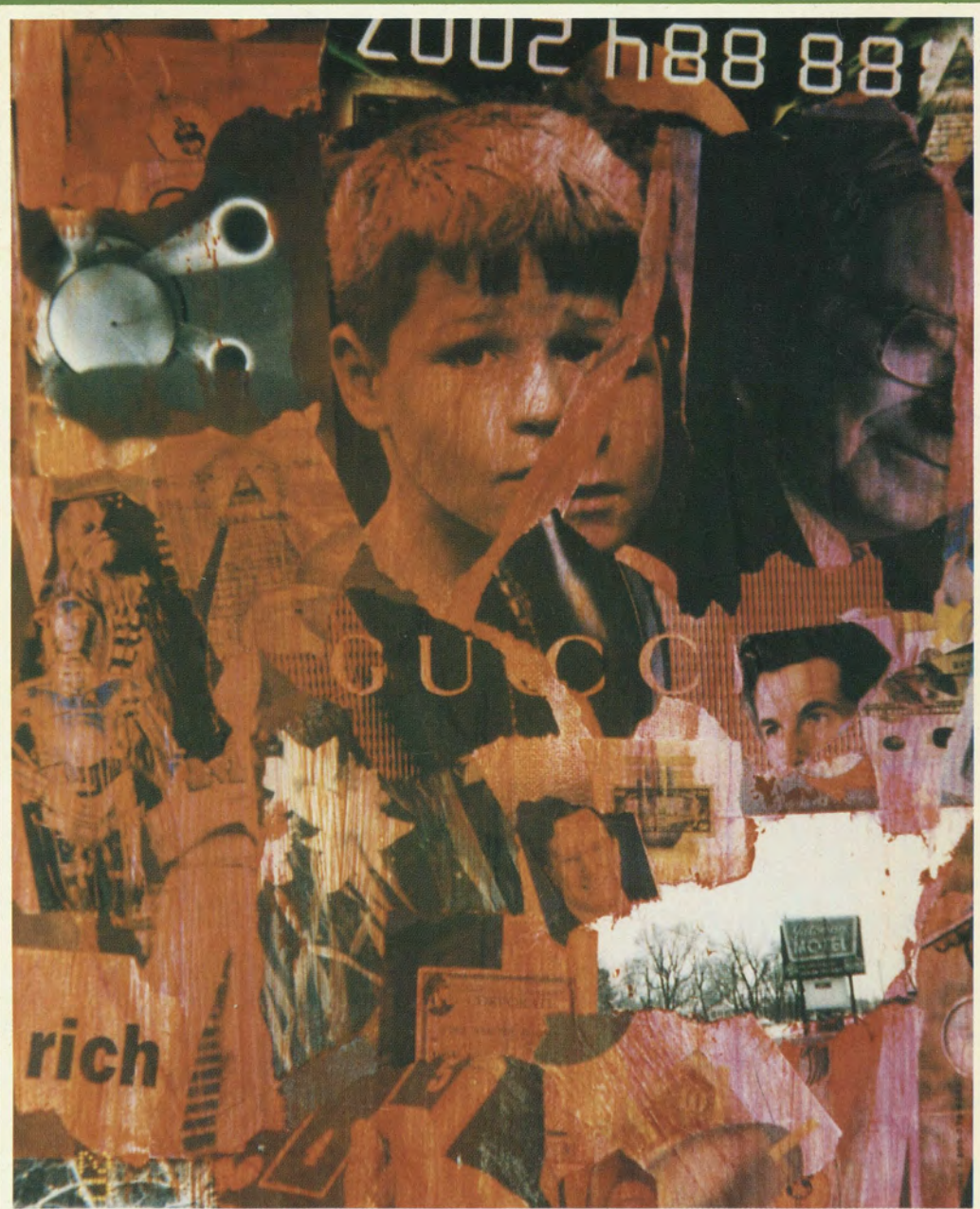


genesis

volume XXVI



fall 1998

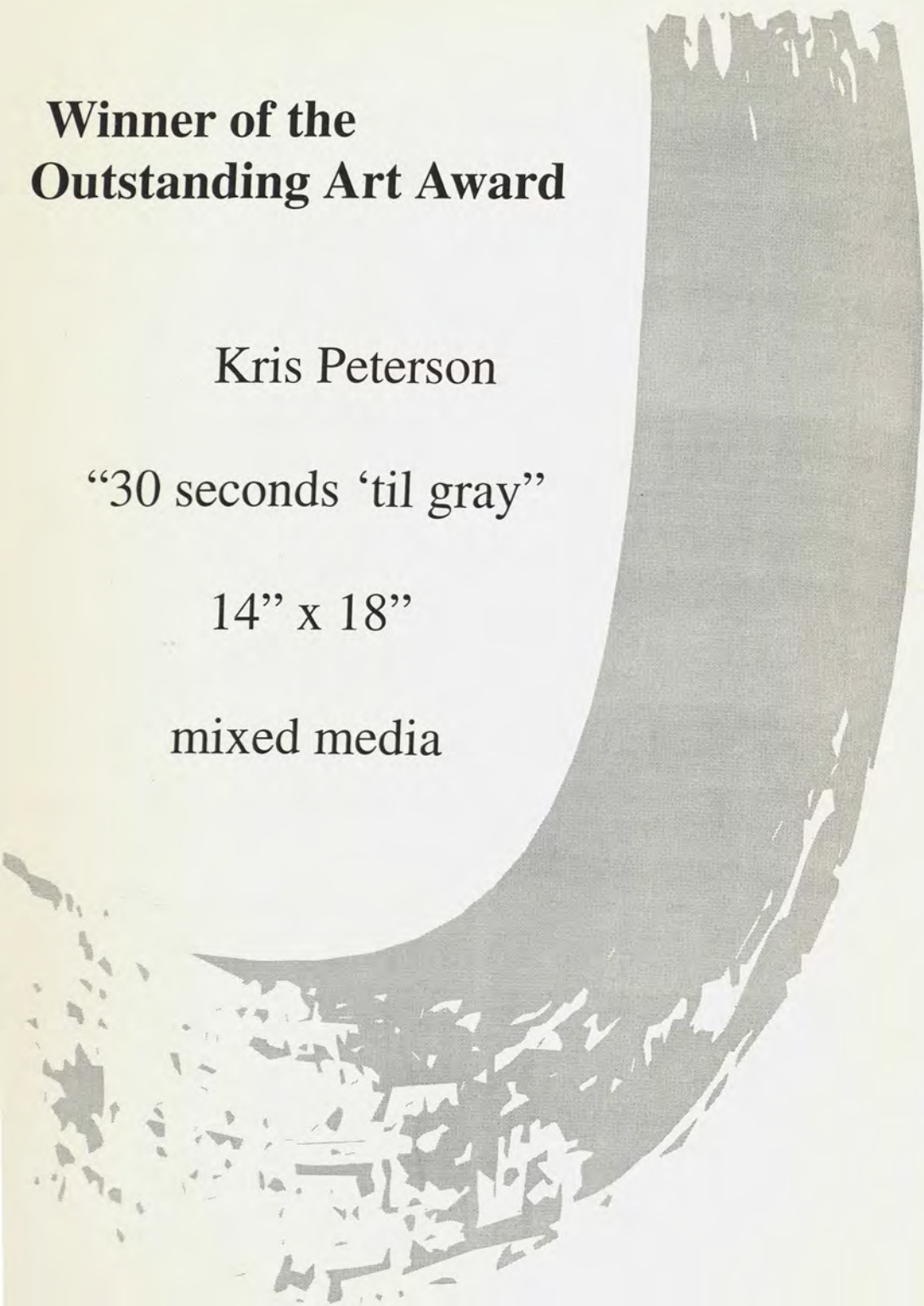
**Winner of the
Outstanding Art Award**

Kris Peterson

“30 seconds ‘til gray”

14” x 18”

mixed media



From the editor's desk:

What a bumper crop of entries were received for the 1998 Fall edition of *genesis*; a harvest of fiction, prose, and poetry, a feast for the board before the long, hard days of finals set in. It is with grateful thanks that we, the editorial board, acknowledge the IUPUI students who sowed, watered, and fertilized the seed of creativity so evident in their work.

The Fall '99 *genesis* is a hearty repast of images and ideas. Nature shines forth in sun, moon, flowers, and stars—as if the language of civilization strains to contain the wonders that intrigue the senses of sight, smell, and touch in our natural world.

In addition to the excellent student writers of IUPUI, we wish to thank our Faculty Advisor, Professor Chris Yeager, for his countless hours at the copy machine. Also, Cecil L. and Amy-Jeanne Sayer, who support the arts through their annual poetry award in the name of the late Richard A. Cross. The Department of English, the School of Liberal Arts, and Herron School of Art were also part of the cooperative effort that makes *genesis* possible.

An arts-and-literary journal is the work of many hands, from writers to editors to publishers, on and on...The finished text is the reward for our cooperative efforts. And so, here we offer up the text which the many produced for the one, you, the reader. We hope you enjoy.

