

genesis

Fall 1990



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 artwork may be submitted. All artwork will be reproduced in black and white. Artists are asked to submit no more than ten pieces for a given issue; artwork should not exceed 26 inches by 32 inches. Please identify each piece on the back with its title and your name, address, phone number, title(s) of your artwork and a 25-50 word bio. Submissions not accompanied by a bio will not be considered. Artists will be notified as to acceptance prior to publication; they will also be instructed as to how artwork will be returned. 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, non-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.

Manuscripts must be typed and submitted in duplicate; prose pieces should be double-spaced on a sixty-space line. Please classify prose pieces as either fiction or non-fiction. Poets are asked to submit no more than ten pieces for a given issue. All submissions must be accompanied by a separate title sheet containing the author's name, address, telephone number and a 25-50 word bio. Names and addresses should be on the title sheet only, and not on the manuscript.

Authors whose material has been accepted will be notified 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. Honorary prizes are awarded at the discretion of the editors for the outstanding entry in each of the categories of art, essay, fiction and poetry. Members of the Editorial Board are ineligible to receive prizes.

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Cover art by *Michael Clement*



Scottish Rite

Anonymous

Dangling

by Ann Pound

The sun was caught
In a dew drop dangling
On a spider's invisible thread,
And I marveled,
Not at the web's might—
For the string could be snapped
By my littlest finger—
But at the power
Of the dew drop
To hold the sun
And the combined strength of both
The dew drop and the sun
To hold me
Still and wondering
For several minutes.

Pretty Hands

by David Brent Johnson

Shiloh shook in his sleep, then rolled over and opened his eyes. The sun had not been up long, but the room was already hot, and his sheets lay crumpled at the foot of the bed. He pulled the dark-blue one up to his waist, to cover the urgent hardness that pushed against the front of his white jockey shorts. As he gradually emerged from his dream, his mouth opened with guilt. Now he wanted to go back to sleep. But he couldn't.

The white lace curtains made no movement in the window. The repairman wasn't coming to fix the air-conditioner until Monday. As Shiloh moved his long, slender hands downward, he felt the dewy beginnings of perspiration on his stomach. He reached up and rubbed his chin. It still felt smooth, even though he hadn't shaved yesterday.

He slid his hands down to his groin and twisted the dark, soft curls of hair around his fingers. Once, when he was 14, he had tried to shave his pubic hair. It had seemed grotesque to him, something he wasn't ready to have. Using scissors and a razor, he reduced it to an irritating patch of stubble. After several weeks, it had grown back in again, thick and springy, and he resigned himself to its existence.

He remembered the dream and tried to think of other things while he touched himself. He thought about the girl he'd seen at the video arcade the other day. She wore jogging shorts and a T-shirt that said, "Take me." Her legs were long, brown, the muscles smooth. Her hair was cut to just above the nape of her neck. Shiloh closed his eyes and saw her again, and saw her image change into the man who had been in his dream. He opened his eyes.

On the wall above his bed hung a wooden crucifix given to him for memorizing the most Bible verses in his Sunday school class when he was 10. He stared at the

lean, almost-naked body of Christ. When he realized what he was doing, he rolled over on his stomach and buried his face in his pillow.

It was taking a long time. When he finally came, he felt no joy, only a sense of a duty done, a need taken care of, like blowing his nose. He got out of bed and put on clean underwear, throwing the pair with the warm, sticky feeling into his clothes hamper. He wanted to pray, but God would not want to hear any prayers from would-be faggots like him. The Reverend at his church had even said so—God had sent AIDS as a plague to wipe out all the homosexuals. That can't be right, he had said to himself. Normal people are getting it too. But he hadn't said anything to the reverend.

He loved getting out of the shower on a really hot day. Pressing a towel against his clean, damp skin, he often felt something that vaguely resembled hope. Sometimes he opened the bathroom door and watched his image slowly form in the mirror as the steam evaporated. But now whenever he showered, he thought about the card he'd seen in that store downtown. He had gone to the X-rated section in back, waiting until nobody else was there, afraid that somebody from the church might come in and see him. They all loved him at the church. The Jamisons' clean-cut, straight-A kid. If they only knew what he'd stared at that afternoon. A card with a man in a shower on the front. His back was broad, white lather glistening on his muscles, his hair cropped short, dark and wet. Shiloh looked around to make sure no one was watching. He stepped forward and opened the card. It said: "Shower invitation. Time: _____. Place: _____. Date: _____."

He heard somebody coming. The card slipped through his moist hands and fell to the floor. He picked it up and put in back with the picture facing the other way. The man who had come around the corner looked at Shiloh and smiled. "See something you like?" he said. Shiloh felt naked. The man walked towards him and pulled out the

card he had been looking at. "Nice, isn't he?" he said, smiling again. Shiloh turned away and walked out of the store as fast as he could. Wanting to go home and go to bed.

But now even sleep didn't work, because he kept having the dreams. Always they were about the man in the shower. In the morning he would suffer guilt mixed with morbid fascination, a feeling he always had when he watched gruesome murders in cheap horror movies. Then he would sit down to breakfast with his parents, terrified that they knew what he'd dreamed about, taking any sign of disapproval as proof that they knew. When his mother told him to eat his bacon with a fork, not his fingers, he knew she knew.

When he entered the kitchen, his mother asked him if he'd slept well. "Just fine," he said. And what did you dream about, you little queer, he imagined his father asking. He sat down across the table from his father, who was reading Friday's Wall Street Journal.

"Well, good morning!" his father said, setting his wire-rimmed glasses down on the table. "What's on the agenda for today?"

"I dunno." His mother gave him a plate of hash browns, sausage, and toast. He pictured the mound of hash browns as a volcano, the steam coming off them as smoke.

"Well, something, I hope," his mother said as she finished setting the plates on the table.

"How about a few sets of tennis?" his father said. Mr. Jamison was a physical education instructor at a private school, and years ago had taped a sign to the refrigerator that read, "Healthy body, healthy mind, healthy morals."

"Maybe." Shiloh sampled the hash browns, which were still too hot. "I might go out tonight."

"Where would that be?" His mother sat down.

"The Phoenix Theater. One of Rick's friends is in the play there." He hoped they wouldn't check the newspaper, because there was no play at the Phoenix this weekend. He'd just remembered.

"What's Rick doing these days?" his father asked.

"He's taking acting classes at the Civic. I don't see him much anymore. He's hanging out with theater people now."

"When did Rick become interested in acting?"

"He saw 'East of Eden' and fell in love with James Dean." He looked down at the table, ran his thumb along its metallic edge. "I mean, he thought James Dean was really cool." He wished he hadn't said "fell in love."

Thank God they hadn't seen Rick lately. Pierced nose, wearing make-up, his haircut a sort of flat-top pompadour. He wouldn't win any Mel Gibson look-alike contests.

"James Dean?" his father mumbled through a mouthful of sausage. "People still like James Dean?"

"Rick does."

"One of the first dates your father and I went on was to see a James Dean movie," his mother said. "The one with Natalie Wood in it. I thought it was such a shocking movie when I saw it. It's pretty tame by today's standards, though, isn't it?" She smiled at Shiloh, who was sliding down in his chair. "Does it bother you when your mother turns into a nostalgic old stick in the mud? Well, some day you'll sit around and tell your children about the first movie you saw with your wife." She reached over and tugged his cheek, a habit of hers that always forced him to repress a frown.

"Marilyn, you're making me feel like a stick in the mud," his father said.

"You are an old stick in the mud."

