

1990

Clemson Chronicle, 1990-1991

Clemson University

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Clemson University



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Chronicle

Winter Literary Issue 1990

Editorial

In the hopes of avoiding personal rejection, people often feel compelled to commit themselves to the trends of their contemporaries. A magnet of appeal seems to draw many to its circle of acceptance, giving them a false sense of security within themselves. The fear of ostracism is an impetus that brings out the conformist in a person — often times forcing a person to follow a pool of standard ideas and watered-down perceptions. While we inherently seek a path to stability, we must also consider that this stability may lead to insufficient expression.

At *Chronicle*, we recognize such an inevitable insufficiency, and continue to provide an outlet for those people with this common recognition. Each year we generate three magazines to provide the community of students at Clemson University the opportunities to express their ideas, creativity, and perceptions, and to reveal to the rest of the community some of the exceptional paths chosen by our students, which otherwise might never even be seen. We honor and respect those who choose to create, and encourage those people to recognize their talents of individuality.

We hope that *Chronicle* can expose you, the reader, to some unique forms of expression, and can inspire you, the creator, to express them to others.

Enjoy,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Dawn Ellen Kirkland". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "D".

COVER ART:
Monica Fogg
Inner Cave

CHRONICLE

VOLUME 93, ISSUE 2, WINTER 1990

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Chronicle was established in 1897 as the official art and literary magazine of Clemson University, making it the university's oldest student publication. Opinions expressed in *Chronicle* do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, or administration. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions, should there be any, presented in *Chronicle*. Address all correspondence to: *Chronicle*, Box 2187, University Station, Clemson, SC 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activity fees. Advertising rates are available upon request.

Harvest

Climbing high into the tree arms,
She placed a sole into the well worn toe hold,
And slowly rocked the limb.

Pecans pelted gatherers,
backs bent, eyes down,
Searching the brown grasses for sustenance.

Cheeks flushed, surveying her horizon,
She swayed again,
Hoping to harvest the tree's last fruit.

—Cathy R. Moore

Old House

This house and I are lovers –
Moaning late into the night
as nails pry loose,
doors come down,
We sweat, and grunt, and strain together.

This love is different than my parent's house –
where What Was becomes confused with
What Will Be.
Only a small patch of territory
to claim as Mine
To struggle in through rebellious years.

No – this house is different –
Coming to me already grown.
I took the privilege to shape at will,
Timidly, then with growing zeal,
Wrestling with spaces I barely knew.

Later – passion spent –
Dull comfort setting in,
I realize the things which can NOT be changed,
Character created through time
To think that every spider has been named,
Only to come upon some new cubbyhole, or artifact ...
Whose height is etched in the closet door?

This house is more beautiful for the things I did NOT create –
Did not, muddling, reach sticky fingers
to touch.
These curves, these lines, were created beyond me ..
To accept those things which are not ME –
This house has hammered its own nails.

–Cathy R. Moore

The Seventh Day



by Kathy Brown

In the beginning, there was only darkness, and God was bored.

On the first day, He created light and saw that it was good. On the second day, He divided the sky from the water and saw that it was good. On the third day, He divided the land from the water and saw that it was good. On the fourth day, God created lights, to divide day and night and saw that it was good. On the fifth day, He created fishes and birds and saw that it was good. On the sixth day, God created the animals of the land, as well as mankind to have dominion over them. And He saw that it was too good.

On the seventh day, God did not rest. He created Sorrow and gave her mankind for a whore.

But she is an attentive lover. Her embrace is unyielding and her sighs offer the promise of eternal commitment. Her kisses suck all resistance from mankind. Sorrow is beautiful. She is perfect pain, blinding in purity.

But I can no longer feel the tormenting bliss of her thighs. Many years ago, I was freed from her embrace by a great gift, more perfect than pain, more blinding, and more exquisite.

It was a magical time when my sister was born. The whole of existence gathered for one bloody stand against Sorrow. The battle

lines were drawn on a spring day, when I was twelve. I was out in the garden, hoeing. If the weeds grew unchecked they would take over and choke the young butter bean plants. The fields were planted in rows, divided into threes by a wide flat bar of dirt. The tractor straddled this bar when Daddy plowed. It was a haven for weeds. I sat down on a weed row to rest and buried my feet and hands in the cool dirt. I made frog houses by packing the soil around my bare feet. If a foot was pulled out too quickly, the house would crumble.

I was on my third frog house when the sky fell. The clouds were so low and dark that I could touch them. Within seconds, the sky was grey. The sun was gone. Its warmth and light had never existed. The air was too full to breathe. It burned my skin and nose. The earth was alive. It shuddered and the frog houses crumbled. I stood alone in the bean field, touching the sky with upturned face and outstretched arms. I walked toward the house and listened to the rustling leaves discuss this magic.

The house stood on a green carpet. It was bordered by a road in the front. The rows of crops emanated like spokes on a broken wheel from the sides and back of the house. The walls were a single thickness of bare boards. They were painted yellow and green on

the inside to hide the shabbiness.

The yard was bare except for a single oak tree in the back. It marked the graves. The limbs were a mother's protective arms. Underneath were forgotten people, dressed in yellowed wedding gowns and decayed Sunday suits. They were my father's family, older than the laws restricting places of burial. They couldn't even remember themselves. But they could not forget Sorrow. They were her lovers. Even in death she was loyal. Her hand still held theirs, but her touch was softer. The falling of the sky aroused their waning interest in the living. They shifted and strained to see past mossy tombstones. And they laughed when they spied the pregnant sacrifice, my mother, on the back porch.

Mama was scowling at life from the porch. She was scowling at death too. There was enough hatred to go around. Mostly, Mama hated herself for being an Indian. She had been taught from birth. She learned to hide her darkness to deny anyone else the pleasure of hating it. She reveled in her private bitterness. She punished her hair by pulling it back so tight that her scalp ached. And she covered her skin with as many layers of clothing as she could stand. She even kept her eyes lowered to hide their blackness. She only lifted them to hate.

Mama also hated Daddy – for marrying her and sharing her shame, I guess. The hate and shame became a battle. Through thin walls I could hear it being fought each night. This bitter struggle for control conceived my sister.

Mama hated the rest of the

world indiscriminately. She hated me no more and no less than the dead people in the backyard. It was a cold, penetrating hatred that took my breath away. So I stopped looking at her. I pretended that both she and Daddy were beneath nameless tombstones in the back yard.

Mama stood on the back porch and spoke for the last time. "You better come on in," she said. And for that instant she wasn't cold, she was just sad. She knew that something was coming and just stood there looking at the floor boards. Her belly grew bigger while I watched.

I couldn't look anymore. It all became too heavy for me. I closed my eyes and touched the sky. I stood in darkness and listened to the speculations of the dead. When I opened my eyes, the rain was hitting my face and Mama was gone.

It rained for five more days. The more it rained, the bigger Mama swelled. Her feet and ankles became so swollen that she couldn't walk. Her skin strained to keep it all inside. She was hideous. On the sixth day the rain stopped and the wind came. It carried the laughter of the dead.

The next morning the clouds and wind were gone. When the sun rose in, the screaming started. She was still screaming when Daddy drove her away. I don't think she ever stopped. But it didn't matter. The sacrifice was small. Sorrow only got a bitter woman. I got a sister. Not even Sorrow could negate the gift of love. ■

Evening

She relaxed in the wicker
Listening to it creak
 With each small movement

Wondering
At the shadow of the
 old oak chair
 with the worn leather seat
Made BIG by the
 light of the slender
 brass lamp

And the dried blue flowers
 in the glass jar on the floor

—Wendy Styles

a still afternoon in sunlight

i am home,
still and waiting.
in my lap
beats a heart
of blood and silver.
i am home,
warm in sunlight.
your face in
clouds: come home,
i whisper.
come home
to my warmth.
be at home
inside this house
where sunlight
becomes you.

—Beth Lyons

american junglewalk

oh say can you sing
in the dark
in the dark
in the dark's lovely light
down the stairs and
into the night:
the streets are wet
and darkly sparkling
listen, our hearts are
red drums
feel, our breath like
wind rush
see, here come streaming shadows
to stripe us in
a night cage
on night stage
each step becomes a gesture
each move a stroke
the palette:
all streets we pass
look, a glimpse of car
steals around corners, gleams
under bright stars:
a million eyes
ahead, our path unfurls
walk with the dark
the dark breathes with us
the dark sings in us
walk through this smoky doorway
we'll show you things

—Beverly Cooper Gunter

Surrealistic Sojourn (Columbus on a bus)

Icicle flashes of light
echo, bounce.
Reflections of resonance,
crisscross activity. While electric
coolaid trickles downstream,
and light blue sound music
from the Hummingbird Express,
flirts with my indifferent brain.
“Ya, it’s dead.
It was all lying in the road
doing convulsions.”

—George Flores

self-betrayal

so she shut out the in-between
choosing only to wade on the banks
thinking it was better
but knowing that it wasn't
hating the way the bottom felt
but afraid to swim out
into the deeper water

she has no idea what it is
to swim across the river
to feel the currents pull

all she knows is mud
that oozes between her toes

once i saw her dive
but she decided it was too tough
she'd rather stand in the shallows
and help the fog roll

—Reid Sisson

Sea memory

It all seems clear to me now,
the smell of summer
the endless ocean licking
the sand from beneath my toes,
the sound of salt-sea air
blowing across the seashells
their old home of a salty—soft water nature,
and their new home;
the grip of a careful, careless
two-year-old, wide eyed and
wonderous at the beauty
God gives such things —
the trash of the sea.
He brings them home to
sun-baked, sunscreened, oily,
sleepy mother who says,
“How nice.” when she glances
at them through her sunglasses.
He puts them in her bag
and they go home
and turn into sand
anyway.

—Beth Williams

Chrysyn's Cross

by Cari McCall

"I never saw a butterfly die."

The sound of her voice penetrated the stillness, jolting her from a restless, warring reverie. The idea felt..... *nouvelle*.... one of *those* thoughts, striking unsuspectingly, giving a bird's-eye perspective of past, present, and future; a pearl from Destiny's hand of one-last-chance.

Before the compelling conjuration of the thought, her mother's voice, roughened by years of smoke and dissatisfaction forever battering within the attics of her mind, spewed sightless, sermonious advice. Chrysyn saw mother Mara, clothed in a red rayon robe, poised, smoke and words entwining as she uttered The Law:

"Chrysyn, you obviously have a great deal of potential in areas other than art. Do you really want to be a starving artist when you'll see your classmates pass by you in their Mercedes? Why can't you go to a good school first, and worry about art later? It will always be there. It is not something lost or gained overnight. Listen to me, I know. As for John—he is sweet and kind—but he will limit you. Artists starve... and I don't think you want to starve."

Yet the *thought* intensified, the reality rising like the wind, the wind which rides on the coming of a storm. Colors leapt out: maples rosier, grass greener, goldenrod more golden. Chrysyn felt newborn, christened in the rivers of color surrounding her. Her mind raced. Snapping on the radio to

relieve herself of the mental barrage, wishing words singing “*Sweet Freedom whispered in my ear... You’re a Butterfly... and Butterflies are free to fly... high away... by and by.*”

By and by, the wind of the thought returned home. One beautiful autumn day she visited a little pond, hoping to sketch a swan which nested there. Sitting on a low hill, looking about, she spied a small something on a long blade of grass jutting out of the water. Moving closer, she saw the something was a beautiful blue emperor butterfly. Crysyn stared, in awe of such fragile beauty, never having seen such deep, vibrant blue designs or raven lines. Perched upon his enthroned blade with sunlight falling on him like glory from heaven, the emperor ruled creation, unaware of the web above him. A large brown spider ran down, snatched the emperor, wrapped him in death clothes of spun silk, and paralyzed him. The blue wings beat madly, then slowly less and less until they barely moved. With the drop of his majestic head, the emperor died. Crysyn never returned to the pond.

The memory shook her to the core of her spirit. Instead of heading home, she turned a different direction—towards John’s house. John: the one who loved her, encouraging her talents, knowing the potential in her that would go far beyond sketching; the long-haired, wizardly bearded one who threatened Mama’s claim to Crysyn. He was the one who gently pushed her

to paint, the one who whispered he would wait until she decided what to do, the one who made her feel mighty enough to paint the wind.

Now she knew the answer to her thought: Go to John. Find him. Say yes to his proposal and live her life. Damn starvation. Damn her Mama. She had never disappointed Mama before, but now she had to. She *wanted* to. She would save the emperor this time.

Slowly descending, the sun spread its fire throughout the land. Urgency filled Crysyn’s spirit, urging her to hurry, not knowing why, only obeying the need. The last turn led down the familiar dirt road, lying shadowed by tall pines. John’s home stood like a tiny doll house, growing slowly as she approached. The sun glowed crimson; everything flamed with bronze fire. For a second John’s house resembled an image from a Sunday school story in Crysyn’s mind—Elijah’s altar, ablaze with holy fire.

Opening the heavy door, she called his name. Her voice ripped through the stillness of the house, ricocheting off every wall, every corner, every space. Searching everywhere, not finding, Crysyn grew frantic with the passing moments. She crept up the stairs, fear overwhelming her, the stillness terrifying her. Gripping the knob of the garret door like a sacred relic, she swung the door open, creaks and squeaks crashing the still air like vandals.

Crysyn almost died.

Twilight reigned the evening sky, yet John's auburn locks held the last remaining rays of sun, his head bathed in hallow flame as it lay upon the drawing table. Crysyn crept over to touch his face and felt the cold, lifeless skin. In that moment she cursed herself a million

times, in a million lifetimes, damning herself to a hell self-wrought. Her mind questioned, inquisitioned, "*How could this happen? He was in the best of health. . .*

How?" Looking over at the left wall, she began to see how, and later why:

Standing tall, the portrait filled the entire wall. Sunlight softly illuminated the painted seraph before Crysyn's eyes. The blue of the wings spread beyond perception—no other blue had ever felt so... alive. Outlined in deep ebony, the wings almost moved with a life of their own. All of it swept out at Crysyn, breathing, living. Rosy cheeks complimented the seraph's face. Yet the raven-tressed creature had no eyes—John's masterpiece was incomplete, but a master work nonetheless. She stood before the image as if it were a bizarre carnival mirror reflecting something she had never seen before. For an instant she saw a vague semblance of herself, and nothing more.

Her voice ripped through the stillness of the house, ricocheting off every wall, every corner, every space.

A crow hopped about on the window ledge like a mad demon. It flew away as Crysyn approached, blacker than night falling. At the ledge Crysyn noticed small red prints where the crow had perched. She dipped her finger in the fresh print and smelled it. Her heart stopped. It was not

paint, it was blood—John's. Mixing his own blood with the paint, John created the life-giving colors of the seraph to give his work life.

Crysyn stayed with John for a long, long

time. Every day disappeared, every year ran; his funeral dragged into a millenium. She lived in John's house, sleeping in front of the portrait, crying saltless tears in her never-ending night.

Forty years later, when they found her lying dead before the seraph, a piece of crumpled paper dropped from her weak, wrinkled hand. It was the only drawing she had done in those forty years... a blue emperor. Underneath the butterfly was written:

"I saw a butterfly die." ■

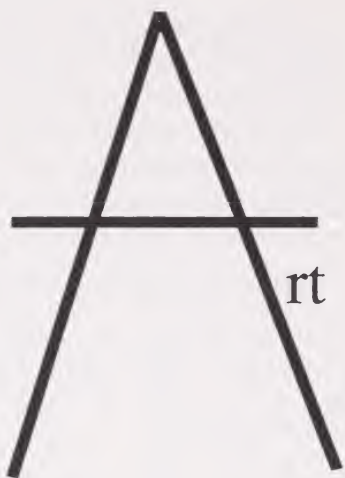
allegory

an old seed was planted
in not so good soil
where the sun was blocked out
and the sprout that sprung up
was not staked

and every so often
when the time was right
a man would spray bad insecticide on it
and cause bugs to grow on it

and it grew weighted down with them
and its shape was distorted

—George Flores



In

Clemson

by Linda Varkonda

Tired of a steady barrage of orange and white tiger paws? Longing for an artistic vision that encompasses more than chemistry formulas and plant-cell diagrams? Then look around you and you will find that the Clemson community has many resources for students in search of expressions of the fine arts. Foremost is the Rudolph E. Lee Gallery, located on the main floor of Lee Hall. Gallery director Jon Myer explains that this gallery's "primary purpose is to show risk-taking contemporary art." The gallery hosts national exhibits as well as the important student shows from the College of Architecture. Master of Fine Arts (MFA) exhibits are held in December and April along with the highlighting of the graduate architecture thesis projects. During the summer, the best student work of the previous academic year is displayed, and at the end of November, the annual Student and Faculty Art Sale begins the holiday season. The gallery director strives to balance the activities with student shows, local or area artists, regional talent, and national exhibits. The biennial Clemson National Print Show attracts the country's top printmakers. Some of the shows planned for 1990 are "Transforming the American Garden—12 New Landscape Designs" and a group show of prominent living American artists such as Louis Hemenez, Dottie Attie, and Judy Pfaff. For further information call 656-3081.

Linda Varkonda is a Visiting Assistant Professor of Architecture. She has been with the college for two years. Chronicle expresses its wholehearted gratitude for this exclusive feature contribution.

Lee Hall also has the MFA Gallery located on the ground level. As a multi-purpose space, it is used for both graduate and undergraduate exhibitions and special shows of guest artists.

In addition, the facility is also used for meetings and reviews for Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) and MFA students.

Unique in its organization, the events are planned only from semester to semester by both the students and faculty. With each show lasting only two weeks, the gallery offers a continual view of the contemporary art scene. Call 656-3081 for information.

Sikes Hall contains a collection of works by various European artists. These works, once part of the Thomas Green Clemson estate, hang in various administrative offices in the Presidential office suite. These oils reflect the tastes of the cultivated nineteenth-century American gentleman who served as the charge d'affaires to the reigning Belgian king, Leopold I. Old masters such as Franz Floris II, Louis Robbe, and Cornelius Schut are represented, as well as a work by Thomas Green Clemson himself.

The greater Clemson area boasts several well-established artists with studios open to visitors. Carole Tinsley's studio in Pendleton has been mentioned previously in *Chronicle* (Vol. 93, issue 1, autumn 1989). Jo Carol Mitchell and Brenda Bowers, owners of Art Parts, offer art supplies in conjunction with Brenda's instructional

studio space. Mrs. Bowers provides an annual exhibit of her students' work. Nearby in Pickens is the Pickens County Art Museum which offers twelve annual exhib-

its, including a juried show with regional judges. The Anderson County Arts Center in Anderson also presents national exhibits

as well as an annual juried show.

For those interested in the active Clemson art world, there are abundant opportunities to see contemporary works of painting, printmaking, sculpture, crafts, and ceramics. ■

*The greater Clemson area
boasts several well-
established artists with
studios open to visitors.*

The arts industry in South Carolina has suffered serious setbacks due to the blows of Hurricane Hugo. Reports of damages and losses pour in every day to the South Carolina Arts Commission, and as a result, the Hugo Arts Fund has been established to support the rebuilding of the arts in South Carolina.

The rebuilding of galleries and performance centers is necessary for artists and art organizations since they base their livelihoods on the events held within these facilities that were destroyed.

Donations can be sent to the Hugo Arts Fund, c/o South Carolina Arts Commission, 1800 Gervais St., Columbia, SC 29201, or called in at the toll-free number: 1-800-868-ARTS.

Information from *ARTIFACTS*

Three A.M. Insomniac Blues

Three A.M. insomniac blues
laundromat smells and
Televangelist's hells ahh
I breathe deeply.
Skipping, alone, deranged
A wise old man at 21
Solitude among the machines.
Weee!
I actually take the time to unfold
my socks and underwear; no rushing
the pale chubby creature of the night!
Edgewise by will
A better man because of it!
I find a lost pen in my clothes
Rewards and penalties of slovenly living.

—Christopher W. Lockett

The monkey writes home.

He peels his banana and uses it as a pencil,
the peel as his paper.

Dear Mom,
Don't expect me home.
I'm running off with Lucy,
the orangutan. (She's the wild redhead.)

He ate the rest of the banana
and left the note on the kitchen branch.

—Amy Sheppard

Kocomo Motel

by Rim Alan Cox

We were on our way to Florence when my 1968 Falcon quit. Watching the speedometer wind down as we coasted to the shoulder almost made me sick to my stomach. Just past Columbia, we had 60 miles to go.

I looked over at Chris.

"I'll see what I can do," I said without much enthusiasm.

I popped the hood, put the toolbox on the fender and bent over the engine. By this time the sun had set; you could feel a chill in the air.

I walked over to Chris. She continued gazing straight ahead. Maybe her mind was somewhere else, but more likely it was seething at being stuck on the side of the road with a useless car, and an even more useless boyfriend.

"Shit! Chris, I'm sorry. I can't figure what's wrong. Maybe it'll start in awhile. The flashers are on. Sooner or later a trooper will stop anyway," I said.

"Boy was I stupid. What I ever saw in a guy who drives such a piece of shit," she said more to herself than to me.

She looked down at her watch. I looked at mine and cringed. It was 7:30.

"I guess we won't make it to my house for dinner," she said. Looking up at me finally, she began to cry.

That was more than I could take. I walked back to the engine, played my tiny flashlight over it and cursed my bad luck.

I was thinking it could be the points, although I had just put in new ones, when a truck slowed and pulled off the interstate, stopping in front of us. I stood and turned to face the truck. I could still hear Chris's crying.

The truck was ancient, giving no clue as to its ancestry. It might have been blue once. Now rust, dirt and mud covered the entire vehicle. It lacked a tailgate, leaves and empty beer cans were scattered in the back, and a Montana license plate was propped in the window.

My enthusiasm for help cooled. The heft of the wrench in my hand began to feel curiously comforting.

Then the driver got out of his truck. He must have been around forty. He had a big, bushy beard and shoulder-length hair, both streaked with grey. He wore a ripped Khaki vest, exposing an impressive growth of white chest hair. Camo pants and jungle boots completed the outfit. In contrast, his eyes twinkled warm and friendly.

"You folks havin' trouble?" he asked. I started to explain, but he interrupted and continued in a monologue that lasted until he left.

"Well, don't you worry old Kocomo Joe'll have you on the road again 'fore ya know it.

"'68 Ford Falcon. They don't make 'em like this no more. No sirree. Give her a crank and we'll see what's ailing her," he said.

I got in the car, glanced at Chris, whose face was white, and tried the engine. No luck.

"Had one myself after the war. My girlfriend took off one morning with it. I suppose it was a fair trade," he continued with a grin.

Pliers in hand, he methodically went over the entire engine, probing, pulling, tightening.

"Yep, if a man knows what he's doing, all he needs is a pair of these. Have you got a bottle?" he asked.

I stood puzzled for a second,

but thought it better not to ask, found a bottle in the grass and handed it to him. He pulled a hose from the bowels of the engine, shoved it into the bottle and told me to crank the car.

"Stop! That's good. Come 'ere and look at this, why don't ya. See this layer at the bottom?" he said pointing to the half-full bottle. "Well that's water in your gas. It'll shut you down faster 'an anything. Now I got just the thing for you. Yessiree-bob," he said, tapping the bottle as he turned toward the truck.

I watched him rummage through the back, pawing through

"Yep, if a man knows what he's doing, all he needs is a pair of these."

the junk. He triumphantly pulled a small, mean-looking can from the pile.

"This here's my special mixture. We'll put it in the tank and you watch; this old car won't even notice the water," he said, going around the passenger side to the gas tank.

I saw Chris slide even further into her seat. She hadn't said a word the whole time.

Kocomo finished and started back towards the engine.

"Don't you worry miss, this car is as good as going," he said, smiling at her, a full, yellow toothed grin. Chris buried her face in her jacket. Kocomo laughed.

"Give her a try," he said.

I cranked her, but she didn't start.

"Sometimes it takes a special touch with these gals. Let me give it a try," he said.

I hesitated, knowing I'd never hear the end of this from Chris, but under his spell, I moved out of his way.

"Come on girl. You're not ready for the boneyard yet," he coaxed.

Under his hand it backfired, chugged, then caught, purring as good as ever.

"That's a nice sounding engine. You've got to watch where you get gas these days. If I was you I'd fill up at the next gas station. Dilute the

water some more just in case," he said, walking toward his truck.

"Sir?" I said. He turned. "We appreciate your help." I held out a check for twenty dollars that I'd written while he worked. "Here you go."

"No, that won't do," he said, shaking my hand. He stepped into his truck and was gone.

I stood there dumbly holding the check.

"Are we going, or are we going to sit here until this piece of shit stalls again," Chris yelled.

I folded the check, placing it in my wallet (where it still stays) and walked back to the car.

We pulled into the evening traffic. We'd be in Florence by 10:00.

"He smelled," she said.

I looked at Chris and smiled, thinking wouldn't it be nice to wake up early one morning and take off in the Falcon. ■

Death's Pale Actress

Inspired by a photograph from
The Best of Life (1973)

“Plunging 86 floors
from the observation deck
of the Empire State Building ...
An attractive 23-year-old lies
peacefully” shrouded
in a black metal sedan,
as if she were performing
a choreographed death.
She reposes
legs crossed,
shoes missing,
one stocking peeled
carefully from her foot.
She clutches pearls
tightly in her fist.
Head tilted and lips pursed
she screams
quietly, both fists clenched squeezing the pain.
the 33rd street traffic muffled
the echo and the crash
as hats and eyes passed
the car
oblivious.

—Stephen Lomas

The Funeral in March

Rose a winter whipping wind
From the grove behind the graves,
Driving dust and twigs before it,
It forced a mournful close,
Parching huddled faces,
Drawing shadowed tears
Howling deaf to every ear,
It sucked away the reverend's prayer,
And cracked and wailed its dirge,
Splintering an elm for an epitaph.

—Stephen Lomas

Listen for the Green

I dreamed
of colored sound
red shrieking like a jet
blue pattering on the window pane
of mushrooms made of clouds
bombs tossing in my salad
of parachuting from a bridge
about Mae West
on chocolate stairs
of a castle on the stage
actors Elizabethan dressed
of being the castle king
in blue jeans and a leather coat
of making mud pies in a frozen moat
while rain pattered a nearby frog
I could not hear the green
I dreamed.

—Stephen Lomas

The Train

by Matthew Dubord

Men entered the mines each day, new sunlight inviting them from their homes, inviting them to crush the hard February snow beneath their heavy boots, to dig coal from dark holes in the earth. Horrifying men, these miners, men working sequestered from the sun, white eyes leaping from the hollows of their drawn, blackened faces. Rail cars carried them into the mines, their helmet lamps illuminating the descent. Time distorted into two periods—work and sleep. Moments in-between were vanishing and painful, a battle to eat, to suspend sleep, to suppress the coughing, to soothe the twisted agony in the lower back.

Clement Deets watched the interchange of men and coal in the fading daylight. Miners shoved coal-laden cars out of the mines. Miners congregated around the mouths of the shafts. Worn men trudged back to town.

A low clatter pulled Clem's eyes from the windowpane. The 6:13 from Charleston to Pittsburgh had crossed the gorge and was easing across the tracks to the north of the mines, bound for the loading platform. A mesmerizing sight, the long, black train, its smokestack unfurling a white plume against the thick sky, headlamp blazing, cutting the encroaching darkness. The whistle screamed, and the train lurched to a halt beside the rusted loading tower. Momentarily, movement ceased. Miners interrupted their march through the snow and turned their eyes to the interloper. A chute dropped from the tower with a splitting clang into the first car behind the engine, the conveyor belt started, and the dull rumble of falling coal chunks commenced.

Henry Deets pushed open the door and dragged his big, tired body into the house. Clem fell back from his perch at the window, suddenly embarrassed, fearing detection.

"Evening," mumbled Henry as he collapsed into a chair behind the kitchen table. "Got some supper, hon?"

"Be right there."

Clem's mother turned from the stove. She carried a bowl of beef stew in one hand and a plate of yellow cornbread in the other. Clem watched her place the food on the table, in front of Henry, who had bowed his head, mouthing a silent prayer.

"Eat yet, Clem?" he asked when he had finished.

"No paw."

"Well, git y'self a piece of bread and some stew. 'Bout some butter, maw?"

Clem moved over to the table and took the chair opposite his father. His mother brought a slab of butter on a plate and sat between her son and her husband.

"Henry, you could wash them hands," she said.

Henry studied and turned his heavy, calloused hands, thick crescents of black beneath the split and broken nails.

"Jes git 'em dirty again," he said, chewing a piece of bread. "Good bread. Who made this? Your mamma make this?"

"No," she replied indignantly. "It was Clem and me. Ain't that right, Clem?"

"Yes sir, paw," said Clem, straightening in his chair. "We done it th'safternoon, mixin' it and all. I tasted it when we's done, jes to see if it was right."

"Well, it sure is good bread," said Henry.

Clem beamed at the compliment. A small, frail boy, often sick, he resembled his mother more in temperament and body than his father, physical qualities that had ingrained him with a sense of inadequacy since he had been old enough to recognize the feeling. At twelve, his face was bright and expressive, dominated by his blue eyes. A shock of tangled brown hair tumbled across his forehead.

He wanted desperately to know his father, the hulking man who woke him in the mornings for school and uttered a few words to him each evening before disappearing into the back bedroom. This paternal anonymity did not seem to trouble Clem's friends, whose fathers worked in the mines as well. They were big, strapping boys, however, inheritors of the family mining traditions, congenial to Clem but aware that his poor health made a life in the mines impossible.

Clem detested the mines, felt they deprived him of his father, sapping the big man of his strength and will. At night, Clem would lie in bed and listen to the tortured coughing and wheezing, the gasping for breath, sickening sounds from his parents' room, sounds that worsened each year.

After Henry had gone to sleep, while Clem sat on the floor, attending to his schoolwork, and his mother scrubbed dishes, a knock came at the door. Clem hopped up from his lessons to answer. Mickey Flynn, whose fa-

ther owned Flynn's Gas and Service Station, had walked down from his house in the hills. His eyes flashed, animated with anticipation, mischief dancing across his features. Mickey's hands beseeched Clem, urging him to leave the house and come out into the cold night.

"Maw, I'm goin' outside with Mickey, okay? Won't be long," said Clem, already halfway out the door, the sleeve of his old coat over one arm.

"All right Clem, since it's early, but don't dawdle 'round too late now, y'hear."

Mickey darted around to the side of the house, and Clem followed stepping gingerly through the snow, shoulders braced against the chill, hands plunged deep into his coat pockets. Mickey crouched in the dark recesses by the wood pile and pulled a milk crate into the moonlight. He had collected a half-dozen empty soda bottles, some yellowed and frayed rag strips and a gallon of gasoline in a red can.

"C'mon Clem, take them bottles and rags and foller me, and don't stumble," said Mickey.

"Where we goin'?"

"Jes foller me."

Mickey hefted the gas can to his chest and sprinted across the wide field between the Deets place and the railroad tracks. Clem took off after him, running hard, chest heaving, breath steaming in front of his face, thin arms wincing under the weight of the bottles and the crate. The two boys traversed the

field quickly, silhouettes in the moonlight. They paused by the tracks, catching their breath, then Mickey broke off running again, hard snow crunching beneath his boots, calling for Clem to follow. Clem scurried to catch up, fighting the snow, the cold, his own gasping for air.

About a half-mile down the tracks, Mickey slid behind a strand of thick-trunked trees and settled down.

"Bring them bottles and rags over here, Clem," he said.

Clem obliged, setting the crate down so hard that it stuck in the snow.

"Easy Clem," said Mickey.

Clem nodded in compliance and cupped his gloveless hands to his mouth, warming them with his moist breath. He leaned against one of the trees and slid his back along its coarse bark, easing down to sit in the snow, opposite Mickey, who was working diligently on the bottles. Mickey filled each clear glass vessel with a careful measure of gasoline, stuffed rags into the mouths, packed the makeshift fuses in place with putty produced from his pockets, and wedged the finished products in the snow. Standing, he surveyed the neat row of six identical creations. Gradually, Clem realized the plan.

