

genesis

volume XXVI



featuring:

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jay duncan • carol durbin • megan emerick
• sean gannon • frank hockmuller • matt
hutton • christine m. jewell • anne laker
bruce lampe • john e.m. layton • chad david
richards • jeff ridenour • marty sharp •
catherine spratt

spring 1998

frank hockmuller

untitled
6" x 9", black & white photograph

to the readers:

Surely one cannot cite that most unpredictable of all weather systems--one we refer to as El Nino, I believe?--as the moving force behind the following works of literature and visual arts. We, the current staff members of the Spring 1998 issue of *genesis*, rather direct our thanks to the remarkable IUPUI students of the literary and visual arts who have allowed us to both enjoy and share their thunders, floods, and heat waves of expression.

This 26th commemorative volume of IUPUI creativity, we believe, marks an interesting touchstone in the University's artistic history. Several pieces of prose and poetry in this issue, for example, challenge conventions and demonstrate an increased focus on linguistic and structural experimentation. As in the featured one-act play, many works also reveal a fascination with the mechanical and the natural, with decay and permanence, and with the place of the Self within a society obsessed with superficial images. Here you will also find cabinets that hold untold secrets, a box that holds the future, train cars that hold the past and present, and a ladder that holds its climber in uncertainty.

In conclusion, we would like to thank those who have shown us their unconditional support, particularly Cecil L. and Amy-Jeanne Sayre, the founders of an annual award for outstanding poetry in the name of the late Richard A. Cross. The School of Liberal Arts, Herron School of Art, and the Department of English at IUPUI also deserve our sincerest gratitude.

And, we must also extend our warmest thanks to those students who submitted their works for consideration. As in the past, we received countless works of excellence that confirm our faith in the future of IUPUI students as successful writers, artists, and thinkers.

Katherine Ellison, A. Suzanne Heagy, and Edie Scherrer
Editorial Staff

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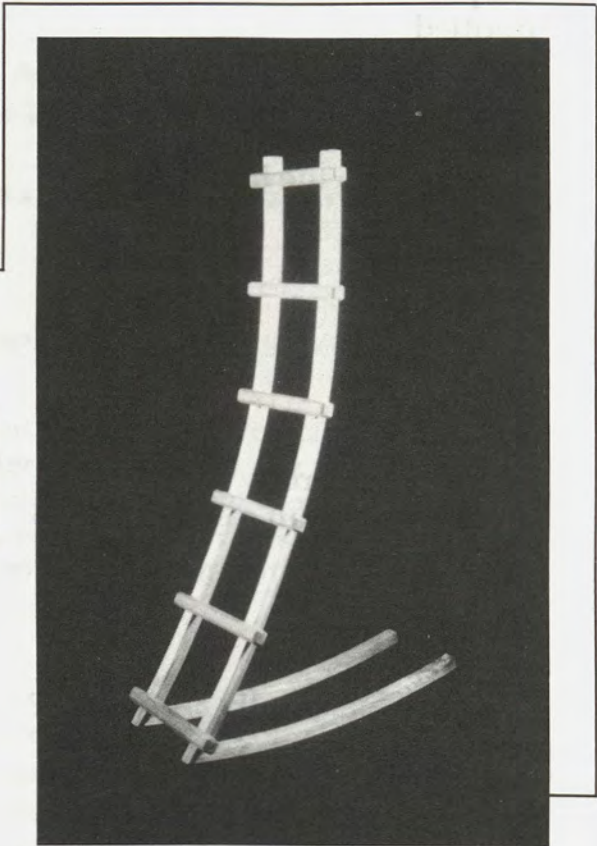
founded in 1972

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matt hutton

rocking ladder
49" x 29" x 12"
oak



Winner of the Outstanding Art Award

carol durbin—————

“ . . . words carry color
and sounds into the flesh . . . ”

Anais Nin

And the sounds turn to color
And I hear every hue of the universe.
The songs there bring my spirit to soar
And I am raised higher than any bird.
I rise and I fall in a jumble of colorful sound
With all the words of the world livening my soul
And playing tag in my mind.
Rejoice
This endless, timeless flight.

masquerade

I am chanteuse and sculpture,
a mute nude, a doll I dress, a gift.
My high-heeled foot alone could kick out love.

The skin beneath my eyes is pale
purple, my eyes droop like a sick cat's
she she she she who is
the mirror wails.
My ear cartilage curls like
a flesh shell, my ankle
speaks an empty paragraph on beauty.

Photograph my crying, I want to see
my features rumped, pain compressed.
I want to vomit the thoughts, see
the chunks of pain in the trashcan.
I must stay ugly.

I used to wrap my nightgown around me in
eight ways--toga, bustier, or cape.
I did it in the closet,
naughty, secret glamour.
I wasn't made then,
I didn't know a man's eyes make you,
paint by number
connect the dots.

I am the spirit of a tube of lipstick,
red bullet, mouthmaker, kisser, kisser.
No wonder.
Without the mask, I'm raw again.
No one likes a raw woman.
You can't scream when you're nude,
it's rude.
What bras are for.

the flirt

Her tears
produce emotions
I haven't bothered
to negotiate
in years--

She is laughing
at me.

megan emerick

pas de deux

If I could talk a tango
Or just hold you in my arms
If just once I could seduce you
Out side these smoke-filled bars
I'd wallow in your rhythm
I'd follow each instep
I'd curve my words to suit you
And I'd dance us both to breath

bront davis

above the machine

[After 20 wrenching seconds of silence, 1st and 2nd begin an exchange. She is near the door. 2nd, center stage.]

1st: [yelling] . . . don't know why I even bother. It's never going to stop. You're never going to stop . . . I don't even recognize you anymore. And it's not me . . .

[She is exasperated, crosses and uncrosses her arms, frustrated that she cannot find words to convey herself completely. Uncomfortable. An ugly energy of emotion passes over her features; a mien of despair and hate and pose.]

2nd: I know. [head down, not looking at her, ashamed but not irresolute.]

1st: If I thought . . .

[Voice softening, filling with regret and tension, she hesitates to prevent the sound of tears slipping into her voice.]

. . . if I could just feel, for even a moment, that things could change. If we could fix things.

[Another heavy, prolonged silence flows over the silent voyeurs, encompassing them as well as the actors; slowing them--welding them into the sluggish mechanism of the exchange.]

1st: I'm leaving.

[With an inflection that leaves the statement open; that constructs it as question; that gives 2nd a window of opportunity.]

[Nods his assent. 1st leaves. 2nd staggers slightly, lost in his thoughts and the pain of her departure. Then he begins to go for a walk to clear his thoughts.]

2nd: She's gone.

[Pauses again, standing before a calculating world, which to him appears to recede. He is alone.]

That's that. Although I never thought . . . but I guess I knew, though. I had to have known. It just never registered . . . I know she's still near. Near enough for me to follow, to catch, to stop as she climbs into her car, to apologize, to say that I'm sorry. But there is something here that is so painful that to even think I can deal with it makes me feel like a machine. Like I have no feelings and never wanted them. But really she has killed them, and I can't blame her. She is guilty without fault, and I am innocent and broken in my guilt.

[Enter from the opposite stage where 1st left, another actor. He is very old with a shuffling gait. He appears to investigate the perimeter of the stage. His clothes, a suit jacket, torn at the back, and green workman's trousers, are baggy. His thin form exaggerated by the ill-fitting clothes and the fedora, polished shiny by wear and tilted back on his head. He is full of judgement, reflecting a societal standard that he warped when he was young and has made totally his own now in his dotage.]

The emotion love has hardened me. I want to die, and I want to live forever. My heart is steel. My eyes of glass. Purposeless.