Mr. Jamison clasped his hands together at the back of his head. "I wouldn't call myself, of all people, a stick in the mud. I jog every day, I—"

"Oh, I was just teasing, Mr. Jack-in-the-box."

"I'm not denying my age, I'm just saying—"

"I was just teasing," his mother said. "If you're so spry, why don't you give your son a rest and mow the lawn yourself?"

"That's what you need to do today, Shiloh," his father

said, putting his hands down on the table. "Mow the lawn." He sighed and bit into a slice of toast.

"I'll do it now," Shiloh said.

"But you haven't finished your breakfast yet," his mother protested.

"I'm not hungry anymore." His stomach felt full, but not of food. "Really, it was great, Mom. I'm just not hungry anymore."

The phone rang. Shiloh's shoulders trembled and he got up from his chair.

His father answered it, then handed the phone to him. "For you."

"I'll take it in my room."

"Oh, let's be a secretive teenager, shall we?" his mother said.

He knew it was Rick. He walked back to his room, shut the door, and picked up the phone. "I've got it, Dad," he said. He waited till he heard a click.

"Did I interrupt something?" Rick asked.

"Just breakfast."

"Charming. You should invite me over sometime. I'd love to do breakfast with the Jamisons."

"Yeah, they'd love you. My mom would want to borrow your earrings."

"We could go shopping sometime. Your mother and I could do Lazarus together."

"Rick, are we going through with this thing tonight? I mean, are you sure you want to do this?"

"I think it would be an experience. Yes. Having second thoughts?"

"I dunno. Are you sure we can even get in? Tina told me they put your ID under a blue light, and they can tell if you've screwed around with it."

"It's worth a try, wouldn't you say? The worst they can do is toss us out on the street."

"It'd be embarrassing."

"Shiloh, If you're going to go through life worrying about being embarrassed all the time, you may as well skip the next fifty years and move into a nursing home.

Timidity does not become you. Be a man, for God's sake, like me."

"Like you, Rick?"

"Right. You need that. . . macho sort of essence. That smoldering air of masculinity about you when you strut down the street, that lets all the women know—"

"Shut up."

"All right, then. The conversation is finis. What time shall I pick you up?"

"Ten-ish."

"Ten-ish it is-ish. Now go back to breakfast, like a good, wholesome American boy. As the French say, *aw revore*."

Shiloh hung up and lay down on his bed. He had wanted to tell Rick he wasn't going. He felt a dull ache in his chest, a feeling he always had just before an exam.

He sat on the porchswing waiting for Rick. Inside he heard his parents laughing at the show they were watching. His father's laugh always sounded as if he was on the verge of coughing.

Although he had taken a shower half an hour ago, he was already sweating again. The thick, languid summer air seemed to squeeze the water out of his body. His white cotton shirt and jeans were sticking to him. He hoped the bar was air-conditioned.

He heard the sick-sounding rumble of Rick's car a block away. It was a mucus-green '74 Torino, "custom-made for slumming," Rick said. Shiloh stood up and said, "I'm going now," through the screen door.

"Okay, honey. Have a good time," his mother called to him. "Don't stay out too late. We have church tomorrow."

Rick pulled up in front of the Jamisons' yard. Shiloh walked around the back of the car and got in. "I think we're crazy," he said.

"Hush, o nervous one. We're going to have fun." Rick was wearing a blue and white striped shirt, a black painter's jacket, white cotton pants, and a long, narrow black tie. His hair, usually dark-brown, had been dyed

blond.

"You look good tonight," Shiloh said.

"Thank you. Shall we go?"

Shiloh looked back at his house, watched the flicker of the TV screen through the curtains. "Yeah."

The bar was in an old neighborhood downtown, a low-rent area where artists liked to live. The houses were all large, abandoned or divided into little apartments, and badly in need of pain jobs. "*Cherchez les hookers*," Rick said. Shiloh had never seen prostitutes before, and he watched every woman they passed. "Of course," Rick added, "many of them are men, appearances to the contrary."

They parked in a lot across the street from the bar. "Now, remember, if they ask you how old you are, say 22," Rick said. Rick's older brother had used his artist supplies to alter the birthdates on both of their driver's licenses.

Shiloh looked out his window. In a car down the row, two men were kissing each other.

"Don't stare, Pierre. It's very rude." Rick got out of the car. "Are you coming in?"

"I don't wanna go."

Rick slapped his forehead and looked up at the sky. "Oy! Why not?"

"I just don't."

"All right. Do you mind sitting here and waiting?"

Shiloh looked at the men in the car again. "Okay. But let's not stay too long."

As they walked across the street, Shiloh noticed several patrol cars parked beside the curb. Two policemen were sitting in folding chairs on the sidewalk, one smoking a cigar and laughing.

"What're all these cops doing here?" he asked.

"Hassling the hookers. Persecuting gays. Looking for little boys to take down to the lock-up for a good whipping."

Two men came out of the bar arm-in-arm as Rick and

Shiloh went in. One looked at Shiloh and whispered something to the other. "I think he liked you," Rick said, nudging Shiloh with his elbow.

"Cut it out, Rick."

Inside it was very dark. A man sitting on a stool switched on a flashlight. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "It's a two-dollar cover charge tonight, and I'll need to see some ID."

Rick gave him the money and his license. The man held in under the flashlight, gave it a cursory glance. He looked up at Rick when he handed the license back to him. "Okay, Rick. Have a good time."

Shiloh's hands trembled as he gave the man two dollar bills and his license. The man seemed to look at it for a very long time. "Okay, Shiloh. Have a good time." He stamped his hand, making Shiloh feel like a prisoner in a concentration camp.

Once they were out of the lobby, Rick grabbed Shiloh's hand. "See? Nothing to worry about," he said.

Shiloh hesitantly withdrew his hand from Rick's. "Let's get something to drink," Rick said, not seeming to care. He headed towards the bar.

Everywhere Shiloh looked, he saw men together. Almost all of them had short, perfectly styled blow-dried hair and mustaches. They were wearing sleeveless T-Shirts, tank-tops, jogging shorts, jeans. They looked like they should be on a beach somewhere.

The dance floor was crowded with men, and a few women, a great mass of bodies shaking and twisting under a large, glittering silver ball. In a booth above, a deejay was playing extended re-mixes of Madonna songs, so loud that Rick had to shout when he asked Shiloh what he wanted to drink.

"A Coke and rum," Shiloh yelled.

"You mean rum and Coke, naïve one," Rick said, leaning close to Shiloh so that he didn't have to raise his voice. He ordered a rum and Coke and a gin and tonic and told the bartender to put them in plastic cups.

"My brother told me they don't wash the glasses very

well on busy nights. It's a good way to get AIDS," Rick explained, dropping his voice with the last word.

After they had their drinks, they sat down at a table. Rick lit a cigarette and offered one to Shiloh, who shook his head. "Sorry," Rick said. "I forgot all that Jamisons business about the body being a temple of God."

"That's what my dad says."

"I like to think of it as a temple of pleasure, myself. It's more fun that way."

They sat there for a long time, not talking. Rick smoked and tapped one foot in time to the music. Shiloh sipped his drink through a tiny straw, watching all the people. He noticed a man sitting against the wall, smoking and staring at him, and quickly looked away.

"You see, it's not that bad," Rick said. "You were expecting a den of unabashed perverts, weren't you? It's just like any other bar really." He went up to the bar and got two more drinks. By the time Shiloh had finished his second one, he felt pleasantly buzzed.