H. Suzanne Heagy
Senior Editor

acknowledgements

English Department, IUPUI
Cavanaugh Hall, Room 507
425 University Blvd.
Indianapolis, IN 46202
(317) 274-0701
cmyeager@indiana.edu

Faculty Advisor: Chris Yeager

Senior Editor: H. Suzanne Heagy

Treasurer: Scott Lowery

Technical Editor: Myra Lanham

Associate Editors: Anita Snyder, Iris Jean Rogers, Carol Hocker

Special thanks to:

English Department of the School of Liberal Arts, IUPUI

Herron School of Art

Multimedia Language Resource Center, IUPUI

The Student Multimedia Lab, UL

Western Newspaper Publishing Company, Indianapolis

Copyright, 1998 by the Trustees of Indiana University. If any violation or infringement of copyright has occurred, upon notification amendments will be made in future issues. *genesis* is published in the spring and fall of each year by the *genesis* art and editorial boards. Publication of *genesis* is made possible through a grant from the School of Liberal Arts and the Student Activities Fund, Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis.

founded in 1972

Table of Contents

Digesting College	1
Still Life With Pears.....	2
Nature Won't Leave Me Alone	3
Rain	4
August 1st is a Saturday This Year	5
In the Absence of Absinthe.....	6
fat girl dancing	7
Dancing Table.....	10
Movie Extra Lunches with Fame in Santa Monica	11
paper leg book.....	12
America's Most Wanted	12
Hands.....	13
Birthday Party	14
Candy's Hair	15
offerings	16
Conversation With The Man	17
Blue & White in Black & White.....	22
untitled	23
Time Heals?	23
Stone House	24
Art History Lesson.....	25
Draped Nude	26
Fallenstars	27
17.....	28
Surrender.....	29
My Church	30
Sport.....	31
Clothes Your Sister Grew Out Of.....	33
Luna & Sol.....	34
Two Empty Wineglasses.....	35
Crack Ho'e	36
Suite Mystique	37
Black-eyed Suzanne.....	37
Manhole #1	38
One Road at a Time	39
tell me what you know about Veronica Lake.....	44
Inner Sex Part.....	back cover

"DIGESTING COLLEGE"

I enter the oral cavity of the University
I am incised & masticated by Admissions
The tongue pushes me to the back &

D

O

W

N the esophagus,
Around the duodenum
Through the diaphragm, &
Into the stomach,

Where I am digested by the
Registrar &
Financial Aid &
Bursar

Who shove me off to the small intestine,
All the while receiving advisement from
The pancreas, liver, & gallbladder,
Otherwise known as: Richard, Kim, & Ken;
I round each bend only to find another to go around.
Always one more class to take on the

B M Y

U P colon ride.

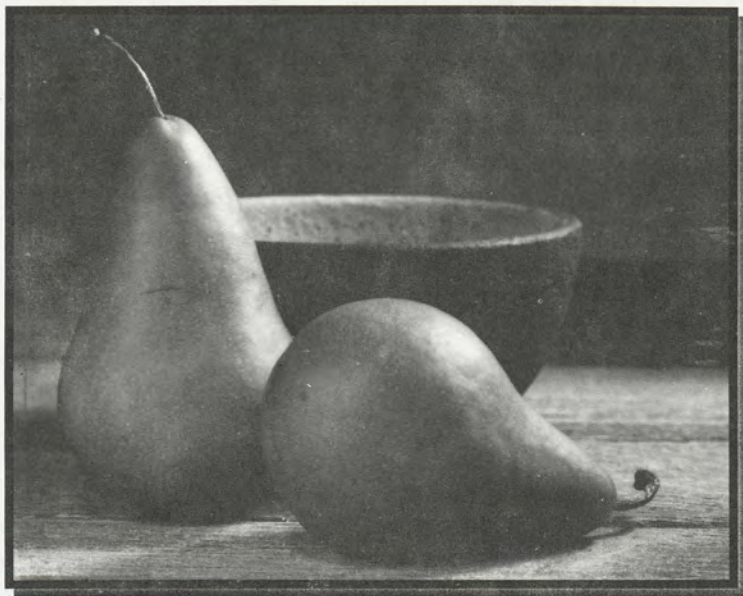
I try to avoid the cecum;
I know if I get stuck there, I'll never graduate.
Eventually, after hanging out too long in the rectum,
I am finally excreted out of the school's anus;
I shake the Chancellor's hand &
Thank him for my B. S.

-Rene L. Britt-Hartloff

Aaron Green

“Still Life With Pears”

4” X 5”, contact print



Nature Won't Leave Me Alone

This morning I went out to my car to get a pack of cigarettes. There was a bird in there flying around and ricocheting off the windows like a racquetball in a match between Atlas and Lord Byron. Atlas: 2,354; Lord Byron: zilch. Of course, you can't keep score like that in racquetball, but who's going to argue with Atlas anyway?

I'm not sure how the bird got into my car in the first place. I think he was drunk. I opened the door to let him out, and I could tell right away that he wasn't very happy to see me. He landed on the steering wheel, gave me an evil stare, and started jumping up and down screaming, "I'm the Pope of the county fair! I'm the Pope of the county fair!" over and over and flew off to his little aviary Vatican home in the tree.

Now you're probably thinking that a drunk, ranting bird should belong to say, the woodpecker family or the owl family. It didn't. It was just a sparrow. Life can be so cruel sometimes.

I had to go back inside to write about this because that's what writers do. Ask any writer and they'll tell you, but probably in their own words. I started to write and a ladybug fell from my hand and on the paper. She crawled furiously around the page, adding a graceful beauty to my poetry that I could never capture in a billion-and-a-half years. Not even with a super computer word processor or with ink extracted from the bones of Chuck Dickens. She stopped on a poem that I had written about a girl who greets me only with her middle finger.

"I like this one," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the girl in it reminds me of every aphid that I've ever eaten."

"Hmmm. You are very wise," I said. "Did you read the poem that I wrote about tax shelters?" I asked.

"Yes. I like it too. It reminds me of every aphid that I've ever eaten."

"What does the flat tire on the interstate in my flat-tire-on-the-interstate poem remind you of?" I asked.

"Um, every aphid that I've ever eaten," she confessed, then thoughtfully added, "thus far."

"Did you actually read that one?"

"Well, no. Would you like me to?"

"You can't. It's not there. It doesn't exist," I said.

I surrendered my pen and paper to the coffee table like a badge and gun, a literary cop relieved of duty, and went to the kitchen to make myself some breakfast.

-Dave Lawlis



Aaron Green

“Rain”

4” x 5”, Contact Print



August 1st is a Saturday This Year

Stacked horizons
in the corner of her basement
bedroom. It's always cold down there,
like being naked after a swim.

The light is poor and six feet walk
on top of her ceiling, occasionally coming down
the stairs, treading light as
a speck of thought,
stopping to listen at her door, lock broken.

She can usually guess the feet she hates
one step heavier than the other,
a trick knee and faulty hip.
She aches to jerk the stairs
from under the misworn shoes
so that they'll fall, snapping vertebrae,
severing the cord inside.

Christmas lights with a short in the plug.

An imperfect pile of unwashed laundry.

The shower waits in the next room by the washer.
It has become her favorite part of the day.
No one knows why she lives it the way
she does, at least none of the six feet above.

-Joshua S. Mariano

In The Absence of Absinthe

Winchester toting reptile
Rides bareback on a caribou.
I wonder what was in that glass.
I wonder why I trusted you.

The witch's caldron boils over.
Tendrils of smoke drift in the breeze.
I wish I was already sober.
In my head, a billion bees.

Rowdy clowns now crowd around.
And push me rudely to the ground.
Then they flee without a sound.
In thought, the assonance abounds.

Pneumatic tools work too hard to fix
the old and broken dream machine.
I know I am surrounded by
The things that never make the scene.

Now I find myself beneath
A green-and-purple fractal sky.
I wonder how to get back down
Oh, Lord why did I get so high?

Oh, and there you are, I see.
Hyacinth behind your ear.
How is it that you float with me?
Never mind, I'm glad you're here.

Erstwhile friend, what have you done
With the wormwood that you pour?
Now that I've come down a bit
Could I have a little more?



-Jay Duncan

WINNER OF OUTSTANDING PROSE AWARD

fat girl dancing

Rebecca stands off to the side of the dance floor. She had spent an hour and a half getting ready, but no one was going to notice. She sometimes wonders why she bothers to try to look good. It would be a lot cheaper just to come as she was. But then Tara probably would have given her a lecture. She was good at that. The music was pulsing and she is kind of half-heartedly dancing. She was more interested in pursuing her favorite past-time People Watching. No one really notices her, but she doesn't miss anything. She sees the woman wearing the fake leather skirt about four inches too short with the navel bearing T-shirt with the ripped hem. She smiles to herself as she watches the frat boys elbowing each other as the belly lady jives to the music with her pelvis twitching and her eyes closed. Sending out the unspoken, but very plain message, "I am not going home alone tonight." Glancing through the crowd of the college-town bar, she can see all the groups. There are the just-turned 21ers, with their Tommy Hilfiger shirts and gap jeans, the pseudo-sluts with their trendy black clothes, belly buttons flashing, along with more interesting body parts as their sheer shirts shimmy in the flashing light. The girl she is with is the antithesis of everything that is her. Tara is tall and slender, her body bending and flowing to the beat. Three clean cut boys are watching her. Tara doesn't notice them, but one whispers something, probably border-line obscene, to the others and they all crack up. She notices. She lives by the motto passed down by Katherine Hepburn, "Beautiful women never know men; only plain women ever understand men." She watches as one of the laughing trio begins to make his way toward them. He isn't very tall, probably topping out at about 5'7". Rebecca knows he doesn't have a chance in hell of scoring with T. She is 5'10". In her stocking feet. She almost feels sorry for him. Almost. He reminds her of one of those guys that walked behind her in the hallways of high school, yelling boom boom as she walked. Because that memory lessens the slight buzz the four piña colada's are giving her, she turns so her back is to

fat girl dancing

him and faces the people to her left.