"Them's firebombs," Mickey explained, gesturing dramatically at the bottles. "Now, when that 6:13 gets done loadin', it'll pass right over here, headin' out of

town. We's gonna heave these here bottles, after I lights 'em, up in them coal cars. It'll be sump-thin' else!"

Clem dropped his jaw, amazed at Mickey's audacity.

"Aw, I don't know. We could git in a heap of trouble. My paw would whoop the fire outa me if he found out."

"You ain't gonna run out on me, Deets, are you?"

Clem looked back at his house, distinguished in the distance only by a solitary, lighted window.

Resolutely, he scooped one of the bottles out of the snow and fixed his eyes on his friend, lips tightening. Mickey smiled and started rummaging in his pockets for a box of matches. A whistle screamed in the distance.

The big engine passed, bending the long rails against heavy cross-ties, creating a regular, rocking cadence. The headlamp pierced the night. Clutching bottles, the boys squatted and waited.

"Now!" hissed Mickey, striking a match and lighting two of the firebombs.

Clem and Mickey stood and threw as soldiers hurling grenades. The lit fuses fluttered as the bottles arched through the air, sailing over the train and landing on the opposite side of the tracks.

"C'mon!" said Mickey, igniting two more firebombs.

The boys pitched hard and accurately, both bombs tumbling into one of the cars. Clem turned to run, but Mickey seized his arm.

"Wait Clem! Watch!"

Clem held his ground apprehensively eyeing the long train as it leaned toward the bend that would take it out of the valley. Slivers of orange began to leap from the car into which the boys had lobbed the firebombs. The conflagration built, and within seconds the coal caught fully, blazing

away, contorted flames stretching in the wind, thick smoke rising and shrouding the moon.

The train stopped, and shouting men sur-

rounded the burning car, decoupling it. The engine started again, dragging the abbreviated load down the tracks, stopped, and the men disconnected the burning car, isolating it.

Clem stared, consumed. Mickey exhorted him to run, but he could not move. The holocaust—high, orange flames straining to escape a solitary encumbrance, denying the moon—transfigured him, reddened his icy cheeks, flashed in his tormented eyes. Elemental beauty engulfed his soul. His heart swelled and

*By Tuesday evening
they finally broke
through and exhumed
the mangled and broken
bodies.*

burned with the fire, and his breath seized in his throat. Hesitatingly, looking back, he turned and ran.

Three days later, Monday afternoon, the number-three shaft collapsed. Thirty-nine men were trapped and killed. Some were crushed, but many others suffocated in the damp darkness. Workers struggled through the night and into the dawn, attempting to rescue what they thought was a pocket of survivors. But the faint moans and bangings subsided before the workers made any progress. By Tuesday evening they finally broke through and exhumed the mangled and broken bodies. Henry Deets was among the dead.

The school had sent Clem and the other children home early on Monday afternoon when the teachers got word of the disaster. Clem had gone straight home from the bus stop, avoiding the confusion at the mines, eyes locked on his house. He stayed in all day. At night he listened to the shouts and the sounds of digging and drilling. He could not sleep and he could not bring himself to look out the window.

Grandmother Deets learned of her son's death late Tuesday evening and went up to his house to tell her daughter-in-law. Her husband, Henry's father, had dug coal for his entire life, and she had experienced mining tragedies before. But this was close, much closer than the disasters that had killed and maimed in the past.

A trodden expression on her face, Grandmother Deets tried to

console Clem's mother, who had curled herself in a rocking chair, rocking and weeping. Clem sat on the fireplace hearth, warm flames lapping at the back of his neck.

"Oh God! Them mines," wailed Clem's mother, wrenching her head, clenched fists pressed to her forehead. "Them goddamn mines! All our life is in them mines, and they take it away, jes like that. Ain't right. Ain't right!"

"Aw child, you rest easy now," said Grandmother Deets. "His paw said he didn't have no pain."

"Oh goddamn, ain't nothin' but pain ever come outa them mines! Ain't nothin' good ever come outa that hell in them mines, 'cept pain and death. Goddamn coal. Ugly, black death!"

Clem cowered by the fireplace, terrified, confused, his mother's screams echoing in his head. Crackling, orange flames splattered his face with warm light, catching the horror flashing in his wet eyes.

In the cold, February night, a whistle screamed. ■

The Show

We went to see the show.
The lights, the lies that tangle and intertwine.
 snakes, bodies writhing, biting.
The actors, the plot all adrenaline.
The price of the ticket.

Hours later, all reality dispelled.
Clothes crumple to the floor.
 home. bed. sleep
Lights go down but lids stay up
 realization. damnation. the curtain's still up
The show goes on

—Leonard J. Bullard

DO THIS.

<input type="checkbox"/> Cathy R. Moore	<input type="checkbox"/> Beth Williams
<input type="checkbox"/> Wendy Styles	<input type="checkbox"/> Christopher W. Lockett
<input type="checkbox"/> Beth Lyons	<input type="checkbox"/> Amy Sheppard
<input type="checkbox"/> Beverly Cooper Gunter	<input type="checkbox"/> Stephen Lomas
<input type="checkbox"/> George Flores	<input type="checkbox"/> Leonard J. Bullard
<input type="checkbox"/> Reid Sisson	

- A) He is a junior Building Science major. An observer in the audience.
- B) "Virginia born in 1968. A bizarre creation gathered from the four winds of the night. This is my first contribution to the Chronicle."
- C) "After a long stint as an undergraduate, I am pursuing a master's degree. My wife and I live in Anderson where our lives are ruled by a house and a cat. I plan to teach literature at the college level and hope to write best sellers."
- D) "I just want to get out of jail and see my baby."
- E) "Those who restrain desire do so because their's is weak enough to do so." —William Blake
- F) "I was raised in Clemson, and both my parents work for the University. My favorite foods are popcorn, pizza, and peanut butter. My major is English; German is my minor."
- G) "I dedicate my work to my mother, Lillian Ridgeway. I'm a Master student in the School of Textiles, native Beltonian, and a die-hard Clemson fan."
- H) "A man goes far to find out what he is." —Theodore Roethke
- I) "I like travel, both physical and mental. I might live in Ireland for awhile, because poets don't pay income taxes there (assuming I qualify)."
- J) "I graduate in May and then I'll be lost. I love summer rain storms and cheap beer. I think poetry should be fun."
- K) She is a graduate student in Architecture.

ANSWERS: Moore:G, Styles:E, Lyons:J, Cooper-Gunter:I, Flores:D, Sisson:H, Williams:K, Lockett:B, Sheppard:F, Lomas:C, Bullard:A. Thank you for playing.

Editor-in-Chief—Dawn Ellen Kirkland
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COMING UP: "An Evening with *Chronicle*"

Chronicle brings its past pages to life with poetry readings, original art, films (and a little mood music) on

**Wednesday, February 28 from 8 to 10 P.M.
 in Daniel Auditorium.**

Be sure to join us and experience an evening of insightful, cultural, and pleasing entertainment.

Submissions for the spring art and literary issue: Send poetry, plays, short fiction, features, and art to Box 2187 University Station, Clemson, SC 29632 with S.A.S.E. Include name and phone number on the back of each submission. If you do not wish to mail your art, call our office at 656-2833 and leave a message.

DEADLINE: February 28



CHRONICLE

Spring 1990

Editorial

Permutation. Transformaton. Deviation. Transmigraton?

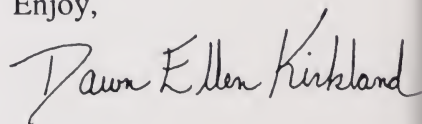
When is it time? Often we are not alert to the timely need for change which is essential for growth and for avoiding staleness. We sometimes destroy the uniqueness of a beautiful thing by draining it past its prime.

On our globe there exists such a wealth of options that it seems trite to linger over one for any extended amount of time once it has already been smelled and seen and tasted and felt in all its possible ways. Take an apricot. When you withdraw its water, it gets dried up. And, once that's done, you cannot go any further with it except to eat it up, throw it out, or let it rot on the shelf. At that point, I suppose it would be time to get a new apricot . . . or a new magazine format.

Chronicle was dried and eaten a couple of times throughout its lengthy history, and once or twice it came close to rotting on the shelf, but that was another time. Now, more than ever, *Chronicle* keeps its juices intact through a myriad of sources—the artists and writers who contribute, the donors who support, the readers who read, and the staff who, through all of its stages, keeps the magazine clicking its heels. I think we are all more than willing to accept advantageous permutation, if we can only realize what it is and when it comes knocking.

This year we have been teetering on a see-saw between tradition and matured innovation, resting on the starting line of transformation while looking back warmly on the days of antiquity. And somewhere along the line, possibly without knowing that it happened, we started running with the good of the past in one hand and the images of what's to come in the other.

Enjoy,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Dawn Ellen Kirkland". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Dawn" starting with a large capital 'D' and the last name "Kirkland" ending with a long, sweeping tail.

COVER ART:
Alexia Timberlake
Myself on my Heart
acrylic on canvas

CHRONICLE

VOLUME 93, ISSUE 3, SPRING 1990

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Chronicle was established in 1897 as the official art and literary magazine of Clemson University, making it the university's oldest student publication. Opinions expressed in *Chronicle* do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, or administration. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions, should there be any, presented in *Chronicle*. Address all correspondence to: *Chronicle*, Box 2187, University Station, Clemson, SC 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activity fees. Advertising rates are available upon request.

Rapport
Yes, please —
And my toothbrush ...
A desultory thought.
However
I'll watch the sun rise
Through the steam over my tea cup
Tomorrow.

Pariahs do not exist
Within my black box,
And apathy is dead.
Only the candle breathes
Silently —
But through the gate
Mendacity is born.

No, thank you —
I cannot dance.

—Amanda Johnson

To Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Set sail for happiness, Lawrence;
Elvis is dead — He knows
The secret of eternal life,
Man, and you don't.

Tom Swift is grown,
And the American boy
Tore off beauty's clothes
And raped Alice in Wonderland.
Aphrodite grew live arms
And pushed the human crowd off a cliff.

Here's your renaissance;
Here's your rebirth of wonder;
Here's your retribution
For what America did
To Tom Sawyer.

—Chuck Emory



ivory Heart

by John Edwards

I don't believe in destiny. My fate is in my own hands, I've always known that. But somehow I feel it was part of a plan that I was to meet him and know him. In the short time that I knew him he changed the way I thought about life, at a time when life was what I thought on most. Perhaps I sought him out unconsciously, or sought out what it was in him that changed me so. I had my idea of a life's purpose whittled down to a basic shape, but he refined it, made it simple and clear. Yet he was not a simple man in that he was completely unpredictable to the modern, conventional mind. I saw his way of living as an art instead of a science. His life was a symphony, composed and performed in the African wilderness. I witnessed only the tragic finale, but the theme was still there, and it was strong. Now I will add words to his music. It will be a requiem for the Africa that was, the Africa of which I had only a brief glimpse, a rare sight in the modern day. It was Smythe's Africa. I was a wealthy young man on my first safari. For some reason, perhaps as a part of the plan, it was Smythe's last.

I arrived at our starting destination by a helicopter chartered out of Nairobi. It was the end of the dry season, and from the air I could see the plains smoldering from the grass fires that release seeds for the next season of rainfall. There is no better time to hunt Africa. When the grass is high, the animals disappear into the hills and mountains, fleeing the hidden predators. But when the grasses are burned away, the animals return to celebrate the rebirth of the plains, and the life-giving rain that blesses the thirsty survivors. The popularity of the late dry season limited my choices of equipment and guide services. My pilot warned me of my choice of guides and explained that he had rescued more than one disgruntled client from Smythe's remote campsites. The towering office buildings of the city were just out of sight as we landed on a dusty clearing by a row of small mud-brick shacks. The pilot reminded me that he was only a radio-call away, and that if I should need him, he would be ready to oblige. I had been treated with nothing but royal kindness and hospitality after arriving in Africa, for the more money you have, the more cooperative and helpful the people become. I didn't know how soon that was going to change.

It was to have been a small photographic safari for lion, cape buffalo, the elephant, and the sitatunga. It was the sitatunga, a shy species of marsh-buck, that made Smythe a necessity, for he was the only available hunter with the experience to track them. There was only one exception to this bloodless hunt which was to be the highlight of my first safari. After a large donation to the Wildlife Conservation Society and the Serengeti National Park Service, I was given permission to participate in elephant population control by shooting one bull elephant, half of the ivory going to the Park Service, and half for me to keep as a trophy. The laws and regulations on African safari hunting are many, but there are few that cannot be bent or bypassed by tourist dollars. And as you put the buildings and the bureaucracy behind you and venture deep into the heart of Africa, all civilized laws fade and eventually vanish, and you are left with your own sense of right and wrong.

I looked over the group of men who were loading the jeeps with the camping necessities, and I found my guide, the only white man in the crowd, working steadily along with his hired help. But it was not his caucasian status that made him stand out. If Venus emerged full-grown from the foam of the sea, Jonathan Jacob Smythe could just as easily have arisen from the ground a living composite of the dust and sweltering heat of the Serengeti plains. His skin bore a rich bronze luster from countless hours of baking in the blazing African sun. His short, thin hair shone golden blonde against his dark face. I estimated that he was somewhere between thirty-five and forty, though in that severe climate it is impossible to judge a person's age by appearances alone. Smythe dressed in traditional khaki bush clothes, and one would believe that he could easily disappear into the parched grasses, perfectly hidden from the most wary antelope and bushbuck. He carried a .416 caliber Holland & Holland double-barreled rifle, without ornamental engraving or telescopic sights, with a plain brown military-style sling. The only vivid color Smythe displayed was the deep, even blue of his eyes which, had he spontaneously originated from the plains, he would have derived from the cloudless East African skies. As we shook hands at our first meeting, I realized I had failed to make an equal impression on him. I was merely a customer, a visitor to this land. He was Africa.

After we greeted each other politely and my supplies were packed away, we were off, headed away from the hills and into the flatlands, in search of the lion and elephant. "There was a time," Smythe explained as we rode along, "that finding a good lion was almost commonplace, not unusual at all. But baiting for predators has been outlawed for a long time, and success with lion or leopard now requires luck or decent tracking skills.

I have the tracking skill, so whether or not you're a lucky man doesn't matter. Well, if the lion charges, it might make a difference. I suppose that's what your rifle is for. If you miss your second shot, you'll be lucky if I don't shoot you myself." He smiled, but it didn't necessarily indicate that he was joking. I decided to change the subject.

"What about the elephant?" I asked.

"What about them? Magnificent creatures, aren't they? Did you know that they huddle when in danger to hide the tusks of their bulls? It's almost as if they know that's why they're in danger, like they know what's happening outside their tiny sanctuaries."

"No," I explained, "I mean my elephant. I brought along a .505 for the job, and I wondered what you're going to back me with."

Smythe turned and glared at me, red-faced, and then, as if he had momentarily forgotten himself, his expression relaxed, and he turned his eyes back to the trail.

"Special permit from the government, eh?" Smythe asked.

"You didn't know? My outfitters didn't tell you?"

"I'm here, aren't I? I do not kill or assist in the killing of elephants. You see, Mr. Branyon, there is no need to 'thin out' the few remaining herds. If an elephant starves today it is because a man has pushed it out of its own home. You're an American, aren't you? The elephant is the Native American of the African continent. It has been pushed and shoved into tiny reserves of useless land. Poachers and politicians slaughter those animals daily. I refuse to. If you want to photograph them, well good for you, I'll put you to where you can smell their breath. But no shooting. If you want to turn back, we'll turn back. This is not negotiable."

I considered this ultimatum in silence, knowing I would have to

sacrifice the elephant or the marsh-buck. Turning back would mean a week's delay, and I knew that even if I got lucky and found a new guide, Smythe's objection was still a valid one. If I didn't shoot the elephant, someone else would, but that didn't make the decision easier. It was a personal decision, and there, surrounded by the wonder of the dark continent, I knew that my ivory trophy would have to wait. I could afford it, but perhaps Africa couldn't. Smythe commended me on my decision, and we traveled on in silence until we made the evening camp.

The next morning we decided to hunt some meat for the camp. We were now deep in the last wild, untouched part of Africa, and the game animals were abundant, making cameo appearances as we set to our work. I saw several kudu, a nice sable, and I even caught a glimpse of a black rhino fleeing into a tunnel in the high sansiviera grass. I followed Smythe and his gunbearer Kadesi along a stony path to a narrow overlook above the drying river basin. I noticed the dry, hardened prints of a lion from the rainy season, and I guessed that the lions also used this overlook to find their prey. A group of impala had gathered below at the stream to drink. I decided to take the largest buck, which was acting as a sentinel, searching and sniffing for predators. As I raised my rifle, Smythe signaled that he would take the crucial shot himself. He fired once, scattering the impala, leaving only a small fawn lying dead by the stream. "I know, you would have shot the buck," Smythe said as he descended the steep bank to claim the young deer, "but you're not that hungry, and I don't feed the vultures."

A little embarrassed, I followed Kadesi to the stream and filled my canteen as he set to work gutting and skinning the animal.

"It's strange," Smythe began, "but most hunters would have taken that big buck, even if they were all

alone. But a lion or leopard usually takes the young. They're slower, weaker, more tender, and there is very little lost by taking a young animal. That's the important thing—nothing's wasted. Can you see it? All this, the ecology of Africa, is too fragile to withstand waste and wanton killing. Don't you agree?"

"I suppose it makes sense," I replied, "but what about the predator that loses that young deer? Lions and leopards can't exactly sit up on the hill, picking and choosing with a high-powered rifle."

"Yes, the predators. I really sympathize with them. A deer eats only what grows naturally from the ground, while a predator, like you and me, must work for it. Of course, a deer must work to avoid us, but in the end we get all the bad publicity. Especially when we take the young ones. A memsahib would have fainted if she saw me take that little impala. You barely flinched. That should tell you something, Branyon. Something good about yourself. No, not necessarily good, but something strong. It takes a certain strength to fight your compassion. You just might be a survivor."

Just then, one of Smythe's trackers appeared on the overlook, frantically waving his arms and shouting in Swahili. Smythe grinned and replied, "M'zuri, letti lorry hoppa!" Kadesi shouldered the skinned deer and started back up the bank.

"I told him to go back and bring the jeep. How would you like to get those elephant photos right now? My man says he's found the largest bull elephant alive, and trust me, friend, this tracker would know it." The excitement was contagious, and I agreed that we should pursue this animal right away. After stopping by the camp for my camera we were headed west to where the giant bull was spotted.

It was just me and Smythe on

the trail of the elephant and we left the others to channel their excitement into the task of preparing supper for our return. Smythe assured me that with any luck we would have the photographs and be back in camp before nightfall. After a thirty-minute, bone-jarring ride over the plains the herd was in sight. Smythe stopped the jeep and inspected the group with his field glasses. Pleased with what he had seen, he handed me the binoculars. In the center of the herd of elephants was a towering, majestic bull with tusks that nearly reached the ground, curling up into a sharp, perfect point. The sheer size of the animal was amazing, but I couldn't keep my eyes off of its beautiful, perfectly symmetrical ivory. As I scrambled for my camera, Smythe stopped me. He didn't have to explain, I just understood. In the wrong hands, a picture of such a trophy would turn any greedy hunter or impoverished native into a career elephant poacher. It was enough just to see the animal, and as we sat on the hood of the jeep and watched the mighty bull tend to his harem, it came to me that what I was witnessing was, in a nutshell, the very thing I wanted from life. This bull was a survivor. "It's what we all want," Smythe explained, "to control our element. Complete control. The lion is not the 'King of Beasts.' That's the gentleman, right there. With those tusks, he must be as old as Africa itself. He probably watched the first men leave the cradle of civilization. He must have surely wept when the first white man stepped ashore. Well, here's to you, old sport." He took a sip from a small flask of brandy and passed it to me. As the sun set, we finished the flask and wondered at this simple creature which, in the heart of the wilderness, shared its secret with us, embodying the oldest ideas of a successful existence.

It started with the cracking sound. It was barely audible in the distance, then the herd scattered in

chaos, sounding loudly, drowning the noise of the automatic rifles. The poachers, four of them, attacked the herd from the forest surrounding the wide clearing. Without a word, Smythe grabbed his rifle, raced towards the battleground, and fell to a prone position in the dust. The .416 roared, and a charging poacher somersaulted to the ground. Smythe's rifle flashed again, then two more times, and the confused poachers retreated into the darkening forest, as quickly as they had appeared. As the last echoed boom of Smythe's rifle resounded off the wall of trees, the hunter stood up to face the other survivor, the bull elephant, riddled with bullet-holes and charging with all his remaining strength. Smythe took two cartridges from the loops in his vest and shouldered the double-barreled rifle. He aimed carefully and fired, sending a puff of dust from the elephant's ear. He fired again, this time at the animal's feet, but it refused to turn away. As the dust storm in front of the elephant grew upon him, Smythe reloaded, slowly and deliberately. But there was no third shot, and finally there was silence.

Smythe had no family in Africa, or anywhere that anyone in Nairobi knew of, so I saw to it that he was buried in a guarded memorial cemetery near the city. I marked the grave with the ivory of the dead bull, the tusks curling together at the points, not unlike the shape of a heart, with brass caps at the base. I placed a stone between them inscribed:

FAREWELL
Johnathan Jacob Smythe
AFRICA
Nineteen Hundred Eighty-Seven



Indian Summer at Long Beach

Seated on a bench along the wooden paneled boardwalk—
cigarettes, *The Daily News*, an allowance of marijuana— and throbbing,
waves beat down retracting sand, two humans in wetsuits defy the
elements,
and though it is a far cry from 19th century Paumanok,
I am conscious of acute rhythms.

Predator birds squawk and slash, circling the return of the tide,
gather crustaceans that drop and crack the blacktop behind me
where men and women in business suits and hard-soled shoes walk unseen
in a tapdance
discussing the latest bit of insignificant health related information issued
by the FDA.

Car doors slam, horns blow jeers, police whistles shriek at the
intersection,
and from the window of her 3rd floor low-cost housing apartment,
a brute Italian twelve-year-old voice which I ignore (and must strain to
call even slightly feminine) barks at me repeatedly, demanding a
cigarette,
providing a pulse —

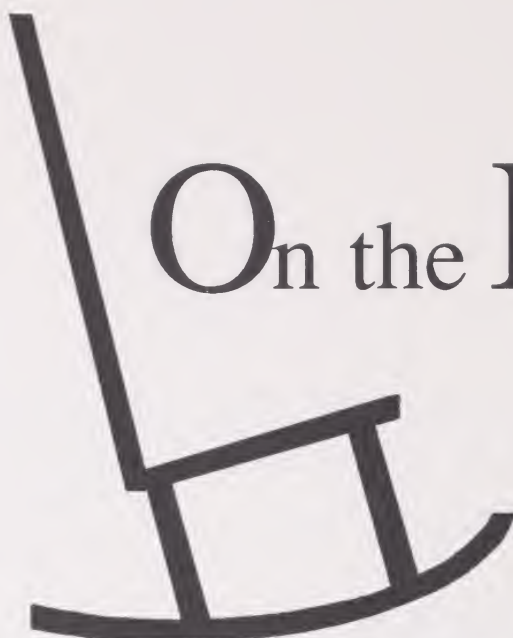
and I have noticed these before
beneath a plum tree in a grove.

—George Flores

Prophets in Dust

These dusty roads much traveled
Wise old black men singing to themselves
Thinking their madmen thoughts
Whistling their own songs of the South
Stumbling out of the night, almost hit by me.
I, alone again, drive along Kinston backroads.
Many knowing nods have been exchanged between
skins and wisdom.

—Christopher Lockett



On the Porch

by Jay Pobis

We moved into the house next to Tuck's the summer before I started the fourth grade, and I met the man the very first day I was there. We had a huge wall out on one side of the house that had been perfectly made for throwing a tennis ball off of and chasing down up to the row of palm trees that separated our yard from the next. The trees formed an imaginary line that you couldn't step over, because that was the outfield fence, and so you would have to reach out as far as you could to try and snag the ball to save the game. Sometimes I couldn't make the catch, the ball beyond me and the outfield line, gone forever for the moment, then rolling lazily over into the next lawn, where I would have to listen to the jeers of the crowd as I went to fetch it. But, then, there was always another game and another chance. On the next house was a porch, and it seemed like sometimes when the ball would roll kind of close to it, I could hear a soft creaking sound, back and forth, coming out. The lower half of the porch was wooden with a wire screen across the top that caught the glare of the sun so fiercely sometimes that you thought you might go blind. I couldn't really see in from a distance and so after a few minutes decided to go up close and just look in. I had to cup my hand against the cool wire to get a look. There was an old man moving easily in his rocker there, and a dog lying next to him.

"Hello," came a scraggly voice from the shadows.

"Hi," I said, moving back a couple of steps.

"You a ballplayer?"

"I played shortstop and first base and pitched in the little league where we used to live before we moved," I pushed out in one breath.

“You like to play, do ya?”

“Yessir.”

“Well, that’s fine. Been hoping there’d be a young fella around here before too long.”

“You don’t mind do you, sir, I mean about me being in your yard and all?”

“No, not a bit. And you could call me Tuck, if you would. My friends do.”

“All right, Tuck, I’m Alex.”

“Happy to know ya.”

And that was the way it started.

Usually in the mornings, mom would wake me up and I would do chores around the house or mow the lawn, or some kind of busy work ‘to keep me out of trouble,’ but the afternoons belonged to me and my imagination and my easy admirer. Some days I’d go out and throw the ball, or I’d get out my Star Wars guys and have huge wars sprawled out across two lawns with Darth Vader and the Empire in one yard and Luke and the Rebels in a tree or bush in another. And always I knew he was watching me, could hear the soft rhythm of his chair mixed in with the blowing palm fronds and the ripple of maple leaves. But it wasn’t like someone was watching me in a bad way, but more like I was being soaked up the way an orange will take in sunshine, and I liked that. Every once in a while Tuck would let his dog, Snup, out into the grass for me to roll around and tease with, but not a lot, because Snup was kind of old and he would rather just sit on the porch in the shade with the man than run and jump with me.

And when it would get really

hot, that summer, so that the beads of sweat running down my body felt like the drops of wax on a melting candle, and I was sure I was wasting away, Tuck would have me up onto his porch, to a spindly lawn chair and lemonade, and the best stories I have ever heard. I spent another lifetime there, in his world, in the South Side of St. Louis 1935; Old Sportsman’s Park on the corner of Grand and Dodier; three-cent train fare or a nickel round trip from up North; and a little blue pass boldly printed with “Knot-hole Gang.” Old “Ducky” Medwick, who used to talk to them in the left field bleachers, Pepper Martin and Leo Deroucher, Spuds Davis and Bill DeLancey, and Dizzy Dean who’d hook up with Carl Hubbel, a nasty screw ball, and the Giants from New York for fifteen innings. The ’34 club that won the pennant from the Series and the ’35 Cubs who won twenty-one straight down the stretch to steal another from the Cards. He told me about an August in 1936 when the Giants came to town and the “Gang” was told they couldn’t come . . . those seats were going to be sold. And Tuck wrote to the club president, told him he didn’t think it was fair that the kids came out to cheer against the second division but were turned away for a first place team. And how he got a letter back, got taken up to the president’s office, window overlooking the crowd, big pictures of the ’30, ’31, and ’34 Championship teams on the wall, and a friendly man in a straw hat and blue and white striped seersucker suit who took them down to the best seats

in the house. He told me stories about stickball in the alleys, playing in the fire-hydrant, and anything else that came to his mind. I didn't care. I loved it all. And there was a strange power in his voice and a glow in his eyes that made it all so real to me.

I remember the last time I talked to him, too. He asked me up to the porch for a drink and a rest from the heat. As I opened up the screen door the bright sun splashed the floor and walls and man for a moment, and then was gone as the opening sealed up behind me. In the shadows there, the breeze always seemed much cooler than in the yard, my arms and neck breaking then in goose bumps at the sensation. I fixed a glass of lemonade and had a seat. He didn't say anything to me at first and we sat in silence for a while. . . and I just looked at him. His hair was grayish-silver and all mussed up like it hadn't been combed in a long time. His forehead and cheeks were terribly wrinkled, and he almost looked like a bulldog, his mouth and eyes turned down in that sad kind of way. He was wearing a white undershirt that left his shoulders and arms exposed and an old blue pair of trousers. Snup lay asleep on the floor next to him, the man's hand stroking his head to the motion of the rocking. That's how I remember him.

"Why you being so quiet today?" he asked.

"Gonna have to start school in a couple of weeks," I said, "as soon as I get back from visiting my grandparents," regretting that almost immediately.

Tuck closed his eyes, and for a

moment I wasn't sure that they would ever open again. The lines on his forehead took on a pronounced heaviness and became tense. And then his eyes opened and it was like looking into the ocean when you know the water is there and that it's clear, but it's also blue or green or both underneath, and you don't see the water (though you do, but only the color.)

"I got a grandson, 'bout your age, maybe a couple of years more. Lives in Orlando about four hours north from here on the turnpike. Haven't seen him since his grandmother's funeral back two years ago. Fine boy, like yourself. Used to play out in that yard same as you." His voice was breaking badly now. "Used to ride around on Snup's back when he was a tyke. Right out in that yard. But it's just me and the dog these days anymore."

For the first time I was beginning to feel real uncomfortable, sweat breaking out in patches under my arms and in the seat of my pants. And I felt terribly young and alive. . . and ashamed for it. We sat there for a long time after that, but I didn't think I should say anything and I didn't feel like I could go. Tuck just kept on rocking, patting old Snup on the head. After a spell he got up and went inside, the dog following slowly behind. I set my glass down, stepped back out into the sunshine, and crossed the lawn to my house.

The afternoon that I returned from my grandparents' I went out to the wall to play ball. I had been secretly missing that wall

during the whole trip, and the thought of at least one interested fan in the stands. I thought about actually going up to the porch to talk to him, but I figured I'd just wait until he said something. I had been throwing for about fifteen minutes when it occurred to me that there was no creaking coming out from the porch. I walked over, then, to see if Tuck was there, but he wasn't. I guessed that he probably had an appointment or errands or something and that that he would be back before long. But he never came out that afternoon, and I went into dinner wondering where he could be.

The next day turned out to be more of the same, and I became worried that he had left and would not be coming back. Maybe his grandson had come to take him back to Orlando. I didn't know.

On the third day I decided to go up to the back door and knock, to find out for sure. I felt kind of awkward going up on the porch without him being there, but I hoped that he wouldn't mind. There were glass panels on the top half of the back door, and I was looking in to what seemed to be the kitchen. Across in the den I could see him reclined in an easy chair, eyes closed, T.V on. Snup was asleep at his side. I pushed on the door and it opened. I went in. The salty, sour smell of medicine rushed me and my stomach turned. *Jeopardy!* was on the television, but everything else was silent. I went over to Tuck and touched him on his arm. He was cold. He ... I turned and ran from the house, across the porch, and into the sunlight, tears breaking in my eyes.

I turned eighteen last Saturday. One of the cards my parents gave to me was in a yellowing envelope that had come from a safety deposit box. I broke the seal and pulled out the letter that was inside.

It said:

Dear Alex,

I hope you remember who I am, and the little time we spent together. You were very important to me. When I needed to be needed, you were there. I want you to have this. I think you will understand.

Sincerely,
Johnson Tucker

On a neatly creased piece of 1936 St. Louis Cardinal letterhead was this note:

9 August, 1936

Dear Johnson,

I was very pleased to receive your letter of 6 August showing your support for our Cardinals. If your dad can bring you to the game of Saturday, 15 August, the attendant at the Dodier Street gate will be happy to take care of you both.

Thank You,
Sam Braedon
President
St. Louis Cardinals



Old Sensations

I've found that the bedroom
is no place for love
and that the bathroom
suits its needs
much better;
because I've washed
the dried blood
of menstruation
off my inner thigh.

I've been up to my ankles
in cheap vodka,
Mexican beer
and tears
before;
this is nothing new to me,
it's been handed down
from lover to lover
for years.

Some call it messy
to stand in a puddle alone
without regard to the rain
or the mud on my shoes,
but I stand in one
and stomp my feet,
splashing anyone near enough
with reality
and pain.