"Let's dance." Rick said, pulling Shiloh up with him.

Shiloh liked to dance, but dancing with Rick he wasn't sure about. Sometimes when he looked at Rick, he remembered how he used to stare at a tall, curly-blond-haired boy in his sixth-grade gym class. He had never been able to understand why he stared, eventually had been able to forget about it. When he met Rick, he remembered. They were watching MTV at Rick's house one night when Rick told Shiloh he was gay. After that, Rick started telling him things he didn't want to hear, like how pretty his hands and eyes were. He hated his hands. They looked like a girl's hand, the fingers so long and slender. Most of the time he jammed them in his pockets, always thinking that people were looking at them.

They moved onto the dance floor, and Shiloh forgot about his hands. His body felt loose, comfortable, when he danced. He didn't think. Still, he kept some distance between himself and Rick. They danced for three or four songs before sitting down.

Rick shook his head and ran his hand through his

hair. "I love this place," he said. "I'm going to come here all the time."

"I have to use the bathroom," Shiloh said, getting up again.

"All right. I think I'll just sit here and enjoy the scenery." Rick lit another cigarette.

Shiloh expected the bathroom to be dirty and full of men doing lewd things to one another, but it was clean, well-lit, and nobody was doing anything except urinating. He waited in line with a short black man who was wearing a white T-shirt, the kind old men wore, and black pants that looked like they'd been made out of a garbage bag.

"Ain't seen you here before," the man said.

"Never been here before." Shiloh slid his hands into his pockets.

"Look kinda young to be here."

There was a commotion outside. The music had stopped. "Aw, shit," the man said.

"What's wrong?"

"You better stay in here, honey." The man left the bathroom and came back a minute later, frowning. "The cops are bustin' the place again. You ain't 21, right? You better stay in here. Sometimes they don't check the john."

"What are they gonna do?" Shiloh took his hands out of his pockets and held them together to make them stop shaking.

"They gonna check everybody's ID, kid. You fuck around with it, they take you ass to jail. Motherfuckers." He shook his head. "They do this all the time, man. This place is gonna get closed down."

"I, uh, I've got a friend out there, and he altered his ID," Shiloh said, clasping his hands more tightly.

"What're they gonna do to him?"

"I just told you. They can tell, man. They'll put his ID under a blue light, then they'll haul his ass off. You better stay in here till they leave."

"How long will they be here?"

The man shrugged. "Long as it takes to check

everybody's ID. Could be fifteen minutes, could be an hour."

"Oh God." Shiloh slid down to the floor and put his hands over his eyes. He wanted to cry. He thought of the TV set flickering through the curtains at home.

Twenty minutes later the black man went out and came back in again. "It's cool now," he said. "They didn't catch many. Dude at the bar said only four or five."

Shiloh went out and looked for Rick. The table he'd been sitting at was occupied by two women. People were starting to move onto the dance floor again, but Rick wasn't there. He didn't see Rick anywhere.

"They took your friend." He turned around and saw the man who had been staring at him earlier. He was tall, his short hair seeming even blonder than it was because of his tan. "I saw them take him out."

"You did?" Shiloh tried to breathe more slowly. "What'd they do to him?"

"Handcuffed him and took him out. Why didn't they get you?"

"I was in the bathroom." Damn, damn, damn, he thought. How was he going to get home? Rick had the keys to the car, and he couldn't get a cab. He'd spent all his money."

"You look nervous. How old are you?" The man put a hand on Shiloh's shoulder. "Calm down. They're not going to come back."

"I don't know how I'm gonna get home. Rick drove. Damn." He sat down at a table and rubbed his eyes.

"I'll give you a ride. Why don't you get something to drink?"

"No. I just wanna get home."

"Just relax. You want a ride home?"

"Yeah. Right now."

His name was Ray, he told Shiloh as they went to his car. He worked as a pharmacist for Eli Lilly and drove a dark-brown Mercedes. When Shiloh told him his name,

he said, "God, that's a nice name. I've never heard it before."

"My mom picked it out." She had told him she had chosen it because it made him sound special.

"What're they gonna do to Rick?" Shiloh said after they pulled out of the parking lot. He picked up a coupon for the Tropical Tanning Salon that had fallen off the dashboard.

"They'll keep him down there till somebody comes to get him," Ray said. "He'll probably have to pay a fine."

"You need to turn right here," Shiloh said.

Ray looked at him. "You still seem nervous. I've got some stuff at my place that would help you calm down."

Shiloh shifted one or two inches closer to the door. "No thanks. I just wanna get home."

Ray slid his hand across the seat and put it on Shiloh's leg. "Sure you don't want to reconsider?" he said. "I think you might like it." His hand stayed on Shiloh's leg.

Shiloh's chest began to ache. "Could you just take me home, please?" he said.

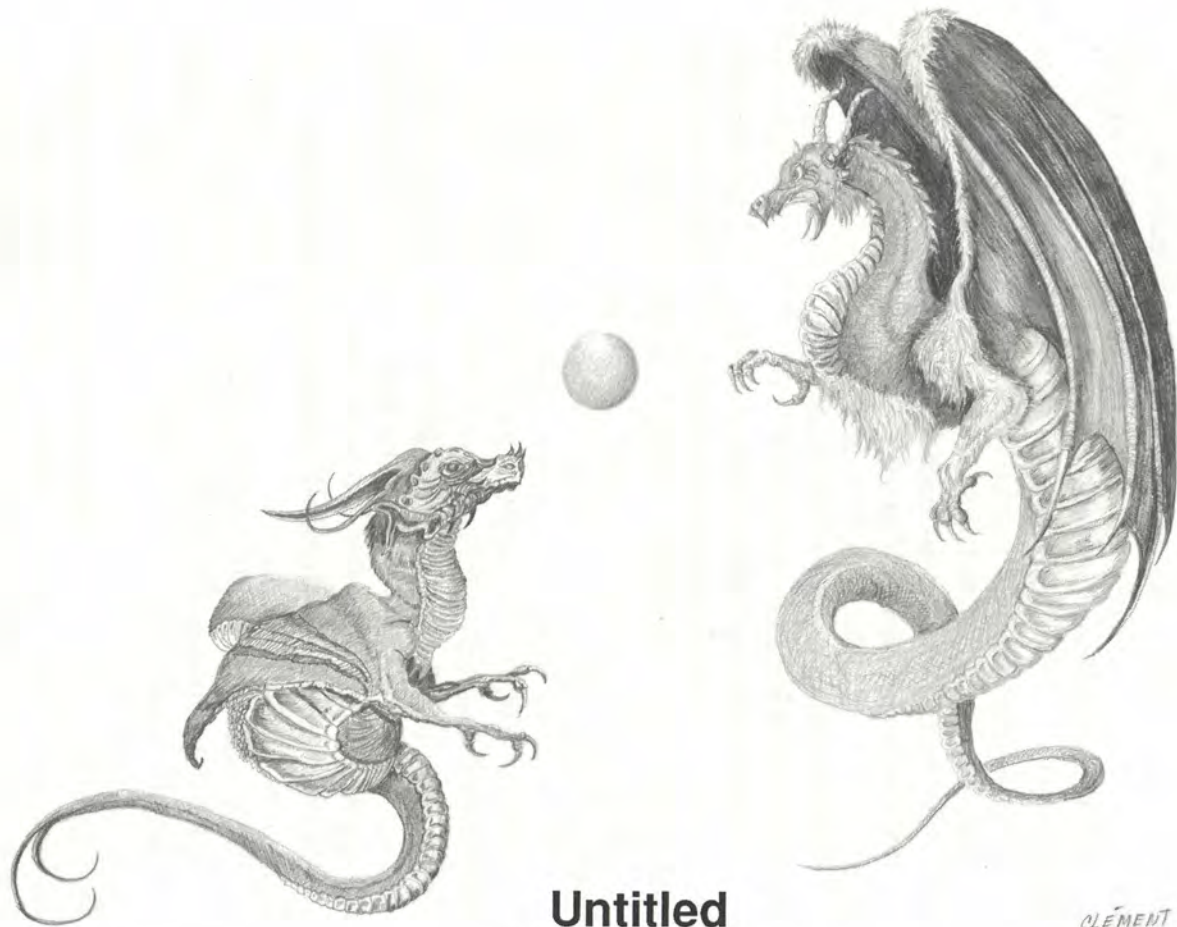
"You're very pretty. I love your hands." His fingers interlocked with Shiloh's. "You just need to relax. This is your first time, isn't it?"

