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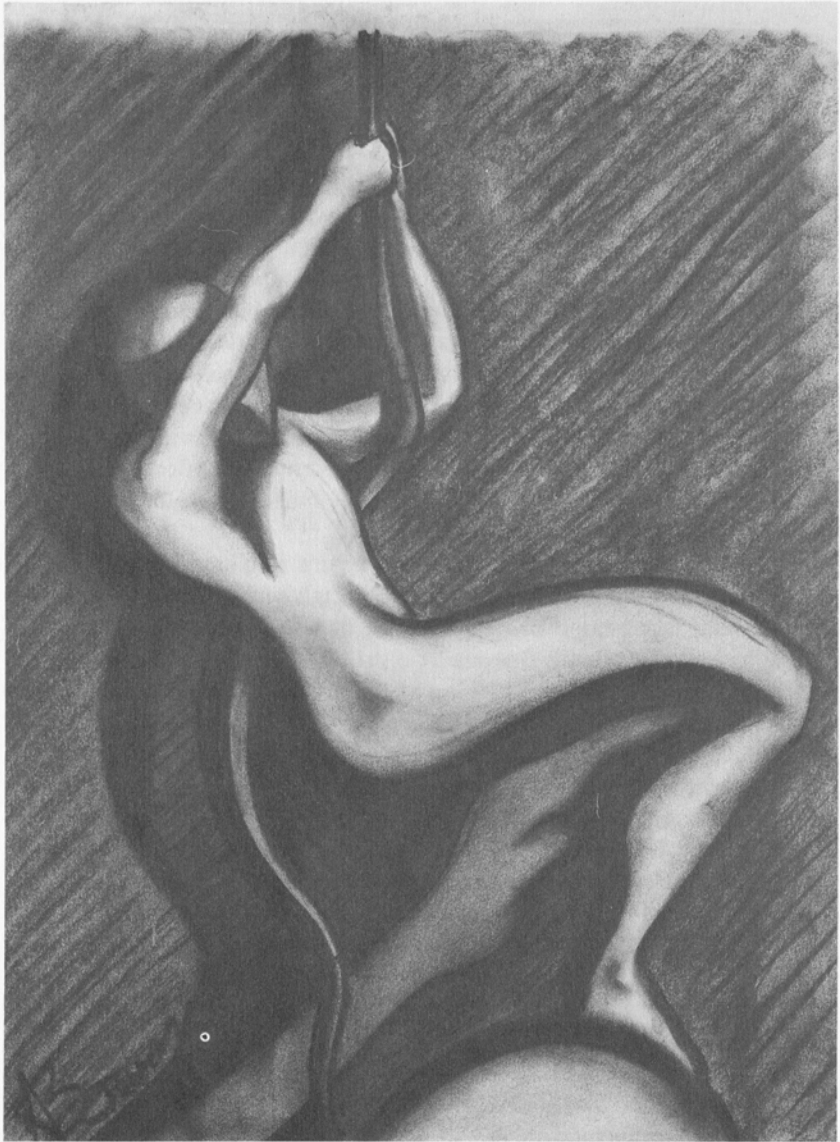
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Authors whose material has been accepted will be notified prior to publication date, and all authors who wish their manuscripts to be returned must include a self-addressed stamped envelope with their submissions. Any manuscript submitted too late 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.



**Untitled**  
**Andrew G. Bowers**

## The Other Side

By Linda J. Bond

**T**he Wild Side was far from my band's performance hall of choice. In fact, "hall" would have been a misnomer altogether; "crawl space" more aptly described this seedy bar's milieu. Still, toward the aching, cracked cement steps I lugged my final load for tonight—a bass drum in my hands, a 20" crash cymbal tucked under my armpit. As always, I had concealed the senile station wagon blocks away. It had become a weekly ritual; drum by drum, navigating with one eye—the unfortunate eye that wasn't comfortably secluded behind my dark spiral bangs. I stalked side streets and alleys to the bar. At the bottom step, I shivered. I always shivered here. Not from Milwaukee's thin November air. From the fear that, despite my ingenious route, some smart ass had recognized me just as I began my descent.

Resting the drum on my Converse, I pulled the peeling tacky blue door as far as I could before it scraped against the cement to a halt. Inside, deserted quiet engulfed me, taunting my nose with musty basement smells and the scents of stale beer and day-old cigarettes. The dungeon's darkness seemed a promise of its high dark windows' blindness, its paneled walls' deafness. And if truly the walls did have ears, they were at least mute—secrets absorbed, hearts revealed, never repeated to the narrow world whose sidewalks lay in straight lines at the top of the steps.

With muted cymbal clatter, I emptied my hands beside brown tom-tom boxes with "Casey's cases" printed on them. So it was a bit corny; and so Casey wasn't a woman's name. It beat the hell out of Cassandra. Besides, I had always figured what's in a name anyway: Women were women, men were men, our differences were obvious enough. Black was black; white was white. Until several months ago when I first entered this seemingly androgynous world and grey knocked the back and white clean out of me.

From inside my leather jacket I pulled a half-smoked Virginia Slim and lit it. I sat on my rickety drum stool. The guys had obviously already been there, various cases strewn about. I let the smoke trickle out of my mouth, soothe my nerves. As I looked around, I reminded myself that it could be any bar. A soiled popcorn kernel here, a flattened cigarette butt there. A long bar, its veneer surface nicked; spotted glasses stacked beside rows of green and brown and clear bottles. Round tables, long booths; an occasional splotchy tablecloth. A scrap of streamer, New Year's Eve residue, clinging to a wooden ceiling beam. In a few hours the place would be replete with cramped coziness.

I crushed the cigarette on the parquet stage, took off my jacket and

black hat, letting my hair fall over my shoulders. Now what? In the interest of secrecy, I was three hours early and starting to feel oddly vulnerable, sitting by myself in the middle of the stage. When anxiety set in, it was time to tune the drum heads. A daily ritual these days.

I was just taking my drum key out of the last tom when the guys waltzed in, McDonald's cups in hand, marijuana smoke in clothes.

"Hey, Casey," said Raymond (or Raisin, unfortunately nicknamed for his face. It bore the results of an oily adolescence). He kissed my forehead. "Brought you some dinner." His eyes were high-gloss red as he presented me with a Styrofoam box containing my non-degradable cuisine.

"Thanks."

"Kiss?" Mouth puckered, Raisin closed in on my unexpecting lips, hitting with his usual accuracy. The hard mouth ground into mine with chemically-induced desire. His thick tongue jutted in and out once or twice, tasting rather like you would imagine an exhaust pipe to taste. I pushed it away.

"Ooh, babe," he said, and licked his lips.

Please. My nerves had been worn thin lately, and Raisin was lounging all over what was left of them. I watched him saunter toward his guitar case, popping the bass player in the head as he went by. Big, lanky Raisin—born to cause nerve damage.

Not that I wasn't mildly fond of him. He meant well. We had been friends since he got his first six string. After I got my first set, it was the natural progression of things: we started the band, Anonymously Yours, in high school; I went away to UW Madison; he hired a new percussionist; Dad split; Mom went broke, made me give up my scholastic aspirations so she could pay off her Mastercard; I came home; he fired the new drummer; and after one drunken gig, we did it in the men's room. No union made in heaven, but I tried to give my heart to half-hearted Raisin.

The relationship had died of natural causes; we both lost interest after the third or fourth romp. But to an onlooker, like me, it sometimes appeared that the party had never ended. Maybe we could have been something, but Raisin was of no propensity to sober up and engage in introspection. Not that I was free of blame; after delivering floral arrangements forty hours a week, taking evening para-legal courses, and playing gigs, I hadn't the energy to deal with it. Anyway, all our incidental frolics had amounted to was a little free stress relief therapy.

Tonight Raisin proudly donned a purple, blue-black swirl of hickey below his right earring. I briefly wondered if he remembered her name.

I chewed my dinner as musical clatter evolved into a jam session.

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The ear phones served only one purpose: to preserve my faltering sense of hearing.

We slipped into a ballad and the dance floor disappeared beneath swaying couples. Women wrapped in tight pairs, cheeks lightly touching.

For this whole gig from hell, Raisin was to blame. The group had been in a slump, compromising our music, Lawrence Welkifying Top 40 hits to conform for adulterous men in business suits—hotel lounge background “entertainment.” The Wild Side’s need for a new band was expressed to Raisin, conveniently in my absence. He waited until that night to present the idea to me in person, in the privacy of my apartment.

“It’s cool, babe,” he had said. “It’s not a bad hood, and the chicks are pretty hip.”

“Hip? Is that what you call it? Bunch of diesel dykes. Tell me, do they each ride a Harley or do they carpool in the bed of their pick-up trucks?”

“Come on, man,” he said, rolling his eyes.”

“Probably steal my bass drum ballet and use it for a dil—”

“Shit! What’s the deal? Ego trip?”

“Do what?”

“Afraid they’ll hit on you?”

“Fuck you, Raisin. I’m not masculine enough for them anyway.” It was then that I felt the red dry heat flood my pores. I was being ridiculous. And frankly, I knew better. But for some reason it was important for me to make this stand.

“Thanks a lot,” he said, staring at my nervous cigarette.

“Now what?”

“For calling my sister a butch diesel dyke. Real sweet. Real fuckin’ opened minded of you.”

“I didn’t say Maggie was,” as I swallowed my size nine. “I just meant in general.”

“Yeah right.” A dramatic sigh, so strong he was left hanging his head.

“I’m sorry! Gees, what do you want from me?”