3rd: Yeah, but there's something wrong with that. How long can you keep it up? How long can you live with it? Sooner or later, you wear out and do back down.

2nd: Who are you?

3rd: What do you mean, "Who are you?" Who the hell are you?

2nd: Look, I'm just walking here. I've got problems.

3rd: Then why're you bothering me. I don't want to know about your problems. I've got my own problems.

2nd: Fine . . . for God's sake.

[But neither makes a move to leave. They are caught, each by the other. Somehow they can't seem to break apart and move on. Another question lingers and must be asked.]

2nd: You look familiar. Do I know you?

3rd: You . . .

[He begins, squinting at the young man, and finally pulls a pair of old black-rimmed spectacles out of his pocket.]

. . . You . . . look a little familiar too, now come to think about it. What's your name?

2nd: Did you used to live on my street?

3rd: How am I supposed to know?

2nd: No, I don't think so. You just looked like somebody I knew. A guy from my neighborhood.

3rd: You think. I'm the old man you will become someday. If you're lucky, and not too stupid. You might just end up like me. [He does a little dance to display his health and vigor. He doffs his hat to reveal a head full of thick, bushy white hair.] Still have it, don't I? It may be white but it's there.

2nd: Stupid?

3rd: Yes, stupid. You've heard that one before I'd say. Probably don't believe in in that word anymore. No one does. No one is stupid, no one is at fault.

[He coughs--the price of getting riled, he knows. It's hard on the throat.]

Let me tell you. I've lived long enough to know, and I know all about the kind of shenanigans you kids are into nowadays. I was once myself, you remember. Up to no good. I know.

2nd: Why do people tell you not to do things that you know they did. Don't go out and have a drink . . . that's bad for you. I know because I used to do it. What do you hope to accomplish with that?

3rd: Well, if the young had an ear to listen, then we wouldn't even be having conversation.

2nd: Look, my girl just left me, and I don't feel like talking to you . . . I don't even know what I'm doing here.

3rd: Ohhhh . . .

[A smile ratchets across the old man's face. His teeth, dark and curved on a bent jawbone, look like sprockets.]

I get you. Girl problems. That's why you're going around with the long face.

2nd: Yeah . . .

[Starts to walk away.]

3rd: Well, where are you going?

2nd: I don't know. Why?

3rd: Well . . . I just thought that . . .

2nd: What? What is it? Do you have some advice for me?

3rd: So what if I do? Maybe you could learn a little from an old fellow.

2nd: When was the last time you had a woman? How old are you?

3rd: The machine is old, not out of the game. I'm 69 years old this December. Tell me about it. What's the problem? She leave you for another man?

2nd: No

3rd: Then why?

bront davis

2nd: I don't know.

3rd: What do you mean you don't know. There must have been a reason in there somewhere.

2nd: We just didn't get along, I guess. She just didn't understand.

3rd: Understand what?

2nd: It's hard to explain.

3rd: I'm sure it is. So try.

2nd: She said . . .

[He starts with a certain agony of violence in his voice, but quickly quells it and continues in measured, staccato tones.]

She said that my emotions were dead.

3rd: Are they?

2nd: I don't know. She hated Bach. She hated his music.

3rd: She did?

2nd: Yeah.

3rd: You young people. Always do exactly near what you shouldn't.

2nd: She bled me down viciously, man. I wanted her to go, and I wanted her to stay. She left. Now is just a matter of moving on, you know. Burn out that emotion and leave it on the highway. Move on.

[The old man is pensive, accessing memories that haven't surfaced in years. He rubs his white beard.]

3rd: I know what you mean. There was this girl once'st did me that way. Left me, and you know, all that I can remember is sitting in the train station in . . . must've been Indianapolis, coming down outta Chicago. All the

time followed by that blue rain outside. The train broke down, and for hours we had to sit in the depot. I sat on my old suitcase and bummed cigarettes off people when I could get up the strength. A woman'll take it out of you . . . leave you with not much of nothing.

2nd: Her father works in Chicago.

3rd: I can remember her just like it was yesterday. I remember her pretty brown hair and how her perfume smelled like spiced vanilla. She played piano.

2nd: What was her name?

3rd: Hmm . . . come to think of it, I don't, right off hand, recall. What was it?

[He bites the tip of his finger, trying to jar the memory back into place. He taps his forehead, but no avail.]

I can't remember. I can't remember.

2nd: You're lucky.

3rd: Yeah? That bad?

2nd: I just wish that I could turn myself off. I'm so damned cold.

[The old man reaches into his trenchcoat's pocket and finds a pint bottle of whiskey. A light, graying rain begins to fall to hurry them on their separate ways.]

3rd: Drink?

2nd: Sure.

[He takes it and drinks. There isn't much left. He thinks he had better be careful not to finish the bottle, but it tastes too good to him for that. He returns it with a burning in his mouth and throat.]

It made my head hurt.

3rd: That's what it's meant to do.

2nd: So we live our lives in loneliness, because if we do, I want to know now. Or are we just going to fall in love over and over again as some sort of refuge from the storm, as some sort of way of achieving meaning--escape from the machine. And there you go hide where no one can see you. If everyone does that, *is* that, then the telephone lines are dead, the networks are dead, all human communication is gone.

3rd: It's all of those things. Every one. But we should never have to be alone. I been alone for 'bout ten years now, since my wife died. She went out with the cancer, but I'm never alone. I've still got her. So don't ever be alone. I'm your audience. I'm your actor. I am the stage for your play--you *act* into me.

And though the process is messy, and the lines are forgotten and the music is disfigured by our deafness, we are not just machines. We can aspire to precision, to beauty, to perfection. It's what little God remains in us . . . enough to take care of us. Enough to find a way out of the machine.

[The words disappear in the air. The sidewalk is wet with rain. Their coats darken. It is a moment unsure of itself, of how to react when such words are spoken, when the gears of life meet in such a way as to place two souls in each other's path, even for a day, even for a momentary exchange on a rainy street in an empty world beneath an opaque sky.]

2nd: You do look familiar . . .

soup and sandwich

I Private

Slicing the red pepper open
we shock to see the vagina design
yawning and charged, red as anything
ought to be. Inner further are two furled
growths, aborted peppers? Or ovaries?
Do we grow or grow a thing?
I cut these growths, fling them to you.
You admire, then chomp.
I roast the mother peppers, burning
the skins, grinding in the blender.
This is how we drink our blood.

II Public

A junky band is playing,
jukin up the air, rife with
corndog grease. This fair is
not so fair. Cops roll up.
A lost balloon--a tear in the
stratosphere. It don't take
much to make a baby cry. Cookie
contests, squashes big as bombs,
fifty pumpkin varieties:
Sugar Pie, Luminia, Jack-be-little.
A wall of state fair queens,
lashes killer. Apples on and on.
They're roasting my heart in that
little gyro cart. It's okay to
eat with your hands.

Winner of the Richard A. Cross Poetry Award

frank hockmuller



untitled
5" x 7", black & white photograph

chad david richards

r-l-i-l-p-a-r-e-t-c-a*

r-l-i-l-p-a-r-e-t-c-a
who
a (s I lo o) k
downnow upsi
LLACIAPPTER
dedo (wn-)
n (The :s
pl
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S
l
(e
AvInG ,cArAtLeLpIr))
to
met (e)amorphi (merge) ca (a)lly
:butterfly/

** inspired by e.e. cummings's "r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r"*

catherine spratt

pallbearer

You didn't belong there on the ground -
your wings spread wide like Gabriel's.
You should be above me, looking
down on my wind-whipped head, calling
me with your laughing melody,
because you can fly and you -
you are free to flee winter.