She is now facing the Noah's ark section of the dance floor. Males and females sliding their bodies across each other in a wicked new mating dance. Most of these individuals have just met and will probably exchange phone number but never call. The couple in her peripheral vision have some major tongue going on. The woman's blonde hair is that brassy blonde shade that you know is Clairol 180. Her breasts are huge. Rebecca stares at them for a moment, mesmerized by them. They look like two large cantalopes straining to get out of a red plastic bag. The woman's shirt looks like it was spray painted on. She recognizes it as one of the trashier items in the last season's Frederick's catalog. She decides they are fake and turns back to her companion.

Boom-boom boy has now made his way to Tara's side and is trying to entice her to dance a little closer. Rebecca watches as Tara gives him her "Thanks, but I'd rather drink out of a dirty toilet" smile, and he wanders back to his pack of hyenas, a little less than the man he was. He will shrug to them and tell them that she's probably gay. Watching Tara's rejection process always amuses her. For some reason Tara always attracts midges with inflated egos. She motions to Tara that she has to go to the bathroom and starts to make her way through the throng. She steps off the dance floor and down a step. Landing on some little Asian chick's open-toed shoe. With the foot in it. The girl starts to cry. Rebecca apologizes and the girl doesn't say anything, just hangs on to her boyfriend's arm and looks accusingly at her. Yeah Chickie, I planned it, Rebecca thinks to herself, I watched you from across the room and said to myself, "I am going to go break her foot. It will be fun." Feeling like a clod, she turns toward the hallway leading to the restrooms.

The ladies room is full of smoke and women. Lots of women. There are three women in line and two stalls occupied. Two are standing in front of the sinks. One stands on her tip-toes to check her butt. It's still there. The graffiti on the walls gives the room a rundown appearance. The walls are missing large spots of plaster, it looks like someone tried to dig for China. When she comes out of the stall, she encounters the fat girl's worst nightmare. Two women trying to convince each other of how fat they each are. One is about 130 lbs., about 5'5". The other is taller, but not much bigger around. Their

fat girl dancing

conversation stops as she strides up to the sink. She washes her hands and swishes the excess water off them. One of them whispers something to the other and they giggle. Rebecca knows what was said. "But not as fat as she is." Skinny women are very predictable. One of their more abhorrent flaws. As she stands there, one hand on the tarnished bathroom handle, the room seems to expand. The smoke swirls to the ceiling, the bass from the D.J.'s booth shakes the wall. A decision has to be made that is crucial to the enjoyment of the rest of her evening. Does she ignore them now and think about them all night, which will make her self-conscious of every move she makes, or does she call them on it? She lets go of the handle and turns to them.

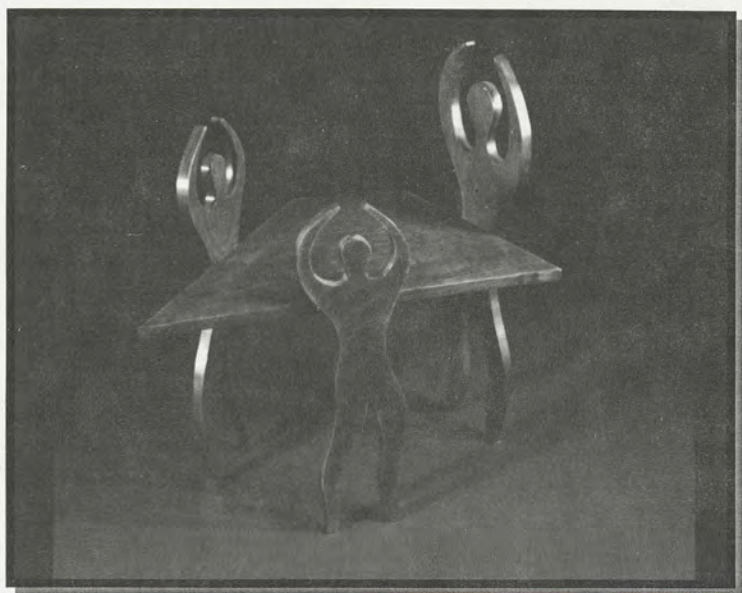
"Could you be more discreet if you are going to be a bitch?" she asks, her voice turning smooth, her eyes chilled. "I know you two are under the delusion that I probably wish I looked like you, but I don't. "You," she points to the shorter of the two, "your nose could peck wood, and you have a square butt. And you, what? Do you get dressed in the dark? That shirt makes your face a lovely jaundiced color. But I want to look like you, you two are the ideal. The ideal of what? You bought into the package of perfection that you aren't ever going to reach. But if ridiculing me gives your lagging self-esteem a boost, kind of like reassuring each other that you aren't fat, then hey, I got to have a purpose in life, right? Thank you for pointing mine out. I am so glad to know that God put me on the planet so you can compare the size of our asses and know you are a better person because yours is the lessor of the two. Now I can quit school and just travel the world looking for not really pretty thin women so I can be the object that they use to reassure themselves of their lagging attractiveness." She smiles at them. "Now that I have done the one thing fat women aren't suppose to do, you know, draw attention to ourselves, I am going to go dance." She pulls open the door, leaving the oppressing smoke and them, speechless, behind, all the while hoping that they did indeed make some comment, because if they didn't then...she'd just made a major ass of herself. She knew that they did though. It's fat girl radar. Tangling her way through the guys lining the hallway, she reaches the dance floor and makes her way back to Tara.

"What took you so long? I thought you'd gotten lost." Tara asks as she wipes sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand. The long manicured finger gracefully throwing the beads away.

"There was a line," Rebecca smiles, and thinks to herself: I should do that more often. The D.J. switches songs and the new swing hit booms from the speakers. Her feet start to move and she can feel the beat. For the first time that night, or probably ever, she starts to really dance. She doesn't see the faces or notice the actions of those around her. She just loses herself in the song. The fat girl is dancing. Deal with it.

Joy Wandry

“DANCING TABLE”



birch plywood

movie Extra lunches with fame in Santa Monica

Country glamour moves up the food chain like primate evolution
High dollar acting tips from those who didn't make it
taught me to sit pretty at Gazzari's on Sunset

My first gig - two minute walk-on.
6 a.m. set call, at the trailer by 5 or Max Factor's jungle red
vanishes like the caterer's display
of diurectics and imported water

4 hour day equals 10 minutes of film
tired from mouthing small talk with the next Tom Cruise
large bullhorn mouth thinks he's made it 'cause he can yell "Take Five" loudest
camel non-filter squashed by the heel of yesterday's girl

walk/don't walk button broke during last year's riots
just like the 's' on Ed Dibivic's sign
no pockets. no change.
I remember the bag of carrots warming in my car

My size nines swells in size eight platforms
matching my Heidi Fleiss spandex skirt
matching my "break away breast" button up
sweat & salt air mingle, cooling my foundation face
I forget I'm standing

An imprint on Mann's sidewalk of fame
stands on my corner
waiting for my light

He is bipedal, coifed, sleazy
a dazzling Baywatch smile

Signal change
little green man blinks in unison with walk tone
Celluloid god speaks his opening line
towering over me like the H in Hollywood

"I have a cat named Desiree."

-Desiree Wright



Marty Sharp

“paper leg book”

handmade paper and cast paper

America's most wanted

Shimmery dress and
painted face,
Lollipop lips and icicle eyes,
tits bigger than her head.

Hair like gold and
hard like a helmet
Fingernails painted
the purist of pinks.

So much plastic,
what can she feel?

Lay her down and
pop her legs
into any position

You've always wanted Barbie.

-Amy M. Saunders

HANDS

Oh those hands,
Those smack-my-ass-
Brush-my-cheek-
Hold-me-up-
Hands.
Hands so gentle they
Soothe my pain,
And so strong they
Can build a world
And tear it down again.

-Carol Durbin



Daniel Faidley
3" x 5" black and white photo

"Anna & Anna"

Birthday Party

July 14 on a dead end street
a carport full of pasty orange metal chairs
and leant over card tables
awaiting sticky fingers and pee-stained shorts

Two lopsided yellow cakes
cut into two-inch slivers

Two afro puffs sticking out of the birthday girl's head

Dance contests
the winner gets to pick strawberry swirl or chocolate marble
you know the kind with the wooden paddle

Her momma's afro glimmering natural henna against the sun

Gift opening starts with a story teller's circle
around the birthday girl and her momma
First the cards with money then the cards with no money

Blowing spit puts out the candles on the cake

-Ronica Pate



WINNER OF OUSTANDING POETRY AWARD

Candy's Hair

That curl at the right side of your forehead,
spun from gold silk and curled
with God's pinky finger perhaps,
makes me believe in feeding
five hundred with one fish.

I walked into your house sticky
from sitting too close to the taste
of you on the back porch, and you said
highlight my hair, it's boring.

A clean bed, cool green sheets still
too new, a failing blind date,
a two-year-old crying constantly,
her dad missing for months, watching
shirtless shining hunky men haul furniture
across the lawn you mowed
and planted and bought yourself.