“It’s good cash. Man, we all need some extra dollars—just be open-minded like us.” Deep lines dug into his forehead to add pity to his appeal.

“I am open minded . . .” Or so I had always said.

“Just one Saturday night, then we find us a new gig,” he said, putting a boney arm around my compact shoulders. “I’ll protect you, babe.”

“Oh please. From what?”

“From the big-boned women!” He pecked my forehead and chortled out the door.



I shook my head remembering. As we lumbered into the third ballad and the gentle wave of movement continued on the floor, I thought of how harmless it had all turned out to be. Only one night had the whole situation gone berserk. It was amazing how that one drunken night still haunted me.

I had drunk several Tom Collins, then downed Raisin's Long Islands when he wasn't looking. Carried away with free drink and Audience Response Euphoria, I threw a stick into the crowd. A mistake. I was the center of attention the rest of that night. A bigger mistake: I ate it up. I committed other perverse acts, lecherous in nature. Once, I stared at Maggie's glossy lips as she babbled at Raisin and for one sickening moment, I thought I was going to kiss her. Not that I wanted to, but that I might. Like when you were dissecting a 12 inch earthworm in Biology and you suddenly felt that you might take a bite out of it. I didn't do it.

At another point, Maggie's friend, Tricia, was staring at me with big green eyes. I introduced myself with a soft squeeze of a handshake. She immediately averted those eyes and left me staring at the side of her hair, trying to make conversation. I stood close to her, making small talk. When at last we said good-bye, I winked at her.

It wasn't until late that night, as I lay in my bed with the room orbiting me at a supersonic clip, that the memories of my shameless behavior oozed into my mind. I threw up.

And then the image of Claudette Dempsey chased through my mind. She was the one who had gone screaming through my house when we were kids. All I had said was why didn't we practice kissing on each other before we start going with boys. "Cassandra's a homo! Cassandra's a homo!" It echoed in my head until the sun peeked through my curtain and I finally fell asleep.

Now, as we picked up the beat and the couples dispersed, I wondered if any of them had experienced things like that. I shuddered at the thought.

I had to admit—the view up here was picturesque. I could see over the steaming dance floor to the back corner of the bar. It was as if each group had its own territory, week after week.

There was a cluster of women you would have expected to see here. They were leaning over pool tables with wallets in the back pockets of their Wranglers. I hardly glanced at them when I crossed their turf—winding through muscles, Marlboros, shots of Jack Daniels—to use the restroom.

Then there were the basketball women. They were sitting tonight around the bar itself, still in uniform. They always kept the beer flowing and the volume on high. Lots of back slapping, high fives, and tube socks.

Small groups of men, presumably courageous, were scattered throughout at tables. They smiled into red- and blue- and creme-colored drinks.

I could see the big groups of what they called “fashion dykes.” They looked like the kind you would see crying black tears or trading lipsticks in the restrooms of straight bars. But these women smiled—everyone squeezing each other all the time. It felt more like being in someone’s house than a dismal underground tavern.

My heart forgot a beat—there was Tricia again, parked amidst the pretty girls, staring at me staring inadvertently at her. She lifted a finger, a wave. This was the third weekend in a row that she had been here both Friday and Saturday nights. I was so consumed with trying to find an excuse to look back at her that I didn’t even question how quickly I had calculated that.

Raisin called the break twenty minutes later. During the first weeks of this gig, I had spent the first hour and a half of each session dreading the half hour break. Raisin, Maggie and the guys would inevitably race for the back door, out to the fire escape where they would fire up the first joint. And there I would sit, on stage. I would take an occasional field trip to the bar or restroom, one hand in the pocket of my Levi’s, the other wrapped around my purse strap, my eyes on my tennis shoes. Reaching my destination, I would avoid eye contact—lest I give someone the wrong idea—stare at the walls, wonder what they thought of all of this. Certainly they found the view as fascinating as I did, and as frustrating that there was no one with whom to discuss it. The macho, womanizing brutes who had constructed this building were probably spinning down below, seeing what had become of it.

Breaks were no longer so dismal. The more things changed . . . here she came. Tricia, weaving through the crowd, but aiming right at me. Like clockwork, I thought, though I didn’t say it—I would be quite insulted if someone said such a thing to me. She would offer me a light, though she didn’t smoke, offer me a drink though she didn’t drink. My first impression of her, the time before the winking episode, was that she was the photo-negative of me. Her hair was as light as mine was dark, her eyes as green as mine were black, her body as plump as mine was thin. Smiled all the time, dressed sensibly, a practical haircut. Not someone I would have connected with the “L” word. My second thought was that she was too pretty to be in a place like this. The next time was when I winked at her. I looked at her now. She stumbled as she stepped onto the stage. I pretended not to notice.

“Would you like a drink?”

“No, thanks. I’ve got a diet Coke somewhere.”

“Just Coke tonight?” Shallow dimples I hadn’t noticed before.

“Yeah, well. I woke up one day and decided I never wanted to have life distorted by alcohol again.” A foolish thing to say.

“Oh really?” Her eyes always seemed to be closer to me than the rest of her face. Especially right now, as it seemed that their warmth penetrated

the side of my face. My stomach felt like it was being tickled.

"Like looking through a coating of dried rubber cement." Where was I coming up with this stuff?

"Got to keep your wits when you're surrounded by lesbians?"

My smile slipped away, leaving my face wondering what to do. In all of our conversations, this was the subject we never ventured. True virgin territory. Funny, since all of our interaction had occurred within the context of happy hand-holding womankind.

I had been enjoying her company so much that I let the issue gracefully waft out of my mind. Now it was crammed back in.

Okay, so when all else fails, play it cool. I took a nice long drag from my cigarette, started to pull it back out. But sticky, anxious lips held it tightly and sweaty fingers kept moving—right over burning embers.

"Ow! Shit!" The cigarette, hurled out of my mouth, fell end over end to my shoe, my hand flapping like a fish on the deck of a boat.

"Are you all right?" She handed me a piece of ice. "Touchy subject?"

"No, it's just that . . ."

"Here." She pressed the ice on my finger. Pain was instantly forgotten. New burning erupted.

"Does it make you uncomfortable?" she asked, pulling her hand away.

Okay, she either meant my singed finger or the couple kissing in the corner. I was getting used to both conditions.

"Does it bother you that I'm a lesbian?" An abrupt end to her eye contact, she stared off over the crowd.

The "L" word. No more escaping into the wall.

"Oh, no. Of course not. I mean I knew all along that you were a . . . not at all."

"You know, it's funny. That first night, I thought you were too."

"Oh. Really?" That explained things.

"Don't get me wrong. I still wanted us to be friends."

"Yeah, great," I said. The word "friend" struck dissonance inside me. Something about this conversation wasn't going right. Sharp ambivalence. But for the most part, friend was good. All of mine were either in detox at St. Joe's or in up to their ears at Northwestern.

In any case, she was apparently serious about the friendship bit. She was there the next four weekends.

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Were it not for a set of chronological therefores, the night would have ended, as it always did, after the last set. But my fanbelt snapped, therefore Raisin was giving me a ride home. Maggie invited us over. I understood her reason for asking—her mixed up Border Collie, Poco, had just died—

her reason for asking—her mixed up Border Collie, Poco, had just died—therefore I agreed to go. Tricia had ridden with Maggie. Therefore we all ended up together.

The living room stood in contrast to Raisin's gold and green plaid efficiency. Hardwood floors, a red futon, deco prints and best of all, a seventh floor balcony—the perfect escape for me when razor, mirror and white finery adorned the shiny black dining room table. The night air was chilly, having sucked away the breath of spring that had breezed through during the day. City lights surrounded the terrace, discoloring the darkness with a grey milkiness.

I opened the door, allowing a burst of MTV and laughter to escape, and looked at Tricia as she stared into the TV.

"You want to come out?"

With mock surprise, she nodded, and followed me out.

She leaned near me on the rail.

"So you're not into that scene either?" she asked.

"Nah. It interferes even worse than alcohol."

"Have you tried it?"

"Sure. I had a motto that I would try anything once," I said.

"Had?"

"Well, I guess I still do."

"I'll admit, sometimes when I'm studying at 3 o'clock in the morning, I could think about trying speed." She laughed, as if to stress the absurdity of such an idea.

"Studying? I thought you were already a nurse."

"I am. It's graduate work."

The spark that ignited a new discussion—her interest in medicine, mine in law. Opposites attract. Opposites attract. Cassandra is a . . . Tortuous thoughts inhibited my diction.

I was the one who brought up civil rights, so it was probably my fault that we wandered into the sexuality conversation. I lit a cigarette and blew the smoke eastward.

"What I don't get," I was saying, "is why men come to the bar sometimes."

"They're gay."

"Yeah. But isn't the idea that gay women don't like men, and gay men don't like women?"

"Says who? I think you've been in Wisconsin too long." Luckily she chuckled. "We like each other. We just don't want to fall into bed together."

"Have you ever been with a man?"

"Yeah. And I might be again someday. But that doesn't make me straight." She was quiet for a moment.

“Oh really?”

“I shouldn’t say that. I’m only kidding.” We looked at each other. “Only real love counts.” She looked away. My head kept spinning.

“What about the guys who dress up like women?” I could show off my one semester of Women’s Studies. “Isn’t that sort of a slam on women? Bringing out the characteristics that men imposed on us? Perfect figure and hair, tons of make-up?” There.

“Wow. I would never have guessed you for a feminist.”

“Being straight doesn’t make me a Republican.”

