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Invitation to Artists and Authors

Artwork is invited from all persons who have been students at IUPUI at any time during the last eighteen months prior to submission. Any type of drawings may be submitted, although black-and-white sketches are preferred. Photographs may also be submitted. All artwork will be reproduced in black-and-white. Artists are asked to submit no more than ten pieces for a given issue. Please identify each piece on the back of the artwork with your name and the title of the piece. Include your name, address and telephone number on an enclosed title sheet as well as on your portfolio. A 25-50 word bio must accompany all submissions. Artists whose work is not accepted will be notified by mail. All artists are expected to pick up their artwork after submissions have been judged. Submit work to GENESIS, Student Activities Office, University Library, 815 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

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 Activities Office, University Library, 815 West Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All manuscripts are considered by a student editorial board. 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.* A 25-50 word bio must accompany all submissions.

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. Members of the Editorial Board are ineligible to receive prizes.

The American Game

R.F. Russell

R. F. Russell is a '72 graduate of I.U., Bloomington. "I don't know whether I continue Computer Science courses so I can submit fiction to *Genesis*, or I submit to *Genesis* to prove I need Computer Science courses. I would rather write fiction than design a recursive sorting program, but the equation isn't that simple. Money and family add complexity; eating and sleeping provide additional variables. Time is a constant, limiting the solution. I struggle to balance everything, but one facet remains true. Writing has become a habit—not always a convenient one." R. F. Russell is the recipient of the *Genesis* Award for Fiction.

Carl had patronized Bud's Bar for fifteen years, yet he didn't recognize a single customer in the dim tavern. The shadowed faces over the small, round tables studied their drinks oblivious to the bright June sunshine framing the plywood boarded windows. Not knowing anyone in the neighborhood pub nagged Carl. He felt alien, unsynchronized, like a stranger at an exotic religious ceremony in a semi-dark cathedral. With a World War II combat intuition, Carl sensed something would happen, something wrong he could do nothing about. The feeling was physically uncomfortable, like diarrhea.

The Saturday afternoon baseball game flowed fuzzily on the small color television over the dusty backbar next to the Pabst Blue Ribbon clock minus a minute hand. Thick glass magnified the players sprinting around the diamond, but it distorted them so their stretched heads fell into the screen. The magnifier supposedly transformed the small screen into a large one at half the expense, but despite all adjustments the distortion remained. Few drinkers watched it. The contorted figures hurt their eyes.

Carl settled on a newly upholstered, steel stool, removed his cap, and mopped his brow with his sleeve. He had just finished Saturday overtime at the ball bearing plant a block away as an inspector, the easiest, highest paid job on the line. Carl's seniority hadn't earned the position. The manager arranged it after Carl accidentally injured his back. Tests proved negative, but Carl insisted on pain and became the youngest inspector at forty. He didn't often work overtime since becoming an inspector. Bald, flushed, he set the cap on the counter and lit a thick cigar.

"Ribbon?" the owner-bartender asked.

Carl nodded; foul cigar smoke clouded the still air. A new air conditioner hummed over the door, but it didn't dissipate the pall—just dripped water on the cracked linoleum floor.

The emaciated, gray-haired owner set an amber bottle on the bar. He grabbed a once white towel, folded it in fourths, and wiped the heavily scarred, black-topped bar that absorbed light instead of reflecting it. "Hot?" the owner asked. His frayed, gray-white shirt draped too large over his shoulders.

Carl grinned. "Must be ninety. Plant's hell warmed over. Who's winnin'?"

The owner possessed a death mask face inset with inflamed, rheumy eyes. "Yankees last time I looked."

Carl remembered when the owner memorized the batting averages of the starters in both leagues and neglected business to watch double plays. "Baseball ain't no real game," Carl said deferentially. "Real men play football. Where is everybody? You used to do pretty good with the Saturday crew."

"Old crowd don't show much any more." The owner glanced up and down the bar, leaned confidentially across the bar, and spoke quietly. "Say, Carl, the other night you said you knew somebody who might buy this place. You weren't blowin' smoke, were you?"

"Hell no, I wasn't blowin' smoke," Carl answered petulantly. "I got a couple guys who'll look at this dump. But if you don't wanna sell, I'll tell 'em you was only kiddin'."

The owner's face paled; he hurried his speech. "No, you tell 'em, you tell 'em I'm ready to sell. I'll go reasonable. I got the sickness. Remember how strong I used to be? Remember how I arm wrestled, free drink to any man who beat me? Look!" He pinched the ashen skin on his wasted, flaccid forearms. "I got the sickness. And the wife, well, she can't live long crazy as she is. It's gettin' so she won't leave the house, not even durin' the day. Keeps hearin' things even when there's nothin' there. I'm hopin' a change of scenery will help. So I got to know if you got someone or not."

"I said I did, didn't I?"

"Yeah, only you said you had a cousin who wanted my

pickup and a guy who was lookin' for houses in this neighborhood. It's been a couple weeks, and I ain't seen either."

"Can I help it if my cousin found a better deal? And that fella I was tellin' you about hasn't got his money yet. Look, if you don't want help, say so. I've got better things to do than to jaw people about you."

The owner shook his head and coughed so deeply he had to spit. He croaked like a frog. "No, no, I gotta sell. I don't need much. I gotta get outta here. Business is still good. It's just my sickness and the wife. I'd stay myself, and I just put in the air conditioner and a new stove. It ain't business, just the wife. I gotta sell."

Somebody further down tapped a quarter on the bar, and the owner shuffled away. Relieved, Carl stuck out his tongue, picked off a bit of tobacco, and wiped his fingers on his shirt. He told himself the cigar planted the sour taste in his mouth. The door opened behind him, but Carl didn't turn.

"Hi, Carl," the man said as he sat down. "Anything goin' on?"

Carl recognized the man and grinned. "Nothin' but the rent, Jake, you?" No longer alone, Carl now belonged in the bar. Fifteen years of patronage had been confirmed, and Carl held squatters' rights. The other customers were alien. Carl noticed the TV screen and thought he could identify the players on the diamond.

Tall, bony, enormous Adam's apple, Jake resembled an escapee from a modern painting. A foreman at the plant, he worked every Saturday in the forge for the overtime pay. Jake had seven children and always needed money. Once he struggled through three straight shifts in the middle of August to earn enough extra cash for a ten speed bicycle. His two sons were supposed to share it, and they did until someone stole the bike.

"Sold the house," Jake said. "Movin' out."

"What the hell! Where you goin'?"

"Northside. Moon Woods. Nice place. Smaller house than here. Gotta do."

The owner plunked down another beer, and Jake wrapped his clawlike hands around it. His short, brown hair stuck out from the sides of his head stiff with dried sweat. Because of the forge heat and low wages Jake

never kept a full crew and labored alongside the men he supervised. Perspiration stains had spread through the armpits of his blue workshirt.

"How can you afford that?" Carl asked.

"Can't. Wife'll work. It'll be tight. She says OK. Glad to move. Good schools. Quint moved there last year. Likes it pretty good."

"Why move up with those snobs? They'll make fun of you. This neighborhood needs good workers, people. Besides, it's a long drive from the north side. You'll waste gas."

"Don't care. Better'n here. Better neighborhood." Jake sipped his beer quickly. He carried sharp edges like a stick figure. "Got a feelin' I oughta get the kids outta here. Something's gonna happen, something bad. Shoulda moved last year."

The owner shouted. Both men turned.

"Get the hell outta here!" the owner rasped. "I've told you before. This bar's clean. It's gonna stay that way, and I ain't payin' no protection. Now get out!"

The swarthy youth smiled with beautiful white teeth and wide, brown eyes. More handsome than a movie star, young, Carl thought the youth ought to be in high school, valedictorian. His tan suit fit perfectly. A striped tie accented a starched, chocolate brown shirt. Glittering gold jangled from both wrists. He didn't sweat. He looked like he stepped off the page of some magazine.

"That's no way to treat a customer," the youth said softly.

"Your goddamned money ain't no good here," the owner spat.

Slight, a long purplish scar on his neck, the youth plunged forward, his hands curled into fists. "Maybe I don't need money," he growled.

The owner reached below the bar and jerked out a sawed-off shotgun which he rested on the bar, the dark blue barrel a foot from the youth's gold belt buckle. "You better leave," the owner gasped. His watery eyes widened, and a muscle along his jaw twitched.

Halted, the youth glowered, all darting eyes and darkening face. Several men drifted silently toward the side door. The television sounded loud in the absence of speech. Carl shivered and bit through his cigar. Feverish,

sweaty, a tightness grabbed his chest. He squeezed his bottle trying to translate the tension into energy. The standoff seemed to last forever.

The youth's grin suddenly widened, and he backed away. "OK," the youth laughed. "OK, macho man. But I'll be back. No shotgun's gonna save you, macho man, no shotgun. We got ways. I'll be back." The youth disappeared into the bright day. The door closed bringing darkness like a dropping coffin lid. No one moved or spoke. Carl turned away from the ugly, deadly shotgun.

"What the hell was that?" Carl asked softly a minute later.

"Trouble," Jake answered. "Wouldn't happen five months ago. Neighborhood's changed. People movin'. New neighbors different, mean. Rackets. Scared, everyone's scared." He licked his thin, dry lips. I'm gone in two weeks."

"Bullshit! Sure, the neighborhood's changin'. Everything changes, but it's not that bad. No reason to be scared. New neighbors never seem as good. Hell, my Carrie's gonna miss your girls. She's in Audra's class, right?"

"Know anyone here? Wanna know anyone?" Jake asked.

"Haven't been here lately; haven't had time," Carl lied. "Not knowin' anyone don't mean nothin'. There's still good folks around—Albert, Wilson."

"Rape—Albert's girl. Fight—Wilson boys. Dope. Prostitution. Audra pawed at school last week. Carrie threatened; ask her. Time to move."

"The suburbs are as bad, only richer. There's dope, booze. You can't escape. It'll follow you. Runnin' only makes you broke. Stay here. Leavin' makes things worse."

"Gotta try. Kids need a place. Can't grow good crops in bad dirt."

The owner slammed two more bottles on the bar as if he didn't want Carl and Jake to leave. Shaking badly, he grabbed a towel and swiped the bartop. Behind him the badly distorted baseball players hustled across the screen. A score flashed, but Carl couldn't read the numbers.

"Sons of bitches suck blood," the owner muttered. "Think they can do anything they please. Well, they better stay the hell away from me. I ain't no coward." His voice rose. He twisted the towel as if no one listened. Carl stared at the owner, mesmerized by the gutteral murmur. "If one of them pups tries something, I'll blow his head

off. I'll hand him his goddamned head on a platter. A shotgun don't discriminate. I'll . . ." The owner glared at Carl, flung his towel into the sink, and stormed to the far end of the bar.

"Jesus!" Carl hissed and fell silent. The beer bottle slipped in his sweaty palm. He relit his cigar to give his hands something to do. Jake opened his pocket knife and cleaned his fingernails with short, deft movements. Outside, squealing tires chased a car honk. Carl shivered and wondered if he had caught cold.

