



genesis

spring '83

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Dazzle Dance

R. F. Russell

R. F. Russell: A new semester brings forth new submissions. Despite my work and computer science studies, I still write as often as I can. Perhaps it's a curse—or maybe a new plague. I hope you enjoy this story. For the second consecutive semester, R. F. Russell is the recipient of the *genesis* Award for fiction.

Dressed only in jockey shorts, Ray stared out the open window as the hot sun rose orange in the polluted sky. On the street below, Dizzy Johnson limped to his battered Chevy, started it with a roar, and wheeled from the curb in a black cloud. Mrs. Holliman waddled to the bus stop toting a large, empty shopping bag in either hand. Sweat stained her dress. Slider, the tenement's gray cat, slipped across the street into a still dark alley. Ripple, Buster's dad, weaved past after a night shift at Cole. Ripple struggled up the tenement steps to sleep off the booze and work.

"Today's the day," Ray said out loud and smiled. Teenage-lean and bony, he stretched in the scant light. "Today."

By ten o'clock the heat bounced off the sidewalk in distorting waves; the pace of the neighborhood slowed. August sunshine broiled the squat, square tenements; the asphalt streets drank the light and bubbled with heat. Inside, the superheated air stagnated and clogged the rooms. People, drifting in to avoid the sun, were driven out again.

"Dazzle dance," Spider Grimm muttered.

"What?" someone asked.

Spider squinted up from the front stoop of his dry cleaning shop. Older than the stoop or the worn machinery inside, Spider closed one eye and rubbed his bald head. "Ray?"

"Yeah, Spider."

"What you doin' in the boiler room?"

"Lookin' for Slick. Seen 'im?"

Spider shook his head. "You don't want nothin' with Slick. He bad."

"Got business."

"Get shade, boy. Else the sun'll have you dazzle dancin'."

"Tell Slick I'm lookin' for 'im."

"Stay away from Slick. Ain't no good."

Ray moved down the sidewalk. Spider shaded his eyes with one hand. "Dazzle dance," he repeated.

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Boss tugged the hoist chain with huge, sweat-covered arms. The car engine lifted off its mountings. Flies buzzed; the tree limb groaned. Boss had abandoned his garage. It was cooler under the tree—if scorching was cool. Boss paused a moment to catch his breath. He wiped his face on his shirt. He wanted the engine out before lunch. No one worked after.

“Hi, Boss.”

Boss glanced over his shoulder. “Hi, Ray.”

“Seen Slick?”

Boss frowned. “What you want with Slick?”

“Business.”

Boss pulled at the chain, his muscles rippling. “Slick’s a disease.”

“Seen him?”

Sweat beaded at the tip of Boss’s nose. He shook it free.

Ray moved on.

The engine swung free. Boss panted.

Willie Tubbs wiped his Formica bar top with a wet towel as two men plopped heavily on stools. “What’ll it be?” Gray-headed Willie owned the Korner Karryout Lounge.

“Come to get cool,” the taller man said.

“Ain’t wastin’ air conditionin’ on no-sales,” Willie answered.

“Buy or hit the bricks.”

“It’s hotter’n your mama’s pants outside.”

“No pay, no play.”

The shorter man threw a wrinkled dollar on the bar. “Beer. I ain’t leavin’.”

Willie drew the draft as the taller man also produced a dollar.

“Hey, Willie, seen Slick?”

Willie looked up. “Ain’t been in. Buyin’?”

Ray shook his head.

“You for the street.” Willie set the beers on the bar and collected the dollars. Heat poured off Ray’s body.

“Go on,” Willie said. “Too young to be here anyways.”

Ray shuffled to the door.

“Air conditionin’ nice,” the taller man said.

“Best General Electric made,” Willie answered. “Cool a buildin’ twice this size.”

The tree stood gnarled and twisted in the middle of the trash-strewn lot. Stunted, half dead, its small, dappled shade stretched over two teenagers. On their backs, barely breathing, they outlasted the sun-fried afternoon. They didn’t move as Ray propped his back against the truck.

“Hot,” Ray said.

“Talkin’ don’t make it better,” Stickman whispered. Stickman’s bones jabbed his skin as if trying to get out.

“Seen Slick?” Ray asked.

Stickman moved his head almost imperceptively. “Slick’s in a hole somewhere, a cool hole. Why?”

"Business."

"Whath business?" Big Wheel lisped. When Big Wheel was four, his mother's boyfriend had cut out most of his tongue. "Gonna geth mothivated?" He laughed softly.

"Business," Ray repeated shortly.

"What you need that shit for?" Stickman asked.

"Ain't you never tried it?" Ray sneered.

Big Wheel chuckled. "Gonna get mothivated."

"How old you?" Stickman asked.

"Sixteen." Ray lied.

Stickman opened one eye and examined Ray. "Shit."

Ray stood. "Tell Slick, Ray's ready." He walked away.

"Gonna geth mothivated." Big Wheel laughed.

The Reverend Clancy stopped in the middle of the sidewalk to wipe perspiration off his bifocals. Despite his straw hat, sweat streamed down his face; his Bible felt heavy under his arm. The widow Hanchar had sacrificed her fourth boy to the state prison system, and the Reverend had consoled her in the steam bath she called a parlor. He preferred to spend the afternoon in his cool study, composing Sunday's sermon to the air conditioner's hum, but the flock came first. The Reverend replaced his spectacles to find Ray in front of him.

"Hello, Ray. What're you doin' on such an afternoon?"

"Goin' to the store," Ray lied.

"How's your mama?"

"Fine."

Reverend Clancy smiled. "Did I see you in church Sunday?"

Ray glanced at his feet.

"Ray, the Lord rejoices more for one lost sheep than for a hundred new lambs. Comin' Sunday?"

Anger flashed in Ray. "Ain't nothin' in church for me."

The Reverend retreated a step and raised his Bible as if to fend off Satan. "The all powerful Lord is a forgivin' Lord, but He's just—terribly just. You got to . . ."

"Hell no! I don't got to!"

"Your mama . . ."

"You been bleedin' mama dry. You and your goddamn church!"

The Reverend blinked and gasped. He raised his gaze to heaven.

"Lord, he's young. He don't know what he sayin'."

"Don't pray for me!"

Reverend Clancy closed his eyes. "The young can't be expected to know, Lord."

Ray's hands folded into fists. "Hell!" He yelled and ran.

"Lord, he don't know," the Reverend intoned. "Help him, Lord."

Ray sprinted, a blurred madman letting his vital juices bubble out his pores. He ran until his sides ached, his lungs burned, until he couldn't run anymore. He collapsed against a brick wall in a shady alley, letting his cheek rest on the pavement. He hoped it

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would be cool. It wasn't. Sweat rolled off his body. His head spun. Everything faded to black.

When Ray awoke he was hungry. Standing initiated fresh waves of dizziness, but they soon subsided. He stared into the harsh sunlight. A fly buzzed close to his ear. The sidewalk was very white, very hot.

Snoopy turned on the grill and waited for it to heat. "What you want on your Snoopy burger?"

"Everything," Ray answered. "Seen Slick?"

The ceiling fan wafted heat across the counter. Ray sipped weak Coke from a condensation-slick glass.

"What you want with Slick?"

"Business."

Snoopy glanced over his shoulder and shook his head. "If you thinkin' you missed something, you ain't."

"How you know?"

Snoopy slipped a hamburger on the grill. It sizzled. He faced Ray. "Lost two weeks at Carter thinkin' I was dyin'." Snoopy waved his spatula. "No methadone, no help. Cold 'T'. Just me and a thousand screamin' banshees fightin' for my soul."

"I can handle it."

Snoopy laughed. "Handle it? Shit. Ain't no one handle it." Snoopy shivered despite the heat. "Guy at Carter stuffed a bed spring down his throat. Another guy chomped off four fingers before they got to him. Shit. They handled it."

Snoopy turned and flipped the burger. "Course, you different. Tougher'n us. Ray gonna ride that horse and not get throwed." Snoopy turned back to Ray.

The counter was empty.

Ray sat in the alley watching the street. Slider, the cat, padded past, out of reach. Slider looked cool, and he glided so smoothly. Ray wondered how it felt to glide like that.

The bus squealed to a stop. Mrs. Holliman waddled off, full shopping bags in either hand. She moved slowly, almost in slow motion. The bus spewed diesel exhaust into the overcharged air. More heat. The day was heat on heat.

It began at the edges of his vision; dazzle ringed his sight. When Ray tried to focus on the glare it moved away like the name of a classmate long since gone. Always at the edge, the halo narrowed his sight into a tunnel like some amusement park ride. It changed colors like the afterimage of a flashbulb, but the dazzle didn't occupy the center of his vision. It circled like lights around a marquee.

Ray shook his head. He squinted. He shut one eye, then the other. He rubbed and massaged. Still the dazzle encircled. For the first time in his life Ray was scared. He shut his eyes. Dazzle etched the blackness.

"Dazzle dance."

Ray heard the words and opened his eyes. The alley was empty. "Crazy," Ray whispered and closed his eyes.

He tried to sleep, but sounds and smells echoed through the alley. Cars rolled past, all engine and fumes and horn—a kind of mating call. Children shouted games and arguments and fights. The foul odor of fermenting garbage pulsed over him. Down the street a dog barked; a door slammed; a bottle shattered; a baby cried; a pot of spaghetti sauce boiled. Ray heard and smelled and felt it all. It sifted down from his head, falling through tiny pores in his mind to fill his stomach and chest. His body swelled as the odors and noised accumulated. Like some human balloon he stretched and grew until he felt he would burst.

Dazzle danced across his eyelids.

Ray wanted to scream, but his mouth wouldn't work.

His mind turned back again.

It was full night when Ray awoke. He tried to remember. He had closed his eyes because of the dazzle, but the dazzle was gone.

A fresh breeze absorbed the heat as cool rain plopped on the sidewalk. The first tentative drops gave way to a steady pour that drenched him. Ray let the rain wash away the dried sweat, the heat. He felt clean again, cool. If he could lie there long enough, everything would be fine. He could begin again tomorrow. It would be cooler. Slick would drift into the streets again. Finding Slick would *be* easy, and Ray could fulfill his wish. If it rained long enough . . .

Carolina carried the umbrella. A year younger than Ray, she carried a sack of groceries in her other hand. She shared the umbrella with Ray as their feet slapped the wet sidewalk.

"How'd you get so wet?" She smiled and was pretty.

"Fell asleep," Ray answered.

"In the heat?"

"Rain'll cool things," Ray said. "Gonna rain all night. Cool everything. Won't get hot again for maybe a week, maybe never."

"Hear about Slick?" Carolina asked.

Ray shook his head.

"Dude be doin' his thing from the house."

"For what?"

"Sellin' to undercover dudes."

Ray stared into the rain. "Who gonna take the space?"

"Some new Slick."

Ray began to run, leaving Carolina behind.

"You crazy," she called after him.

Ray run until he reached the tenement. Wet, clammy, he sank into the corner of the stairwell and waited for the dazzle.

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—Angela Turner

I Will Never Leave Russia

September, 1918 — this
will be my poem
the poem of Olga
a poem at Perm
in the Ural Mountains
although I do not know
Perm, by day
and I only dream of
the Urals — their earthen opulence
iron, copper and gold.
I imagine impregnable
tallness of taiga
unending cathedral
the evergreen forest
Russian birch white-threading
Siberian spruce, and
Siberian stone-pine.
There is a house in that forest
the deep Russian forest
where someday I'll dwell
with Tatiana, my sister
longest my companion
in a low-roofed cottage
no dacha, no palace
but a home in the forest
of our own
and we will grow
peaceably
old together.
There will be birds
at the daylight.
in the evening, the fanning
of ethereal wings
but no other sound.
I will sit
in our doorway open
to the darkening pinewoods
and drink my tea
Tania busy behind me.
Tatiana keeps us
though I am the oldest.
I am twenty-two, nearly

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twenty-three.