So I cradled your body
with the *Times*,
laid you under
the oak on
the fading grass,
your body heavy
as iron --



frank hockmuller

untitled
3 1/4" x 9 1/4"
black & white photograph

professors in the hard drive

Day 2, June 2, 1995 -

Scorpion made his way lazily along the side of highway 6, The Bad-ass. Stopping here and there to ponder. Should I make my way around the flat recycled aluminum can to the left, or to the right, he thought. Either would have the same result, that is, to have the same effect, being around the sucker so he could move along at the lazy pace he had crawled for so long along . . . the stopping, indecision, and altogether pondering alerted Scorpion to the fact of the heat. Guess there's no way to ponder hard enough to get around the sun, he supposed. An exceptionally hot sun today, why, any more of this and Scorpion might just have to up and find a shady spot to hide. After all, there wasn't a motel, hotel, or brothel anywhere near, here on highway 6, The Bad-ass. Pondering again, he thought, why can't I just decide on something for once? What's my problem? Was it something in my youth? Perhaps that time I stung Spider on accident and wondered just what to do as Spider died? This was too heavy a choice. This could have lasting ramifications on Scorpion's life and future on this highway 6. Ah, to hell with it. To the left. There. Finally. That wasn't so hard, was it? Decide on an action, and do it. Why, mama would be so proud . . . lookit me ma . . . top o' the worl-

A mammoth semi cab, no trailer, rolled holy thunder and many tons down on Scorpion. He had a fraction of a second to ponder if he should have moved around to the right instead.

Inside the mammoth semi cab, no trailer,

The telephone is ringing

Inside the mammoth semi cab, no trailer,

The TELEPHONE is ringing

Inside . . .

"Shit!" The gods foretold, apparently, that I was never going to get this done. I save the work there, throw off the headphones, and answer the goddamned phone.

"Yeah?"

"Dean!"

"Ey, James . . ."

"Whatcha doin?" He always said that, as if he were waiting for the one day I had nothing to do.

jeff ridenour

"Trying to write a masterpiece. I was doing a pretty good job, until -"

"Heard from your brother, yet?" He HAD to bring it up eventually.

"No . . . um . . . ey, James . . ."

"OK. Well, you hear anything, lemme know."

"Sure." With a control not seen since the day Sting had sex for nine hours, I gently place the phone back in its cradle.

"Ey, ma, next time you don't have to yell so loud, I heard the phone loud enough." I walk into the living room. "Ey, Bobby T? Ya hear me? I said -"

"What?" From her bedroom. I jump with a start. Creeping up to her door, I peek in.

"I said, next time, ya don't have to yell so loud, I heard the phone."

"Someone called?"

Day 4: June 4, 1995 -

Never mind that my madre could not remember in her ghostly slumber if she did or did not yell at the top of her lungs for me to get the phone. It isn't important. Never mind that my brother is Allah-knows-where out in the middle of America with a desire to be a star. And certainly don't bother to remember that I have a deadline in a few months for the novel that will make or break my career. Forget all that. Just be quiet for a few hours so I can get all this stuff sorted out. I'm talking to myself, aren't I? Eh . . . anyway, where was I . . .

Inside the mammoth semi cab, no trailer, Benjamin J. Toomley, or Benny, his son Seth, and the sweet voice of Slim Whitman were happy, chatty as opening day of the farm teams that Benny could never get into. Seth bounced exaggeratedly with the rhythm of the cab, no trailer, smiling all the way. Probably hasn't stopped smiling since Council Bluffs, Toomley thought, and why should he? After all, he did good work today. Got him money in the pocket, and an empty box that used to hold bibles. Maybe someday, when they reached California, after Utah, waaayyy after Council Bluffs, he would read the bibles his pa taught him to sell so good.

"Know where we'll be soon, don'tcha, son?" A huge chug of

Faygo. Toomley remembered the joy of making his first sale. What would be a good reward . . . he had it. He would let Seth drive the rig for a few miles. Hell, rigs like these practically guide themselves anyway. "Land of opportunity, pa?" Distant sounding, like the boy left something behind. What's there to be lost? The way Toomley saw things, he and Seth were the only ones who were not lost. Don't get things wrong or the wrong way, Toomley was far from religious. He did, however, realize the need for faith. Some folks just need to believe in something other than themselves, and the Holy Bible Revised Edition: An Introduction¹, yours for only \$14.95, was the perfect thing to believe in, for the masses and for Toomley and Seth. As Toomley's old man used to say, believe in one of two things: yourself and George Washington. This was the holiday season, after all, a time for joy, giving, faith and profits.

Book titles need to be underlined

My fingers freeze, hovering over the keys. I am sure I did not write that. Stupidly, I look around; it's so cinematic, I chuckle. Christ, I need some sleep.

"Well, son, I'm sure on my way to the land of opportunity, but it seems to me that you're still off in the other direction. It'd be my guess, kiddo, that you're still thinking **Book titles NEED to be underlined** back there in Iowa?"

"All right, what the HELL!" I jump up, backing away from the desk. Glance at the clock, 2:34 a.m. I just stand there for a few minutes, feebleminded. Had to be a reason . . . HAD to be a reason . . .

It hits me . . .

The program . . .

Day 1: June 1, 1995 -

I studied the guy's face long and hard. I knew he was just trying to sell me and get back to his lunch break. Leave it to the gang at Beneficial Purchase, the guys with the self-professed lowest price quality merchandise in town, to try to hustle me.

"And this is the newest writing program out there, and one of

¹Used without permission of author.

quickest? And it, I'm guessing, is the most costly?"

"Of course, dude. But let me tell you, it rocks. I mean, I tried it on demo, and the thing is so smart. It's got built-in dictionary, thesaurus, and reference encyclopedia, all on one disk. I mean if I had this -"

"Yeah, if you had this, you'd be Hawthorne. Right. Fine, I'll take it."

Day 4: June 4, 1995 -

He did, however, realize the need for faith. Some folks just needed to believe in something other than themselves, and the Holy Bible Revised Edition: An Introduction, yours for only \$14.95, was the perfect thing to believe in, . . .

I glare and stick my tongue out at the screen. A thought pops into my head. "Better? Are you happy now?" Where was I . . .

"Well, son, I'm sure on my way to the land of opportunity, but it seems to me that you're still off in the other direction. It'd be my guess, kiddo, that you're still thinking back there in Iowa?" Poor kid. Too many get a broken heart these days, but when it happens to be your twelve-year-old son, it's a new spin. Play it cool, he thought, treat the boy like an adult, just like my pa an' me. "I mean, yer still smiling, so these here thoughts can't be all that bad?" Pause. Silence. New song. Silence. ". . . coward of . . . the county . . ."

"Just thinking of that guy I made my sale to, pa. He wasn't very nice. That's okay, I guess. A sale is just a sale, right?"

"Righto-rootey. 'Sides, one grumpy old man isn't the end all, be all. Think of all the others who now know 'the truth' because of you. Hey, you ever wanna drive one of these things?" A leisurely pat-pat on the dashboard.

The dialect is inconsistent

I cock my head to the side, like a ten-year-old who just discovered the Easter Bunny was actually his Uncle Billy. "You've got to be kidding me." In a burst of uncontrolled irritation, I hit the keyboard hard. Nothing happens.

Forgetaboutit. It's just the program. I grab the box:

Features include:

- **Smart memory - it remembers proper nouns and catalogs them for future reference**
- **Linguistic Dictionary - containing over 200 regional American dialects**

Figures. OK, Dean, it's part of it. You wanted the best . . . you got it, bud. Make the best of it.

"Whoo-eeey, Mee-ma. I got me a bi-ble!"

"Oh, good, dear. Put it with the others like a good child." The smell of a cigar.