For the next few minutes Jake and Carl spoke of nothing. Carl wanted to say something, but he couldn't. He tried, but the thing he wanted to say eluded him, slipped away to the corner to guzzle beer and forget. Instead Carl began with neutral things like work and sports and politics. Carl carefully avoided crime and the neighborhood, and after a while, as the second beer unloosened the knot in his chest, Carl relaxed. Yesteryear returned. Carl again sipped beer with an old friend and expounded a number of convictions without regard as to truth. The status quo resurrected laughs and smiles Carl had forgotten. Jake laughed in staccato bursts like a machinegun. Even the owner eased closer and added an occasional anecdote. The other customers disappeared, leaving just the three of them. For a moment Carl's eyes corrected the distortion allowing him to see the baseball game clearly. The Yankees led. Grinning, he ordered another round.

Carl and Jake had almost finished their third beers when the man stumbled through the door and plopped down, upsetting an empty bottle. Short, wiry, his long, black hair fell in lank, oily locks across his craggy, pocked face. His dark sports shirt displayed white skin through a cigarette burn hole on his belly. He draped his arms across the bar; blue ropey veins embraced the leering, naked woman tatooed on one forearm.

"Whooee," the newcomer laughed. "Gimmee a beer."

The newcomer gulped half the bottle, grinned, exposing yellowed, chipped front teeth, and stuck out a soiled hand with black fingernails. "Wyatt," the man slurred. "Name's Wyatt P. Wilts."

Jake shook hands without smiling. "Jake Lemert."

"Glad to meet ya. Whooee, have I had a time today."

Wyatt laughed, a wild, amoral laugh. Gray-black stubble covered his face. "You know Dixie Carter?"

Jake shook his head, his hair straight out as if electrically charged.

Wyatt swung the naked tatoo in front of Jake, pointed to it, and leaned closer. "Dixie's the finest tail in this neighborhood, and I've tried it all. Her pants are hotter'n a three dollar pistol, and she knows how to use it—if ya know what I mean."

Jake nodded and snapped shut his pocket knife. Carl listened, fascinated and repulsed at the same time.

"Don't get me wrong. Dixie don't do everything with pants. It's just that she's married to this little fag who ain't enough for her, and a woman like Dixie needs considerable. Hell, it ain't no secret. Her husband knows. He just ain't man enough to do anything. Now when my old woman started keepin' strange, I kicked her out on the street like a man should."

Wyatt took a drink and drew closer. His body stank of cigarettes and beer. "This afternoon the flit surprises me and Dixie when we're sorta inspired, know what I mean? Well, a man would've done something, but the worm just watched, as if he didn't know what we were doin'. Dixie had to chase him away. She grabbed my boot and worried him out the front door; and standin' naked on the porch she cursed him until he disappeared around the corner." Wyatt burst into raucous laughter. "Whooee, what a gal! Nothin' but coal black hair and white skin in front of God and everybody. I bet the neighbors got an eyeful." He laughed so hard he coughed until tears rose in his eyes and he spat blood.

Jake glanced at Carl for help, but Carl stared straight ahead, not seeing the baseball game any more. He couldn't move; sweat glued him to his seat. Out of control, Carl felt like a lineless actor in an ad lib play. Other characters carried the action in some foreign language.

"Whooee," Wyatt gasped, wiping his eyes. "Dixie's a hellcat, but you wouldn't believe the tricks she knows. I once told her she ought to go pro. She got so mad she hit me with a twenty dollar lamp; sent me to the hospital." He nodded so Jake could see the top of his head. "Took seventeen stitches. In the end I sent her flowers and give her twenty dollars from my unemployment check, but

she's worth it." He laughed. "Jesus, she's a crazy broad!"

The door opened behind the three men flooding them with brilliant, harsh light like a photographer's flash. When the door didn't close, Carl squinted over his shoulder. A small man stood silhouetted in the doorway without a face or features. For a long, chilly moment Carl thought it might be the swarthy youth, but the shadow loomed too small, too unsure. Carl felt an affinity with the shadow's reluctance.

"Shut the door," the owner called.

The black figure stood frozen, still as death.

"Goddamnit!" the owner shouted. "You're lettin' the heat in!"

The figure remained in the doorway, and Carl felt a chill tremble up his spine leaving a snowy glacier in the pit of his stomach.

"Whooee," Wyatt laughed, his head next to Jake's. "You should've seen the runt's face when Dix told him to scram."

The silhouette jerked into motion. The hand swung away from the side, rose to shoulder level, and aimed a shaking pistol at Wyatt. A sharp report followed the brief flash.

Carl screamed.

The pistol flashed again.

A tremendous blast engulfed the pistol report and Carl's scream. The silhouette jumped backwards as if jerked by a rope like a puppet off a stage. Carl blinked at an empty, sunlit space and the door, slowly, automatically swinging shut. Carl whirled. The owner gripped the smoking, shuddering shotgun. His ghostlike face gaped unbelievedly.

"Christ!" Wyatt screamed. "What the hell's goin' on?!"

Carl turned, surprised by Wyatt's voice. Wyatt swayed shakily by his stool, bewildered by the sulphur-fouled air and men scurrying noisily out the side door. He rubbed his eyes and wagged his head from side to side.

Carl glanced at Jake lying face down on the bar, a small, dark pool spreading around his head like a mere around a monument.

Carl upset his stool and dropped his cigar. "Goddamn!" Carl gasped.

Wyatt frowned. He dipped his hand into the pool around Jake's head and held up his blood-reddened fingers. Then

he laughed. "Whooee, shit's gonna fly now!"

Carl's head spun from Wyatt to Jake to the owner. "I gotta get outta here," Carl murmured. "I gotta get outta here."

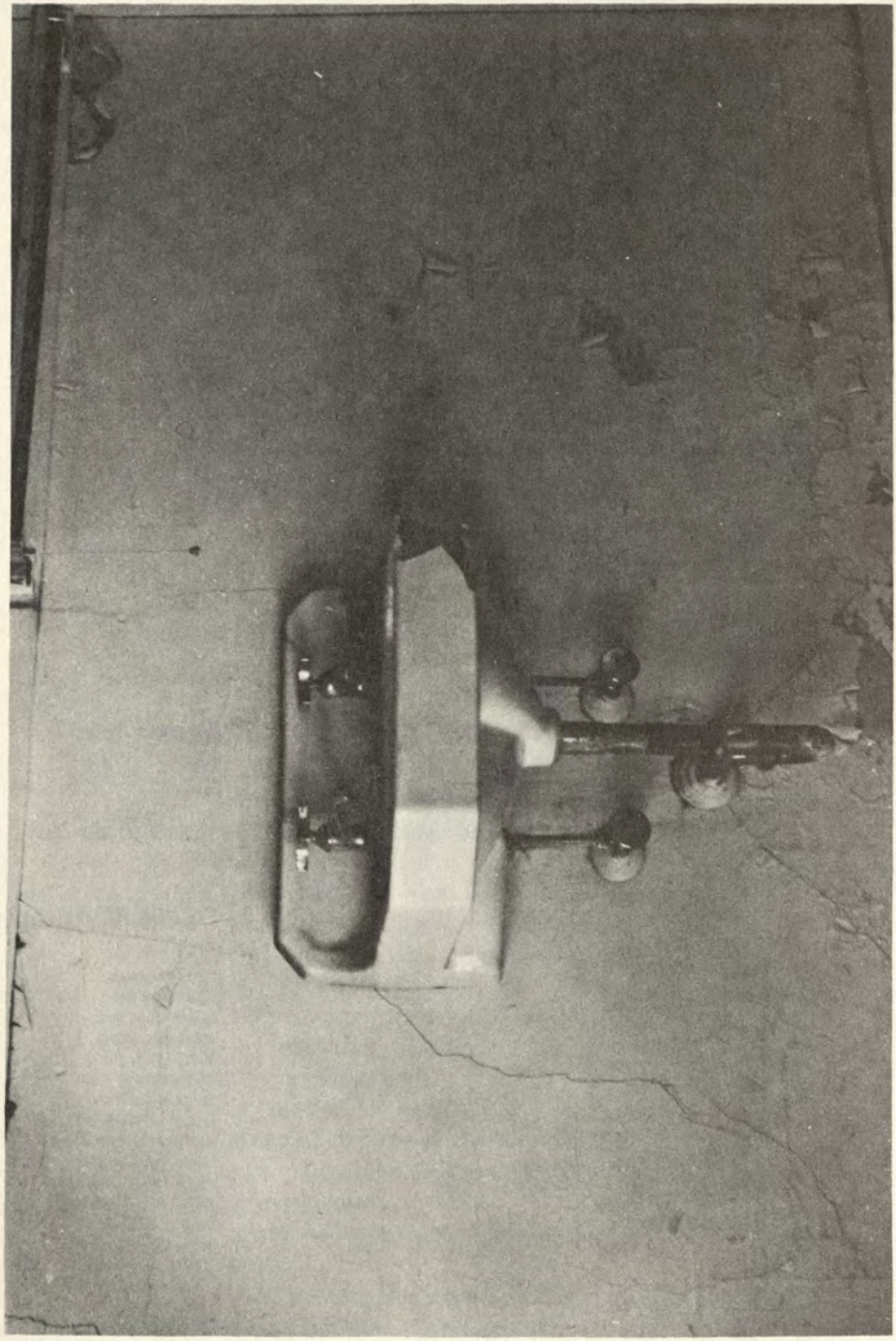
A loud cheer emanated from the television as a grotesque figure trotted around the distorted diamond.

Free-Writing On St. Patrick's Day

Green clovers, green clothes—I had none
Green beer served in bars
I had none of that too
Sitting in the tub, peering over the edge
I noticed two mice having sex
behind the toilet
They had just finished a pitcher of green beer
and their little green hats
were falling off their heads
because of the awkward way mice have to do it

—David Mattingly

David Mattingly—Loathing both speedbumps and stoplights, David Mattingly is the protaganist of a new breed of anarchist driver. In his first life he wondered and wandered around on a beach somewhere in the Far East. Having realized a lifelong dream by performing his band's original music live, David would now like to fall madly in love and travel around the world.



—Steven Paskewitz

The Sink

PROVEN: Man is 60% water,
is, like earth
shifting land in ocean
spinning down through time:
a dwindling cell
treading space.

SAYING: We are what we eat,
we swallow dust of rock
like sand
blown thin across oceans.
We breathe sunlight
the way dew transforms into sky
falling as rain, not dew
back to earth.

We drink from faucets,
fill up sinks with what we are made of:
to wash in
to shave in
to leave filled up
when the tea kettle shrills

returning
we find
the plug still tight
the sink has emptied
the water
an offhanded memory. —**Jeff Berger**

Laundry

Rain falls. Gray
blankets
bed sheets
pillow cases
are folded along phone wires
lining the streets.
When warm winds
begin to flow toward a musical calm,
everything holds a purpose. —**Jeff Berger**

Jeff Berger—"After all this time, searching is secondary to love. Nothing else matters." Jeff is the recipient of the *Genesis* Award for Poetry.