I am Olga, the Tsar's
first-born daughter, and
I am a Russian
I said in the summer
of 1914

I am a Russian, and I mean
to live and die in Russia.

And—

I am in Russia
I am in Perm
a town in the Urals
I have seen solely by night.
We are held in a cellar
of dank indifferent walls
underground, with one guttered
candle our daylight.

Guards stand at the stairhead
and guards at the foot
watch us, without faces
for I will not look

I will not remember
the merciless helplessness
of us—my sisters
Tania and Marie
and our mother.

Marie once was solicitous
toward our guards
fluent in their families.
Now she is not.

Mama lies on her pallet
a thin mattress on flagstones
someone's greatcoat her pillow.

Maria and Tatiana
sit with her, or sleep
on their pallets—more mattresses
our only furnishings.

I follow the walls
my steps wearing an outline
like water on stone
and sometimes, I whistle.

And—

I will not grow old

I will never marry and
 I will never bear children.
 I knew that before
 when I found I may carry
 the seed of the bleeding:
 I could not bear children.
 My child was Alexis—
 Baby, to us four sisters
 the youngest, the Heir
 the bright-haired boy
 whom illness infuriated,
 our brother who bled inside
 and died of the bleeding
 at the end, when our father—
 o Papa, Father-Tsar
 Batiushka, Little Father
 my own little father!
 riven from us by the bullets
 of the Bolsheviks
 a soldier's death, you would
 have said, and been proud.
 O my father, had you only
 been as you dreamed
 an ordinary soldier
 a Russian soldier
 not Tsar.

We had all been buoyant
 that last July evening
 trusting the breath
 of change in the air
 an autumn tang scenting
 the stupor of summer.
 They had said to us
 Soon you depart
 the House of Special Purpose
 our Siberian fortress.
 After midnight, they woke us,
 we hurried to dress
 then they sent Papa downstairs.
 They took us to the train
 without Papa
 to the train with shuttered blinds
 that brought us to Perm.

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O! the deathly certainty
dawning, then drumming:
there would be no rescue.
When we felt the train move
without Papa, Alexis
though convalescent
from his most recent accident
hurled himself like a senseless
thing against the doors
and he bled inside
the final bleeding.
Now our mother does not speak;
she prays, her lips constantly
murmuring, but in silence.
Prayers for their souls,
for Papa and Alexis, her
Nicky and Sunbeam? or
prayers of contrition?
(Rasputin, the Dissolute—
to her, Father Grigori
Our beloved Friend—
said that we all would be
dead within two years
if he should die.
In December '16 he was
murdered, by our cousins.)
She will not tell
not even Tatiana
neither does she look nor listen.
She does not see
there are only three sisters.
She does not know
her fourth daughter, Papa's Imp
Malenkaia, the Short One
Anastasia has run away.
They have her again
of course, but not here.
Now she cannot be with us
my daredevil sister.
"I don't want to die here!"
she hissed while I whistled
her eyes darkened in passion.
I feel what she feels, but
I am older, more tired

and I know I am
too weak and too worn
to outwit them.

This is all I have left
my mother, my sisters —
Marie, perhaps the best of us
and the prettiest sister
Marie who used to be
fat little Bow-Wow
Marie who only wanted
to marry, and mother
children of her own
and Tatiana, assured of an
auburn-haired elegance
Tatiana our Governess
the younger ones teased her.
These were my sisters
who now lie on pallets
curled up on their pallets
on the stone cellar floor —
my mother, my sisters are
all I have still that
I have always had.
I will not leave them.
The year is dying
in summer and
I will never leave Russia.
A young nurse came down
the stairs to our cellar
with her brother, a guard.
I was a nurse once
I looked away.
“Who is that thin blonde girl?”
I heard the nurse whisper.
“Is that thin girl whistling
the Grand Duchess Olga?
Is that the arrogant
Grand Duchess Olga?”
I sat turned away
from them, on my mattress
and I whistled.

—Sally Boniece

Sally Boniece: With Olga
my unreal life becomes
real. In real life I dwell
in an old house in down-
town Carmel with my cat
Tchai (Russian for teal).
Sally is the recipient of
the *genesis* Award for
Poetry.

Rewrite for x, y, and z*
(or, Olga, minus the fat and the
49 "l's)
(or, Olga, commentless, with
commas)
(or, the non-archaic Olga)**

Olga,
 within walls.
Olga,
 without daylight
 or birch-trees
 or a bed.
Olga,
 whistling.

*Z is the bad poet, so we know who Z is

**in modern poetry, you have your choice of titles (more titles
than poem is often preferable)

— Sally Boniece

The Masterpiece

I lay it all out: heart soul lots of body
 hopes dreams assorted prayers
 my favorite poems my best friends
 everything and more

He touches it all
 carefully
 handling each part of me
 as a bit of precious pottery.
 Like the fairgoer examining a craftsman's wares
 he evaluates each piece, each product,
 lifting my heart
 turning it slowly over
 and over
 and over again in dusty hands,
 subtly noting its weight
 and its price,
 finally placing it gently back
 down within me
 without promise of purchase or lease.

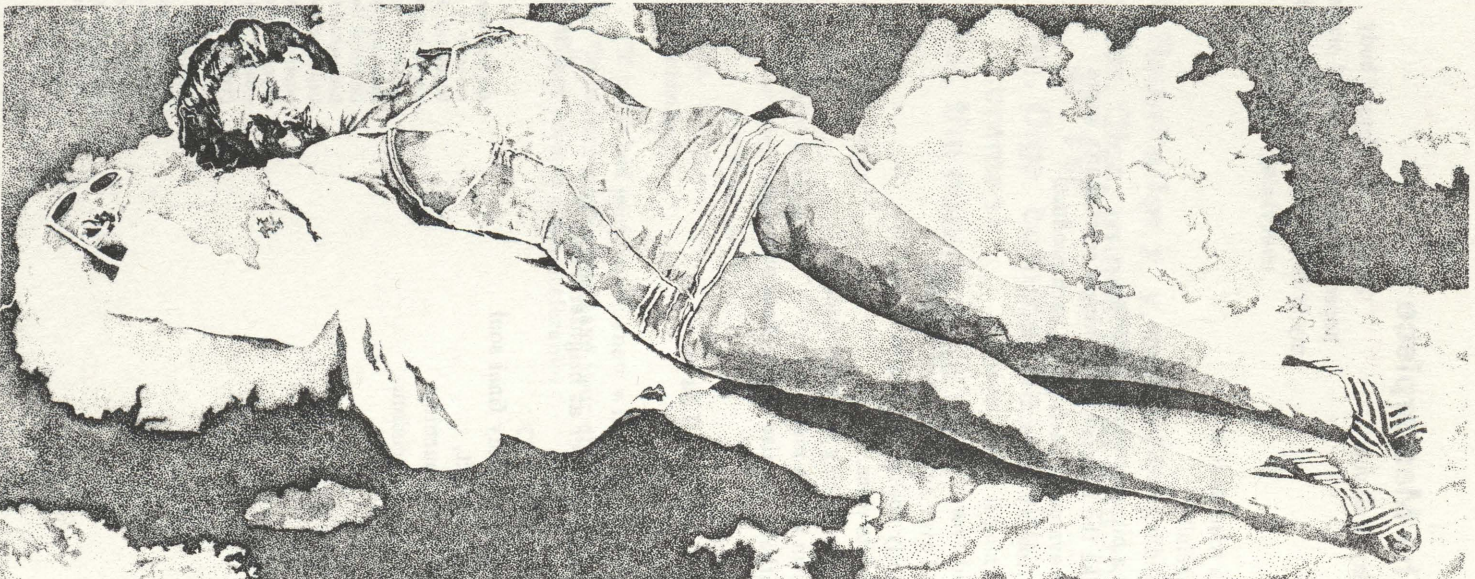
But, sir,
 it is everything I have.
 I am emptied.
 Sold out.

He glances over at brighter displays.

I am more, I cry
 ripping open my final soul
 and spilling it,
 bloody and burning,
 upon his indecision.

—Jan Michelsen

Jan Michelsen: A newcomer to Indianapolis, I am a journalist, a poet, a calligrapher and, for at least eight hours a day, Director of Hospital Relations for the Indiana University Hospitals. I experienced most of my 28 years of life in suburban Chicago and Peoria, Illinois and am a lover of books and beginnings, of coffee and solitude, of rainy days and interesting people. My poetry is but another way to share my soul, my self, and my psyche with others.



Cocktails at 8

I can't play
 this shine and sparkle
 razzle
 dazzle game.
 These glitter-glopped smiles
 just won't stay stuck;
 all these prepicked, silkwrapped lines
 sound old and weak and limp.
 I mingle,
 but trip into rugs dug deep
 by jagged diamond lies
 and try
 to scrape off the hardened stickiness
 of liquid lucite cares
 and try
 to fish out (quite uncouthly)
 the rose-bubbled, baubled tales
 that keep plopping
 and sinking in my drink
 and try
 to make believe
 I'm having fun.

—Jan Michelsen

. . . and everything nice

rip a heart to shreds
 tat lace edges
 onto kiddie-sculpting sex;

 drown dream rights
 in sugared oatmeal slush,
 bury them among the gerbered bibs;

 cast a smile that isn't
 a mouth
 that vomits Redbook quotes;

 we an I to pieces,
 bittered bits of ironed deepness;

 fill a mind with empty
 and die it pretty pink.

