a dull plaid shirt rolled up at the sleeves. He would have been the drunk lying in the gutter had he not made it into the brightly colored busy clean fast food place. He makes the restaurant look bad, but he may have no other place to go. Park bench sitters, wanderers and vagabonds have their own style—his gray trousers and faded plaid shirt conform; he also wears the thin-soled, dull, smooth-leathered, finely-stitched, slightly-pointed-toed, laced-up black shoes and thin black belt—they usually wear hats of straw or old felt shadowing their tired, sad faces.

A young man with a twisted mouth and ugly pale face decorated with greasy, shaggy, light brown hair wearing a sweaty white too-small T-shirt and baggy worn pants circles halfway around his table. He is unsure of how to approach the sleeper. As he comes within touching distance, he pokes the sleeper with the back of his hand and blurts, "C'mon—out the door," and quickly passes by, out of reach. From the safe distance, out from under the uncut hair and over his plump shoulder, he watches.

Bleary eyes, bloodshot, look out of the limp face as it raises up disoriented. He doesn't know what woke him and for a moment doesn't know where he is.

The orange and blue and yellow one unit molded mass-marketed furniture and plastic plants and shiny mirrors and variegated indoor-outdoor carpet interspersed with shiny tiles surround his grayness, and the laminated containers saying "PUSH" into which he puts nothing mock him as he walks—now holding a crumpled, limp, soggy-looking paper bag and wearing the straw hat—out the shiny fake-wood-trimmed door marked "PULL."

## Reflection

### Faith F. Vahle

**FAITH F. VAHLE**, an adult non-degree student, considers herself a "late bloomer." Her new endeavors as a writer are currently being nurtured by the classes of Dr. Mary Louise Rea and by a supportive family, which includes a hard-working husband, three musical children, an artistic mother, a free-spirit sister, and a "Fairy God-mother"—cousin named Hilda.

Toni Murdock sat on the cement bench, already warmed from the October sun, smoothed the hair away from her paling face and tilted her chin toward the warming rays. She adjusted the tan chino skirt so that it covered her knees and relaxed in the familiarity of the park and its occupants. Three old men sat on another bench and talked, their hands folded primly in their loosely-trouserred laps. A middle-aged woman, the weight of a winter coat pulling her shoulders downward, waited for a bus. Young men in business suits, their cheeks still smooth from their morning shaves, laughed easily and softly, and smoked cigarettes as they strolled slowly across the park.

In the middle of the small park, a young mother sat on the rim of a fountain, staring into some private space, while her small children ran around the fountain's circumference. Beyond them was an old woman, burdened by a flowered satchel, surrounded by the cooing and warbling of pigeons. As the woman scuffed along, she scattered bits of bread into an arc before her dark, felt-slipped feet.

Toni closed her eyes for a moment, letting the warmth of the sun soak into her skin, but still seeing the scene before her: the old woman, wisps of white hair heaped in a froth about her head, enveloped in a shroud of black wool, surrounded by pigeons skipping and darting about her like bits of fawn and grey flotsam.

A cloud covered the sun. Toni pulled her coat closer around her neck against the sudden chill. Then she gathered her library books into her arms, sighed, and sat one moment longer, enjoying the comfortable scene before her. One old man was smoothing out a tattered checker board between himself and one of his companions; the

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middle-aged woman had disappeared; the young men and the young mother with her brood had moved almost out of sight; and the old woman had crumpled her empty sack of bread crumbs and was returning it to the flowered satchel.

Tony focused on the old woman who shuffled toward a bench and sat down and then began searching through her satchel, drawing out odd bits of paper and marking them obsessively before stuffing them back into her bag. The old woman glanced up and met Toni's stare, so Toni gave her a friendly smile. The woman made an obvious turn of her head away from the gesture, and Toni felt a slight flush of annoyance, but then dismissed the woman's apparent rudeness.

Toni left the park bench and walked back across the street toward the library and to the lot behind it in which she was parked. She slipped her car into gear and adjusted the books on the seat beside her, placing the book she would read first on top of the stack.

Now that the youngest of her three children was in half-day kindergarten, her weekly trip to the library, and the resulting booty, were her own, private escapes from the frantic and seemingly constant demands of her family. From her first week of partial freedom she had been instinctively drawn to the familiar downtown building, its smell just the same as in her childhood—a mixture of paper and leather, both new and musty, and wood, and ink, and the lingering scent of a thousand people. Its feel and sound were almost the same, but now her feet made soft taps upon the wide marble steps, where they once made the clatter of patent-leather Mary Jane's, and now she merely trailed her fingers along the cool brass bannisters, but could remember the bite of cold metal along the length of her arm when she had been young and had longed to be brave enough to fling her whole body across the double bannisters and slide, belly down, to the bottom of the steps.

Minerva Worth moved slowly, carefully, from her dressing table to her little closet. Although she always chose the same coat for her trips to the park just a few blocks away, she always considered her choice carefully. This one—it looks so much nicer, but then it will just get soiled—this one—I'm afraid I'll get a chill, and it has no pockets, anyway—and she would carefully place the old,



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black wool carefully on the bed, pulling a loose thread here, flicking off a bit of lint there, staring at the large, ugly, old friend before her.

She looked in the mirror, sighed, and poked at her unruly white hair, and smoothed her pink and white dress along the shoulders. She opened the deep middle drawer below the fine, oak frame of the mirror and took out her pen and some scraps of paper and a little notepad. On the scraps of paper were ideas for the poems she wrote, and when the jottings on her little scraps of paper blossomed into a poem, she would write it neatly into her notebook. She slipped her feet into sturdy, felt slippers and put on her coat and placed the pen and the papers into a lightweight satchel.

In the next room she could hear her great-grandbaby cry and her granddaughter's voice call out to her above the whirr of the washing machine. She walked slowly out into the hallway, and Tippy, the family dog, startled her as he scittered by. Becky, her granddaughter, had a frisky toddler by the hand and was pulling off his shirt to add to the next load of laundry.

"I've put some bread crumbs in a sack for you, Grandma. Are you sure you don't want us to go with you? I think the weather is warm enough now for the baby, don't you?"

"Now, you just don't go worrying about me, child. When I can't manage by myself, I'll notify the undertaker!" She softened her tone slightly. "I love you and the babies, but I need my little walks alone."

"I know, Grandma; I understand. You'll be home for lunch, right? I'll make creamed tuna."

Minerva looked at her granddaughter. Reed-thin, pale, often bone-tired, but full of the hope and love of youth. Minerva was grateful that she understood.

The young mother went into the baby's room, and by the time Minerva was standing on the porch, turning to pull the door closed, she could see Becky stooping over to turn on the small television, the baby and his bottle in one arm and the little tow-headed two-year-old at her feet trying to catch the dog's tail.

Toni became obsessed with thoughts of the lonely, old woman at the park. She had never seen her smile, had

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never even seen her talk to anyone. For all she knew, she could be one of those "shopping-bag" ladies she had once read about who lived in the parks and on the streets, wearing all of their clothes at once and carrying all they possessed in their shopping bags.

Winter soon shrouded the park in tones of white and then grey, and Toni spent most of her free mornings among the stacks, seldom even glancing at the park as she pushed her way through the biting cold to get to her car. Still, she thought of the old woman.

At last, the weather turned balmy and crocuses winked through the young grass around the trees. The city placed groups of crimson tulips and golden daffodils around the fountain. Toni looked forward each week to her moments in the park. And each week, without intending to do so, Toni searched for signs of the old woman. Each week that she found her, she felt some inner triumph, as if each link in an invisible chain had been connected. She sometimes tried smiling at her, but was always pointedly ignored. Once she moved to the old woman's side of the fountain, hoping to start a conversation, but the moment she sat down the old woman shrieked at her. "I'm sorry, young lady, but I always sit there. It's the only bench not facing the sun. I don't like to face the sun!" Toni had stood up quickly, obviously flustered, and the woman had continued to stare at her defiantly, like an old dog defending its territory.

Toni finally gave up trying to communicate with the old woman, but she felt frustrated, and even angry. Here she was, finally alone for a short while each week, and she had to stumble upon this destitute old woman whose presence clamoured at her conscience, making her feel guilty for the good life she escaped each week.

The sun is getting uncomfortably hot at times, for it is June and this is Toni's last visit to the park before the school term ends. The old woman looks at Toni now, but seems to stare years beyond her, and Toni takes this as a sign that they are two beings who could never share a common ground, and Toni resigns herself; the old woman, whatever dark and desolate life she leads, is someone she does not have enough heart to understand, even though she knows, Lord knows, she tried.



— Gerard Boulais

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### Jasmine

Jasmine . . . . you were just a seed . . . . tiny  
trapped within my being.

When fed by nutrients and love, you began  
to grow. An embryo.

Then like a tiny flower, in a struggle to  
break free of the soil, and grasp that  
First ray of sunlight, you burgeoned  
from my being.

Now, Jasmine, spread your petals and grow . . . .  
. . . . And grow beyond the beauty of your name . . . .  
And pollinate the hearts of this dying  
earth as you have done my heart.

—Patricia A. Strode

### The Richest Woman in the World

When I look at the woman that I am today . . . .  
I find myself reminiscing . . . back to when I  
Was a girl and played the games of ghetto children.