"Mee-ma, this is the best one yet, 1992 edi-tion! I bet it has the new ver-sion of Revelations, the one where techno-logy runs amok." The sound of a contestant 'spinning the wheel.'

"Mee-ma, turn that thing off, please."

"Ahhh, no. I can't not watch now, gimme a few more -"

Irrelevant Sub-plot

WHAT THE FUCK! This isn't normal. This is just plain bonkers. This . . . this . . . I can't take it . . . madly, pounding the keys, I type

Irrelevant? Irrelevant! How the Hell do you know what irrelevant is? Did YOU come up with the idea? Did YOU mull it over for over a year? Do YOU know how it is going to END?!?

It is glaringly obvious. The boy in the semi cab, no trailer, will be the savior. The supernatural element, which will eventually be introduced, will show the boy the way.

How did you know that? I haven't written that yet, even in long hand! Wait . . . Jon . . . is this you? Where the HELL have you been? Where are ya, out in California, hob-knobbing . . . you always had a way with a modem, I will admit . . . pretty tricky . . .

No, I'm not Jon. I am the program's logic response system. I'm a rather simple program, really. I have in my files extensive knowledge of story progression and theory. I can be used - ENOUGH!!! Is there any way to shut the program off?

jeff ridenour

Yes, but may I ask - why would you want to? Surely I would be a help. Do you like cliches?

Of course not. But it just gets so damned nerve wracking, having to please you with every other word . . .

I apologize. Do you want to continue? I'll try to simplify my criticisms.

Yeah, sure.

This is going to be a nightmare.

Day 22: June 22, 1995 -

Perhaps Heaven, maybe from Hell, but he is definitely Falling. Through clouds, through the air, through night, through cold. And fast, it is fast, as he is Falling. The fast adds to the clouds, the air, the night, the cold, adding up to make the Falling pleasure and pain at the same time. A piece of cloud hits his shoulder and he passes through nonetheless . . . and he is Falling . . .

*. . . He wakes up . . . perhaps at dawn, maybe at noon, but he is definitely awake. The sun is strange to look upon, or is it up at? His bearings /**Capitalize**/ His bearing are lost. They said it would be strange, falling and landing would rough him up a lot. He is awake, so he guesses he did everything right.*

This WHOLE section sucks

I frown. Looking back over it, thinking, I type

You think so? I don't know . . . I kind of like it.

I start biting my nails, waiting to see what it thinks. Waiting. For the best program out there, it sure is a slow bastard when it comes to judgement calls.

Perhaps if you tried it in the first person perspective

Hmmmm . . . maybe . . . yeah, I think you're on to something. Let's see how it goes . . .

catherine spratt

stray dogs

A black dog wanders on a cold tar road
crossing the yellow lines
moving toward the curb.

A black man points at the mutt.
His sinuous bare arm evokes power; yet
he is a speck in the city,
walking in the dark.

The chasm is wide and language fails.

bruce lampe

hospice

Saintly, spectral staff
prepares for pending egress
and oils the final turnstile
so quietly we go.

marty sharp



**untitled
mixed media:
wood, metal, and fabric**

**25" x 28"
oil and collage**



frank hockmuller



untitled
size, black & white photograph

illusion 1

With huckster tongues and lightning fingers, false
magicians try to lead the eye away
from shaking birds and rabbits tucked in hats.
The real magicians never have to try.

jay duncan

illusion 2

With huckster tongues and lightning fingers, false
magicians try to lead the eye away
from shaking birds and rabbits tucked in hats.
I think perhaps I've been misled again.

bront davis

poeme [FOR CAROL]

What transpires in the empty poet's empty soul?

When those questions come about--

When there is nothing more of the transubstantiation of beauty,
ortha beauty, or sheerness of thought . . .

from the aether to the ground, representing [with] our words as we will,
sublime, slilee-il, shifting, wor(l)ds

. . perhaps scruatch them in the sand, by the eternal oceans, surfacing at once
on the sands underfoot
and at the horizons.

[mint leaves over cool water blue]

I watch you sleep there and imagine your dreams.

[sinkingsoft lysle epinga ndbrea thin ggg]

I PROMISE I'VE READ THE POEMS AND
THE PROSE, OF THE SWEETEST ROSE, AND
THE RHYMES AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED
TIMES-A WORK THOROUGHLY REFER-
ENCED, AND DEFERENCED TO THE MAS-
TER'S PREFERENCE . . . BEARDED EGG

The finer points of word invention: That there may or may not be
another word like it, that is *anauanmi*, like the rocky rocks
where the surf roils from blue to white (and leaps to the air) . . .
where it it will lose its
Hydrogen pair . . .

NOTHING IS UNMEANT, NO CRACKS IN
THE ANCIENT HULL, NO ROTTING REM-
NANTS OF PREVIOUS WORKS OR
WORLDS . . . BUT WHAT IS THAT DOWN
THE BEACH? BEYOND OUR MENTAL
REACH... THAT WHICH REMAINS,PERMA-
NENTLY AND PERFECTLY NEW. . .

. . . a shiny rim of light on the lip of the sky,
invigorating on the dry tip of the sand and the water's

rotter tide line
where the brown crabs sideways shamble
and the narrow sun changes angle of declension,
as the ancient wave tongues speak an ancient language
dominated by exploring s's's's's'ss

Thy Love awaits
[the words]
you say

I can wait here under the fragrant leaves, whilst
the oceans' blue sheaves
freeze

one framed moment on another . . . thus, time leaves and leaves and

At the tideline, where sandpiper and crane exist,
stained glass waves and wavelets hiss,
and a distant storm front threatens, afternoons, indoors, on
clean sheets, with the windows almost closed from the rainsss,
and the tea pot steamsss

Truly, I admit, this is not an
image, of the way I see or
seem, but a hope of how I
might be...a possibility wavering
on
the
waves. . .

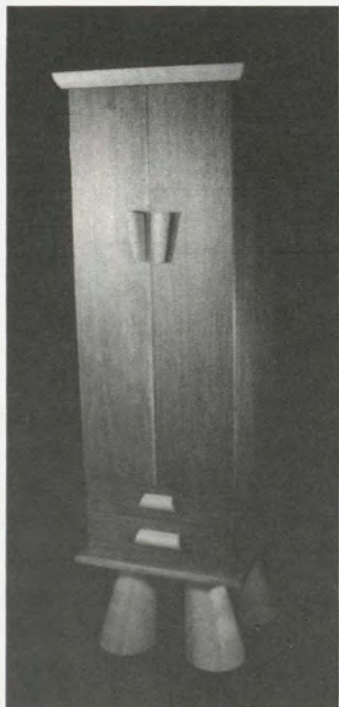
. . . and there in between awake and adream
in the grotto of time future and time past
on that bright rim of sky that touches the spray
from the sea..

and as it evaporates into the heavens,
so my soul for you
so you ask me for my words...
I return nothing less than you have given me.