—Jan Michelsen

She Wanted to Leave Him Often

— *Anima rising*
Queen of queens
Wash my guilt of Eden
Wash and balance me—
 — Joni Mitchell

This long gown
 with no gills to let her breathe:
 She, mermaid, rolls down the steep grassy hill—
 water at her fin feet,
 She climbs with legs not able to walk
 But squirms grassy upstream
 (this long gown binding her legs
 she cannot spread them to walk)

Near death, no water save the dew in the grass:
 She sees him at his desk
 at the top of the grass hill
 — checking papers —

She keeps rolling back down the hill,
 making mute mermaid sounds,
 And He cannot hear her

She reaches the top
 (her skirt, long and green
 clinging at her fish ankles)

While He still furiously checks
 His papers with His long red pen—

She runs
 splitting legs—seams—stitches:
 crashes into his desk,
 jerks his red pen off his paper—
 He looks amused:

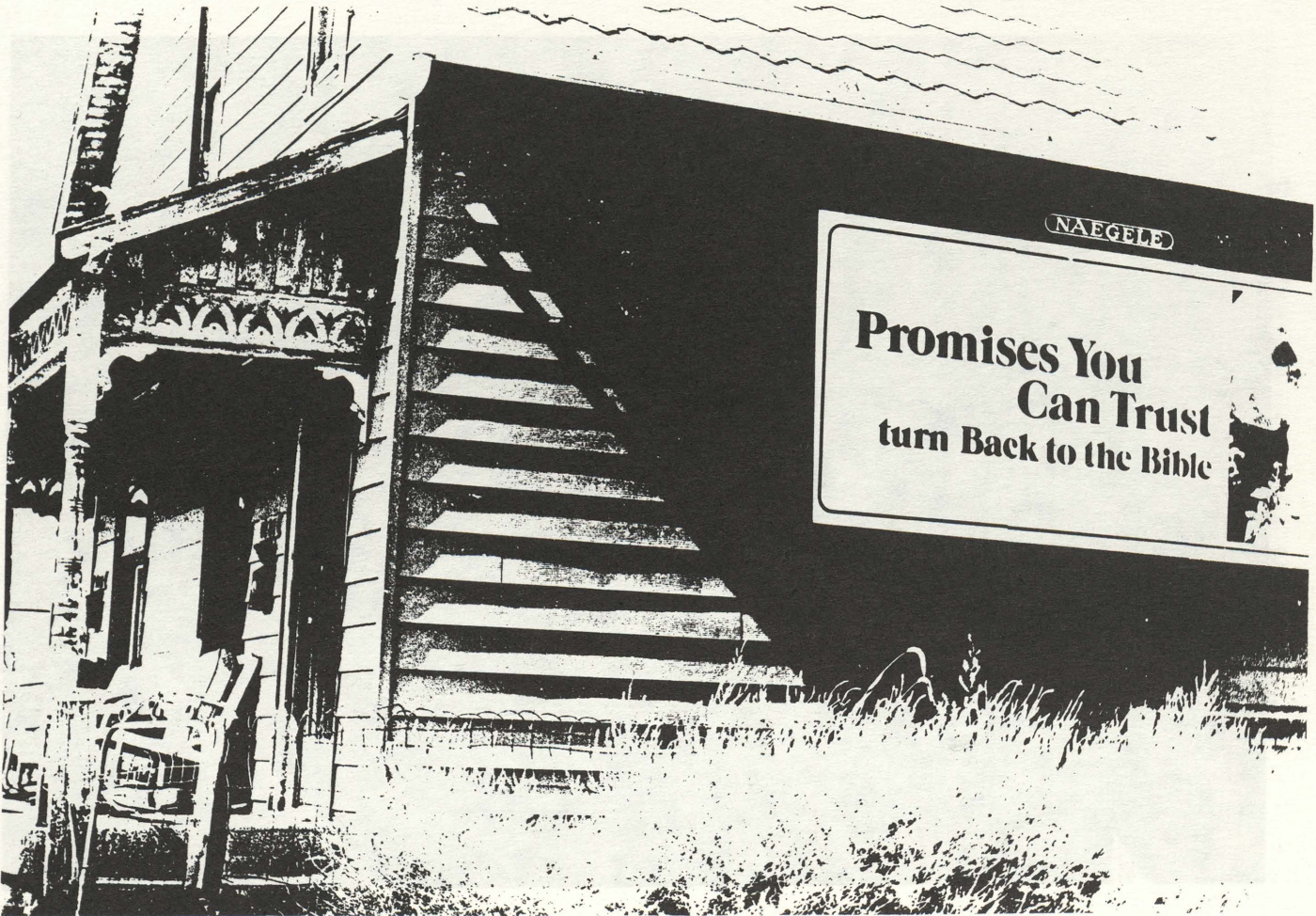
Her ripped seams
 Her fish legs
 spilling from her mermaid body

— Karla Ashmore

Karla Ashmore: "We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars." O.K., so Oscar Wilde wrote it, not Chrissie Hynde. Thanks to my W131 class for pointing out this *minor* detail; (I mean, those two only lived *one* century apart; so what's the big deal?). You really kept me on my toes class: altogether now — "CLICHE!" I don't know about you, but I learned a lot: from how to chew tobacco, to how to use a "dead t.v.!" Hope you all didn't go color blind with my purple and green splashes on your papers—and I *know* you will all continue with your journals . . .



—Laura Hildreth



—Gerard Boulais

A Letter to the Veterans Administration

Ralph T. Walls

Ralph T. Walls: I am a 30-year-old semi-literate who wants to be a writer. I think I have some very important things to say, and I'm wondering if anyone wants to hear them. We'll see.

Veterans Administration
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

It has come to my attention that it has become necessary to exhume the bodies of the unknown dead of the Civil War to make room for the veterans of today. I believe this controversial and embarrassing situation is the result of poor planning. The space in our cemeteries is a valuable resource that must be used as sparingly as gasoline. Being a former Marine, I realize it is sometimes necessary to take extraordinary measures under extraordinary circumstances. I therefore would like to offer a few suggestions that may help prevent this type of embarrassing situation in the future.

The first solution that comes to mind is cremation. The final resting place of our brave lads could be a beautiful park with no grave stones or markers. It could have a neatly manicured golf course and recreational facilities for children. The ashes of the dead could be scattered among the many flower beds that add color and warmth to the park. The cemetery would then serve two functions: as a park serving the living and as a cemetery providing unlimited space for the dead. This park may give the impression that the purpose of war is to eventually bring peace. Better yet, the cemetery might be renamed Peace Park. The problem with this suggestion is the elimination of monuments. It is every soldier's dream to spend eternity lying in formation with others who have died in battle.

There is another possibility that would not eliminate grave markers. Graves could be dug with a post-hole digger and bodies buried vertically. Soldiers would not only be in perfect alignment, but standing at attention. The space taken up by each individual would be approximately one square foot. This would leave enough space in our cemeteries to accommodate the bodies of another war.

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If it is necessary to engage in many armed conflicts in the future, really drastic measures will have to be taken. I suggest that at the beginning of the next armed conflict an oil derrick be erected in a cemetery and a shaft be dug several thousand feet deep. At the top of the shaft a machine similar to the ones that chew cars into bits could be mounted, and the bodies could be fed through the machine and into the shaft. At the end of the war the shaft could be capped off and a single monument could be erected stating simply that the dead of the last war are shafted here.

I realize that none of these suggestions sounds pleasant or is traditional; but as long as we are willing to send young men to war, we should be prepared to deal with its consequences. War means that thousands of people will die leaving us with the messy business of disposing of the bodies. So, if there is no other reason to hesitate to use military force, there is this one: what shall we do with the dead?

Most sincerely,

Black White Brown

Africa South
Obscenity's mouth
Spewing hate
Stifling breath
Worshipping death
People—Do not sleep!
Dying children weep
Awake tonight
Raise your hand
Sweep across the land!
Unlock the gate
Destroy the hate
Red's all blood
Fear not the final flood
Africa South
Tumbling down
Black and white becoming brown

— Ernest E. Wickersham

Ernest E. Wickersham is a 1955 high school dropout and a 1980 graduate of I.U. He majored in Transportation and attends IUPUI part-time. Ernest, a supervisor at the Indianapolis Air Traffic Control Center, has worked in the Far East, Central Asia, South America and the Pacific for the U.S. Government and United Nations. His ambition is to write a novel based on his travels from mid-west roots. Favorite authors are Conrad and Michener.

Requiem

dedicated to those who had no choice
 shot in the back, so to speak
 in man's revolution towards perfection
 for they'd just as soon
 murder the moon . . .

power or pleasure this treasure chest
 distressed confusions of randomness
 frantic ethics overlapped
 scrambled beyond relief
 resigned acceptance seeps soaked
 experiments rampant run overboard
 atrocities throb in 9/8 time
 to a score of sickened syncopeation

willowbrook	hepatitis
brooklyn	cancer infestation
tuskegee	sypphilis untreated

souls whimper backwards
 in these embellished mirrors
 they contain and sustain
 years in tears of fears
 yours and mine they are
 can minds mislaid
 ever be regained?

— Rick Karcasheff

Rick Karcasheff: a
 definitive bio in less than
 50 words? not even in
 trout mask replica land
 can such a feat be
 accomplished. better
 bright too late than
 never at all and I wish to
 thank my parents for
 their appropriate
 timeliness. in addition to
 vast appreciation
 towards mary and david
 for getting me back into
 the swing of things and
 allowing me to see a
 scene not seen before.
 therefore meagre to
 slight and thankfully not
 a word too soon . . .

Just a Regular Guy

Gina Mallory

Gina Mallory: After trying, and not liking, the major majors, i.e., engineering, Gina began experimenting with the minor majors, i.e., prehistoric literature. She has yet to discover where her true talent lies. Writing became her sole advocacy when paper doll design and construction began to annoy the hell out of her.

Dewey grabbed the legs of his pants at mid thigh, lifted his cuffs off the ground and hurried down the street. He knew the game had already started. The Browns were playing a team from one of the coasts, and he wanted to get to Godsey's before the first quarter ended. When he got to the corner, the sign said, "DON'T WALK," but he didn't notice and walked anyway. A grey Chevette's horn made him retreat.

He stopped and shouted, "Sorry pal," into the window of the passing car. "I wasn't looking where I was going. Sorry." The driver kept his head turned toward the windshield and ignored Dewey's apology.

With the sign's permission this time, he crossed the street and traveled the last block to Godsey's at the fastest speed his legs could manage. Not quite a run, but close enough for Dewey. People on the opposite side of the street called out his name in greeting when he passed in front of them. He walked everywhere he went, so nearly everyone along his route knew him. He raised an arm above the roofs of the cars parked between them to let his friends know he had heard, but he didn't have time to stop and talk today. The first quarter was almost over.

Godsey's front door opened automatically. Dewey charged in with his head tilted back so he could see the TV above the bar as soon as he got inside. His pupils weren't open wide enough for him to make out what was happening. The screen was a bright blur. He called out to anyone who would answer, "What quarter is it?"

"They just started the second, Dew," said the bartender. "Where ya been?"

"I got a late start this morning. What's the score?"

Morgan, the guy who worked on Dewey's car before he had to sell it, told him the Browns trailed six—seven and asked him to take the stool next to his. When Dewey's eyes finally adjusted to the dim over-head lights, a beer commercial filled the screen. He used the time to order a beer for himself and say hello to the other guys, all regulars just like him.

The sweat on his forehead reminded him that he hadn't taken off his hat yet. After pulling his stool a little farther under the bar, he laid his hat on his lap. He didn't hang it on the coat rack by the door because he didn't want the other guys to see the black shoe polish that coated the inside. The polish had rubbed off his head. Every morning Dewey lifted a can of Kiwi out of his top dresser drawer and covered his bald head with it to create the illusion of close-cut hair. He layered it on thick to give it texture, then ran a comb over it to make it look more like hair. A handful of after shave across his face to hide the smell of polish followed. From time to time, usually after opening a new can, he got daring and added a mustache or side burns.

Once he even covered his chin and jowls with polish. He liked the black beard a lot better than his thin, white one, but when beer ran out of the corners of his mouth, it washed strips of polish off his face and onto his white shirt. He was afraid to try any more beards after that.

During halftime, Dewey went into the men's room to see if the sweat had made his hair run down his forehead. Godsey's was hotter than he had expected it to be. He chose this bar over the other two on the block because it was always nice and cool. That reduced the chance of his hair melting off. Now he wondered if he had picked the right one. He didn't want his friends to find out that his nice, thick hair wasn't as real as it looked. The dim lights helped him keep his secret, but it wasn't dark enough out there to keep the others from noticing if his hair started dripping into his beer.

When he was satisfied that he looked okay, he went back to the storeroom to ask Godsey about the heat. The owner said he always turned the air-conditioner off the first day of October, no matter what the temperature was, and never turned it on again until the last day of May, even if summer did come early. He asked Dewey why an old regular like him didn't know that already. Dewey didn't know because he wasn't an old regular. He had only been dropping by Godsey's for a little while, but he didn't tell the owner the real reason. Instead, he said he just forgot. He was honored that Godsey thought he had been around long enough to know about the air-conditioner. It made him feel like he really had been around that long.