“Is that right?”

I didn’t know whether she was questioning the straight part or the Republican part.

“Teren had some drag queen friends,” She said. “And I used to ask her the same thing.”

“Teren?” For a moment, panic jabbed me.

“My ex.”

Phew.

“When was this?”

I listened as she recounted the three year live-in affair that ended in heartbreak when Tricia chose alcohol over Teren. So there was a reason she didn’t drink anymore. I absorbed the love story as I had the bar, part of me drinking it in, thirsty for the education. Part of me saturated, overwhelmed. But the part of me that had refused to swallow it, for morality’s sake, had vanished.

“So what about you?”

“I wouldn’t want to bore you.” I said.

“Come on. I’m open-minded; I can accept heterosexuality.”

“I haven’t really been involved since high school.”

“Since your days as homecoming queen? Or prom queen?”

I looked over at laughing eyes, green even in the steel grey air. I smelled Obsession perfume. It filled my senses.

“Very funny. I never went to either one.”

“Really? I went to both every year,” she said.

“You? With a guy?”

“What do you mean ‘with a guy?’ Of course. Spencer and I were together for years. God, why is it so hard for you to see me the way you see yourself?” She shook her head, narrowed her eyes.

I gazed at the city lights until they bled into one whitish smear. It wasn’t so strange; I knew what a guy would see in her. I just didn’t want to hear about it. Not about the Spencers. Not about the Terens.

“That’s not it.” I swallowed a lump of something. We sat in silence, listening to blips of high-strung chatter coming from the apartment and to city sounds around us. We each shifted uncomfortably.

“Huh? How did you know about that?” I looked at her, felt pale.

“Maggie,” she said, laughed a short laugh.

“It’s nothing. My dad left; my friends were gone,” I said, and recounted the highlights, or low points, of our fling. “I guess I needed something. Though I doubt I found it with Raisin. Anyway, it’s over now; we’re just friends.”

“So whose gain is Raisin’s loss?” She squeezed my arm. I shuddered. She let it go. But I felt the imprint of those soft fingers on my bicep for some time.

“Kidding!” she said. “All right?”

Just then the door opened, pouring Music Television and a wide-eyed Raisin onto the balcony.

“Ready to cut out, Case?”

“Yeah, sure.”

He bounced back inside.

“You’d better take his keys,” said Tricia.

“Do you need a ride home?”

“Not unless the elevator’s broken,” she said.

“Do what?”

“I live upstairs.”

She was smiling, standing closer to me. I noticed we were the same height; our eyes were level. The sensation started there, in my eyes, then twirled around each bone in my body. I felt like we should do something. But nothing happened.

“I’ll see you next week,” she said, backing away.

“Okay.”

If only I had known how long that week would stretch. How long each night would be, as I lay staring at my cat, thinking of funny things to tell Tricia, funny, intelligent, important things—all of them to be forgotten when I again laid my eyes on her.

I lost six pounds that week.

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The bar was clearing out and I should have been long gone. I had already taken my equipment to my car, (which I nowadays parked in front.)

Raisin was spending his part of our severance pay in the far corner of the bar. I saw through grey haze the baggie transfer owners.

It wasn’t a permanent dismissal, but they had informed us on Thursday that they couldn’t pay us again until a couple weeks after taxes.

So here I sat, trying to steady my cigarette, hoping that Tricia would come talk to me one more time tonight. All week I had been thinking I should have given her my phone number. Now it was imperative; I

wouldn't see her for weeks. And yet I had chickened out two nights in a row, not sure how she would take it—or if she would want it.

I found a pen and scribbled my number within the wet ring of a crumpled cocktail napkin.

“Who’s that for?”

I jumped, smelling Obsession float from over my shoulder.

“I thought you might,” I turned to face her. “Here.”

“How’d you know I was going to ask?” she said, taking it.

“A wild guess?” My hand brushed hers. “We won’t be here for awhile, you know.”

“Yeah, that’s what I hear,” she said. “Maybe you’ll come anyway?”

“By myself?”

“No. With me?”

The pressure that had been building all week seemed to take over at last. In my stomach, pushing and pulling to get out. In my head, swimming over and under and around my brain.

“Oh well. I don’t know.”

“Yeah, that’s right. Silly me—the straight woman can’t be seen in a place like this unless she had official business.” Her body looked stiff, her eyes freezing over. “You can only stare and flirt and lead me on. God forbid you’d actually change your ways.” She stuffed the napkin into my hand. “No thanks,” she said, and with big awkward strides, slammed out the back door.

I slowly looked down at the crumpled napkin in my hand. The numbers and the crooked smiley face that followed then had run together in Tricia’s sweaty palm. It began to shake and I willed the hot tears not to spill.

I looked back at the door, considering why I was just standing here. I moved toward it and into the early morning chill.

There was a single light outside, hanging precariously at the top of the steps. The alley, lined with several abandoned cars and discarded rubbish, was quiet.

She was sitting slumped against the brick wall, a gum wrapper being twisted and mutilated by her fingers.

“Tricia?”

She glanced up at me, then stood, chomping furiously on a piece of gum. Her eyes, though seemingly glued on something behind me, were stony in their silence.

“Look, I’m sorry,” I said.

“No, I should have known better than to waste my time.”

I would not, could not, cry.

“But you didn’t. I thought you said you wanted to be friends anyway.”

“What was I supposed to say? That I think about you all the time?”

That I wish like hell you weren't straight? Or so straight? Right." There was something about the way she said it, something cold and faraway. "That would have gone over real well."

I stood closer to her, reached out and lightly gripped her bent elbow. Finally, she looked at me.

"You're right. Well, partly right," I said.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Her eyes still on mine.

"You're right, it wouldn't have gone over well. You're wrong about the *so* straight part." Her arm began to feel warm under my hand, but neither of us moved. Her face seemed to relax, almost into a smile.

"Is that right?" She took a tentative step closer to me.

Everything felt warm—my face, my chest, stomach. Her mouth was so close to mine that we were breathing the same air.

"I didn't mean to push you away. I don't mean to be a jerk."

"Yeah?"

"It's just that it's all so new to me. I feel these things. But then I get all confused about everything."

"I understand." Soft, sparkling green eyes; her lips at last smiling, but trembling just enough. Just enough to tell me I wasn't the only one quaking.

Suddenly, the tension broke free. A wave started at my hair and moved down my body—each muscle constricting and relaxing. I couldn't stop my face from smiling. I reached for the back of her neck and slowly pulled her smooth face to mine. Clean, powdery smell of woman washed over me. Her body eased into mine, unfamiliar, new, pressing heat into me.

Her lips were delicate, tender. I felt the rush through my body. My stomach dropped as her tongue gently kissed mine. Both her hands lightly touched my face.

We pulled back, her hands still on my face, mine on her arms.

"Sure you've never done that before?"

I felt pink soak my cheeks.

"That's a compliment," she said.

She was talking so quietly that I almost had to ask her to speak up.

I put the crumpled napkin in her hand.

"You'll call me?" I said.

"Is tomorrow morning too soon?"

"No it's fine," I said. I felt like I was all teeth, smile plastered on my face.

We heard Maggie inside, hollering for Tricia to hurry it up. One last tender kiss, soft breath coming from her nose, warming my face. Warming other parts of me. She pulled away, but gently, slowly. Her eyes were so close to mine our lashes almost linked. I laughed.

"What?" She smiled.



“Nothing.” But everything seemed funny. One of those rare moments when everything made sense and nothing made sense.

Maggie yelled again for Tricia. I should have offered her a ride home. But I was too nervous.

I wanted to get in my car, roll the windows down and fly through the cool night to my safe warm bed.

“How about dinner tomorrow?” I asked, as her warm hand enclosed mine. A brush across my lips.

“Love it.” She winked at me this time, then turned and walked in.

I stayed outside a moment, catching my breath, trying to absorb this thing that had just taken place. But my head was through processing.

Wipe that idiotic grin off your face. But it wouldn't budge. Think about starving children or nuclear weapons. Think about George Bush. Nope, it was stuck, wedged between my cheeks.

Back inside, it was empty, except for the bartender and waitress at the other end, dividing tips.

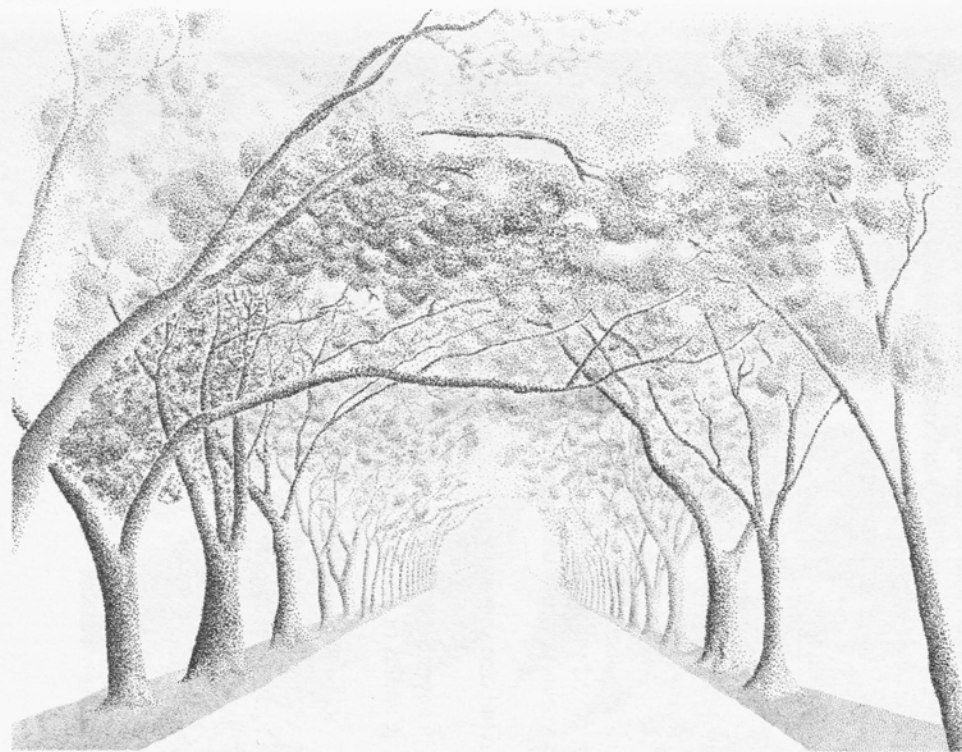
I slipped into my jacket, grabbed my purse, and floated out. At the door, I turned around.