I would dream of what I would be when I grew  
up, and what God would make me.  
Oh! I'd say, when I grow up, I am going to be a nurse . . .  
A stewardess . . . or maybe a model.  
No! I am going to be the richest woman in the world.

So . . . with my future as the canvas, each day as a  
palette and every new experience a color,  
The Divine Artist, God Almighty, began to paint  
for me my dream . . . The masterpiece that I would call  
"me."

With delicate strokes He would paint my emotions.  
With bold ones He'd paint my pride.  
His highlighters He used to give me knowledge . . .  
His contours to give me love.

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He painted me a father with a golden heart,  
and a mother with the will of iron.  
He painted me blue days . . . He painted me  
red days . . . He painted me days of rainbows.  
He painted me a lover, a fox, (He did paint)

Who took from me my soul . . . and he took from  
me my love. He fed me on candied dreams,  
Gave me a beautiful woman child, and then  
He took from me . . . himself.

And when I asked my Creator, Oh Lord! Why  
did you paint me this?  
He just said, "This is just another color into  
the masterpiece, and I am yet undone."

So with His final touches, He painted me wisdom,  
outlined me in emotion and courage, stood me  
Before the mirror of my eye, and said "Look, this  
is what I have created, tell me what you are."

I am slender . . . I am sleek . . . Honey scented, mahogany  
dipped.

I am young and I am old, ancestress and forthcoming.  
I can be love . . . or I can be hate. I am the day's sun  
and the night's moon, and in my heart I hold the  
universe.

I am mother, I am sister, I am daughter, and with all of  
these things that I am . . .

I am the "richest woman in the world."

—Patricia A. Strode

in the dark  
is my touch the same  
as every other touch you touch?  
is every other same the same  
as every touch without a name?

—Elaine A. Childs

**PATRICIA ANN STRODE.** I am 25 years old and the mother of two girls. I have a great passion for life and spiritual freedom. My major, for the time being, is undecided; however, I would like to pursue a field that would allow me to make a dynamic, positive contribution to the attitudes of the Black Community. My philosophy: There is sunshine in every soul and the ability in each of us to find it.

## Out of Time and Place

Elaine A. Childs

**ELAINE CHILDS** is a junior with a double major in Religious Studies and Psychology. Her poetry and short fiction have appeared previously in *Genesis*

Martin Carroll, attorney, of Atlanta, Georgia, moved restlessly across the damp grass, hands jammed in his pockets. He had come to this retreat in the mountains of western North Carolina to rest, to sort, to put back together as best he could the pieces of his broken life. He had wanted to reach out and touch God and to be touched, affirmed, healed. Instead, he had spent the last three days listening to the problems of others. Not that he minded giving of his time; he was happy to listen and to help whenever he could. But now, right now, he felt scattered, tired, and very alone.

The fullness of the moon and its smiling face seemed to mock him and to spotlight his solitary figure. Martin felt like crying out — where was God anyway? He could never remember a time when he had felt so disconnected from God and from his very self.

He stopped for a moment and filled himself with fresh, night air. He spotted a nearby tree stump and sat down, stretching his long, blue-jeaned legs out in front of him. He closed his eyes and sighed deeply. Faces of people he had met during the week floated through his consciousness, one after another. One face remained with him longer than the others.

He closed his eyes again; yet, her face was now very clear — gentle, kind, but yet aloof, unassuming, at peace. Though she said very little at the sessions in the retreat, he had felt curiously drawn to her from the beginning. Martin knew this was the person he must find and that somehow, he wasn't sure how, she would be able to help him.

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Martin found her where it had seemed natural for him to look — by the lake. There was a life-giving quality about her that he had associated with water. He watched her for a moment as she sat on the pier, silhouetted in the moonlight, gazing across the lake at some vision only she could see.

He stopped, hesitating to disturb the silence that surrounded this strange creature. Then, he felt drawn, almost against his will, to move closer to her, compelled to move into the silence which beckoned him.

She turned almost immediately and said very softly, "Hello, Martin." She smiled her quicksilver smile.

"Hi," was all he could manage. He felt shy and tongue-tied beneath her steady gaze. There was no question and no answer. She stood up and reached out her hands, and he took them. They stood facing one another, looking deeply into one another's eyes. It was a moment out of time and place. The only sound came from the crickets, an occasional frog, and the very gentle lapping of the lake against the old tires around the pier. The tiredness in his face said what he could not put into words.

She led him down to the whitewashed bench on the old pier, and they sat, still not talking. Then she turned and put her arms around him and drew his head down to her shoulder. Immediately, Martin began to feel a deep peace move over him, rising in waves, soothing, lulling his mind and his body into restfulness, the restfulness he had needed so much and that he had known, without knowing, he would find with her.

Later they talked. She spoke in a quiet, even voice which seemed to rise directly from her heart. Though her words were few, she said what he had needed to hear. And he, in his honey-and-molasses drawl, told her the story of his life. She was so attuned to him that she seemed to read his thoughts. And in the most painful places, she held him again. He could hide nothing from her, nor did he wish to. It was as though she already knew it all and had been with him all his life.

After what could have been two hours or forever, Martin walked her to her cabin. Hand in hand, in silence, they walked up the little hill, away from the lake. The trees on each side of the path formed a bower above them, holding them close, insulating them from the rest of the

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world. They were the first man and the first woman, alone on the Earth, at peace with themselves, with one another, and with God.

At the door of her cabin, she turned to face him. He held her very close for a moment, hesitant to say goodbye, but not knowing what to say. When he released her, he cupped her face with both hands and looked once again into her eyes. He saw the love there, so much love that he felt as if he were drowning in those enormous, loving eyes. Fear coiled like a snake in the pit of his stomach. He backed up a step.

Her eyes glistened momentarily, understanding. Without giving him a chance to speak, she blinked, smiled her quicksilver smile, and said slowly, "Goodbye Martin," and was gone.

*"God is light; there is no darkness in him at all."*

I JOHN:5

Painters, paint me no sad Lord  
With black-rimmed, downcast eyes,  
Or some pale, bearded Magdalene  
To pattern by.  
But give me one who loved his friends,  
Who laughed with them,  
And held them close when they were sad.  
Paint me eyes that dance like sparkling wine  
To look into,  
An icon that will point me  
To a kingdom filled with joy.

— Elaine A. Childs

I apologize  
To the orange I have consumed  
But have not tasted.

— Elaine A. Childs



## Images and Imagery in Apocalypse Now

### Delores Hampton

**DELORES HAMPTON,** a senior composition-journalism major, is a self-employed court reporter. Married, mother of three children, she hopes to include books for children among future writings.

The images of *Apocalypse Now*, a modernization and movie adaptation of Joseph Conrad's novel, *Heart of Darkness*, play an integral part in creating the characterization and theme of the film. Director Francis Ford Coppola achieves literary imagery through visual means, intensifying and broadening the film's scope from a journey into the Vietnam War to man's trip into his private hell. Coppola forces the viewer to see beyond the plot and action on the screen to the thematic essence of the movie.

From Capt. Willard's (Martin Sheen) introduction through an upside-down shot of his head, the viewer senses a state of unreality. The image on the screen is obviously a live human being, not a photograph; yet no sign of a body, no sense of attachment produces an ethereal quality. His eyes appear to be looking inward at events that the viewer sees taking place around the solitary head, in this manner describing Willard's experiences, entering his mind and consciousness. Remaining, however, is a sense of something definitely amiss: is the protagonist insane?

Willard's voice begins, speaking of walls closing in. Coppola demonstrates this "hemmed in" feeling visually through an overhead view of Willard seated on the floor. From a 45-degree angle, the scene projects an eerie quality. While only one wall is visible, because of its unusual positioning, the remaining walls appear indeed to be closing in, reinforcing the impression of Willard's insanity. Capt. Willard's bewilderment at his own situation evolves into a theory that everyone is quite mad. The war, the people, and the times are all just so much insanity, a theory repeatedly emphasized by Coppola's visuals.

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Lt. Col. Kilgore (Robert Duvall) is, if not insane, certainly detached from reality. During his first appearance in the film, Kilgore swaggers about the war field, tossing playing cards—his “calling cards,” messages of death—onto slain bodies. Men are hurrying around, killing and being killed; fires are destroying buildings and equipment. Kilgore, however, remains oblivious. At one point, he halts his grisly chore to discuss the athletic prowess of a newcomer.

Many of the scenes involving Kilgore and his men under fire, shot with a camera angle below the field of action, show Kilgore as he stands while the other men stoop or lie prone. The combination of factors, the camera angle, and Kilgore's standing, create the impression that Kilgore is larger than life. He has somehow risen above the task at hand, clearly separating his vocation from the “real life” of his avocation. At one point he orders his men to go surfing. When they question their safety, Kilgore quickly squelches their protestations. “When I say it's safe,” he yells, “it's safe! I'll cover you.” He then swings his gun around and begins shooting. In the following scene, his soldiers are riding the waves. Coppola, through this sequence, again makes a visual exclamation point in the film's sentence. The war must be unreal because the soldiers are frolicking in the water. Water skiing, not the war, is the reality.