The team from one of the coasts was kicking off when he slid back under the bar next to Morgan and hung his hat on his knee. He had worried so much about the heat before half-time that he forgot to notice which team the Browns were playing. He asked Morgan who it was. A man Dewey had never seen before—definitely not a regular—answered his question. "It's Buffalo, bud. Where'd you leave your brain during the first half? You sat here watching it just like the rest of us. Did you find a brain when you went to piss?"

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Dewey ignored the questions. He didn't like the way this man said, "the rest of us." It made him feel like an outsider. The man moved from his place at the end of the bar to the seat next to Dewey's and demanded some answers. Dewey continued to ignore him until the man began hitting him in the ribs with his index finger.

"I don't know what you think you're doing," Dewey told him, "but I don't think you should be doing it here. Why don't you leave us alone and go back to your own bar. We're trying to watch the game."

"I'm trying to watch the game too, bud. Why don't *you* quit acting like you own this place. Okay?" He punctuated the "okay" with another stab into Dewey's ribs. The bartender told the man to go back to the end of the bar, but he stayed where he was, waiting—Dewey decided—for an answer. Dewey didn't have one to give him. He couldn't think of a thing to say. He stared at the bottom of his glass through his beer and hoped the rest of the guys weren't staring at him, but he knew they were.

Godsey came out of the storeroom and asked what was going on. The man said nothing was going on. Dewey wanted to yell, "That's a lie," but didn't. It seemed like a childish thing to say. The man stood up and took a step back toward his stool. Dewey thought the man had grown tired of tormenting him. He learned he was wrong. The man turned, grabbed the top of Dewey's head and hissed, "I asked you if you found your brain in the bathroom."

Dewey twisted his head out of the man's grip, leaving most of his hair stuck to the man's fingers. "What kind of shit do you have all over your head?" he wanted to know. Dewey still couldn't think of a thing to say. All he could think of was the last time his head was the topic of a discussion. That conversation took place a few months ago at another bar a few blocks away. This was before he became a regular at Godsey's and before he started using shoe polish.

On that day, Dewey sat in his old bar talking to his friends about the Indians game that had just ended. A stranger came over and joined in. Every time Dewey or one of the others made a comment, the stranger disagreed with him. After the fourth interruption, Dewey told the stranger that he and his friends were having a private conversation and they wanted it to stay private. The stranger said, "You're just mad because I know more about baseball than you."

Dewey was convinced that no one in Cleveland knew more about baseball than he did. When he announced this to the bar, the stranger laughed and said, "Man, if you're too old to have hair on your head, you're too old to even remember all the rules."

The other men in the bar laughed at the stranger's remark. One of them rubbed Dewey's scalp and said, "He's got you there, Dew. Yeah. He's got you there." Dewey looked around the room at the

men still laughing at him. Suddenly they all looked like strangers. They were all much younger than he and had plenty of hair. Dewey, feeling like an outsider in a bar where he had been a regular for almost three years, grabbed his hat off the coat rack as he went out the door.

On his way home, he stepped into a barber shop and asked the owner how much a hair piece would cost. The price was more than his pension could handle. Inside the apartment that night, he stared at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. He didn't want to ever leave his room again with his head looking like it did, but he didn't think he had any choice. Since he could think of nothing else to do, Dewey decided to polish his loafers. His fingers were black when he finished. Looking at them, he thought, I bet this stuff would cover my head just like a hair piece. And it only costs seventy-nine cents a can.

After practicing for a few days, he decided his new hair looked pretty natural. He was then ready to go to a bar, have a few beers and watch an Indians game, but he didn't have a bar to go to. He couldn't go to his old one. He didn't want his old friends to know that the stranger's comments had upset him. He left his apartment and walked south. His old bar was to the west. Four blocks from home, he saw Godsey's. It was sixty-eight degrees and dark inside. Dewey made it his new bar.

The man yelled to the other guys in Godsey's, "He's got *shoe polish* on his head. The idiot's got *shoe polish* on his stupid head." Dewey looked at Morgan to see if he was laughing. He wasn't. Morgan closed his eyes and lowered his head into the collar of his shirt when Dewey turned toward him. Dewey knew the look of pity. He had seen it many times before. He felt his beer and pretzels begin working their way back up his throat. He swallowed hard, hoping the lump would return to his stomach, and started toward the door. After his second step, the man grabbed a handful of peanuts out of a bowl on the bar and mashed them into the polish left on Dewey's head.

"The old bastard wears a wig made out of shoe polish," the man told the people sitting next to the door. Their faces told Dewey that they didn't need a stranger to tell them that. They had always known.

"A shoe-polish wig. Can you believe that?" Before anyone could answer the man, Dewey hit him on the back of his hair-covered head with a beer bottle. The man lost his balance and landed on his nose. Dewey heard the crunch of cartilage giving way to cement despite the cheers and applause exploding from the TV and echoing off the rear wall. The Browns had scored as the man arced toward the floor.

Dewey picked the peanuts out of his hair while the bartender dialed the phone and asked whoever he had called to send an ambulance to Godsey's. When Dewey got them all out, he spread

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the lump of polish still stuck to the back of his head around until it covered most of his scalp. As he stepped over the man on his way to the door, he said, "I can put anything I want on my head. I'm a regular here, bud. These guys are my friends. They don't care. So why should you? See you guys later."

When the door closed behind him, Dewey grabbed the legs of his pants at midhigh, lifted his cuffs off the ground, and hurried down the street. He didn't want to be there when the ambulance arrived. A block from the bar, he pulled off his jacket and used it to wipe the remaining shoe polish off his head. When the sign on the corner said, "WALK," he crossed the street and began looking for a new bar.

Our First Kiss

(When Tooth Meets Lip)

The split in my lip won't close.

You say don't worry,

but how can I not?

The Grand Canyon began

as a smaller cut

in a harder surface.

Water, sliding over rock,

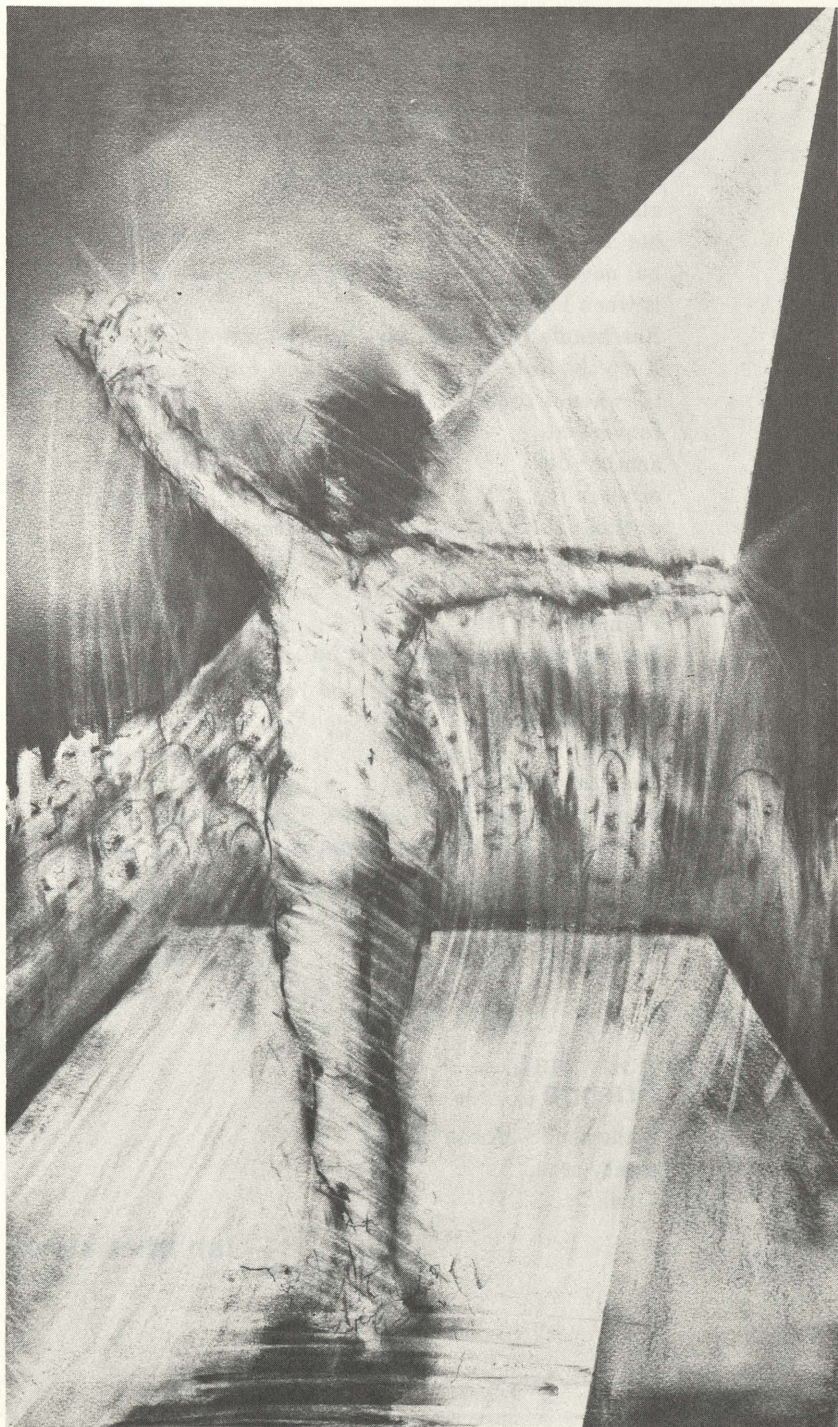
carved a channel one mile deep.

What will this blood,

sliding down my chin,

do to my surface?

— **Gina Mallory**



—Jack Monninger

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No-bell Prize

It's cheaper by the evening.
After eleven,
after five,
after anytime
but now
but now
is when I need.
Reschedule your ring, says he.
Keep the feel
till when it comes
convenient,
another day
or place
or time
or person.
Reschedule your life, says he.
Fit mine.
Reschedule your needs, says he.
Fit me.
But my needs don't wait
patiently.
They tap their feet,
jangle their keys,
unsleep me with their screams.
Pay full rate, say they,
and meet us right and timely.

— Jan Michelsen

Fragile

If the silence doesn't break
pretty soon,
I will.

— Jan Michelsen

Touche

As two swords clashing,
sharp against sharp,
the sound of steel will
clang long and loud.
Polished comments slice
smoothly into misplace
as we watch
(wide-eyed, narrow-minded)
with morbid fascination.
We watch each other bleed,
cheering on the flow,
but are wise enough
to dress the wounds
before much life or love is lost.
We cool burning memories,
slopping on the salve of soothing trust.
We smile and forgive.
The cuts are closed with care and kisses,
but the scars are ugly, empty things.

Fragile is my unarmed heart.
The sloppy stabs of anger pierce through
to make it leak
the blood of my love for you.

—Jan Michelsen

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—Angela Turner

Still Life: Village With Dead Child in Pick-up Truck

Elaine Childs

Elaine Childs is a graduating senior in the School of Liberal Arts and a past Senior Editor of *genesis*. About "Still Life" she says, "although the story is fictionalized, designed to emphasize the ambiguity of cultural change rather than to represent any actual event, I did actually walk this terrain. I count that trip, an anthropological field course in the Canadian Arctic, as one of my most memorable experiences as an IUPUI student."