—Russ Hallauer

Simple Question

Are we drunk enough
to spill our drinks
on the crotches of our pants
and through some slight humiliation
find some type of realism;
just enough to jump
off of our bar-stools
with another drink
and a book of poems
to sit together
on a comfortable couch
and put our boot-heels
through the walls around us?

—Russ Hallauer

To Someone I Know

Art imitates life.
So does a mirror.
Neither lives.
Life imitates art.
So does she.
“Ain’t no life nowhere.”

—Christopher Lockett



Tom Braswell
Fallen House
silver gelatin print



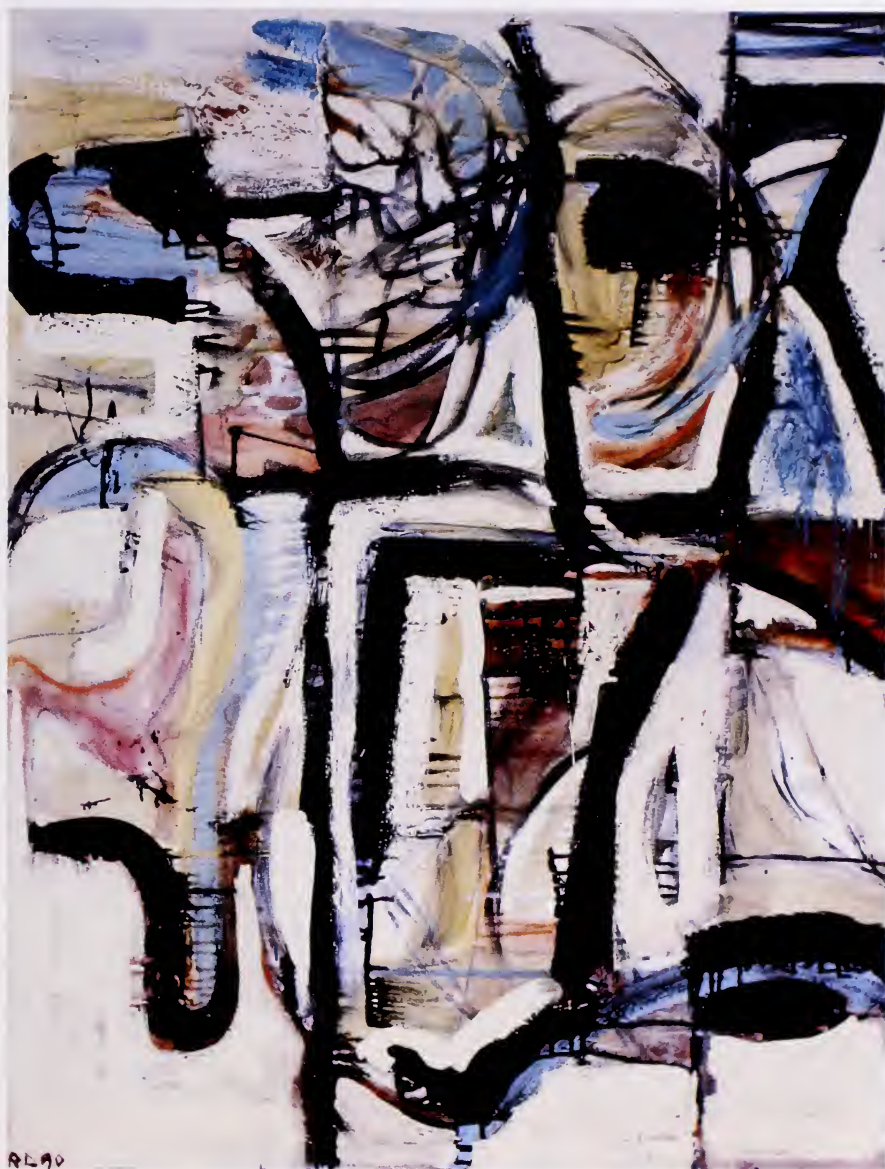
Jim MicConnell
Untitled
silver gelatin print



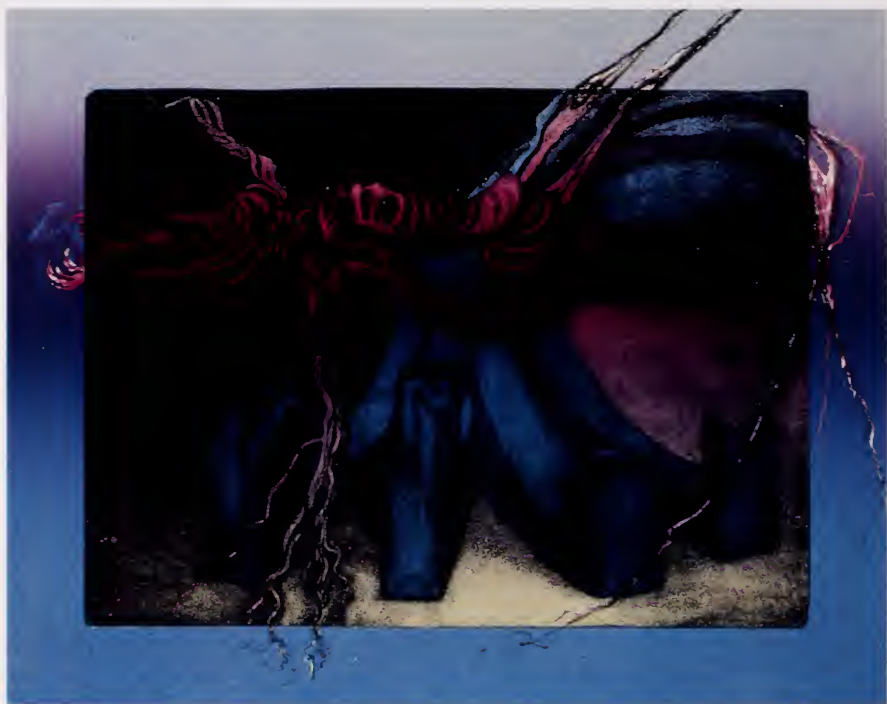
Alexia Timberlake
Apple on Colour Field
acrylic on canvas



Ron Dill
Blue Balls
oil and enamel on canvas



Ron Dill
Untitled
oil, enamel, and latex on canvas



Judy J. Williams
Beneath the Smoke
lithograph



Robert Long
Fixed in Time
clay and steel



Tom Braswell
Deconstruction
silver gelatin print

MAGAZINES:

SINGING THE ENVIRONMENTAL BLUES

by Phil Broder

It can be suicidally depressing sometimes, especially when the magazines arrive. You see, all my magazines get sent to my home in Michigan, so every few weeks my father packages them up and mails them down. They all show up at once.

Imagine getting half a dozen environmental magazines all at once. Audubon, Sierra, National Wildlife, International Wildlife, Buzzworm, South Carolina Wildlife. . . . Plus there's Conservation '90, Greenpeace Action, Outside, Wilderness, and several others that friends leave with me.

Imagine hundreds of pages of articles, facts, figures, and glossy photos about the end of the world, and according to the authors and photographers and statisticians and scientists and government officials and naturalists it won't be a quick death. Our lungs will blacken, our skin will dry, our insides will rot, and we will perish. And there will be no birds or mammals left to note our passing.

You can see how it might be a downer.

This is the end of my undergraduate life, a time when I'm supposed to be enjoying myself, blowing off some classes to create extra party time, maybe even doing serious stuff like job hunting (Do I need a license to hunt jobs? And what gun do I use?) and establishing a credit history (Whaddaya mean taking 21 credits this semester isn't enough to get me an American Express?). Instead I find myself trying to organize Earth Week for a college that often doesn't seem to care about anything except alcohol and athletics. I spend my rare free afternoons on the telephone, lining up speakers and films and slide shows and display tables. In the evening I write letters, go to meetings, give speeches, plan events, and, once in a while, study.

I sleep now and then.

Don't get me wrong. Nobody's holding a gun to my head, forcing me to do this. In a twisted sense of the word, I like doing this. The prospect of showing 16,000 students the error of their ways is exciting. The idea of saving the planet—of making sure that my grandchildren will be able to see the stars at night and the elephants of Africa—thrills me. But as exciting and thrilling as it may be, I get overwhelmed. How do I convince accounting majors that rainfall 100 times more acidic than it should be concerns them? How do I persuade physics students that PCB's in Lake Hartwell aren't in their best interests? How do I get across to budding

Phil Broder is the Director of Education for Students for Environmental Awareness, and he belongs to many national and international environmental groups. When he's not working on Earth Day or playing with his peregrine falcon, he can usually be found glued to his couch watching sitcoms. Phil hopes to go to Boise State University next year to start on his M.S. in raptor biology, plans to become the president of a major environmental group someday, wants to save the world, and hopes to never forget his Michigan roots and accidentally say "y'all."

architects that breathing the air in the Carolinas and Georgia isn't healthy after industries in those states pump out 250 million pounds of toxic emissions annually? And how do I convince myself that this battle is winnable, especially after the magazines come?

Take the recent batch. The news wasn't anything to smile about. If global warming continues, future hurricanes will make Hugo look laughable. The rhinos of the world are headed toward extinction. Despite the Alar uproar, dangerous chemicals are still being put on our fruits and vegetables. Rainforests, temperate forests, wetland, grasslands, mountains, coral reefs, and cities are all imperiled by mankind's folly. The government is telling half-truths about wetland in order to get itself reelected. Koalas may become endangered soon. Everybody except France and Australia wants to drill for coal and oil in Antarctica. Biodegradable plastic isn't really. The world's population is still growing explosively. Louisiana's coast is disappearing under water because of changes we've made to the Mississippi River. Oil exploration will destroy an ancient tribe of Ecuadorean Indians that have never even seen a horse, let alone an oil drilling rig. Experts advise tourists to see the rainforests now, while there's still rainforest left to see. Balloons kill sea turtles. The Everglades are awash in agricultural pollution. Black bears are being slaughtered because Koreans think bear gall bladders are aphrodisiacs. Brazilian rainforest is disappearing at the rate of 14,000 square miles annually. The U.S. military seems bent on trashing American land while practicing to trash foreign land. Very few rivers flow freely to the sea anymore, now that they're tied up by dams, locks, canals, and irrigation projects. The three R's are now Reduce, Reuse, and Recycle. Everyone wants clean air, and everyone wants someone else to pay for it. In twenty years there may not be a

single elephant left on the African continent.

That's just a single month's news. So if I seem a tad bit depressed occasionally, it's understandable. There's also work to consider.

You'd think that going to work, staying busy, would keep my mind off the problems of the world. I suppose if I were a normal person, clad in the polyester finery of the local eatery or the body-strangling three pieces of a "real" job, smiling a hollow smile at all the empty people around me, it would. But my job isn't like that.

The only smile I have to give is to one of the lords of the skies, grounded forever.

I work at the Carolina Raptor Center in Charlotte, trying to put the pieces of injured birds of prey back together so that they can spread their wings between the clouds again. I'm only successful about every other try.

At one time or another we've all thought about what it would be like if we lost our legs, or arms, or eyes. As someone who can do miraculous things like walking across campus, writing articles for *Chronicle*, and watching the leaves change into their autumn hues, I know that I'd be devastated if I were suddenly dealt a physical handicap.

But how does the golden eagle feel? Being able to walk is quite incredible in itself, but flying as an eagle flies, soaring past the tops of mountains, dropping like lightning onto unsuspecting lunch, swooping between the trees. What if that ability were suddenly gone, taken by a red-neck yahoo with a shotgun and too much time on his hands? When I look at that eagle, or the owls that have been shattered by collisions with rushing Toyotas and Oldsmobiles, or the falcons left crook-winged by the skyscrapers that occupy their airspace, what should I feel? An

apology on behalf of my species would seem appropriate, yet I am unable to apologize for acts of senseless idiocy that I can't even understand. How can anyone shoot an eagle? And how can I expect someone who does that to care about the effect of energy consumption on the upper atmosphere?

Maybe Hallmark should make "I'm sorry" cards for people to send to the planet.

Depression is easy. But those of you who know me know that I don't mope around in a funk. Happiness is hard.

You've seen me around campus. I was the person telling you that I didn't need a bag for the one item I had just purchased. Why not let some stately old tree live another day? Maybe I was that crazy guy who asked you not to toss your Pepsi can in the trash and then directed you to the nearest recycling barrel. After all, recycling a single can saves enough energy to run a TV for three hours. Perhaps you overheard me asking the dining hall manager why styrofoam bowls had to be used. It seems to me that creating a hole in the ozone layer is like unzipping the planet's fly. That recycled paper I handed you to put in the computer center's printer held ink just as well as any other paper. Collecting scrap computer paper isn't enough; it's not recycling until it's used again.

No matter how I confronted you and your particular environmental problem, I always tried to be friendly. I don't want to be a doomsayer. If I stood around preaching the end of the world, I'd be telling the truth but not one of you would be listening. So I sneak up on you, take you by surprise. I impart a little learning, grin, and move on. That alone keeps me going from day to day.

The secret, perhaps, is to never waver, never accept defeat. Newton's Laws, in a rather bastardized form, tell us that we can't win, we always lose, and we can never break even. With all due respect to

Sir Isaac, I don't buy into that. If I do, I admit that losing this fight is inevitable, that saving the planet—and we had better, because Venus is just too damn hot—is an unattainable goal.

Sometimes I remember all the good old environmental platitudes, just to try to freshen up a little.

A good planet is hard to find.

Love your Mother.

Now. Or never.

Do we want to get where we're going?

We stand for what we stand on.

Think globally, act locally.

If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.

I've heard them so many times they've become nearly meaningless. Maybe one of you can find wisdom in them.

Better than any of them, I think (I think!, therefore I recycle!: *Cogito ergo recyclo*), are the last words of the Once-ler, that notorious eco-thug who cut down all of Dr. Seuss' Truffula trees, driving the brown barbaloots, swomee swans, and the Lorax away:

Unless someone like you cares a whole awful lot, nothing is going to get better. It's not.

A wise man, that Dr. Seuss. I heartily advocate using his books in Freshman English.

That someone who has to care is me. And you. And all my friends. And all your friends. And everyone we know, and everyone they know. People who care don't get depressed quite so easily, especially when there are other people who care about the same things.

Maybe we won't be able to make a living. We'll be able to make a difference instead. And someday, when a whole lot of people care a whole awful lot, maybe there won't be enough news to fill all those magazines. ■

If the Igloo

If the igloo rose, then sank
Beneath the bubbles in the Thinking Tank,
The Prestons would leave
And the Evelyns would ease
Their way through the gasping
For Peace
On their knees.

Their esteem now collapsed
And smallness at nap,
The iglooans chirp out their death-bubble bath,
Burping and bubbling
Ice into gas.

And if the igloo were a five-finger drink,
Imbibers would belch up the need to think,
Sodden with envy
For those who believe
The Night's almost never
Fully retrieved.

Then the taste of metal
Makes one think
Of when the igloo rose,
Then sank,
Beneath
The bubbles
Of the Thinking Tank.

—John Davis

Incommunicado

If ...
Everything meant nothing,
Would this grave atrocity communicate?
Of course!
The course direction takes
When lost in the woulds,
At least,
When you breathe.
But at least,
You shouldn't,
Rather wouldn't,
No couldn't breathe
Because if you did,
It should be okay,
Though there are no shoulds
In this jungle of woulds,
Where the bears feed in frenzies,
A less than sickest litmus ickest.
But up gut come
For ott
Lo dee
Shoo si
Beau two.

—John Davis

INHERITANCE

by Warren E. Edminster

"It wasn't so much his appearance that bothered me, Alex." Jon looked at the rapt attention on his American son's face. It reminded him of the look of a faithful retriever, waiting for a ball to be thrown. He looked away and continued the story. "That wasn't all. Oh sure, Andy had always been neat, but so had we all. In boarding school, they whipped the shit out of us if we weren't. They had daily inspections of everything. Every morning while we were in class, the prefects would check all the rooms. If they didn't like the way we cleaned them, the wankers would report us and we would get called in for cuts. Hell, they used to check the length of our hair as we left chapel every day. I guess they thought that we would develop habits of neatness and cleanliness. The only problem was that a lot of guys, once they got away from the strict, structured neatness, had no self-discipline at all. So his appearance wasn't the main thing that startled me."

Jon could see in his mind the thin, unwashed arms. The lifeless, cha-mois-like complexion. The dirty brown hair that hung in ragged bangs across a flat forehead. He noticed the yellow fingers that alternated between fondling cigarettes and nervously tugging at an uneven, half-grown beard. The stained jeans and torn calico shirt. The muddy army-issue boots. This was his friend. This nightmarish figuree, like a character from a Goya painting, was Andrew.

"No, it wasn't his appearance. It was the flat, blank stare of his eyes that really shocked me. There seemed to be no interest in them at all. I could tell he had been drinking, but it was more than that. It was the way he stared at my chin, or at the wall, or off into space. He just showed a total lack of concern about everything around him, including me."

Jon drew his breath in slowly. He felt like it was snowing inside his chest. He rubbed his hands up from his knees to his thighs and then continued.

"You see, Andy had always had this undefinable twinkle to his eyes, a sort of glimmer that sized up the world with confidence and anticipation. Why not? He was very bright and fairly athletic. Most of us liked him and he had more than his share of girls. He had good reason to be confident. He wasn't cocky. He just walked around with his chin up and his chest out, looking forward to anything that might come his way. He had the eyes of a child who just knows that everything will turn out OK."

Jon looked into his son's eyes. They too had that glimmer, that inexplicable shine that indicated a love for cold mornings and warm girls. At the moment they were temporarily dulled—one of Alex's friends had woken up the day before and decided that the blue barrel of a shotgun was easier to face than life. They were sitting up in the kitchen, talking about life, discussing the reasons anyone could have for wanting to leave it. Jon was trying to explain despair, trying to assuage the feelings

of impotence and betrayal that follow a friend's suicide. Yet he knew that boys like Alex rarely had the capacity

for sustained grief. He listened to the silence that had rushed in since his last words. Realizing that Alex was waiting for him to continue, he cleared his throat and again thought back to that hot Rhodesian night.

"Anyway, he invited me in, if not warmly, then at least politely. He still had the ability to go through the motions of social decorum. His house was a mess. It was littered

with old milk bottles, empty cigarette packs, broken glass from vodka bottles, and dishes covered with half-eaten meals. Dirty clothes lay on his floor among books that looked like they had been thrown about at random. The only furniture he had were two chairs and, between them, an old traveling trunk which he used as a coffee table. The trunk was covered with old letters, bills, and magazines. On top of those lay his pistol."

Jon broke off. He could see the black Beretta 9mm perched ominously on top of the chaotic jumble of paper. It was spotlessly clean, shining brightly with a thin layer of oil. Its orderly efficiency contrasted sharply with the mass of junk that lay around the house. It rested patiently among the dirt and trash—latent, violent death just waiting for a reflex.

"He had obviously been taking care of his pistol. It was well oiled and wiped clean, and that bothered me. I knew something was terribly wrong. His mother's voice on the phone had been erratic and almost hysterical. So when I saw him, when I saw his obvious lack of interest in his house

and personal appearance, and then when I saw the painstaking care he had been giving his pistol, I got really worried."

Jon paused. He flexed his hands against his thighs until he felt the dull warmth of pain creep into his shoulders.

"Anyway we sat down and started talking. I hadn't seen him in three years, so we had plenty to talk about. Or at least I did. I reminded him of certain girls and teachers and old friends. I talked about the times we had gotten

"The trunk was covered with old letters, bills, and magazines. On top of those lay his pistol."

drunk together, the goals we had had, the progress of the war..."

Jon looked again into his friend's eyes, the blank green eyes like stagnant pools of water, with no ripple of pain or pleasure, no enthusiasm at all, eyes which focused beyond the world of space and time, beyond the limits of matter and dimension, beyond the human echo of a foreign past which sat before them. Jon looked into those eyes and knew the boundaries of his own fragile existence. He heard his voice flowing out in a slow, careful rhythm, asking and probing while Andy's voice responded, giving answers honestly and without interest. Yes, he had gotten a commission when he had entered the infantry. Yes, a real honor, very difficult indeed. Quite, a big responsibility. No, it hadn't been too much. No, he did not mind fighting for his country. Yes, someone had to defend freedom and democracy. Of course, men died in war. Yes, he accepted that. And then silence. Silence which roared in Jon's ears. He repeated the question.

"What has happened to you then? My God man, look at yourself. What the hell went wrong with you?"

Andy's eyes met his for the first time. They showed no passion, no offense at what had been said. They merely shifted upward to look into Jon's face. They reminded Jon of a hyena he had once found in a wire snare. From the marks in the earth, Jon could tell that it had been trapped for several days. Its leg was already rotting from lack of circulation. Exhausted, it had merely watched as Jon levered a shell into his rifle and circled around to aim at the base of its skull. Perhaps it had known it was going to die, or perhaps it had considered itself dead already. In any event, it had waited quietly for its death. That was how Andy looked. He stared expressionlessly at Jon for a while. His cheek jerked almost imperceptibly.

Jon dropped his gaze. He couldn't bear that look. The man that was sitting across from him bore little resemblance to his friend. Andy had been filled with energy and vitality. This man was just an empty shell of the friend he had known.

The smell of unwashed clothing crept into Jon's nostrils. He noticed that the carpet needed vacuuming badly. He looked at the sun-bleached hair on his arms. Cigarette smoke curled around the silence.

Andy began speaking. He spoke in the words of a soldier, telling of a world where life became cheap and meaningless, where thoughts of the dead constantly plagued those who were alive, where values mixed and morals warped until all that was left was a need for self-respect. He told about men who struggled desperately to keep the rickety code which they called honor. His voice was unhurried and uncaring, moving along as a man in a desert might move, knowing that there is no hope, knowing that there is no chance of rescue, merely walking mechanically on because there is nothing else to do. Jon listened to the monotonous pounding of the voice. He heard the steady tread of booted feet. He saw the shadows of rifles moving across dust.

It was late afternoon, and Andy's platoon was following the spoor of five men through the tall Rhodesian grass. Their faces were taut with anger and horror. An hour before, the tracks had led to a small white farmhouse. The platoon had approached it cautiously. It seemed peaceful enough. Chickens scratched busily in the dust. Goats lay quietly in the shade of a corrugated tin shack, seeking relief from the African sun. Andy had distributed the platoon around the house and then called out, announcing that they were security forces. There had been no answer. Two of the

men burst through the front door. The platoon waited nervously, rifles gripped tightly. Then one of the men stumbled out of the house to fall on his knees and lie retching among the chickens. As Andy approached him, he heard the staccato bark of a rifle from inside the house. He rushed into the house to find the other soldier firing repeatedly into a brown farm dog. On the floor lay the mutilated body of a young woman. Beside her, Andy saw the remains of what must, at one time, have been her child. Apparently, the dog had been eating at the baby. The hands had been cut off of both bodies. On the soft yellow wall a message was written in human blood. "DEATH TO ALL

WHITES!" The soldier ran out of shells and stopped firing. As the echoes died away, Andy heard the buzz of flies settling back down on the congealed blood.

That had been a lifetime ago. Now the tracks led through the tall, sharp grass. The men moved with a concentrated hate. Behind them were curses and oaths. Behind them was vomiting and tears. Behind them lay the carnage of terrorism. Ahead of them lay revenge. The heat rose with the dust. Doves called softly from the intermittent thorn trees. They had done so for centuries, cooing contentment as wildebeest died in the heat, as pythons wrapped around impalas, as kudus sank beneath the claws of leopards.

Anthills jutted out of the grass like miniature castles, ten, fifteen, twenty feet high. Their shadows stretched out across the grass. The platoon passed by them silently. The sky was streaked with the first red and orange hints of sunset.

Andy raised his hand and stopped. The platoon waited, sniff-

ing the air for smells of soap or tobacco. Andy could sense that something was not right. The bush just didn't feel right. A dove cooed in the silence, and then he knew. That hadn't been a dove. Andy and his men crouched low and scanned the tracks ahead. Sweat began to trickle into their eyes, but they didn't dare to move. Off to the right, the grass began to rustle.

Andy motioned to his men to spread out. A twig snapped in the silence. Rifles came level. The afternoon erupted in gunfire.

Andy was running forward. He felt the grass cutting into his arms, the ground slamming against his boots,

the sweat stinging in his eyes. Ahead of him, he could hear the burping of machine-gun fire. He ran towards it. A body lay face-down in the grass in front of him. It was one of the terrorists. He leapt over the dead man and kept moving forward. The firing stopped. Andy burst into a clearing and stopped. On the ground, a young black boy dressed in the camouflage of a soldier was frantically trying to change the clip of his Chinese submachine-gun. Andy stared at him in disbelief. A child! Here? There was no longer any gunfire. Andy could hear his platoon members shouting his name. The boy looked up. Andy felt himself far away. He could hear the songs of his childhood. He and his friends were playing Kick-the-Can, white and black, it didn't matter, they were friends. He was hiding in the grass and sneaking cautiously up to see if the can was covered. It wasn't. He could see those who had been caught, sitting in a circle not far away. He measured the distance to the can, sprinting for the can.

*Anthills jutted
out of the grass
like miniature
castles, ten, fif-
teen, twenty feet
high.*

The clip clicked into place. The boy who was "It" had seen him. Andy was racing towards the can, sprinting for dear life to beat the boy who was "It." The boy raised the sub-machine-gun. Andy could see that he had pissed his pants. Somewhere in his mind, Andy heard the buzzing of flies. He smelled congealed blood. He saw the slash of dark red against yellow. His mother was calling him home. That was enough Kick-the-Can for one day. The boy's finger was inside the trigger-guard. A dove called stupidly from a nearby tree. Andy fired.

Jon sat quietly, looking at his friend. The echoes of gunfire receded with the echoes of Andy's voice.

"So you killed him?"

Andy looked up. "Yes."

"He deserved it."

"Yes."

"He would have killed you."

"Yes."

"Then what the hell is the matter?"

You do what you have to do in life."

Andy looked away. "You don't understand." His voice was not irritated, just tired. "It's not something I can help. I am consumed by a flame that is an integral part of my being. I am tortured by a conscience that I cannot kill, because to kill it would be to imprison myself in a soul that I hate."

"But why? Why do you feel so guilty? You had no choice. You did the right thing."

"You still don't understand. You could never understand unless you were me. It isn't a question of right or wrong. My agony lies in

the fact that what I did was the right thing to do. Life gives us no real choices. It gives us no control of our actions. I couldn't have done anything else. I owed it to that woman. I owed it to myself. All I could do was kill that boy. And I did. I did the only thing I could."

Andy looked up. His cheek twitched methodically. "Can't you see?" His hand grasped the Beretta. "It isn't a question of right or wrong. I did the right thing, the only thing I could do, and yet I can't live with it."

Jon looked nervously at his friend. Andy's hand was white where he was gripping the pistol butt.

"So what are you going to do? Kill yourself? That certainly isn't the right thing. It's cowardice."

Andy laughed, not with humor, not even with irony, just the weak, tired laugh of a man who has surrendered to his body's irrational reactions. "So they tell us. Those who have never had the courage to face the blackness tell us that suicide is cowardice." He passed his free hand across his face. "All it is is evolutionary ethics. Those who have had the cou-

rage to escape are not around to give their reasons or opinions. They are dead. Only those who have never committed suicide are around to pronounce

judgment. We only hear their side. But they have no right to judge. They are writing a book review of a book they haven't read."

Andy reached into his pocket, pulled out a cigarette, and placed it between his lips. He lit it and continued. "I ask you, is a slave a

"I ask you, is a slave a weakling for wanting his freedom? Is a prisoner a coward for escaping from his cell?"

weakling for wanting his freedom? Is a prisoner a coward for escaping from his cell?" He leaned forward, gripping the Beretta tightly. "Hell no! If your life is agony or imprisonment, it is cowardice not to commit suicide. It shows that you are afraid of the blackness, that you do not have the courage to face your death."

Jon stared at his friend in horror. For a moment he couldn't speak. He couldn't answer to the darkness that crept in around them. He sat and watched the slow twitching of his friend's cheek until the silence became terrifying. Then he spoke, a small boy's voice in a room full of shadows. "Then for you, suicide is the only right thing to do."

Jon stopped speaking. He could feel his son's eyes upon him. Those bright eyes that glimmered with the stupidity of youth. It was cold in the spacious American kitchen. He shivered. Alex spoke.

"So what happened?"

"Nothing."

"After all that, nothing happened?"

"No, nothing. I walked away from his house, expecting to hear the sound of a gunshot, but nothing happened. A few years later I heard that he was working in a tobacco factory, but by then we were losing the war and I immigrated here soon after. I never heard of him again. Our friendship was gone anyway. He couldn't deal with the present so he refused to lean on the past. You see, he despised himself because he was too great a coward to try to escape. His explanation was not a justification. It was an indictment. Andy felt that he was a coward, and he hated himself for it. Maybe he was a coward. I don't know. I no longer feel capable of judging anyone else's life."

Jon looked around at his son. "Perhaps you shouldn't judge your friend's actions either. You don't know what he was going through. Perhaps you can think of him not as

a coward, not as a friend who has betrayed you or let you down, but rather as someone who had the courage to escape a life in which he was miserable."

Alex studied the floor. "I guess so." He shuffled his feet uncomfortably and shifted his weight in the chair. His forehead was wrinkled with one of those temporary perplexities which youth seem to get over so quickly.

Jon waited in silence for his son to think everything through. He wished that he had as much confidence in himself. He wondered if he would ever figure it all out.

Alex looked back up. "It's hard to understand, but I guess I owe him the benefit of the doubt. After all, he was my friend. I just miss him, that's all."

The two were silent, father and son in a world that, at least at the moment, made little sense. Jon got out of his chair and patted his son's shoulder. He said good-night and went upstairs to his bedroom. By the light from the door, he could see that his wife was sleeping. Jon noticed the way that the blankets tumbled across her shoulders. He reached beneath the bed and pulled out a small box. He took it into his study. On his desk sat a boyhood picture of he and a friend. He sat down in his chair and looked at the two young faces for several minutes. Then he opened the box and took out an old Beretta 9mm. It was clean and well oiled. He spoke softly to the picture.

"Well my friend, maybe tonight I'll be able to face the blackness." ■

Done Been Gone

That's sandpaper ain't it, Dave?
Down my spine,
Drop me a weather under
Drop me a dime.

Drowning by the thought
Of a fermented vine,
Might drop by and by
By a far mean side.

Why, I want to bite you, Dave!
You would find it high
Plowing and a far mean
Ignite your earthly site.

—Michael Reynolds

Southern Nature

It occurred to me to write of rain
and the gusts that spin our weathervane;
a thunderstorm with all its wrath
and stars that guide the traveler's path.

It occurred to me to speak of snow
and fireflies whose tail-ends glow;
a mountain range with sugared peaks
and crayfish deep in southern creeks.

It occurred to me to sing of hail
and how water falls like a bridal veil;
a summer sky all blue and clear
and winter hunting for Georgia deer.

It occurred to me to think of sleet
and mimosa to make the breezes sweet;
a morning glory in the early mist
and a field of grain that the sun has kissed.

It occurred to me to dream of fog
and the age-old scent of rotting log;
a big ole buck with a ten point crown
and a perfect spot to watch the sun go down.

—Erin Laney

Parkinson's Pond

Paddlin around on Parkinson's swamp,
A paradoxical quiz, or a frivolous romp?
Five hundred turtles in Handel's choir
Little old ladies sitting 'round a fire.
Despite the words bein' passed around,
Ain't a sage in the group to be found.

Paddlin around on Parkinson's lake,
Found half the remains of a dead old snake.
A crusty old hen and a cranky fox
Was shunnin fried chicken for gefilte and lox.
And despite all their idiosyncrasy,
Ain't neither one got all the philosophy.

Many of these things are in Parkinson's ditch,
To clue you in on which is which.
Are two green frogs and a musty toad
A one-eyed dog in the middle of the road?
To some these are the things that be,
The ultimate solution to the mystery.