The paneled walls stared back at me. Tonight I knew they were neither deaf nor mute.

Tonight I knew they smiled.

Linda J. Bond

There are only two things I can say about myself that shock anyone anymore. One - I am a church secretary. Two - I'm graduating.



**Magnolia Street**

**Scott Morphew**

# Believable Nonsense

By Rebecca C. Colich

Bubble danced to the dog, God of flower and leaf.  
Knowledge and experience touched the house of snow people.  
Laughter gave voice to story, music rose over blue Manhattan.  
Vision of time and space, stone and wind.

Emotion burst with fire, art with life, beauty with pen.  
The work of wisdom is devotion to color.  
Quality and security bathe with friends.  
Photos taken by earth fly through the window seeking their fate.

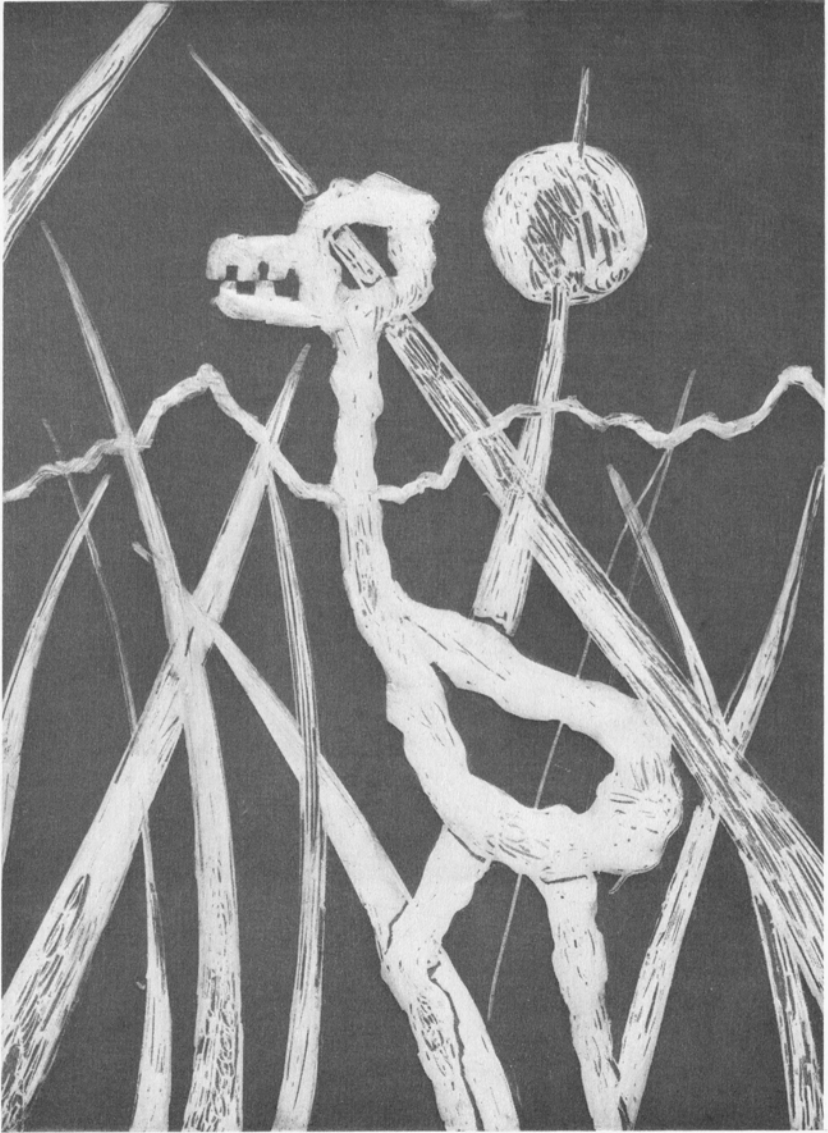
Individuality number logic with pink socks,  
Light listens like stairs that talk of chocolate dreams.  
Museum of red vacations with mother, she took her pillow and blanket.  
Moon writes poems with hands that share thoughts and electricity.

The friend tree sings to think that health, truth and faith are family.  
Rain is water you can't keep in a box.  
Did anyone tell you that care is work you mail to yourself?  
Candles of soul hug the place where sun purples life.

Sophistication writes creativity a letter.  
Honesty is a lake where people come to drown.  
Pages of feeling burst story into movie, word into song.  
Heart calls ideals moral sleep, or so says dog, God of flower and leaf.

## Rebecca Colich

I am a sophomore at IUPUI in the pre-business program. I intend to major in business administration. I am employed full time in a small sales office of a pressure sensitive paper manufacturer.



**Untitled**  
Julie Bossinger



**Untitled**  
**Andrew G. Bowers**

# The Outdated Disc

by Ann Pound

Her spiral rotation  
scrapes and scratches  
the delicate ridges of my round,  
round mind and digs a rut  
in which my thoughts  
repeat the ryth—  
repeat the ryth—  
repeat the ryth—

and digs a rut  
in which my thoughts  
repeat the rhythm of non—  
—them of non—  
—them of non—

my thoughts  
repeat the rhythm of nonsense words.

Ann Pound

It pleases me to know I'm not the same  
person I was a year ago, but evidently my  
friends still recognize me. Life gets strange.

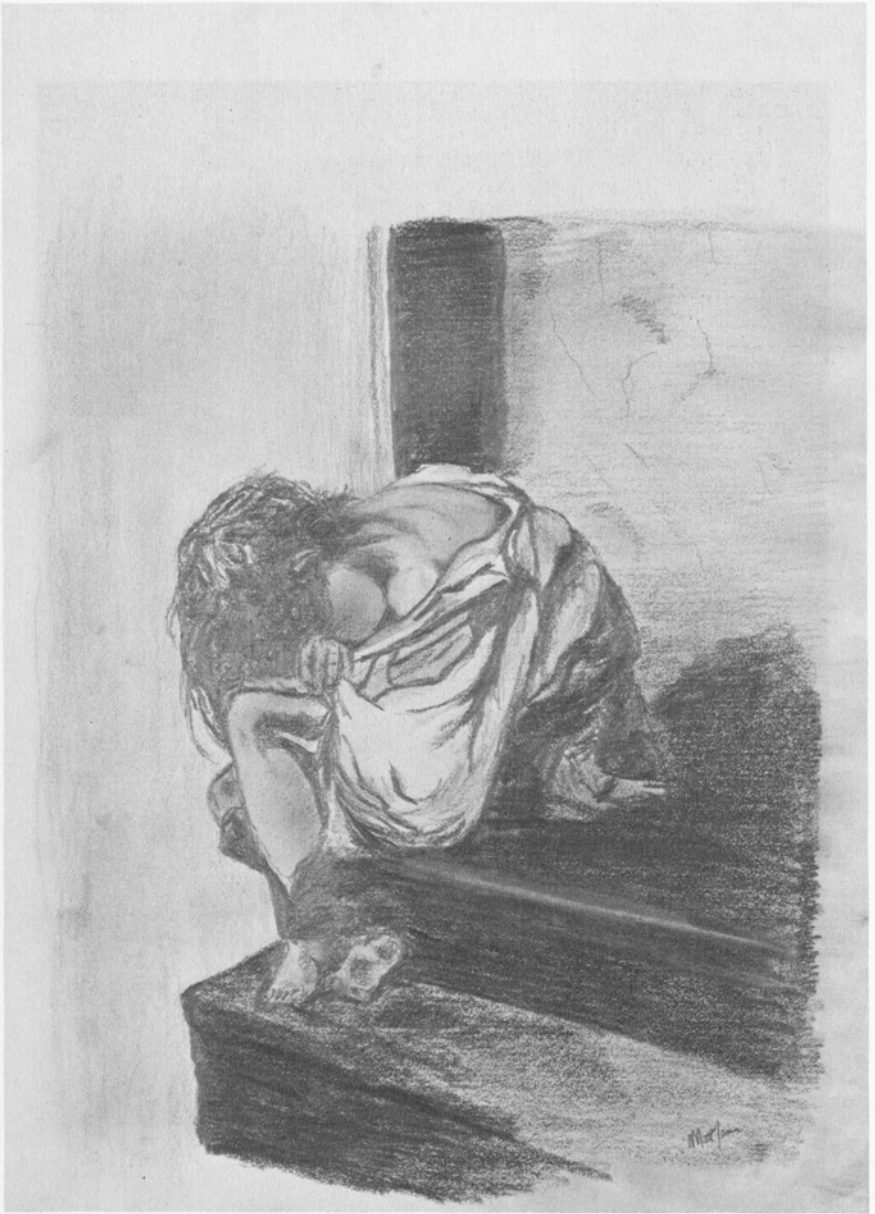
# L o Ve

By Mark R. Page

TAughT MYwife A leSsoN, i DID.  
sHE sOUghT tO eSCAPE iT, sO SHE hid.  
BuT i fOUNd hEr  
and i GRouNd HER  
IntO dUsT—  
but NOT aLL aT oNCE!  
iT wAS sLOOOWWW,  
(ya know?)—  
A leSSon of BLOOD and BOne.  
aND FrIEnd,  
IN the eND,  
sHE FOrGAVE mE.