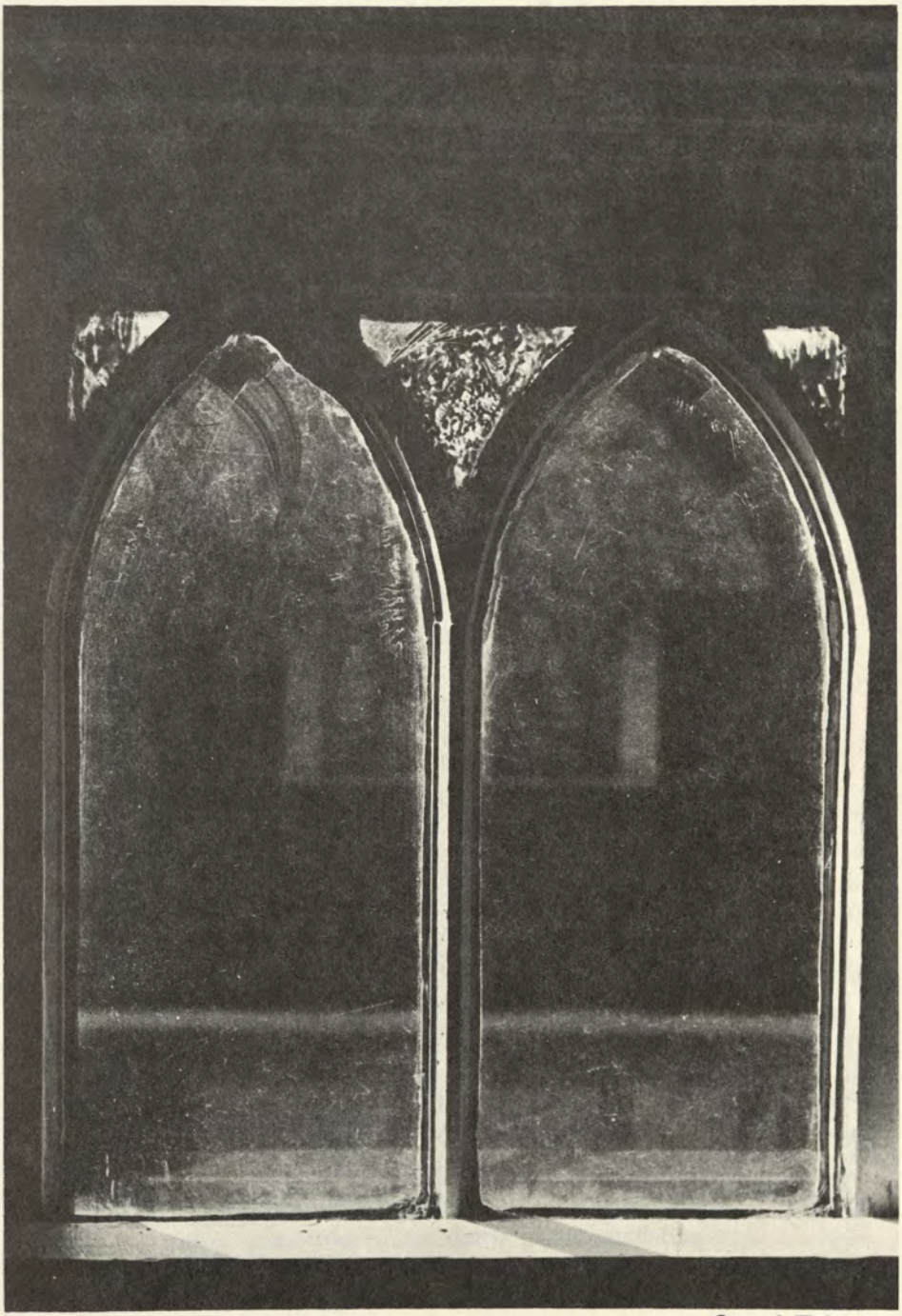
Our Separate Ways

Something in the air
repels the touch of our fingers
we walk down the street
like two teachers
but talk with the pain
of broken parts—
I blame the past
its inconsistencies:
the holes in the wall
cracks on a windowpane
the dim light of a candle
waivering between flame and shadow—
in explanation, we sought
the eye of the heart
looked for a prism in the clouds
counted raindrops
in the stacks of coins.
Now I don't know where we are going
the road at the clearing forks
the wind has picked up

—Jeff Berger

I am walking
limping, fractured, fragmented
disjointed
stumbling in all directions
from a path i have never known
tripping on: refusing to believe
disorder is a consequence of nature
sometimes feeling confused about my romantic tendencies
so i fake a harder edge
laughing
tracers of us blotted to the wall
mulling them over, until
finally seducing the last thought
of this stream-of-consciousness bullshit
writing acid-poems for therapy
isn't fun at 5am

—David Mattingly



—Carol Trigg

a poem for two people

face me

watch carefully my eyes

what is their color?
auburn? hazel?

hear me

what voice do you find?
tired? joyful?

now cup your hands on my face
like this:

palms beneath chin
fingers to cheek
closed lightly
yes
like wings

now
hold me
in your gaze
and

believe in yourself

—Jeff Berger

caught in the arc of you,
caught in the undulant arch of you
i am no longer poet
but wordsmith and miner,
clinking stones in dark tunnels
and waiting for sparks:
pulling ore up the long-grade
and hammering wings.

—L. M. Jones

Pick-up at the College Cafe

The young blonde
at the table
yeah— he smiled to see me by—
and when I turned to see that
he was wearing one
gold-earring— right:

yeah, he smiled again
those big teeth flashing
white and clean
fluorescent:

yeah, just had to
sit-right-down
in the College White Cafe—

It was lighting up the tables
It was lighting up his shirt
(didn't even ask to sit there;
no cig'rets in the ashtray, so I knew I wouldn't smoke—)

yeah, he asked me for a date—
I said,

"Yes, that would be fine."

Those fine, thin, blanched bones
were showin'
a thick promise
through his shirt.
They were sendin' out the linen
that I'd have to wash up Sunday.

September Sunday

I cultivate my house
Flour on the table
Bread in the oven
Coffee brewing thoughts that
We can go on together
When everything outside
Is wilting.

—Karla Ashmore

Karla Ashmore—This punkian poesy is dedicated to: ERIKA ASHMORE, who knows "about one hundred-and-ninety ways to play with a balloon;" MARY NICOLINI, my sublunary sis; DR. ED CASEBEER, poet-teacher right-left thinker, who bridges the split between art & tech.; "ALL THOSE MEN (in Diane Wakoski's words) who betrayed me at one time or another, in hopes that they will fall off their motorcycles and break their necks;" AND finally (no stopping me now) CLARA BARTON, since she would be there to pick "those men" up-off-the-ground! To ALL OF YOU with love,
Karla Ashmore

—Carol Trigg

Walker Flood's Farewell Party

Madge Stiefel

Madge Stiefel—"Everyone asks me what I plan to do with a degree in English. What else? I'll go into business for myself and open an English factory!"

Walker Flood was a drinking man from Kentucky and "by God . . . didn't give a tinker's dam who know'd it." He'd tell you to your face when he got a chance, his unshaven pointed chin jutting forward and icy-blue eyes sparking through a frown. He loved to talk; his favorite subject was Walker Flood; and he turned any conversation to that subject. Without an audience he was content to talk with himself, muttering proverbs and replying with profanities, punctuated by spittings over his left shoulder.

"Good riddance, I say." Raising his voice over the creaking wagon and the clanging of empty barrels inside, he repeated, "I say, goo-ed riddance."

"An' to hell with'em all," he responded, slapping the reins across his mule's rump and pulling his short frame to its full height as he always did when he cussed.

A softness eased into his wrinkled face when he twisted around, contemplating the shack near the banks of White River, where his belongings were packed, stacked, and ready to go. He shook his head, "Don't know what all the fuss is 'bout."

"It's 'bout Goddamn politics, that's what it's 'bout," spat back Walker Flood.

A familiar sight to Indianapolis residents since before the turn of the century, Walker's dilapidated wagon and mule were part of their daily scenery. In fact, they welcomed his long-winded gruffness because there was no other professional man in the city—doctor, lawyer, preacher, or even bartender—whom people could talk with the way they could with him.

Most called him "ol' Walker, the trashman" but he

introduced himself to a stranger as Walker T. Flood, "odds and ends" man. Nobody remained a stranger long to one who placed such importance on conversation; and he was a good listener, too. Chewing and listening intently, he waited for the opportunity to change the subject to himself and his theories; and he had many.

His theory on Hoosiers was that they were limited to four topics of conversation which they usually discussed in their order of importance: work, religion, drinking, and Kentuckians. Now Walker said he rated them in the exact opposite order, but on all four he could talk down any man, or woman.

He was his orneriest on the topic of Kentuckians, though it wasn't the jokes and insults that angered him most. There was the misconceived notion, to anybody who wasn't from the Blue Grass state, that Kentuckians were tall. When someone laughingly told Walker he wasn't tall enough to be a real Kentuckian, he'd get spitting mad. Pulling his shoulders up and jutting out his chin, he'd say, "By God, I reckon I'm as tall as any Kentuckian needs to be."

"I reckon they won't be seeing this short Kentuckian again after today."

"Them damn politicians can have their city ordinances—and *more,*" threatened Walker, spitting into one of the garbage barrels after his first pick-up, and then heaving the pail he had emptied to the ground.

"How much time are they giving you, Walker?" asked the cook, who worked days at The Nest, retrieving his garbage pails from behind Walker's wagon.

"Just enuff time, by God," retorted the old man as his wagon jerked away. He wasn't in the mood to talk with anyone but himself.

The cook laughed aloud, watching the wagon disappear around the corner while its driver mumbled and swore alternately. "Boy, they've made ol' Walker mad this time; he forgot to collect his fee."

City officials had been warning the Kentuckian for months. They told him to quit driving his mule and wagon on city streets, for reasons of safety and "san-ee-tay-shun" as Walker mimicked. Yesterday he had received final notice; legal papers were served prohibiting him from driving his wagon on city streets after this week. They

threatened jail and confiscation of his mule and wagon if he disobeyed the order. The man who delivered the papers had the gall to imply that everybody knew he had been hoarding his money for more than thirty years. According to them, he could afford a motorized truck if he wanted to continue as trash collector.

"How'd they know how much money I got?" demanded Walker of himself.

"Ain't none of the'r damn business, anyway."

On his last day in Indianapolis, Walker Flood wasn't concerned with money. He covered in one day most of the territory which normally took him a week. Such industrious behavior puzzled his patrons who all knew Walker's theory on work.

Walker felt his business had every advantage a man wanted. He worked when he felt like it; he worked outside; he was his own boss; and he could talk, his favorite pastime. "All work, some say, is noble," he'd drawl as he rubbed his amber-stained chin. "Others say hard work has its rewards. I say the'r damn liars. Ther' ain't nothin' noble or rewardin' 'bout breakin' your back workin'!" With that he'd spit an exclamation mark over his left shoulder.