Ray stopped for a red light. Shiloh unlocked the door and jumped out. "Thanks for the ride," he said, slamming the door.

Ray leaned across the seat. "You can't walk home from here," he called out.

"No problem. I love to walk. Thanks for the offer, though." Shiloh ran across the intersection and turned up the street. A minute later the Mercedes passed him, slowed down, then sped away.

Shiloh began to run. He counted the number of blocks he'd passed. One. . . two. . . three. . . He stopped after seven, his shirt soaked with sweat. He caught his breath, then started to walk again. He walked faster, his head down and his hands jammed in his pockets, on an unfamiliar street. He was still a long way from home.



Untitled
Michael Clement

CLEMENT
89

Lizard King

by Derek L. Richey

Saw lizards dancing on the rocks.
I, abandoned by the cold, foreign sea.
Forbidden blue waters.
Sharks have bleeding gums.
Water waves from fins cutting the current.
Circling my island of shining sun.
Heat boiling my feet on the stone.
An island of only stone.

I rise to them to talk.
I am the lizard king!
Change your color with me!
The sun can do that.

But faces, unchanged and bald,
waddle between the rocks without me,
escaping the color changer.
Alone.
Fishing for food.
Gagging on saltwater.
Throwing myself to the fins.



Black And Blue Beans

Reggie Crawford

Burning Butterflies

by David Brent Johnson

After I was born, my father brought me home from the hospital, placed a giant stereo speaker on each side of my crib, and welcomed me into this world with the voice of Jim Morrison screaming “Break On Through To The Other Side.” I’ve told you this already, I know. I’m telling it to you again only because we are both LSD babies, red and purple microdot children conceived and born in the year 1967, when the Summer of Love burned to an end in the streets of Detroit and Newark, when Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King were both breathing and well on their way to the year 1968.

I told this to you on our first date, in the dim place we called Coffeehouse Hell, with windmill fans and huge potted plants that hung just a few feet above our table. You ordered lemonade and when the waiter brought you iced tea instead, you held the glass up and said, See? That’s the story of my life. Then you laughed and banged your head on the table. I must seem like such a freak, you said. So I told you my story and when it was over we both looked up at the potted plants and you said, We’d better get out of here.

Where we went from there—the flood of young-body passion, the careful lowering of guards that is like nuclear disarmament, the inevitable disappointment of discovering the other will not solve all your problems—felt like familiar territory, but you refused to erect the usual signposts. You never said I love you; you thought it destroyed something, began the bogging-down of conventional commitment. When we decided to live together, you insisted that we rent separate apartments across the hallway from each other. When I pointed out the economic impracticality of this arrangement, you fell on my couch and bit a cushion, exasperated with my ignorance of your spiritual practicalities. Even then, you must have sensed that some day you would disappear.

You've disappeared before. You drove to California to see if the swallows really do return to Capistrano. You called from Carbondale, Illinois, and asked me if I wanted to run away to Wyoming with you. Wyoming, I said. Why Wyoming? We could be cows there, you said. We could sit in a field and eat alfalfa sprouts all day. This is Indiana, I said. We can be cows here, I said. But I want to be a cow in Wyoming, you said.

You've disappeared before, I know, and I'm sorry if I'm being unbearably paternal. I've always had the urge to take care of you, feed you, take out your trash, water your plants. I came over to your apartment today for the sole purpose of watering your plants. We keep a vigil at your windowsill, your plants and I. I play a game: I stare at the droopy green leaves and try to make them rise with the force of my eyes. So far, the leaves still droop.

You left a pair of sunglasses on your kitchen table. I put them on, I look at your world through transparent circles of green, I pretend that I am you. For a few moments, we share the creation of a green glass mind. I listen to this dummy oracle, not wanting to lift the glasses from my face, but the only secrets it has to offer are the ones I never told you.

Through your window I watch a flock of black birds in the grey sky, swirling like ashes in the wind. Leaves flutter like ashes in the wind. Leaves flutter like butterflies as they fall. You thought that you would go to hell because you burned a butterfly once when you were little. You caught it and set fire to its delicate green and black wings that reminded you of an Oriental fan. And when you woke up the next day, you started to cry. You discovered that the bed forgives everything, but the morning offers no repentance. You went to church that weekend and when you picked up the program, it said, Welcome to our Sindy Service. The Story of your life. You walked home and prayed to God to change the rain into flowers. And when He didn't, you walked home and drew a picture of it.

You warned me, I must admit. Once, drunk on the

roof outside your kitchen window, you told me I was another butterfly. I'm in love with doom, you said, and I laughed at how seriously you took yourself. I turned my collar up, Dracula-like, and moved with bared teeth towards your neck. It's not funny, you said. I'm happy being unhappy, if you know what I mean.

Go to hell, it's where you want to go anyway, I told you the last time I saw you. Still, sometimes it seemed the only place to go. We both understood the lure of a statue in a cemetery at night. Dissect a joke and it's not funny anymore, we knew that too. You are what you beat, we used to say.

An aroma of spices and soap is most of what's left of you here. I can't embrace the air; the clothes in your closet are bodies without souls. Your sunglasses stare at me from the kitchen table, green circle green circle do not add up to eyes. If you were here right now, I know what you'd say. This, you'd say, makes all the sense of a vegetarian hamburger. Well, they exist. Vegetarian hamburgers are everywhere.

I step outside and the night comes down around me like a coat I love to wear. We were the kind of people who don't turn on their headlights as soon as it gets dark. Sometimes I still worry about you. I worry that the star inside you will collapse and turn into a black hole. You will walk alone with a ruined face and nobody will say hello. You will have what you thought you wanted, and you will try to cry, but only Moses could draw water from a stone. How will you avoid it? You might kiss a statue. You might touch your face to see if it's still there. You might pray for a rain of flowers on the funeral pyre of a butterfly.



Untitled

Cari Wallace

On A Savannah Shore

by Drew Berendts

On the snow-white shore,
frame for the moon's solemn face
on black, calm water,
the widower sighed,
inhaling salty air.

As incoming waves spilled
at his feet,
he knelt to smooth
the grains of sand
beneath the fluid surface.

The eve's whispering
set his mind at ease,
and once again
her silky hand
held his.

On Sleeping Alone In The Woods

by Mark R. Page

In the woods of Dante's imagination,
i listen to the lamentation
of the trees.

i understand the anguished crying;
it's eternally autumn, and the trees are forever dying;
and the birds have come to feast.