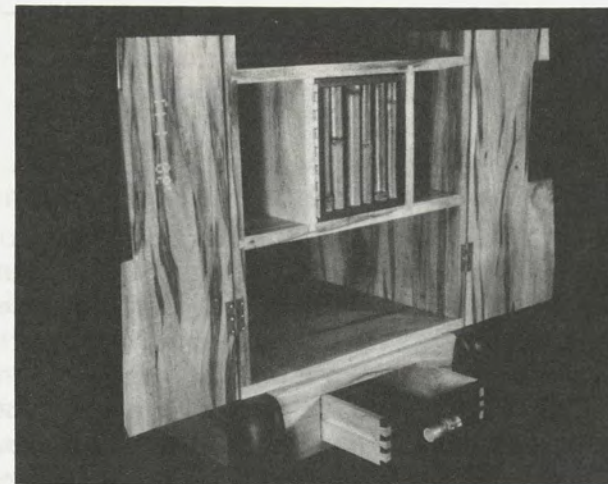
an open

furniture portfolio by ...

matt hutton

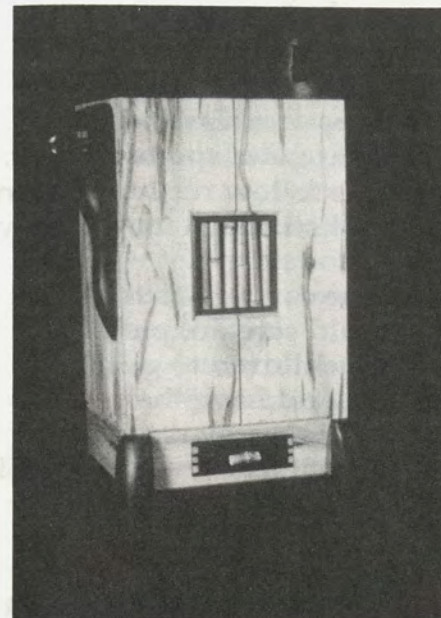


cabinet 1996
70" x 22" x 21"
mahogany and maple



and shut

cabinet 1997
64" x 24" x 17"
maple, mahogany, and bamboo



CASE

the QB

I'm playing with my cat Duke, and he scratches my arm, a long arc of white. It's my \$8 million dollar arm. The muscles don't blimp out like a defensive lineman's, or lie in repose like a receiver's. They state their presence, their waiting power, their quantified value. I am a slut. My body is worth money. I might as well be the team's paramour.

But I am a quarterback for a pro football team in a major southern city. I never thought I had a pretty face - my jawline is sharp as a hacksaw, my lips puffy as a pulled ankle - but the ladies disagree. I'll be finished up at practice and, out of the corner of my eye, I'll see a flock of em. Big hair, big mouths, big desperation. They yell my name, my monosyllabic, soap opera name that starts with the same letter as my sisters' names, and they hold signs. They say they love me, demand that I marry them. They want to eat me. Carve me like turkey, peel me like a grapefruit. Then I have to chat with the pencil-neck reporters who want my thoughts. My thoughts sell papers. I could say the world is square, or that it's cold as hell in the Sahara, and they write it down. They'd write it down.

I can't go to the mall any more. I have em open the store around eleven at night. The big and tall store is quiet as a tomb. The sweaters and leather jackets hang like cow carcasses in a freezer. But you gotta wear clothes, and you gotta spend money. Eight million takes time to blow. The clerks follow me around, in case I want to try on something. But all that stuff in a mall empty of people. It makes it harder to want.

A man's gotta eat too, but a man like me can't go to the grocery store. Too dangerous. People would scream, pickle jars would break, mothers would trample their children to get a glimpse of me. So I e-mail my groceries in, and have them delivered. I tossed a few thousand dollars their way so they could get a modem and get on to the net. That's how I can e-mail my order. Some Ore-Ida fries, a bunch of steaks, some mint jelly and wheat crackers. Fish food for my little sharks. Plenty of deodorant.

When I'm feeling like people are vultures and the world isn't

for me, I go onto the net. My net name is Dagwood. I picked it cause Dagwood is a normal guy, a homely guy. I go into the Texas chat room. You type your comments (I type seventy-five a minute, won typing tests like football games in high school), and the faceless others type theirs, in real time. My hand dwarfs the mouse, my finger pummel the keyboard. My thoughts cost nothing out there.

Off of the net, I'm for sale again. My sponsors give me these polo shirts I gotta wear. My agent Mick says the simple act of me wearing a shirt could put his daughter Sissy through college. Like a true slut, my business never ends with me. Others watch, wait, make sure I'm reaching my potential, turning all the tricks I can while I still have the goods.

But on Sunday, when my famous face is safe in my helmet and my front line protects me from those who get paid to smash me, I feel what could be called a quiet joy. My arm awakens, like an animal on its own. It loves the ball, cupping it like a breast. I give up the ball, sail it into the hands of my friends down field. The arm throws balls so they hover and speak, "catch me, catch me, I'm yours." The team wins because of this, a million people makes noises when I complete one of these beauties. I can't paint, I can't sing, so I throw these beautiful brown balls. I've thrown them in the great cities across this nation, I've thrown them in London and Tokyo for a few exhibition games, and I've thrown them in three Super Bowls. My pimps adore me.

After the last Super Bowl, in the locker room, when the TV lights were blinding us all, and I looked for friends to hug, and everybody was wet with champagne and sweat and staged glory, I talked to a reporter live. You wish your arm could do the talking, since it's really responsible, but you say you're relieved. You force a smile. Those swollen lips stretch across your face. Your teeth bared.

That victory means more deals, bigger money, more wiggled out women/vultures. I decide to conveniently schedule my arthroscopic knee surgery for the day of the parade through our team's home city. Then I won't have to hear the screams, see the open pink lips, the fingers stretching off the hands and towards me. I can wag off the anesthetic in a nice quiet hospital room, catch a few episodes of my favorite fishing show, eat mashed potatoes and milkshakes.

Last year I wrote an autobiographical children's book called *Things Change*. It was about growing up in the hinterlands of Oklahoma, where we lived on too rough a road to ride my bike anywhere, and I had nobody to play with, so I threw the ball to a stack of hay. I slopped the hogs at 4:30 a.m. and rounded the steer at last daylight.

I saw the drafts of the illustrations before the book was published. They were fine ink drawings with dark, thick colors inside the lines - horses drawn as rich as suede and haystacks impossibly yellow. I wanted to meet the artist, maybe take her out to dinner. But the publisher said no. They said they like to keep the artist and writer apart, so they don't influence each other too much.

Maybe I should be glad. I'll never forget coming home from a fishing trip and finding three chicks sitting on my patio eating pizza. Did they really think I'd consider trespassing sexy? After I threw them off, they'd send pictures of themselves in the mail, lounging by my pool, standing under my tree. So they've got something to tell their psycho grandchildren about.

Then there was this man who sent me an engagement ring. "Dearest Troy," the letter said, "our bodies and souls must be united. I want to be yours. Please accept this token of my unbridled devotion." The ring was cheap. Hasn't he heard? I'm expensive.

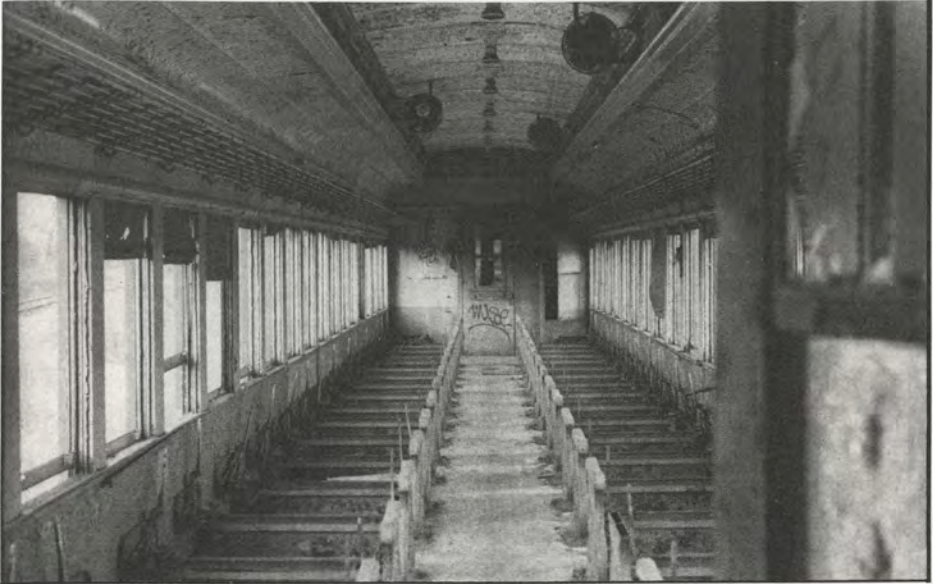
I guess the worst was the woman who dropped her handkerchief. Just a reflex, I picked it up. On my way up, she licks my face. Slides her pasty little tongue right over my cheek. Then runs away. At that moment, I was a popsicle, not a man. She took away so much when she did that. I couldn't do anything but burn red.