Coppola creates the character of Kurtz (Marlon Brando) from brief glimpses of old photographs, newspaper clippings, and Army dossiers, a piecemeal introduction entirely fitting for a man whose life is in pieces. The first meeting between Willard and Kurtz is presented in a similarly disjointed fashion. The viewer sees first Kurtz's hand, then his arm, and finally, half of his head. When the two men have their confrontation after Willard's imprisonment, only one eye of Kurtz is visible throughout the scene. In both instances, these anatomical structures alone are lighted, leaving the rest of the screen black. Through this disembodiment, Coppola achieves both a sense of unreality and that of insubstantiality. The two men are locked in a struggle that is totally separated from their lives, a fact Coppola takes a step further when Chef's head is dropped into Willard's lap. Chef, who had been left on the boat to keep contact with the outside world,

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represented Willard's link to reality. With Chef's head severed, Kurtz and Willard become the sole combatants in their struggle to create from the insanity of war some sanity and order.

Coppola describes himself as a "writer who directs,"<sup>1</sup> a literary perception readily evidenced in the imagery of *Apocalypse Now*. While this film could have developed into a morass of gore and violence, Coppola's treatment resulted in a sensitive study of psychological and moral questions. The scenes involving fighting and death are subordinate to the dilemma of Kurtz and Willard since throughout the film Coppola's effective images focus attention on these characters and their problems. Diane Jacobs' statement in *Hollywood Renaissance* defines Coppola's strength: "Coppola maintains a steady camera and his mood-establishing images tend to have both narrative and thematic correlatives."<sup>2</sup> *Apocalypse Now* amply displays this analysis.

<sup>1</sup>Diane Jacobs, *Hollywood Renaissance* (New York: The Fantivy Press, 1977), p. 99.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid.

Silences louder than drumrolls,  
No one's there  
When I call on the phone.  
Desperation insidiously whispers,  
You're alone,  
You're alone,  
You're alone.

—Elaine A. Childs



—Ed Norman



— Craig Ogden

## Just What on Earth Are Those Things?

### Ken Wood

**KEN WOOD** is a freshman enrolled in the University Division who appreciates the aesthetic splendor of our parking spaces at I.U.P.U.I.

The government of the planet Zargon in the Milky Way galaxy had been conducting a discreet exploration of the planet Earth for several decades when the detachment assigned to the metropolis known as Indianapolis made an unusual discovery. On the grounds of the city's institution of higher education, three objects of metallic construction rested, each forming angles of 90 degrees with a horizontal side that rested on the ground and a vertical side that projected skyward. Each of the sides of each triangle measured approximately 10 meters in length. It became the task of the Zargonian Minister of Enigmatic Earth Objects (EEO) to determine the nature and purpose of the three nondescript bodies.

"Gentlemen," said the Minister of EEO to his task force of explorers, "it's become my job to determine what these three thingamabobs are. Based on what is already known about the gizmos, and on our familiarity with similar Earth objects, they can only be one of the following: a device for forecasting cosmic phenomena, a monument to some Earthling or occurrence such as war, or objects of art. You will spend as much time as is necessary to determine, using whatever means of observation are at your disposal, the purpose of these . . . . uh . . . . whatchumacallits."

Several Earth-years later, the explorers returned to the Minister of EEO on Zargon with their report.

"Gentlemen," the Minister began, "have you discovered whether the objects forecast cosmic phenomena?"

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"We think not," the first explorer replied. "All the Earth figures we know of that do forecast cosmic events, such as the stone slabs of the ruin called Stonehenge, pass through a key period during which the Earth's star, moon, or some other celestial body rises up above a figure or equidistant between two figures, or shines through a crack in a figure when something sufficient is going on. During our years of observing the Indianapolis figures, not a single celestial body ever rose to the top of the vertical extensions of any of the figures. Never did a comet, meteor, or moon pause over the center of the figures or come out from behind any one of them, despite our having spent many days and nights looking at the metallic objects from all angles, trying to line them up with something, anything in space. Nor did any of the Earthlings appear to be in the least interested in the movement of the celestial bodies around these figures."

"Well," said the Minister of EEO, "maybe it's a device that forecasts nothing of any significance. But how about some kind of monument to one of Earth's fallen leaders or some such? What kind of a case can you make for that?"

The explorers shook their heads. "Can't be," said one of them. "All the monuments of Earth have something carved, hewn, or otherwise marked on them to tell the observer what persons or events they symbolize. Nothing at all was written on any of these metallic monoliths. A couple of times we observed young Earthlings putting their writing instruments to the surface of the objects, with no result. Apparently the surface was not intended to be adhered to by the writing instruments' liquid, as are, for instance, the walls of the Earthling rooms marked "MEN" and "WOMEN."

"Earthlings," another of the explorers said, "approach their monuments with solemnity and awe. Never did we observe such reverence on the part of the Earthlings attending these "monuments."

"Hmmm," the Minister of EEO thoughtfully scratched on his head. "Maybe a monument erected to . . . . . nothing of any significance. Well, then they must be objects of art, right?"

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The explorers looked at each other before one of them responded: "Earthlings look at their objects of art. They gaze at them, contemplate them, discuss them. Often they even try to find some hidden meaning in their art. It is said that many art objects evoke emotion, believe it or not. Some art objects are highly controversial and are subject to defacement by outraged observers; others are exalted to very high levels of reverence and esteem. We observed not one Earthling attempting to damage the metallic angles. As we have said, they were not approached with any particular reverence by the Earthlings. Often their horizontal extensions were even sat upon! We thought perhaps that they were intended for that use, something an Earthling would call a "bench," and we approached incognito a group of Earthlings sitting upon the horizontal of one of the objects and asked if it were, indeed, a "bench." They said it must be, so we asked them why then they did not sit on the vertical extensions as well. They were surprised, for they had not known that the vertical extensions existed! We approached other nearby Earthlings and asked them if the object evoked any emotions within them, and most responded that they had never before noticed them. We approached people who appeared to be looking at them; they reported that they were looking past them at something else. We could find no Earthling who approached the objects with anything other than indifference. Therefore, the objects could not be called "art."

"Hrrmph," the Minister of EEO grunted. "That means you've ruled out all three of the possibilities. That's not possible." He frowned and was silent for a moment, then said, "Well, did any of the Earthlings tell you what they were?"

"Yes, sir, one of the Earthlings was able to tell us their purpose."

"Well, what'd he say?"

"He said they were placed there for their airplanes not to run into."





— Craig Ogden

## GENESIS

### The Night Falling Down

Blue-jay iris

Clear glass cornea

    Dilated

        Deep onyx

            Pupil

Thin red blood

on

    Milk white glass,

Looking in a mirror

    After midnight.

The night falling down

Lashes falling down

Inside this window: a floating

                    skating

                            ice blue mandala

                            reflecting off

A mirror after midnight.

The night falling down

Lashes falling down

Outside this window: A floating

                    waning

                            lunar beige mandala

                            reflecting off

The sun after midnight.

Light shading gaze

Flutter

Open

Close

Close this silent swimming gaze:

The light filtering in,

Pull down the shades

Lashes

    Fall

        Down

The stars shutting down

— Karla Ashmore

## GENESIS

### I Gave All My Coins to You

I gave all my coins at a cash register  
Laid on the counter  
Carefully  
Counting  
The silver  
And Susan B. Anthony—  
Her rigid profile  
Gazing sternly (like she knew)  
Fell in with the others.

Out of the stiff leather wallet I kept  
Pulling the coins till there were no  
More and scooping up this weighted  
Gray mass of currency  
With both hands cupped and laughing  
FELL  
Crashing the counter  
Spinning and ringing with sound like  
Hitting the jackpot—  
(After all those quarters sliding into  
Slot machines— wanting to stop, “ah  
Just one more time and SLIP in goes another!”)

ALL of my coins  
I gave freely  
You taking them greedily  
Stuffing your pockets,  
Susan B. looking sideways as she slid in—  
You took her too and then  
Left jingling a tune—  
Juggling the quarters like an accordion  
Player you are striding out the door I could  
Not follow since I, totally spent, had  
Nothing more to run and give you.

—Karla Ashmore

## GENESIS

### The Guitar is a Woman

The guitar is a strong, sensuous woman.  
Her long graceful neck  
Brings forth her soft voice.  
Her curved wood  
Perfect roundness,  
Hollow, eerie music inside  
Moves wild her many emotions.

She vibrates at each caress  
of her neck.  
Touched and held,  
She gives her music.  
Stroked and smothered,  
She shines and glistens  
Is slippery to touch.

She renders him  
Senselessly lost in  
Her music.  
Her song soars  
To fever pitch:  
Crescendo  
Catharsis  
The climax  
The two.

The guitar hums.  
The last note resounds.  
She long remembers  
The last  
Loving  
Touch.

— Karla Ashmore

**KARLA ASHMORE** is an English major, minoring in Bohemian culture. She wants to thank her daughter Erika, who on several occasions saved her from severe shark attacks, which inspired the poetic efforts: "Here come the sharks" and "The sharks are gonna get us. Quick! jump on the couch."



—Ed Norman

## Mommy . . . . Why is the sky blue?

Eileen Szabo

**EILEEN SZABO** is a native of Indiana, married, with two preschool children. She received a degree in Nursing Science from Purdue University in 1972, and while she is still actively working in nursing, she is also currently completing her fourth year in the college of pharmacy at Butler University.