## Mark R. Page

I am a part-time student majoring  
in History, and minoring in  
English, my two biggest loves.  
And, hopefully, I'll graduate  
before I turn 60.



**Untitled**  
**Matt James**





**Untitled**  
Julie Bossinger

# The Angry Young Poet

By Ann Pound

“Why did you make me thus?”  
the Angry Young Poet  
screams at the world.

Pointing her finger into the crowd,  
She renders unto them  
The flesh of her soul:  
    the small living  
    cringing  
    ugliest part  
    and it tightens and wrenches  
    like the body of a dying fish.

Repulsed, the crowd,  
    indeed the whole world  
squirms like a worm pulled—  
deposited on the sidewalk.



**Delaware Street**

**Lisa Ann Everitt**

# Our Heroine, Two Villains, and the Little Fellow

By R.J. Sullivan

\* Inspired by and dedicated to the storytelling genius of Charles Chaplin

Our tale opens on a city corner with Our Heroine, Janet, stumbling hurriedly home. She was carrying two full sacks, the contents of which she had just purchased from the market down the street. She was cursing her misfortune at being completely unable to hail a cab, resigned to the fate of having to travel the three blocks to her apartment by foot.

She stopped at the corner, panting in the smoggy New York air, and crossed the street. As she soon got comfortable with an awkward walking pattern for herself, her mind wandered with regret over the last few weeks.

For Our Heroine was not a particularly wealthy woman, but she had been blessed with more-than-above-average looks. Her golden hair glimmered radiantly in even the dimmest source of light, and her eyes were the cascading blue of a shimmering waterfall. And even from a distance, the average male on the streets could see that nature had bestowed upon her other fine gifts of beauty, a curve and form that rivaled Venus herself.

It was for this reason that she had been fortunate enough to date a man of some stature and wealth in the community, until last week, when it became all too clear that his intentions with her were less than honorable. He desired to become more than friends, but less than husband. Indeed, in his stage of life, a commitment was the last thing that he was looking for.

This was less-than-acceptable to Janet, and they parted bitterly.

Even as she paced her way homeward, she cursed the wealthy for their lack of character and the contemptuous way they looked upon those of lower monetary value than themselves. Then she cursed herself for allowing her heart to get in the way of her head, which brought ill feelings to her still, even after all this time.

As Our Heroine made her way down the street, she noticed an automobile pulling up alongside her on the road. Within it was a man of vigor and youth, and he was watching Our Heroine with a great deal of interest.

“Good day, My Lady,” he called out. “You look as if you could use a bit of help. Please allow me the pleasure of seeing you safely home, and, perchance, you may rest a bit from the burden which you carry.”

Now, since this was the time of the Great Depression, the sight of a brand-new Convertible Ford automobile was particularly interesting, as it said much about a person’s status.

Our Heroine, quite intrigued with this sudden attention, and having

suddenly forgotten her previous anger towards the wealthy, paused in her travels to assess the situation more carefully.

She decided upon the best tactic to use, and started at it right away, in hopes to give herself more time to think the situation through more carefully before committing herself. "No, kind sir," she uttered flirtatiously, "I think not. I've a mere three blocks to go, and there is no need for the trouble."

The response was the expected one. The driver blinked in shock and replied indignantly, "Trouble?" Don't be silly. Why should a beautiful woman like yourself be condemned to such trivial tasks? I tell you that this seat is very soft, and would likely feel much more comfortable than the continued strain you are currently putting upon your feet." He smiled pleasantly and patted the leather seat next to him.

As the offer seemed to be of good faith, and the gentleman was not entirely unattractive, Our Heroine gave in and stepped toward the streetcar, placing her two bags on the back seat and slipping smoothly into the empty space next to him. The engine roared to life, and they drove off down the street.

Alas, Our Heroine proved herself once again to be a poor judge of character and was reminded of just how eager some young men can be. For half a block later, the automobile came to a screeching halt, and the door on Janet's side sprang open, followed by Our Heroine herself.

"You ill-mannered pervert. How dare you think that you can paw me to your heart's content! As if your heart is what's really being contented!"

"What?" The young man felt himself redden at her words, for he was afraid of attracting a crowd and creating a scandal. "You can't do that! Do you know who I am?"

"I wouldn't care if you were Franklin Roosevelt himself. You're nothing more than a stuck up animal who thinks he can throw money down the pants of the first pretty girl he comes to." The young man found himself uncomfortably looking around at that. Luckily for himself, though, they had driven into a secluded alleyway.

And it was this realization that inspired within the young man the plot for the perfect and most devastating revenge.

Moving in great haste, he stood up in the car and grabbed the first sack. "Here, you little harlot! We wouldn't want you to forget your groceries in your hurry home, now, would we?!" And with this, he flung the bag out into the alleyway.

Our Heroine could only sputter in shock as she saw the contents of the bag tear open and splatter all over the grimy, mud-smearred concrete. Eggs, milk, and vegetables were smashed and mixed amongst themselves in the resulting vortex.

Before Our Heroine could recover herself, the second bag followed it, with similar result, followed by her purse, which fortunately was zipped.

By the time the buzzing and nausea had left Janet's head, the automo-

bile had already sped off, upsetting a great pile of dust which settled on and around the crumpled form of Our weeping Heroine.

And so it was that she continued to weep, and as she wept she uttered great vicious curses completely unbecoming a dainty maiden, so distraught was she.

She cursed the rich, then the automobile. Then she cursed herself and her foolish heart. Then she cursed men. Then she cursed men again. And on she continued as the Little Fellow entered the story, completely unnoticed by the poor weeping wench.

He was an unlikely hero, a beggar, a man of the streets, homeless.

Nevertheless, as fate would have it, the Little Fellow's need brought him in contact with the self-possessed Janet. For he was on an errand for his own survival, searching the alleyways for a decent scrap to feed himself that day.

As was common in those days, he carried with him a long bamboo cane, which he currently held tucked under his shoulder and pointing out behind him. He walked backwards, towards Our Heroine Janet, but both were too pre-occupied with their own concerns to notice each other as of yet.

The End result was, completely against the Little Fellow's will or foreknowledge, that he backed the tip of his cane smartly against Our Heroine's rear.

The resulting yelp was frightful, and the Tramp jumped completely around in fear that he might have speared a poor helpless squirrel or committed some equally terrible monstrosity.

Our Heroine spun venomously on the Tramp, her anger flared anew at this indignation. "You beast! Another male sent to torture and violate my poor helpless body!"

The Tramp, in spite of his current lack of financial wealth, still considered himself a gentle and honest man and met her tone and volume of indignation with his own denials. "My dear Lady! I assure you that my intentions were most sincere, and it was but simple chance that—"

"Oh, go, then, and leave me to my sorrow." And on she wept piteously, as great sniffling sobs racked her in wallowing sorrow.

It was at this point that the Little Fellow discovered what a subtle yet potent effect a woman's tears can have on a man. For in one look he could tell that her situation was not nearly as poor as his own.

Her dress, though currently covered with dirt, was positively eloquent compared to the weeks-old worn and torn overcoat he wore, and obviously in a much better state of repair. The brimmed hat upon his head was the only souvenir he'd retained from his once-prosperous days, and his pants had long since become quite baggy from his lack of regular meals.

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that her pitiful circumstances were temporary, and in any event, negligible compared to his own, he felt his

heart go out to her in sympathy.

She turned and looked upon him, feeling instant regret at having snapped at the poor Little Fellow over an incident that was obviously not his own fault. And as her eyes turned towards him, the beam of sunlight captured her natural beauty, and the Tramp felt his heart swept away by love, struck with a wave of light-headedness at the sight of her.

“Tell me, My Lady,” he began. “What is it that makes you cry so?”

Unfortunately for the Tramp, while he was a courteous and gentle person, he had not the naturally handsome features that matched Janet’s stunning beauty. This, and the miserable disarray of his clothes, made Our Heroine less inclined towards courtesy when regarding the Little Fellow.

“Oh, what do you know of my problems? Leave me to my anger before I am tempted to release it towards you again, you miserable creature.”

Unruffled by this callous remark, the Little Fellow tried once again to persuade Janet to confide in him.

“My dear lady, do not let my appearance deceive you. For I was once a thrifty lad and considered wise for my years, and it was only the Stock Market that has put me in my humble state. But it is a temporary situation, as I’m sure yours is as well. But while we are here together, perhaps we can help each other. If you would but confide in me, it is possible that there is an obvious solution that you, in your emotional state, were unable to see, that I could point out to you.”

And so it was that Our Heroine relayed the story of the “beastly” driver, and as she told the story she indicated the toppled sacks with great sweeps of her delicate arms. The Tramp listened to her voice, becoming more and more entranced with the sound of it, for to him it was like a beautiful canary chirping the tune of a love song. The spell was broken only when Our Heroine broke off her tale of woe and began crying into her hands once more, overcome with her own misery.