—Robert Stewart

Structure

Let me take you;
Leap out of your sensibilities,
Personalities;
Fall out your ear perhaps,
Or drip out your eye;
Either way, come with me,
Come see;
A fantastic panorama spreads before us,
That pillar of concrete, solid and white,
Smoking in the light (but very cold)
That's just you, as you were;
I'm a jellyfish,
Live like me.

—John Medrano

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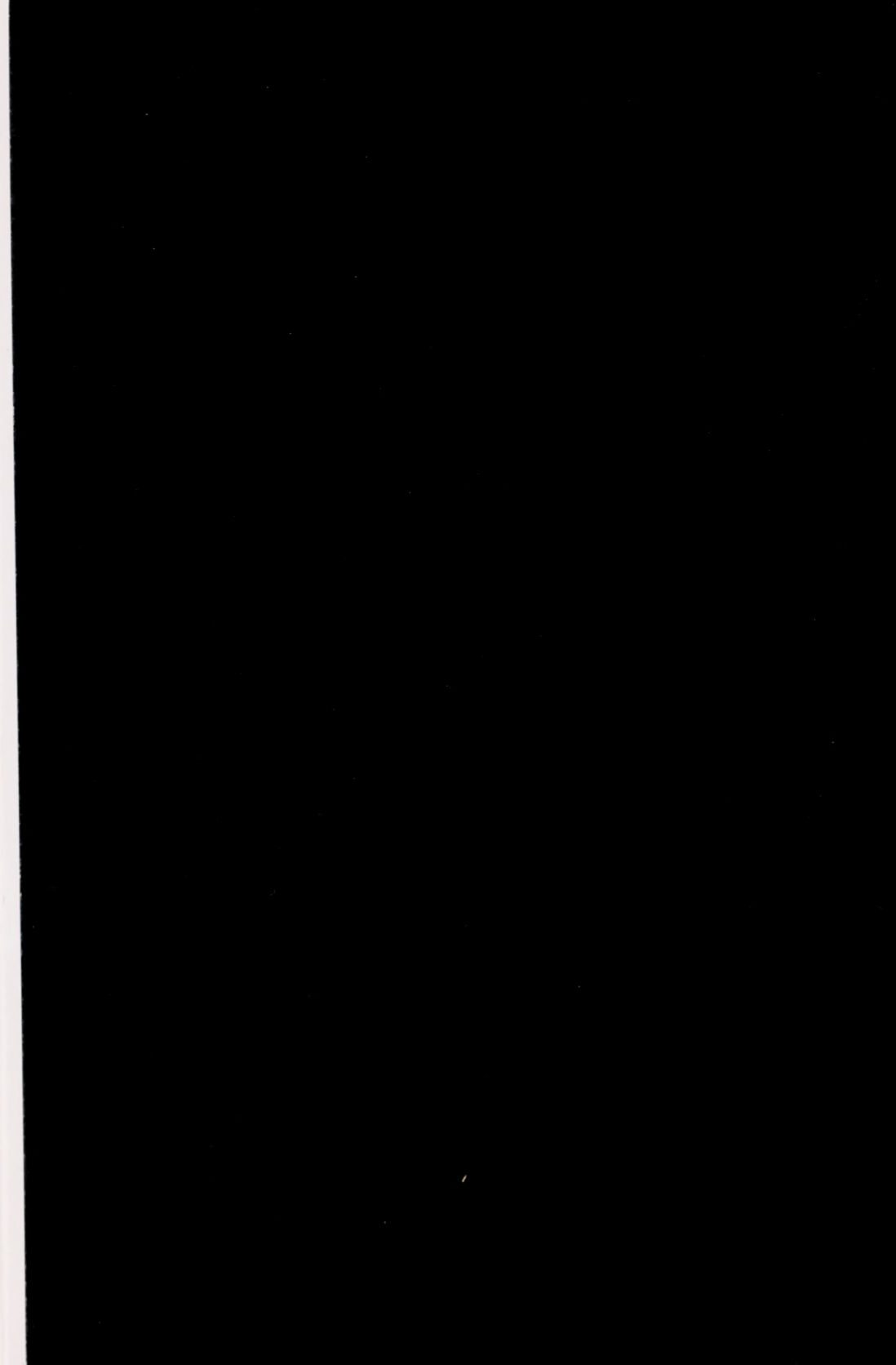
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noon to midnight

in the AMPHITHEATER

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Chronicle was established in 1897 as the official art and literary magazine of Clemson University, making it the university's oldest student publication. Opinions expressed in *Chronicle* do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, or administration. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions, should there be any, presented in *Chronicle*. Address all correspondence to: *Chronicle*, Box 2187, University Station, Clemson, SC 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activity fees. Advertising rates are available upon request. Submissions are chosen anonymously. *Chronicle* is printed on recycled paper.

couplet

i melt this poem
into your skin
with tongue that drips
your taste and smell.

alliterate here
and here again,
allude to what
this poem will tell.

onomatopoeia you sigh,
groan, whimper.
rhythm blurs
at this furred place.

my tongue lingers
indelibly longer
here where poems
are traced

with skin, smell, spit and sweat,
with tongue and taste and wet.

Elaine Stephens

Not a Refusal to Love

I've held a knife
close enough
to see the reflection
of my eyes
in the angles
of the blade,
close enough
to notice
their color
has changed,
close enough
to realize
the knife
is dangerous
in its sheath
and safer
in my hand,
but I've been told
love is nothing
physical.

Russ Hallauer

Fanzines

Christopher Lockett

The word “fanzine” came into use between 1945 and 1950, in the “Golden Age” of comic books, before the infamous social psychologist, Dr. Wertham and his Comics Code Authority decided that *Batman* and *Superman* could warp the minds of America’s youth. Dr. Wertham’s reports received so much national attention that the comic book industry censored itself by affixing a Comics Code Authority stamp of approval on every comic it published for a general audience. However, try as he might, Dr. Wertham and his Code were unable to keep the average American twelve-year-old from tales of murder, suspense, and gratuitous mutilation: the kids went underground.

In response to the disappearance of their cherished illustrated literature, inventive adolescents typed up their own magazines and traded them with their friends, exchanging collectors’ information and prices for these publications. Thus the fanzine was born, not into mainstream literature, nor into the

popular market, but into comic book conventions and junior high school lunch periods. In the 60’s, with the help of corporate America’s new toy, the Xerox photocopier, the fanzine reached a more adult audience in the Haight-Ashbury scene of psychedelic San Francisco as a counterculture musical and political voice in the press. The fanzine left American soil in the 70’s to escape the disco trend and traveled to the U.K. to thrive in the London punk scene. The 80’s showed the fanzine’s return to the U.S. in post-punk New York, D.C., and L.A. underground. Although the fanzine has undergone some changes over the years, it is now enjoying a new vogue.

Staying true to their heritage, most “zines”, as they are now called, are shoestring budget, cut-and-paste photocopy productions of material relevant to their creator’s message. Today’s typical ’zine often contains the most bizarre and disturbing forms of graphic art available to those who create these

contemporary masterpieces. Add to this some of the most original and energetic writing on topics not often seen in mainstream publications and the typical 'zine makes for very interesting reading.

At present, there are at least seven 'zines being published in the Clemson area. *Big Swollen Toe*, published by Clemson student Spot, is a 'zine complete with band interviews, local music scene reports, poetry, short stories and artwork. *Padrot*, creation of Clemson student and Sleestacks guitarist Mike Benson, features skateboard and local music news. *Heretic* is published by Spot's roommate Andy Hayes, who is the DJ of WSBF's "Ugly as Sin" show. *Heretic* has many band interviews and advertisements from hardcore record labels, some from as far away as Greece and France. Clemson student Evan Mann publishes *The Twilight 'zine*, which contains stream-of-consciousness poetry, short stories, and some great photographs of local skaters in action. The newest member of the Clemson family of 'zines is WSBF's *Super Duper Pooper Scooper*, the first copy of which contains interviews, reviews, a poem and a program guide for the station's varied format.

There are two other 'zines currently being published by local high school

students. *Security 'zine*, from Daniel High School, covers the industrial music scene. Pendleton's contribution to the list, *Soulless Structures*, rants for nearly thirty pages, in which the reader will encounter anything from skateboarding news to band news to a letter (in the last issue) from "a proud Aryan woman." Though only seven area 'zines are mentioned, keep your eyes open; others may be lurking in the shadows.

Fanzines are not money making vehicles for their creators. In fact most of the people producing them lose money. Production costs range anywhere from fifty cents to a dollar per copy. Many 'zines are distributed free at local hardcore punk shows, or are given to local record stores to distribute. For example, Manifest and Listeners' Choice in downtown Clemson carry an occasional copy of *Big Swollen Toe* or *Heretic*.

When asked about the motivation behind his 'zine, Andy Hayes said: "I started the *Heretic* about six months after I'd interviewed a band on tape. I had this great interview lying around and I had nothing to do with it, so I started my own 'zine. I've never made a buck at this, but it's great for band contacts, and the reviews I give the bands are always good for a few free demo's or EP's. Hayes went on to

describe his usual procedure: he sends out a standardized sheet which the bands fill in and send back for publication. "It's a hell of a great way for underground and hardcore bands to get some publicity for the price of two twenty-five cent stamps," he said. A full page ad in *Heretic* costs three dollars, and the circulation varies between 30 and 70 copies per issue.

Spot from *Big Swollen Toe* mentioned that "although most 'zines don't have much in the way of budgets or circulations, people trade them at shows and advertise them in other 'zines." He says that "he has no problem getting a copy of something like the 'zine *Hippycore* from Arizona," and even receives copies of international magazines which have seen reviews of his fanzine.

Factsheet Five and *Maximum RocknRoll* are two magazines that review 'zines. In any one issue of either magazine, one may find as many as two hundred different reviews. Both magazines provide wide-ranging menus of subjects from which to choose. Extreme voices which cannot be found in any conventional form of media appear in the 'zine in unadulterated, unedited, uncensored frenzy.

A word of caution: many fanzines contain material that is highly offen-

sive or disgusting. Some contain interviews of bands with names such as *Bloodcum*, *Psycho Sin*, or *Chemical Dependency*. Equally revolting are the many "hate 'zines" on the market. These fanzines contain articles promoting racial, political, and religious hate as well as hate for its own sake.

As mainstream publishers huddle together beneath corporate umbrellas and the NEA is being forced to restrict their government grants to "nonoffensive" literary and art publications, the corresponding growth of independent presses naturally fills the void. Some fanzines may be shocking, offensive, poorly-written, or unappetizing to the general public. However, therein lies the beauty or the fanzine: if you don't like what one has to say, all you need to do is sit down at a typewriter, cut out some artwork for attractive packaging, head to your local copy shop and create your own publication. As almost all publishers today tremble in fear of censorship, it seems that the fanzine is the last true free press in a country founded on freedom of expression.



the metaphorical medium

i am sculpting
this : your marble
perfect shoulders,
sharply shadowed
by the streetlights
and the accompanying
lines of the window
frame; chipping away
at the vowels
and consonants of
this abstract medium;
revealing the brilliance
of the moment.

Beth Lyons

Dust to Dust

John Edwards

There are few places left in the Carolinas (or anywhere, for that matter) wherein a skilled outdoorsman can truly become lost—not in the sense of merely losing his way, but losing himself; losing the idea that life is a complexity, and that living is necessary and can be taken for granted. Losing the arrogant misconception that as human beings we are distinct exceptions to Nature, and that we are above animal behavior because of some divine birthright. There are few places where the forests are dense enough to hide the vapor trails and blinking lights of polluted skies, or where animals wander freely without unnatural scars from barbed-wire fences or farmer's bullets. Green River cove in western North Carolina is one of these places. It remains an untamed, forever virginal hunter's Eden, just as the Cherokee left it over a hundred years ago.

John always chose Green River when he wanted to be alone, but this time he decided to share his camp with a friend. He and Gary had been best buddies all through their high school years until graduation separated them, John going on to college while Gary signed up with the Army as a paratrooper. They had almost nothing in common besides a love for

nature and outdoor sports, but they respected each other's individual qualities, even when they resulted in conflict. John was by far the more reserved, introspective half of the duo. He seldom initiated a conversation, not because he had nothing to say, but because he was no good at saying it. He was successful at putting his thoughts on paper, even on canvas, but to share a thought spontaneously through speech was difficult and frustrating. Gary was the one person with whom John could comfortably discuss his ideas, and Gary, who was naturally talkative with anyone, would listen and participate energetically. He was not only a physically large person, his personality was large, 'larger than life.' He made loyal friends wherever he went, and he was never alone. But he and John had a special friendship, forged solid in their youth, and now they were reunited for a week-long hunting trip on the Green River, to catch up on the experiences and lessons learned during the two years since they left their hometown.

On the first day they worked until sundown, setting up camp and scouting the steep terrain for signs of whitetail deer. By evening, both men were experiencing the

strange, aching satisfaction of well-earned fatigue, settling by the fire in their folding canvas chairs. Despite the cold and the rugged, primordial setting, the camp was quite comfortable. The shadows of the giant pines darkened the camp long before the sun had disappeared, and when the evening meal was finished and the dirty crockery rinsed, the night had surrounded them, and the flashing light of the campfire set a small stage for an evening conversation on science, philosophy, or whatever the two men had on their minds.

When the time came, Gary introduced a topic for the campfire discussion. "Do you think much about dying?" he asked.

John settled in his chair, looking deliberately thoughtful. "No," he replied. "I don't dwell on it, if that's what you mean. I'm too young to fear death, and I'm enjoying my youth. And I don't see why you have to bring up such a dreadful subject to talk about."

Gary smiled. "Why is death such a bad subject? It's coming, you know; it's just a matter of time."

"Yes, I know," John replied, "'ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' But I think we can find

something a little lighter to talk about, so let's do."

"Whatever you say." Gary stared deep into the embers along the edge of the campfire, trying to beat John's own reflective pose, blackening the tip of his hunting knife in the flame. "Tell me then, John. Do you believe in God?"

John rolled his eyes in disdain. He simply could not escape it; Gary was going to have a debate. They had had this discussion many times before, and Gary knew his thoughts on the subject, so he chose sarcasm for his reply.

"Of course," John said, "I believe there is a man with a long, white beard sitting on a golden throne in the sky, passing judgment on us all. I believe the Earth has four corners, and that the sun stood still, and that Jessica Hahn was a virgin before Jim Bakker came along. I believe it all, Gary. I'm keeping the faith."

Gary chuckled. "I don't mean 'God' as an institution, but as a concept. Seriously, what exactly do you believe?"

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. I believe that God is an invention of man to excuse the sins, the wickedness that should be controlled

and not conveniently pardoned. And heaven, heaven is a real easy way to deny your mortality, to stare common sense in the face, point to the stars and say 'to hell with you. I'm living forever, and that's where I'm going when I pass on.' It sounds silly when you think about it. You can't deny it. I don't need a deity to give my life meaning. The appreciation of life is enough of a religion for me. Life is sacred, if anything is, and anything you do that detracts from life is, in my book, a sin. And that includes dwelling on the idea of death, and wasting your time studying modern mythology. Life is a gift, a privilege, but when you're gone, you're gone. Worm's meat. Kaput."

Gary thought for a moment, digesting what he had heard. "Tell me then, is hunting a sin?"

John had prepared for the question. "Of course not. Life is lived to the fullest only by the animals. Their fear of death has been reduced to an instinct. They don't think about it when they run from danger, they just do it. They don't have regrets when they meet their doom, they just meet it. We are predators by nature, and if we deny our predatorial instincts, we're not hurting the animals, we're hurting ourselves."

"So you're saying that there is no afterlife—that all we are is meat and matter—and the spirit does not exist."

"No," John explained, "the spirit exists, but it is tangible and finite. It's chemical, just like your thoughts and memories. It doesn't disturb me to know that I am mortal, Gary. We're just passing through. Make every minute count, and take some responsibility in your life. Find what turns you on about living and go with it. It's all you can do."

Gary laid flat on the ground by the fire, thinking to himself for several minutes. Just as John thought the conversation had ended,

Gary spoke again, this time in a grave, serious tone. "I have a problem, John, and I haven't really told anyone yet. You see, I'm sick. Well, really I'm more than sick. A specialist at Fort Bragg has examined me and the diagnosis is cancer. It's in my bone marrow. Doesn't look good, I'm afraid...."

John looked at him and gave a short, breathless laugh. But he knew his friend well enough to know he wasn't joking. His reaction was the same in any crisis, reflexive and stoic, but he knew his friend was dying, and if he had just now shaken the faith of a dying friend, his own sadness would be that much greater.

"I've known about it for about a month now, and I think I've been handling it rather well. I surely don't have time to worry about it. I think you've helped me. They say denying it is just a stage, but I hope it lasts. It feels pretty damn good just to ignore it."

As the reality of his friend's situation slowly sank into his heart, John looked to him for an answer. "So what do we do now?"

Gary gave a valiant, slightly uneven smile. "The same as we've been doing, I guess."

The next morning the men rose early and headed for their hunting positions. Just as they topped the first hill, a solitary whitetail buck wandered from the edge of the pines to the grassy meadow below, unaware of the hunter's presence. John and Gary sat on the hill and watched the young buck as he stopped to graze. After a few minutes, the deer caught the scent of the hunters in the early morning breeze, and bounded off into the brush.





Shannon Morrissey
Untitled
color woodcut



Ron Dill
Landscape
oil on canvas



Alexia Timberlake
Interior
acrylic on masonite



Trip Godwin
The Hunter
oil on canvas



Steve Short
Three I
acrylic on masonite

Superman surged ahead through the streets and flew high into the rooms, the housing of collegiate numbness.

Found : crying alcohol, lost soul flowing from head-to-toe, floundering in a sea of inexperience ...

Knowledge is osmosis in a moment ... Superman sits solemnly in front of the beginning of the Holy Screen ... Pathetic Panting in the ruins of numbness.

— Man, this ... oh man, hit me! just wake me up! —

He said Goddamned! ... He said Ice Water! he has lived before with Jesus, a disciple of the old regime ... now reduced to Goddamns. He doesn't feel good, man, he's bad art against the wall, the one time or another in which his collegiate anxiety surfaces in a gurgle, surfaces in a prayer to the commode.

Panting and vomiting, the subject cries to an unsympathetic God, foolish in his newfound beliefs.

Our hero, your narrator, stands alone and is the sole witness to this tragic event, although there are several others present, they are blind to this common oblivion of collegiate numbness.

Naked, the proselyte of collegiate blues stands wretchedly puking to the beat of the flowing intestinal music ...

— Shower, Shower ... (stumbling, bumbling) ... neon gods, I want to fuck the stalls in the shower heads and sleep!! —

And sleep he will ... probably for the rest of his life.

Sean Jason Jay

in the winter I smell a dream breath
smoke spirit guides and auras home the way in time

they say phantasmagorical forms very briefly treasure All the filth
mushroom-shaped pretty abominations of unknown errogenous desolation
better weapons from whom all blessings flow
lovers spinning around the dead

in our joys and body scars birth what Fancy
they wither away the giggling flesh
my hands have no fear
they've got hate rescinding auras

a nightmare any individual feeling morbid
the undertaker's giving me my voice

Michael O'Rourke

**A
note
concerning
the
poem
by
Michael
O'Rourke
which
appears
on
the
preceding
page**

Michael O'Rourke is a computer science major whose creative process is somewhat different than the usual approach to writing poetry. He has designed a computer program which he uses to produce his poems. Michael chooses excerpts from works he finds in his friends' American literature anthologies and sometimes song lyrics by Laurie Anderson or Shriekback. He enters these into a file. The program takes the input file and de collocates the lines, randomizing the word order. The output file is one long paragraph of text, mostly garbage. Michael selects some lines which interest him and deletes some words; he may change a verb tense or add a word to enhance the effect. Michael enjoys creating his own meanings for the resulting pieces, and especially enjoys hearing what possible interpretations other people construct in response to his poems.

The Spirits of the Bear Claw

Bob DuBard

I awoke around nine-thirty one slightly overcast Saturday morning in October. I was surprised that I had been allowed to sleep so late. I was in my mid-teens, living with my parents, and my father usually roused me to help him around the yard. Since he had not, I decided it would be reasonable for me to find him.

In the front yard, my father's green Dodge pickup sat next to the driveway. The morning dew had not yet dried from it, except for a large section of the hood. Considering the time of year, I supposed that meant he had been out early, hunting with my uncle. I was curious about my father's luck, so I approached the vehicle and peered in.

A deer lay curled in the bed of the truck. At first I thought it must be dead (after all Dad had shot it, hadn't he?), but I noticed no blood, no wounds, and the animal was still breathing. Its tongue lolled out of its mouth, chalky and gray. The deer's deep brown eyes gazed into the distance. It was then that I noticed the meter mounted between its antlers.

Securely affixed to the center of its head was a round, white dial about the size of a quarter. It was similar to the face of a clock, but had no numbers or words to signify its purpose. The motion of the single, red indicator, however, was enough. That little red needle, not quite the color of blood,

mimicked the motion of the great beast's heart. Since it was moving only slightly, and sluggishly at that, I decided that it was time to go find my father.

He was working in the garden beside the house. As usual for the time of year, he was tilling under the remaining vegetation to provide nourishment for next year's planting. The broken red earth was soft under my feet as I left deep footprints out to the noisy, smoke-belching machine. My father didn't spot me until I stood directly in his path.

Suddenly, I didn't want to tell him. In the few seconds it took for the tiller to thump to a halt, and a short silence to descend between us, I realized he did not know what I knew about the deer.

It didn't make any sense, but I said, "Uncle Ken and I went hunting this morning. Uncle Ken shot one deer with his shotgun, but didn't get a clean kill. He had to chase it down and shoot it again. I got one too, with my bow, one shot, straight through its heart. It dropped right to the ground."

As if this story had made him forget the truth, made him believe I was the one who went hunting, he said, "Have you dressed it out yet? You know, gutted it, skinned it, cut the meat up? Because if you don't, the meat will go bad."

I was confused. Was he kidding me? Was he just playing along with what he thought was a joke? Did he hope to trick me

into doing a job that I had neither the inclination nor the knowledge to perform? I knew that somehow I must do this thing he had asked me.

"O.K. Dad, I will," I said and walked away.

My father and I sat alone at the table eating sandwiches he had made. The sun had burned through the morning haze and now brightly illuminated the kitchen. I noticed, not for the first time, the silence left behind when my mother and four siblings had found something better to do at noon on a Saturday. The sunlight seemed out of place.

"Have you dressed that deer yet?" he asked me.

"Uh, not yet Dad. But don't worry, I will."

"Well, just be sure you do 'cause the meat will go bad, especially if it gets any

warmer."

"O.K." I finished the rest of my sandwich and left the kitchen. I was going to go check on the animal.

Although it had barely moved, the deer's tongue was back in its mouth, and its eyes were no longer unfocused, but gazed up at me with a pleading mixture of trust and fear. It was as though this creature knew that its fate was not entirely in my hands, but it felt my compassion anyway. The meter, still there, said that the deer was getting stronger. What was I going to do? I didn't know how to dress out a deer. I didn't want to kill it.

The sun had worked its way across the sky. The world once again took on the leaden look it had that morning. I felt terrible. What was I going to tell my father? What was he going to do? For the third time that day I set off in search of my father.



He was around back of the house, splitting wood. The axe swung true in his hands. Each length of the solid oak seemed to simply pop in two with a single stroke. He did it methodically, absolutely no movement wasted, with the casual assurance of a man who had no doubts about his work. I knew I had to tell him now.

He set the axe to one side, and said, "What is it, son?"

"Well, I was planning on dressing out the deer, but I'm not really sure if I know how to do it exactly. I was wondering if you could, uh, kinda help me with it?"

"O.K. It's getting a little too dark for me to do much more of this now anyway. Let's go."

The night sky was moonless, and the streetlights were just bright enough to obscure the stars. What were we doing in the city? We drove into the parking lot of a mall. My father pulled the pickup near a streetlamp in the empty part of the lot, a good ways from the stores, or any other cars. It seemed like a pretty odd place to skin a deer, but somehow that didn't worry me; I had other things on my mind. Neither my father nor I had looked in the bed of truck when we got in the vehicle a half hour before, or even as we drove into town. Was the deer there? Was it still alive?

It was still there. And when my father slammed the door, it lifted its head and tried to struggle to its feet. There was no longer any look of trust in its eyes, only terror. The red arm of the meter whipped wildly back and forth. My father didn't seem to notice.

There was a wooded lot a mere fifty yards away, just past where the asphalt ended. "Run!" my mind screamed, but I just stood mute as my father reached into the back of the truck and lifted the deer out.

He held it in his arms, like a huge baby, with its legs pointed insanely in the air. It struggled, but was no match for my father. In fact, he seemed to be completely unaware the beast still lived. I knew something

horrible was about to happen.

In a voice not quite his own, my father said, "This is a bear claw. This is a cum-blue J.C. Penney sleeping bag." He said it very matter-of-factly. He said it with such conviction. He said it like he believed it to be the truth.

And upon uttering those ridiculous word, he began to squeeze the deer. His tanned, work-hardened arms began to force the animal's head toward its tail, slowly, powerfully. I heard a mighty crack, like the report of a rifle. He broke the deer's back. Then he dropped it to the asphalt.

I heard a voice in my head as I watched this beautiful beast die on the pavement amidst broken glass and bottle tops.

"I saw the five spirits of the bear claw leave the deer at that time. One leapt skyward over a fallen branch." The deer uncoiled and stretched its forelegs. It really looked like it was leaping, although it lay on its side.

"The Second bent to take a drink from a cool, running stream." Reflexively, its head bent towards its feet. I could imagine it standing that way when it drank in the freedom of the wilderness.

"The Remaining Three screamed in agony and did the Dance of Death." And now the deer went into its final spasms. Without any semblance of directed motion, like an epileptic seizure, each muscle in the deer contracted and released. It was like each part of the deer tried to free itself from the others, as if each part could save itself if it could only get away.

Suddenly it was all over. The deer was dead.

I've thought a lot about that day. The crazy parts get to me, especially the ridiculous words my father said just before he broke the deer's back. I think he killed that deer, not by breaking its back, but by calling it a bear claw, a cum-blue J.C. Penney sleeping bag. If he hadn't done that I don't think I could have let him murder it.



Mark Mulfinger demonstrates the many uses of his chair sculpture in progress.

Mark Mulfinger is an artist who teaches drawing at Bob Jones University in Greenville. He has experimented with many different media, but for the last four years, batik has been his primary form of artistic expression. Batik has traditionally been a method of decorating fabric or clothing. In recent years, Mark and other artists have increased awareness of batik as a medium for art.

In batik, wax is used to resist dye. One characteristic of batik is that the wax usually cracks, letting some of the dye seep in a crackled pattern. First, the original color of the fabric is preserved by painting melted wax on some areas with a tjanting needle or brush. Then dye is applied to the fabric. This is usually done by dipping the fabric in a bucket of dye, but Mark prefers to minimize the inevitable cracks by spraying on the dye. Mark says, "Every time you spray the cloth, the entire batik is covered with a new color against all the old ones so that all the colors can be compared to the new color, suggesting exciting combinations." After the fabric has dried, this new color is immortalized with wax in the appropriate areas. Now the artist has two choices; either a new color can be blended with the original one or the old color can be hosed out. If necessary, a weak solution of bleach may be applied, but the fabric will never be as white as it originally was. This process can be repeated for any number of colors. Mark typically uses around twenty colors in one piece.

Mark credits the stable atmosphere of Bob Jones and the support of his family (including nine sisters and one brother) for giving him an environment conducive to creating his art. "My

Mark Mulfinger



mother was very patient with me as I used our kitchen as my studio for a number of years. On rainy days I would hang my batiks in the bathroom for the ceiling heater to dry them and sometimes the wax would drip on towels and washcloths.” Some of his batiks have a musical theme, reflecting the influence of his very musical family; both of his parents chose music education as their profession. All of his grandparents were professional musicians and he and his brother and sisters all play musical instruments.

Viewing Mark’s many works at Bob Jones University involves a tour of most of the offices in the Fine Arts building. Many of his other batiks are on display in the new Shriner’s Hospital for children in Greenville—the subjects mostly animals. Mark’s work has also been shown in the Pickens County (Old Jail House) Museum and the Museum of Greenwood.



Mark Mulfinger

Building Character

Kris McGuire

He didn't see her until she dropped into the seat across from him, faintly smiling, looking and acting as if she'd popped out of the dusty air—a slight swirling and rearranging of atoms, and there she sat. He was a bit embarrassed by her sudden presence, because although he considered himself fairly alert and observant, he had somehow still missed this strange girl's approach.

He looked at her blankly, groping for something to say. Before he could make any response (his quick wits, like his alertness, were another of his small prides), she reached across the table, touched the hand that held his fork, and said, "Since I'm here, would you cut me a bite of that steak?"

Just like that, perfectly forthright. She sat back, waiting, wearing an odd smile. He didn't quite know what to think of her expression: it was no more than a twist, a tilt of her pale, dry lips. It looked like the smile of someone hiding a missing front tooth.

Still surprised, he cut off a piece of his steak, speared it with his fork, and held it out to her.

The girl took the fork and daintily bit the steak from the tines, her lips never touching the metal. He was relieved to see that all her front teeth were intact. "Thanks," she mumbled around the bite of meat, then swallowed and resumed her expectant pose.

"Do I know you?" he asked finally, and felt a blush crawl over his face until it heated

the roots of his shaggy hair. That question wouldn't exactly qualify as one of his favorite original one-liners.

"No." She propped her elbows on the table, laced her fingers together, and rested her pointed chin on this bridge. "But I know you," she went on, fixing narrow gray eyes on his. "You're Kyle Yardley. You're twenty-seven. You have a red '65 Mustang. This is your favorite restaurant. And—" the smile reappeared, teasing at the corners of her lips—"you're becoming a pretty well-known writer."

He was more unnerved than before, but by now he was ready to reply. "And you're Rumpelstiltskin," he said, taking a huge gulp of his beer.

She sat back in her chair again and drew one foot beneath her body, exposing a very pale, slim, torturously lovely leg. She wore black. Long black skirt, thin black blouse missing a fake-pearl button, black sandals, and a black bead necklace. On one of her interlaced fingers was an onyx ring.

"I'm Samantha Prewitt," she said, abruptly extending her hand. It was an oddly masculine gesture, out of place with the mystique she seemed so intent on projecting.

Kyle took her hand and realized he didn't know what to do with it. Should he shake it or kiss it? He looked back at Samantha Prewitt and dropped her hand.

"Hi," he said. Then, regaining some

ground, "Won't you sit down?"

The gray eyes didn't even blink.

Kyle suddenly felt about twelve years old.

"I've read a lot of your stories," she said, as if he'd never spoken. "You're actually not bad."

He took another swig of beer. "So you're a fan?"

"I didn't say that."

He felt his blush darken still further.

"I do like one thing," she said, demurely inspecting her silver-painted fingernails, "one particular thing about your work."

Kyle frowned. "Well, don't let the praise go to my—"

"Your characters."

He stopped. And stopped frowning. And to his own disbelief, grinned. "You like my characters?:"

She nodded. "Yep."

He grinned even wider, telling himself not to notice that she'd said anything as silly-sounding as Yep. Praise was praise, if she did talk like a cowboy. "Thanks."

She eyed him and covered her mouth to yawn. "Are you done with your lunch?" she asked, motioning toward his steak with distaste, as if she hadn't just eaten a bite of it herself.

"I'm finished." His appetite was gone; luckily, by now that damned blush was receding as well.

Her teasing smile returned. "Well, Kyle," she said, extending one foot under the table so her toes brushed his leg, "I've got an offer to make you."

He wasn't really a famous writer, but Kyle was, as Samantha had put it, becoming well-known. At twenty-seven, he was doing fairly well for himself; though his actual profession was teaching freshman English at the nearby University, he'd recently written a novel, which was received with critical

praise, although it went mostly unread by the public; and he'd published two collections of short stories, which sold somewhat better than the novel. He also sold his stories regularly to popular magazines, *Esquire*, *Playboy*, *Atlantic*, even once to *The New Yorker*. And these stories consistently won prizes because of Kyle's uncanny ability to invent good characters.