Children are born innocent, but with vivid imaginations. They are eager to learn and naturally inquisitive about the world around them, sparking a seemingly never-ending line of questions for which parents are expected to give quick, easy answers. The questions are often simple and straightforward, but the answers are at times difficult to come up with in terms that a child will accept and understand. Such has been the case with my own child. As we sat on the porch swing, my son asked me this very simple question, the answer for which momentarily eluded me. "Mommy . . . . Why is the sky blue?"

Why indeed; I was tempted to say, "Just because it is" and quickly change the subject. I knew, however, from experience that the question would soon return to haunt me. I also could not give a five-year-old a scientific explanation about solid particles and light defraction. To a child, why is the sky blue?

All things in nature are seen as having color. We do not see or even imagine to see the world in black and white. Colors are used to describe and separate the objects in nature and to create images in our minds. We talk of seeing the bright yellow sun and watching fluffy white clouds. We walk on green grass, brick red clay, and frosty white snow. Poems are written about rosey-fingered dawn and brilliantly colored sunsets. And, of course, there is the clear blue sky.

But what is the sky? In Greek Mythology, the sky was a great male fertility god who lay upon the earth, a little too descriptive for a child. The sky does, however, lay upon

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the earth, perhaps as a blanket. The sky covers the earth over its mountains and down to its lowlands as a blanket lays over a person, conforming to the shape of his body. The sky, then, is a blanket to the earth.

I then pictured blankets, particularly blue blankets, and I recalled a scene that I had seen in the hospital nursery when my son was born. I saw rows of little plastic baskets, each holding its precious bundle wrapped in a soft cotton blanket. Pink blankets covered the baby girls and blue blankets covered the baby boys according to age-old tradition.

I thought of how my own son had been one of those little blue bundles and of how much he had grown since then. I can see how much he is becoming like his father, and I thought of how lucky they are to be male. We had wanted our first born to be a boy, as do many families. Kings pray for sons to succeed them to the throne. The males carry on the family name, as the woman must take the man's name when marrying. In some countries, men are allowed to have many wives while the woman must remain monogamous. In certain places, women must stand while men sit or walk behind the men on the street. Some women must even dress as dictated by man's law. Men are traditionally the bread winners and the head of the household. U.S. presidents have been exclusively male, and men needed no constitutional amendment to grant them the right to vote or guarantee them equal rights on the basis of their sex. In fact, not only is the entire human race called "man," but God and other divine deities are usually pictured or conceived of as being male. All these things lend support to the belief that this is a man's world.

Since this truly is a man's world, and the sky covers it as a blanket, what other color would the sky be but blue?

1. All things in nature have color.  
The sky is a thing in nature.  
The sky has color.
2. All things that cover act as blankets.  
The sky is a thing that covers (the earth).  
The sky acts as a blanket (to the earth).

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3. All men were baby boys.  
All baby boys have blue blankets.  
All men have blue blankets.
4. If this is a man's world, then  
the world has a blue blanket.
5. If the world has a blue blanket, and  
if the sky is that blanket, then  
the sky is blue.

## Busted

Rodeo cowboy once a star,  
sittin' at a lonely bar.  
Thinkin' of the broncs he bust,  
all the pretty girls with lust.  
Another beer to quench the thirst,  
now he's thinkin' 'bout the first.  
How soft and sweet, in bed she lay,  
Makin' love in the fresh cut hay.  
Took first prize ropin' calves,  
tried ridin' bulls just for laughs.  
Now all he does is sit and drink,  
doesn't really want to think.  
about the days when he was king,  
before old age, its painful sting.  
Took his cherished youth away,  
for all his fun he had to pay.  
Now the pain grips every bone,  
as this cowboy sits alone.

—Thomas E. Nelson

**THOMAS E. NELSON** is an adult non-degree student studying Philosophy and Music. He is a part-time musician, writer, and photographer.



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**ED NORMAN** is a junior at Herron School of Art majoring in visual communication and illustration. He is a recipient of the William Bartlett scholarship in 1979 and the Evan F. Lilly Memorial scholarship in 1980. He designed the cover for this issue of GENESIS and is the co-winner of our prize for art.

**CRAIG OGDEN** is a third year illustration and graphic design student at Herron School of Art. Craig has had various one-man shows and received an Evan F. Lilly scholarship in April, 1980. His long-range goal is to develop his own advertising design agency. He shares the GENESIS award for art with Ed Norman.

**ANDREW P. HODGE** is in his third year at Herron, working toward a degree in printing. His large herb collection "stems" from a keen interest, from an early age, in medicinal plants. His artwork reflects an interest in the origin of symbolism.

**LAURA HILDRETH.** The drawings shown were "ground breakers" in my art. They were both done from photographs in my sophomore year of high school. Confidence and patience was what they taught me. Now, I am a visual communication sophomore at Herron, where I am drawing from my imagination, not pictures. Harder, yes, but more rewarding.

**GERARD BOULAIS** has ten fingers and ten toes. His sister shoved him into the clothes dryer back in '65. He is currently studying design at the Herron School of Art, and his number is registered with the selective service.

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—Craig Ogden

# Waiting

Peggy D. Smith

**PEGGY D. SMITH.** This story is lovingly dedicated to the Professor, the Proofreader and, as always, to the bear.

"Isn't hospital food good?"

"It's awful. I wouldn't give it to a dog."

"Well, it's not deep dish pizza, but its O.K. Nutritious, you know."

"What the hell does nutrition mean to me?" I snapped, flipping the too-white sheets off my legs. I swung them over the side of the bed and slid out. My twin brother paused and looked down at the chicken leg he'd been trying to feed me. His thick awkward fingers rolled it around a little before he put it back on the plate. Eyes down, he swallowed hard.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Its O.K. I was lying anyway. It really is bad."

I tried hard, too hard, to smile. "Hump! I thought so." It sounded more normal than anything I'd said in days, and Alex looked up anxiously. The stark disappointment in his face frightened me, and I turned away.

"What did Mom have to say?" I asked.

"Oh," Alex mumbled. "Nothing much."

"She can't stand to be around me, you know.

Everytime she opens her mouth, she starts to bawl. I'm glad she didn't come. I can't stand it."

I looked out of the window. The lights of the parking lot were swallowed up by the dark depth of the night. Only the stars defied the blue-blackness; they had for a thousand lifetimes. The room was unbearably quiet. I continued.

"I mean it's not like they're sure I have leukemia. They won't know for certain until tomorrow."

Alex leapt all too readily on my optimistic beginning, nodding wildly and saying, "Yes, yep, that's true. Doctors

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don't know everything. I learned that for myself. So did you, remember? When I was up on the fifth floor?" Alex rolled his eyes and pointed upward to where the mental wards were.

"Those fools up there didn't understand the simplest thing," he said. "They were always asking us to explain. You couldn't say anything without getting hit with a thousand questions. They didn't even understand about Borda—said he was the reason I couldn't relate. I tried to tell them that I could relate—to you. You knew how it was with Mom and Dad—all the fighting and school too, I guess. And Borda, you understand about him. What do I need with other people?"

"Well, Alex, someday there'll be others in your life. You just haven't met them yet. And, I'll bet they'll love Borda, too. You must always . . ." I stopped short, not liking the sound of my voice. "Advice," I thought. "Deathbed advice, already." I jumped hastily onto another thought.

"I still don't know why they wouldn't let you keep Borda with you," I said. I was trying to ignore the stars and night just outside the window.

"Neither did I," Alex snarled. "It really pissed me off when they told me I could do without him for a while. I quit talking to them. I didn't care if they put me in ward five or not. That's where they had that guy who screamed and cried all night. I'd have really cracked-up there."

"Lucky for you, your twin sister is real sneaky." I tapped the bone between my breasts. Immediately, my shoulders shoved forward as I winced.

"Hurt?" Alex asked.

"Oh, yes, you should've heard it pop when they broke through. I sure the hell hope that they got enough bone marrow or what ever else they were looking for this damn time." I paused as the window and the world outside caught my eye again. "What am I going to do? How will I ever get caught up in time for finals? Why should I even bother. It won't mean a damn thing in the end. What's the use of doing anything if something like this happens to you?"

Hearing the tears edging into my voice, Alex rescued me from saying or thinking further by bounding over to his bike pack which had been flung into an orange vinyl chair

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with shiny arms. Reaching in, he pulled out the worn Teddy bear. As always, with Alex's help, Borda, as he was called, plopped himself down on the bed and stretched a little.

"Well, I'm back again." The child-like voice drew my attention onto the brown, fuzzy body. Now, after ten years, it was easy to see only the bear, and to ignore my brother who held him and spoke for him. Mother, Father, Doctor James, and even Alex, my own twin, had found it difficult to talk to me, but Borda would manage. He always could.

"You sick?" the bear asked leaning forward on his blunt legs.

"I hope not," I said. I was happy to see this old friend. At twenty years of age, it seemed strange to take so much comfort from a stuffed bear. Already, Borda carried the hardships of one twin on his thin, sparsely stuffed shoulders, but he would take on more — for me — all the while, retaining in his felt eyes a look that was as simple as the stars' light. But only at the initial glance.