On the tundra, there are no trees to break the wind. I turn my collar up and drift with it, letting it push me across this dun-colored, rock-dappled plain that I have come to love. It is one of those rare, perfect days that come sometimes during the brief Arctic summer. The mosses and lichens which cover the so-called "barren lands" are sprinkled now with what seems to me an infinite variety of tiny, delicately-beautiful flowers. Their presence in such profusion makes the term "barren" seem a misnomer. With each step I am aware of crushing what has taken hundreds of years to grow. I am careful to walk around the Arctic willows, which stand only a few inches tall after a hundred growing seasons, and I hop from rock to rock whenever it is possible. I respect this land and the people who live here and I am awed by the efforts of both to survive where so little exists and even possibility remains severely limited.

The wind is a nearly constant assault on the humans who will always be intruders to the barren lands. There is no choice but to adjust to its whims, its changing force and direction, to move head bent, body hunched directly into it, or to dig your heels in and try not to let it push you too far from where you want to go. Its sound is an uninvited constant companion, at times a whisper, at other times like the wild cry of a hungry animal. After you get used to the wind, you take it for granted and only notice it on those rare occasions when it is missing.

When the wind does stop, there is a brief, unexpected period of silence. It is then that one can hear the rising swarms of mosquitos and black flies as they gather to mount a new and different kind of assault. Life is simple in the barrens. People live and people die. The wind blows and it stops blowing. Either way, it isn't easy.

For the people who live here, times are changing. No one lives off the land any more, at least not completely. The caribou and seal have become too scarce. But the people are no longer starving; the government sees to that. The Inuit, which simply

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means “the people,” live in houses which belong to the government. The government provides heat and electricity and money enough to buy Coca Cola, cigarettes, and candy bars. Here no one is dying of starvation. But there are other kinds of hunger.

The town to which I am returning after my morning tryst with the tundra is called Baker's Inlet. It sprawls loosely around a tall, narrow mine shaft which is now weathered grey, and is also, I have discovered, a hazard to the curious. The mine shaft was abandoned fifteen years ago by a nickel mining company which unearthed the richest ore and then disappeared almost overnight with its profits, leaving the town which had gathered around it high and dry. The abandoned mine is a landmark, the tallest object for many miles, and a constant reminder of what the Inuit are giving in return for the beneficence of the government—the rights their land, rights which were never treated, but were taken administratively. The government says the resources belong to the country, so the Inuit receive no benefit from the development of these resources which will one day be used up.

Still, life for the Inuit is easier now, and if you ask an old man who remembers what it was like to live off the land, he will tell you so. Then he will probably tell you that he is not happy and doesn't know why. Life here may be simple, but it has never been easy.

With only these thoughts to keep me company, I enter Baker's Inlet and head directly for the Hudson Bay Company—known affectionately as “The Bay”—to purchase my daily supply of stale Canadian cigarettes, left over, I feel sure, from what was brought in from the south on last summer's barges. Rose, a beautiful young Inuk woman with glisteningly clean black hair and a round, smoothly-sculptured face, is behind the counter as she is each morning when I make my visit. After exchanging our usual greetings, she says softly, “A child died this morning. He was drowned. It happened about an hour ago. He slipped on the rocks by the warehouse.”

“My God, Rose, I'm sorry. Was it anyone I know?”

“Joe Aliap's youngest boy, Noah. He was twelve this month.”

Her eyes remain fastened on the counter as she takes the wrinkled dollars I have dredged up from the deep pockets of my nearly as badly wrinkled Army Surplus field pants and gives me my change. There is no sign of emotion in her voice or demeanor.

I feel Rose looking after me as I walk out the door and restrain the impulse to turn around and catch her at it. If I know her for ten years, I will still not know her.

Feeling shaken, I step outside into the never-to-be-counted-on but always welcome brilliance of the sun. The blue of the sky is so intense that it takes away what breath the battle against the wind, the harsh Canadian cigarettes, and the news I have just received have left me. I stare at the treacherous rocks which surround the

inlet to the bay and the wide expanse of achingly cold, nearly transparent water which they hold in place. This morning the water is only slightly less blue than the sky and its diamond-bright glitter hurts my eyes.

The wind is now only a murmur. It would have been a fine day to go fishing for Arctic char, the highly-prized, salmon-like fish that thrive in this water. Unlike little boys. Children who live here do not learn to swim. Where, after all, would they practice? Even in summer a human body can only last five or ten minutes in the pure, icy water of Hudson's Bay. And you can't build swimming pools in permafrost.

There is no movement along the waterfront, no policemen, no ambulances, no mourners clutching and crying. I see only piercing blueness and jagged scraps of ice-scraped pre-Cambrian bedrock. The water is calm. This is no cruel, menacing sight; it only is what it is.

There is no doctor living here. Those whose injuries or illnesses require one's services are flown out to a hospital on any plane which is within a half hour's flying time—by mandate of the government—estimated wait time is two hours. In this case, I doubt that a doctor could have helped anyway. The body will have been taken to the Nursing Station. Sister Margaret will have been called to minister to the family since Father has gone south for his summer holiday.

I walk through the dusty streets of the hamlet, past the yellow, blue, green and tan buildings which are flung haphazardly about on this piece of former tundra, now scraped forever of its mossy skin by big yellow tractors, past the post office, the craft store, the co-op, the fish plant, past the grey and silent mine shaft, through summer's layer of Coke cans and candy bar wrappers which lie mingled with the dust and broken bits of granite, quartz, and soapstone. I walk as though I were being pursued, directly to the timeless, treacherous black rocks which divide the hamlet from the bay, the past from the present, life from death. I climb these rocks cautiously but quickly, with a dogged determination to reach the highest point, where the warehouse stands, enjoying the sharp substantiality of the rocks and the way they feel beneath my worn but sturdy leather boots. From this vantage point, I can see it all, what Noah must have seen before he fell.

Glittering blue ice water stretches before me, out of the inlet into the bay, in an endless sparkling dance to the sky, holding the fishing boats aloft like a handful of glass bottles set afloat by playful boys. Only these toy boats and a smudged white fingerprint of cloud just above the barely discernible horizon break the dazzling blueness of this meeting of sea and sky.

To my left the dun-colored tundra makes its own march toward the horizon. Shallow lakes of ice melt lie on the land like a handful of sapphires that fell out of God's back pocket. I have not seen it

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like this before, all of a piece, and I feel insignificantly small. It seems to go on forever, rising and falling, its brownish-green color obscuring its fine detail. It is only by remembering this detail that I can relate to the tundra at all as a place where I have walked—the daisies, bell heather, starflowers, the tiny, sweet blueberries hidden in the moss, the miniature rhododendron, the seashells left behind thousands of years ago when the water receded from the active, rapidly-rising tundra, and the bones of caribou with their huge racks and ivory teeth resting undisturbed among the flowers. Seeing it all at once like this, stretching as far as I can see, it is a strange and alien place. And yet it is compelling.

If I were a small boy like Noah, I would wish I could fly. I would land out there on the esker, about ten miles away. The exhilarating sense of freedom I feel standing here on these rocks which rise above the sea and the plain makes me think I might be able to fly there myself if I held my arms just right. My common sense quickly convinces me not to try it. Instead, I let my mind go, remembering the day I met Noah and his dog on that esker.

They were chasing sik-siks, which look to me like prairie dogs. I was sitting in the sun admiring the polygonal patterns on top of the esker and resting before starting the long trek back to town. Noah waved and came up to join me, full of questions, as always. Why did I have two holes in one ear and only one in the other? I only had one diamond earring. Why was my skin such a dark color compared to most kabloona? I had come here directly from several months in Florida. I talked like I was from Texas, was I from Texas? No, I'd never even been there. Where was my husband? I didn't have one. Why not? His curiosity was so innocent and natural that I could never bring myself to be offended by his questions and always answered him as patiently as I could.

We shared my canned ham sandwich while his dog made lunch of a sik-sik. He wasn't sure if he would go away to the high school or not. He hated to leave his family. He wanted to be a carver like his father. He would come by and see me soon and show me the carvings he had been working on, feeling sure, no doubt, that I would buy them—and of course I would. How clear he seems to me, his merry, black, Asian-looking eyes, his incredibly wide smile beneath the straw hat he always wore. It was a cowboy hat, given to Noah by a summer visitor who had taken a liking to the boy—small wonder!—and Noah had treasured it. I wonder if he had it on this morning.

With that thought my mind returns from its flight and I become aware that the wind has grown stronger since I climbed up on this ledge. I feel cold and vulnerable. The slap of water against the rocks below me now seems ominous and I am vaguely uneasy as I climb down. As I turn again toward the village my sense of freedom vanishes and the thought I had about being able to fly

seems quite preposterous and even a little embarrassing as I wade through the pop cans to the post office, collect my mail, and head home, exhausted, for some hot tea and rest.

I notice more than the usual amount of traffic along the path worn by the three-wheel Hondas, principle means of summer transportation, between the hamlet and the fishing camp which is several miles out on the banks of the Melodine River. I meet Old Joe, a local character of regional renown, as he comes in. He nods as he roars past me down the dusty street and screws his wrinkled face into the usual toothless grin. He has the same smile for everyone he meets and I can only wonder what lies behind it.

After two cups of strong tea, laced with the inevitable powdered milk, I am warmed but do not sleep. My thoughts wander from Noah to the other young people I know who are still living here in this place which seems to me like the edge of the world, those who are growing up to do a strange sort of dance over a precipice which has on one side the past and the old ways of their fathers, and on the other the unknown future and the new ways coming up from the south. And between the two sides, this widening crevice into which, without due care, an entire culture could vanish.

It is nearly sundown. Fingers of orange and mauve draw hazy lines across the horizon. The sapphire lakes have turned a dusky red, mirroring the sun as best they can. The wind is bullying the clouds, pushing them into continuously changing patterns of light and color, as though it were determined to prevent any autonomous fluffy white upstart from stealing the show. It is the time to bury the boy with his dream of being a carver.

Here, in the village of Baker's Inlet, there are no provisions for storing dead bodies in the summer. There are no black limousines of crepe, no place to call in an order for flowers, no soft-soled undertakers, and no velvet linings. There are no epitaphs on the white wooden crosses in the cemetery up the hill. When a person dies he must be buried quickly. A body will not keep very long at the Nursing Station.

In light that is slowly fading, I walk toward the long, one-story, prefabricated Catholic Church, identifiable as a church only by the white wooden crosses, just like the ones at the cemetery. As I turn the corner I see Moses Tatty's ancient, dented pick-up truck moving toward me, its bald tires kicking up dust in thick clouds. Behind, before, and beside the dilapidated truck, people are walking in groups of two and three and four, men with hats clutched in their rough, nut-brown hands, women carrying babies on their backs, small children holding hands. They move slowly and purposefully up the street. It hurts me to watch this hodge-podge, still-life procession: Village With Dead Child in Pick-Up Truck, and I hurry inside the church, which is already full.

I take a seat on one of the several unpadded wooden benches which have been brought out of storage for the occasion. I nod to

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Old Joe and speak and press the hands of others I know, while listening with one ear as the creaky brakes bring the truck and its small cargo to a sputtering stop just outside the door.

Moses and a man I do not recognize quickly hoist the hastily-constructed pine box onto the catafalque. The Inuk catechist drapes the coffin with a black cloth which bears a faded gold cross in its center and adds a dusty spray of white plastic flowers.