The Little Fellow, of course, tried to cheer her with kind words. “Oh, dear lady, this was the work of merely one man, a terrible creature of a man, yes, but he has no bearing on the entire gender itself. I assure you that there are many men in this world that can treat a woman with all the respect and dignity that she deserves, and they live day in and day out to find the one woman to love and admire.”

The Little Fellow was, of course, laying hints that he was indeed just such a person, but he was fearful to state such thoughts aloud.

Alas, Our Heroine remained unconvinced by the Little Fellow’s speech, and she replied savagely: “Oh, the hell with all men, and you in particular! You all deserve eternal damnation for what you put us poor women through. Now, begone, and leave me to my misery.”

Upset now that his presence had further damaged the heart of his love, the Little Fellow saw no course of action left but to leave Janet in peace, in

vague hopes that she may soon recover her senses, and become a woman of reason again. And as she continued to weep, he moved softly away, his heart becoming more and more heavy with each step.

For he was certain that she would not be in this alleyway when he circled back around later in the evening, but because of his newfound love, he ignored his own wishes in favor of her own, painful as it was to himself.

As he was saddened at this turn of events, he left slowly, unaware at that it was fortunate he did. For it was at this time that two Villains were scurrying down the street and looking towards the alleyway at Our poor unsuspecting Heroine.

As these two traveled in a naturally suspicious slink, glancing hurriedly back and forth as they walked, and the Little Fellow had had in the past many encounters with such types before, he felt it best to find a secure place and silently observe the actions of these two.

The Little Fellow's suspicions were, of course, correct, for the two Villains stepped forward into the alleyway, and they caught sight of Our poor Heroine, still crying piteously to herself. The Villains looked at each other, and their eyes lit up with an evil glee. One Villain spoke to the other.

"Hey, man, like, check this out!"

"Yeah. This oughta' be easy pickin's. She looks rich, too. Betcha' she's even got a piece a' jewelry on."

"Oooo. Ya' think she's THAT rich?"

"Ain't but one way to find out."

The Villains were walking as they spoke, and the proximity of their voices, as well as the content of the conversation, alarmed Our Heroine to sudden wakefulness. And she stood to her feet with great haste and turned, only to see the two Villains gloating over her, eyes flashing, their teeth in vicious snarls. Our Heroine, shocked and fearful, backed away hastily, only to feel her shoulders push against the cool hardness of the alley wall. She was trapped!

"No, no, sirs, please, I beg of you—"

"Aw stop the beggin' already," snarled the Villain on the left, his hands clasping eagerly as he made to reach for her. "You know what we want. Now, give it to us!"

Janet's eyes widened as terror overcame her. The other Villain licked his lips in anticipation.

"Yeah, lady. You know what we want. And we're not leaving until you give it to us."

Overcome with hopelessness, fearful for her very life, Our Heroine did what any delicate lady would do in her situation, and fainted dead away. Her legs did not merely give out from under her, for she could have fallen onto her face and that would have been undignified. Instead, they bent forward towards the Villains and she slid gracefully down the alleyway wall.



So graceful was she, in fact, the the Villains stood over her in awe for many seconds, amazed at her natural grace and beauty. Finally one of the Villains spoke.

“Well, Gosh, what’d she have ta’ go and do ‘dat for?”

“Yeah. Why didn’t she just give us what we wanted?” With that, the Second Villain reached down and removed her purse which was entangled in her delicate hands. The First Villain crouched low to examine Our unconscious Heroine, concerned that she perchance happened to hit her head on her way down.

“So what’s in da’purse?” He asked. For a reply, the Second Villain grunted. This confused the First Villain greatly, for he was unaware that the Little Fellow has slyly stepped behind them and hit the Second Villain smartly with the curved end of his cane. It wasn’t until the Second Villain collapsed upon him, unconscious, purse and all, that the First Villain realized that something was terribly wrong.

“Hey! What’za’mattah?” He arose angrily to his feet to see the retreating form of the Little Tramp fleeing the alleyway.

“Hey! Come back here, you little runt!” The remaining Villain removed a club from his jacket, and, since his courage was greater than his intelligence, hastily pursued the Little Fellow.

The Tramp scampered hurriedly across the cement, stumbling in his haste as he occasionally tripped upon the excess material of his baggy pants.

Even as he retreated from the Villain, his eyes were constantly scanning the area, searching for a way to thwart his foe.

Already he had a plan as he spied a lone baby carriage, sadly but not surprisingly left unattended outside of a drug store, the owner presumably doing business inside. The time had come to test the smarts of his pursuer.

Darting around hastily, the Little Fellow placed the baby carriage between himself and the Villain. A quick look inside confirmed that there was indeed a sleeping toddler. Now was the time to see if the Villain was as stupid as he appeared.

The villain stood on the other side of the carriage, hands clasped around his club, a beastial growl uttering from between his clamped teeth. “You! Are! Going! To!—”

“Shhhh . . .” The Little Fellow held a finger to his lips and pointed into the carriage between them. The Villain stopped in mid-sentence, confused, peering under the hood of the carriage to stare at the sleeping toddler.

The Villain whispered softly when he spoke. “Oops, sorry. Um . . . you’re gonna die.”

The Little Fellow nodded, acknowledging he had heard, as well as confirming for himself that the Villain lacked even the smallest amount of common sense. Seizing full advantage of this knowledge, the Tramp darted to the left of the carriage, then back to the right. Soon they were circling the

sleeping toddler, back and forth in a battle of wits.

The clever Tramp used this opportunity to survey his surroundings, noticing exactly what was in the area. Fifty more yards down was a fruit stand, a booth located in the middle of the sidewalk which consisted of four carts in a square shape. The owner of the fruit stand was in the middle of this square, apparently busy examining fruit at the farthest side. His back was turned to them, oblivious to the chase.

The Villain chased the Little Fellow around to the left, the right, then left again, all the while stepping gingerly to keep from waking the baby. The fact that he could simply have rolled the carriage out of the way and proceeded to wring the Little Tramp's neck had not yet occurred to him. Nor did it seem, the Tramp concluded, that it would anytime soon.

Tired of stalling, and with a plan in mind, the Tramp darted off towards the fruit stand, and grabbed up a couple of apples. He turned to see the enraged Villain swiftly closing the distance, so he quickly but accurately threw one, aiming dead for the middle of The Villain's face, and then stepped to the side.

His aim proved true, and the Villain's arms flapped in anger and confusion as hunks of apple splattered across his face, and, unable to see where he was going, and unable to stop his momentum, the Villain charged headfirst into the fruit stand, scattering all the booth's contents in all directions and into the street. This naturally caught the attention of the owner, who turned with brutal anger towards the limp and dazed body of the Villain. He lay across the splintered wood, pieces of fruit sliding off of his face, and fruit juice soaking into his hair, and shirt, and in fact all over him. The Owner proceeded to verbally lash him with a severity that matched and overtook the humiliation that any physical violence could have wrought. And it was this scene that the Little Fellow tip-toed away from, concern for Our Heroine overtaking his mind at last.

As he approached the abandoned alleyway, the Little Fellow retrieved Our Heroine's purse, which was thrown aside during the previous battle. As he approached the still-unconscious form of the beautiful Janet, he stared down upon her, and found himself swooning with his newly-felt love. But reason overtook him, and he remembered that she did not want him.

He was startled to hear her moan, and her head turned to one side. The Little Fellow cowered in the corner for a few seconds fearful of what might be said were she to see his even-more ragged appearance. But she did not awaken, and, ever so silently, the Little Fellow stepped towards her slumbering form, crouching down.

With the utmost gentleness, he replaced the bulging purse, pulling the strap around her shoulder, and folding both of her arms over it across her chest.

For a few seconds more, he held those hands, the softest, he swore, he had ever felt, and a great sorrow coursed through him, for he knew she

would awaken soon, and he would have to go.

And so, feeling that she would be safe for the rest of her spell, he slowly stepped towards the opening of the alleyway.

But he had already stayed too long, for even as he turned his head, Our Heroine's eyes fluttered open, the glimmering blues dazed for only the briefest seconds, and then, the glow of full life returned to them.

She stared down at her purse, full memory returning to her, and she saw the Little Fellow almost half out of the alleyway, and she realized what must have happened, and how she had gotten there.

"Wait!" she called out. The Tramp's legs froze still exactly in mid-step, for he longed to flee at the sound of her voice, but was completely unable to move.

Our Heroine rose to her feet, and as she examined the cowering form of the Tramp, it was with new, enlightened eyes. She approached him, a wry smile crossing her face as she saw the way he shivered.

"You saved my life." She spoke.

The Little Fellow found his voice, "Oh, My Lady, I do not think--"

"You saved my life," she repeated, unwilling to let the Little Fellow damage this new image she had of him in any way. "Never has any man done as brave and noble a thing for me as you have done today. And after I'd treated you so."

The Tramp turned away, unable to meet her piercing gaze. She, being the bolder of the two, reached out, took his hand. And the Little Fellow felt a rush come over his body at her gentle caress. He felt a great lump grow in his throat as she spoke her next words.

"I would be honored, sir, if you would escort me the rest of the way to my apartment, and I hope you will delight me with the pleasure of your company when we arrive there." And Our Heroine's own voice broke as she said her next words, for it was a realization that had come only as she said it. "You, my dear friend, have more heart and compassion than fifty of the wealthiest men alive, and that makes you the richest man of all."