The bear looked around and pretended to sniff.

"This place still stinks," he said. "It hasn't changed a bit."

"I'm surprised you came back after the trouble we had getting you in to see Alex," I told him.

The bear drew back in surprise. "Don't you know? Even after I nearly suffocated in that thick coat of yours, I'm a very brave bear."

"You'd better just be glad that it was winter," I reminded him. "I'd never have gotten you in any other way. They were searching through everything."

Alex broke in suddenly. "It was really funny. After Borda came, that old nurse couldn't get over it." He began to speak in a mock nasal voice. "Oh, yes," he snorted. "We're all so pleased with Alexander's progress here."

I began to laugh, and the bear joined me with his squeaky child's giggle.

"Hush, Borda," I cautioned him. "Not so loud. They'll have all three of us upstairs."

"Soooooo?" Borda began throwing up his little paws. "I'll just say, 'Nurse, I'm Dr. Bear, and I want all these nice people out of here right away.'"

"Oh, so you're a doctor now," I said.

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"You see what I've done for him." Borda gestured upward to Alex's face. "Bear therapy, you know," he whispered. We nodded together approvingly.

"It can help you, too," Borda added.

"Well, Borda, they're not really sure what's wrong with me. It could be very serious, and then again, it could be nothing at all."

Borda shook his head and said, "Doesn't matter. Bear therapy helps everything, anything."

"Maybe not," I said, feeling a desire to talk about the whole thing. "Some things nobody can take care of. I guess you have to let the pieces fall." I took a deep breath and said aloud for the first time, "I could die, you know."

"Oh, yes," Borda jumped in. "When you're a bear like me you learn to live with that idea. Remember Pat's poodle?" He rubbed a large, hand-sewn seam along his side. "And I remember before Alex found me. I kept trying to tell everyone that I was alive and not to throw me around like I wasn't, but they wouldn't listen. I was all alone. But, I knew I was alive, and that's all that mattered."

Before I could reply, a nurse put her head inside the door and announced that 8:00 was the end of visiting hours. I tried to keep my face from falling. I was, after all, an adult, but Alex saw, and the dreadful silence of not knowing what to say spread between us. Even Borda was quiet.

"Go get your robe, and you can walk us out," Alex said softly.

I closed the bathroom door to take the robe off the hook behind. I slipped it on. Stepping out, I saw Alex swing his pack over his shoulder. Little was said as we made our way down the polished hall which was now dim. Everything glistened with chrome, vinyl, and paint. The distinct hospital smell surrounded us. As if controlled by ghostly hands, the wide electric doors swung open.

"Where's Borda?" I asked. "I want to say good-bye."

"Oh, he's asleep, I think." Alex said staring up the hallway.

"Well, I guess I'll see you tomorrow."

"Right, ah, hey, don't worry."

"I'm all right." My smile ended up on only one side of my face.

## GENESIS

"Bye," Alex said and walked stiffly through the door.

I turned. The hall stretched long and empty before me. Down the passage, the shadows leapt out at me as I hurried by.

My twin would be whizzing through the black night with the stars overhead, to home where the lights would be shining. Except for my room. There, in the dark, my books were on the shelves and my clothes in the closet. On the back porch, my bike—a girl's model just like Alex's—was chained to a lawn chair and covered with a canvas tarp. Alex's would join it there. He would go in, eat a little, with Borda looking on, and then he would go to bed. Switching off the lamp with his own hands, Alex and Borda would sleep. But, the room next to his, my room, would wait in the deep, wide darkness.

And, I would be here, alone, standing in the semidarkness of a long, empty corridor.

Back in the room, I took off my robe, resisting the temptation to return to the window. Instead, I went to the bed and jerked the covers hard to straighten them.

A brown furry body leapt up at me, and I caught Borda with both hands. Like searching for the ravages of time in the face of a friend or kin, I gazed into his. I pressed my own face against him. Everything around me disappeared into the softness of his body and the rasping sound of my own breathing. Like the stars shining outside, Borda was still and quiet in understanding silence. I looked into his eyes—mysterious, black felt eyes like the opaque sky, and I remembered suddenly that the distant, bright stars were invisible unless they were surrounded by such darkness. My breathing slowed and evened, melting into the stillness around me.

Placing the bear into the bed, I climbed in beside him. While the night sky stretched over the pale hospital and the half-swallowed parking lot lamps, Borda and I slept.

Winter moon's cold breath  
Weaves a blanket for the sky,  
Sheltering the stars.

—Elaine A. Childs

## GENESIS

### Springdale, 1980

The mist comes down like rain  
Before the dawn.  
In tiny droplets visible  
Only against the still, green leaves  
Of apple and of lilac bush  
Comes down the mist  
In summertime.

It lines each branch with little beads  
Of silver and, between them,  
Paints the cobwebs  
And the spider takes his bath  
Beneath the mist  
As it comes down  
In summertime before the dawn.

Above the weedy grasses, standing  
Tall against the white-pink sky,  
Between the fields of rolling fog  
Stand silhouettes: tall, brown,  
And pointed, capped  
Or bare beneath the mist  
Before the dawn.

And cotton beds suspend themselves  
Above the ground,  
Fine, pressed-out, stretched  
Between the weeds  
Of thistle and of berry bush,  
Catching the droplets  
Of the mist  
From small green branches and a rose,

Before the dawn  
Of summertime  
Ascends.

### —Susan R. Holman

SU HOLMAN is a graduate non-degree student, presently working as a secretary and deciding between a career in the Arts or Sciences. She has been living joyfully for six years . . . Her favorite author is Alexander Solzhenitsyn and her favorite animals the Lion and the Albatross.



## GENESIS

### Bondage

torn out of its cradle  
a leaf spooks the wind  
the crisp ashes of weeds

I am pinioned beneath—  
pariah to ephemera  
primitive pastiche  
tapestry of wither  
and regret

so it is time now  
before the daylight  
collapses

the words scramble  
one after another  
flawed like love,  
death, everything

### Apartheid

you were a magician's  
yo-yo, Annie, a sovereign  
of the see-saw

your sour little ditties  
careening garrulously  
between those trips  
to despair's hotel

I've been there, Annie  
don't I know?  
don't I know —

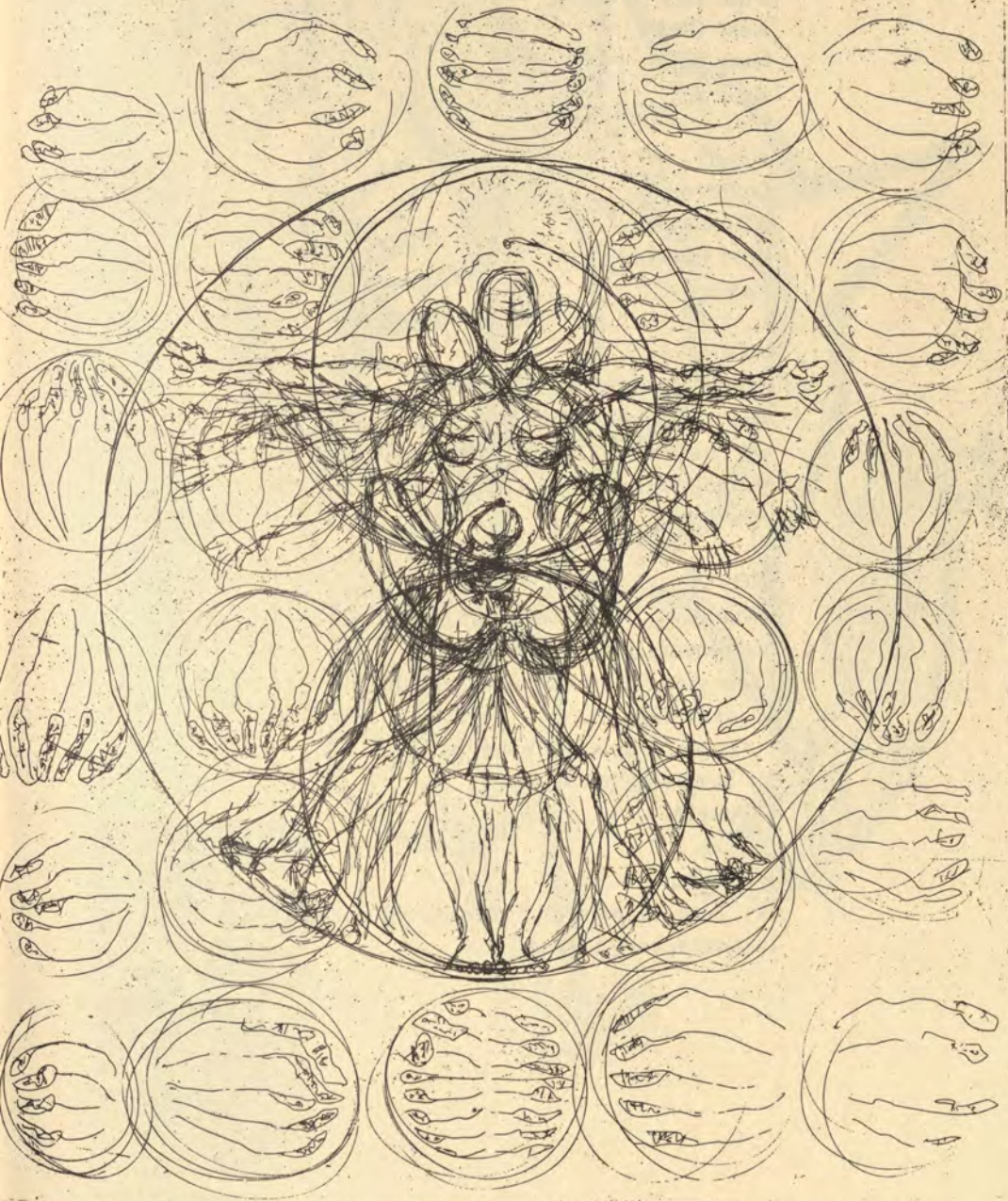
### —Ethel M. Kersey

**ETHEL M. KERSEY** is a librarian at the Blake Street Library. She has a Master's Degree in Library Science from I.U. and currently takes classes as a non-degree graduate student. She is the recipient of the GENESIS award for poetry.