Everyone stands as the coffin rolls past. I am staring at a sea of backs, some stooped from the weight of wearing babies, others straight as young proud limbs on new trees. Small children move freely in and out the door of the open church whenever they feel inclined. They receive fond smiles and smile back endearingly. No one attempts to restrain their movements.

We sing every word of "What A Friend We Have in Jesus" in an agonizingly slow, mind-numbing monotone, almost a chant. Some sing in English, some in Inuktitut; it makes no difference. The rhythm will not be broken.

The previously consecrated bread and wine are removed from the tabernacle and lifted toward Heaven by the robed catechist—a gift from their beloved "Jesussee" which is tonight received in honor of Noah Aliap. The silver chalice gleams momentarily in the artificial light. Feet shuffle, wooden benches scrape across the floor. All rise to go forward and receive their share.

The boy's family is dry-eyed. They cried this morning. Their boy, Noah, is gone. His soul, that which made him Noah, has left the body which has today been stored at the Nursing Station.

Behind me a child is crying deep soul-wracking sobs. His crying has never once relented and now seems to be growing louder. I glance out the door and notice the wind has stopped blowing. The mosquitos and black flies will be thick on the way to the cemetery.

my ego is like the lichen's velvet
bones woven on the face of
a mountain rock, where the whole
tundra is a balance
of fragile edges
 step carefully
its pleading is silent

—Jeff Berger

Jeff Berger: awe is still
heavier than anguish.

vengeful ambition
 is the invisible ammunition
 of the bitch
 sleeping with capitalism
 in the office
 of the over-crowded whore house

— David Mattingly

love affair ending in a coffee shop

in the café espresso
 i asked if you still cared
 your answer a slashing knife
 i bled to death at our table

— David Mattingly

David Mattingly: "Life, friends, is boring. We must not say so." If John Berryman hadn't written it down, I would have. Thank the gods for all of those people constantly trying to prove me wrong: Karla, for her grammar-attack; Mary, for her celestial seasonings; and the small, rotating, intelligent mobile unit — Bright Too Late — Roberta, Jane, and Jack Bradigan's sidekick — Rick.



—Stuart Keefer

Melt

I became
 the basin for your naked feet
 the wine
 in the cup of your hands
 the warm oil
 you rubbed across your breasts
 the simple water
 pouring through your veins
 that spilled
 into the road beyond the fountain
 where the sun
 rising above the trees
 called you into a distance

— Jeff Berger

(women)

they pass, and each could in passing
 relieve, steal, enrich —
 could in few words summarize
 what escapes me . . .
 But they pass, and when our eyes
 meet, the exchange is no more
 than the flicker of a match:
 struck out of idle interest
 and extinguished
 for safety.

— Robert M. Aull

Robert M. Aull is a 22-year old veteran who has just returned to school this past fall and is generally not as depressed as his verse might suggest. An English Major with hopes to develop a writing style and receive some type of remuneration for it, Robert's philosophy of life is "God gave us tongues so he could hear the stupid things we think."

Matt
I



And there was a night
on which the stars
were seen

—Laura Hildreth

we're all under the same volcano

poor Malcom Lowry
 whilst men like
 Kerouac and Burroughs
 drank and drugged themselves
 in bemused self-abusement
 to major fanfare and acclaim
 your own self-destruction
 passed by unnoticed
 victimized medieval vague obscurity

outside of time
 outside of mind

O Malcom—
 if angels do indeed sing celestially
 may you eternally drown deep
 in glorious god-song goings-on
 at long last

— Rick Karcasheff

a tandem riddle comes tumble down

there's no harm like no harm
 its political effects nil
 nearly not even there
 to change the channel
 incite a riot
 bang your head inside out
 satisfy yourself while still whole
 demonstrate inner climax control
 and right the climate to correction

— Rick Karcasheff

GENESIS

Squatting in strawberry fields,
early june, prefacing
statement with
“nothing will happen. It will
be okay.” But of course
it wasn't and it did, referring
to how what was about
to occur would affect our
relationship; my saying it
making it so.
He pulled into the alley,
pots of geraniums red and
doberman black in sidecar
of his fifty-eight bmw; cauliflower
and cabbage cooked in the wok in
ginger-scented kitchen; he walked into
my home my life my bed and
i'll never forget that time we touched
fingertips holding our breaths. He's
gone back to western europe now,
i no longer harbouring illegal
aliens, no longer harbouring
love and his breath hot
on my neck, kisses sweet in the fields,
berries wet with the dew.

— Mary Nicolini

Oracle In Winter

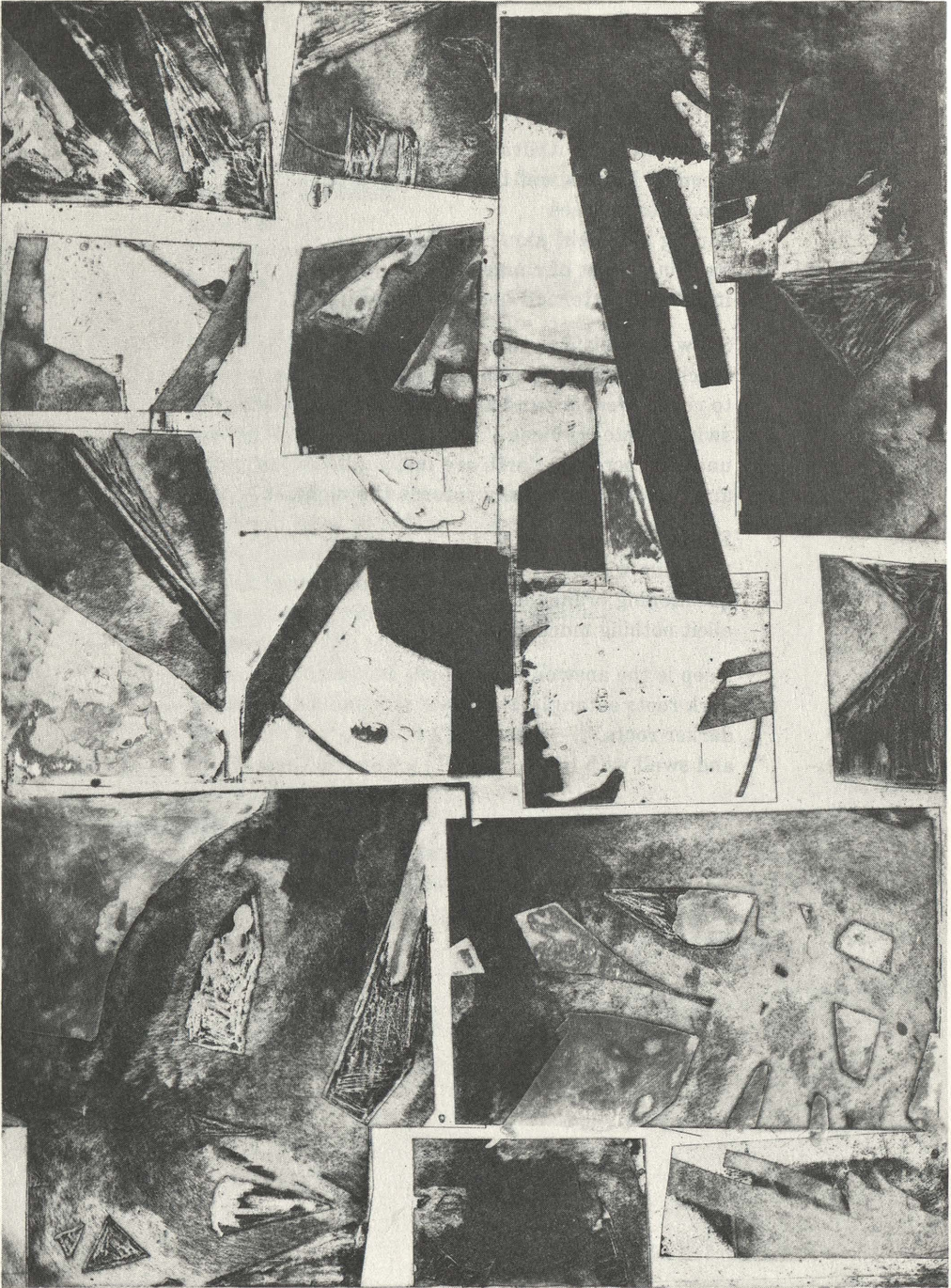
Reluctant sky withdraws to morning
sleeping Earth's wet belly arching after . . .
Moist fur of trees
curling into sight along the river,
exhaling sweat of contact,
inscribing patterned questions on the light.

Snow fall whispers through the branches
touch the waiting Earth like kisses
to cover every mound and fold—
swirling into crevices
until the pores of Earth are full,
and this descending sky returns the night.

Shadow trees.
tentative winds
questioning branches
elicit nothing more than why.

Deep is the answer where
dark roots entangle
darker roots
and swell with life.

— Stephen Stouder



— Gerard Boulais

Waking in Serendip

not so much forsaken
 as exchanged
 abandoned as replaced
 trading the archangel for
 the virgin; always so closely related . . .

the combs in her hair, henna,
 dropped while she searched
 for that inexhaustible love;
 such a thin shadow separating
 need and addiction: or was it desire?

the panorama revolved 'round
 Artemis waiting in the wings
 leaving me less keenly distressed

— Mary Nicolini

Past Love

Carved in the bark.
 Time surrounds
 the wound.
 Tall, strong,
 unblemished.
 The knot remains
 embedded,
 a flaw
 in the grain.

— Becky Pence

Becky Pence: "A mathematician who is not also something of a poet will never be a complete mathematician." —Karl Weierstrass. I am a graduate teaching assistant in the mathematics department.

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i am looking
at that polaroid
of your grandfather
holding that forty pound channel cat,
its great scaly body so large
as to be mistaken for mammal
in the blurry yellowed photo.
"You know how to catch a big one?
Just reel 'em real close to the boat and
reach into the water and rub their bellies,
back and forth,
and they'll fall asleep."

It's true.

i've seen it done. You can
lift them right out of the water then,
and lay 'em in the bottom of the boat,
at your feet.

But watch out for the whiskers.
They'll sting you, deep, and make
your blood run red in rivulets.

Restaurants liked to buy his fish
'cause he'd take them to them
still swimming around
in a bathtub he had
in the back of his pickup.
Guaranteed fresh.

On the menu at Frank's,
it said:

"Today's supper was swimming
in the lake yesterday."

And they have the best hushpuppies
in the world.

i marvelled at your trotlines
those topless and bottomless boxes
with grooves cut for hundreds of hooks.
You told me once how you'd baited
them with shrimp,
and an old tom cat,
hungry and sniffing the fishy scent,
leapt on a trio of lines,
hopelessly tangled himself in the
hooks and the shrimp and the fur and the howls
and you so mad; having to shoot the

damn thing,
 then cut all the hooks off,
 retie the line,
 restrung the boxes,
 rebait the hooks,
 cat flesh to catch cat fish.
 They'll eat anything.

Trout are more selective.
 My father told me and took
 me to Star Valley,
 where water runs crystal and icy and foams
 as it spills on the rocks and the
 rainbows and brooks cook up
 milk white and sweet;
 ne'er deep fried like channel cat,
 rarely forty pounds either.

Yes, the picture of your grandfather hangs
 by the one of this salmon and my pop,
 caught just shortly after his
 brain tumor'd been removed.
 It's a big fish too.

One of his trotlines sits in my basement,
 far from Tennessee River or Kentucky Lake or
 Colorado Springs.
 Its hooks still silver and sharp,
 the wood slightly swollen
 from all of those years
 in his boat.