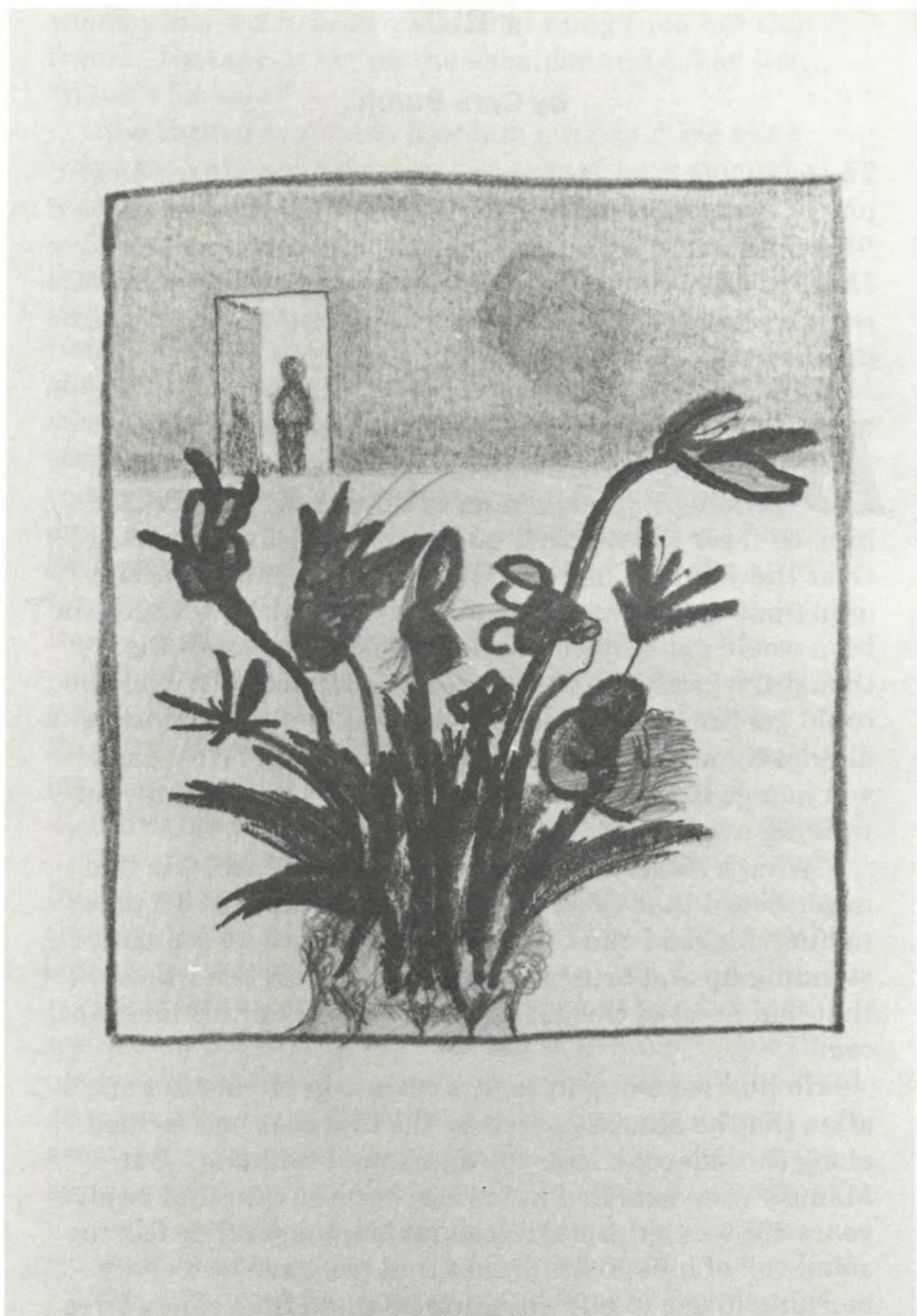
The screams rise in pitch
as the birds start to flitch
the autumnal trees.

i lounge in the morning shade
and enjoy the song of the mourning glade;
i will not allow this "warning" to move me.

With only a hint of a frown,
i measure my head for the crown
of crimson and gold leaves i will wear.

* * * * *

In the woods of Hell's creation,
a new "dreamer" listens to the lamentation:
"i should have listened . . ."



Notebook Drawing #3

Gary M. Kendall

Faith

by Cara Burch

The following piece is an excerpt from a fictionalized biography of Boris Belotserkovsky and his family who emigrated from the Soviet Union in 1979. Although in writing this piece I have combined his memories with my own imagination, this is a story about real people and I have tried to keep the basic details as accurate as possible.

Boris sprawled on the sidewalk, looking up at Mikhail, the boy who had just stuck his foot out, sending Boris crashing to the ground. He braced himself for the blows that he knew would soon come. Over the years he had found that if he kept quiet and didn't put up a fight, it would be over quicker, because the boys would get bored soon and go away. Later, Boris thought, when Mikhail was not surrounded by friends he could get him back. But this time the expected punches did not come. Mikhail just sneered at him. "Why don't you just go back to Israel, Jew-boy," he said turning and walking away amid his jeering friends.

"What's Israel?" Boris whispered to himself. He had never heard that word before, but it sounded like a place to him. Maybe I can find it in Papa's atlas, he thought, standing up and brushing off the bits of broken sidewalk that had pressed themselves into the back of his long wool coat.

He hurried along in such a rush to get home to Papa's atlas that he almost passed by the line that had formed along the sidewalk near his apartment building. But Mama's voice sounded in his ears, telling him that twelve-years-old was old enough to start helping, and he felt the small roll of bills in his pocket that she gave him every morning to use to buy anything he could find. The stores were always out of everything so they had to act quickly whenever they found a line to buy anything at all. He reluctantly got into the line behind a small, tired-looking

woman in a worn, brown coat that hung from her thin frame. He tapped her on the shoulder and asked her, "What's for sale?"

She turned around to face him quickly. "We don't know yet," she said shortly then turned back around without further conversation.

I hope it's something good, he thought, and I hope the line moves fast. He was getting tired of waiting in long lines with no idea of what was being sold at the other end. Boris kicked at the loose gravel with the toe of his worn shoe and watched the people hurrying home along the street. The line grew longer behind him, but it moved steadily forward and soon he could see the boxes of dark red apples sitting on the dust-coated floor of the otherwise empty store. The sight of the apples made Boris happy because they hadn't been able to get any in quite awhile. It seemed there were always enough potatoes, which Boris hated, and not enough fruit, which he loved.

When he got to the front of the line he shook out the green net bag that he, along with almost every other Russian, carried rolled up in his pocket at all times. He held the open bag out to the apple man.

"Give me three rubles worth of apples, please," he said.

The man silently filled his bag with the apples, and their crisp smell made Boris' mouth water. He walked the rest of the way home thinking of baked apples with cinnamon and brown sugar.

Boris went into their brick apartment building and walked up the five flights of stairs to the apartment that his family shared with a lady doctor. He opened the front door with the house key that always hung on a cord around his neck and went into the kitchen. Setting the bag of apples on the kitchen table, he walked into one of the two rooms that belonged to his family—the room where his father's desk and bookcases stood.

The atlas sat on a wooden stand next to Papa's desk; Boris went to it and opened the heavy cover. Papa had shown him how to use the index, and he turned to those pages in the back of the atlas, running his middle finger

down the column under "I" until he came to "Israel—p. 347." The thick, glossy pages felt slippery under his fingers, and he turned them carefully until he came to the page that he wanted. He stared at the sand colored map feeling proud that he had discovered what Israel was all by himself, but he couldn't imagine what it could possibly have to do with him.