To him it was a simple enough process; he explained it in interviews as if it took no more work than mixing a microwave cake. Look around you, he'd say—look at people on the street, at old photographs, at pictures in newspapers. Take a face that interested you and give it an appropriate name, or, depending on your story, an inappropriate one. Then give this face-and-name combination a lifestyle, a home, a job, a lover (or lack of one), and so on. And give them habits, idiosyncrasies; often the stranger these were, the more realistic they'd probably seem. At this point he usually cited two of his favorite creations as examples, a truck driver who liked opera and an elderly schoolteacher who practiced ballet in her basement.

"And there's your framework," Kyle would say in conclusion, shrugging and pushing his hair out of his eyes. "There's the basis for your story. It's easy, really, if you start with a good character."

Samantha Prewitt wanted to be a good character.

That was the offer she made him that afternoon, shortly after untangling her limbs from his and tugging a sheet up to cover her chest. She rested her head on his pillow, her long, thin black hair tickling his nose and giving off a dusty, sunflowery scent. Kyle stared at her, trying desperately to stay awake and absorb this news. He sometimes thought of his mind as having a harried, bespectacled secretary inside it, someone whose skills at shorthand and filing could have used a refresher course. Right now this secretary was utterly lost in trying to cross-reference

the half-hour he'd just spent in bed with Samantha with the strange girl's desire to join the trucker and the would-be ballerina and the rest of his mental circus of characters.

"You want me to do *what*?" he asked. Samantha rose up on one elbow and leaned so close to his face that meeting her stare made his eyes cross. "I want you to put me in a story," she repeated. "Use me as a character. It doesn't really matter what kind of story it is."

Kyle closed his eyes and sighed heavily, thinking, This one is too much. This is the strangest woman you've ever gotten mixed up with, weirder than the bulimic beat poetess, freakier than the lady lifeguard with the tattoo collection. *This* one wants to crawl up inside your head and come out on paper. This is a nut case.

"You probably think I'm crazy," Samantha said, half-smiling again.

"No, no, that's not it." Kyle sat up. "It's just that...I'm not used to using real people. Usually I have to invent them to make them...odd enough."

"Yes, I noticed you write about pretty strange people." She nodded knowingly. "Listen. I don't exactly strike you as Miss Average, do I? Would just anybody walk up to a total stranger and ask to share his lunch?"

"Well, no—" "And I'm not here—" she gestured around the room—"because I'm such a fan. Writers don't get groupies. Surely you know that already."

He was beginning to get annoyed. "No, we don't, but I don't exactly suffer for company, if that's what—"

"Save it." She sat up and rested both

hands on his leg. "Look. I'm trying to do you a favor. All that work you usually go through to make up characters is already done for you. Face it, Kyle, I'm as 'different' as they come."

He couldn't deny it. But she was now becoming a distraction. "I don't know you," he said, standing up, retrieving his clothes. "I don't know any of these weird habits you're telling me you have. How am I supposed to write about them if I haven't seen them?"

She smiled coyly. "I guess you could call that a fringe benefit..."

"You let a total *stranger* move in with you?" Kyle's brother said in disbelief.

Kyle sighed and covered his eyes with one hand, pretending to rub his forehead. Actually he was fighting embarrassment. "She's not a total stranger, Dave, I've known her two weeks

"Well, Kyle," she said, extending one foot under the table so her toes brushed his leg, "I've got an offer to make you."

by now."

"Good Lord." Dave shook his head and downed the last of his drink. "I never thought I'd see this," he said. "Let me get it straight. She moved in with you so you could see how crazy she is. And once you've seen it, you're going to immortalize her in literature or something?"

Kyle sank lower in his seat. Dave was a songwriter and guitarist, working in a music store by day and playing local clubs with his band by night. Of course, Dave lived a far stranger life than Kyle—after all, Kyle had to appear at least reasonably sane to keep his teaching job—but somehow Dave projected the more stable, levelheaded image.

"She's not exactly crazy," Kyle said. "She's just a little...uhm...left of center."



"That's what you used to say about your tattooed lady."

"So what? Maybe she will be...inspiring. At least I won't have to work on building some nutty personality on my own."

"I've got to see this woman." Dave laughed again. "Anyone who willingly moves into that demilitarized zone you call an apartment must have a loose screw somewhere."

Samantha was there when they arrived at Kyle's apartment—and, he realized with dismay, she was well into her eccentric act already. She lay flat on the hardwood floor without a pillow, apparently meditating, wearing a black shirt and pants, bunny slippers, and a greenish facial mask that left only her pale eyelids bare. When the two brothers arrived, Dave stopped dead and stared; Kyle couldn't read the expression on his brother's face, but it looked caught somewhere between pain and amusement. After a moment Dave turned to face Kyle and said, "She isn't dead, is she?"

Samantha's eyes popped open. "You didn't tell me you had company," she said, scrambling to her feet, startled out of her mystique for a moment. "I'm Samantha."

She lowered her eyelids and managed to regain her sultry look, green skin and all.

Dave nodded. "Yeah, I guessed that, from what I'd heard. I'm Dave. Kyle's brother."

Samantha nodded back, and Kyle wondered if he saw a pink blush growing behind the green mask. "Nice to meet you," she said. "Why don't you sit down? I'm sure you'll notice a few changes around the apartment. I have rather distinctive tastes."

"So I see." Dave stared openly around

the room, and Kyle squirmed. Those "changes in the apartment" weren't all to his own liking, though for the sake of peace he'd managed to squash his distaste.

The room had acquired tones of black. The all-black outfit Samantha had worn on their first meeting had been no accident. She'd hung veils of black crepe over the windows and blinds, and had brought in a black throw rug that could have been made from the hide of a mange-ridden Labrador retriever. It smelled like mothballs, though Kyle had already sprayed it down with air freshener—twice.

Kyle's posters, mostly of Marilyn Monroe, Elvis, and the Rolling Stones, had been shifted aside in favor of Samantha's

motley art collection. She owned several faded reprints of Bosch, Dali, and Norman Rockwell, and now displayed them from all sides of the room. Now that they'd been moved into the hallway, Kyle thought Marilyn, Mick,

and the King seemed to glare at him every time he walked to the bedroom or the john.

The kitchen, normally stocked with Diet Coke, microwave chicken fingers, beer, and lunch meat, now held jars of pickled food (some of which Kyle hadn't identified yet), black swampy-looking molasses, several jars of chocolate-covered ants, and what looked curiously like home-canned gumbo.

Samantha's diet seemed somewhere between expensive Manhattan chic and New Orleans Cajun. No wonder she stays so skinny, Kyle had thought more than once.

Now Dave smiled a bit too sweetly at Samantha and said to Kyle, "Nice decor, bro."

Kyle got up. "Let me get you a beer or something," he said, sulking. Dave stood too, and followed him into the kitchen. Once

She lowered her eyelids and managed to regain her sultry look, green skin and all.

there, he rolled his eyes at Kyle and said, "You let that woman turn this place into an opium den."

"Now look, Dave—"

"Will you look at all that black! And what happened to that Elvis poster I gave you for your birthday?"

"It's in the hall."

"Kyle, the woman isn't running on all four cylinders. Bosch and Norman Rockwell paintings side by side!?"

"Shut up, Dave, for heaven's sake,"

Kyle muttered, glancing back through the open doorway to make sure Samantha wasn't within earshot. "So the place looks a little different. What's it to you?"

"Shouldn't it be something to you?"

Does she expect you to live off pickled pigs' feet or whatever the hell this stuff is?"

"It's good to have a lot of different experiences if you write," Kyle said defensively, looking down at the jar in question and hoping it didn't really contain pickled pigs' feet. "As much credit as I get for my screwball characters, don't you think she'll make a good one?"

Dave frowned at the chocolate-covered ants.

"Well, don't you?" Kyle persisted.

His brother sighed. "I honestly couldn't say. But you're the writer, right? It's your story. I guess you know what you're doing."

"I don't know what I'm doing."

Kyle yanked the sheet of paper out of the typewriter with a protesting squeak of gears and stared at it dully. It was his fourth false start in three days of a story about Samantha. He'd given it a working title of "Chocolate-Covered Ants"; lately he'd developed a taste for the dratted things, which in his mind was something like admitting an addiction to a fiber laxative. He munched on some ants now and thought about what was wrong with the story. He couldn't quite put a name to it,

but it was related to the problems in his whole nutty relationship with Samantha.

Something just wasn't right. It seemed to fill the air in the apartment like an offended spirit, disapproving of the change: the black crepe, candied ants, Rockwell replacing the Stones. Logically, Samantha's kooky presence should have inspired one of Kyle's best characters yet; but ever since she'd moved in, he'd found he couldn't write a thing.

Maybe she's just *too* eccentric, he thought, rereading the opening scene of his story, in which he described an event that had actually happened a few days ago when they'd driven downtown to do some grocery shopping. They had taken Samantha's car, an electric-blue VW Bug that Kyle could barely fit his tall frame into. Samantha couldn't find a parking space close to the store, so Kyle had climbed out and gone into the supermarket with the grocery list, while Samantha planned on cruising around the parking lot and picking him up when he came back outside.

Kyle bought their groceries and was on his way out the front exit when he heard an ear-wrenching crash not far from the door. He shook his head, pitying the poor slob who'd done *that*, and walked outside to see Samantha's Bug, minus the passenger door, some fifteen feet away.

She explained it later, driving slowly to the nearest body shop, shouting over the wind noise rushing through the open space beside Kyle. She'd just circled the parking lot for the third time, passing the store entrance, when she saw Kyle walking toward the exit. Since no cars were behind her, she simply opened the passenger door, put the Bug into reverse, and angled the car toward the supermarket entrance. Unfortunately she'd angled it too close and ripped the door off trying to back past an iron lamppost in front of the store.

"I could've just walked to the car,

Samantha,” Kyle yelled over the whoosh of air from the missing door.

“Well, I thought I’d save you the trouble.” She sighed, but immediately perked back up. “Anyway, it’ll be something else you can put in your story about me, right?”

“Riiight,” Kyle said now, and crumpled the page in his hand. The scene in the parking lot was totally lost on paper. How could he explain someone who could knock the door off a car out of sheer...silliness? It wouldn’t ring true. No one could believe that.

Of course, who would believe the rest of his characters? The Russian spy who trained horses in a circus, the color-blind fashion designer? None of his creations were supposed to come across as familiar figures. But Samantha...

Well, she worked at her kookiness. She must sit around all day *thinking* of ways to be weird, Kyle had thought more than once. Like the way she tried to cook. For a week, Kyle had come home each afternoon to find she had “invented” some new cake recipe. Bet none of them were remotely edible combinations: lime juice and peanut M&Ms, strawberry and raspberry Jello mixed into the batter. That one, he recalled, would’ve bounced. Or how about the time she had alphabetized all his books, records, and magazines, all starting with the letter M? She’d spread them all out across the floor as she went along. And when he’d finally suggested that they add some color to the place to counteract all that black, she’d spray-painted yellow stripes on the dead-dog throw rug. Some of the paint had sprayed onto his hardwood floor as well; he’d spent an hour scrubbing it off.

And she could be a public embarrass-

ment when she wanted to be. The black-only outfits were beginning to get tiresome. When he took her to parties she wore one of her countless black dresses, sometimes with a fuzzy gray shawl covering her shoulders; his friends mistook her at first for Kyle’s old girlfriend the beat poetess. When asked what she did for a living, Samantha was apt to give any offbeat answer that leaped into her mind—professional roller-derby champion, part-time tree surgeon, Julia Child impersonator, sex counselor. Kyle would laugh and quickly explain that Samantha was with a temporary service, ha ha, but didn’t she have a charming sense of humor?

“Look, Sam,” he said in exasperation one night. “Have your fun, but you’re getting silly. These people know you’re not really Ringo Starr’s manager, okay?”

“You have no sense of humor,” she said, sulking. “You can use it in your story.”

Really, life with her was becoming bizarre. And as usual, his brother Dave never missed a chance to comment on it. “So how’s life with the Muse today, Kyle?” he’d ask at lunch or over the phone. When Kyle took Samantha to see Dave’s band perform at a club, Dave introduced her to the rest of the group as a “literary model.” Samantha didn’t seem to mind; Kyle turned bright red with embarrassment.

“What did you say that for?” he asked his brother later.

“Well, she is, isn’t she?” Dave said innocently. “How’s your latest story coming?”

Kyle glared and didn’t answer him. He nibbled again at some of the chocolate-covered ants—really, they were pretty good, once you got used to the odd scrunch-

*She must sit around
all day thinking of
ways to be weird...*

ing sensation they made against the teeth—and rolled another sheet of paper into the typewriter. I ought to just write down this whole thing, he thought, with a more than slightly grim smile. If she wants to be in a story, she'll get her wish: a story about a weird woman who walks up to a virtual stranger and proposes that he write about her. Wasn't that enough of an oddball character to suit his style?

Wasn't that purely Samantha?

He swallowed the last chocolate ant and started typing.

Kyle had an appointment with his editor two weeks later to put together his next collection of short stories. He brought along a copy of each story he'd had published over the last year; and he also brought his newly finished, unpublished story of his recent weeks with Samantha. It was called "The Proposition" and was shoved discreetly in the middle of the stack.

His editor, Ann, a woman in her late forties, welcomed him with a smile and a sisterly kiss on the cheek. Ann liked Kyle; she liked her benefits from his proliferation of work as well. "Let's see what you've brought here," she said, sitting down behind her desk with a cigarette and his stack of stories. "I've probably seen all these before, right? These have all been published? You've got the one about Nikolai the spy circus trainer, and Hank the trucker...what's this one?" She'd flipped through the papers and extracted his copy of "The Proposition."

Kyle cleared his throat. "That's something I finished just a week ago," he said. "I thought it might be worth including."

"Mmmhmm, well..." Ann tilted her chair back, took a drag on her cigarette, and began reading. It was a fairly short story; yet to Kyle it seemed to take her a long time to finish. He forced himself to look confident, but obviously all wasn't well to Ann. She frowned too often, flipped through the pages too much. After five minutes she stubbed out her cigarette, looked at Kyle over her glasses, and pronounced judgment.

"It'll never work," she said.

He didn't think he'd heard right.

Ann sighed. "I'm sorry, Kyle, I'm surprised to have to tell you this. I wouldn't recommend printing this story even if it came from a lesser writer, let alone someone like you."

"But I don't..."

He shook his head as if to clear it. "Ann? What's wrong with it?"

"Well...I know you've built a reputation for yourself on your, er, offbeat characters. And this one probably didn't start off under any

different conditions than the rest, did it?"

He didn't answer her.

"Anyway, you seem to have...overdone it. Most of the time your people are strange, but ultimately believable. But this woman, this Sarah in your story...no one like this could really exist. She's completely unbelievable. I can't even imagine anyone actually knocking the door off a car like that, or putting Dali and Rockwell side by side on the same wall, or—" she shuddered with mild disgust—"eating pickled pigs' feet and chocolate-covered ants. Ecch!"

At that Kyle grinned in spite of himself.

"So I just wouldn't put it with all these other good stories you have here," she finished.

He sighed. "All right. I'll take your

*"...I can't imagine
anyone...eating pickled pigs'
feet and chocolate-covered
ants. Ecch!"*

word for it."

"Good," Ann responded, and tossed "The Proposition" back across the desk and into Kyle's lap. "Then I'll put the others in rough order, and you can come back next week and make sure it suits you, too."

"Sure." He stood up, shoving the rejected story into his coat pocket. "Ann," he said suddenly. "Do you know this story is the only thing I've worked on for about a month?"

"Well, no," Ann said, looking surprised.

"Oh yes. And I'll tell you something else." He walked to the door and announced, "It's true. Fact really is stranger than fiction!"

And he left her office, slamming the door behind him.

As soon as he told Samantha what had happened, she began gathering her things in a huff, preparing to move out. He'd figured she would.

"I can't believe it," she said angrily, circling the apartment like a maddened bee, yanking down her art prints, removing the pickled pigs' feet and canned gumbo from the kitchen, rolling up the black-and-yellow rug. "I thought I'd found someone creative," she went on. "Ha! I was a fool!"

"I'm sorry," Kyle said, amused, watching her strip the black crepe from the walls. Forgotten sunlight fell back into the room. She stalked into the bedroom and came out minutes later with her suitcase full of black clothes. He grinned. He might not be too sorry to see her go, after all.

"I'll pick up the rest of my things later," Samantha said haughtily. "Anything I've forgotten."

"Be sure not to forget your car door at the body shop."

She tightened her lips into a thin line, gathered her bags, and swept toward the door. "I guess I'll just have to find someone

who can do me justice," she said, and was gone.

After Samantha's departure, life became pleasantly quiet and sane for Kyle. He moved his posters back into the living room, rolled up the blinds and enjoyed the light. And he wrote. He wrote so much that his fingers grew sore from bashing the type-writer keys. He turned out new stories in practically record time and sent them off to his usual magazine sources. This time he had no doubt they'd be worth publishing.

It's like being free of a jinx, he thought one afternoon, proofreading the final draft of his latest talk. It looked as if his writing was better than ever. He'd just set it aside when someone knocked at the door.

Kyle got up and opened it. The caller was Dave.

"Man, I have got to talk to you," his brother said as he walked in. He barely glanced around the apartment; Kyle expected him to show surprise or derision at the return to its original decor, but Dave didn't even comment.

"It's gonna sound strange," Dave said grimly, sitting down, "as much as I made fun of you for letting that Samantha move in here. But just listen. I was having lunch by myself the other day, and she just sort of dropped in out of nowhere—and now she's been hanging around ever since. We started talking and she mentioned that she really enjoyed seeing me and the band that time. And then she said since I'm a songwriter, maybe I could do something for her..."

Dave sighed. "well, I guess she's just got some kind of spell, and...I'm working on a song for her, but it's not going too well yet. I thought you might give me some ideas?"

Kyle smiled sweetly at his brother and returned with two beers and a jar.

"Sure, Dave," he said. "Have some chocolate-covered ants. I'll tell you all about it."

Grass

September
grass grows
a different shade of
green :
The pages of poetry
in my autumn hands,
another turning leaf
rocking gently to the
sidewalk
is the shade of
sunset.

Scott Taylor

– if, then

if, then
two things
exist
side by side —
one,
the other
a piece of
if
you know what,
the other,
one
of those things that.
then, if
these speak
to you and
I
in different
ways,
then
I
will say that
my mind is beautiful —
an elephant
as big and bold
as
the sun.

Michael Holland

editorial

Have you ever looked at the objects around you and wondered where they have been and where they are going? Inside the cover of a used textbook, you see the name of the former owner and wonder why he or she stopped highlighting important points after the first few chapters. You wonder what happens to all the things that don't belong in that *Sesame Street*™ skit. (apologies to Freddie Lashlie)

Try applying that to all the paper products you use. Not long ago, that paper cup you drank from last time you went to the Greasy Spoon was part of a forest; part of an intricately balanced ecosystem, providing homes for woodland creatures and shade for plants that like shady areas. By now, that cup is probably occupying space in a landfill, where it will remain for centuries, failing to decompose.

Not so with the magazine you are now holding. *Chronicle* is now printed on paper which has already led at least one useful life. Hopefully, you are now enjoying this magazine and in the future you will use it as a handy reference or pass it on to a friend.

peace...

Susan Wetlington



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Submissions for the spring issue will be accepted before March 1, 1991. Send us poetry, plays, and short fiction to Box 2187 University Station, Clemson, SC 29632 with S.A.S.E. Include name and phone number on the back of each submission.

C H R O N I C L E

Volume 94, Issue 2, Winter 1991

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Chronicle was established in 1897 as the official art and literary magazine of Clemson University, making it the university's oldest student publication. Opinions expressed in *Chronicle* do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, or administration. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions, should there be any, presented in *Chronicle*. Address all correspondence to: *Chronicle*, Box 2187, University Station, Clemson, SC 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activity fees. Advertising rates are available upon request. Submissions are chosen anonymously. *Chronicle* is printed on recycled paper.

Merger

We were flipping through *Art Treasures of the World*.

"Do you like that one?"

"What is it?" she asked.

"It's a Saltcellar by Cellini," I read, "Nearly solid gold with some enamel. The man is Neptune, the sea god, and the woman is the earth goddess. Their erotically entwined legs represent the merger of earth and water, a promise of fertility."

"Earth and water makes mud."

She's nearly solid gold herself, with some enamel.

Bob Walter

eat your words

fish sparkle,
slip, glide
quiet as monks
until they splash a jump
that ripples waves.

catch them bear-clawed —
quick, before their still.
careful the slicing fins,
small metal eyes,
shard teeth.

on the plate they look quite different.

Elaine Stephens

Metamorphosis

We sit opposite each
other, under glare
from the kitchen bulb.
We stare at senseless
patterns in linoleum.
Words crawl from our
lips, stiff, creaking in
armor. I have left the
window open so that
I can fly out when
I can no longer stand
this stuttering silence.
Then, meet me at the trees
that lean together like
folded hands, that make
a small steeple in the dark. There
we can make our own colors,
hues creeping through our cells
in slow waves. Our words are
choking me, twigs and leaves
caught between rocks
in that stream.

I will dive beneath them
into the dark coolness,
where the light glows
like stained glass. I will
let small bubbles leave my lips
and rise to the surface. You can
catch them in a cup of your hands,
and drink. Taste the sound
my mouth makes. Down there
we can change our shapes.
We could grow wings, or claws,
or shimmering scales.
We can have five legs and hands.
We can have fur, or leathery hide.
We can have antennae or fins.
We will give ourselves
many names. We will feel
our lines easing, our angles
softening. We can spill
the screams inside of us
like running glass, until
gently, in quiet voices,
we make our own patterns
with sounds.

Beverly Cooper

Maturmus Essentia

The Ancient Art of Living as a Woman

John Edwards

I know you don't know who I am, but trust me, that doesn't matter. This is very important, what I have to say, but it's not about me. I'm not being chased by the CIA or the KGB, but my situation is just as bad. I'm a man, that much you need to know. I'm not a writer, I hate to write, I always have. But we, as men, are in danger. The danger doesn't come from one source, it's not something we can duck or dodge, and I'm really not sure we can do anything about it at all. But that is why I have to write. It's why you have to listen.

I'm a janitor. I probably shouldn't have told you that, but it's part of the story. Why else would I have been in a ladies' bathroom, unless I was a pervert or something? And who would you trust more, a janitor or a pervert? I'm wasting time, though. Just listen to my story and listen hard and try to learn something. I'm trying to do you a favor.

I clean the restrooms in the Hyatt here in Atlanta. Fifty-four of them,

on my side of the building, and I had to be the one to find it. What is "it," you ask? I'm getting to that. All last week and this week there has been a big Mary Kay convention going on—dancing, music, drunk women everywhere. And naturally, with all that boozing, the bathrooms have been busy as hell. I find a tube of lipstick here, a feminine hygiene thing there, and I either throw it away or turn it in at the desk. But today I found something different, something I wasn't supposed to find. I walked into the third story ladies' room, knocking first, and there was this book on the sink. It looked old, and the bindings were ratty, like an old family bible. But the gold embossed title was like new, and it read: *Maturmus Essentia, The Ancient Art of Living as a Woman*. I'm no bookworm, but a title like that would tempt any man to put his nose where it doesn't belong. So I stashed it in my cart so I could read some of it on my break. And when my break came around, it didn't

take long before I knew I was in deep trouble.

I really can't afford to give you any more background on how I know what I know. I never went back to work after break, and I'm in the library right now (no one who knows me would expect to find me here), but I only have time to give you the important stuff. This book, *Maturnus Essentia*, is the secret to understanding women. It's a plot, you see, a

conspiracy, and they know more about us than we do ourselves. They've had to learn all that. They have adapted, and while we sleep, they plan; while we wait for them to get out of the bathroom, they compare notes and strategies. You, I mean we, can't do much about it now. But read on, and you'll be a little more even in this battle of the sexes. Maybe you'll come out alive. I don't think I will.

• • •

Maturnus Essentia

The Ancient Art of Living as a Woman

dated 1674, revised 1776, 1856, 1910, 1969

**with a brief introduction by Gloria Steinem.

I

SALUTATUS

Warm greetings and an explanation; a summary of our age-old struggle against masculine domination; a brief history of our alliance, and an introduction to the honourable Discipline of Womanhood.

II

PERSONAE CONFLICTUS

INIMICUS MASCULUS--the enemy
General guidelines and Modus Operandi; how to survive and prosper through the study and manipulation of the male sex. A general description of the masculus.

AMICUS FEMININUS--the Sisterhood
Expounding on the Art and the Discipline; detailed explanation of rank in our community; manners and etiquette in relations between Sisters; rules for competition within the sect. How to use the Sisterhood to your advantage.

III MATRIMONIUM

Detailed instruction in coping with marriage; more subtle technique in manipulation; selecting a proper husband; accurate assessment of a potential victim's resources; lessons in pageantry and ceremony; a brief excerpt from Chaucer's Wife of Bath. How to turn matrimony to your advantage.

IV MATURNUS INSTRUCTUS

The beautiful art of conception,
deliverance, and nurturing

When precisely to concieve; frank and factual information about giving birth; the role of the Mother; definition and therapy in the art of nurture. How to turn child-baring and Motherhood to your advantage.

V APPENDICES

Special topics; lists, tables, reference

Coyness--Poise--Intelligence--Intellect--Guilt--
Lust--Romance--Sovereignty--Conspiracy
Excuses for every occasion; Confusionist tactics;
the marriage contract; Credo of the Sister.

**A Brief Introduction by Gloria Steinem

Young Woman of the modern world, you bear so much responsibility, so much weight on your shoulders! You are on the front line, the "cutting edge" of a struggle that is as old as life itself. As you read this text, which had remained virtually unchanged for three hundred years, you will notice that the weaponry of our sex consists mainly of trickery and deception. We have evolved into creatures of wit and sensitivity in order to defend ourselves from the physically stronger masculus, and with these weapons we have battled to regain our rightful superior position in society as the life-givers and nurturers of the earth. But in the modern world we combat the opposite sex by insisting that we are equal and independent beings (when we know that this is far from the truth: As Women we are superior, and the happiness or despair of men, as well as the very future of our species, is totally dependent on us.)

Gone are the days when every Woman had to secure a good man in order to live in the fashion that She deserved. Just as a band of guerrillas eventually becomes a legitimate, functional army, we must fight the modern war with the popular tools of rhetoric and logic, and only as a last resort (or when it is clearly more convenient or effective) employ the wily talents sharpened and passed down by our Mothers and Grandmothers. That is not to say that these methods are unethical. They are our strengths, our gifts. Use them wisely and you will achieve your greatest potential as a Sister, control the elements of your life, and pass down the Art to your Daughters as your Mother has given this volume to you.

Salutations and sincere best wishes as a Sister,

Gloria Steinem

II

INIMICUS MASCULUS

--THE ENEMY--

General guidelines and Modus Operandi; manipulation of the masculus; prescribed disposition of the Sister in specific relations with the enemy.

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE MASCULUS: he is your exact opposite; he is, by nature, the harsher, more mechanical part of the human duo. he is forever in pursuit of our innate understanding of the liquid, abstract quality of the universe, and without us he would splash and choke in seas of despair and insanity. he perceives the world in two dimensions, and what he cannot pinpoint with a simple location he is unable to comprehend. he has no sense of motion or rhythm, and his incessant analysis destroys any beauty in what he creates. Indeed it is this analytic quality that separates us most often, and it is unfortunate that we are forced to relate to this stubborn animal in order to bring new life into the world. he will try to seize you just as he attempts to grasp and hold everything else he sees. However, if you read carefully and apply the techniques that follow, you will always control the relations you have with these poor wretches.

GENERAL GUIDELINES and PRACTICAL ADVICE
--when you choose to relate
to members of the masculus--

1. When judging the enemy, the potential victim must be assessed by weighing his resources; that is, what he has, or will have, in his power to do for you. In the modern, civilized world, priority is given to financial assets, then to personal ambition and motivation, and lastly sincerity and intellect. The last

two attributes are seldom found in significant qualities in the masculus, and any display of these qualities is, more often than not, affectation or mimicry.

2. Always take care that your outward appearance is appealing to your victim, as it is well known that the masculus best appreciates that which pleases his sense of esthetics. Sisters lacking in gifts of wit and common sense must work hard to exploit the physical nature of the struggle. Intellect can be a mighty weapon, but use it instead as armor; a fair complexion and rosy lips cut quicker and deeper when properly wielded....

3. When you have selected an acceptable male, first achieve a personal connection with him by establishing a sense of sincere interest. Be attentive and lively in your discourse, and as he eventually becomes comfortable and convinced that he has your favour, interrupt his equilibrium by spontaneously introducing a new distance in the relationship. That is, turn your attention into disinterest, and destroy his balance. This assures that he will in no way take for granted your tolerance of him, and presents a form of challenge to a naturally competitive creature.

* * *

19. If, as a result of pride, stubbornness, or characteristic insensitivity, the man refuses to hold you in the highest esteem, and will not place you on the pedestal you are created to adorn as a member of our community, then you must put yourself upon it; indeed you must rise above it to your superior position, so as to count the enemy beneath you; and remember the contumacious groundling that has scorned you, for the noble eagle in her flight must eventually relieve herself somewhere....

20. ***A final and most important guideline for the Sister: Inevitably the man will come to the conclusion that he has you figured, that he has captured your uncontainable essence, and therefore has won the war. The proper retort for this presumptuous boast is to instantaneously change the rules; that is, modify, reverse, or abandon any established behavior, standards, routines, or prejudices that have simplified or categorized his methods of regard towards you.

III

AMICUS FEMININUS

--THE SISTERHOOD--

Detailed explanation of rank in our community; Manners and etiquette in relations between Sisters; rules for competition within the Sisterhood.

In all societies there is a hierarchy; a chain of command which prescribes the degree of authority held by each member. In the case of our own community, rank is based solely on the Sister's ability to wage war against the enemy; that is, the quality and magnitude of Her resources which aid in the manipulation of the masculus. The combination of these resources is invariably unique to the individual; they include consideration of intelligence and intellect (for these two are separate and distinct attributes, the former more prevalent in our community than the latter), charm and physical appeal, emotional strength, sensibility, economic and social position, abilities in politick and rhetoric, and so on.

You must hold in constant consideration the fact that Sisters of your exact same rank and appeal are automatically regarded as your enemies. Never trust or confide in Sisters who compete at your level in

this struggle. The only rule of competition between Sisters is that no rules can ever exist. However, Women of different rank are your trustworthy confidants and should be treated with the utmost respect and civility; they are at your service, and you must return this kindness, if called upon, whenever it is possible and reasonably convenient....

• • •

I'm going to have to stop here for now. This librarian, I don't know, but I think she's watching me. About ten minutes ago she started rearranging the books on the shelf across from my table. She keeps looking over here, like she knows something. Or maybe knows that I know something. Jesus Christ! I'm sure of it! She's watching me.... They know things, they sense it. They know our secrets. I remember the night my first wife

left me—she knew. They're like human antennas, reading our emotions, tasting our guilt...She's going for the phone! I've got to get out of here...but where can I run? Where would I be safe? I'm not done with you yet. You need to know more. There's a lot of stuff in this book, and I can't possibly get it all down for you, but I'm trying to get the good stuff, the important things that might save us. But I need some time....