But when residents heard his noisy wagon approaching on his last day in town, by the time they gathered their money or whatever "odds and ends" they planned to barter with over his fee, they were surprised to see the rear of his wagon wobbling on down the street. A few tried to follow to the next stop, hoping to engage him in conversation, and were even more shocked by his rudeness. All day long this continued.

Then about an hour before supper time, he pulled up to the front door of The Nest and strutted in. The owner-bartender started to tell him to move his stinking garbage before all the customers ran away, when Walker pounded on a table, climbed on a chair, and threw a wad of bills on the counter. "This oughta buy drinks for everybody for the rest of the day." Pulling his shoulders back and standing erect, he added, "An' if anybody asks, it was a tall Kentuckian who paid for 'em." He had one drink with the noisy group before driving his wagon across the Washington Street bridge and up to the state house.

His slow-moving wagon caused such a commotion in the

downtown area that traffic came to a standstill. Having timed his demonstration perfectly, Walker attracted a crowd of people leaving work or coming into town for dinner. Turning his wagon around in front of the Hoosier rotunda in spite of honking horns, shouting motorists, and bewildered pedestrians, he stopped in the middle of the block. Calmly he climbed down, sauntered around to the back of the wagon, climbed up on the bed, and began dumping the contents on the street, throwing the empty barrels on top of the garbage along with any other "odds and ends" he had picked up that day.

When his wagon was cleared of its debris, he bowed slightly and waved to the crowd. "A farewell party for Walker T. Flood, former 'odds and ends' man of Indianapolis, is goin' on right now at The Nest. Drinks are free." Scattered cheers accompanied his quick descent from the bed and even faster ascent onto the seat. His wagon rolled a few feet then halted; he stood and added, "An' after the'r city ordinances have cleared this up," he pointed to the garbage on the street, "Then the Goddamn politicians can have a drink to—'ol Walker'—." He spat the quotation marks.

Long before baffled officials decided how to remove the garbage, before the traffic jam cleared, or before the wad of bills was drunk, Walker Flood went back to his shack, loaded his belongings in the wagon, and left Indianapolis—heading west on U. S. 40.

Underdogs

They say, "God gave man,
In the chain of command,
The authority."

We give man's knowledge
A special privilege.
Unfortunately.

—Austina R. Alexander

Austina R. Alexander has been attending I.U.P.U.I. for four years, on a part-time basis. She is enrolled in the School of Science, and studying Agriculture. Austina lives with her husband and sons on a small homestead in Morristown, Indiana.

Ace Trucking

I

A Not-For-Profit Corporation

Ace Trucking . . .
We pack and ship all that
one
can accumulate
in a few long years
of a short marriage for
two.

All intangibles
one may collect:
memories, pain
love, hate
and regrets
U-Haul
yourself.

Its one-way trucks
local and long distances
at reasonable rates.
No storage
offered for
freight and
feelings.

II

We Haul Junk

Ace Trucking . . .
We transferred
my meager possessions out of
the house
which has never been
my home.

I studied my belongings:
1 chest of drawers
1 table
1 bicycle
29 boxes

and contemplated what wasn't mine:
1 family
1 wife
1 peace of mind
29 years.

In crisis—in flight—
keep only what you
can eat and wear;
everything else
is just
a man's vanity.

What I can
eat and wear
would fit in one box.
And the rest?
I am as
vain
as the next man.

III

Hobos With Furniture

Ace Trucking . . .
You and I
on wing again;
the mobile maniacs.
Two to move
crates of guilt,
trunks with faces
weeping in the rain.

Lifters of empathy
transplanting the
litter of love.
Covering furnishings with
blankets
of security
frayed and thin.

Bearers of one another's
burdens.
Hiding fear
in newspaper wrappings
while reading my
horror
scope.
A future outlined
in generalities
common to all
but me.

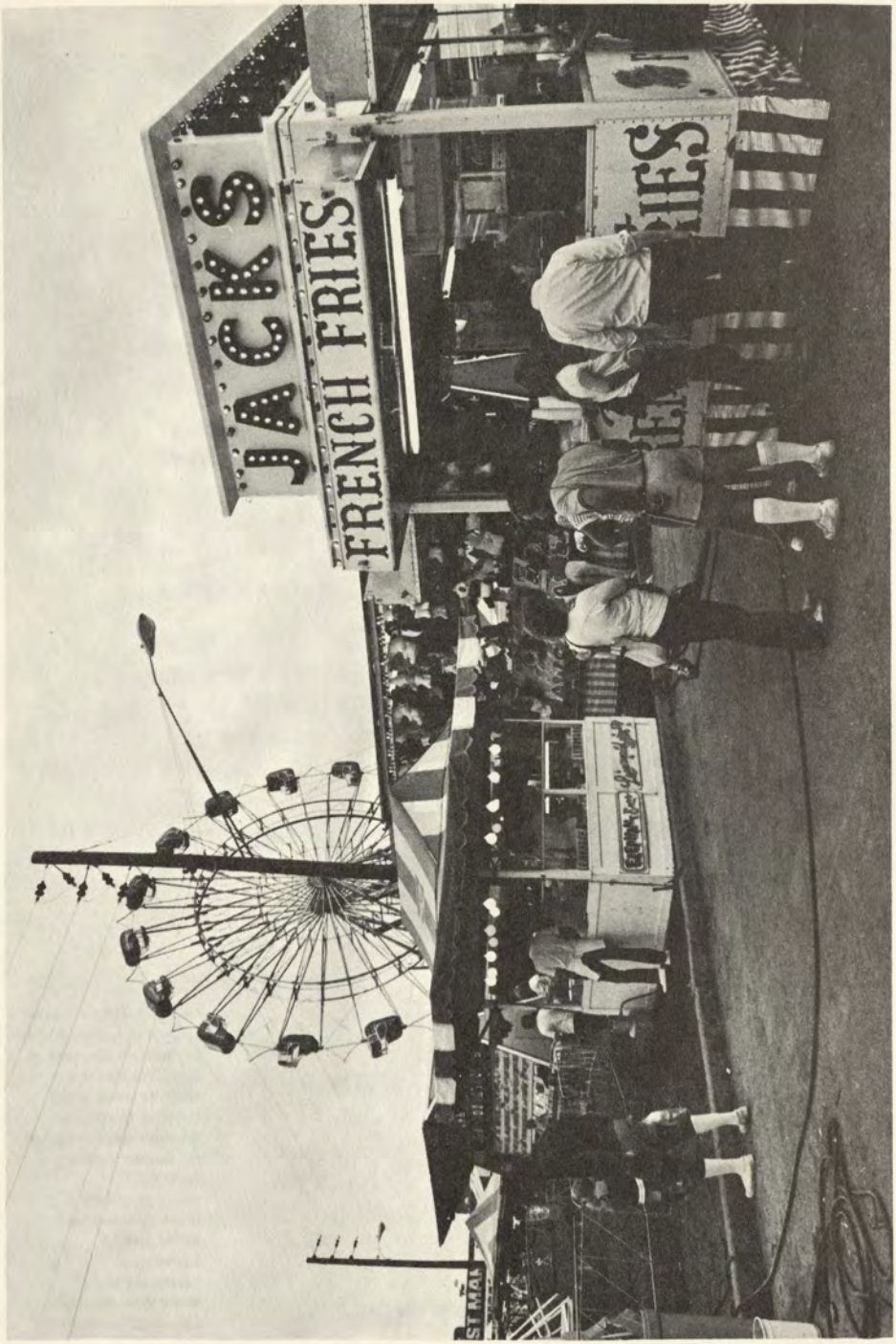
Twenty-three moves
since Central High.
Ten years—
sometimes
too long . . .
sometimes
not long enough.

Sax-Man

Rides his horn
like a horse
a rocking horse.
Blows his soul
thru that reed.
Fingers fly
on that
phallic-phone.

—Daniel F. Kelly

Daniel F. Kelly—"I have emigrated to Indianapolis to finish my last year of Law School so that I could be closer to my children, Bryan and Darryn—treasures from my former marriage. I write to:
chronicle growth
preserve memories
fullfill instinct.
I publish to:
expose my soul
invite your criticism
encourage our meeting."



—Mark Simons

Riverside Lost

Spinning carousel rainbows
The wheel of childhood
Turns turns
Ride pink ponies
To a calliope sky
Dip back to greening grass
Where warm hands await
Now
The hands are cold
Animal faces grimace
Muted half-moons
Crumble in dust
In a barbwire world
Life turns turns

Spring: Through A Car Window

The sweat of sleep
Beads on grassy fingers
Essence
Seeps from soggy earth
Still cloaked
In a smoky gown
Through leafy blinds
Sunlight jumps
And awakens fields
Brown and naked

—Cindy Clendenon

Cindy Clendenon—I am a 1981 biology-math graduate of Indiana Central University and now a first semester SPEA student in the MSES program, aiming for water resources. I work at the National Weather Service and freelance for the *Star Magazine* and other local and regional publications. At Central I took two poetry classes and found poetry to be an outlet for my "darker" side. Uplifting poems usually sound trite and contrived.

Demolition

Ripped open
Its insides rolled out
And carried off in a big bucket
To be rendered into crispy cash
And second rate supplies
The building gapes
As dusk and death hover
In creamy rooms
In stucco-lined stairwells
In an aqua-walled, steel-ribbed gym
Over the hardwood floor
That gapes
And gapes
And wire tendons dangle
Like lifeless fingers
And skalded wallpaper skin
Drapes over crushed brick

Days before
The past meandered down halls
Chattering laughing
Six-foot children and five-foot teachers
Ate cookies in a gym
Clothed in class pictures.
Thousands of tiny paper eyes
Smiled as grown-ups weaved
Among papier-mache zebras and elephants
And the American flag
And tables of programs and PTA booklets
And a three-foot aerial photograph
And Cindy played "Copenhagen"
From the same book
On the same piano
And saw the same kiln
And chalks and paint
And Cindy she was bad she wrote we love you on the board
And cried in the closet

Lullabyed by memories
Of Jack and the Beanstalk
Spelling bees
Recess
Children's laughter fades
In a vacuum of destruction
Glass shatters
Silent

—Cindy Clendenon

Out of the Looking Glass

Softly to the dirge
Of Womanhood
Down the white aisle
Glide glide
From arm to arm
Vows of love and servitude
Shuddering shoulders in knelt prayer
A rose and a kiss for Mother
Lifted veil
Departure
Candles melt

—Cindy Clendenon

i
have none of the following
no blood no brains
no guts no compassion
  no heart and soul
my critics hired movers
to take these things away
lost in transit
like so many other's personals
bruised by people claiming to have cared

—David Mattingly

Magic Memories

Phyllis Adkins

Phyllis Adkins—"I humbly thank my Creator for any spark of creativity imparted to me."