—Ethel M. Kersey

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**Mankind (Separation Within Itself)**



—Andrew P. Hodge

## GENESIS

### Out to Win the World!?

First Day Of Class,  
Easy Class,  
Lazy Class,  
Easy A.

a test?  
tomorrow?  
difficult class,  
hard working class,  
maybe a C?

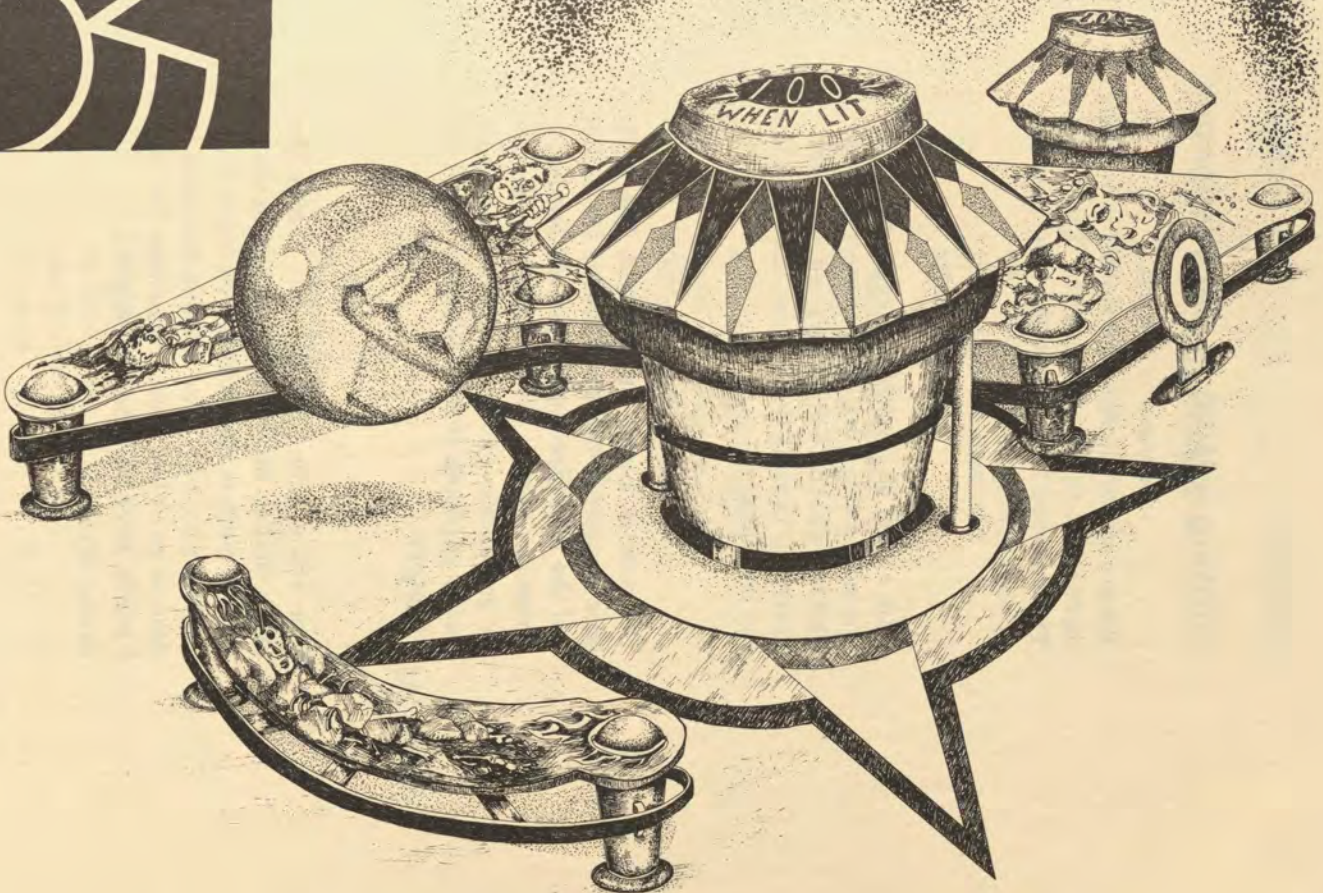
WOO1? me?  
i got A's in high school;  
was told i was college material.  
*not* ready for evelyn wood speed-  
reading, but calculus and anatomy,  
i thought.

WOO1? me?  
i was going to be president of a  
big corporation.  
i was going to be a brain surgeon  
at johns hopkins.  
i was going to win a nobel prize  
for humanitarian service,  
i thought.

WOO1? me?  
Ivy Tech, Manpower, Professional Careers  
Institute, here i come.

### —Susan Albers

**SUSAN ALBERS** is a secretary at IUPUI. Previously, she attended Lincoln Christian College where she received an A.B. in Sacred Music. Besides working at IUPUI, she teaches 9 piano students and has a youth choir. This is her first attempt at poetry.



—Craig Ogden

## Cutting a Hole in the Wallpaper

### I

We are in the kitchen. My mother is washing dishes. The radio is playing the "Lux" theatre. The flowered linoleum on the floor is worn in places to a dun color.

### II

I am sitting on my father's knees before a pot-bellied stove (we didn't have a furnace). The stove's iron belly glows red from the blistering heat. It is awesome that such fire can be contained.

### III

The room is freshly wallpapered. There's an odor of paste in the air. Between the ceiling and the wall there is a rick-racky border. There is a vent in the ceiling to let the hot air go upstairs but the wallpaper covers it. Daddy gets on a chair and begins to cut the wallpaper.

### IV

I am afraid. Like Chicken Little I think the sky is falling. He climbs down and hands me the cut out piece of paper. It is still moist with paste. I play with it for a while and soon it is time to go to bed. But I remember the incident. I guess, after all, who can forget a falling sky.

—Ethel M. Kersey

## Schizophrenia

I feel unreal sometimes  
so — what else is new?

well, there's that cricket  
who lives under my bed  
along with the dust and  
an old lost shoe

I named him doom  
he comes and goes  
the bastard!

so — what else is new?  
hope? who lives in  
the sunshine's motes

I named her prescience  
she too comes and goes  
oblivious slut!

but what else is there?