All I want is a woman who takes care of herself, who loves to express herself through stuff like lampshades and wallpaper. This isn't something I can do for her. It has nothing to do with me. Every famous man's fantasy is to meet someone who has no idea who he is, somebody who doesn't care, someone whose tongue and heart behave.

Winner of the Outstanding Prose Award

frank hockmuller

**untitled
6 3/4 " x 3 1/2"
black & white photograph**



miss anthropy

Opt for ghost or god
hidden but omnipotent.
Remember swimming
nude at my girlfriend's
boyfriend's house in
throbbing July but now
windows ice over and skin
peels back in the cold.
Cold teaches pain; heat,
desire.

When will I want nothing,
when will I be a ghost or god
whispering as quiet as dragonflies
mate, as moods vaporize. This
being alive is perverse,
to eat, an outrage. Bodies
awkward and dented, people
rods of hell and muscle.
Give me steam, make me
mist, classy and knowing,
invisible, clean.

lyn coles



exploring
6" x 4"
color photograph

do bob whites really answer me?

Crisp and clear
Notes slice the air,
Command my attention,
Bob White.

I, the apprentice
Pucker my lips, blow
In poor imitation
Bob White.

Like a whip cracking
The echo fires back
Sharp, fresh,
Bob White.

My turn again
to puff out two notes
Half air, half whistle,
Bob White.

The air now silent
I wait, unrewarded
Lower my head, turn
Disheartened.

A sudden vibration
And I smile at
The mime's salutation
Bob White.

not twos

Another eve, another dawn
Pain and pleasure tightly drawn

The string is taut, the bow is raised
The mind atremble, slightly crazed

The sound produced, a scream, a cry
A raspy, throbbing, gratey sigh

Its meaning sparse, eclectic, mute
A fragmented tune upon a flute

No truth was told, no wisdom given
A heart was broke, a soul was riven

And fool and fiddler took the floor
While sage and wise man took the door

And all those else stood by and smiled
And fiddler played and all beguiled

And up and down, and in and out
And black and white, whisper and shout

And will and not it's all the same
An endless, twisting crazy game

A web of pairs in which we're caught
Of things we are, and things we're not

And when we break from ego's hold
What we will find has been foretold

Another eve, another dawn,
Pain and pleasure tightly drawn

I

I am a fly in the world wide web.
A fly's eyes comprise its whole head.
Millions watch but do not touch.
In this world, touch is needless.
Even skin a silly extra--why not cable my
crackling nerves to yours?

II

I have just watched Angie Dickinson
shoot dozens of men in a dusty saloon,
then take a bubble bath. (*Big Bad Mama*).
If I like I may see this over and over again.
The deaths are cartoon clean.

III

That dream of falling often wakes me.
I stare up from the bottom of a gopher
hole. Darkness is extinct--knowledge
light and sexy. I snack on facts
and shapely figures. I tingle in
the brutal shower of pictures.

IV

History takes up a few megabytes on CD-ROM.
My memory, slow and messy as weather
stores the black leaves crocheted
against a wet orange sky. Say goodbye.
Who will need handwriting, or a face?

V

My blood and snot embarrass me in front of
the cool plasma of morphing bodies, flat,
plastic, fluidless. The camera, soft as a saw,
bisects legs, torsos. The days are
beautiful, meaningless as anchorwomen.

i want better miracles

How come it seems that every miracle
these days is just another statue crying?
I'm tired of this.

I want a priest to float out of his
pulpit and turn somersaults over a
speechless congregation.

I want holy statues and paintings to come
alive and attack non-Christian entities

I want a pen to jump up into the air
and start writing a sequel to the Bible,
which on publication will
only sell 60% as many copies as the original.
but still have a decent plot and good
character development throughout.

I want cowboys and Indians to shake
hands and agree that fifty
years of TV propaganda really wasn't worth
it after all.

I want to see a man concede that
his wife might not be as inferior as he
had once imagined.

I want a Christian or Islamic group
to confess that they might not be the only
path to a good afterlife.

Crying statues can wait until
we get somewhere. Until then,
enjoy the tears.

forked

What am I doing here? Well, life, you know, can be funny. Well, not in a comic sense, more along the lines of tragic. Little things like turning left on a road, while inconsequential at the moment of decision, can have dire results. Yeah, turn left instead of right and - WHAM - you get jellied by a semi. But, and this is a big but, kind of like hers, you turn right and - end up like me.

Hey, don't get me wrong. Being creamed by a semi is not my idea of a fun day either. Yet, sometimes I wonder where I'd be if I had made a left or even just went straight ahead. Okay, okay - so I sound like sour grapes. It's my story, I can say whatever I like. Besides, she's in the can powdering her face. Ah, a face to die for - or at least a face to stop a semi. What? No, just coffee. No more booze for me. That's how she trapped me here. Thanks.

It was late June or maybe even July, doesn't matter now. I was walking back to my room at the Biloxi VA. Went down to the casino boats every night back then. Hell, sometimes I could find five or ten dollars in dropped chips. Kept me in cigarettes.

Anyway, I was coming up Peach Street, must have been one or two in the morning, when it starts to rain. Not a drizzle, but a real ball-busting downpour. I was soaked, cold, and still had more than a mile to walk. What? Oh, don't worry 'bout her - she takes lots of time in the can. Hell, I think she sleeps while she pees. Drain the brain and the bladder, know what I mean?

You know, I must have walked past this place a thousand times, never paid it much mind. Just a cinder block building, flat roof, no windows and a red neon sign saying: OPEN ALL THE TIME. Don't get me wrong, ain't no higher-than-you type - just have a little problem with the devil's brew. Know what I mean?

Well, anyway, I thought, any port in a storm, and it was storming. I was just gonna go in, wait out the rain. When my hand touched the door handle, I swear, the biggest bolt of lightening I'd ever see lit up the sky. That's when I noticed the faded sign. It said: Pepper's Place. Hey, you think that was an omen or something? Looking back, I know it was - now. Know what I mean?

Weren't many people in the place. Floor was chipped concrete and the horseshoe bar should've been replaced a long time ago. Smelled like stale cigarettes and beer. What? Oh, yeah. Three guys sat on one side, one of 'em dressed in cammies and black beret - don't remember what the others looked like. Just remember the Nam vet type. Hey, did I tell you I was a vet? Yes sir, two years in Nam. Was a grunt, I was. On the other side of the bar sat the women. Kind of like a high school dance. You know, guys on one side - girls on the other. Some song from the sixties was blaring out of an old Wurlitzer propped against the wall. Weird, huh?

My tennis shoes squeaked on the floor as I made my way to the bar. Damn stool was loose, almost fell on the floor. I was wiping my glasses off when the barkeep walked up. Stringy hair and coke-bottle glasses, but nice tits, know what I mean. I asked for coffee. Sat there and peeked at the other - guess you'd call 'em patrons, while I waited.