Occasionally, a certain smell, a particular sound, or some other sensation, evokes in me a very vivid memory, and may even go on to produce a whole sequence of related images. A memory seems to be a collapsible thing, like a magician's box; it can be folded smaller and smaller until it disappears completely, but the snap of the magician's fingers will bring it back to visibility. Then, the magician may pull from his box a string of bright silk scarves, each tied to the last.

Any of my five senses can be the snap of the magician's fingers. The smell of alcohol triggers for me the painful memory of a hospital stay. A soft rose petal reminds me of my firstborn, and the wonder I felt as I stroked his delicate cheek. Brown calico brings to mind the curtains I made for my first apartment, and the pride I felt then at being on my own. A grape popsicle, so cold it sticks to my tongue, causes me to relive summer evenings spent playing hide 'n' seek under the streetlights.

A fly's monotonous buzzing carries me back to Grandma's house in the summertime, when, despite her best efforts, a fly or two were always present. In my mind's eye, I can see quite clearly Grandma's living room drapes—large jungle leaves on a maroon background, hideous by today's tastes, but quite acceptable in that era of wide-armed sofas and cheap blonde endtables. I remember the slant to her old kitchen floor, and the worn linoleum that covered it. Other memories surface: the water bucket and dipper kept by the back door; giggling trips to the outhouse in tandem with my cousin; featherbeds piled so high I had to climb up on the bed on

my knees the way a toddler climbs up on a chair; the huge maple tree under which we played house, its spreading roots setting the boundaries of our "homes"; the hollyhock blossoms we imagined were elegant ladies in ball gowns; the luscious strawberries we picked and ate on the spot. I am filled with a warmth and a forgotten innocence as I recall these things—recollections triggered by the droning of a fly.

Although a memory comes unbidden, I am in control. I can savor it, or learn from it, or, like the magician, I can stuff the scarves of memory back in the box, fold the box, and fold it again, until it vanishes once more.

Dandelions

Dandelions dot my lawn,
Golden and bold,
Princes in their prime,
Scions that were spawned
By a king grown old,
Begotten in his decline.

—Phyllis Adkins

Colorful ribbons
Arc across the rain-washed sky.
God's promise renewed.

—Phyllis Adkins

The Art Work

12 **Photograph:** Steven Paskewitz
15 **Photograph:** Carol Trigg
18 **Photograph:** Carol Trigg
26 **Photograph:** Mark S. Simons
33 **Drawing:** Jack Monninger, Jr.
34 **Photograph:** Mark S. Simons
47 **Drawing:** Jack Monninger, Jr.
50 **Photograph:** Jack Monninger, Jr.
52 **Photograph:** Steven Paskewitz
63 **Drawing:** Stuart Keefer

The Artists

Jeff Davis is a Junior in the Visual Communication program at Herron School of Art. His cover art, submitted in class competition, was selected for the Fall, 1982, issue.

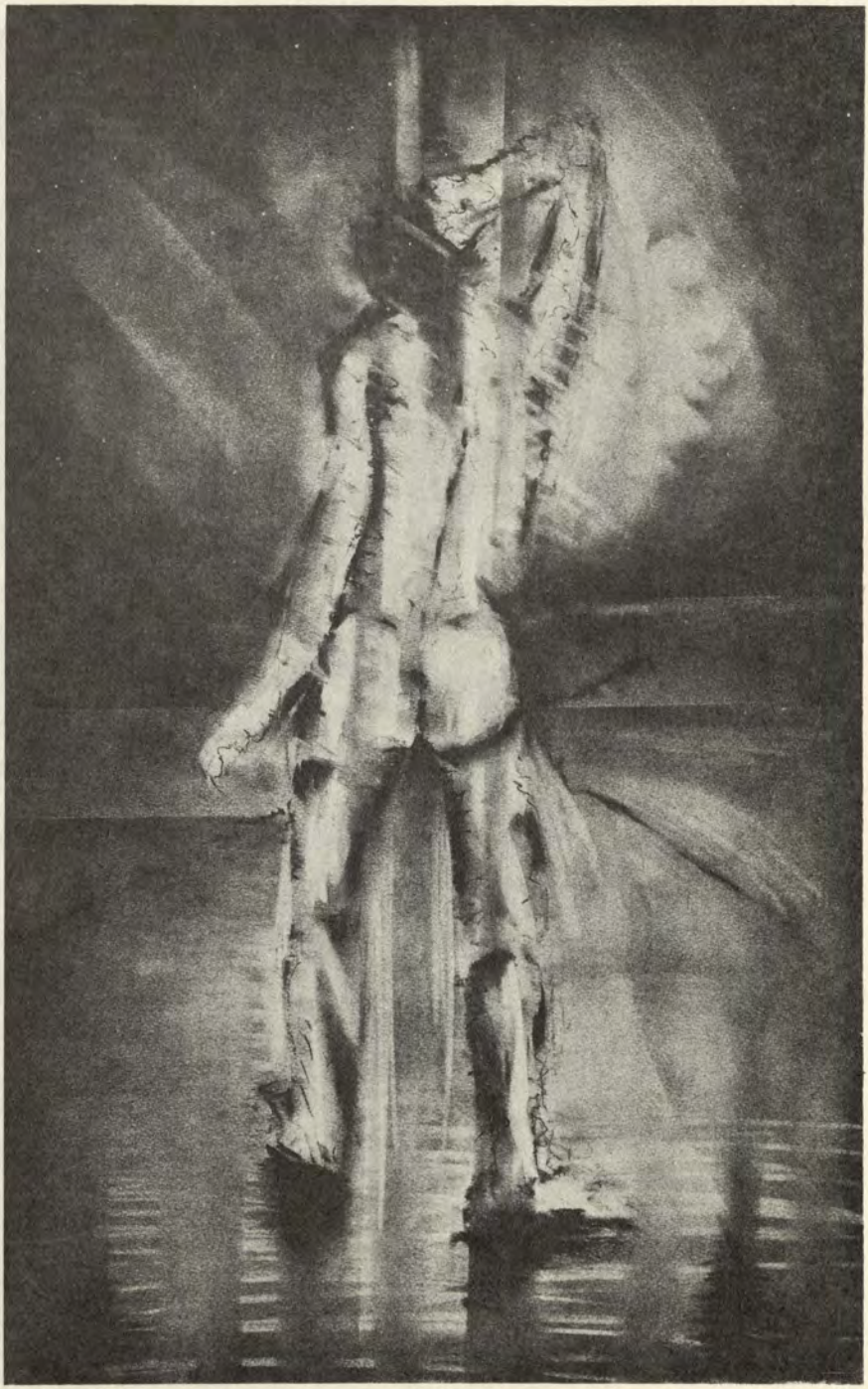
Stuart Keefer I'm politician, writer, cartoonist, twenty-three and still crazy after all these years.

Jack Monninger, Jr. is a Fine Arts graduate who "nixed the idea to teach, in favor of getting a second degree in Visual Communications," and is now a Junior at Herron. Primarily an illustrator, in the Fine Art sense, he wants to do design work when he graduates, and he hopes there will be enough time to do both. Jack is the recipient of the *Genesis* Award for Art.

Steven Paskewitz is a Junior in the Herron School of Art. He's from the big city, New York, and came to this small city five years ago. Steve is well known among his fellow art students as a "party type of guy."

Mark Simons is a Junior at the Herron School of Art. A well-known fashion plate and man-about-town, he is considering endorsing a line of designer shirts and ties for Amvet clothing outlets.

Carol Trigg is a junior at Herron School of Art seeking a B.F.A. and a M.A.E. simultaneously. Since receiving a B.S. in Art Education from Butler University in 1975, Carol has been an Art teacher at primary and secondary levels in Indianapolis.



—Jack Monninger

—Mark Simons

Stationmaster

Dan Davis

Dan Davis—Deriving inspiration from nearly anything around him, poet and sports writer Dan Davis, seeing Indianapolis as an "ideal place" for a young sports writer to be in the coming twenty years, plans developing a career and raising a family in central Indiana unless his love for the St. Louis Cardinals attracts him west.

He sat on the bench watching the evening sun creep upon the station. His head was moving back and forth and in his ears was the ticking of his railroad watch. He was old.

No one passed. The proprietor of the one remaining shop had already left; he had heard his footsteps clacking across the wooden floor and later shuffling across the marble lobby of the rotunda, near the ticket counter. Once there were long lines there in which people stood and purchased their tickets for the many trains. Then the teamsters grew stronger; the railroads weaker. The trains used to run on the eight tracks—the Floridian, Broadway, Chitown Limited, and the Morgantown Express and other smaller runs through which they could "high ball it" if no need to stop existed. But they had all gone now. Only one to Chicago, which does not even have a name, runs.

Everything changes. Now he was going away, like the trains, from the place he loved, Union Station.

Union Station. He looked around the building, all its familiar objects—the large gas lamps affixed to the chipped, vaulted ceiling, the "Eastern" and "Western" time tables—the blue neon haze no longer hanging in the air around them—and the large, Roman-numeraled clock and benches and ornate woodwork. But during the years he served as stationmaster he never found the name of the first engine, a big steamer, that rumbled into it and was pictured in a large photograph above the counter. "Down to Chatternoogie, now," the stationmaster before him used to say. But probably not anymore.

He decided he had to leave but could he, he wondered.

He tried looking at each argument equally. At the station, he had always been home—the trains, the porters and the people; there had been many people he had known riding the same trains, year after year. Of course the responsibility had been great, having long ago bent him at the middle of his once-erect frame, causing the maroon stripes running down the outer seams of his dark blue trousers to bow and curve. And the ticket seller, "Sonny," Benny called him, did not know Benny had once been stationmaster. Sonny thought he was a vagrant. Had Benny left the station long ago, people would have missed him, but now no one would notice, not even Charles Emerson Gibb, his past assistant who always schemed, making him look bad before superiors.

"Benny switched the wrong train onto the wrong track. Aughtta be fired," Gibb would say.

He would miss the station.

But the bustle was gone, anyway, and the people now, he supposed, were dead, and Gibb, he knew, was. And a home elsewhere would ease his memories—there would be none. Not even those of the past few years living in University Park and over at the Mission on New York and Jersey streets would be going with him. He would not be given the same respect he had been used to, but he had forgotten what it was.

But still he did not want to leave, really.

And now that he had decided to, the trains, the porters and the people and the noises they made came back to him, ringing in his ears, sounding with the ticking of Quentin's mausoleum of all hope and despair, ticking away the seconds of each day.

He was about to embark on a new life in Phoenix, by himself, where the hot sun would straighten his frame. He had first seen Arizona sixty years earlier, on his way east, on the Union Pacific, on which he was a brakeman. He saw the setting sun against the flowering desert standing atop a swaying boxcar, turning loose the brake wheel as the train pulled from a jerk-water town, and he knew he would live there, he told himself. But he fell in love with Indianapolis and Union Station and forgot, until now.