Boris thought that such a small county so far away couldn't have importance in his life. After all, he'd never heard of it before. He shrugged his thin shoulders and closed the cover of the atlas, making sure to leave it as he had found it. Mama's key clicked in the door and he ran to show her the apples that he had brought home, forgetting all about this country called Israel.

II

Boris closed the book and laid it on the worn rug next to the couch where he slept. Huckleberry Finn was his favorite—he was reading it for the third time and still found it difficult to put down. Someday I'd like to read it the way it was written, he thought, in English instead of Russian. He reached behind him and pulled the chain on the floor lamp behind his head.

The heavy darkness that settled over the room was eased by the lights from the street outside breaking in through the small space where the curtains didn't quite come together. The faint light made the room full of dark shadows. Boris could make out a few objects through the gloom—his father's desk across from him, the bookcase that lined the wall behind it, parts of their stamp collection hanging on the wall nearest to him. During the day the room was his father's study, but at night pillows and blankets thrown on the overstuffed couch transformed the study into Boris' bedroom.

Boris has settled deeper into the couch and his eyes had just closed when Papa flipped the light switch by the door, filling the room with bright light that hurt Boris' eyes. He squinted at his father who sat down on the edge

of the couch next to his feet. Drowsiness faded away when he saw the serious look on his Papa's face.

"But, Papa," Boris said "I don't feel. . ." He stopped short of ending the sentence with the word "sick" because if Papa said he didn't have to go to school tomorrow then Boris didn't want to take the chance of changing his mind.

But Papa didn't seem to have heard him anyway. "You won't be going back to that school," he continued. "A year ago I applied for permission to leave Russia, and today we received that permission. We will leave within the month."

Boris' mind reeled. Leave Russia—nobody left Russia. "Where will we go, Papa?" he asked.

"We will live in Israel."

Israel—that small, sand-colored country in Papa's atlas. He'd thought that Israel didn't mean anything to him, and now Papa said that they were to live there. Why Israel? What could be there for them? How could they leave their home to go to that tiny, unknown place on the map? He wanted to ask his Papa all these and countless other questions, but "Why?" was the only word he could get out of his mouth.

"To leave Russia, Jews must have a written invitation to come live with relatives in Israel—only Israel. So that is where we will have to go." Papa said.

"I didn't know that we had any relatives in Israel," Boris said.

"We don't," Papa said. "But many Jews there are trying to help Russian Jews like us to get out of the country. A good man in Israel, Sivan Avinoam, has written a letter saying he is my second cousin by marriage and inviting us to come live with him. That letter has given our family the opportunity to leave Russia."

"When will we leave?" Boris asked.

Papa's jaw tightened. "Very soon," he said. "This country considers us refugees because we dare to want to leave. You and your sister cannot go to school, and your Mama and I cannot work."

Papa stood and stepped over to the window. He pulled

the curtain aside and stared down at the street below for a moment, then pulled the curtains back together tighter and turned back to face Boris. "We won't be allowed to take much, so we will have to sell or give away most of what we own as soon as possible. You should understand now—we'll be leaving with almost nothing."

"How can we live off of nothing?" Boris asked.

"There are people who will help us. Jews—like the one in Israel," Papa said.

"How do you know?" Boris asked. "Have you talked to them?" The idea of his Papa having secret contact with the world outside of Russia excited Boris, but Papa frowned and shook his head.

"No, I have not talked to them," said, "but I have heard things. It is said that there are people who meet the trains, people who help refugees like us."

Boris stared at his father in amazement. They were going to leave their home with nothing and rely on help from people they were no even sure existed? What could Papa be thinking?

Papa's face darkened at the disbelieving look on his son's face. "We will go," he said firmly, "and we will have faith."

He came over and laid his hand on Boris' thin shoulder, and in a gentler voice he said, "Get some sleep. We'll start to get ready in the morning. There's much to do."

"Good-night, Papa," Boris said. Papa leaned over to kiss him on the forehead. "Good-night, my son," he said, then left the room, turning out the light and leaving his son again in darkness.

Boris stared at the faint light still seeping in between the curtains. He couldn't believe that they were leaving Russia. What would Israel be like? It must be better than Russia if Papa was taking them there. An adventure—that's what it was—just like in his books. Maybe it would be fun. And Papa had said there were Jews there. He thought it would be nice to be with people like himself, though he had never exactly understood what was so

different, or so important, about being a Jew. Then a wonderful thought came to him—Papa had said no more school! That meant he wouldn't have to take the exams that started next week. And it meant he would never again see the boys that had tormented him every day since he could remember. Maybe everything would be alright, he thought, as he faded into sleep.

III

The room was dim—the spring sunlight coming in through the one small window filtered by the heavy brocade curtains closed against the glare. Boris had to squint to read the titles engraved on the leather covers of the books he was pulling out of his section of the bookcase. He studied each book carefully, then either set it on the wooden floor next to him or placed it back on the shelf. After an hour of careful thought he had chosen twenty books that he set next to the suitcases still waiting to be packed.

Papa came into the room with three photographs—his and Mama's wedding picture, Boris' baby picture, and his sister Veronica's baby picture. He went over to the desk and took a large brown envelope out of the top drawer and slid the photographs into it. Boris knew that the albums containing the rest of their photographs would have to be left behind in Russia. The suitcases could hold only so much. As Papa carefully sealed the envelope he noticed Boris sitting on the floor.

"What are you doing, Boris?" Papa asked.

"These are the books that I would like to take with us to Israel," Boris said.

Papa stepped over to one of the open suitcases that held his and Mama's engineering books and took one of the heaviest books out, then slid the envelope between two of its pages.

"Boris, those books weigh too much. I explained to you about the weight allowances," he said as he turned and left the room.

Too much, Boris thought in disbelief. How can I leave even one of these behind? After looking through the stack several times, he slowly chose ten of the books and made a smaller stack closer to the suitcases.

Papa walked back in with an armload of Boris' clothes. "I know the weather is warm, but you will have to wear all these clothes during the trip, so we'll have more room in the suitcases," he said.

"Yes, Papa," Boris said reluctantly as he watched him lay two undershirts, two cotton dress shirts, two wool sweaters, three pairs of socks, and one pair of pants on the chair. At least there's just one pair of pants, he thought.

"See, I have a much smaller stack of books now."

Papa frowned at the books. "No, that is too much weight," he said and left the room again.

Boris stared at the books. It would be difficult, but maybe he could narrow it down to five if he chose only those that he felt he could not live without. Surely he could take five. Slowly he made what he thought was a tiny stack of books and read through the titles one more time—Russian translations of Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Call of the Wild, Journey to the Center of the Earth, and Sherlock Holmes. These books had become his best friends over the many afternoons he had spent reading instead of playing with the classmates who had never considered him a part of their world. He was afraid that he would need these friends in Israel as well.

Papa carried in a box rattling with several miniature bottles of Russian vodka and a few jars of good caviar. He picked up a newspaper from the coffee table, tucked the pages in between the bottles to stop their rattling, and set the box in one of the open cases.

"What are those for?" Boris asked.

"The train is a Czechoslovakian train so the people on it won't accept our rubles. We can use these to tip our money in Vienna." Papa said.

"Do you want me to put my books in the same case?" Boris asked.

"Boris, I told you that the books are too much weight. Now put them back on the shelf. We'll pack them up later to send to your cousins in L'vov."

"But, Papa—"

"No books," he said.