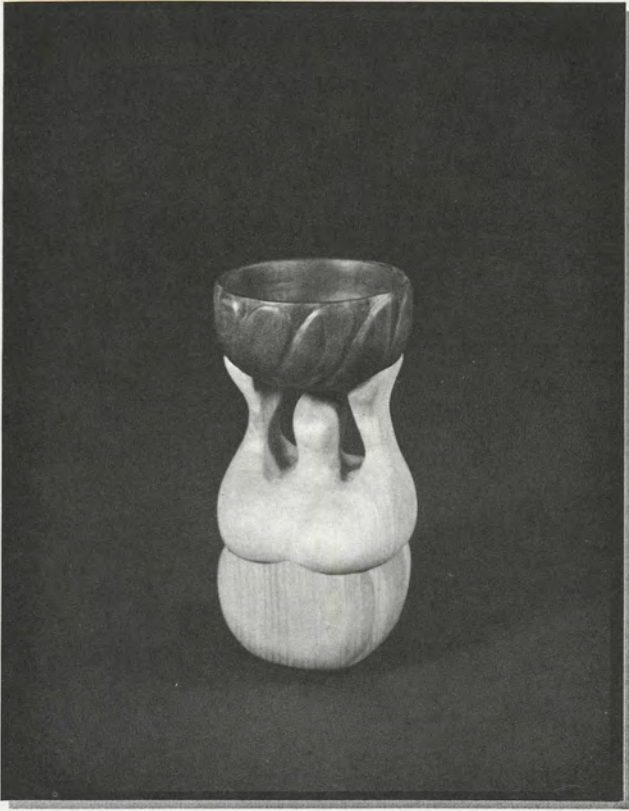
The alternative only to carry
your lonely lists on your head
in hard wicker baskets
like all women left to do
the grunt work of having sex.

I watch you wash out
your underwear like there may be
nothing left, I highlighted
your hair.

In the orange hours of dawn,
with clumsy fingers exact for this
I lifted the protruding pieces one
by one and smothered them
with white jellied goddess bleach, wishing
for my work to give you back desire.

You could rinse yourself; you could
check for the right you-deserve-it color
designed to draw in those next door
neighbors, but I wanted what was under
that cap and stayed, fixing my little
mistakes, the faltering followed
by sensory real enough to eat
and hold in your hand, we could have
washed every damn spot down your dirty sink.

-Jennifer Witten



Joy Wandry

“offerings”

6” x 6” x 16”

basswood and
mahogany

Conversation With The Man

Teddy had been out of circulation longer than usual this time. He stomped around in circles and the heels of his pointed cowboy boots boomed on the white linoleum floor, but it was not enough to satisfy his anger. He shook his fist at the ceiling and yelled, "I wanna talk to you, Author, and I don't mean whenever you're goddamn ready neither. I want you here right now!" He stood in the center of the room with his hands on his hips for a moment, waiting to see if his request would be answered. When it was apparent that Author was not going to respond immediately, Teddy threw himself into an olive-green vinyl Barcalounger of Nixon-era vintage. The rest of the tiny room was crammed with souvenirs from adventures he had taken for Author. The walls were plastered with snapshots of people he had met and places he had been. There was a life-sized plush Angus cow slumped in one corner with a mangled green ten-speed leaning against it. There was a battered book on the care and feeding of quarter horses given to him by a kindly country veterinarian he had met after running over a stray mutt. In fact, everything in Teddy's life was represented by the clutter in his room, but he was tired of being shut in. He crossed his arms, rested his chin on his chest, and waited.

Teddy was a good-looking man, though he often looked as if he couldn't decide whether to dress country or city. He wore the aforementioned black cowboy boots tucked under the cuffs of perfectly faded Levi's. There was always a concert tee shirt covering his chest. The present one advertised the Misfits, but it could have been Metallica, Charlie Daniels, or Clint Black, depending on what the situation called for. In inclement weather, his outfit could be augmented with an assortment of flannels and denim or leather jackets.

He was fit, but in no way could be considered buff. He was exactly the same height and weight police officers thought of when witnesses described criminals as being of "medium build." A few stray pimples left over from high school dotted his squarish jaw, which he kept clear of stubble. In short, he was nothing special physically.

Teddy considered his current situation. He could just barely make out the impossibly thin outline of the doorway in the wall in front of him, and he stared intently, so Author would not be able to sneak up on him, no matter how quiet his creator decided to be.

The fact of the matter was that Teddy had no knowledge whatsoever of his whereabouts except that he was in the place he went to when he was not out in the Real World. His cell could be in the west wing of an antebellum mansion in the garden district of New Orleans, or a one-room cabin in the hills of North Dakota. It really made no difference to Teddy because Author could put him anywhere he wanted, and he knew Author was around. Somewhere. So he took up the chant he thought might bring Author to him. "Au-thor Au-thor Aaaaau-thor, come and get me. Au-thor Au-thor Aaaaau-thor, I need to *be!* Au-thor Au-thor Au-thor, come and get my story!" As he got into the rhythm of the chant, he began to beat on the arms of his chair like a toddler in a high chair, demanding cookies and chocolate milk. "...come and get-"

Conversation With The Man

“Must you always act out so, Theodore?” The voice was gentle, as was the hand on Teddy’s shoulder. Teddy sprung out of the chair, brushing the caressing hand away.

“God DAMN man! How the hell do you do that? You scared the fuckin’ shit out of me.” Teddy brushed a stray lock of hair out of his eye, and ran his hand over his pocket as if to make sure his wallet was still there. The man was wearing a neatly-tailored suit of white cotton, complete with a white vest and string tie. With the exception of his extra girth, Author was a slightly older version of the prisoner. Author’s cheeks were rounder and his jaw was not quite so square and there were tiny wrinkles at the corner of his eyes, but anyone on the street would think they were brothers. Teddy grabbed the man by the big collars of his ridiculous jacket and pulled him close, so their noses nearly touched. “Don’t you think it’s about time I got the fuck out of Dodge, Author? I’m pretty damn tired of looking at all this old crap and this puke-green chair.” He released the man and flung himself back into his recliner.

Author straightened his jacket collar and picked bits of nonexistent grit from his sleeve. “Theodore,” he said, “you know that whenever you have a story you want to live I’ll let you out to do your thing. You can just get into your Firebird and go. Or the pickup. Or the Sportster.” Teddy had been his first creation and he had always been Author’s favorite. A younger, physically improved version of Author before he went to college and began to remove himself from his country roots. Teddy was often able to do the things Author wished he could.

“Yeah, well maybe I don’t want to drive a ratty old Pontiac, and that oil-leakin’ Harley left me stuck at a fuckin’ Stuckey’s somewhere in West Virginia last time I took it anywhere. Why don’t you give me a Beemer and send me to L. A. this time, man. I mean it. I want to take a shot at the movie biz. That should be a good story, don’t you think?” Teddy crossed his arms and smiled like a pupil who had finally mastered the multiplication tables all the way to nine times nine. Author shook his head and looked at his toes. To take the country out of Teddy would be to take the Teddy out of Teddy, but how could he ever explain that to the redneck in question? How could he explain to his little man that when he started to dress in Versace and date supermodels he would become a character Author knew nothing about, and therefore useless in Author’s world?

“Let’s go for a walk, Theodore. I think it’s about time you met some of the other inhabitants of this house.” Teddy stopped smiling when he heard this. He eyes narrowed and little veins stood up on the sides of his neck as he readied himself for a tantrum.

“You mean to tell me now, after I’ve lived my entire life in this goddamn cell by myself that there are other people here? Teddy had climbed out of his chair and was nearly screaming. His fists balled at his sides. “I should fuckin’ kill you,” he snarled.

Author put up his hands, palms out, and sighed. “We’ve had this who-made-who argument before, Theodore. You can’t hurt me, remember?” Teddy relaxed his fists but held on to his anger for the moment. “Of course there are other people around. Where do you think all the other characters in

Conversation With The Man

your stories come from? What about your girlfriends? Everybody you've ever met, and many more that you haven't even seen yet, live here. So, let's stop talking at each other and go see a few of them, shall we?" Author put his arm around Teddy's shoulder and they headed for the doorway, which was open now. Teddy smiled and kicked a few of his keepsakes out of Author's way so he wouldn't trip.

Every other time Teddy had walked out that door with Author before, they had stepped into the garage that housed his vehicles. Today, however, the doorway opened on a blinding white hallway lined with doors. The hall was curved in such a way that suggested it was a circle, perhaps miles in diameter. Teddy never suspected Author's house could be so huge.

The pair walked down the hallway to the right for a short distance and Author stopped in front of a doorway identical to thousands of others and put his hand on the handle. "Ready?" he asked. Teddy nodded, though he was in no way certain he was ready. This situation was so totally out of his experience there was no way he could be certain of anything. Author pulled the handle down and the door swung inward.

The room was the same shape and size as Teddy's, but the similarity ended there. The walls, floor and ceiling were all the same white as the hallway, and the room was completely empty. Except for its inhabitant. It looked like someone had dumped a pile of scrap metal on the floor. A jumble of sharp curved steel plates with patches of rust around the edges.

Author strolled to the pile, bent over and lightly touched a plate. "This was my first failure. He's suppose to be a knight in armor, I created him as the main character for a poem, but I was unable to bring him to life. I did a fantastic job on the armor, as you can see, right down to the rust, but the man was out of my reach." Author grabbed one of the plates of steel and lifted. "Theodore, meet John the Conqueror." There was a soft clanking as a clump of steel rolled around to face Teddy. There was a smooth mass of silly putty where John the Conqueror's face should have been. Two very slight valleys represented eye sockets and a vague hill might have been the nose.