The evening deepened in the station. A drunk stumbled in off Meridian Street, and Sonny emerged from the counter and approached him. Before long Sonny would be

throwing him out onto the street again.

And Benny knew his time was running out. Sonny would see him and soon be moving toward him, too. He moved his head back across the station, and in his ears was the ticking. Down at the other end he could see the drunk falling out through the door. He knew the scene.

"Damned drunks and bums," Sonny would mutter or bark, "coming in here puking all over and stinking up the place."

As Benny watched, he recalled the glory days of the station and of Benny, himself.

"Woo-woo" the engines belched before taking off or coming in.

He stood in a sudden impulse of terror. Stay. He must and not leave the station, his life. He would have to stay.

From the other end, coming near, was Sonny's hulking frame. He barked a command, but Benny did not listen.

"Let's go," he yelled again.

He felt Sonny grab his arm and shoulder, and air was sucked from his tired lungs. He was going to throw Benny out, like the drunk.

"Let's go."

"No, no, no," Benny answered. He could not believe it, being thrown onto the street by a "feller railroader." His hand clutched at the door casing.

"Get outside you bastard."

Sonny threw him out, out onto Illinois Street.

Benny was sprawled on the cement walk, gasping for breath, kicking his legs like a wounded deer, his eyes showing a loss. He glanced up, through the water swelling in his eyes, and gazed at the large, four-sided tower clock. Each of the two faces he could see from his belly-down position showed different times.

Nonfiction

Your leaving.

You,
my favorite book
on compassion's shelf
read and marked with
blank pieces of paper
that only we
understand.

Visiting old friends,
placed on cluttered tables
and stained by
hollow rings—
the overflow of
tear-filled coffee cups.

You,
the scholarly treatise
who's cover is
cracked and worn
from constant consultation;
mature in wisdom,
young in life.

Moving from
bookcase-to-bookcase,
passed from
hand-to-hand
looking for a bookend
to keep you upright.

Your leaving.

You,
the printed word
hiding from the
heart-devouring bookworm
between protective covers;
seeking solace to
heal old wounds.

Forever flirting with the
danger of checking into
the city library to rest
in permanent suspended animation,
with a due-date card
serving as your headstone.

You,
the literary work
with binding
soft and warm,
that never
gathered dust
or gave support
to a spider's web.

Recycled in the
used bookstall
hidden down Piper's Alley
Old Town
old love
old me.

Your leaving.

I,
the bibliophile
searching the sheets
of your delicate parchment
for courses which the
diary of your dreams
cannot chart . . .

am left behind.

Missing you
before you go,
let's read
the pages of
each other's life
once more.

—Daniel F. Kelly

Reversals

Madge Stiefel

"Look at that, Mom!"

"I can't. . ." I grunted.

"It reminds me of a pastel painting."

"I'm caught. . ." Allen's ripple-soled hiking boots were inches from my face. ". . . the barbed wire . . . my slacks!"

In my position I could not see my son's pastel painting, but I was aware of the picture we presented. He stood slim-jeaned with feet firmly spaced in weeds beside a three-strand barbed wire fence, holding up the top wire. I posed suspended between top and middle wires, hanging by the seat of my double-knit slacks, astraddle the lower barbs which I held down with both hands. An endless moment ambled through time.

"Allen, I'm caught!"

"Oh, Mom, I'm sorry. Be still—I'll get you loose."

"I can't move," I said, keeping my head and shoulders low to avoid the swaying barbs above.

"It won't come out without tearing your slacks."

"Rip it out!"

"See what I mean?" He gazed back at the Kentucky hills. "Mill Point Cliff—doesn't it remind you of a pastel painting?"

I stood rubbing my back. What he said struck me as odd, but he was right. Morning light cast an artificial haze over the wooded hills. The hues were right out of my daughter's seventy-two color set of charcoal pastels: four shades of gray, two black, three amber, at least four dark green, and marbled in the rocky cliff point were three shades of white. That was our destination. I was climbing a "mountain" with Allen.

As a child he had been fascinated with the old family place and especially now that he was a Forestry major at Purdue and "into wildlife and nature." I was happy to visit my uncle who lived there and content to rock in front of the fire, reminiscing and listening to Uncle Pertle's stories, while Allen spent the first two days exploring. When on our second night he asked if I wanted to hike to Mill Point Cliff next morning, it seemed the understanding, motherly thing to answer, "Sounds like fun."

"And it is fun," I reassured myself as I adjusted my hat, unbuttoned my jacket (it was warm for December), and rubbed the snagged hole in my pants. "But it would be a lot more fun if I weren't lugging four bowling balls," I thought. I remembered an article I read last summer on ways to psyche yourself into losing weight. The theory was to imagine each ten pound excess as a bowling ball; then you wouldn't overeat. It hadn't exactly worked, but now the picture of four bowling balls under my polyester slacks was all too clear. I stumbled up the mountain behind my slim, long-legged son.

We stomped across a freshly plowed field; the red, clay-like soil stuck in heavy clumps up to the ankle of my boots, but only to the bottom of Allen's. Then came an old stone fence, a patch of shoulder-high briars, another barbed wire fence, sparsely wooded slopes planted with treacherous ankle-twisting rocks, and two zig-zagging wooden pole fences, before we stopped at a long-abandoned shack Allen wanted to explore. I stood outside, panting with hands on hips.

"See that big slab of rock, Mom? Why don't we have lunch there?"

"Oh . . . okay." Not wanting to appear too eager, I sauntered over and kicked at weeds around the rock.

"What are you looking for?"

"Nothing."

"Did you drop something?"

"No, just making sure there aren't any snakes in these weeds," I mumbled.

"Mom, it's December—there aren't any snakes out."

"I've read of snakes coming out early when it's unseasonably warm like today. Aren't they drawn to warm rocks in the sun?"

"Maybe later in spring, but it's overcast and hazy." He

sat down, started opening lunch, then added, "Besides, this slab of rock is cold. No decent snake would be caught dead on a cold rock in December—especially a rattler." His eyes grinned.

A little foolish, I joined him. The rock was cold and hard, but it felt good to sit. "How much farther?" I asked.

"About three miles, I guess."

"How far have we come?"

"Maybe three or four miles."

"We're only halfway, huh?"

"Are you getting tired—do you want to go back after lunch?"

"No, no." I realized I hadn't asked the night before how long the hike would be.

We turned to look at the white-marbled cliff which appeared larger. Now I knew why his earlier remark about a pastel painting sounded odd. I remembered Aunt Lou in Indianapolis once showing me an amateurish, department store pastel. Ironically, she had said it reminded her of Mill Point Cliff in Kentucky.

"It's going to get steeper, Mom," Allen said after lunch. "Are you sure you feel like going on?"

I had to climb this mountain with him. "Sure, I'm rested now." I treaded on ahead.

But I didn't stay in front long. Soon I trailed behind, blaming my shortness of breath on the higher altitude. "Old Arthur" had tagged along and was definitely predicting rain. ("Old Arthur" is what my doctor calls lower back pain.) I clung from one tree to the next, leaning to rest every twenty to thirty feet. Allen gently suggested I try not pulling myself along by the very young trees; but when my feet started slipping, I grabbed the nearest branch regardless of its age or size. I thought of my future grandchildren climbing this same mountain with him; Allen could point the way by bow-backed trees their grandmother had marked.

The rocky cliff loomed bigger and the white shades became tones of gray. We came to a tall boulder partially covered with moss. My son explained it had probably fallen from the cliff centuries ago. "See that big gap in the left side of the point—that's where it broke off." I had to look almost straight up to see the point. The trees between it and us were thick, but young.

"How much farther, Al?"

"Maybe a quarter of a mile, longer if we have to circle around to find a place to climb on top."

"I thought you'd been here already. Don't you remember where you went up? Are we lost?"

"No. I came around through the valley before." He gestured below with a wide sweep of his arm. "This way is shorter, but steeper."

"Oh."

"I thought you'd want to come the shorter way."

"Sure. But you do know how to get there from here?"

"I know how, Mom." He disappeared behind the boulder; I scrambed after him.

"This looks like a good place." His chin pointed toward a narrow crack in the cliff rock.

"For what?" I was reading initials and dates written on the stone wall we had arrived at—people had been here before.

"A good place to get on top."

I sighed. "Are you sure we can go up here?"

"I'll try it first. You wait." He expertly ascended, checking his footing, clearing leaves, and testing the strength of jagged edges. About twenty feet up Allen wildly brushed leaves in front of him. "It'll be a cinch once you get here—these are naturally formed steps. See!"

I couldn't see any steps because of fluttering leaves. "I don't think I can do it, Allen."

"Sure you can. Come on."

I started up on all fours. Dead leaves were years thick; the bottom layers felt clammy and lumpy through a dry surface. I went up three knee strides and hesitated.

"Grab that rock edge," said Allen. I reached and slid all the way back down.

"I can't do this—it's straight up!"

"I'll get behind you." He scrambled down like a long-legged monkey.

"What if I fall on you?"

"I won't let you fall, Mom."

Starting again I made eight knee strides and slipped back six, almost knocking him off balance.

"Allen, this is ridiculous."

"Tell you what—sit down and scoot up backwards. I'll brace my knee and you can use it for leverage."

"You mean step on your knee—I'll bruise it."

"No, you won't. Come on."

Up I went again. This time I made eight or nine rump scoots. The dampness of the lumpy ground penetrated my thin slacks. I was beginning to wonder what the lumps might be when I came to a dark hole in the side of the rock wall. I jumped, losing my balance. Allen clamped his hand on my shoulder to steady me.

"What's wrong?"

"Couldn't there be snakes hibernating in that hole?"

"Mom—will—you—forget—about—snakes?" There was an edge to his voice.

I scooted three more times and felt the ground straight up against my back. Turning to look for a place to grab, I lost my balance again—he caught me as before.

"I can't make it!" I whined.

"Sure you can."

"No, I can't." Looking down, I panicked. "I can't move either way. I'm scared, Allen."

"Mom, this is as easy as riding a bicycle, remember?"

* * *

"I can't do it, Mommy. I never will!" Allen slammed the screen door as tears rolled down his cheeks. "You can take that dumb bicycle back."

"Yes, you can, honey." I wiped his tears and hugged him. "It takes time, Allen, but you'll ride it."

"It didn't take Tommy this long. I can't do it."

"Let's take your bicycle to the park and I'll help you. You'll do it."

* * *

"You'll do it, Mom. Rest a minute and calm down." His paternal tone made me feel foolish again. I sat still and breathed deeply. Clear mountain air tingled into my lungs and gradually consoled. I relaxed, a little, against the ground behind me. Allen was digging at my feet.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Making a foothold so I can move my knee, climb above you, and pull you up."

"You can't lift me that far."

"I'll make another one here." He was already digging a second hole near my knees. "After I'm behind you and holding on, you can step up to this second foothold while I

pull. Have a little confidence. Try this with your right foot."

"I think it's okay. . ." but I sounded doubtful.

"Lean close to the wall," he said.