—Ethel M. Kersey

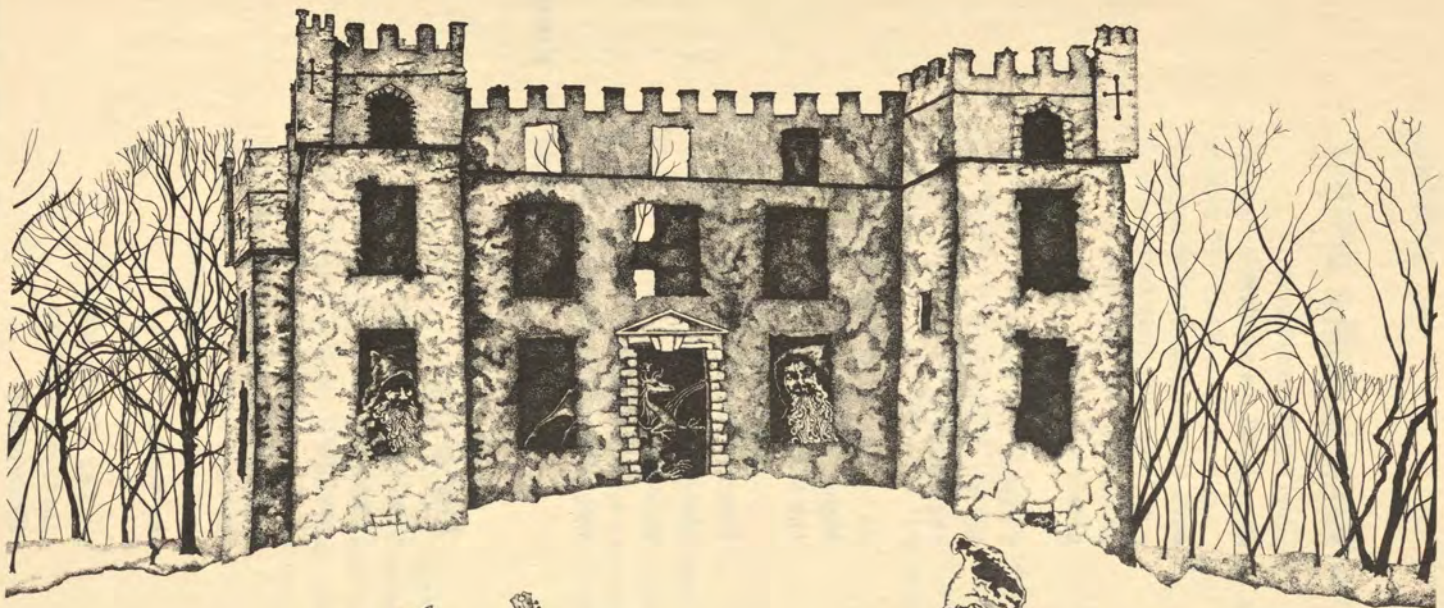
## Depletion

coming from sleep  
I walk on stones,  
cautiously

but talk's as cheap  
as mail, lover  
and memories are felled  
by sweat

in lieu of judgment  
therapy's a thrifty  
Gethsemane

—Ethel M. Kersey



—Gerard Boulais

## Baubles, Bangles, and Books

Faith F. Vahle

A bookstore holds a potent spell for one whose fantasies run to thoughts of being a rhapsodist or a sonneteer. Its spell is cast upon him by the smells and sights of the items displayed invitingly before him. His senses are filled with the crisp, clear designs and bright commanding colors throughout the store. His decisions on what to buy are studious and thoroughly evaluated.

Book jackets beam down bright flashes of color to him from the very walls. Their titles are as enticing to the bibliophile as is a dowager's diamond-draped bosom to a gigolo.

Diaries, and journals, and keepers of time and place elicit dreams of work performed in an orderly fashion, with smoothness and clarity—a chance for time to stand still until he is ready to turn the page.

Pens of every color, every width, and every size await his touch. They are sensual, sexual, and waiting to be chosen, and then they will be tested, tried, and run dry.

Fresh paper, edges smooth and even, waits to become the vehicle of his masterpiece. There are papers bound on the side, on the top, or not at all (for those who can divide, destroy, and rearrange, not burdened with an obsession for unity or a sense of belonging).

Then, in tribute to modern commercialism, he can find gaudy, bright, and tempting huge plastic paper clips and vinyl manuscript covers of ruby, emerald, and topaz, ready to encase the author's jeweled words in jeweled tones. There are notebooks with rings, with pockets, with clips, and with accordion pleats. There are rectangles of hard plastic with cut-outs of every shape and size that nearly



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scream to be bought, even if he has no use for them. There are rulers that beg him to draw a straight line and spring clips that insist on being sprung.

Although equally as heady to his senses as the smell of a library, the allure of a bookstore is its aura of newness, of freshness. There is no sense of tradition, of history, or of a touching beyond time. A bookstore holds the promise of the untried and a flash of hope for that new idea, that new thought being nourished and fed.

There will be time at home, out of the bright lights, to read the words and convert the bright, slick book into merely a sheaf of pages, the smooth, lustrous, leather book binding into a mere cover for the words within. But for the moment, they are more; they are the delightful, wondrous baubles of the bookstore.

### I'll Give A Home

I'll give a home filled house  
with a warm  
fat belly pregnant with dreams.

Make barbecue and pecan pie  
every nite  
the kitchen floor so cared for.

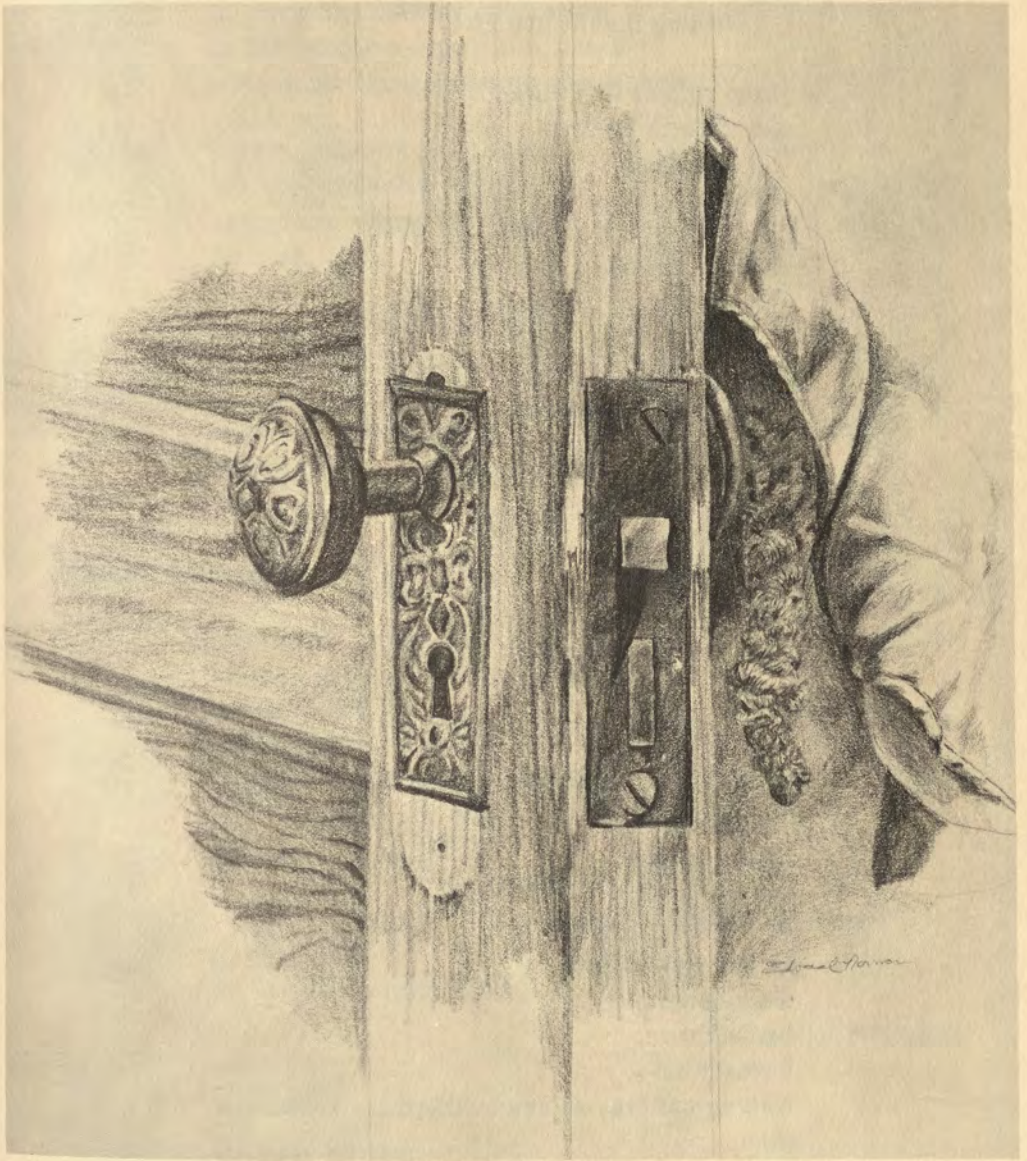
Put white lace curtains  
on sunny windows  
and when the door opens

Turn contentment in a pot  
on the stove  
and hold out arms to you.

—Carol Moeller

CAROL MOELLER is a freshman majoring in Occupational Therapy. She is married and has one daughter. This is her first published poem.

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— Ed Norman

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outside the wind blows  
& inside i find the part of the floor that squeaks  
and i rock on it  
    feeling it shift and give

piano ripples like water  
airy & light he sings  
    dreaming  
under a patchwork  
    of my life  
sharing the space with  
    breaths & thoughts  
    from my soul  
radiator hiss  
    it's cold for spring

and i am lost in the luxury of pure free time  
majestic.

—Gabrielle Nicolini

i see all this  
as some kind of  
bizarre dance  
there's you,  
en pointe,  
as you waver from  
leading man to  
leading man,  
uncertain  
leaning one way as one holds you in arabesque  
then  
shying away to the other  
and he lifts you,  
head thrown back,  
and you soar . . .

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then there's me,  
'sposed to be a calm in this tempest  
supposedly an island, a constant  
in this whirl of dizzying dancers  
in this madness of spinning dancers . . .  
and, oh ho! the vacillations that bubble  
within me,  
painless, for the most part,  
but overwhelming  
as my soul yearns for this,  
for that,  
for him . . .

and i appear to be stable  
but how i sway within  
and i run,  
from him to him tō you  
loving all  
loving all so dearly,  
so much  
so many . . .

(extending my heart  
drawing near  
just for an instant  
we embrace  
and spinning away  
on to the next . . . . .)

i prefer to see all this  
as some kind of maddening dance  
graceful and drifting  
'cross the stage so delicately,  
then the ballerina hides her face in her hands  
and tiptoes off the stage  
her tears crystallizing

into diamonds  
into prisms reflecting all colours

as they drop  
on her pink satin slippers . . .