"That's nice. So what's Lazy John here got to do with me?"

Author sighed and gently lowered John the Conqueror's faceplate. "Come on then, tough guy. There's someone else you need to meet." He took Teddy by the arm and led him out into the hallway again. They walked on, Author leading the way and Teddy bringing up the rear.

Teddy soon grew bored with the monotony of the white hallway and white doors. He chose a door at random and grabbed the handle. Author heard the noise and tried to stop him, but it was too late. The door opened on a college classroom. The desks were arranged in a circle around a fat guy in a baseball cap. The students were following the lead of the teacher and pointing at the guy and yelling. "You're no writer! How the hell did you get in here, you idiot? You suck! Poseur." The fat guy, who had a family resemblance to both Author and Teddy, cringed in his desk and nodded agreement to

Conversation With The Man

their accusations. Teddy had time to take all of this scene in before Author could slam the door shut. "Not everything is about you, Ted," growled Author. "I think I'll be opening the doors from now on if you please." Teddy inspected the toes of his boots.

The pair walked on in silence. Finally, Author stopped in front of a door exactly the same as all the rest and turned to face Teddy. "You wanted me to put you in a BMW and send you to L. A., right? Well, I already did. Meet Joshua Combstein, film producer. And my most affluent creation." He opened the door and ushered Teddy in. This room's inhabitant, to Teddy's relief, was neither incompletely formed nor was he the subject of random ridicule. In fact, Joshua was exactly what Teddy had had in mind when he asked Author to send him to L. A. He was tall and thin and tanned like a Thanksgiving turkey. He wore an incredibly sharp Armani with loafers made from the skin of some exotic lizard. The movie executive was talking into a cellular phone and had taken no notice of Author and Teddy when they walked in. Teddy asked Author who the man was talking to if he was not currently in a story.

"He not talking to anyone in particular, Theodore. That's just what he does. He talks to his cellular phone all the time, because the only thing I know about the producers of movies is that they are constantly busy talking to other people in the movie business." Author turned away. "Particularly sad is the fact that even I don't know who he talks to, because I don't know what a producer does." Teddy was silent. He slowly shook his head. He looked at Joshua one last time, lingering on the Rolex watch, then walked past Author and out the door.

When Author came out of Joshua's room, he found Teddy sitting on the floor with his knees drawn up to his chest, smoking a Camel. Author waited. When the cigarette burned out, Teddy spoke up. "So what are you trying to tell me here, Author? Or are you just takin' the rube through the old wax museum?"

Author shrugged, his collar nearly touching his earlobes. "You're smart enough to figure it out, Teddy."

"So you mean I can't change? I'm always going to be this redneck hoodlum?"

"Well, yes. At some level, you are always going to be the Teddy who shoots road signs on the fly and drinks Blue Ribbon because that is who you have been." Author slid down the wall to sit next to Teddy. "But that doesn't mean you can't change. In fact, if you stopped changing, you would cease being

Conversation With The Man

interesting to me and you might never get out of your room.”

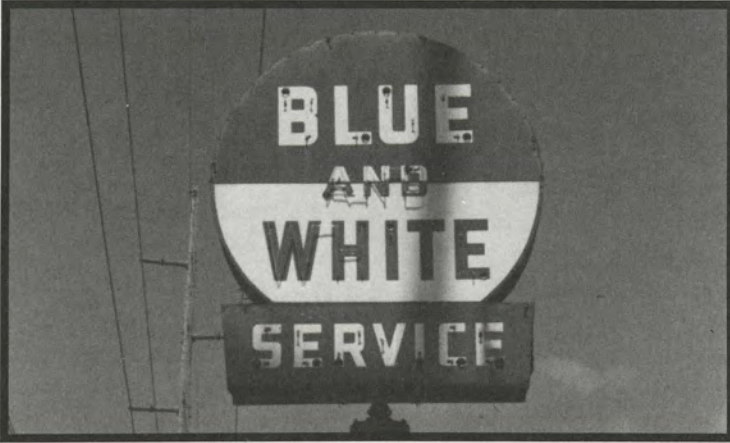
“I don’t fuckin’ get it, Author,” Teddy stood and looked down at his creator. “You just said I couldn’t go to California and be rich, but then you say I have to change or you’re gonna lock me up for good. What do you want, man? Shit.” Author got to his feet with a little more difficulty than Teddy.

“I mean that you couldn’t change into a completely different character, or you risk the fate of Joshua. If you want to change, go out there and get a job for God’s sake. Or get married. Or go to school. Anything can make a good story. Just try to make it something I know about.” Author examined Teddy’s face for signs of comprehension and he thought he saw just the faintest glimmer, so he went on. “In fact, I think I have an idea that will help you. Come with me.”

Author led the way to yet another door, not far away from Joshua Combstein’s. Inside was the garage Teddy had expected to walk into when he and Author left his own little room. It was the same garage, but his pickup truck and the Harley were both gone, and replacing his rusted and dented ‘72 Firebird was a brand new Trans Am convertible.

Author winked, “Go pay for it Teddy. Let’s see what you can do.”

“Blue & White in Black & White”



Kris Peterson

3” x 5”

black and white photo

Mossy, Cool
Oxidized, anodized
Frosted, earthen, eroded
Voluptuous, fruit-laden
Indigo and currant
Pumpkin and saffron
Silvered, couisined limbs
Offer rose hips and rudied apples
Hardened earth
Supportive and enduring

Emerald summer breezes give way to
Needling, forsaying gusts
Limbs that whisper and shade
Shed their blushing foliage
And stand rigid and pinched against black skies

-Corrie Jagger



Time Heals?

A grandchild of the depression,
I grasp my
croissant
and
mop up the gravy

-Gregory Zimet



Aaron Green
“Stone House”
8” x 10”
contact print

Art History Lesson

Glorious Byzantine mosaic

Speak to me of fate

Can the cracked peasant girl tempt

The prince

To carry her away to his palace?

Her waxen face and voluminous loins

Are sure to annihilate him in the end

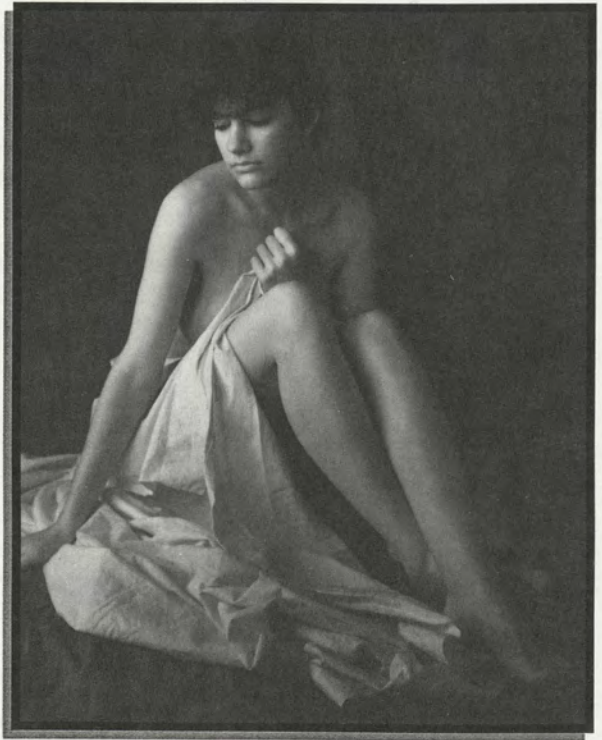
Damaged though she is

She will manage to sever each gristly tendon

And bone

She will drink him from her flacon .

-Delpha Wheeler



Aaron Green
“Draped Nude”
4” x 5”
contact print

Fallenstars

Our parents fucked us up real good;

remember when we were knee-high to a grasshopper,

they would often say (beamingly) through their dazzling, capped teeth,

“Honey, you’re special and don’t ever let anyone forget that.”

Well, kiddies, there lies the painful rub;

if being “Special” means that we are inclined to think that we are the top beetle

on the dung heap (as it most certainly does these days),

Baby, we’ll run into the all-seeing frown of Santayana again and again.

Ladies and Gents (if there are any), the problem:

“Special” has a certain, princely air feeding it

and those eagerly supping at the trough believe themselves destined for greatness

usually end up as headpieces full of straw.

Alas, the world is full of these hollow majorities of “one”

all in an ideological jyhada divided along a single cubic zirconium belief.

“My way is right and I have the right

according to semi-omnipotent

silent majorical,

common consensual

convictions to impose it.”

Such are the world’s wars,

public and private born.

-Matthew Walsh

the track lighting in the hallway and the small of your back
bent over a rust-stained sink
the stereo playing random selection from "Let it Bleed"

& i (unseen) watch you shave your beard
watch the reflection of your belly and shoulders
skin circling your navel like chocolate cake.

& i (unheard) flinch as i pinch my own arm and don't wake
between familiar flannel sheets, but instead in your bed
with the small of your back bending over me,
with the palms of your hands guiding me --

all night we crawl across the secondhand furniture and adjust the fan
in the apartment F upstairs.

and in the morning i'm still shaking
counting the seconds between when you breathe
and when you breathe again.

- Erin Teegarden

Surrender

I returned to Milroy where my mother grew up, a town with a cemetery for a front door. We drove past that to the meat locker corner where Grandma and Mrs. Shepard posed in long aprons and hair nets.