I cringed against the stone as his spidery legs swept past. With him out of sight, the earth sloped away in front of me; I felt frightened again. "Allen?"

"Easy, Mom." His reassuring hand was on my shoulder. "Stretch high and let me get my hands under your arms before you step in the second foothold."

I found the hole with my left heel and at his beginning tug lunged upward. My foot slipped out of the hole. "A-l-l-e-n-n. . ." The strength of his jerk surprised me and for a moment I saw myself flying beyond him. Then my rump slid up and over the ground behind me. He laughed aloud; I wanted to cry.

We climbed "nature's" stone stairway to the top. A cool silent wind moved through the slim pines bordering the rock point. Allen walked to the cliff edge overlooking my uncle's and neighboring farms sprinkled in the pastel hills. The rock's surface was indented with shallow bowls filled with water and he dropped into a push-up position and sucked noisily. I checked several for one with the least sediments, then lapped my tongue across the water—it brought memories of licking a cold window pane. When I swallowed a mouthful, it tasted like a metal lattice.

"Good, huh?" said Allen.

"Must have a lot of minerals in it."

He slurped another drink.

"It's so cold it hurts my teeth. Do we have coffee left in your thermos?" I asked, sitting up and buttoning my jacket.

We sat cross-legged, five or six feet from the edge, drinking warm coffee, and talked about the view. Allen pointed out the other places he had hiked.

"You know, son," I said. "This is the first time I've ever climbed a mountain."

He chuckled.

"Does it take as long going back down?"

"No, we just sit down and slide." The hint of sarcasm in his voice hurt.

We sat silent a few moments. My back ached and the muscles in my legs were beginning to tighten. My pride

was exposed and raw. Finally, I said, "This will make a good story at the next Wildlife Club meeting—your Purdue Forestry friends should get a real bellylaugh when you tell them about your mother's mountain climbing."

It was Allen's turn to be hurt. "That's your problem, Mom. You're always putting yourself down."

Another silence.

He rubbed his chin. "I probably will tell them—but they won't laugh at you. I'll bet there's not a single one of them who has a mother who would attempt to climb a mountain—and you 'did' it."

I let his remark sink in. It did more for my spirit than clean air or warm coffee. I stood, extended my hand, and said, "Let's go down this mountain."

Rhythms

Spring came.
I thrust my arms skyward,
Drinking the sun's warmth.
With you, my fruitful season
Began.

Summer followed.
I carefully nurtured the seed
Ripening inside me.
Trusting you, my contented season
Continued.

Autumn arrived.
I bore an empty harvest,
Leaving no yield.
Losing you, my bitter season
Commenced.

Winter triumphed.
I withered in the barren field,
Shivering in the icy wind.
Without you, my lonely season
Remained.

—Barbara E. Bates

Barbara E. Bates is a sophomore, majoring in English. She returned to school in May, '81, after spending the past eleven years looking after a husband and family. She enjoys camping, reading, and needlepointing her own designs.

—Jack Monninger

The Last Flight

Martha Smith Martin

Martha Smith Martin earned her Associate Degree from the Indiana University School of Continuing Studies in 1981 and graduated with honors. She is working toward her Bachelor's Degree and looking forward to attending law school. Martha lives in Indianapolis, is married, and the mother of two children. She is a private pilot, a real estate broker, and an officer on the Board of Directors of Tudor Park, Inc. She enjoys running, flying, and going to college.

Eagerness, pride, and fear filled the girl on this last leg of her around-the-world excursion. Looking back she saw the lush coastline of New Guinea slowly receding, becoming smaller, growing fainter and farther away. The ragged edge of the shoreline joined the tumultous sea, edge to edge, merging ever closer, in one level floor half-green half-grey under the huge canopy of sky.

Eager to begin the challenge, she turned facing the endless expanse of the sea. Ahead lay the longest and most dangerous segment of the flight where she must travel thousands of miles, with no landing points nearby, over open sea to a tiny island. Her skills and perserverance would be sorely tested as the trip progressed for she must navigate by the stars and remain awake for hours.

As far as she could see, threatening nimbocumulus clouds like signposts in the sky cast an eerie grey reflection in the windshield like nothing she had ever seen before. Below, white bits of foam surged here and there on the surface marking the unrest of the forbidding sea. Her eyes swept the monotonous horizon searching for something on which to rest, some evidence of life—a bit of land, a passing ship, a bird. Weary of the nothingness she climbed higher leaving all the dreary murkiness far below. Above, the cheeriness of the sunshine lulled her into feeling safe and euphoric. She felt proud that she had dared to do what no other man, let alone a woman, had attempted.

Looking down her pride faltered. She saw the solid overcast and searched for a small break in the clouds

where she could safely let down, hoping to catch a glimpse of elusive Howland Island. There was no break. Alone with her ship, low on fuel, she felt an unwelcome stranger seep in seeking to disrupt her calm and order. She knew fear. Over the vastness of the Pacific she continued her voyage, the hum of the engines palling into insignificance.

Beckoning like giant fingers, the waves leapt up then crashed down with menacing fierceness, with no sound save that of the watery gloom, and swallowed her up without an effort, without a tremor. Somewhere beneath the watery grave now lies a small Electra—its tiny twisted cockpit a deep-water prison to the once eager, once proud, once frightened young adventurer.

the vampyre

he comes
  by night
    teeth shining
    eyes glowing
he creeps in
  through windows
unafraid
  he walks through walls
a creature of hell
  preying on human fear.
look into his eyes
  bright
    shocking red
the demon of life
  he will cast a spell
    and enchant you
then bottle you up
  inside your mind.

—Teri A. Whitaker

Teri A. Whitaker—"I was born in Mt. Clemens, Michigan, and moved to Indianapolis in April, 1981, after accepting a job with the Indianapolis Airport Authority. I am currently studying Construction Technology at I.U.P.U.I."

—Jack Monninger

Ode To Mechanical Man or Even His Pushbutton Feelings Are Out of Order

Mechanical man
In his world there are no rainbows— no music
All performance is perfunctory
Life is waiting for death
Everything is impossible
He could tell you why
If the sun were shining he'd only see the clouds
A book without pictures
A television in black and white
If told to sketch the Seven Wonders of the world
He'd produce a blueprint
I looked into his eyes and asked
Don't you ever dream?
He replied
I was never that young

—Donna Shelby

Petrified Momma

Momma drinks Kahlua straight
That's not enough, she says
As she downs a couple shots of vodka
Yes, that's better
She does the wash
My muddy dungarees
Keeps a bottle handy
Through the dishes
Peers out the kitchen window
As the sun makes a touchdown on the horizon
And taps the bottle dry
Momma is stone now
As the t.v. blares
And the newspaper drops to her lap
The words play a broken record
In her petrified mind

—Donna Shelby

Donna Shelby—"This is my first attempt at college since graduating from Franklin Central in 1972. I am a freshman attending full time. I play housewife and have a four-year-old son who wants a pet werewolf and who attends I.U.P.U.I Daycare Center. I don't know what I want to be when I grow up."

—Steven Paskewitz

Edge of Bremen

Jackie Stout

Jackie Stout is a registered EEG technologist who left hospital work after eight years to pursue a degree in Literature and Composition. She is a reporter for the *Sagamore* and enjoys fiction writing.

It was always the same. Hadley was swimming in Pipe Creek with his six-year-old sister, Maude. The water was smooth and cool and he thought the world was pretty nice. Then he heard a horrible splash and turned just in time to see a long, green alligator bite Maude's head off. At first he panicked. What could he do? He had to do something, so with all of his weight behind it, he threw his fist into the alligator's heart, killing it instantly. He was breathless and amazed at himself. Where was Maude? He fished about in the creek, and was about to give up, when Maude's head came floating by. He snagged it with his arm and held it close to his body. He made himself look down. The face was pleading with him. Now a strange feeling crawled into his pores, making each tiny hair quiver at its base. A wicked power possessed him.

Hadley Finster stared up through the milky-blue film of his cataract-diseased eyes at the yellow, cracked ceiling in the small, damp room. Stupid dream. He shifted. It wasn't hot, but the sheets felt sticky. He rubbed the calloused stump of his right leg as if to soothe and reassure it. "Damn," he thought. With the last four days of rain, his wooden leg would be swollen and creaky. There was no way it would fit.

The leaves of the elderly elm outside his window rustled and swept a wisp of a breeze through the screen. Hadley lay still and listened, trying to ignore the aching of his full bladder. The mid-summer songs and fluttering wings of cardinals, robins, and sparrows were abruptly interrupted.

"Breakfast, Hadley," cut the tired, nasal voice into his thoughts.

He could smell sausage and hear bubbling fat and fresh-ground coffee perking on the stove. He rolled to the left and swung his bony body onto the black-tiled floor.

"Hadley, you up?" queried the heavy voice from the kitchen.

"Hell, yes!" bellowed Hadley as he scooted across the braided throw rugs between his bed and the bathroom. "I heard you the first time, woman." He lifted his arms to the sink, loosened from the wall after years of being used as a brace, and pulled up. Balanced on one leg and with an arm leaning on the decaying window sill, Hadley emptied himself into the chipped porcelain toilet. His kidneys were old and it took about three and a half minutes of starting and stopping to rid himself of the rank, almost orange urine. He took his dentures out of the glass on the back of the toilet and, without rinsing them, shoved them into his mouth, pushed them in and out with his tongue, and then scooted to the kitchen.

Beulah Delight Finster adjusted the tight corset supporting her pendulous breasts, smoothed her faded flowered apron, and set the two melmac dishes she had sent for with the coupons off the Quaker Oats boxes on the table. As she served up the sausage, toast and soft-scrambed eggs just the way Hadley liked them, she looked at the clock. Six. She had exactly one hour before she'd have to start preparing lunch for the school kids and their teachers at Bremen Elementary. Beulah was expecting an easy day. On Tuesdays they always had hot dog on a bun, applesauce, stewed tomato, peas, milk, and ice cream bars.

Beulah followed Hadley with her eyes as he scooted into the kitchen. She hated to see him scoot more than most anything else, even more than ironing or cleaning out the Maxwell House coffee cans that he used for spittoons.

"Hope you made patties instead of those damn link sausages you know I hate," grumbled Hadley as he fumbled for the fork beside his plate.

The couple ate breakfast in silence. Beulah cleared the table and washed the dishes while Hadley fixed a chaw. Carefully he pinched out the Union Workman and packed it in between his lower left gum and jaw, adding bits of tobacco until there was a jawbreaker size lump on the side of his face.

Beulah pinned on her hat and put on the cotton-tweed

overcoat she wore rain or shine. She surveyed the room. The morning paper lay folded beside Hadley on the metal-legged kitchen table and his wooden leg stood in the corner with its leather straps tangled and hanging. She was shocked at herself for pondering, for just a moment, if Hadley would ever die. Quickly she said goodbye and left on foot for the school.