No books, Boris thought. What would life be like in Israel, a place where he had no friends at all, and without even his beloved books to escape into? Surely he could take just one. . . but Papa had said no books—none. And Papa never changed his mind, especially not when he said no. Sadly, Boris placed his old friends back on the shelf.

IV

Boris was tired of sitting. The floor was hard, cold cement and it had been hours since he had been able to move his body into a comfortable position. He fidgeted for what seemed to be the thousandth time, rearranging his arms and legs, trying to get away from the cold grayness that seeped through his layers of clothing and chilled his body.

Mama put her arm around him and squeezed his shoulders. "Just think, this will be the last Russian line that we'll have to wait in."

"But it's also the longest, Mama," Boris said. "When will the train ever get here?"

"The train will get here when it gets here, and not before," Papa said.

"Besides," Mama leaned over and whispered in Boris' ear, "You should be thankful that your grandfather works for the railroad. At least he could give us some idea of when the train would arrive; others aren't so lucky. Most of these people have been waiting for a week instead of just two days."

Boris looked around the station at the nearly two hundred other refugees waiting in the cavernous hall that had become the holding area for those on their way out of Russia. Like his own family, these people had been sitting for days on the concrete floor surrounded by the few

belongings that would accompany them on their journey. Boris didn't know who any of these people were or where they were going. Papa had said to speak to no one, not even those his own age. They were still not out of Russia yet and as always nobody could be trusted.

A loud voice came through the speaker right above Boris' head, "The customs inspection will begin now."

Everybody in the holding area stood and formed a more organized line. Papa handed the lightest of the suitcases, the one filled with clothing, then he and Mama each picked up two of the remaining four that contained his parent's engineering books. Papa had explained that these books were very important to them because he and Mama would need to use them in their work, but Boris still could not understand why there had not been enough space in those cases for even one of his own books.

"Boris, hold Veronica's hand tightly," Mama said. "I want you to stay close to your Papa and me."

The line moved steadily toward a brown door with "Inspection" stenciled on it in black, but stalled in front of the windows of the station's restaurant. Boris had not been in many restaurants, and this was fancier than he could have ever imagined. Starched white tablecloths, glowing candles, and yellow flowers covered the tables. He watched a few people eating off of china and drinking from crystal. He couldn't see exactly what they were eating because they stayed carefully turned away from the line of refugees in the hall, but his stomach growled anyway. He and his family had only eaten thin sandwiches during their time in the train station.

The line began to move again and Boris' family got to the door just as the first faint sounds of the train whistle were being heard. Mama looked anxiously back at her children. "Remember, don't get separated. We'll be in a rush to get on the train in time to find a seat."

On the other side of the door were several long tables with blue-uniformed inspectors standing stiffly behind them. The inspectors shouted questions at the refugees while burrowing through the contents of their suitcases

which had been dumped out onto the tables.

Papa led them quickly through the noisy room to a table where he and Mama emptied their suitcases onto a small cleared spot. The inspector stared suspiciously at the many piles of technical books and the small pile of clothing, then silently began picking up each book by its covers and shaking it so that the pages fluttered in the air. After shaking several books an envelope fell out of one onto the table. The inspector smiled slowly and looked from it to Papa. "What is this?" he asked.

Papa didn't answer. The inspector picked up the envelope, tore open the carefully sealed flap and slid its contents out onto the table. Boris thought that there was disappointment on the inspector's face when he saw that the envelope contained only the three pictures that were only keepsakes that they would take from their home. The inspector put the pictures back between the pages of the book without bothering to return them to their envelope first, then his eyes fell on the doll that Veronica was holding against her chest. "Give me the doll," he said.

Veronica gripped the doll tighter and looked at her Papa with pleading eyes. "Give the man the doll, Veronica; it's alright," Papa said.

Veronica held the plastic doll out to the inspector who snatched it from her and immediately tore its head off, ignoring the little girl's cries. He ran his fingers inside the head, then shook the body upside down a few times. When nothing fell out he threw the doll onto the table and pointed a long finger at Papa. "You. Follow me," he said.

Boris watched his father being led through a side door which closed quickly behind him. Mama was already hurriedly putting things back into the cases with shaking hands. "Where is he taking Papa?" Boris asked her.

"He must want to search him," Mama said in a low voice. "Now help me get these things packed again. I think we'll have to put some of the clothes in pillow cases. I can't pack as tightly as your Papa did."

They packed everything as well as they could then carried the suitcases over near the door that led to the

train tracks. Boris tried to put the head back onto Veronica's doll, but he couldn't get it to stay on straight. He went to show it to Mama, but she wouldn't take her eyes off the door that had swallowed Papa.

Finally Papa came out and limped over to his waiting family. His shirt was still unbuttoned revealing his rumpled, cotton undershirt, and he was holding one shoe in his hand. Mama put her arms around him and hugged him quickly then silently began to button up his shirt.

"What happened to your shoe, Papa?" Boris asked.

"When he saw the pad in the bottom of my shoe he thought he had really found something. He wouldn't believe it was just a cushion for my heel spur until he had taken my whole shoe apart."

"Why is that man so mean?" Veronica asked hugging her poor doll to her chest.

"He just believes he's doing his job," Papa answered.

"Now we had better hurry to get on that train. It doesn't look like there is much room left."

V

The morning sunlight brought Boris slowly out of the fog of sleep that had surrounded him since soon after the train had left the station the evening before. He groggily looked around the over-crowded compartment to find that everyone else was still sleeping. He stretched a little trying not to jostle Veronica who was leaning against his shoulder. She had spent the night sleeping on Papa's lap because there wasn't enough room for her to have a seat of her own in the compartment meant to hold four, but jammed with nine exhausted refugees.

Boris turned and pressed his face against the cool glass of the window watching the landscape roll past. He hadn't realized that Czechoslovakia was so different from his home in Russia. The farmland he was seeing looked like it belonged more in one of his sister's storybooks than in the real world. The houses were painted bright colors—yellow and blue—instead of the plain whites and

browns of Russian houses, and white-washed fences surrounded flower gardens overflowing with blooms of every color imaginable. Boris couldn't remember ever seeing a private home with a garden before. Most people didn't have the land needed for a garden, and those who did didn't have the time or the money to waste on flowers. He thought that maybe they could have a flower garden in Israel. Mama would like that.

The slow rocking of the train made Boris' eyes heavy watching out the windows through half-closed eyes he thought that the houses looked happy somehow. He fell asleep smiling.

VI

For most of the twenty-six hour trip through Czechoslovakia and Austria the train had been filled with quiet voices, but it was completely silent as it pulled into the station at Vienna. Boris' stomach felt a little queasy and it was difficult for him to breathe. He looked around at the tense faces of his family and the other refugees in the compartment and knew that they felt the same. Even the train itself seemed to be holding its breath. Although they had started their journeys on faith, that faith was fading now that they were at the point of reckoning. What if no one met the train? Where would they go? How would they live? What would happen to them?

As the train slowed, Boris stared hard out the window, looking for anyone who seemed to be waiting for them. But the people outside were all hurrying somewhere, paying no attention to the train full of refugees.

The train stopped. No one moved. A conductor came through, banging on the compartment doors and shouting, "We are in Vienna. Get off the train. This is Austria, not Russia, you're free to go."

With a start they began to get their bags together. Papa handed a suitcase to Boris and motioned for him to move down the corridor toward the exit. Boris noticed that Papa was gripping the handles of the cases he was

carrying so tightly that his knuckles had turned white. The thought that even Papa was nervous made the queasiness in Boris' stomach stronger. Mama gave him a shaky smile, but it didn't make him feel better. The train was silent, except for the sound of shuffling footsteps.