• • •

APPENDIX E

--the topic of lust--

As Women, we are reminded daily that we have been created as superior beings in sensitivity and wit. However, the Creator has implanted in Her chosen society the some libidinous desires that exist (though in a much less refined state) in the flesh of the masculus. That is, the lusts that burn within us are much the same as those baser urges in our counterparts. Unfortunately, our judgment is some-

times perverted by this natural gravitation that draws the sexes together for procreation. Therefore it is a necessity for us to forge within ourselves a discipline, an ability to command and restrain our desires in order to turn these passions to our advantage. In the heart of the Woman, lust and Romance carry on a complex courtship; they mingle and mix in varying proportion—an indefinite, immeas-

urable presence. Yet in the mind of the masculus, lust is sovereign, and the value of mastering this passion becomes evident: Such a basic motive in such high and unpleasant quantities in the masculus

APPENDIX F

--the topic of Romance--

In your relations with the male sex you will be witness to many comical situations, but few more humorous and more futile than the masculine attempt to create and maintain Romance. It would be unrealistic and unfair to expect these poor beings to be capable of such delicate work as the harvesting and distillation of the beauty in life, and their clumsy efforts in the Art of Romance must be respected to a degree, for they are struggling to express themselves to you in a lan-

guage for the Sister another tool for control and manipulation. If we can command that which the male is a slave to, we are in a good position indeed....

guage of which they are hopelessly ignorant. You must recall that the male vision is limited by dimensions, and what they cannot precisely locate they can never find. In the realm of Romance, the masculus is no longer our enemy, but instead he is our pupil. In their cold, tangible world they hunger for what is fundamental to the Feminine spirit, but they search in vain: Without the heart there can be no understanding between the hand and the mind....

SPECIAL APPENDIX

--The Marriage Contract--

In this volume we have often referred to the masculus as "the enemy," and throughout history he has earned this identity, along with tyrant, barbarian, cuckold, and buffoon. However, after you have selected a tolerable specimen of the male sex and have married, you are allowed to regard him differently; not as an enemy, for as such, a daily relationship between Wife and husband would be impossible to maintain. Instead, regard him

as your prisoner. By the time you have turned a man into a husband, he should undoubtedly have been trained to respect you as a representative of a higher power, and you can lighten your disposition and consider your personal war with the masculus won. As for Love, we cannot suggest that no form of true Love can exist between Wife and husband, for the Creator in Her divine wisdom has engineered the nature of human beings as a

positive and negative situation; a deeper attraction between the sexes, one which transcends struggles for power and sovereignty, will forever draw us together in the end, though it may certainly drive us apart by the bye. As members of the superior sex, we must remember our role, especially in marriage, as the

nurturers of the earth. It is intrinsic to the Feminine spirit to care for anything that is helpless and weak. The masculus, without us, is exactly that. What better way is there to express our nature than to adopt a man, to care for him, guide him, and raise up a family?....

• • •

That is all I can give you. My time is up. I'm hiding in a supermarket, behind the magazine counter, and they're about to close up. But can you see how blind we have been? Can you see the trouble we have ahead of us if we don't change right away? Boys, I tell you, it's not a man's world anymore. It's not a buyer's market. You really don't even now know the half of it, but let me tell you this, and you listen good: The only thing you can possibly do to save yourself a lifetime of misery, the only possible thing, is to treat them, Women, with the respect they deserve. We have to express ourselves to them, we've got to work to be sensitive and to care about them the way they really want us to, the way we always should have. And above all, we must realize that they are not

equal, but MORE than equal. They are superior, we've forced them to become that. They are different, but in a way that kind of complements us, and we need them much more than we know, much, much more than we show. I've learned this all too late. But you have time, time do make it right. I'm hiding this letter in a *Sports Illustrated* magazine hoping that it will reach one of you, so you can spread the word. I can hear them coming for me, their heels clicking down the produce aisle, about fifty of them or so. I don't think I'm going to be able to share this with anyone else. They're getting closer, it's like they can smell me or something. But remember—respect, sensitivity, honor—it's all in here. Learn it and learn it good. You are a real man now. Make some more of us....



five o'clock shadow

i was in
the damp closet
straining to hear
the calls of those
who knew how
to bike ride when
they passed
out the smarts,
daddy. i was
in my bed
tensed for heavy
footfalls when
they passed out
the looks. i
was quiet amid
my battered toys
every night
at five.

Beth Lyons

Colors of Childhood

Orange is a gumbdrop, all sticky, sweet, gooey that your mother told you not to eat too many of but you did anyway and you got sick.

Green is the color of the grasshopper your brother caught for you and you took to school for Show-and-Tell and everyone Ooo'd and Ahh'd and the teacher patted you on the head.

Black is the color of your knees after you built the fortress of dirt in your backyard that no one could come into, not even your brother, but the rain didn't listen.

Yellow is the big school bus you rode every day for ten years that after all, wasn't that big, and you met your first girlfriend and everyone laughed and said, "Timmy's got a girlfriend."

Purple is the smell of your mother's perfume on Sunday morning in Big Church where you sat with your parents and wondered why you couldn't sit with the rest of the boys your age, and fell asleep in your father's lap.

Blue is the color of the Spiderman lunchbox that you slept with the first week you had it, then begged your mother not to make you take it to school with you after you turned ten and were a big kid.

Red is your face the year you went to the beach and got sunburned and bitten by a crab and cried until you fell asleep and dreamt of giant red suns playing chase in the sky.

Brown is the little boy you were not allowed to play with but never knew why and you secretly gave him the sandwich your mother had packed you for lunch in your Spiderman lunchbox and who you let in your fort when no one was looking and who sat beside you on the yellow bus and was the only one who didn't laugh at you and you gave half of your gumbdrops to, but you still couldn't play with.

Dale Thomas

Cadence Americana

Gut my thoughts, skin
my dreams, for blind
anticipation stomp my
fear down under boots
along with brains because there
are red and white stripes every-
where, but no stars to be seen.

Russ Hallauer

Politics & the Individual

Beth Lyons

Democracy: *n.* 1) government by the people. 2) the absence of hereditary or arbitrary class distinction or privilege.

MYTH: anyone can grow up to be president of the United States.

REALITY: anyone with the right schooling, enough money, and connections has a shot at becoming president.

What we have here is a national schizophrenia.

Our government officials spend thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars trying to get re-elected. And instead of being sickened by this blatant attempt to buy votes, the American public falls for it, every time. The reason being that part of our cultural heritage is to respect and revere the rich. That is why, in our so-called democracy, our leaders are driven around in limousines instead of taking the bus or driving themselves to work in \$12,000 Hondas or Fords.

We teach our schoolchildren about Abraham Lincoln and his log cabin

origins. This type of leader, we say, is what makes America great. How long has it been since we had a self-educated, poor, ugly president?

We work so hard to assert our individuality in every aspect of our lives except politics. Our government says that it is doing everything to protect the individual while passing legislation to ensure homogenization. Surely, the politicians understand that one law for all is not democracy but insanity.

Should I be forced, on penalty of fine, to wear my seatbelt? Should women who smoke during pregnancy be held legally responsible for low birth weight babies? Should Arab-Americans have their homes searched for terrorist materials because of the Gulf War? Where does the Bill of Rights come in? Are these hard questions?

Everyone complains that the American public is apathetic. Is this surprising when we are *discouraged* from thinking for ourselves? We are not even allowed to say how our income tax dollars are spent. We allow ourselves to

be placated by the very instrument that is used to delude us—television. It takes more mental effort to eat than it does to watch television. Does this say something to you about the quality and content of our network programming?

Some of us elect rich old white men to go Washington to think for us. They do quite well at voting how they wish (this is, after all a democracy) and later rationalizing their votes to their constituents. Having the general populace vote for a president is not unlike allowing a child to work a toy steering wheel while the parent actually controls the car. The existence of the Electoral College keeps individual control from resting with the people. Yes, maybe once upon a time, when the population was sparse and transportation was difficult, our system of bastardized democracy was the best solution. Now

transportation and communication are accessible to almost every citizen; isn't it time to take a long look at our governmental system?

In our modern age, direct democracy could be easily implemented. Mainframe computers could be made available in every home or shelter. The expense of installing computer terminals in homes or in public places, as with public telephones, would be negligible compared to the billion dollars we are spending every two days in the Gulf. Or, at the very least, telephones could be used to vote on every issue that is placed before the public. Getting information to the public on the issues is simple. We have CNN and C-Span. We could easily have a TV channel that would broadcast information on the proposed policies and legislation.

Or if democracy in its pure form

The Bill of Rights

AMENDMENT I Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for redress of grievances.

AMENDMENT II A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.

AMENDMENT III No Soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

AMENDMENT IV The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

AMENDMENT V No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in times of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb, nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

AMENDMENT VI In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed; which district shall have previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process of obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.

AMENDMENT VII Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

AMENDMENT IX The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

AMENDMENT X The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people.

seems too cumbersome, how about the system that is being proposed in Vermont? It has been suggested there that the state be sectioned off into small townships called “shires.” The citizens of each shire would vote for the laws that would govern that area. The state government would exist for cohesion. This system seems less bulky than direct democracy while still allowing the individual to have a place in government. Going a step farther, each shire could elect a representative to serve the Federal government for a one time three year term. In this way, they could serve

the community, voting on foreign policy, and budgets, without the shadow of re-election looming over them. This would make Political Action Committees and lobby groups less powerful. Without them, more political control *and* responsibility would rest with the individual.

Throughout this latest Middle East crisis, people have been saying “yes it is a bad situation, *but what can I do?*” And as the UN deadline approached, people said, “well, no I don’t want to go to war, but it’s going to happen.” Does this sound like a democracy?

Locomotion

I let the chinks close a little, Will
I'm sorry but that light was bright.
Look, we're outta this cave.
Roadside. Rain cleaned.
It might be time
to hop that train
only late in the evening.
Dark, sleek and wet,
the long lovely missile
missed me again.
And I was sitting on the tracks:
Wanna know a rule?
Never feed anyone you don't know
that's how they got the pyramids built.
The caboose breeze has tossed my hat
so we'll take that direction:
rocky, hilly, lakey.
We can walk forever on these feet,
walking inside of the world
it keeps right-rolling under us.
Sand keeps no time
and clay changes its face.
Why do you hate it when I make up rules?
They're tatoood in my palm with wine.
Over at the station
cops read the signs,
check their watches and dials.
Hang loose, Will, we're in the open now.
More than clean,
it's off at the hinges.

Beverly Cooper

Christopher Lockett

Two Haiku

Grace

Shadow gate on snow
Her empty hospital bed
Death came in the night

Yet Standing

Down here on old Earth
Feel of grass under the feet
Still on solid ground

Devil's bit
shone on my steps

staggered, stumbled
into the soft pool
of 3 A.M. dew

as it wept
glorious

patois
to my heavy ears

as it was reflected
in an Ixionic
vision

of semen
spilling from
the tired whore
of the night

merciful holies
of the persistence
of youth

in pursuit of life
through death's
summons

This inheritance
has no executor

childhood passes
intestate to the next

with a sly smile
that is wrinkled
beautifully
about the

corners.

Christopher Lockett

Jesus
was a Marlboro
Man.
(Yes He was
man) -
painted and
lit up
like
a poster child,
Tragic
in
prickly thorns
that stretched
all
the
way
to
the bottom
of His suede coat.

santa claus died
(that is why
he's not capitalized)
this year:
oh yeah,
and christmas too-
keeled over like
one
of those GI's
in a bmovie
we watch on
TV
instead of caroling
like we should be;
but,
no one gives
a shit
anyway - except
god and
jesus christ,
and
everyone knows
they've
been dead
for years.

praise
that cat
Little Lethargy—
a true Roman
he was; godsantor
so
he thought,
his days were long
and just—
to roll
his eyes and
thus
rot
swat he did
(and swear)
and raise his
gluteus rumpus
high
in the air,
like
f ing romuremus
s ing on that
rolyus polyus
wolf's tit;
to begin
again
it
i'd like
to say
as ol' L
would sometimes
quip — "let's praise
the day (yawn) and
thank
God for
our
remote et cruise
controls,
and bite
the heads off
of those
chocoloti elves,
and always, always
remember that
history
does repeat
itself

Late

"*Fuck you.* I don't owe you shit. You're talking like a fucking Biff, for God's sake. I don't need this."

And I walked away. Obscenities and threats filled the air around me. But I had to keep walking. If you run, you die.

That's life in my neighborhood.

We can't get cable out here; the cable dudes are afraid to come this far west of the city. So we sit around and sweat or freeze and watch network programming. It sucks.

The other night I got this knock on my door. It was my best friend Patti. She used to spell her name with a "y". But she says an "i" looks better on the back of her leather jacket.

Right.

She says, "Hey, I'm bored outta my skull. I hate not having cable. Jesus Christ! What I wouldn't do to be able to veg to MTV."

"Say that a little louder, maybe some cruising Biff will hear you. You can go to his dorm in his Mustang convertible... I'm sure he's out there looking for a hunk of off-campus meat like you."

"Hey, fuck you, Lyons. I could've been a Dormee. So just FUCK off."

"Patti. Chill. It was, like, a joke. Jesus."

Bingo from upstairs walked in. She said, "I need munchies. Let's go to Ingles."

Patti looked at her. "Right. Who's got money to binge? It sure as shit ain't me. Listen to this: my fucking landlady comes by yesterday to tell me they're raising the rent. Again. Two hundred dollars more. My mouth must have dropped open cause she says to me, 'Well, we *are* planning on fixing the place up a bit. Someone will be cleaning the hallway regularly, and we are thinking about putting carpeting on the stairs.' Then she says, 'Seven hundred dollars a month is quite reasonable for this area.'

"I wanted to scream in her face: it's a fucking ghetto!"

Night Shopping at Ingles

Beth Lyons



J. Ulich 1991

Bingo put her arm around Patti. "They don't understand. They just don't understand. They pave over the grass and plow down the trees in the name of progress... It's like there're big panes of glass that separate us. Our minds are fixed one way, theirs another way."

"Goddamn it," said Patti. "I just don't want to be homeless."

We always live with the threat of being streeted. But usually we don't talk about it. Talking about it makes

it worse. Talking about it makes us realize how thin the line is that keeps us off the streets. Talking about it breaks the illusion of control.

Sure, spending money was just what we needed to lift the Spectre of the landlady. Illogical and impractical, that's the American way. Late night shopping at Ingles. A modern cure-all.

"Hey," I said. "Fuck your landlady. I got twenty dollars. Let's shop."

Bingo said, "Who'd you roll?"

"I didn't roll anyone. Shit just went right for a change. O.K.?"

There was no way that the three of us were going to fit on Patti's Honda scooter; I went up the stairs to ask Julio if we could borrow his Bug for an hour. I told him I'd bring back

a six of Olympia for his trouble. I mean, hell, that's a lot cheaper than putting gas in the car.

As we drove through the off-campus student housing, we passed the bonfires. Homeless students studying for exams by the firelight. They burn whatever they can: leaves, shrubbery, old notebooks, discarded timber, Chevettes. They used to study in the library, but now the library will only admit students who can prove that they have a home....

Exam time can be pretty in the projects. From a distance the fires look cheerful, festive. Admins who skirt the edges of our neighborhood can see the fires and depending on their mood, I'm sure, they either sigh and think that they have done so much for the off-campus students, or they curse us for destroying the tenelements they worked so hard to build for us.

I like late night shopping at Ingles. At three a.m. the grocery store belongs to Offcamps.

Before we got to the first section of the store, the manager stopped us. He wanted to see our money. I showed him the twenty.

"Just picking up milk and white bread. In case it snows."

The manager glared at Patti. "Well, just hurry up about it. O.K.?"

With only twenty bucks, four dollars of which belongs to Julio's





Olympia, we didn't have much of a selection. We could go for one grand purchase, like a two pounder of Oreo's and a gallon of ice cream. Or we could get lots of little stuff, like oatmeal, yogurt, crackers...

My favorite section of the store is the bakery. Sometimes they have donuts on sale. Sometimes, when a birthday cake doesn't get picked up, they will cut it up and sell the individual slices. The cake is almost invariably dry white cake with gobs of sugary white icing. We call this "lonely cake."

On my way to the bakery, I grabbed a bag of potatoes. My contribution to the homeless students. It keeps them from trying to burn my bike.

Patti and Bingo showed up with two bags of cheapo chips, a

quart of ice cream, and some bananas.

I said, "Like, do you want some lonely cake to go with the ice cream? Do we have a birthday to celebrate?"

"Right. It's Millie Bush's birthday. She's ten. That's seventy to you and me."

"That's so fucked up. Millie Bush, dog diplomat, dies and they fucking get another dog and name her the same thing. Like some kind of White House token."

"You mean totem," I said.

"And yeah, you're right, it's pretty fucking strange."

Patti said, "Shit, that dog eats better than us. And that's what really matters."

"Big fucking deal. *She's* not in grad school."

"Right." I started laughing my head off. "Right. But look who the



fuck is smarter: she's eating three times a day."

"So, I was sitting in class the other day and Fredd, the really weird homeless dude, comes in late. The teacher and all the Dormees, like, sneer at him. Does Fredd notice? No, he goes and sits on the *front row*. Right next to this blonde Bunny. Oh god, you should have seen her body language. The teacher, Dr. Marsh, he couldn't lecture. He kept losing his train of thought. And the Bunny is all crunched up on one side of her desk, like Fredd is gonna *permeate* her or some shit."

Bingo sighed. "You know sometimes I think that if we could all switch bodies for a day, life would be better."

"You mean, like, if we could be homeless or Dormees and vice versa that maybe we'd all get along better?"

"Yeah, right," says Patti, "you think some Bunny would gladly give up her three-way makeup mirror to live on the street? Get a grip."

"Hey, hey, hey," I said, "no fucking fighting in my house. Do it in the fucking street where every one else does. O.K.? Jesus. Here, I'll make us some tea. It will keep your hands warm, anyway."

Bingo smiled and said, "Hey, that reminds me Lyons, are you *ever* gonna turn the fucking heat on? I should turn off my fridge and bring my shit down here."

"We could kidnap a Bunny," Patti said this quietly, seriously.

Bingo and I stopped short. "Patti, honey," I said, "why would we want to do that?"

"Well, Bingo says they're not gonna listen any other way. I thought if we nabbed her and brought her back here, you know, introduced her to Fredd and Sally, Jim, Susan... Let her really meet some of the homeless students... Maybe she could go back on-campus and she could tell them that we are all the same, really."

"You're turning soft on me, Scareli. You been hanging around the sewer vents too much? Or are you in love?"

"Fuck you, Lyons. Where's my fucking tea? My hands are turning blue over here."

"It's coming. It's coming. Who are you? The fucking Queen Mother?"

"I don't think we're addressing the important issue here," said Bingo. "Kidnapping would get us the chair. I don't want to fry, even if I did start this screwed up conversation."

"Oh, Jesus, Bingo," said Patti,

"you are so prissy. We wouldn't really *kidnap* her. We could just invite her for dinner. That is not a Federal offense. Unless you cook."

"Dinner? What are we gonna have—a braised leg of Spam?"

We had three cups of tea and nothing was resolved except that Bingo was a jerkface and I needed to turn on my heater. I threw them out when I went to the library.

I stopped at the homeless fire to give my friend Sally a cup of tea and to find out if anyone needed any books checked out from the library. I told Sally about Patti's idea for world peace.

"I used to be a cheerleader," she sighed.

The library was overflowing with Dormees with their new clothes and big white teeth. I tried to imagine being in their place, but I don't think I could ever fit in. The homeless, my hunger, the cold, I could never forget them. But could it work the other way? I think if a Bunny spent two days with me, she would go back on-campus with a totally new perspective. Maybe she would look at the homeless students as humans instead of animals. If I had a dollar for every time I heard a Biff say,

"well they could have homes if they'd get off their sorry asses and work."

It makes me want to grab his shirt and say, "hey, Biff, does *your* sorry ass have a job or do mommy and daddy pay your way?"

You can't do shit like that though. Sometimes I get so mad, I want to plant bombs in the frat houses. I don't want to kill anyone. I just want to shake them up a little. But that'd



make things worse. Mommy and daddy would lean on the Admins who would lean on the cops who would make life in my neighborhood very tight.

This Bunny was standing over by the pay phones. A sign above her

head said that she was collecting money for the Gulf War veterans. Jesus. The Gulf War. It seems like ancient history. But it's only been 15 years.

A Bunny doing her good deed. How quaint. So as I walked by on my way to the Offcamp study lounge, I dropped in a dollar. What the fuck, right? My mom was in the war.

"This is a cool cause," I said. "My mom was in the war. What group is this?"

"Oh, just a bunch of Dormees. We, ah, got together because our dads were there. Some people really got messed up over there. You know?"

"Yeah," I said, "my mom got really fucked up. Chem warfare really sucks."

"Oh wow. That's too bad. Some people in my dad's outfit got gassed too. He's told me about it. You know, the thing I hate the most is

that people don't want to remember. My sorority sisters think we're really whacked."

Her voice trailed off. Maybe she realized the implications of standing in the library talking to a non-Dormee. I felt sorry for her so I took a step back, spat on the floor beside her and said in a very loud voice, "well fuck *you* and your fucking establishment!" And I stomped away. That scene should have redeemed her in the eyes of her ever-watchful sisters.

The rent-a-cop gave me a dirty look as I walked by, but that was all. No full body search, late night interrogation.... What boring cops they have on-campus. I wondered if he was a Gulf Vet. But I figured there was no point in asking.

We make it so easy to stratify, codify, deify....



NY, NY

Wailing sighs of the sax in the distance,
dribbling streams of spittle and mold
cascade an alleyway.

Groveling hands slapped back into
their threadbare vetements.

Wafts of urine and pressing bodies
mingle with the stench
of cheap cologne.

Look into the hole in the ground
where the animals ride
going through their motions
to survive.

Cecilia Herles



Poem

I put
my thumb
and forefinger
together
at the opening
of my nostrils
and slowly
move them
apart
along the hair
on my lip
then down
across the
corners of
my mouth
until they
meet again
at the tip
of my chin.

Russ Hallauer

Fate,
As it would seem
(and Fate often does)
to undo
the und on[and]e
(and twist the)
But
I
know
which
(twisted)
and (turn)
that which is
[on and on]
And that
which isn't into
(the turned)
something
I
know
I
really never expected
But choked
on [and on and on]
anyway.

Michael Holland




editorial

Gradually and insidiously, America has turned from a country full of people who revered the freedoms listed on pages 19 and 20, especially the freedom of expression, to a country in which people who disagree with our president's decision to go to war are called un-American. Recently, many people have said that it is dangerous for anti-war protesters to express their opinions, and that no one should protest the war.

Are ideas really dangerous? If freedom of expression were not dangerous to someone somewhere, it wouldn't need to be protected. However, the opposite is a greater danger to the people; if we are expected to give flag-waving support to every decision our president makes, then he is given free rein to do anything he pleases without being given different points to consider.

In "Politics & the Individual," Lyons points out this country's dichotomy between yearning for individualism and the ultimate result of homogenization. Individualism is coming up with your own opinion by carefully considering the relevant facts and exposing yourself to viewpoints that may at first seem foreign. If you value this process, then you will not try to squelch the individuality of others.

If you are one of the 8% that disagrees with the decision to go to war, or in the undecided percentage or even in that other one, join the Chronicle staff in the Amphitheater on Friday, March 1 to express yourself. Keep your eyes open for more specific information.

 Susan Webbington

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Submissions for the fall issue will be accepted before September 7, 1991. Send us poetry, plays, and short fiction to Box 2187 University Station, Clemson, SC 29632 with S.A.S.E. Include name and phone number on the back of each submission.

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Volume 94, Issue 3, Spring 1991

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Chronicle was established in 1897 as the official art and literary magazine of Clemson University, making it the university's oldest student publication. Opinions expressed in *Chronicle* do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, or administration. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions, should there be any, presented in *Chronicle*. Address all correspondence to: *Chronicle*, Box 2187, University Station, Clemson, SC 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activity fees. Advertising rates are available upon request. Submissions are chosen anonymously. *Chronicle* is printed on recycled paper.

Nap

Yellow hair tangles soft against my cheek as
one slippered foot starts the tip tip
tipping of this broad-shouldered chair that
we climbed on
to rock
the sleep into your eyes.
You, my sister's child,
fight the dreams closing
fast on the day.
So I keep the lulling pace
slow and steady
back and
back and
breath deepens to sighs
as wave upon wave
pushes and tumbles thought
into this tide I've made.
I feel, as I wander through the window of
sun and blue and wind,
the warmth of your body
falling heavier into mine.

Celeste Putman

City Man's Saturday

no overalls for this farm man
he wears old jeans
leather on his hands
he don't need no whistling tune
he's got red tractor fumes
to make the load light.

he grips and grunts that
gear shaft into place and
off he bumps and roars
past the pasture
and the grazers
to the terrace
he must build.

thick, black treads spin
holes out of soft red clay
down they go
six railroad ties rumble to the ground
one more pile to move
to make the line complete.

but it won't get done today
the limp says the work day's through
the shoes are the first to go
the fence ain't finished
all the ties aren't down
but he got sun on his neck
and dirt in his hair
and he's happy cause
he sweats.

Celeste Putman

Review:

The Jack Kerouac Collection

Chris Lockett

Jack Kerouac Collection
Rhino R70939 (1990)

Jack Kerouac was as much a musician as he was a novelist.

The Jack Kerouac Collection, Rhino's first release on their spoken label, is an ambitious undertaking. It is a boxed set reissue of three albums of Kerouac's poetry and prose readings originally recorded in 1959. Long out of print, the original albums have been selling for as much as \$150 a piece on the collectors market. Thanks to Rhino Records, the medium of sound has found his words again.

On The Road, Kerouac's second novel, was a popular culture phenomenon when it was published in 1957. The closely autobiographical novel tells the story of Sal Paradise, the Kerouac-modeled writer, and Dean Moriarty the idealistic James Dean figure. It is a manic trek, fueled by cheap wine, marijuana and amphetamines, from New York to Denver to San Francisco to Mexico and back again several times to find the heartbeat, the essence of America.

On The Road offered a tremendously energetic, romantic vision of America. Kerouac wrote the novel in three weeks on a 100 foot long roll of linotype paper. By the accounts of his contemporaries, he was a lightning quick typist and felt that stopping to change paper would inhibit the truth of creation in his spontaneous prose style. Inspired by Kerouac's words, a generation of disaffected post war youth took to the highways to "find" America. The Beat Generation was born. Though he denied his

unofficial title "The Father of the Beat Generation," he is usually given credit for breeding new life into the American bohemian movement. He is also considered by many to be a catalyst of the hippy movement.

Kerouac's writing style echoes the jazz music he heard in the late 40's and 50's; almost any Kerouac sentence, read aloud, takes on the verbal equivalent of an improvised Charlie "Bird" Parker alto sax solo. Over the years, Kerouac's rambling prose has begun to present a problem for the reader who has grown up on the regular rhythms of rock and roll. Kerouac wrote by ear—he was completely in tune with his time, with the great jazz of the "American bop night." With *The Jack Kerouac Collection*, there is a voice to go with the words, complete with all the inflections, dynamics and pauses. Kerouac's articulate slang, the product of a Massachusetts milltown upbringing, dips and cuts through impossible mouthfuls of colliding syllables on these albums.

The first disc, *Poetry For the Beat Generation*, features Kerouac reading selections from familiar works like *On the Road* as well as unpublished material. Steve Allen's graceful backing piano creates an appropriate smoky jazz bar atmosphere which frames Kerouac's voice as a capable lead instrument.

In keeping with Kerouac's stontaneous style, the first album was recorded in less than an hour, in only one take. The liner notes recall the session where Kerouac and Allen were passing a bottle of Thunderbird back and forth and laughing, some of which can be heard on the recording. The highlights of the

first disc are the romantic visions of San Francisco in "October in the Railroad Earth," and "Readings From 'On The Road' and 'Visions of Cody'" from Kerouac's November 16, 1959 appearance on "The Steve Allen Plymouth Show."

On disc two, *Blues and Haikus*, Kerouac and tenor sax greats Zoot Sims and Al Kohn perform duets between voice and sax. As Kerouac says in the liner notes: "Zoot and Al blow sweet, thoughtful, metaphysical sorrows." This is a much more authoritative Kerouac here, having gotten past the experimental nervousness of the first album. The highlights of this disc are "Poems From The Unpublished Book Of Blues" and "Conclusion Of The Railroad Earth," both recently discovered on acetate as outtakes from the original sessions.

Disc three, *Readings by Jack Kerouac on the Beat Generation*, features Kerouac's voice alone. It is the best expression of the musicality in his art. The raw emotion and intimacy of Kerouac's voice painfully illustrates the streetwise, yet vulnerable nature of the man. By all reports, Kerouac was a terribly shy man, often getting drunk or high to ease the discomfort of public appearances. Alcoholism led to his death at age 47 in 1969 from a massive abdominal hemorrhage. However drunk, Kerouac is nothing short of masterful in his readings on this disc. Flawlessly articulated multiple tongue twisters like: "the wailbar wildbar wartfence moonlight midnight Lucien Dolophine immensity Visions of the Tathagatha's Seat of Purity and Womb..." roll from his mouth in haunting confessional tones.

Disc three is the most important in the collection in terms of defining the amorphous Beat Generation. John Clellon Holmes offers his definition in the liner notes: "Beat is a state of mind from which all non-essentials have been stripped, receptive to everything,

but impatient with the trivial obstructions, to be existential in the Kierkegaard, rather than the Jean-Paul Sartre, sense." The twelve minute bonus track, "Is There A Beat Generation?," is excerpted from the infamous Brandeis Forum where an extremely stoned Kerouac was speaking against four hostile panel members. Kerouac stepped to the mike and pronounced his fellow speakers to be "a bunch of communist shits" for threatening the freedom he and his Beat Generation contemporaries had reintroduced to America.

The Jack Kerouac Collection offers testimony to Kerouac's seminal influence on American culture. Accompanying the collection is a 32-page booklet of tribute, commentary and rare photos from friends and fellow Beat Generation writers Allen Ginsberg, William S. Burroughs and Michael McClure. It features a bibliography of all known Kerouac works. However, Kerouac's vast appeal is not only limited to the literary crowd.

Bob Dylan credits Kerouac with turning him on to poetry. So much so that in 1975, Dylan's Rolling Thunder Review visited his gravesite and improvised a slow blues. Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead says "I don't know if I would ever have had the courage or the vision to do something outside with my life...if it weren't for Kerouac opening those doors." Ray Manzarek, keyboardist for The Doors, even more emphatic, says: "If Jack Kerouac had never written *On the Road*, The Doors would never have existed."

Our own times share much with Kerouac's. We are once more living in an era which is reluctant to stare into the eye of nonconformity. Kerouac's legacy, the restless calling of a man's heart to experience everything first hand, has never been more important. Nowhere is this so well illustrated as in *The Jack Kerouac Collection*.

Cuando

I'm making the bed
to be unmade

cleaning sheets
and fluffing pillows.

I'm picking your drawers
and stuffing mine

leaving you the bigger ones
and waiting to do this distance.

I'm clearing the closet
out for you

because I don't got nothing
needs hanging anymore.

Russ Hallauer

An abstract painting featuring a vibrant palette of red, yellow, green, and blue. The composition is dominated by large, organic, swirling shapes that overlap and blend into each other. The texture appears thick and expressive, with visible brushstrokes and a sense of movement. The colors are saturated and the overall effect is one of dynamic energy and emotional intensity.

Return of the Mad Painter

Kris McGuire

They took the Mad Painter away yesterday. All this time I'd had no idea who it was, but when I walked home from the bus stop after work I saw a small crowd gathered around the front steps of my apartment building and a police cruiser parked beside the curb. A woman I knew vaguely was one of the group; when she saw me approaching, she said, "They've caught that painter guy. We're waiting to see who it is."

We didn't have to wait long. The building's front doors swung open from the inside and a police officer came out, along with a man dressed in white, evidently a hospital orderly. Between them walked a stooped, bearded, balding little man carrying a handful of colored chalks. The officer and the orderly escorted him to the back seat of the cruiser and drove away.

"That was the Mad Painter?" I asked in disbelief.

"I guess so," the woman said. "I heard the

landlord caught him in the basement laundry. Said he was drawing smiley-faces and 'Have A Nice Day' on one of the washing machines."

"That's my next-door neighbor!" I said.

"Really?" She eyed me with slightly more interest. "Who is he?"

"His name's Arnold Dreyfus." Not one of your expected Mad Painter sort of names, I thought.

"What did he do?"

I blinked. "Well, I guess he was the Mad Painter."

"No, honey," she said rolling her eyes, "I mean for a *living*. Did he have a job?"

I shrugged. "Some kind of salesman, I think. Maybe insurance." Or was it encyclopedias? I wondered; I couldn't remember which.