I thought of sausage patties frying in iron and a grand woman's hands, shiny from sausage assemblage, moving dishes around; making a place for me.

We had decided we were in love.

"Does this make you happy?" he asked.

"Does this help you to know me?" I replied.

We set up our picnic on the dormant Milroy schoolyard -- across the street from the Methodist church, Mrs. Shepard's and her new fold of grass mowed to residential perfection.

The house, the porch, and every Christmas in the '50's is gone. Across from the church, Shepard's and an empty plot, the temporal gives away to the divine -- moves it over by inches.

-Marianne Hedges

Kris Peterson



“My Church”

3” x 5”, color photo

Sports

Sports-I play most. There are exceptions, of course. I'm not the equestrian type, and, although I've only found golf balls, and never actually hit one, I'm confident that someday I can add it to my list because, hey, everyone eventually takes it up. And when I say sports, I don't mean badminton or bowling. That is clearly recreation. No, when I say sports I mean soccer, football, softball, basketball, running, volleyball. jezz, just about anything fun.

My passion though is pick-up basketball. I guarded Andy this summer. Our first game was with a bunch of old timers. They took their ball seriously--too seriously for my taste. I was the only woman on the court, so, of course, I had to play him tight. You understand? If you're the token woman, then you have to play twice as hard. Andy never got a shot. He never got open. I apologized. "Andy, I had to do it." I think he understood, but he played much harder after that. He was a graduate student in the lab where I worked this summer. Game days we'd psyche ourselves up. "Yeah, baby, you practice that shot, but it ain't ever seeing net." A snap of the wrist and the paper towel invariably fell short of its target.

Later we played with the less serious guys, the ones who could barely distinguish their left hand from their right, let alone a walk from a carry. I like that. Not everyone is an athlete, but at least they're willing to try. You can never knock someone for trying. You can yell, and shout, and tell them they couldn't hit the side of a barn with that shot, but you can't knock them. You just know they're hustling--and trying. It takes heart and guts to be a lousy player. And besides, it's fun. How can anyone get upset over a missed shot when everyone is throwing bricks?

Keep in mind that it was hot all summer, so what do all men do? They take their shirts off, of course. It doesn't matter how big the belly. The shirt eventually comes off. Some struggle with it longer than others, but eventually they don't care, and they're more than happy to peel that sweaty piece of cotton off their back. If I'm playing ball with

sports

them, they're my boys, so I tell them, "Hey! How am I suppose to concentrate on my game with all you hunky blokes running around the court?" or "You buff men. Yow!" or "Check out those pecs!"

Of course, there is always the option of playing full or half-court. My first love is running, so I always vote for full court. I'm always outvoted. Once that is settled then the intricacies of the game have to be hammered out. For instance, what constitutes an "out" ball? And once the ball has been deemed out, how does it get back "in"? This is where it helps to play with the same people every week. You only have to hammer out the rules once. Lord help the stray player who wanders down the court into an established pick-up game. It is guaranteed that at least once during the game all of the players will come to a halt except him. He'll be the only one still running towards the basket. You see, no one bothers to tell a new player the rules until it's necessary. For example, the ball was probably "out" by the established definition, and not taken "in" according to the established rules. Game stops, new player is informed of his mistake, and the other team probably gets the ball because, heck, ignorance is no excuse.

Playing the game is fun, of course, but a lot of the camaraderie is established off the court, and, more often than not, over a beer. If you've just played for two hours in 80-plus degree heat then you can commiserate with one another by sharing the fact that "I am going to be so sore," or "Yeah, I think I really screwed up my knee on that last rebound." Plenty of backslapping goes on as well: "You the man!" and "Way to hustle under the boards." Best of all, though, there you are with your b-ball buddies, tired and achy, and absolutely, beyond belief, sweaty mess, glass of beer in hand--having the time of your life. Yeah, I know why I love sports so much.

Clothes Your Sister Grew Out Of

And those buildings
over on Ohio Street, half toppled
over and half boarded up, you dread the perplexities
of rain mingling with sun.
The iridescent fishing line, wrapped around your fingers
as a vice on the bank of the last filled-in
reservoir, stolen from an Indian farmer.

Hardwoods do not grow through concrete
but you've seen the two come together,
forcing the sidewalk into a half-volcano shape.

And those power lines that infringe on
north side housing developments,
still redolent of brand new sheet rock,
untouched by the painter's sanding tools,
There were acres of corn for feed
and soy for high school cafeteria cheeseburgers there;
you saw them.

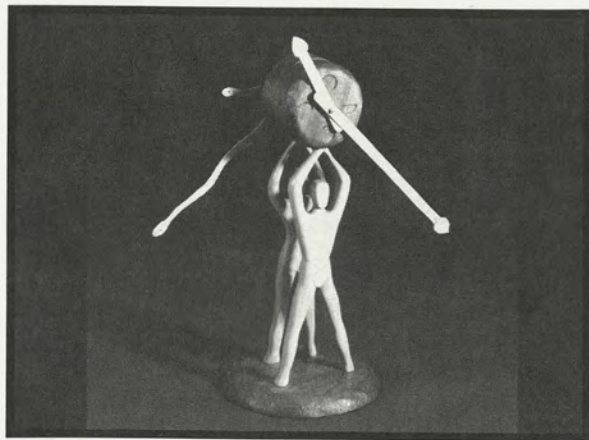
A discotheque atop an orange and white ambulance,
the lament of a birch's painful death.

The woods are gone with games of hide-n-seek.
The birds you knew by name and color.

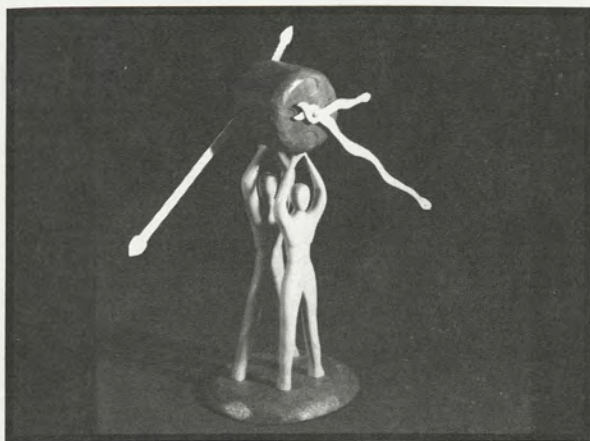
You'll need a new pair of sneakers
if you want to walk all the way to 52nd and College,
and be sure to stop at the restaurant on the corner.

- Joshua S. Mariano

“Luna



&




Sol”

Joy Wandry u 6” x 6” x 20” u basswood and mahogany

TWO EMPTY WINEGLASSES

I awake to an empty pillow
And two empty wineglasses
On the nightstand
Sole evidence that you were here
I stroke the cold side of the bed
Recalling the image of your soft warmth
Lying next to me
DiFranco speaking for us
I roll over to see the yellow-orange line
Introducing the new day
Coming through the same window
You and I watched Cassiopeia and Ursa Minor
Dance across the midnight blue dance floor,
Until calm, comfortable slumber peacefully enveloped us both.
With me still,
I dreamed of you in fields of clover, wisteria, and jonquils
Dressed in white crepe
We pushed each other on an ancient wooden swing
Now I wonder if it was all a childish dream
Just my lonely imagination
Creating a playmate, a dream-lover
Then the rushing whoosh of the shower
Tells me, reassures me, that you are here with me
And I roll back to your side
I can go back to sleep
Knowing that the dream is not over
And the wineglasses will be full again.

- Rene L. Britt-Hartloff



Crack Ho'e

She walks in fishnet in the night,
Rings of life surround her eyes,
She leans suggestively 'gainst sodium light
Luring them between her thighs
They be men of mind and might,
Yet still fall prey to her lies.

Wiles peek from under dress,
All eyes are drawn to the Goddess' place,
Lust is all they can express,
They never even see her face
Johns pass by dozens, more or less,
And leave only seminal trace.

Scars above her mouth and brow
Tell tales how life was spent
She smirks, leans over, so they'll know,
But too plays innocent
She leaves the corner, man in tow
Another fills in her descent.

- Rene L. Britt-Hartloff

Suite Mystique

The world appears quite
strange and cold until slumber
flees from the sunshine.

- Matthew Lawrence

Black-eyed Suzanne

Ebony-green
They rarely shine.
I look there and find no reflection
Of myself or the rest of the world.
Behind those cold pools hide
Black-eyed Suzanne.

- Carol Durbin

“Manhole #1”



Aaron Green

4" x 5", contact print

One Road at a Time

I slumped in the rickety, wooden swing hanging from a large hickory tree in the corner of my aunt's yard, dragging my worn-out shoes through the powdery dirt and whistling the theme to *Rawhide* between the gap in my teeth. In the background, fat women with rooster-red lipstick and beehive hairdos chattered like flocks of geese, old men with beer bellies and toothless gums chuckled at corny jokes, and drunks and lovers stomped and swayed to banjo music which pounded the earth like torrential rain. It was my cousin's wedding reception, but I didn't feel much like celebrating.

I guess you would call me a loner. I don't have any friends or real interest to speak of. My mother died in childbirth when I was two, and my baby brother died two days later. My father seems to resent the fact that I'm alive and they aren't. He works a lot of overtime down at the saw mill, drinks cheap whiskey from dawn till dusk, and is sadly unaware that he even has a daughter. I guess you could say my life is about as stagnant as this thick July air that seems to suck the life and soul out of folks around here.