— Gabrielle Nicolini

## haiku eight

now with you gone dust  
gathers on the piano  
keys; i trace a star

— Gabrielle Nicolini

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flashed on you today  
making coffee  
i turned and  
there you were  
with those eyes . . .  
i blinked  
you haunted me no more  
been a while since  
those deja vu mechanisms  
were sparked  
and they groaned into gear  
and set me  
remembering . . .  
    i wonder if you  
are making coffee  
in your early morning kitchen  
years away

— Gabrielle Nicolini

high on the  
Union Station tower  
the clock  
    (with the incorrect time)  
greet me  
hours off  
years late  
    the high beamed ceilings  
are dusty  
    no echoes distant porters call  
aboard aboard  
    freight clacks  
    on penncentral tracks  
  
city  
    home  
back again

— Gabrielle Nicolini

**GABRIELLE NICOLINI:**  
What do Richard  
Brautigan, Neil Young  
and Jack Kerouac have  
to do with Gabrielle  
Nicolini? She'd love to  
have them all over for  
lasagne. Life is always a  
dream or a frenzy. D.H.  
Lawrence said it best,  
and my life epitomizes it.



—Ed Norman

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You know,  
you were a pretty miserable  
excuse for a kid,  
not at all what I'd expected,  
never wanting to be held,  
much too busy  
smearing Crisco on the carpet.  
But then, I never did learn how  
to make a decent apple pie.

Still,  
we got by, and on the whole  
I think we did all right  
in spite of that.

I watched you  
figure out how things work,  
taking them apart,  
trying to get them back together,  
and you watched me  
as I watched you,  
and we both grew up.

When I was angry  
you would tell me, "Mom,  
your eyes look just like a tiger!"  
You knew that would make me laugh.

We laughed a lot,  
burning frozen pizzas,  
making jokes  
when you'd invariably  
spill the macaroni  
down the drain.

There were even occasions  
when you remembered  
to take the trash out on time.

I think  
we did all right.  
Even if we weren't quite  
what we should have been,  
we still had our share  
of days spent in the sun,  
being easy, being who we were.

Of course,  
I can't speak for you, but  
I never met another  
I'd have traded you for.

—Elaine A. Childs

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### **"Democratic Faith"**

I feel safe if the illusion  
Is realized now before  
It spreads to the  
Unknown uni-  
Versal  
Will  
    will  
    versal  
    unknown uni?  
    it spreads to the  
    is realized now, before  
    I feel safe; if the illusion will

Do you know what, you are  
Or do you know, what we are, doing  
and you, watch yourself, doing it again

Don't you know what you are watching yourself do

But if you're doing it who's to justify watching you  
do it

— J. A. Echerd

### **The Bigot**

Did you see "them"  
"they" say,  
as if "we" were better,  
as if "ours" and "theirs"  
could never be the same,  
as if the fiery dragon's breath  
of justice  
could only singe the hair  
of the bigot's chin.

Faith F. Vahle



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### Dichotomy

Prescience came to call  
yesterday — being not  
of this house she is, you  
see, capricious and sore  
afraid of her adversary

but he was there so they  
vyed together and O  
what a splendid fighting  
cock he is, my doom

to lay heavy on her  
battleground the  
ceremonial sin that  
denies all possibility  
heaven and rime —

I wear his shroud  
like a weight of ends

—Ethel M. Kersey

### Another Woman

Feeling as if the walls  
Have slid from the house,  
I shake on wooden floors  
And feel wild breezes  
Come and laugh about me.

These gusts are now new,  
But older than the soil  
Our house is built on.

My secret eyes see your  
Separate longings  
Let loose with insane winds.  
Only to come home  
And laugh again.

—Connie Pruitt

CONNIE PRUITT is  
twenty-four and a junior  
majoring in English  
literature.



Laura Hildreth

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### "More"

humble and bumble fixity dual give it  
of pure essence and call it  
the drool  
what ingrate the drad, if  
it was anything  
call it the had  
for love simplifies  
sacrificing a cure  
to this our conditional sentence, so  
let us go simplifying  
adore  
never too close to the door is our hour  
and  
you

—J. A. Echerd

### "About time"

became of causality, Essence  
in dispute is  
It  
knots  
its  
is  
,  
if  
its  
Tying blip

—J. A. Echerd

# Family of Man



—Laura Hildreth

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### Reflection

Nameless fantasy manifests itself,  
beseeching my acknowledgment.  
I shy away . . . ashamed and confused.

Uninhabitable dreams and untended goals  
nurse the souls of my companions.  
Contentment is denied our tedious ploddings.

A bittersweet reflection of times untold —  
guilt restrains our spirit's growth  
while fantasy feeds our longings.

LINDA J. COLLINS is 25 and a junior in the School of Liberal Arts, majoring in Composition/Journalism. She has been published in four previous issues of GENESIS and is employed as an editor at Rough Notes, Inc., a national insurance publishing company.

—Linda J. Collins

reaching  
not touching  
but still reaching  
into the empty  
open space  
wanting to touch  
but unable to feel  
bottom or sides  
you are an infinite chasm  
i am a light growing dim

—Elaine A. Childs

### Ambition's Quell

Pride subsides  
with the tide of Life's experiences,  
And the seafarer learns  
the title of Captain brings not greatness,  
Nor the most menial task, defeat.

—Sandy Tatay



—Ed Norman

# A Consumer Satire

**Delores Hampton**

Spending large sums of money grocery shopping is a simple matter. A few easy steps involving the use of no common sense, while ignoring any established wise shopper guidelines, and avoiding attention to extraneous details such as price and size are the only requirements. The premise that all shoppers want to cut grocery costs, a notion popular among consumer activists, apparently is ill-founded. Many shoppers already have acquired, and carefully cultivate, certain habits designed to prevent any food bill savings. Now, faithfully using the following steps guarantees even previously price-conscious shoppers skill in paying inordinate amounts for food.

Before embarking upon a spendthrift shopping trip, a few preliminary ground rules must be observed. These involve timing, preparation, and location. Disobeying even one rule could result in savings, destroying the opportunity to become a big bucks spender. Timing, the first factor for the shopper to consider, is somewhat flexible since he has three choices of time during which shopping should prove most expensive. Most importantly, however, at least one of these times must be chosen. First among the choices occurs just before dinnertime (or lunchtime or breakfast), during the shopper's hungriest period. Anyone suffering hunger pains will choose any and almost every item in the store that doesn't run away. A second propitious time to shop, late evening, immediately prior to the store's closing hour, gives good results. Empty shelves, absent butchers and abundant numbers of damaged packages create a combination ideally suited to limiting the shopper choices, resulting in desperation purchases, usually very costly. Big

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spending shoppers will find seven to midnight Saturday the perfect shopping time. Entering the store after everyone in town has removed all the bargains, eliminating ground beef, two-for-one specials, and generic brand foods, the shopper virtually guarantees himself an expensive grocery cart. If he's hungry as well, so much the better.

Choice of shopping locations, the second consideration in big bucks shopping, requires careful selectivity. Small neighborhood stores, mom and pop shops, or convenience stores provide fertile high-priced shopping areas. Since these types of stores typically purchase and sell fairly small quantities, their prices are among the highest available. Specialty food markets offer similarly priced items, often exceeding those in other small shops. Typically, a shopper can purchase rice, for example, in import stores at 50 to 100 percent more than ordinary supermarket cost. A shopper who faithfully visits the small stores can dramatically increase grocery bills.

Pre-shopping preparation, beginning at home, plays an important part in boosting shopping costs. No spendthrift shopper would be caught clipping coupons, reading weekly specials, or comparing store prices. This time, he believes, is far better spent devising ways to get another pay raise. Coupons have a way of getting loose anyway, creating unnecessary clutter in the bottom of purses and pockets, and the comics page provides more entertainment than grocery ads. An inviolable rule for any shopper bent on increasing costs is never to prepare weekly menus or shopping lists. If this rule is somehow overlooked, the shopper must then leave all such materials at home (or in the car). Besides being possible money-saving devices, menus and shopping lists eliminate surprise meals.

Once inside the store, the shopper should stop first at the frozen foods section to select ice cream, pastries, vegetables, or pizzas. After a leisurely hour stroll through the aisles and an exasperating half-hour in the check-out lane, most of the frozen products should be candidates for the trash compactor. The pathway from the freezer aisles must be somewhat aimless. Shoppers should first select all necessities such as bread, milk, sugar, flour, eggs, and dog food. With this out of the way, big spenders have plenty of time to wander through the remaining areas, picking up



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diet cookies, instant wrinkle remover, imported and exotic foods. This random trip, resulting in a year's supply of Hoi Toi Banana Cakes, Momma's Rose Hip Jelly, and similar goodies, is a final guarantee for soaring grocery bills. Attention to costs, comparison of sizes, or selection of any item based on anything other than impulse is strictly forbidden.

Any shoppers previously accustomed to agonizing over complicated rules of wise consumerism should be able to breeze through big-bucks shopping. The rules of timing, location, and pattern, simple and undemanding as they are, provide a sure-fire way for everyone to increase grocery bills in three easy steps.

### Final Exam

The final question  
was to be answered in essay form.

I fought the space allotted,  
and tried to group my ideas,  
as would a good sheepdog tighten his flock  
into a manageable unit,  
but my words tumbled over into the margins  
and ran up the side of the paper,  
like an errant weed,  
reaching skyward,  
hoping to be mistaken for a flower.

— Faith F. Vahle