The barkeep sat my coffee down and I reached for my money. She slid it back, told me the lady at the end of the bar was paying. Well, I looked over and - there she squatted. Slinky, low cut black dress. Long red hair. Dark painted lips. She smiled, reached into the crease of her tits and pulled out a wad of money. Tipped my cup at her in thanks. Bad move. Another fork in the road I shouldn't have turned down. Ah, well. Too late now. Know what I mean?

Next thing I know, she comes over. God, it was like something out of the Wizard of Oz. Couldn't have been much over four feet and, well, chunky would've been polite. Fat more truthful. I could see her money, you know, crammed between those big tits. Damn, she could've floated to China on those things. She climbed up on the stool next to me; the barkeep brought her a fresh wine cooler. She smiled. "My name's Lolita," she said. Had a funny accent. Sort of Spanish-like. I think "Witchy Woman" came on the juke box. I looked at the Nam vet; he was laughing.

Well, we sat and talked. Told her my story. Found out she was from Mexico. Wasn't long till she started, uh, stroking my thigh. Just like a woman, buy you coffee, think they own you. Know what I mean?

—forked

I grabbed her hand, told her I wasn't no cheap pick-up. No sir, not me. Just wanted to wait out the rain, I said. She laughed, grabbed my head and pulled it down to her tits. She moved her hand back to my leg while I was distracted. She smelled like vanilla. Always liked vanilla.

Well, I came up for some air; the barkeep was grinning. The vet guy had passed out and Lolita moved on to bigger things, know what I mean? "Hey, you come my place. I dry clothes for you," she lilted at me. Least her voice sounded nice. She hopped down, grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the door. Had to walk bent over, know what I mean? Led me outside and we climbed into her pink Caddy. Next thing I know, we're walking into her apartment. Another turn I shouldn't have made, know what I mean?

She threw a bathrobe to me, told me to strip, and left the room. I sat on the couch when she walked back in. She'd changed into this red, silk nightgown thing - she came over, straddled me, pulled her gown down and forced a tit in my face. Still smelled like vanilla. You know, I think she drugged my coffee. Why? Hell's bells, she was looking good, that's why. Next thing I know, we're in her bed and, well, let's just say she's a passionate woman. Knows how to make a man feel like a man. Know what I mean?

When? Hell, I don't know. A week ago. A year ago. Doesn't matter much now. See this Rolex? She got it for me. Got me the baby-blue Corvette out front, too. Luckiest woman I've ever seen. Plays the roulette wheel on the boats. Never seen her lose. Treats me like some king, she does. Calls me her "gringo stallion" when we're alone. Knows how to make a man feel like a man, know what I mean?

What? Yeah, that's her. Lost some weight, she did. Says I make her feel beautiful, sexy, like when she was a teenager, wanted to look that way again. Her face? Well, I just close my eyes a lot. Besides, a couple cups of her coffee and, hell's bells, I don't even notice. Yeah, the bod's fine, but that face would still stop a Mack truck in full flight, know what I mean?

Me? Leave her? Are you crazy? Pride's got nothing to do with it, buddy. Besides, I like being a kept man. Don't have to worry 'bout which road to take, anymore. No sir, made my last turn. Know what I mean?

The Thelander Memorial Essay Winner

The Thelander Memorial Essay Prize is awarded annually by the Department of History to the student author of an outstanding study of a topic of historical importance. This year's recipient is Sean Gannon, for his "Impending Storm: An Overview of American Involvement in Vietnam."

Following are some excerpts from Gannon's prize-winning essay.

IMPENDING STORM:

AN OVERVIEW OF AMERICAN INVOLVEMENT IN VIETNAM

Attitudes and Decisions in Pre-Vietnam America . . .

William H. Chafe, author of The Unfinished Journey: America Since World War II, states that "[o]nly once or twice, in the twenty years of 'incremental decisions' leading to full-scale American involvement in Vietnam, 'did any official ask the basic question of whether Americans had any right to be in Vietnam'" (247). These incremental decisions began to be taken immediately following World War II, after which officials in the U.S. State Department, among others, recognized that the U.S. had emerged as the only victor. This realization, in combination with an economic expansion undreamed of previous to that war, led nearly all of the U.S. foreign policy elite to adopt what Godfrey Hodgson has called the "liberal consensus". In sum, this consensus held that capitalism indeed works better than any other economic system, that the American style of culture and government was, if not perfect, than perfectible. The consensus also held that the only threat to the U.S. ideal for itself and the rest of the planet took the shape of an international communist conspiracy seeking to undermine American interests at home

and abroad. For most nationally recognized political figures of the day, the defeat of the so-called nationalist government of Chiang Kai-Shek by Mao Tse-Tung's communist forces was a loss made possible by the complicity of leftist-leaning State Department officials, holdovers from years previous to World War II, and the infamous Red Scare that followed, led by Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin. The Red Scare had enormous impact on future policy decisions as well as domestic politics.

An escalation of troop presence in Vietnam . . .

The JFK administration fully embraced the containment policy of the Truman doctrine that was more comprehensively elucidated and acted upon in the Eisenhower years, and it is within this context that Kennedy acted with regard to Vietnam, and " . . . was ultimately persuaded that American credibility required action" in Vietnam (Chafe 268). Chafe writes that "[b]y the fall of 1961 . . . rapidly increasing Vietcong attacks appeared to directly threaten the survival of the Diem regime," and Kennedy responded in December by "[stationing] more than 3,000 troops [there], four times the number there a year earlier" (266, 268). Though temporarily buoyed by the influx of men and material, Diem remained, in his distance and aloofness from the people of South Vietnam, in serious trouble. Chafe reveals that "[b]y the spring of 1963 . . . there were now 15,000 American troops in Vietnam, [and] the war appeared to be stalemated" (269). That summer, Buddhist monks began to protest the Diem regime's religious oppression through self-immolation on the streets of Saigon - shades of the French experience in long ago 1859 - the Kennedy administration came to the conclusion that the Diem had to go. Regardless of whether or not anyone in the JFK administration had certain knowledge of a plan to overthrow the regime, the U.S. must share at least some blame for the coup that was responsible for Diem's assassination. Three weeks later Kennedy was also assassinated, leaving the impetus for American involvement in Vietnam in the hands of still another member of the liberal consensus - Lyndon Baines Johnson. Under him, American involvement would climax. Chafe notes that "[w]hen [LBJ] assumed the presidency, there were 16,000 American troops in Vietnam. When he left there were more than 500,000" (273).

The Tonkin Gulf incident . . .

The 1964 Tonkin Gulf incident, in which the U.S. alleged that the North Vietnamese had attacked U.S. warships in international water, has been revealed by both Chafe and Hodgson to have been trumped up. Therefore, it is less than surprising that the Tonkin Gulf incident was exactly what the LBJ administration needed to justify the escalation of American involvement in South Vietnam, where American foreign policy and military advisers had determined the government was in more danger than ever of falling to the Communists. The incident compelled Congress to give LBJ a "blank check" for executive action with regards to Vietnam--this action became known as the Tonkin Gulf Resolution (Hodgson 235). According to Hodgson, ". . . the Tonkin Gulf episode was only the most flagrant instance of the way Congress was manipulated" (273). Hodgson points out that the duplicity of the experts, advisers, and Johnson in gaining the support of Congress and the electorate for a greater escalation of the war in Vietnam, and in minimizing dissent and preempting debate on it.

On the homefront . . .

Vietnam had become the context in which the assumptions of the liberal consensus would be nationally tested for the first time. The Civil Rights Movement had begun the assault on America's conscience; Vietnam's broad connotations for American society gave it the power to reach in to every town, and the consensus would appear fragmented.