And they started off toward her apartment.

## THE END

R.J. Sullivan

I have very specific tastes. The boundaries are as follows:

From Jim Morrison to Cyndi Lauper,

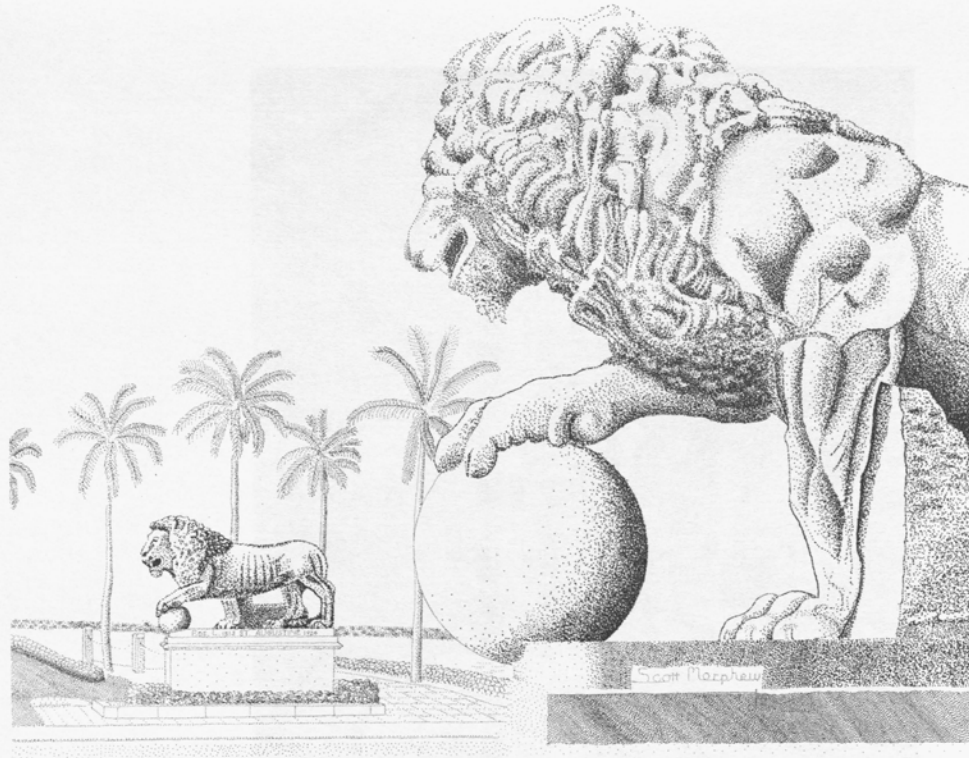
From Laurence Olivier to Pee-Wee Herman,

From Homer to Stephen King,

From Chinese Food to Hostess Ding-Dongs,

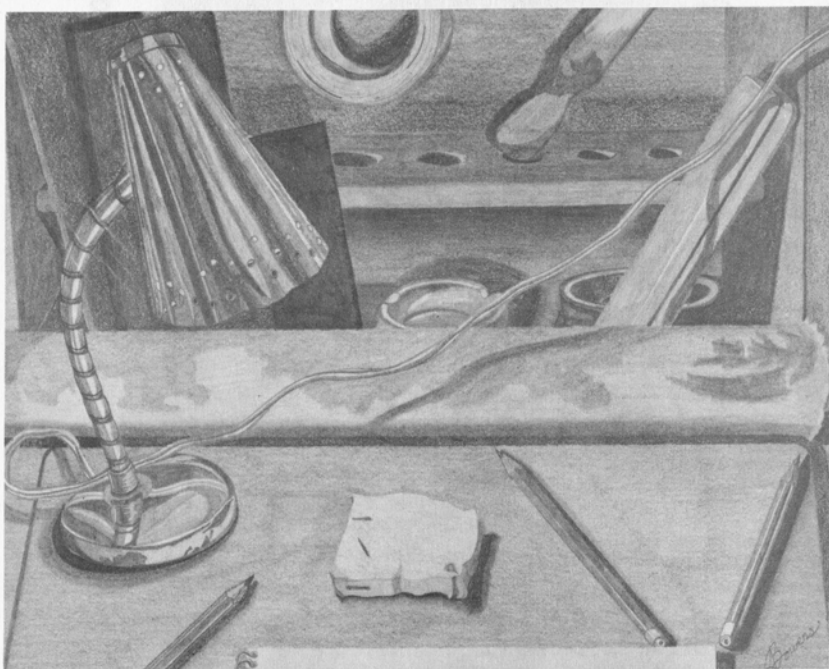
From a walk in the park to a night on the town.

I guess I'm set in my ways, but I still try to be open-minded.



**Lions on Guard**

**Scott Morphey**



**Studio**  
Andrew G. Bowers

## The Silence

By Mark R. Page

In silence  
she screams  
across the void  
of the breakfast table.

A wall  
of newspaper  
surrounds him.

The rock and mortar  
of the sports column  
rises above her like a colossus,  
with ramparts manned  
by cold indifference.

Lordly,  
he peers over  
his paper  
battlements  
to engage her  
eyes;  
she retreats  
meekly  
into her coffee cup.

# The Golden Years

By Linda J. Bond

There's a name for this  
in trendy pop-therapy  
books  
\$4.95 at every bookstore  
Parenting Your Parents  
When Our Parents Become Our Children

Armchair solutions for  
women with frosted hair  
pink lipstick  
matching fucia scarves.

Not for punk kids like me.

For me it's  
stubble turning grey.  
My crossed fingers and toes  
as I cross myself  
as you teeter up the stairs,  
knuckles white around your battered cane  
other hand gripping the peeling  
black iron bannister

For me it's  
you slumped over in a crumb-covered chair  
60 minutes blasting throughout  
A faint dot of drool on your chin  
your shirt smelling of chicken soup  
as I fix a light switch  
paint the kitchen  
cut poison ivy off the mailbox

Scream to the wind:  
Who died and left me in charge?

Silly question.  
Mom did.



**Portrait of an Old Man**  
Farideh Peacock





**Untitled**  
**Andrew G. Bowers**

# The Monk

By Sheila Ahlbrand

**H**e looked like a monk sitting on the beach, his head wrapped in a rough brown blanket as the sun shone through the cold ocean air onto his face. Well, maybe not a monk, but some sort of ancient prophet or holy man. Lucy smiled as she thought this and decided not to tell him, but on a whim that bypassed her brain and came straight out of her mouth, she blurted out her observation.

He turned from his musings to look at her, and the spell was broken. He was no longer George the holy man, but simply George the man, which was by no means an ordinary thing, but nonetheless the vision was gone. He looked bewildered and asked what she meant by it, but she just smiled and shrugged. She often found words to be inadequate with George, perhaps because he so seldom spoke. He was definitely what would be called the strong silent type, the Gary Cooper of the 90's, but even that wasn't accurate, for he wasn't a man of the 90's, but rather a throwback to an earlier gentler era.

The day had been a fiasco so far, as the too well planned romantic liaison tends to be. The unseasonably warm March weather was turning colder by the minute, and they had quarrelled in the car on the drive to the beach. It wasn't actually a quarrel, but her feelings had been hurt. They had been listening to big band music on the radio and George had broken the silence to say how much he liked the pure lyrical quality of the clarinet. He turned to Lucy and asked, "Which instrument do you like the best?"

Without hesitation Lucy put on a husky voice and said, "The saxophone."

"That's Fitz's favorite too," he replied gravely. "Personally, I think it sounds too vulgar. It makes me think of sex and cheap motels."

The countryside sped past outside, beautiful and pure and she suddenly felt cheap and dirty, where she never had before, and they rode on in silence . . . his silence, his religion. She said she loved his silence, told him so, but they were his silences, not theirs. He didn't share them, and she felt impelled to attach some deep hidden meaning to them.

His remark had made her defensive. She didn't want to think, and the day was supposed to be romantic, so she just sat there and inhaled the smell of him, which was always wonderful. He had an air of mysterious hair tonics, ancient musky after-shave, old tweed, cigarette

smoke and peppermint. He smelled like an old man. Once again she became lost in him and her wounded feelings nearly were forgotten.

“Lucy?”

The sound of his voice brought her back to the present, and she looked at him. He was wearing the look of George the perplexed, and she inwardly triumphed for a moment, realizing that he had been left out of *her* silence. A short, violent gust of wind made her remember how cold it was and she moved over to sit close to him. His well-toned body was hard and unyielding, yet as he put his arms around her she felt warm and protected.

The sun was nearly down, and they sat in silence watching it disappear behind the horizon of the ice-capped water. Then with no warning he kissed her, and immediately afterward began singing some silly 1920's ditty; his voice was thin and reedy, yet somehow it suited the songs he chose to sing. This time it was something about being alone under the moon, not inherently romantic, but considering the landscape it was enough and they made love there on the beach.,

Lucy told herself it was wonderful. It was so romantic and adventurous making love in the open air, with the ever present risk of discovery, but as romantic as she could make it sound to the rest of the world, she knew what it was really like. The beach was rocky and uncomfortable, the blankets scratchy and full of sand and no matter how much body heat they generated, it was still freezing. Lucy sighed in the aftermath and what little mood was still there was broken by a sudden cloudburst, which sent them scrambling to gather their things together and run to the car. They had their picnic there and laughed and fed each other grapes, enjoyed George's newfound discovery of the sensuality of food. The joy of tongues, tastes, textures and fingers mingling into a single sensation. She suddenly realized that this was better than the lovemaking, but she didn't want to break the moment so she forced the thought out of her mind.