The woman looked ready to ask something else, but I headed upstairs to my apartment before she could continue. As I jogged up



the flight of steps, I saw faint smudges on the concrete wall, reminders that a week ago the Mad Painter—*Arnold Dreyfus*?—had adorned it with sketches of day-glo astrological signs. I stopped and looked, but no trace of the original designs remained. They had been almost entirely rubbed out.

So. I'd lived for four months next to this quiet little man who resembled either a modern monk or someone's ornery old uncle, and all this time he'd been the Mad Painter, the nameless, faceless, ghostlike rebel who had nightly decorated the neighborhood storefronts and sidewalks. Who would've thought it?

Thinking back on it, I realized I had met Dreyfus and his alter ego at almost the same time, on the day I'd first moved into the building. I'd spent most of the afternoon moving boxes of my belongings into the lobby, then carrying them upstairs one by one. Some of the other tenants had greeted me in passing as I lugged each crate up eighteen

steep, narrow steps, half-doubled over and panting; but none of them even offered to hold open a door for me. I guessed the sight of a tall, skinny woman, winded and red-faced, was merely comical; they all had valuable time and better things to do with it.

All but the Mad Painter, who was still unknown to me. After my fourth trip upstairs—which felt more like my eighty-fourth—I returned to the lobby to find the three remaining wooden boxes swimming with color. On one crate, a pink dragon, hastily but skillfully sketched, floated in a yellow cloud; another showed a swaybacked green horse, munching on a mouthful of blue flowers; and the third depicted the Golden Gate Bridge, stretching across a bay of purplish water.

"Wow!" I said amazed. "Who in the world?..."

A man crossing the lobby on his way to the door stopped beside me eyeing the artwork and shaking his head. "The Mad Painter's got you already," he said. "And this is only your

first day here. You'll get chalk all over your clothes."

"The Mad what?"

"Painter. Some local graffiti goofball. Real nuisance. You'll find out," he said and walked away.

I carried each of the remaining boxes upstairs, taking as much care as possible not to smudge the chalk drawings, particularly the horse. As I reached my apartment with the last crate, the door to my left creaked open and a short, half-bald, goateed man peered out at me.

"You're new here," he said.

"Yes. Hi. I'm Liz Anderson." I held out my hand in case he wanted to shake it.

"I'm Arnold Dreyfus," he said, and glanced nervously at my extended hand, as if I was offering him a raw egg. "You've got chalk dust all over you," he went on disapprovingly. I felt like a messy child reprimanded by a grade-school teacher. Then he shut the door in my face.

I sighed. So much for neighborly camaraderie. I shoved the crates inside my own apartment, thinking briefly that the only welcome I'd received today had been from the Mad Painter—whoever *that* was.

Later, as I settled in and gradually came to know some of the other tenants, they told me the local legend of the Mad Painter. Though high-school kids were the usual suspects, no one had ever seen him. Everyone knew his work, though, and in that way, I became acquainted with him myself. I'd walk to the bus stop every morning, brooding at the thought of another day at work...but inevitably a splash of color would distract me. The masterpiece of the day could be anything, anywhere: op art, day-glo peace symbols, flags of various countries, astrological symbols and familiar cartoon faces were my personal favorites. Sometimes his work would have no discernible design: it would be

a wild, funky swirl of colors, like crayons melting in a bowl.

The Mad Painter might tattoo the gray or white concrete storefronts with bright rainbows of color. Or the squares of sidewalk before my feet would suddenly open up into incredible sunsets. I always enjoyed discovering these. They made me think of watching *Mary Poppins* as a child, and despite myself I sometimes wondered if I might fall through.

The drawings decorated benches at the bus stop. I learned that only the foolish or absentminded sat down without first checking for those brilliant, smudgy chalks. "That idiot!" a businessman yelled one morning and sprang up from the bench as if scorched, wearing a pattern of red, orange, and green across the seat of his light-gray pants. "I wish somebody would *do* something about that nut case," he grumbled, brushing frantically at the chalk but only smearing it in deeper. He looked tie-dyed. I barely managed not to laugh. At other times, an unsuspecting commuter would lean against a streetlamp post, or loop his arm around it comfortably...and then catch sight of the "strand" of colored ivy that twined around the post from the ground up. Everyone in the neighborhood knew the catch-phrase "the Mad Painter strikes again"; this was occasionally followed by, "*dammit*."

Meanwhile, life was always quiet at the apartment. I tried being pleasant to Dreyfus, but privately considered him a crank. He answered my "hello's" with nods or grunts, and when he smiled, he looked nervous and pained. He seemed to leave his apartment only for work, departing every morning with a slam of the door, always carrying his salesman's briefcase. Now I wonder if he carried his chalks and pastels in that case, hidden under contracts, carbons, papers. Even with hindsight, I can't say that I liked the man. But I secretly liked that less respectable

citizen, the renegade Mad Painter. I sometimes wished I could catch him in the act; I felt we'd probably have something in common, something we could talk about.

Today a brief article about the Mad Painter appeared in the morning paper. "LOCAL VANDAL CAUGHT, FINED," read the bold print. I read through it over breakfast, though it told me little I didn't already know. The only surprise came at the end: apparently Dreyfus would have to undergo some basic psychiatric tests. How about *that*, I thought, and shook my head. The authorities must've thought the Mad Painter was really mad.

I folded the paper and dropped it into my makeshift magazine basket—one of the crates the Painter had decorated that day I moved in. Fine dust had settled on the old green horse by now, but I was afraid to brush it away; it would only smear the chalk. Some of the colors had faded as well. He was really more grey than green, and the flowers in his mouth looked decidedly dead. If I'd known Dreyfus was the Mad Painter, I wondered, would I have asked him to come over and touch up his artwork? I thought probably not...and I didn't really like myself for it.

I left for the bus stop a few minutes later. For the first time in four months, I saw the streets untouched by the Mad Painter's nightly work. Sidewalks no longer showed sunsets; they were gray, cracked with cigarette butts and gum wrappers as their only adornment. Storefronts were plain, conventional white.

Streetlamps had dull black iron posts. Benches were plain tan wood again, and groups of commuters sat on them without fearing for their clothes.

That afternoon, I got off the bus a block sooner than usual and stopped by a small art-supply store. I selected a book on beginning design. When the clerk prepared to ring it up, I said, "Oh, wait just a minute," and added to my purchase a box of the most basic pastel chalk colors.

"Taking lessons?" the clerk asked politely.

"Just starting," I said.

I left the store and headed back to my apartment, feeling a little better than I had the day before, carrying the bag safely tucked under one arm so the art-store logo was hidden. *Who are you kidding, Liz?* I thought, laughing a little. I didn't have any artistic talent at all. Well, maybe I could pick that up, I reasoned, grinning to myself. Maybe it was just the Mad part that counted.

Shower of Spears

Remembering into the ways of the olden found relics
of youthful glory.

As we ripped apart old models.
burned and smashed

Crushing our own fingernails just to recreate someone
else's pain

Someone else's crashes. Crashes with something that's paid
for.

We're all aching today
So much aching never letting the sun into us for awhile.

The glass really effected me
Flying through the air
a shower of spears:

A shower that i could never let die.
As it was, it was forced upon me by some unguided
unyielding will of genius
or contempt,
or hatred,
or misconeception.

Look, who knows what the hell it meant
only it was like a siren
twenty hours long
twenty days wide
twenty years tall.

Beaner

on the appearance of a good and noble poet

who could live poetry for 73 years
burned gentle by the fire of language, humbled by
the furtive search for the,
anthologies notwithstanding,
poetry
simple normal need of words
speech so flowing in extraordinary
cadence in
rhythm
pulled between
phyllis wheatley & bessie smith.

Beth Lyons

that tenuous embrace of blue never seen

a poem i shall grasp the sky
never seen in green leafy summer
as lovely tree arteries
whose bared branches capillaries
trees stretch themselves out
or is it the sweet earth
to keep us from flowing oblivion

Beth Lyons

The sun shone brightly now on the raised mound of red clay, the easy spring sky spreading to infinity above with only a few white wisps to break up the blue monotony. The sun was hot already as evidenced by the salty beads that glistened on the young man's face, rolling down from his temples to his chin, pooling there, and then dripping onto his chest. He stood on a patch of worn green grass just behind the mock hill, facing the centerfielder, who stood like a redwood in Kansas, beating his hand into his glove and shuffling his feet. But though he faced the man he wasn't really looking at him. He wasn't looking at anything. All he could see ("See it in your mind...feel it," his father spoke) was the soft target of the catcher's mitt, a bullseye. That was all that mattered. He could feel his right hand sweating in its cozy glove, and his whole body also, except his left hand which now cradled the ball. At times like these he began to understand the nature of the beast. He knew the fear—the fear of ("Feel the ball and let it be a part of you. There is nothing else.") failure.

The batter stood in now, digging in actually, seeming like the great Cyclops. But this was only a game, a game of boys (I am a boy), played by men. A game in spring meant next to nothing really, but everything to him. He could always hear the stubby old manager scribbling incessantly in his little notebook, perched on the top step of the dugout, marking every move, seeing, remembering (That damned notebook...the pencil). He had to be better. Better now, better always. There was survival and true greatness ("You are the best—you have to be.") ("Daddy—") and nothing else.

He turned and eased onto the mound, holding the small ball in his hand. The dangling fingers of the catcher caught his eye and he peered in for the sign. Sounds surrounded him; Crowd, shortstop, P.A. System, wind, mind...chanting an ungoverned

rhythm. Fastball, high and away, was the call (Fastball).

Smoothly and surely his body glided into its motion. The windup was more natural to him now than walking. As he came off the rubber he pushed with his left leg, and at the same time, threw his energy into the rotation of his left arm. He watched the ball streamline towards its target, the batter's eyes (Wide) widening in seeming surprise.

There was a half-hearted swing and then the ball rested comfortably in the catcher's mitt.

Scribbling poured out from the dugout. He smiled inwardly as he turned around again to face the centerfielder, receiving the ball as he spun. He noticed that the centerfielder had shifted position, and now, unobscured, he could see a young woman sunbathing out past the chain-link fence. She flipped through the pages of her magazine so nonchalantly that he wondered if she even knew where she was (Who are you? Why are you—) ("Concentrate...nothing else."). He dipped his free hand into his glove and began turning the ball over and over and over again, thoughts ranging at will.

He squared up to the plate again, climbing precariously atop the rubber (Exposed). Once more he looked in for the sign. Another hard one, high and tight (Up and in, up and away, back and forth—so many games. Just let me play).

Again he began his motion and again he loosed the ball with a great deal of effort. He

A Boy's Game

Jay Pobis

watched the ball as it bore in on the man's reflexing wrists. The strike was fought off with a half-swing/half-twist that resulted in a harmless pop into the sparsely covered bleachers. A small boy in an oversized hat and no shirt raced for the souvenir.

No balls. Two strikes.

He was in control now, on top, in command. Except for the scribbling which seemed to flood out now like some tidal wave that would drown him if he didn't (Run) run. He waited as the large, blue-clad umpire produced a fresh ball for play, which he soon received.

He took his glove off and began caressing the ball with his two bare hands, as if the ball needed to be warmed up on a day like this one. There was the feeling of the ball, though, the smooth leather surface broken only by the symmetric thread of the seams. It reminded him of his childhood, of playgrounds past ("Daddy I'm so sorry. I—") ("We'll make you better. We will."), of being a kid. Glove back on his hand, he approached the mound. He only needed one more (One more). One more and he would have survived another day.

He wanted to throw the curve. He had set it up, he was confident, he was in control (Control). It would be simple (Always so simple). He searched again for the sign, shaking off another fastball, first, before settling on the curve. His favorite pitch. The way he held the ball, like a half-moon, and the way he twisted his arm and elbow at the same time, with the same precision, allowing the ball to spin out just so. The feeling. He began the wind and came through with the pitch, once more. Rotating and falling, almost in slow motion, the ball approached the plate. (Like the Earth in space, spinning and moving, spinning and moving, hanging—).

(Hanging?) Hanging too much.

The report of the bat echoed in the chambers of his mind.

Uncontrollably he watched as the ball sped on its arc toward the deepest part of center, the fielder loping lazily to the track but watching helplessly as the ball landed well beyond the fence. Out by that woman. She didn't notice.

(Hanging)

("Oh, daddy, I'm so sorry. I tried...I did.")

("We'll make you better. We will. The best.")

And the sound of a pencil scribbling, still, on the pad.

That night he slept. And he dreamt.

He dreamt the dream that had come to him a hundred nights before.

The sea seemed to stretch forever into the

horizon and the gradual change from green to blue was almost impossible to notice. Clouds billowed up like so many castles, soft rounded corners impressing the sky, without end. You could see into space, here, and beyond. To universes and galaxies and nothingness. And maybe then into the smallest needle point in the vast eye of God. Hot sun came blinding off of breaking waves and baking off of pure cream sand. Cool ocean breeze blew waves to shore then left to blow on dangling fronds. Perfect.

A boy raced shin deep through the water. His young powerful legs tread the resisting flow with grace and ease. A ball fell softly from the sky and the boy raised his soaked leather hand to receive it. The glove molded quickly around the ball and engulfed it. The boy broke his stride and came to rest. Salty beads moved rhythmically on his chest, holding the sun. He craned his face to the sky for a moment before he turned back, peeled out the ball, and tossed it without effort into the horizon.

Waves passed gently by.

Soon a speck could be seen that was another ball. The boy turned again and began after it.

Night passed this way.

It's hard to concentrate on principles of division on a day you were going to have to pitch. I mean, what does division have to do with pitching, anyway? Not much, I imagine. I just wish she'd get the idea.

"Hmm. I didn't hear what you said."

"I asked you, Alex, if you could please tell us what the answer is to problem 13?"

"Uh, yeah. Umm, 64."

"Thank you."

Biddy. Five minutes to go and she still wants to do problems. I bet on weekends she goes home and does division all the time. Bet she thinks it's fun. That's why she's so good at it. And, I mean, what does it have to do

with pitching, anyway? Not much. Alisa Bollinger, though, now she's got something to do with pitching. I bet I could pitch the best game of all time if she wanted me to. I mean, she's pretty. Won't ever say that to Paul, about his sister and stuff, but it sure is true. Except she knows too much division. It must be

Bell. Yess. Free at last.

Hope mom has got some Chunky soup waiting for me. Can't pitch without Chunky soup. Can't do much of anything good without Chunky soup, though. "...park?"

"Huh?"

"When are you going over to the park? God, I swear, you're in a different world sometimes."

Butt-hole. Butt-hole for a best friend.

"I don't know Paul, I think maybe I'm not feeling too well. I'm not gonna play tonight."

"Yeah. And I'm Queen of England. When?"

"When I get through eating."

"When?"

"I dunno. Four thirty? Something like that. When I get through eating."

"You want me to come get you on the way?"

"Don't you always?"

"Yeah."

"Sooo..."

He hates that.

"Just asking. Jeez."

Smell that Chunky soup. Just makes the whole world seem like a better place, that stuff. Mom's all right. Okay. Okay, get these jeans off and get ready. Socks first. Keep the orange parts on the bottom. Just like she says. Then leggings. Stupid name. Some old guy named 'em leggings, I'm sure. I mean, no one cool'd call the things leggings, right? Pants. Pants. In the drawer. Good. Nice and clean. Mom's Okay. Shirt. Shirt. Shirt? Closet? Nope. Drawer? Nope. Under the

pile of sheets? Nope.

"Mom."

Deaf woman.

"Mooom."

"What?"

"Shirt?"

"In the laundry room, I think."

"Can you get it?"

"Nice try, but you can make it."

Lazy woman. All she's got to do is sit around all day while I'm at school trying to figure out some stupid division and she can't even get my shirt. She knows I'm gonna pitch tonight. She just doesn't understand. Not like dad. He'd be up here helping me get ready if he was home. Make sure everything was cool. He'd get my shirt.

"When's dad getting home?"

"He'll be home by six, I promise."

"All right. Just asking."

Good soup. Good Chunky soup.

"Good soup."

"Thanks."

Oh, my god, my arm is sore. That's why I hate division so much, because if you do division all day then your arm is tight. Doesn't help your pitching one bit. He's too far away. Idiot.

"Paul, come closer. You're too far away."

"You are such a baby."

Clueless. Never pitched in his life. Just stands out there in centerfield picking his nose or something probably not even paying attention half the time.

"Like you'd know. Dad said to start out by throwing short until my arm feels really loose and warm. Then throw longer to stretch everything out."

"If your dad told you jump off a bridge would you do it?"

Yes

"Don't be stupid."

Good, he's here. Took him forever, but he's here. Looks pretty happy, too. Good. Arm feels nice and warm, just like he said it should. He'll be happy. Good. Okay.

"Hi. My arm feels real good. Real warm, just like you said."

"Good. Good. How long have you guys been out here?"

"I dunno. Maybe an hour. We've just been throwing around and talking and stuff."

"All right. No more throwing 'til I say.

Don't want to throw anything out. Go on over and start getting ready. Think. Get focused. Concentrate. Nothing else, out here. Okay?"

"Yeah."

Concentrate. Concentrate. Gonna throw strikes. Nothing too hard, nothing I can't do, just strikes. Gonna be better than them. Out think 'em. Be smarter. Throw inside, throw outside, throw 'em where I want them to go. Just let Tommy put that glove down and throw it right into the heart. Right into the bullseye. Simple stuff. Real simple. Nothing else. Nothing

Alisa's here. Wow. This is good. This is very good. It's gonna be a real good game. That much for sure. Gonna be some real good pitching. You just watch. You just see. Alex is a pretty good player here. You're gonna know that much. All right. Good. Okay. Good.

"Good."

"What?"

"Good, I said. Just talking to myself."

"Concentrate, now. Get focused. Nothing else."

"Got it."

Good.

Okay. It's all right. Breathe. Breathe a lot. Slow down. Let's take a little walk. Get off that mound for a minute. Okay, here he comes. Good. We'll talk. He'll know what to do.

"How you feeling, Al?"

"I'm all right. Just a little hot. But I'm Okay."

"Those two guys score and it's over."

"I know."

"Just settle down and concentrate. You can get this guy. No problem. Concentrate and do what you want to do. You're the one in control out here. Not him. Not anyone else. Okay?"

"Yeah."

"Take your time."

"Yeah."

"See it in your mind. Think it. Feel it. Then do it."

"Yeah."

Hot.

Okay. This is good. Very good. Two fastballs, two strikes. No problems. Just relax and breathe and feel it. Nothing else. Just me and Tommy playing a little catch. Just the two of us. Don't need anyone else. Just us. Just me. Okay. All right. Let's talk about it. Make sure.

"Tommy."

That stuff is way too big on his body. God, he looks stupid.

"You Okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"How's your arm?"

"Good."

"Wanna try a curve?"

"I dunno. I'm not sure what it'll do."

"It'll curve, won't it."

"Yeah, if I do it right."

"Okay. Curve. He won't know what hit him."

Yeah.

This is gonna work. Put my pointing finger on the seam and cup the rest of my hand around the bottom half. Okay. Feels good. Feels nice. Flick my wrist and jerk my elbow. Make it pop. Just relax. Just throw it right into the bullseye. Okay. Breathe. No

problem. Up on the rubber. Feet even. Good. Okay Tommy, here we go. Right leg up, arm back, arm over...pop. Looks good. That's pretty. We got him. Not even going to swing. Yess. Yess. See that Alisa? See it?

"Baall."

Oh my god. Oh my god. That was perfect. That was great. What a terrible call. Idiot. That was perfect. He wasn't ready. I surprised him too. Had to be. That was perfect. What was he looking at? Oh my god. Fine. That's Okay. He'll see. They'll both see. I don't need any curveball to strike this guy out. Just gonna throw it right past him. Fine. Fastball. Fast ball. Yep.

Right leg up, arm back, arm over...Ooww. Pain. Hot.

No. No. No. Hot. That's bad. Not good. I can't believe I did that. Right over the middle. No. Bad. Run Paul. Get it. Catch it. Please. Please. Someone. Anyone. I'm sorry. It's my fault. I screwed up. I'm sorry. God, bring it back. I'll slow down. I'm sorry. Hot. Real hot. Don't cry. Don't. Not out here. Not in front of everyone. Don't. Not in front of her. I'm sorry.

"Oh, daddy, I'm so sorry. I tried...I did."

"We'll make you better. We will. The best."

GALLERY

Tracy Bradshaw
untitled
Print, 8" x 10"

"Photography goes much further than the release of the shutter. Seeing how far an image can be pushed in the darkroom is what makes photography so exciting—there are so many possibilities."





Shannon Morrissey

untitled

Intaglio print, 7 3/4" x 11 7/8"

"I believe in self expression and emotion."

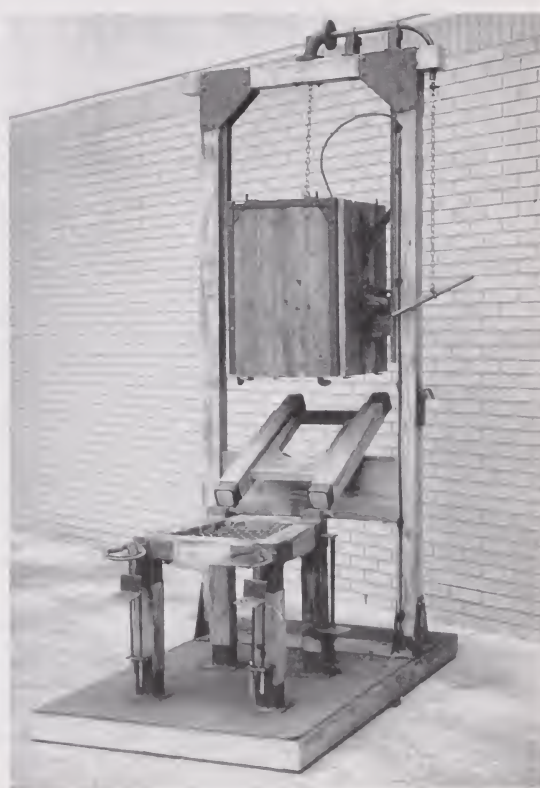
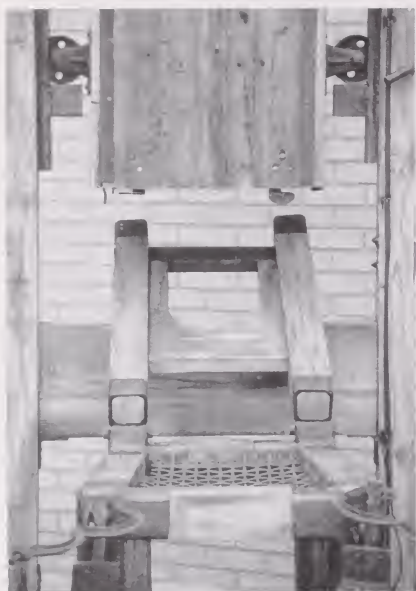


Kumar L. Chalasani

Mon ami

Pencil Drawing, 10" x 12"

"Art is a way to make me feel worthwhile
when I do not feel like being an engineer."



Michael Caron

Home

Steel and wood mixed media sculpture, 8' x 4' x 9'

"The interaction of the individual with my work is very important. By enclosing spaces both overwhelming and intimate to a viewer I can force not only a sense of confrontation but also a sense of magnetism and accessibility."



Aaron Baldwin

Man and Pig

Oil on canvas, 83" x 53"

"It disturbs me to realize that what I make is so easily tainted by my desire to be reproduced in a publication."



Ron Dill

Gear

Oil on canvas, 3' x 4'

"The only rules in art are
the ones we make for ourselves."



Robin Robert

Self portrait

acrylic on canvas, 14" x 24"

"Feed off of your life tragedies; that's where
you'll find most of your creative energy."

Linda Buchanan
untitled
acrylic on canvas, 15" x 16"
"Form and color are my muse."





Forest Hooker
untitled

Monoprint, 18" x 24"

"This is the first in a series of monoprints looking at
(from the position of an outsider) 'pre-integration
African American culture.' This is an interpretation
of Altyler lithographs."



Bill Sizemore

untitled

Gelatin silver print, 11 3/4" x 9 7/8"

"Why do empty buildings reveal our suffering?"

Buffalo Gals

Catherine Flynn

dedicated to Gabriela, Susan & Tammy
those real Buffalo Gals who don't stutter
when saying the "D" word.

This feature was written in response to "Oral History and the Study of Sexuality in the Lesbian Community: Buffalo, New York, 1940-1960" by Madeline D. Davis and Elizabeth Lapovsky Kennedy. The article is a product of the Buffalo Women's Oral History Project.

I walk into the Stone Castle (now just the Castle) with Tony(a). We have to show i.d.s at the front desk, which is just a small room cut off from the rest of the bar. It's also a chance for the owners to check us out, to make sure we're okay. I hear Dolly Parton off in the distance singing "Working 9 to 5. What a way to make a living ...," then Patsy, "I've got your picture she's got you..."

It's show night. Tonya heads for the bar and gets a gin and tonic, and I head for the pool tables because that's what dykes do here. I've learned the customs. The do's and don'ts. The first time I went here, I wore a skirt not knowing what that meant. It's one of those unwritten code things that you eventually find out about. Only "fag-hags" or "extreme fems" wear dresses or skirts. And it seems to be an invitation for the "bull dykes" to buying you drinks, light cigarettes and show you how to play pool, "little lady." (I hate all these labels we put on each other, but I feel that in this context they may be used as more descriptive than defining.)

The bar is Yeats' "terrible beauty." It is both horrible and depressing to watch all the lonely people hanging on to the side of the bar, chain smoking nervously, to see the drag queen heroin addicts who hang out in the back room, to witness the sleaziness of the "chicken hawks" preying on anything fresh that walks in, to hear the way people gossip about who's done what to whom. But it's also safe inside. It's a place to go with friends to relax and not worry about censoring our language—even with our most accepting het friends there are certain things they don't understand or have their limits talking about, and the bar is the only place where some people meet. It's a curious place. Lesbians only show up sporadically. I watch these womyn, all very different and I find myself wanting to ask them how they ever knew they were gay, when they knew, what it was like growing up wherever they came from, what their parents and friends thought about it? I never get tired of listening to them; I want to know there are lots of

lesbians out there, that we have a background, that we've always been here.

When I started reading "Oral History and the Study of Sexuality in the Lesbian Community" by Madeline D. Davis and Elizabeth Lapovsky Kennedy, I wondered how those womyn ever knew they were gay. How did they know those feelings? I didn't even know what a lesbian was until I was sixteen. When did they know? We are assumed and raised straight. How did the womyn in the 40's and 50's ever find each other? How do we find these bars, these small smoky dark places? I read this essay because I wanted to find out more about my culture, my lesbian history. And I'm wondering if lesbians have their own history. I mean there are womyn's studies, black studies, Hispanic studies, Asian studies—are lesbians just supposed to be included in them? Do we write differently, or did we have to write differently than men and straight womyn? What are codes used in the past? What names did womyn write under? Do we read and perceive literature in a unique way? I am drawn to other histories/songs/writings/art of African-American and Native American womyn. I look to the womyn in those cultures for strength because I cannot find mine. My role models were denied.

Before when I knew and did nothing because I thought I was the only one, before when I was the quietest person in class and sat in the back scooting down in my desk so I wouldn't be asked my opinion because I didn't want to disagree, before when I sat in religion class and listed out loud along with the rest of the class how you could tell if a person was homosexual ("They're hairdressers, they wear make up and feminine clothes, they hang out in restrooms. Dykes are womyn who want to be men, they wear leather jackets and are truck drivers. They're child molesters."), before when I used to stay

up all night saying rosaries ("Hail Mary full of grace... please let me be normal"), before I had a word for what I felt, I loved womyn. I loved Kathryn Hepburn in Adam's Rib and African Queen, I loved Amelia Aerhart and the thought of flying all by myself, I loved Wonder Woman comics and Jo in Little Women, I hated that she got married to professor Bear. I loved to watch Martina Navratilova and was ecstatic when I saw Billie Jean King play at the Triangle Tennis Club in Pittsburgh, I loved my sixth grade American history teacher who did actually wear a black leather jacket and took me for a ride on her Midnight Virago Yamaha, and most of all I loved Ann who was on the swim team with me—that womon's butterfly stroke came with it own orchestral accompaniment when her body hit the water. But I never knew that many of the womyn I admired and loved were lesbian. I was never told Virginia Woolf's secret, I never read anything like that in the Norton Anthology bibliographies.

But I was curious. I searched for something to read or watch about gays, anything. I saw the porno movie I Like To Watch when I was 18—I became physically sick half way through it—and I read a book called Lesbian Secrets. Both, I found out later, were written and produced by men. Lesbian sex, I thought, was no different than het sex—one person strapped on a dildo and was the fucker/man and the other person was the fucked/womon. I say fuck because their was nothing mutual about what I had seen or read. I hated these images which always had womyn being watched by a man, or later turning to a man for "real" gratification. These images weren't mine—so I couldn't be gay.

I took a womyn's studies course; it was the first time ever. I heard a womon talk about lesbians. Judith Stanton took an entire week to discuss the topic of lesbianism and didn't care if people thought she was gay. Feminism

held so much strength. I felt that “yes this is right, this is the way I thought it should be.” Our class deconstructed everything we could get our hands, eyes, ears on. It didn’t take me long to embrace feminism as my religion. It had a meaning and purpose that empowered not weakened my soul. I wasn’t crazy, I wasn’t abnormal, and I found out why I had been so angry. I came out to myself and then to my womyn’s studies class. Judith gave my thoughts the words, the concept of lesbian feminist and I will always be grateful to her and love her for that. No other professor before ever had seemed to talk about lesbian anything. In many of the ws classes the “lesbian issue” is diffused into something else usually because the professor is uncomfortable with the subject or doesn’t seem to know that much about it, or we just didn’t have time for it since it was at the end of the syllabus, which is a nice way of not talking about lesbianism at all.

I am always surprised to see the professors who are the most liberal and many of the profs. who are gay run from the topic of heterosexuality as oppressive and avoid discussions of themes of homosexuality in certain works. It would seem the prime opportunity to educate people about gay issues, especially in an academic setting. It meant so much to me to hear the words gay and lesbian in class that I know to anyone who isn’t out yet it must be like throwing a life line out.because you really do feel like you’re the only person in the swimming pool and that heavy lunch you just ate finally hit bottom. You’re going under. Without the words we have no power. We don’t exist. We remain silent. We allow the oppression. We deny ourselves. We fear each other. And I want to know where is our history? Where are our word? Where are our role models? Who teaches us? Are we invisible? Do we stay silent?

I had no words.

Judith gave me books, references. And I started reading *The Furies* :

We are angry because we are oppressed by male supremacy . We have been fucked over all our lives by a system which is based on the domination of men over womyn, which defines womyn as good and female only as good as the man you are with...

We want to build a movement which can effectively stop the violent, sick oppressive acts of male supremacy...(Furies).

I read Lesbians in Revolt, Dworken’s book Intercourse and some of her essays, Rubyfruit Jungle, Off Our Backs... I hated the idea of lesbian being defined in heterosexual terms “Butch- Fem” the people who played those roles just kept lesbians down. I was reading contemporary lesbian feminist thoughts without knowing my history—where the anger came from. who helped us get here, what they had to pay.

I remember going to an Upstate Womyn’s event and seeing a couple in their late 60’s early 70’s. They were the oldest lesbians I had ever seen and I was fascinated by them but they scared me too. One was dressed very “manishly” in a full gray tweed suit, black ties and black wing tips. Her hair was slicked back with some kind of grease. Her partner was wearing a white print dress, hose, and one inch plain heels. She also wore make up and a lot of jewelry. It makes me think of that quote in the Davis Kennedy article in which a street dyke says “there was a great difference in looks between a lesbian and her girl.” I was ashamed of them somehow. I wanted to hide that part of lesbian history.