— Mary Nicolini

Mary Nicolini: life so
 very lyric lately; thanks
 for you all who take the
 time to find the Feeling.
 your gentle reciprocal
 giving is never unnoticed:
 all's fair on the field.

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Chinese water-torture hours
drop toward dawn;
I breathe small prayers
to the empty space
where you should be,
listen for your step
which does not come,
listen as the occasional car
splashes by in the rain.

With first light
I count spots on the wall,
listen to something
on the radio,
grope in the medicine chest
for something to take,
something good for pain;
too hurt to cry,
too tired to be angry,
too early to see a movie.

— Elaine Childs

I Double-Dare-Ya

for JD

Could you stay with a woman
Who demands the keys?
Who pumps lead free in her AMC?
Could you stay with this gasoline woman?—

Who gets up at dawn—
Toasts the 6:00 sun with a shot of JD?
Could you stay with this 80 proof woman?—

Who washes her floors with a damp dust mop?
Who defrosts the icebox when the tundra's touched down,
Its icicles scraping open the door?
Could you stay with this eskimo woman?

Could you stay?
Could you really?
Could you stay?

— Karla Ashmore

Sea Pine

Will is obedience, not resolution.

— Simone Weil

Out of strict and shifting ground
The laminated spiral rises
Thrusting stricken silhouette against
an apathetic blotted sky.

Outsplit agonal branches twist
in wiry fragmentation to
Spiking striate consummation flung
Into the fierce and ancient face
of this reptilian shore.

Out of infested treacherous depth,
The all digesting belly,
Through this rasping hissing throat
the dessicating breath strides forth.

But see the visible dancing
and listen.
Torturing whispered caressing voices cry
Transform lamenting creation singing
Affirm hold fast release in passion
Alive transform create love dying
Listening touches in rhythm joy

— Stephen Stouder

Grand Canyon

On either side of this great swollen vein
The undulating furrowed surface lies,
Upon whose fingered base foundations rise
To support the fortress cities of the plain —
Opposed across the distance in disdain,
Too far apart for merely human eyes
To penetrate the other stone disguise
That time has carved and polished with the rain.

Despair of distance that did not exist,
A mythic persistence, mocked by the wind,
The fable of fate, the will to resist —
Our voice and our vision choosing the end:
A final fall into disintegration,
Or deeply running rivers of creation.

— Stephen Stouder

Aphorism

Crying never
leads to
Dehydration.

Better tears
to be kissed away,
than a sculptured pillar
of salt.

— Stephen Stouder

Uncle Arthur

Don't the trains run on time?

And we stay behind,

Running from time.

Not forgetting his pocket watch

and petty irritations. An ordinary man

who told his stories, laughed at the jokes,

and respected the tenderness of beef,

blessing the dinner roll with smacks in silence.

He could give a good cigar its due attention.

And the trains run on time.

So we do not forget

his common limitations voting mostly

Democratic holding on to little loyalties—

his Christian Church, the Scottish Rite,

the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

While we stay behind.

Oh, the same old friends—you know them.

and the perplexing tribe of his adoption

where *running from time* he scratched the dogs

calling them "Pooch" and my sister

"Annie Bug" but she got over the resentment.

He might have known.

The trains run on time.

Undramatic, unromantic, unheroic—the dogs

are all gone, they don't remember.

And if he wrapped the garbage neatly,

where are we today?

He wiped the mulberry chalkacid birdcrap off

his perennial Buick equipped with General tires.

And, yes, he tended his own roses, and the peonies

had heavy blossoms, but it was a little garden,

and it won no trophies.

But I remember how pink.

And some stay behind.

He shook his head when we wasted ourselves,

but he could not win the shouting contest

nor fling an insult that drew blood, and so

he left no scars in memory of days,

when he might say, "Stephen, ol' boy, ol' boy, ol' boy,"

or tickle our children under the chin

or laugh with us part of us always

running from time.

—Stephen Stouder



—April Goodman

Menses

White madonna, my lady, moon,
 Like a full-bellied glass of chablis,
 Had bid me drink and empty me.
 And so my lips have fallen to the cup.
 That I might love too soon.

The harvest moon which held the day,
 Made room for time and time for play.
 And play made love which would not wait,
 Until more wine had filled the cup.
 For who would love too late?

The hunter's moon was bittersweet
 Against the trees that turned to fall
 And fell like drops of holy blood—
 A sacrifice to fill the cup,
 That we might love at all.

Above the witches' broom, the moon
 Hovers like a crystal ghost.
 We loved too soon, we loved too late,
 Yet tears that fall like leaves aren't lost,
 For they shall fill our cup,
 And we shall raise the glass once more
 To daughters of the night who dwell
 On the verge of the world where the sun goes down.
 And they shall sing the snowfall,
 Before they fly to somewhere,
 While we in sleep shall raise our dreams
 Of moonrise in the spring.

—Stephen Stouder

Vulnerability

Stephen Stouder

Stephen Stouder: I spent the first part of my life under water. My favorite literary works are, in order, *Choo-Choo, the Switch Engine, The Little Engine Who Could*, and *The Origin of the Species*. In my next life, I hope to be an otter.

A driver dare not look too often — not on this road, despite the arcs of ocean blue visible from inner curves across ravines, with glimpses of surf in the narrow green shallows which dropped into cobalt depth. The right side of the van nearly brushed the curving wall of rock, avoiding the unguarded edge on the left. On outer curves, the waves broke on rocks below. No time to look. Ed reached for the wine bottle.

Vivian stopped his hand with hers. "You watch the road," she said. "I'll pour you some."

She was right. He must be careful. A crazy Spaniard's car might cut suddenly into the narrow lane ahead. He hoped the two children were enjoying the scenery. He couldn't see them unless he turned around to look through the small opening into the middle compartment.

"Mom, can I have a coke?" Heather asked. "I'm thirsty."

"We're out of cokes," Vivian said. "Get some water from the tank."

"But it's hot! Besides, Daddy said the water was full of germs."

"Well, that's all we have, unless you want some wine."

Jack, the twelve year-old, leaned through the opening. "When can we eat?" he asked.

"When we find a place to camp," Ed replied. Two children could be an annoyance on a trip. Sometimes positive liabilities. And they probably weren't even noticing the mountains or the sea.

Between Murcia and Almeria, the mountains had moved toward the coast until they descended directly into the sea. Now the road must cling to the contours of rock, twisting its way around this corner of Spain into Andalusia. The advance of mountains had crowded out people, settlements were far apart, and camp-grounds were scarce. Now the day outran the crawling camper.

Ed increased the speed on a curving downgrade, but this made handling the van more difficult.

"Ed, please be careful," Vivian said. "You'll get us all killed."

You're not the only one to think about." She glanced back to the children's compartment. "Remember that truck."

As if he had to be reminded of the children. They had insisted on extra time at that last of sandy beaches, and that had gotten them off to a late start. Then they had run into this unexpected road construction. Several miles back, they had been flagged down by a member of the *Guardia Civil*, because that truck had gone off the road, blocking the way. He remembered the look of menacing authority on the face of the green-clad man, whose inevitable partner had been directing traffic on the curve below.

"We haven't seen much of the *Guardia Civil* in this part of the country," he remarked.

"I was thinking the same thing," Vivian said. "I wonder why."

"If there's trouble, maybe it's back there."

"I hope so."

They were everywhere that morning, with guns, guarding every intersection and overpass. At first it was reassuring, these stern enforcers of law and order. But why so many? Always in pairs, even when you didn't see both of them. What were they looking for, waiting for? There was unrest in Portugal. Maybe terrorists and revolutionaries were active here also. He regretted the absence of news.

"Is there any more wine?" he asked.

"Not open," Vivian said. "Do you want me to drive?"

"I'm doing okay." He was nervous when she drove, especially on roads like this. He hadn't slept well last night. These dark medieve people made him uncomfortable. The way the men looked at her on the beach . . .

"Dad, when's the next town?" yelled Jack from the rear.

"I don't know," Ed replied, with a trace of irritation. "Shouldn't be much farther."

"According to the *Mobil Guide*, there's a campground after that, with three stars, a restaurant, and ping-pong," Jack said.

"Let's hope we can make it before dark," Ed said.

At last the road descended into a gap between the mountains, and entered the town—to be halted by a parade. Swarthy people in costumes crowded the street. Some fiesta, no doubt. When they reached the other side of the town, the sun was disappearing behind the mountains ahead. Soon the mountains closed in again. Just before the road began a curving ascent, an inconspicuous sign indicated the *Costa del Sol* campground. Ed turned left, onto an unpaved driveway that led through an open iron gate into the campground.

Was this it? It was silent, and it looked almost deserted. Then dogs barked. Fifty feet inside the gate, on the left, a small gray stucco structure appeared to be the main building. On the right, two large German Shepherd dogs barked and growled, straining against chains which allowed them to come within three feet of the

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van. No people. He stopped the van and got out. This was nothing like the crowded campgrounds of the last few days. The guide book must be wrong. Or maybe it was closed for some reason. And this was the last one for miles. Ed went to the door of the building and knocked.

Eventually, a dark man in gray opened the door and peered out at Ed with a quizzical expression. He was chewing something. He wiped his lips with his sleeve, then stepped outside and waited for Ed to speak. The man was about fifty. His long jaw was covered with stubble. His crouching posture made his height uncertain, and his body was indistinct in loose-fitting clothing. But he had large brown hands.

Ed spoke to him in phrase-book Spanish. "*Buenas tardes, Señor.* I am called Ed Connally. There are four persons, and we would like to spend the night."

The man turned to his dogs, shouting something which quieted them somewhat. He looked at Ed, smiled, and replied in Spanish. "*Esta noche? Muy bien . . .*" Ed couldn't get the rest. So the guy couldn't speak English.

"*Cuanto Pesetas?*" Ed asked.

"*Viente y cuatro.*"

The man walked to the van and looked through the middle windows at the children, then through the front windows at Vivian. He smiled again as he pointed down the drive that followed the fence toward the beach.

Ed thanked the man, who watched as he climbed back into the van. At first the motor wouldn't start. "Damn piece of junk," Ed muttered. Then it started, and he drove into the camping area, the man still watching.

"What a funny-looking guy," Jack said. "I sure don't see any restaurant."

"Those dogs look mean," Heather said. She was nine, and afraid of dogs.

Regular rows of covered campsites extended for two hundred feet to the right of the drive. In the middle of every third row there was a flat-roofed square building—bathroom facilities, probably. Ed drove to the last row, where a line of trees separated the grounds from the beach, and the fence ended.

"It's really very nice," Vivian said. The campsites were spacious, each covered with a gray thatched material on a frame of weathered wood. Everything was clean and orderly—and empty.

"Where is everyone?" Jack asked.

"I don't know," Ed said. "Can't figure it out." Something was wrong. All the campsites were vacant. They were alone.

"Well, there's no noise, and we can have our choice of campsites." Practical Vivian.

They got out, stretched, and looked around.

"What's the matter, Daddy?" Heather asked. "Don't you like it?"

"Oh, I guess it's all right," he said. Then, looking at Vivian, he added, "I can't understand why there is nobody else here."

"It is a little strange, isn't it? Shall we unpack?"

"You and Heather unpack. Jack and I will take a look at the beach."

"Shall I start supper?"

"I guess so. Come on, Jack. Let's check out the beach."