Spitting tobacco at unsuspecting ants and feeling sorry for myself, I was suddenly distracted by a rumbling trail of dust heading this way on the gravel road in front of the house. I could barely see the vehicle as it roared past, the white, chalky cloud tickling my freckled nose and irritating my saucer-like eyes.

"You'd better slow down or you're never gonna make that curve," I shouted sarcastically. A few seconds later a thundering boom echoed through the hills, and my breath was sucked deep in my throat with the realization of what had occurred. "Oh, my God," I whispered, just as my cousin Jenny skipped up behind me. "What was that noise?" squeaked 12-year-old Jenny, scratching her pug nose and pushing her wire glasses against her round face.

"Come on," I quickly ordered, running toward the curve with every ounce of energy I could muster. I knew by the loud crunch of metal, the driver had most likely ran into that giant oak tree on the far side of the creek. Living in, hunting, exploring this area my whole life, I knew every tree, trail, and creek in these woods. If someone ran into that old oak tree, they were probably hurt, or maybe even dead.

Death didn't bother me much; I'd seen plenty of people die in these hills. I didn't remember my mom or brother, but I'd seen my uncle die of a heart attack, and that didn't bother me. Of course, I never liked him anyway. And there was Old Man Taylor who had lived over the ridge a ways. If you put a hat and overalls on a raisin, you'd know what Old Man Taylor looked like. Folks claimed he was crazy, so when he blew his brains out no one thought much about it. But Dad and I were the ones that found him that night after coon hunting. He paid a fair sum for large coon hides, and we'd killed four that evening. We smelled it as soon as we got out of the truck, a pungent odor of death and decay that could make the strongest man heave. There he sat in his rocking chair-what was left of him anyway, with blood and brains splattered from one end of the porch to the other. But I don't think he was crazy. He was just lonely.

One Road At A Time

I once thought I wanted to die. After all, what did I have to live for? Certainly nobody would miss me. Hell, I'd be doing the world a favor. So, I got my shotgun and sat down on my bed trying to figure out how to shoot myself quick and painlessly. Now don't get me wrong; I'm tougher than a pine knot. I can out run, out shoot, and out spit anyone in the county. But I never could see no sense in inflicting pain on yourself unless absolutely necessary. Neither can my dad. That's why he keeps a supply of pain killers from Doc Callie in the bathroom ever since he got his foot caught in a trap a few years back. I decided that drifting off into an endless slumber was much more appealing than blowing what little brains I had into oblivion. But, as I started to take the pills out the cabinet, once again I hesitated. I guess I'm a lot like Hamlet; I'm half nuts, and I think too damn much!

Now you probably didn't think a hilltick like myself read Shakespeare, but I read a lot, mainly because there's not much else to do around here. I like Shakespeare because his characters talk even funnier than folks say I do. As I reached for the pain killers, I thought about Hamlet; I thought about Old Man Taylor, and I thought about my father. I decided I could handle my Hell. At least here, I knew what to expect.

Jenny and I didn't know what to expect as we approached the sharp curve that led to the highway two miles away. We followed the tire tracks from the gravel road, stopping suddenly when we saw the black Chevy truck. It was smashed against the giant oak tree, the headlights even with the windshield. I slid down the bank into the shallow creek and walked hesitantly toward the truck.

"I'm going to stay up here, Annabelle," Jenny yelled. "I don't want to get my new dress dirty." I started to yell at her to get her prissy ass down here, but then I realized she was pale and trembling. She wouldn't be of any help anyway.

I jumped back in disgust as I peered into the cab. The impact of the crash had completely crushed the driver. I knew he was dead, but I screamed at Jenny anyway. "Go get Pa and Doc Callie!" She just stood there a second looking confused. "Hurry! Run!" Jenny turned around and ran back toward the wedding reception.

I smelled fuel and started to look underneath the truck for leaks. I'd seen an automobile explode once, and for some stupid reason, I was more concerned about that damn oak tree than anything else. But I didn't see anything. Then, as I moved to the front of the truck, I received another shock. Lying on the ground was another body, a boy that didn't look much older than me. Apparently, he had been thrown through the windshield. I knelt down beside him and checked his pulse. He was alive! Suddenly, I was a nervous wreck, excited and shaking. I'd never seen anyone in this bad of shape alive before. I didn't know what to do. I tried to regain my composure and think about what I had learned in health class last year. Hell, I'd practiced it on animals at home.

He was covered with blood, but it was difficult to tell where it was coming from. I pulled a bandanna from my pocket and thought about whether I had used it or not, holding it up to look at it. It was clean alright, so I wet it in the spring-fed creek and started washing blood from the unconscious boy's face and

One Road at a Time

head. He had dark, wavy hair that was stuck to his forehead in wet ringlets. I carefully pulled it away and discovered a large gash in his head. I washed my handkerchief again in the creek and folded it several times, holding his hair from the fresh wound with one hand while placing the cloth over it with the other. Then, I slowly lifted his head and pulled the bandanna around, tying it in a knot snugly, but not too tight. I wanted to stop the bleeding, but I was afraid of hurting him further. I checked for other wounds but couldn't find any, so I searched for some identification.

I discovered a wallet in his back pocket and opened it. There wasn't a driver's license, but I found a library card. My kind of guy. The name on it was Danny MacAllister. I sat down on the ground and placed his head on my lap, really looking at him for the first time. He was a nice looking guy with a fine nose, sparkling white teeth and baby soft skin. He definitely wasn't from these parts. No, I could tell that as soon as I saw him, with those blue bluejeans and shiny, black cowboy boots. "Don't you die on me, Danny MacAllister," I whispered, stroking his hair and wondering what color his eyes were. "You've got a lot to live for." This handsome fellow obviously had money and people who cared about him, yet, here he was in the middle of nowhere, thirty miles from the nearest hospital with only a scrawny sixteen-year-old country bumpkin to take care of him.

My thoughts were interrupted by the clatter of Dad's old Ford truck approaching. I gently moved the boy's head off my lap, thinking Dad would skin me alive if he thought I was fondling some stranger. But, on second thought, he'd probably be tickled to death, as long as I was being fondled back. Pa wants to marry me off so bad that I have nightmares about one of his poker buddies winning me in a game and coming to claim their prize. He was bugging me just this morning to get a boyfriend. "Why don't you go with the Collins boy, Annabelle? I hear he likes you," he added, grinning from ear to ear.

"He's nasty, Dad," I sputtered, "and he's dumber than a box of rocks," I argued, getting madder by the second.

"Well, you better quit being so damn picky!" he screamed. "You ain't nuthin's to write home 'bout yourself!" With that, he stormed off to get ready for the party. My father takes a secret pleasure in reminding me that I was dealt the lower end of the gene pool in looks. "Your ma sure was a looker," he'd say. "Too bad God wasn't as kind to you."

I admit I ain't no beauty queen, but that doesn't mean I'm gonna settle for some green-teethed greaser with body odor just because Dad wants a son-in-law and a dozen grandsons. I didn't want any part of marriage, or even boys for that matter. Of course, with my flat nose, flat chest, and mousy brown hair, I didn't have to worry about it much. What Dad doesn't realize is that I look just like him, minus the mustache and beard of course.

Dad was climbing down the bank with Jake Miller, the undertaker, close at his heels. Damn that dingbat Jenny. I told her Doc Callie, not Killer Miller. Jake resembled Humpty Dumpty, only bigger and a whole lot dumber. He was bald and had a gut that hung down to his knees. By the looks of things, he was dog

drunk. He practically rolled down the bank, knocking Dad into the creek. I met them at the back of the Chevy truck. "Where's Doc Callie?" I pleaded.

"Passed out cold." Dad replied, "but I brought Jake."

"Well get over here, quick! He's hurt real bad."

"I hate to tell you this, little lady, but he'd dead," Jake reported, reaching through the cab of the truck.

"No, not him. Over here," I said rather frustrated that he was drunk and also a little queasy realizing that I'd been sitting here all the time with a dead guy only five feet away.

Jake came over to examine Danny, and Dad just stood there like he was in a state of shock. "Did you put this handkerchief on his head, Annabelle?" Jake asked.

No, I felt like saying. A squirrel did it! But I remembered my manners and answered politely, "Yes, he's got a nasty cut on his head."

"Yep, he don't look good at all," Jake offered, obviously proud of his brilliance.

I was so mad I was shaking and clenching my fists. I wasn't going to let Danny die because these two drunken idiots didn't know what the hell they were doing. No, I could see right now that I would have to take over. "Dad, pick him up and let's put him in the truck. We need to get him to a hospital."

"Jake can stitch him up. He'll be all right. The hospital is thirty miles from here."

"No, Dad. This isn't one of our dogs you can take out and shoot because he got banged up too bad. This is a boy who's gonna die if we don't do something NOW!"

Dad's eyes flared like he was gonna hit me, but then his face softened, and he shook his head, staring at me as though he was seeing me for the first time. "Awright," he said. "Jake, we'll take him into Owensburg; Sheriff oughta be here anytime."

"Okay, Denny," Jake yawned, "Y'all be careful."

Dad bent down, putting one arm under Danny's shoulders and the other under his legs, lifting him slowly while I supported his head. "Be careful," I stammered nervously. "We don't know if anything's broken."