Hadley sat without moving until he could no longer hear the clacking of her black, short-heeled shoes. Then he reached behind the chair and hoisted his wooden leg from the corner. He fit it to his stump and adjusted the pads. Hadley didn't care if it hurt all that night, he wasn't going to stay inside today. He pulled each strap tightly and then stood up. The moistened wood was raised a half inch higher than usual, just enough to make walking more awkward. His leg swung to the right as he made his way to the bedroom. Hadley reached for the coveralls hanging on the hook on the back of the door. After he dressed and put on the brown lace-up shoe that matched the one already on his wooden leg, he left the cottage.

The wooden leg sank into the soft, dark dirt between the rows of "knee high by the Fourth of July" corn. He peered at each stalk and leaf, inspecting them for mold and bugs he could no longer see. As he absentmindedly crushed a golden lady bug with his thumb and forefinger, Hadley thought of his boyhood days on his father's farm in Walkerton. "Some day you'll have all this," his father had promised. Fat chance. His father had died and the farm was auctioned to pay debts to the grain elevator, Hawkins Hardware, and every other business in town. All that remained for Hadley was a two-bedroom bungalow on the edge of Bremen, a wife who wouldn't sleep with him, and his vegetable garden.

He was a handsome young man in his day. When Hadley dressed for church on Sundays in his blue pinstripe suit and black wingtips, he had all the girls wiggling in the pews. He could have had any one of them. He often wondered how he ended up with frigid Beulah Blackman. She didn't even want to marry him. She'd told him that on their honeymoon. She wanted Henry Whitcomb, the town barber, but her father, a minister, had insisted she marry a farmer. "One of God's workers," he'd said. Hadley felt cheated. He landed the prettiest girl, with the biggest

bosom, in town and he had to take her to get his due.

Hadley settled down and accepted his lot and was beginning to enjoy the son Beulah had miraculously conceived, when the accident happened. He'd been working on his father's farm, when a cart too heavy with new hay toppled over on him, driving two rusted screws into his calf. His leg boiled up and he got a terrible fever. The doctors came and cut off his right leg just above the knee. Hadley was bitter for a long time, but eventually he accepted that too. God was testing him, he thought; so he went on. He got a wooden leg and got himself elected county clerk.

Hadley saved every penny he earned to buy back the farm his father lost by dying. The day Hadley was to close on the deal, he hopped into his truck and drove down Strawtown Pike to meet the bankers in Plymouth. At 500 East he glanced over at the Garber's Duroc pigs and never even saw the face of the woman he ran over and killed. Every cent he had or would have for the next ten years went to Sarah Miller's husband and three children. God wasn't testing him, Hadley decided. There was no God.

He rubbed the broad, coarse leaves of the melons and cucumbers. He tugged a green onion out of the dirt, wiped it on his pants, skinned it, and took a bite. The crunchy flesh burned his nostrils. After he had systematically removed all the weeds he could feel from the garden, Hadley climbed into his pick-up, and although he could barely see the shapes of the houses and trees, drove uptown to check the mail at the new post office.

Narrowly missing a silver Corvette parked in front of Bertie's, Bremen's only tavern, he rammed the rickety truck onto the curb. He shimmied out of the truck and turned his head in the direction of the click-click-click of Walt Betzner's cane on the bumpy sidewalk on the other side of the street.

"Hey, Walter!" yelled Hadley.

Walt nodded his head and raised his hand in acknowledgement. "Haddie," he said and continued prodding the sidewalk. Hadley and Walt had gone to school together, played B-ball for the Braves in the State Championship in 1929, and had even served in county office at the same time. Walt had been the Assessor. Then he worked at

Chevrolet in Plymouth 'till he lost his sight from high sugar. Now he sold brooms.

Hadley rambled into the post office. A little boy moved to the back of the cramped hall of mail boxes and cringed, as Hadley deliberately reeled his wooden leg in his direction. He snorted smugly when the boy scrambled for the door.

He stopped at Mike's IGA for more tobacco. On the way out of the store he pretended not to hear the woman asking him to hold the door open. He let it slam in her face and never blinked an eye when her groceries fell from her arms. Hadley went home.

It was noon and he found the meatloaf sandwiches and thermos of bean soup that Beulah left for his lunch. After he finished eating he stretched out on the front porch in the swing chair and dozed off. About two o'clock he woke up with a stabbing pain between his shoulder blades. He swore aloud at Beulah. "Damn woman. She knows I can't tolerate them fancy spices, and she goes ahead and puts 'em in anyway." He went inside to look for some soda.

When what he thought was indigestion settled down, Hadley sat at the organ his son had given him for Christmas three years before. He wished Verlin didn't live so far away. He fingered the plastic keys. Hadley loved music, but the only songs he knew were hymns. He'd be damned if he'd give Beulah the satisfaction of hearing church music in this house, so he never played when she was home. Now he was alone and the old melodies relieved the rotten feeling in his stomach. For awhile he forgot that the words to the songs were praising God. "Standing, standing, standing on the promises of God, my Saviour," he strained his tinny voice, trying to make it sound deeper. And then, "Onward, forward, rally round the banner, we are soldiers of a mighty throng." Hadley quit when Beulah's cuckoo clock chirped out the warning that she'd soon be home.

Hadley sat in front of the television and watched Star Trek and the news while Beulah cooked supper.

She was tired, but no more than another day. She placed the steaming bowl of spaghetti on the table. Beulah always mixed the sauce with the noodles before serving, causing beads of grease to line the rim of the curvy dish.

Hadley joined her at the kitchen table, lifted the leg of his coveralls, and slowly unstrapped each leather tie.

Beulah felt compelled to watch as he eased his stump off the pad of the leg. Her lips shrank into a puckered mass when Hadley gazed through her with his cold, hard, ugly eyes. He returned the wooden leg, naked except for its sock and brown lace-up shoe, to the corner of the kitchen and began to eat dinner.

Hadley was eating his favorite desert, baked apples, when the pain came back. "What'd you put in the spaghetti, woman?" he demanded.

Beulah didn't answer. Her eyes held fast to the bluing around his lips and eyes, as Hadley clutched his chest and pushed away from the table. His stump slipped off the side of the chair. He lost his balance and fell. Beulah rose and moved to his side. "I wouldn't," she tried to tell him. She twisted her apron, unable to say more, unable to touch him. She knew he was dying.

Hadley's contorted face spit out hatred as he whispered, "Goddamn you, woman!" and then took his last breath.

Quietly for S.C.

connecting destruction with relationships
is it pointless commentary
or neglected truth?
unthinkable illusions
futile sacrifices
buried images of a thicker sort of love
how has it come to be then
that this thing we once shared
is left shaded with concessions
and i can't move from private talks
to idle lunchtime chatter
to you it doesn't matter
but i can evade our funeral no more

—**David Mattingly**

For No Apparent Reason (i wrote this poem)

last night
you threw a snowball at my window
an icy sentiment—love perhaps
ha! i laughed
the scotch is working
pulled the covers down
you had the key to my door

—David Mattingly

Then to Winter

Seashell chimes ring
Silent
Keeping me from you—
From summer nights—
Your arms,
When I know these nights
Will turn to autumn
Then winter
When you go
To the coast
For fishing:

While my daughter and I
Look at goldfish
Swimming in aquariums
In the shopping mall.

Fish are cold,
Love the horrible winter—

Even while you knock
In the hot, humid 80's
I pull a wool blanket
To my stomach.

—Karla Ashmore

cessation creation

the new moon casts no light
on solstitial son and
demeter's daughter

there are no witnesses
to this relinquishing

barely a wing stirs:
this timeless transformation
to which they are privy

giddy with solemnity

ceres capricious?
oh no, she takes but one for her lover
but that she takes entirely
and all for herself

she leads him to
where no one's been before
(not even they are certain
it is necessary to be such)
beckoning him to her
she raises her arms and
she cloaks him
with remnants of season's rebirth
he senses green
and before closing his eyes
he thinks he sees lavender
luminous
and making it harder
to see where her eyes end

he'd gone to her willing
she went to him drawn by what calls the tides

when he wakes she is gone.
gathering her lilacs and lilies she left him
from grass wet with honey and dew she took wing
but not before
something is given
(somethings are taken)

he remembers hearing breakers crashing on the shore
above the scent of an ascending wind
rising to crescendo in a chord ne'er played before

she recalls feeling comets
eclipse between her

he is strengthened he is weakened watching
shadows lunate crost the meadow

already it seems so long ago

(she nods her assent to his ascent)

certain of his trust
she has emptied her cup fully
she is so full she shall birthe
galaxiasly, milkily

and just with summer's song begins
he hears her laugh somewhere over the hill
(from whence comes the dawn:
cascading down the scale

—Gabrielle Antolini

Gabrielle Antolini—Exhausted by yet another transition from solstice to equinox (what with autumnal frenzy upon us once again), Gabrielle would rather find snapdragons in her vase than imitation vanilla in her pantry. With Roethke, she believes: "And I dance with William Blake/For love, for Love's sake:/And everything comes to One/As we dance on, dance on, dance on." Empyreal phenomena being amongst her favorite integrants, she reminds you all to become moonstruck at six a.m. on new year's eve eve, when the second total lunar eclipse of 1982 is to occur.

nouveau soprano

notes in her upper ranges
flawed, she always shrilled
(as though screeches were cheap).
she had long abandoned lows.
even her movements squeaked,
flayed steel squealing complaints;
tap water brittled and trickled
off-key in her sink. her shoes
when she left chirped precisely,
at least, nor droned
an endless whine like her days.

—L. M. Jones

"L. M. Jones returned to IUPUI after an eleven-year hiatus. His works have been previously published in *Genesis*."

each winter the same:
clean and clear
and i cool as well,
swept of the hot damp nonsense of summer;
blessed-white mounds
bank septembered fires,
ice locks the glances
of sap-fevered trees;
and i, free of the tangle,
free of each living, seizing demand
(calm and detached from the organic jam,
rest empty as crystal till spring
(some child with a power
strokes me back in the stream
(recalcitrant lover, teased and aroused
to the rhythm of thighs,
to the growth
(of again

—L. M. Jones

love comes
and goes
it plays
hide
and seek
with our hearts
(first here
then there)
olley olley oxen free!
it's safe to come out
(scout's honor)
i promise
to tell my heart
to look the other way
there you are!
fooled you
(i had my fingers crossed)

—Teri A. Whitaker

—Stuart Keefer

Nuclear Haiku

I

Ground Zero.
A leafy shadow
blasted into the wall.

II

Skeletal sunset.
Haunted wildflowers inhale the desert.

III

Extinct angels hover, exiled from Zion.
Nightbugs dart into the porchlight
dimmed with sticky death.

IV

The Pinnacle crumbles
while the mirage-crazed Christian howls,
"Faith will preserve you."
But his words drown in sand.

V

Our technological runes
vaporize Alpha and Omega,
Genesis and Revelations.
Harvested *fiat.*

—Lynn Mitchell

Lynn Mitchell—"I teach Freshman Composition at I.U.P.U.I., am writing a dissertation on John Milton at Purdue University, and try to stay sane by writing poetry."