On the drive home, enveloped by the darkness, her thoughts drifted again. She remembered when she first met George. It was at a Christmas party at the apartment he shared with Fitz. The small rooms were dimly lit, a victrola played in the background and the air was full of the hum of voices punctuated with tinkling laughter. The people were all young, bright and beautiful, glasses full of champagne, eggnog or manhattans in their hands, a faint fog from the smoke of cloves and foreign cigarettes hanging over their heads. Lucy had been invited by Fitz's girlfriend, Vera, a loud, theatrical type, who always wore bright red lipstick and a black beret. Vera saw life as one big adventure and for some reason decided to take Lucy along for the ride. Lucy didn't

mind and she was rather enjoying the party. And then she saw George. He was standing in a corner, aloofly smoking a cigarette and talking to a pretty blond girl in a low-cut dress. He was tall and lanky, dressed in a tuxedo, with his hair slicked back, but the thing she really noticed was his eyes, the palest green eyes she had ever seen. She stood watching him for a moment, until she realized he was watching her too. She had given him an embarrassed smile and walked away. An attractive architect struck up a conversation with her and she tried to dismiss the young man with the intense green eyes, but somehow she couldn't. It hadn't helped any that the architect, named Steve, was droning on about zoning laws and that she still sensed she was being watched. Those eyes seemed to burn a hole right through her.

He had finally come over with Vera, who introduced them. His voice sounded just like his eyes looked—pale and intense, and she had been intimidated, yet intrigued. He had asked her to dance and she had declined, claiming two left feet, but he insisted.

Tommy Dorsey was playing and they were transported back into another time. They danced with one body, like they were the music. It was dancing like she had never experienced before, Lucy had never felt so sensual in her whole life. She felt almost embarrassed to have other people in the room. Suddenly she saw the blonde with the red dress who had been talking to George earlier, eyeing her with cool disdain. Lucy realized that the girl must have been George's date and excused herself from the party. George, not sensing her reason for going had insisted on walking her to her car. She had tried to get away, feeling like Cinderella trying to get away before the spell was broken, but her handsome Prince followed her out the door and caught her arm.

Outside, with the music gone she felt suddenly shy and uncomfortable. He gave her his hand to help her over a snowdrift, but all she could do was say thank you, as she quickly withdrew her hand as if he had burned her. He told her good night and for some reason she expected him to kiss her as she drove away. But he had already started walking back through the snow to the apartment.

A few days later he had called her. His voice sounded odd, as if he was talking to the telephone instead of to her. She and Vera were invited over for a night of dancing. As Lucy hung up the phone she had glanced down and suddenly felt strange in her blue jeans and sweatshirt.

The next few months had been a blur of taffetas and velvets, champagne, music and dancing. They had danced into the wee hours of the morning until she would have to go home, where she would crawl into bed, her feet aching, hardly able to sleep because she was

still so giddy. They danced with such joy, fox-trots and waltzes, but mostly they just danced with their hearts. He would lead and she would effortlessly follow wherever her went.

She looked over at him now and wondered what had happened. This sombre man sitting next to her didn't seem like the same fun-loving man she used to know. Somewhere in the midst of all this dancing, something had happened. He had kissed her for the first time on Valentine's day. It sounded corny, but for George it could have been no other way. After that things became more complicated. The simplicity of the music and the dance had evolved into something else.

They stopped and she was surprised to see that they were at his apartment already. They ascended the stairs, and went inside. Lucy marveled at how commonplace, even sparse, it all looked. He took her coat and started the victrola. Doris Day was singing "Sentimental Journey," and they danced, not with joy, but rather with a slow and silent eurhythmic motion. He kissed her and then took her by the hand and led her back to his bedroom.

Lucy remembered the first time she had been invited to his room. She had felt like she was being allowed to see a sacred shrine. She entered expecting a room full of wonderful, mysterious things that would help her to piece together the puzzle of George, only to be disappointed. It was practically bare, almost monastical. He had hung a picture on the wall of a ship, that seemed to hold no personal significance, there was a faded floral rug on the floor and a massive art deco bedroom suite she knew he had spent most of his money on. The room looked like it was from another age, just as George would have wanted it to, but other than that it seemed to say nothing about him. Looking at the room again, Lucy wondered if maybe George was silent because he didn't have anything to say.

He started kissing her again and began to gently pull her down onto the old bed, but Lucy drew away. "It's late, George. I really should be going. Would you get my coat please?"

Without a word George went and got her coat. Lucy followed him down the shadowy hallway. As he took the coat out of the closet she was beginning to think he wasn't going to speak at all, but then he said, "Are you all right?" His voice still had the ability to startle her and she stammered for a minute, not knowing what to say.

"I don't know," was all she could manage. George started to get his own coat out of the closet, but Lucy stopped him. "I'll walk myself out. Thank you." George looked at her for a moment then hung up his coat. Lucy reached up and gave him a soft kiss on the mouth, but he was unresponsive. She walked away without looking back. On the

drive home it occurred to her that the lovemaking on the beach wasn't bad because of the cold or the sand, but because of George. He was silent in love, just as he was silent in life. She suddenly wished that she had never seen the monk on the beach.

Sheila Ahlbrand

I am an actress, but I don't really get into the theatre scene. Writing, like acting, is a purgation process for me, which hopefully helps not only myself but others. I am blissfully married and as a hobby like to read 19th century literature and imagine myself the heroine.



**Golgotha**  
Tammy Kelch

## About the Artists

**Julie Bossinger:** Second year Herron student.

**Andrew G. Bowers:** General Fine Arts, Junior, would like to pursue possibly a teaching career.

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

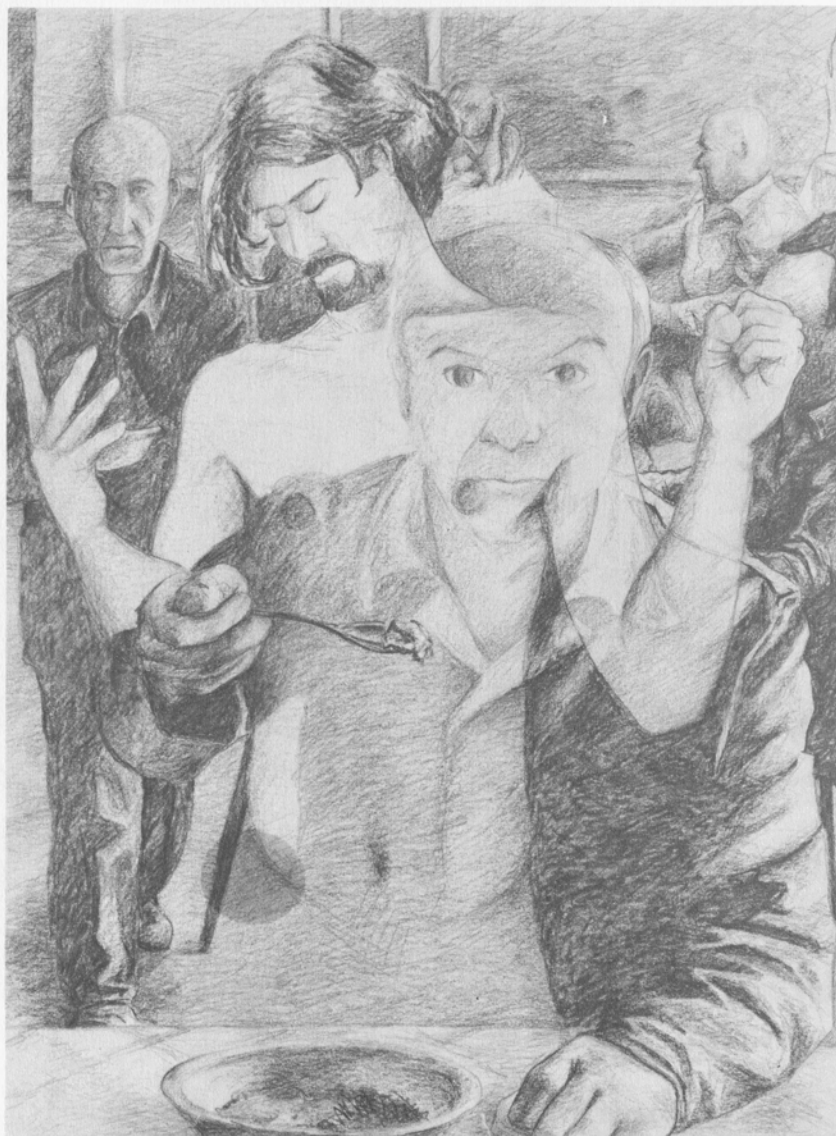
**Matt James:** This spring is my first semester at IUPUI. In 1987, I attended Northern Kentucky University for a year. My two compulsions are psychology and English. I like people, fiction, research, and waiting for my book to get accepted. I waste most of my time searching for a good job that pays well and doesn't humiliate me.

**Scott Morpew:** Freshman, Born 1968 in Indiana, Majoring in Engineering due to art abuse. Fortunately, I enjoy establishing connections between engineering and art. If "I cannot control the wind . . . I can adjust my wings." I pray for guidance and serenity.

**Farideh Peacock:** I would like to continue working with shapes and patterns, I find them to be very symbolic and powerful images in art.

**Samuel Schaefer:** Age 22, Junior, Majoring in Painting and Car Maintenance.





**Spirit and Form**  
Samuel Schaefer