They walked through the row of trees that concealed the beach. It was rocky and littered with driftwood and occasional scraps of trash. Not very inviting. Ed looked toward the sea. Across this water was the coast of Africa. Ed thought he could discern a light, far out in the growing darkness. Would have to be a boat. He looked down the beach. Perhaps a hundred yards away, a dark man with no shirt crouched, looking toward the campground.

Jack was picking up the flat black rocks and throwing them toward the surf.

"Let's go back," Ed said.

When they returned to the van, Vivian was heating water on the gas stove and opening a green *Knoor* box.

"How about soup for supper?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter," Ed said.

"Do we have to have soup?" Jack complained.

Vivian spoke sharply to him. "That is what we're having."

"Where's Heather?" Ed asked.

"She went to the bathroom. Jack, you go, too, and wash your hands." Vivian watched as Jack ambled toward the square building. "That man came up while you were at the beach." She glanced at Ed, then turned her attention to the soup. "I was reaching through to the shelves in back, to get the soup, turned around, and there he was—just standing there. He pointed out that building, and said, '*Toilette* for ladies.' He kind of laughed when I thanked him. As he left, he said, 'Sleep well, ladies.' He gives me a funny feeling."

"Do you want to stay here tonight?" Ed asked.

"I don't know. What else could we do?"

"We could drive on to Granada."

"Whatever you think. But we're all tired. And we have to eat something."

She was right. It wasn't sensible to leave now. "You check on the children," he told her. "I'm going to pay, so we can leave when we want to."

Walking up the drive, he remembered that he was out of Spanish money. He tried to remember when he last looked at the fuel gauge. All the other campgrounds had been crowded. This place hardly deserved a three-star rating, but it was better than many. Maybe it had gotten a bad reputation for some reason.

The dogs were at it again. The man came loping around the corner to silence them. Then he waited as Ed approached.

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"*Buenas noches, Señor,*" said the man with a smile.

"*Buenas noches.* We would like to pay now. We want to leave early."

"*No comprendo,*" the man said.

Ed tried again, in a halting mixture of English and Spanish. He pulled out his American currency. "Can you take American money? Exchange?"

The man shook his head. He said something about *Mañana Domingo* and, folding his large dark hands, laid the side of his face upon them, as in sleep—*duerma* something—like talking to a child, that irritating smile. Sleep tonight and tomorrow, banks open Monday. Ed shook his head negatively, and proffered a five dollar bill.

"Leave early. Pay now," Ed said impatiently.

The man examined the money as if it were some strange specimen Ed might have found on the beach.

"Five . . . *cinco* DOLLARS."

"*No comprendo.*"

The man motioned for Ed to follow. They entered a small, cluttered office, where he began shuffling through papers on the desk. Maybe he's looking for a currency chart, Ed thought. The man straightened up, smiled, and with a shrug of his shoulders, said, in English, "Sleep this night," and repeated that silly gesture. On the desk, in plain view, Ed could see a currency chart. What was this guy trying to pull? Ed pointed to the chart.

The man took a pair of glasses from his pocket and studied the chart and the money. Finally, he accepted the five dollars. It was more than enough, but that didn't matter now. As Ed stepped out the door, the man said, "*Buenas noches, Señor.* Sleep well." Ed did not reply.

It was quite dark when he reached the camper. The family was seated at the table in the middle compartment, lit by the single lamp above the table.

"I paid for the night."

"What are we doing?" Vivian asked.

"What do you mean, what're we doing?" Jack asked.

"This is pretty good soup, Daddy," Heather said. "I put ketchup in it."

"I guess the only sensible thing is to stay here and leave in the morning," Ed said, watching Vivian's face.

"Yes, that's what we should do." No sign of concern.

The children had almost finished large bowls of soup. But Ed didn't feel like eating.

"Please." She poured the dark red wine into his cup.

He didn't want to stay, but it was foolish to leave. He looked out the open door into the darkness. They were alone here, between the mountains and the sea—except for that man and his dogs, and whoever else was around. Gypsy country. He had read of Gypsies

who slit the throats of two members of the *Guardia Civil*. The *Guardia* had retaliated by machine-gunning an encampment of Gypsies. Some country. He looked at the lamp, running off the engine battery. Getting a little dim?

"Don't you want your soup?" asked Vivian, as she began cleaning up. She looked tired.

"No. We'd better get ready for night."

He helped Vivian convert the benches and table into a bed for the children. While they sat in the bed, arguing about sleeping positions, he and Vivian transferred baggage to the front seat from the rear compartment, preparing to set up that compartment for sleeping. It was extended by raising the rear door and sliding out a slab of fiberboard which was then suspended above the ground by two metal rods. The extension was covered by a bright yellow canvas tent.

"Come on," Ed commanded. "Let's all go to the bathroom." Such a trip would have been unnecessary for him, but with a girl and woman along . . . nothing was simple.

"I want a flashlight!" Heather yelled. She was always afraid in the dark.

"Be quiet!" Ed growled, adding, in a more restrained tone, "You can have a flashlight. We're all going together, anyway."

"Why do we have to be quiet?" she asked. "There's nobody to bother."

"It bothers me."

When they returned, he saw how the orange van, with the bright yellow projection of canvas in the rear, stood out in the darkness. Yet there was no moon.

"We had better turn off that light, or the battery will run down," he said.

The children crawled into the bed, and Vivian crawled over them, through the narrow opening into the rear compartment. Ed turned off the light, then sat on the edge of the children's bed with his feet out the door and lighted a cigarette. He checked the stove to be sure it was off. No pilot. The black sky was filled with stars. He listened for sounds, but could hear only the sea. He put out the cigarette, shut the door and locked it carefully. Now they were closed inside, an alien world outside. It was like being in a space ship, sitting on some strange planet. Waiting.

Ed made his way over the bodies of the already sleeping children, and through the opening, carefully, to avoid bumping his head or scraping his shins. Vivian was undressed. He took off his clothes and folded them into a pillow. They always slept nude. Their legs were inside the van, over the engine and gas tank. The rest of their bodies rested on the slab, suspended above the ground.

He turned to kiss Vivian, and became aware of their nakedness. A wave of apprehension passed through him. What were they

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doing, lying here naked?

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Very tired."

"Long day." He turned onto his back. "I hope we can get an early start."

"Anything wrong?"

"Not really," he said. "Just worn out. I think we'll stay in a hotel tomorrow night."

She was asleep. He lay there, alone in his responsibility, thinking. Were there connections — between this deserted place and the show of force by the *Guardia*? The man in the building and the man on the beach? What did Gypsies look like? Dark primitives, roaming about, living by dancing and stealing, indulging primitive appetites. Kidnapping. This was the real Spain, not beach resorts, filled with northern Europeans. He listened, trying to identify each sound, place it. Breathing — all inside. Outside, only the rhythmic grinding of the sea and rocks. Thinking. Thoughts of fire and knives through canvas.

Now and then, the flow of words and images was stopped by moments of alert awareness, when trucks descended the mountain road, sounding horns of warning, and lights flashed from the direction of the mountains. Signals? Did the *Guardia Civil* patrol this road at night? Dogs barked, but they were far away. What was that man doing? Out with his dogs? Sleeping? Waiting? He should not sleep, but he was exhausted, and he didn't want to think any more.

Suddenly he awoke. The moon shone through the windows. Vivian lay beside him, the skin of her neck and one exposed breast, pale and luminous. He listened for breathing. Nothing had happened yet. He looked at his watch. Two o'clock. Long time to wait, trapped in this glowing box. He touched his wife, and she awakened, startled. She reached for him.

"I don't like it here." She was trembling. "I had a terrible dream."

Images of bloody violation flashed through his mind. What sort of dream, he wondered. Better not spoken, not heard. Not now. "Do you think we should go?" he whispered.

"Yes."

A light flashed from the mountains. He heard a truck approaching, but it seemed to stop somewhere. Now he remembered the iron gate. Would it be closed? Locked?

"Get dressed," he whispered, as he began carefully and quietly to put on his clothes. Now, everything would be in moonlight. Maybe better to get ready and wait inside the van till morning. No, better to get moving, while they still could. He had planned every step, and whispered instructions to Vivian.

"I'll go first, you follow. Leave the side door open. Get the stuff out of the front seat. I'll take down the tent."

As he crawled into the middle compartment, Jack awakened.

"What are we doing?"

"Be quiet!" Ed hissed. "Go back to sleep. We're leaving now."

Breathing heavily, he unlocked the door, opening it as quietly as possible. But it scraped and creaked in the silence. He looked toward the trees and the main building, then emerged and walked to the rear of the camper. As he dismantled the extension tent, metal fasteners clinked against the camper body. Speed more important than silence now. Vivian was moving the luggage.

Now Heather was awake. "I have to go to the bathroom," she whined. The flashlight came on.

"Shh! Not now. Turn off that light!" Where was Vivian?

"But I have to go real bad!"

"Heather, be quiet please. You can go in the bucket under the sink, after we get going." Ed tried to keep his voice under control. As he stuffed the hastily rolled canvas into the van and prepared to close the rear door, Vivian appeared around the corner on the driver's side.

"All set?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Close the side door and get in."

The side door clanged shut as he opened the driver's door. He put in the key, depressed the clutch, put it in reverse, and tried to start the engine. It ground for a few seconds, then started. He backed out, shifted, and started toward the gate. The dogs began to bark. No one moved in the shadows around the building. The gate was open.

They sped through the gate, onto the highway, and headed into the mountains. Now the moon was behind clouds. It was much the same road as before, but he could only guess at what was beyond the edge. Nothing in the rear-view mirror. Not followed.

Nervously, he lit a cigarette. Safe. From what? Followed by whom? He did not know, but knew it was better to be moving, away from that dark, deserted place, empty now, except for that man and his dogs.

"Ed, shouldn't we slow down?"

"Guess so."

Vivian was looking into the compartment behind. "Heather, do you still need to go?" She waited. "Heather?"

Ed's hands tightened on the wheel as he was gripped by a fearful vision of a terrified moon-white child, lost in the dark, caught in devouring shadows. He looked at Vivian, and his eyes followed hers to the opening. "Is she . . ."

"Asleep."

Relieved, his attention turned forward, to be captured abruptly by the reflection of light from a figure, arms extended from under a cape.

Vivian cried out, "Ed! The road!"

But there was no road.

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The Art Work

- 8 **Photograph:** Angela Turner
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19 **Photograph:** Laura Hildreth
20 **Lithograph:** Gerard Boulais
29 **Drawing:** Jack Monninger, Jr.
32 **Photograph:** Angela Turner
40 **Drawing:** Stuart Keefer
42 **Drawing:** Laura Hildreth
46 **Intaglio:** Gerard Boulais
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Gerard Boulais—Gerard is a senior in the Fine Arts program at Herron School of Art. His primary interest is in the field of printmaking with special emphasis on intaglio and lithography.

April Goodman—April graduated from the Herron School of Art in 1981. She is currently working as a free-lance artist in Indianapolis.

Laura Hildreth—Laura is a fourth-year Visual Communication student at the Herron School of Art. Her primary interest is in the field of illustration, particularly illustration for children's literature.

Stuart Keefer—A leader no more, strayed from a path of political detours to find my philosophies a residue of rhetoric. I'd rather draw cartoons.

Jack Monninger—I'm a Junior in Visual Communications at Herron Art School. I'm into FINE ARTS, especially drawing and illustration. I once worked with a former PLAYBOY centerfold girl . . . and I'm picking Bobby Knights hoosiers to win the NCAA championship!

Angela Turner—Angela is a senior in the Visual Communication program at Herron School of Art. She is the recipient of the *genesis* Award for art.