Both Chafe and Hodgson reveal that outside protest of U.S. involvement in Vietnam has a history as long as the war itself. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the most prominent spokesman for the American Civil Rights Movement, was an early and very vocal critic who linked the ideology of his movement with his opposition to the war by 1965. Civil Rights issues had awakened the conscience of many Americans, black and white, and the humanitarian nature of the movement was easily extended to all people of Vietnam. By 1967, protest of the war and further escalation had become a staple particularly on college campuses and its development was linked to the Civil Rights Movement . . . even as the coalition leading the Civil Rights Movement fragmented.

In conclusion . . .

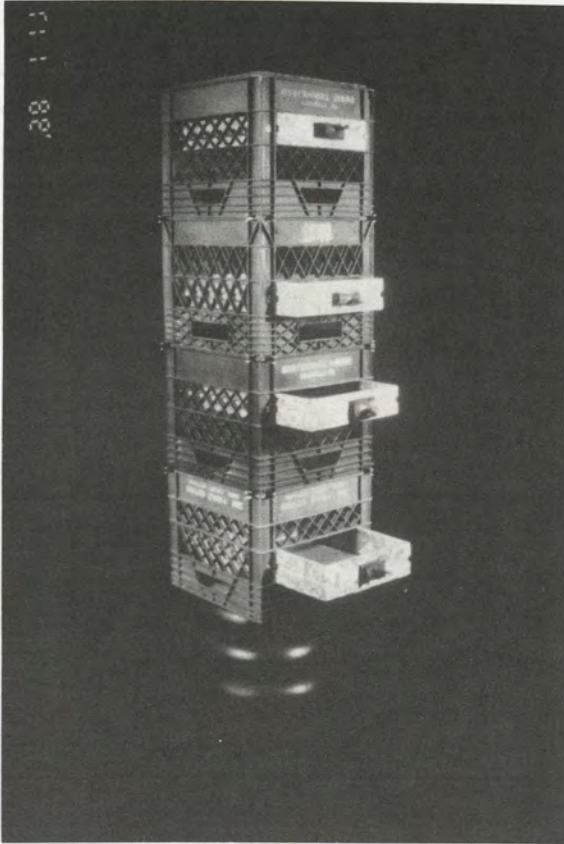
The Johnson tragedy had important ramifications for America. LBJ's noble effort to extend the American Dream to all Americans through legislation on Civil Rights was undermined by both the monetary costs and the ideologies surrounding Vietnam. The dream of Martin Luther King and Lydon Baines Johnson, then, has yet to be fully realized. Today, the mantra of conservative politicians and commentators to claim that LBJ's Great Society is at the root of all the evils America now faces; that the welfare state has replaced Communism as America's only threat. The liberal consensus survives virtually unchanged: Many Americans today believe that, if we will only reclaim our moral and ethical traditions, practice the virtuous art of personal responsibility, and more fully embrace the entrepreneurship of free market capitalism, we can defeat the enslaving dependency engendered by the welfare state and live in a virtual Garden of Eden. This ignores the adversarial nature of capitalism, as well as the fact that racism remains endemic in our culture, not to mention the problems lingering from the classed nature of the American social hierarchy.

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matt hutton

recycled cabinet 1997



**53" x 13" x 13"
milk crates, strand board, and inner tubes**

about the authors

alexander cicak is a senior English major at IUPUI.

lyn coles is an Anthropology major, as well as a writer, poet, and nurse who livens up her summers by leading groups of brave Hoosiers to the Peruvian Amazon. She loves adventure, whether in the Amazonian Rain Forest where the photograph "Exploring" was taken, or in her own back yard in Indiana, where she wrote the poem "Do Bob Whites Really Answer Me?" Lyn has been previously published in *genesis*.

bront davis is a technical editor for the Peirce Edition Project, with interests in web design and book layout.

jay duncan is a senior with a double major in Telecommunications and English who aspires to greatness, but would likely settle for upper mediocrity and a company car.

carol durbin is an Anthropology major with hopes of working in Archaeology. "I've been writing since Miss Barth in the fourth grade encouraged my simple writings and nourished my mind with books."

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christine m. jewell is a native Californian who has lived in the Philippines and Singapore. She has worked as a technical writer and freelance journalist and currently works full-time in Market Research.

anne laker is a graduate student in IUPUI's M.A. English program. She is a staff member of the Indiana Humanities Council and a film critic for NUVO Newsweekly. Her work has appeared in *Strong Coffee, Breeze, The Flying Island*, and *Southern Indiana Review*.

bruce lampe is a non-traditional student at the Herron School of Art. Bruce has produced poems and short stories occasionally through the years, but has lately experienced a growing interest in writing.

john e.m. layton is a Vietnam veteran who attended the University of South Carolina and is currently a student at IUPUI. John's favorite authors are Jules Verne, H.G. Wells, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and David Drake.

chad david richards is a freshman Journalism major who hopes to attend film school next fall. His philosophy for writing involves compression--fitting as much information into as few words as possible. He has been inspired by modernists such as e e cummings and currently writes songs for the local band "Janus."

jeff ridenour could be hazardous to your health. If you see him on the street, turn and go the other way. Do not give him any thing, unless it happens to be a ham sandwich.

invitation to writers, artists and future staff members

The 1998 staff of *genesis* would like to invite all IUPUI writers and visual artists to submit manuscripts, poetry, essays, photographs, slides, construction paper mobiles, etc. to the Fall issue. In order to insure fairness of evaluation, members of *genesis* are not permitted to submit.

IF YOU THINK IT, CREATE IT, CARE ABOUT IT, AND
SUBMIT IT, WE'LL CONSIDER IT.

Manuscripts of essays, one-act plays, nonfiction, poetry, and art or literary criticism should be double-spaced, classified as either fiction or nonfiction, and be no longer than 2,500 words. No more than ten submissions from each author, please. Names should not be placed directly on the manuscript, as authorship is not reveal during the judging process. Send or deliver to the following address:

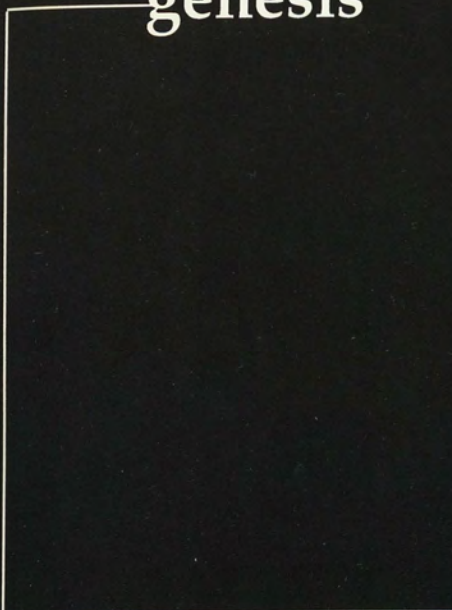
c/o *genesis*
Dept. of English
Cavanaugh Hall, Room 502L
425 University Blvd.
Indpls, IN 46202

Visual artists may submit no more than ten pieces. These submissions must be identified by title, the actual dimensions, the artist's name, address, telephone, e-mail, and a short biographical sketch. All original artwork or slides will be returned. Please send or deliver to:

Office of the Dean
Herron School of Art, IUPUI
1701 North Pennsylvania St.
Indpls, IN 46202

genesis is also seeking new board members to participate in all stages of the journal's publication. Interested students should contact H. Suzanne Heagy at hsheagy@iupui.edu or at the address listed above for more information.

genesis



the origin or coming into being
of anything: development into
being especially by growth or
evolution: the process or mode of
origin < the ~ if a book >
 <the ~ of a pattern >



frank hockmuller

untitled
4 1/2" x 6 3/4"
black & white photograph