Near the door that silence was finally broken. Boris heard a voice saying over and over in faltering Russian, "Welcome to Austria. Welcome to Vienna."

They stepped off the train and saw a thin, bearded man in a grey suit motioning, "Put your bags in the carts, then go through the door to your left and get on the buses. Your bags will join you at the hotel."

As they put their bags into the carts with the others, Boris started to breathe again. They would be safe.

Papa smiled and ruffled his hair with a quick hand. "Let's hurry," he said. "We don't want them to leave us behind do we?"

As they stepped through the door into the bright, yellow sunshine Boris took Mama's hand and felt her tremble. He looked at her and saw that she was crying and laughing, both at the same time. He noticed that they were surrounded by tall buildings that looked silvery against the blue sky—he was breathing the air of a country that was free.

They got into the bus and Boris sat down on a hard seat near the front. Papa sat beside him and put one strong arm around his shoulders. As the bus began to move toward the hotel Papa said, "See, Boris, faith is rewarded."



**It Is Not What You Do, It Is Not
How Your Feel, It's What You Say,
It's How You Look.**

Gym Stoffer

A Day Outside

by Christopher R.B. Fleck

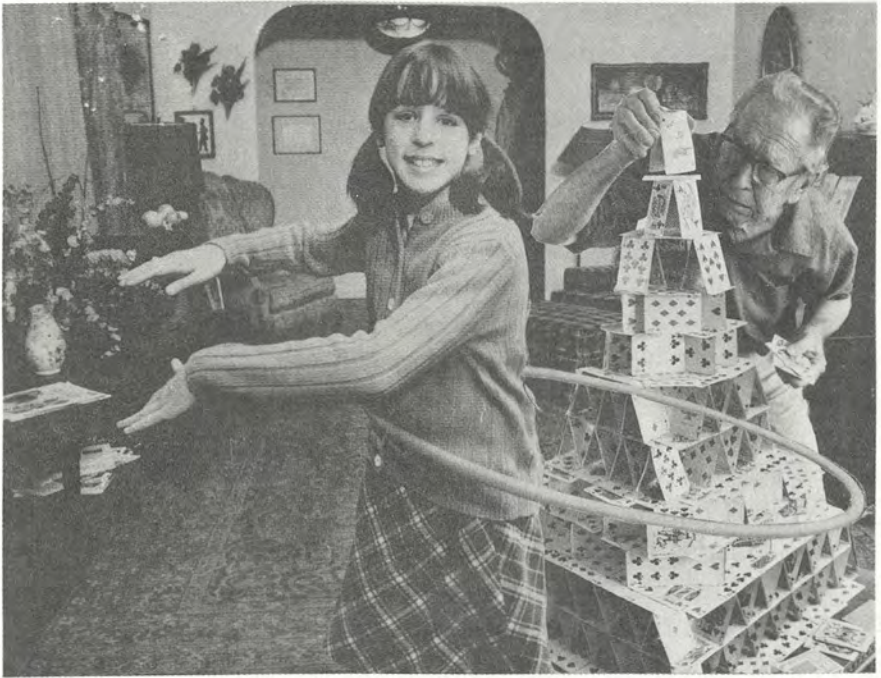
Broken with a wave,
shells call back to the sea,
emptied voices
echoing their destroyer.

The living
lie beached
outside mother's arms,
hopeless and silent.

Soon the scavengers
will search them out,
dealing equal treatment
to the dead and living.

Little boys with
plastic buckets
see everything
clean and collectible.

Tonight mother will rise;
giving her children left behind
a shallow burial.



Science And Industry
Gym Stoffer

You are always with me
A delicious warmth wrapped tightly in my brain
and in my thighs
I imagine your delight in the coffee I would serve you
too strong, again
but you and I will drink it anyway

I sit and talk to you
about t.v. music everyday sorrows and joys
I imagine you are my wife
or I am yours
either way we while away the hours
making love and coffee between the sunrises

You are always with me
While I do the washing
We discuss the vagaries of detergent
when I'm reading you curl around me
a cozy comma of flesh whispering in my ear

Our love sustains itself on cigarettes and solitude
Until the phone rings
Its you asking me what I'm up to
I smile into the phone say "nothing much"
In my mind you pour yourself another cup of coffee
and wait for my return

by Deanna Long



Self Portrait

Lisa Everett

The Dreammaster

by Ann Pound

The Dreammaster never sleeps,
Because he knows a place
Where his dreams can be touched.

It is as if when he falls
Asleep in one body,
He wakes in another

Which is as much his own as
The one he left behind.
Could he have been born twice?

Unlike under the cold green
Light that the sky lets through,
In the world of his dreams

A bright round yellow sun shines.
Instead of thick stone walls,
Here his world has no bounds.

Daisies and daffodils dance
In the breeze that brushes
their fragrance in his face,

And apples and apricots
Spill sweet sugar syrup
That brings bees buzzing by.

And here he plays with a friend
Who claims she called for him
In a dream of her own.

About the Authors and Artists

Drew Berendts: Besides having absolutely no appreciation for Emily Dickinson or William Carlos Williams (who cares about a red wheelbarrow, anyways!), I have little to say, literary or otherwise.

Cara Burch: I don't think I can write a biography of myself when I have no idea how I got to be where I am, and even less of an idea where to go from here.

Michael Clement: Third year Herron student and welder, trying to do art.

Reggie Crawford: Once upon a time in the land of Fantasy, there lived a guy named Re-g. There were rules, but not for Re-g. To be clever or not to be clever was the name of the game. For further information. . . dial 911 and maybe I'll answer.

Lisa Everett: Indianapolis, a Herron student majoring in the fine arts, concentrating on illustration.

Chris Fleck: My cat's name is Beethoven. He would like the company of other neutered or spade animals who could share their feeling of injustice with him.

Gary M. Kendall: Indianapolis, currently attends Herron School of Art. Showed work in Start With Art 90, presented by Arts Council of Indianapolis. Enjoys traveling and collects first edition books.

David Brent Johnson: I am a senior majoring in journalism, history, and English. My most interesting experiences have been drugs and the summer I spent on a salmon boat off the coast of Alaska.

Deanna Long: 42, dammit, for the last time 42. The major influences in my life have been: Jack Daniels, Humphrey Bogart, Melissa Etheridge, Patsy Cline, Doritos, and Jose Cuervo. My favorite writers are Tom Robbins, Browning (both), Shakespeare (really) and Margaret Mitchell. I do not know what New Age is and couldn't care less. The only rule I know that works is "do unto others as you would have done unto you" that and "buy one get one free."

Mark (Marcus or Marco or Markie) R. Page: I was born in 1965, here in Indianapolis. I am a history major, and am carrying a minor in English—I mean English. I am a part-time student but a full-time dreamer.

Ann Pound: I was born and raised in Indianapolis, so when May comes around I'm ready for warmer, rainier weather and getting out of school. On the other hand, when August comes to a close, I'm ready for colder, snowier weather and going back to school. I probably always will.

Derek L. Richey: I am a sophomore at IUPUI. I enjoy writing because it is the purest, and most ageless way to explain circumstances of thought and feeling. It is a great tool of communication. Currently, I am a History major, but plan to become a journalist. My favorite writers and influences are Poe, and Saul Bellow.

Cari Wallace: I think my art better reflects of me than my words could.