Our eyes met, and Dad smiled. "You know, you remind me of your mother when you get that fire in your eyes. Lord, when that woman got her mind set on somethin', there wasn't no way in tarnation you was gonna change her mind."

"Well, I'm glad I got something from her, since I obviously didn't get her looks," I snorted out sarcastically.

After a great deal of struggle, we managed to half carry, half drag Danny up the bank. Holding the front of his bibs with his thumbs, Dad spit tobacco juice on a dusty milkweed and stared at the truck curiously. "Now how in the world are we all gonna fit in that truck?" he asked.

"I'll spread out those two bails of straw in the back, and me and him'll ride back there," I offered,

One Road at a Time

laying Danny down gently so I could get up.

Dad shook his head. "Yeah, that'll work. I'll drive real slow."

"You always drive slow," I pointed out, lowering the tailgate and climbing into the back.

"You'd better too, little girl, or you'll end up like him," Dad answered sarcastically, pointing at Danny.

"Okay, lift him up here," I ordered, ignoring his previous remark. Dad picked Danny up and laid him in the back of the truck, helping me move him onto the straw. "Well, I reckon we're ready," I said, sitting down and placing Danny's head gently on my lap.

Dad's green eyes suddenly became even larger than I thought possible, and his mouth hung open in disbelief. "What?" I asked, and then followed his gaze to Danny. "Oh, my God - You're awake!" I practically screamed with delight, admiring his large, chestnut-brown eyes which drooped slightly in the corners. He reminded me of a basset hound, innocent and trusting, yet, somehow old before his time.

"Where am I?" he asked in a weak whisper, staring at me in bewilderment.

"You just lay still and rest. You've been in an accident, but you're gonna be fine," I reassured him. He tried to lift his head and then closed his eyes in pain. "Oh-my head feels like someone took a sledgehammer to it."

"You hit it pretty hard. We're taking you to the hospital."

"Where's Jim?" he asked, opening his eyes again.

I looked at Dad who was shaking his head. "Uh-the sheriff's got him," I half stuttered, my voice shaking nervously. "You can see him later. Right now you just need to rest. It's going to be dark soon."

That seemed to satisfy him. He relaxed and let his head fall back into my lap, studying his surroundings and my face more intently. "Are you sure I'm not dreaming?" he asked. "It's not often that I get to roll in the hay with a beautiful girl like yourself."

My face was hotter than fire, and I thought my heart would burst in my chest. "Well, I see you haven't lost your sense of humor," I teased him, "but that concussion has sure messed-up your eyesight," I laughed, secretly hoping that he had perfect vision.

Dad chuckled and closed the tailgate. "Nope, I think Danny Boy is gonna be just fine," he said, "just fine," winking at me as he got into the cab.

"Dad. Don't forget to drive slow," I reminded.

"Uh-huh," he snickered. "One road at a time."

tell me what you know about Veronica Lake

this one was modeled after the tallest Andrews sister,

born to smoke lucky strikes, to check the wires on bomb sites

& perfect the closed-mouth kiss.

this one was born to walk away in dripping fox head furs

to walk away forever through dry ice fog

in the white white moonlight,

hear soft cymbol beat

hear soft hips sway.

-Erin Teegarden

Meet The Authors

Rene Lorene Britt-Hartloff is a senior English Major, former *genesis* senior editor, board member, and contributor. She works for the IU School of Medicine - MERP, loves writing horror and poetry, and all med students who facilitate the LRC!

Jay Duncan is a student at IUPUI.

Carol Durbin is a 36 year-old born and raised Hoosier. She is a junior majoring in anthropology and minoring in geology. She loves poetry, books, movies, the outdoors, and her many pets.

Marianne Hedges is currently a non-degree student contemplating a master's in English. She has previous degrees in history and social work. She works at the Marion County Children's Guardian Home and lives in Indianapolis with her husband and two children.

Corrie Jagger is a student at IUPUI.

Daniel Faidley is a freshman at IUPUI. He has been taking pictures for four years. He is headed for an electrical engineering degree.

Aaron Green is a returning student who is currently a pre-fine arts major at the Herron School of Art. Aaron has been active in photography for several years and hopes to be accepted in the BFA photography program at Herron.

Rebecca Hadley is originally from Princeton, IN. She loves to read and has just recently begun to write. This piece is dedicated to the memory of Rhonda and to all the F. G.'s who haven't found their voices.

Dave Lawlis is a student at IUPUI.

Matthew Lawrence is a sophomore double majoring in English and

Meet the Authors

philosophy.

Joshua S. Mariano is a junior biology major from Cleveland, Ohio who is desperately searching for his place in this world. He hopes that people will draw some benefit and/or entertainment from the things he says and does.

Ronica Pate is a junior majoring in secondary education with a focus in English and a minor in English as a second language at IUPUI. She has studied Japanese for six years and would love to travel to Japan. She is an aspiring non-fiction writer and mother of one with one on the way.

Kris Peterson has been taking photos and painting for about two years. As of late, he is putting most of his efforts into painting. Kris is always looking for new ways of expressions and for new things to learn.

Angie Richart is a student at IUPUI.

Amy Saunders is a student at Herron School of Art who is working toward her bachelor of fine arts degree, with a minor in history and a teaching certification in both. Her artwork has been exhibited in Hamburg, Denmark, Haag, and Amsterdam.

Marty Sharp was also published in *genesis* spring '98. She has lived in several states in the U. S. and plans to travel to China and Europe through the university study abroad program. She is currently a sculpture major at Herron School of Art.

Eva M. Smietana is a senior majoring in chemistry, and will be graduating this May. She spent this past summer doing research at Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory in N.Y. and had the exceptional experience of shooting hoops with some jock scientists every Friday afternoon.

Erin Teegarden is a journalism major, who doesn't know how to play the

Meet the Authors

guitar or bake a cake, nor is allowed to walk holding fragile glass objects.

Matthew Walsh is a first year, suave painting major at Herron; who likes to plop down, with style, on a futon and watch for the bazillionth time, a muy fabuloso movie like "Pulp Fiction."

Joy Wandry is a senior at Herron and will graduate this year with a fine arts - woodworking degree. She enjoys working with the figure and hopes that her work can bring a greater degree of strength to the concept of the divine feminine.

Delpha Wheeler is a sophomore art history major with long-held passions for both art and writing. This is her first published piece.

Jennifer Witten is a 22 year-old Indianapolis native and a senior English major. Last spring she won third place in the Writer's Center's College Poetry Read-Off. Over the summer she attended the Squaw Valley community of Writer's Poetry Workshop.

Desiree Wright is a California girl with an addiction to sunshine and saltwater. Can't live without: books, gum, sand in her shoes. Wants: to be published, move to an island, save the planet.

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 Spring 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.

Tentative Deadline: February 19, 1999

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 submission from each author, please. Name should not be placed directly on the manuscript, as authorship is not revealed during the judging process. Send or deliver to the following address:

c/o genesis
Dept. of English
Cavanaugh Hall, Room 507
425 University Blvd.
Indianapolis, 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:

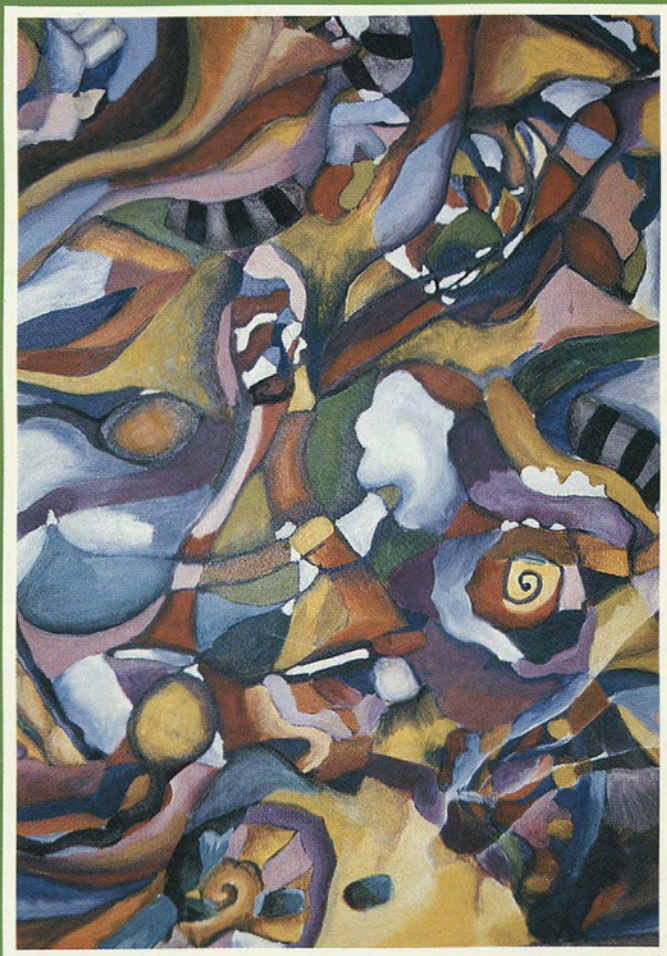
Office of the Dean
Herron School of Art, IUPUI
1701 North Pennsylvania Street
Indianapolis, IN 46202

genesis is also seeking new board members to participate in all stages of the journal's publication. Interested students should contact Carol Hocker at cjhocker@iupui.edu, and/or Anita Snyder at asnyder@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>

“Inner Sex Part”



Amy Saunders ♦ 16" x 20" ♦ oil on canvas