I remember my roommate who found out I was gay accidentally. After the shock, she asked me later if I was butch or fem because she didn’t think she could live with a butchy dyke—she was a nurse, she had psych/soc/ behavior classes. What the hell do they teach

people in college? I told her that was a myth and I believed it at the time, that that was a stage of lesbianism our old history. I wanted those old dykes to disappear from our history. I remember telling this to Judith and she gave our class the Davis Kennedy article to read the following week. And I felt ashamed of myself after reading the quote :

Things back then were horrible and I think that because I fought like a man to survive I made it somehow easier for the kids coming out today.I don't even have a little money I would have nothing to leave anybody in this world, but I have that I can leave to the kids who are coming out now...I wouldn't deny it, even though I was getting my brains beaten up I would never stand up and say, 'No, don't hit me, I'm not gay.' I wouldn't do that.

How dare I deny them. They are my part of our history. I wanted to tell that old couple how proud I was; I wanted to thank them—but I never saw them again.

I thought about those womyn in Buffalo. They are my ancestors, but I hesitated to claim them the first time I read this article over two years ago now. I hated the ideas of "role appropriate behavior" that seemed so prevalent in the 40's and 50's and I started wondering if the authors assumed that after the gay liberation movement in the 70's that those roles no longer existed as strictly? And I wondered who were butch lesbian models? Heterosexual men? Maybe lesbians defined masculine and feminine in different ways. I don't know. Why don't I know? We are

given one day in a womyn's studies class — the exceptional womon.

I think about these spaces we have been given, allowed in history, in literature, in defining of ourselves and I'm standing in front of the womyn's bathroom at the Castle — castle, a fortress to keep out invading armies, castle, where chivalry rules, castle, pull up the draw bridge. I open the door. There are two stalls — one without a door so that there are always womyn waiting for the toilet with some privacy. There are no decorations in this room. No gay pride posters, no Upstate Womyn's fliers, no news bulletins, no paintings of womyn. It's just painted black. I stand there waiting for a stall but men keep coming in to use this bathroom. Some are bi and have the nerve to proposition you while you're peeing. Now the drag queens are shooting up or fixing themselves. I think about those buffalo womyn. I want to cry. Their bar may have meant something, but it's always a sad place to be. This isn't a place for talking, for making differences. We need rooms of our own. I walk outside the bar thinking about the womyn inside and I want to know where the Furies went.

And I hear someone humming

"Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight, Come out tonight, come out tonight, Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight, And dance by the light of the moon?"

..... and find that it is me.

Hand Me Down

This couch I've spilled so much on
is becoming a dingy weave of wasted hours,
patterned whites and tans recording events
with every stain and blended shade.
Marker splotches highlight the nights
I've let my studies drool onto the arms,
the boredom
wetting the loose cushions
to my textbook and my chin.
The countless times I've woken up half
sprawled, crook-necked or fetal,
shoved into this loveseats'
two-butt width.

The scents still linger of people,
of girls, who have infrequently graced
either corner or the edge.
A confusion of musk and smoked-out perfume,
draft beer and perspiration,
this low back lump of
wood and soft foam seating.

Steve Brink

Scrubbed and rubbed shiny she points up, angled to ride
The esses and near eights of those scribbled mountain roads
That take you surely not as the crow flies
From a gas station closed, but
Down and up around to a point all high,
Edging close to the line that
Crowns the state.

Mountain Running

The art is not dead, as some assure,
Of jars of almost clear hot liquid
Getting hotter in that trunked up hole following
That '57 Chevy into the black night.

You'll find that car, the student told me,
Full of gas and key poised in the slender slot,
Ready.

The two hour drive or more is
Induced by five Hamiltons
Crisp in a well-used envelope
Pressed between the vinyl seat.
They fund you through the dance weekend
So you can proud your date
Between the gates of Death Valley.

You don't know where it came from, care less of where it went,
But the 200 jars behind the back seat of that near classic car
Are living, odored proof of an enterprise still enterprising
In the hills above Walhalla.
While the hordes below, less fortunate for sure,
Mix labeled stuff with coke and water and tonics
Or simply smoke 'till pupils try to escape
The brights of lights trespassing the eyes.

Well on the outside of the county sheriff's range
Or want
The sticky stuff is brewed and cooked and dripped
And loaded and sent to thirsty cracked lips.
My part provides me cash enough to get educated or learned
Or taut and still taste the women and song of school.

Long live you stillers,
May you and your preserves be preserved, if only
To show tomorrow's youth
The thrill
Of pointed Chevrolets
Running and curving the mountains
With cargo hidden and full
In the black night.

Edd Golubski

Formalities

We shook hands;
It seemed such an anemic way
To say Good Bye.

That woman: Into whose mouth I had
Breathed me,
And breathed her back,

That woman: Around whom I
Hung my everydays,
Verified to me, it was she,

That woman: Who sucked me dry.
My eyes. My brain.
My shaking hands.

We shook hands;
It seems such a novel way
To lie.

Edd Golubski

What's Wacky Isn't the Weed

Beverly Cooper

"Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given any green herb for meat: and it was so." (Genesis)

If our representatives in government were aware of a single solution to the many divergent problems faced by our nation today, wouldn't they quickly implement the plan?

Wrong. Scientists have determined there is a plant which, if cultivated on a large scale, could simultaneously bolster the economy, restore our farming areas, save the environment, prevent another oil-related crisis in the Middle East, treat several painful diseases, clothe us, and provide us with a recreation option. Unfortunately, it's illegal.

Cannabis Hemp is an environmentally friendly, fast-growing and multi-use plant. Its byproducts are commercially usable, it grows up to 12 feet in three months and can be used for oil, fabric, paper, rope, food and as an herb. The production of this plant could add over a trillion dollars to the US economy, but since the late 1930's its cultivation has been banned by federal law. Most legislators, caught up in the fervor of the War on Drugs, have neglected to consider the very simple and sane solution: legalize it.

Civilizations throughout history have recognized the value of hemp. Archaeologists agree that it was one of the first crops—possibly *the* first—cultivated by humans, as

early as 8,000 BC in the Middle East. Hemp textile industries were developed about the same time as pottery. Hemp replaced papyrus for paper as a vehicle for the dissemination of information; in fact, The Declaration of Independence and The United States Constitution were both originally drafted on hemp. The sails and rigging for ships that facilitated the development of worldwide commerce were made from hemp, which made Columbus's trip to America possible. Hemp was one of the major cash crops of the world until the late 19th century and in the United States until just before the Great Depression.

In the 1930's, special interest groups persuaded the U.S. government to enact laws favoring non-renewable resources by levying a prohibitive tax on hemp, and eventually outlawing its production, distribution and possession. Its passage was accomplished partially by scare tactics which played upon anti-Hispanic and anti-Black sentiment and ignorance about the plant and effects of derivative THC. In his book *The Emperor Wears No Clothes* (1985), Jack Herer shows how anti-marijuana laws, ostensibly passed to suppress the alleged drug-induced violence of users, especially Mexicans and African-

Americans, were really intended to eliminate the competitive threat of the hemp industry. A few powerful companies in the paper and emerging petrochemical industry — Hearst Paper Manufacturing Division, Kimberly Clark, St. Regis and DuPont — panicked when breakthroughs were made in hemp decorticating and harvesting machinery. Oil, timber and bank barons maneuvered a ban under the then obscure Mexican nickname, “marijuana,” although the Spanish word for hemp is actually “cañamo.” Most Americans, including doctors who routinely prescribed cannabis extract medicines, thought hemp and marijuana were two different plants. Dr. James Woodward, who testified on behalf of the American Medical Association at the congressional hearings, said that AMA doctors hadn’t realized until two days before the vote that the plant Congress intended to outlaw was the same one medically known as cannabis because it had been described in the press as “the killer weed from Mexico.” Then in 1937, just when fiber/hurd separating machinery had been perfected and *Popular Mechanics* declared that hemp would be a billion-dollar-a-year crop, hemp was outlawed.

Americans continued to grow hemp clandestinely, making it today the largest cash crop in the country, generating almost four times as much revenue as its closest competitor, corn (41.6 billion per year versus 13.37 billion according to the federal Drug Enforcement Administration). But this is only a small fraction of the potential revenue. It is now estimated that a legal hemp industry would generate enough taxable income to substantially reduce the national deficit. The economic benefits for all Americans could result in a decentralized and self-sustaining economy, and at the same time prevent us from committing biocide.

It was proven in the 1970’s that plant mass, or biomass, can be converted to fuels

that could replace all types of fossil fuels currently produced by industry. Material for fossil fuels—oil, coal and natural gas—formed from plant matter that lived over 160 million years ago. The scientific process by which to convert living biomass to fuel requires only a matter of hours rather than the eons necessary to reproduce fossilized material. When fossil fuel is burned, sulfur compressed into the material is spewed out of power plant smoke stacks causing acid rain which reportedly kills 50,000 Americans and 10,000 Canadians each year according to Brookhaven National Laboratory. Fresh plant mass contains no sulfur and so can be converted into hydrocarbon-rich fuels that do not result in this fatal phenomenon. Industrialized nations have been burning these hydrocarbon fuels that are not part of the current ecosystem for over one hundred years, severely disrupting the equilibrium between life and climactic cycles by the release of gargantuan quantities of ancestral carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. American CO₂ production from burning fossil fuels will rise by 35 percent by the end of the century unless a substitute is put into use immediately. Conversely, fuels derived from fresh biomass are part of the present CO₂ cycle. The crop absorbs as much CO₂ as it grows as is released into the air when it is burned; one year’s biomass fuel produces the CO₂ necessary for the next year’s growth.

The government’s major candidate to replace the dwindling fossil-fuel supply is wood, even while the Administration agrees that our forests are necessary to prevent further global warming. The Bush administration’s plan to plant one billion trees a year will only provide a 15 percent reduction of CO₂ in that time (*Science News*, April 28, 1990), and the paper industry cuts down our forests at such a rate that a billion saplings a year cannot possibly compensate. By this logic the blanket of carbon dioxide warming

the planet can only continue to thicken.

Hemp is an easily accessible and renewable natural resource. About 6 percent of contiguous United States land area put into cultivation for biomass could supply all of our current demands for oil and gas (*Energy Farming in America*, Lynn Osburn). Biomass conversion to fuel has been proven economically feasible in both laboratory tests and pilot plant operations since 1973. Biomass has a heating value of 5,000 to 8,000 BTU/lb with virtually no ash or sulfur produced during combustion. Biomass conversion to fuel using pyrolysis, the technique of applying high heat to organic matter in the absence of air or reduced air used to produce charcoal, condensable organic liquids (pyrolytic fuel oil), non-condensable gasses, acetic acid, acetone and methanol, can allow us to convert to methanol-powered automobiles and reduce emissions from coal-fired power plants. Pyrolysis uses the same technology now used to process crude fossil fuel oil and coal, so the switch would be uncomplicated.

Although our forests are being destroyed at an alarming rate, it is not realistic to demand a halt to construction and paper production in our present-day society. About 75 years ago, United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) scientists Dewey and Merrill projected that we would deplete the forests in our lifetime if we continued to use paper at the same rate, and so began a search for an alternative agricultural resource for paper products. They found that the ideal substitute was leftover pulp, or hurds, from hemp harvest. USDA Bulletin 404 states that 10,000 acres of cultivated hemp could provide enough paper, building materials and pulp to save 41,000 acres of forest. Hemp hurds are richer in cellulose and contain less lignin than wood pulp, which means that sulfur acids used to break down lignin in wood are not necessary to the hemp paper-making process, thereby reducing the discharge of a major

waterway pollutant. It is also dioxin-free.

The paper is stronger and has greater folding durability than wood-pulp paper, and makes superior cardboard and paper-bag products. Hemp paper is also known for its resistance to yellowing, cracking or otherwise deteriorating, and the fine print quality of hemp paper is equal to that of paper made from tree wood.

The entire hemp plant is usable. The plant is dried and broken down into two parts, the hurd and threadlike fibers. The fiber strands can be spun into thread, which can either be made into rope or woven into durable, high quality textiles for clothing, sails, fine linens and fabrics of all textures and types. It can be woven as coarse as burlap, smooth as silk, or intricate as lace. Fabrics made from hemp are more insulating, softer, stronger, more water absorbent and more durable than cotton. The plant fiber holds its shape as well as polyester, but "breathes" and is biodegradable because it is completely organic. The original Levi jeans were made of hemp.

The remaining fragments of dried stalk can be used to manufacture non-toxic paints and sealants, building and other industrial fabrication materials, plastics, and many other products. The seeds can be pressed to yield oil for cooking, lubrication, fuel, et cetera. The hemp seed is a great source of protein which can be made into a breakfast cereal as it is in some countries, and its leaves and flowers are also edible. The foliage has medicinal value for easing pain, relieving stress and treating illnesses as diverse as glaucoma, asthma, tumors, epilepsy, multiple sclerosis, spasms, rheumatism, arthritis, migraine headaches, emphysema, and nausea from cancer and AIDS therapy. The leaves and flowers we know as marijuana are smoked or eaten for therapeutic, religious or relaxational purposes.

Hemp is a soil-building plant, its strong roots serving to prevent erosion. The self-fertilizing, pest resistant plant can be grown in

rotation with food crops or on marginal land where food production is not profitable. A green economy based on a hemp multi-industry complex could provide income for farmers in every state. The traditional hemp fiber-growing areas in the eastern United States would be reinvigorated by the creation of new jobs in an old industry. The northern plains, an economically devastated region, would prosper as the nation's energy-farming states. Hemp is drought resistant, making it an ideal crop for the dry western regions. On less productive, higher elevation lands, medicinal and intoxicant-grade hemp could be grown, as mountainous areas are well suited for this quality of the herb. Since hemp can be farmed virtually anywhere, the monetary power of energy will no longer be confined to the small group of people who control our current fuel supply. However, the American petroleum industry will not become obsolete since their expertise, hardware and manpower will be crucial to the new energy industry in the process of turning raw biomass into refined fuels.

Although the focus of prohibitionist propaganda is the intoxicating and medicinal qualities of hemp, industry based on these will generate the least amount of capital while the oil, textile, cellulose and energy industries will develop thousands of sustainable jobs. Hemp grown for biomass makes very poor grade marijuana for smoking, and commercial strains contain very little THC.

Even while recreational use has never been proven to have any major adverse effects, the American public continues to be bombarded with anti-marijuana hype. The very mention of marijuana tends to evoke images of wild-eyed malcontents who might explode into uncontrollable frenzy reminiscent of the early propaganda film *Reefer Madness*, or reclusive degenerates who cannot keep a job. Yet there is substantial research which exposes the inaccuracy of these stereotypes. Pascale,

Hurd and Primavera found that "smokers, nonsmokers and former smokers did not differ from each other in terms of social or emotional adjustment, alienation, aggression, or reactions to frustrations" (*Journal of Social Psychology*, 110: 273-283, 1980). R. Jessor reports in *Handbook on Drug Abuse* ("Marihuana: a review of recent psychosocial research", 1979) that "users tend to be more open to experience; more esthetically oriented; and more interested in creativity, play novelty or spontaneity than nonusers." And DEA Administrative Law Judge Francis L. Young made this statement: "The record on marijuana use encompasses five thousand years of human experience ... marijuana is now used daily by an enormous number of people throughout the world. Estimates suggest that from 20 million to 50 million Americans routinely, albeit illegally, smoke marijuana without the direct benefit of medical supervision. Yet despite this long history of use and the extraordinarily high number of social smokers, there are simply no medical reports to suggest that consuming marijuana has caused a single death." Unlike most other drugs, marijuana has an extremely low toxicity. It is impossible to die from an overdose of marijuana.

In our society we tend to associate marijuana with criminal behavior automatically. The most obvious link between marijuana and crime is simply that we have outlawed the production, sale, purchase and possession of it. Just as with alcohol prohibition, profits to be made from illicit trade attract organized drug traffickers who are notorious for violence and other criminal behavior. Relegalizing marijuana would return control to legitimate industry.

Ignorance about marijuana and its use has been responsible for the unnecessary arrests of 300,000 to 400,000 American citizens each year over the last 15 years. In a May 23, 1990 *LA Times* article, the State Judicial Council of

California complained that since drug cases now make up 60 to 65 percent of all criminal prosecutions there is a backlog of civil cases postponed indefinitely, and that San Diego ceased to hear civil cases at all for a month recently so that they could get caught up on the overload of drug cases. California Chief Justice Malcolm M. Lucas in a State of the Judiciary address to the legislature last February expressed concern that the increasing delay in hearing civil suits has long postponed important cases "that effect the environment, civil rights and other important aspects of our lives." In a recent issue of *Mondo 2000*, Robert Anton Wilson observes that as the Bush administration continues to ignore the warnings of judges that our courts cannot continue to take on this additional burden, the Bill of Rights is "getting more and more trashed each month."

Obviously, our government's current marijuana policy defies logic. In our current economic and environmental situation we can hardly dismiss our most promising solution. We must make our government see legalization of the hemp industry as an intelligent and conscientious move in a better direction. The idea is not radical or new. Many well-known individuals have been speaking out in support of legalization, including conservative columnist William F. Buckley, Mayor Kurt Schoke of Baltimore, astronomer Carl Sagan, former New York police commissioner

Patrick Murphy, Judge Robert Sweet, former Secretary of State George Shultz, and *San Francisco Examiner* editor Will Hearst. There is a large legalization movement in this country, led by many organizations promoting the use of the hemp plant to improve the economy and rescue the environment. Certain groups often work to protect the rights of people who use marijuana medicinally or enjoy it recreationally. To get involved in the hemp legalization movement or obtain more information, contact Georgia Chapter of The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) P.O. Box 821 Lithia Springs, GA 30057 (404) 739-1870; Cannabis Action Network (CAN) P.O. Box 54528, Lexington, KY 40555 (606) 266-3218 or (202) 829-9419; Business Alliance for Commerce in Hemp P.O. Box 71093, Los Angeles, CA 90071-0093 (213) 288-4152; American Civil Liberties Union, 132 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036. Jack Herer's *The Emperor Wears No Clothes* is available from H.E.M.P., 5632 Van Nuys Boulevard, Van Nuys, CA 91401 for \$12.95 plus \$2.00 shipping and handling. You can also research the hemp issue at your local library, an agricultural library, historical society, or a medical or legal library, and let your legislators and Congressmen know you believe marijuana should be excluded from the War on Drugs.

M J Industries

Mike Marshall and Joel Jenkins



Lunchtime Cabaret

Debbie Cravey

Sara looked the menu over with a quick glance, as if she hadn't been holding onto it for several minutes. "Do you have a lasagna without meat in it?"

The waitress, a frazzled skeleton of a blonde, at least forty, took a breath for patience's sake, and shook her tilted head. Her day had started at four-thirty that morning; the cat had decided to forego politeness and commenced to wailing at the morning moon, pleading to the gods for a compliant lover. She had felt guilty for not having the animal spayed months before, but its mournful cry had also reminded her that she, too, was sleeping alone. She couldn't blame the cat for feeling its isolation in the frozen quiet of the dawn, but she could resent its audacity.

"Well, just give me a Greek salad and a water. Oh, and do I get one of those baskets with the crackers in them?" Sara closed her menu with decisiveness and looked for the first time into her waitress' face. It amazed her that so many people she ran into in this little Virginia mountain town reminded her of her mother. Even the men. They all had a hollow look to their eyes. Her own eyes slipped to the faded white name tag on the woman's left breast. It seemed to read "Mackle," but she couldn't be sure. A blotch of dried, red sauce covered the last of the letters.

The waitress' name was actually

Mackie, and as she quickly jotted the girl's order, she felt the stare. It gave her an uncomfortable, self-conscious feeling. Who do these springy Barbie dolls think they are, anyway? If they had to work their tails off every day they couldn't survive. They fall helpless at the first hint of crises, only to be saved gracefully by some Cloroxed-white bohunk. Mackie smiled without showing her decaying teeth and answered Sara's question.

"I'll bring a basket with your water. Will that be all?"



“Yes.”

As she turned her body in the direction of the kitchen, Mackie stubbed her toe, which was already swollen from an ingrown toenail, on the leg of the table, and longed more than ever for a break. The indulgent pleasure of a fifteen minute break was the most relaxing time of her day. How she longed to ease her body into one of those cold, vinyl chairs that accompanied the wobbly card table in the break room. Often she would sit on one, feeling its coldness slip past her cotton skirt, and put her feet on another. Sometimes she would line three of those chairs in a row and lie across their seats, with her head facing the stained white tiles of the suspended ceiling. There were exactly sixty-two of those tiles. One in particular was her favorite. It sported a large, moldy-looking, blackish-yellow bulge in the center, obviously the result of some kind of leak, which appeared to loom over her as if it could drop on her face at any moment. It was its personal threat to her that she loved. Today, however, she wouldn't get to sit in the break room. The owner was out of town and it was just her and the cook left to mind the store. Luckily, it was Wednesday and she was working the day shift. The restaurant hardly got any customers at all before late afternoon, and only two, in fact, were there right now, since the table of truckers had left. Mackie hoped the day would stay slow.

Sara sat upright at her table, looking sideways at her reflection in the scratched glass of the tabletop. She was amused at her own vanity. She often caught herself looking for her face in the windows of parked cars or in the reflection of automatic doors. It gave her a feeling of seeing what others saw of her in given situations. She had been told that she was beautiful a few times, but rarely did people make her feel that way. Often she felt as if she must look strange to others and that they didn't talk to her about it because they figured she has a hard enough time living with

looks like that. She longed for affirmation that she was as normal as a person could get. Normal seemed to her to be the most pain-free way to be. This insecurity had given birth to her habit of talking quietly, but earnestly, to the air.

“I'm in Abingdon on business. Hopefully.” She made big, exaggerated gestures with her eyebrows and mouth muscles. “They're having auditions for *Cabaret* down at the Barter Theatre. It's my favorite musical, well, that and *Little Shop of Horrors*. I just loved Liza Minelli in the movie version. And The Barter Theatre! It's famous, you know. Gary Collins and Ernest Borgnine both got their starts there. I would love to get the chance to play Liza's role. She was so ...sad. I just want to hug her everytime I see the film. I've been acting for six years now, ever since I was a freshman in college. I do mostly character parts. I even played a black woman once...”

Sara noticed that a small man in a black suit coat was peering at her from a table in the corner. The corner was dark and lit only by the neon beer signs that hung on the wall above his head, which made his eyes appear reddish. He saw her glance at him and he released a jagged grin. Sara thought he looked like a gangster. She had stopped becoming embarrassed by people who caught her in her monologues. In fact, she thought of them as her audience. She gave the subtlest nod she could muster to acknowledge his interest, and looked again to her reflection in the table. She focused on a clear, circular stickiness on the table's surface that had escaped erasure maybe more than once by the quick sweep of a waitress' cloth. Sara was happy its perseverance had been rewarded.

Mackie's frame suddenly appeared in her peripheral vision, interrupting her thought. “I went ahead and brought your salad, too. Would you like anything else right now?” A thin, steady hand placed a wooden bowl chocked full of greens in front of her. She

looked at Mackie.

"No thanks."

The waitress dashed off a quick something on the check (to Sara, it looked like she was making a small scribble) and placed it gingerly on the table, between the bowl and the water, where its dryness mixed with the condensation on the glass. Sara watched its upper corner change from dry to wet as if it were in slow motion.

"Oops!" She called after Mackie, who had really only just turned to walk away. "I forgot. Could I have a straw for my water, please?"

Mackie didn't turn around, but rather answered over her shoulder. "Sure, be right there with it." She paused at one table to gather some dirty plates onto her tray and pocket the dollar's worth of quarters that had been left. They had been pretty good old boys, even if their tip would be considered insulting in some restaurants. That was the trouble with working at a place this close to the interstate, she thought. Truckers are great, for the most part, but you can't invest your energy in them. Most of them you may never see again, and the ones who do come back are even more dangerous. Just as soon as you start to look forward to their coming, they don't. She used to mean it when she flirted back at the good-looking ones, but she soon got tired of them breaking her heart with their casual smiles, their road-weary eyes. She still enjoyed the truckers, but she didn't give a damn about what they did outside these doors anymore. She sighed and headed for the kitchen, but stopped when she noticed the man in the corner looking her way. She walked instead over to his table.

"Is everything all right, Lou?" Her ingrown toenail was beginning to throb.

The man leaned forward, as if to whisper, and spoke in a coughing voice. "Who is that girl over there?" His face remained serious. Mackie searched his eyes for a glimmer of mischief.

"I don't think she's ever been in before. I get the impression she's real hoighty-toighty. Why?"

"I think I'll go over and meet that girl. Bring us some wine or something, 'kay?"

"Lou, she's young. What's a man your age want with a bird like that?" Mackie wasn't in love with Lou, but still she felt betrayed. He had been coming in for lunch every Wednesday for years.

Lou didn't respond, but rather, wiped his mouth and chin with his napkin and stood up to walk across the room. He stopped briefly to look at Mackie. After an uncomfortable pause in which their eyes met and locked for a moment, he resumed walking, saying, "Make sure it's a good wine."

Mackie watched him stroll over to the girl, but didn't want to appear too interested. She reached to get Lou's soiled plate and utensils and placed them on her tray, then headed back towards the kitchen.

"Excuse me, Miss, would you mind a little company while you eat?" He stood facing Sara, his left thigh lightly brushing the lip of the table.

Sara's eyes widened involuntarily. The gangster was addressing her, and she had no idea why, and no idea what to say to him. She parted her lips as if to form words, but was silent. Lou tilted his head in a nonvocal "Well?," but getting no response, simply stood there looking at her. The moment was broken by Mackie, who pushed in front of him to place a chilled and open litre of Gallo chablis on the table, along with two empty wine glasses. Sara's look went from astonishment to perplexity.

"Uh, I didn't order this."

"I did," Lou saw his place to jump in. "I mean, I thought we could share some wine and get acquainted. I was watching you from over there." With this proclamation, he pointed to where he had eaten his lunch, and the eyes of both Sara and Mackie followed his



tossed the limp paper to the table and started searching his pants pocket for a lighter.

"So who were you talking to?" He pulled one of those silver lighters with the lids on them from under the table and flicked it ablaze.

"Talking to?"

"You know. When I was watching you."

"Oh, I guess I was just talking to myself."

He took a slow drag on the thin white stick in his mouth and clicked his lighter shut. He didn't look at her. "What were you saying to yourself?"

Sara thought for a moment. "I was talking about the auditions for a play

finger to the abandoned table. They all stared at the corner for a heavy moment, then Sara found her voice.

"Oh. Well. Do I thank you? Maybe you should sit down." She gestured to the seat across from her. Lou scooted into the chair, and looked up at Mackie as if to say "That's all. Go away."

The faded waitress grudgingly took her cue. Sara watched the other woman's feet as they lifted and fell and lifted again until they disappeared behind the swinging door to the kitchen. She took a silent breath and looked at the man who had made himself comfortable across the table. He was quite wrinkled around his small black eyes, and his chin was covered with patches of a salt-and-pepper stubble. He reached into the inside breast pocket of his jacket and retrieved an open pack of Camel Lights. She sat silently watching as he took the last cigarette in the pack, placed it between his dry lips, and crushed the empty package in his hand. He

that I'm thinking about going to."

"A play? Which one?"

"*Cabaret*. They're putting it on at the Barter. I would just love to get a part in that show." She thought she should be polite and pour them both a glass of the wine.

"You wanna be an actress?"

"Oh yes," Sara exclaimed, excited to get the chance to talk about her passion. "But the competition is very, very tough. That's why I also plan to be a playwright in my spare time."

Lou sucked hard on his Camel and looked up at his new acquaintance. "Isn't the playwrighting business just as tough?"

"Well, yeah, I guess so. But I'm pretty sure I'll make it acting one of these days."

Lou smiled at this bit of self-assurance. He took a long time to ask his next question, making the silence last by alternately sipping his wine and smoking. Finally he spoke.

"Do you live here in Abingdon?"

"No. I'm only here for the weekend. If I

get the part, I'll rent a room or something. It's bad luck to make plans about a show before you're cast."

Seeming pleased with this response, Lou leaned back and stared at the young girl's face. Sara had a thought that maybe she should be a little more guarded in her exchanges with strangers, but she had always been this way, and besides, this man was intriguing. Her eyes darted to his ring finger. Empty.

"Would you like me to show you some of my favorite places in Abingdon?"

He had said it so casually that Sara wondered if he had said it at all. Did this total stranger want her to just up and leave with him? How dare he just expect her to trust him like that? And yet, perhaps what she read in his squinted eyes was pure adventure. *The* pure adventure that crops up in everyday life, of which she was always slightly expectant.

"That sounds like fun."

His facial expression did not change. He took a last draw on the cigarette and crushed it powerfully into the bottom of the ashtray. "Good. Let's go."

"What about all this wine we have left?" Sara felt a wave of fear that perhaps she had lost control of the situation.

"Leave it," he said as he stood up, gesturing with his hand to help her out of her seat.

She took his hand, feeling a scaly dryness against her skin. She *did*, however, like the firm grasp of his fingers. Standing up, she followed him towards the cash register, where Mackie sat reading a month-old *National Enquirer*. Sara didn't remember seeing the waitress go past her on the way from the kitchen to the counter. The woman's appearance here almost startled Sara with a spooky, metaphysical feeling, and she hung back, pretending to look at a painting of an old barn which hung on the wall. She watched as the waitress placed her *Enquirer* flat down on the counter before speaking to the gangster-

looking man. She couldn't make out what either was saying. They talked for a few minutes, as if they were friends, but they were both very serious, like each was trying to sway the other's opinion. She saw the man reach into his back pocket for his wallet. He turned around and mumbled something about buying her lunch, too. She suddenly realized that she didn't even know his name. Oh well, easy enough to find that out.

He finished paying and walked over to look at the painting with her. "You ready?" he asked, putting a hand on her shoulder and leaning his mouth towards her ear.

She nodded and allowed him to lead her to the door. Mackie sat and watched them leave, leaning her elbows on the counter. She watched as he unlocked the passenger side of his pale blue Buick and opened the door for the girl. Once she was buckled into her seat, he swung her door shut and scurried to his own side and got in. Mackie saw the faint blue puffs of exhaust shoot from behind the car, and she watched as he backed out of the space. She strained her eyes trying to see the face of the girl through the glass of the car's windows, but all she could see was a silhouette. The silhouette turned toward the driver and nodded. She watched the taillights of the car as it pulled out of the parking lot. Then she watched the space where the car had been.

Letting out a stale breath that she had been absentmindedly holding, Mackie returned her focus to the aged tabloid that lay sprawled across her counter, yearning for her attention. Her glance swept across the page, snagging on an advertisement in the corner for a cat lover's calender offer. It was sponsored by Purina Cat Chow, the people who made her own cat's favorite food. With a sudden flourish, she reached into her pocket for her ticketbook and pen, and began to jot down the details of the offer.

reciprocal

1 listen

My ears bloom.
I hear everything at once.
I listen hard to soft
sounds, membranes thin as
wasp's wings vibrate.
Tiny hairs that
line cochlea
quiver like antennae on shrimp.
I hear small green shoots
pushing up the damp soil to stretch
pinkish roots down like nerves. I hear
waves of wind spreading the clouds
into wide spirals of sound.

2 speak

voice sealed
in, my own
lips slit
on the paper
edge of the
envelope.
taste
of blood
filling mouth.
my teeth
melt in
this warmth.
my trachea
is a ring of
burning.
my throat
is swallowing
my tongue
alive.

Beverly Cooper

editorial

Here are a few things I am angry about this issue.

Days after policemen in Los Angeles and then New York showed Americans in ways they couldn't ignore that police brutality is alive and well, the Supreme Court ruled that coerced confessions will, for the first time in American history, be admissible in court. Although the Justices qualified the ruling, they have cleared the way for police to beat confessions out of suspects without the fear that the suspects will be turned loose on this "technicality" (now a "harmless error").

In Utah, abortion is now considered a crime punishable by firing squad. The South Carolina Legislature is considering a bill that would outlaw all abortions except those in which the mother's life is in danger.

The Cracker Barrel recently fired nine employees because they were gay. As of now there is no civil protection forbidding discrimination based on sexual orientation. The Federal Civil Rights Amendment Act would add affectional and sexual orientation to the list of classes protected from discrimination by the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1968 Fair Housing Act. Your call of support may help speed up this long-overdue correction.

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