

ISSUE #53, SPRING 2001

# INSCAPE

# INSCAPE

SPRING 2001

ISSUE No. 49

## MANAGING EDITOR

Misty Hamilton

## UNDERGRADUATE EDITORS

Kelli Brooke Haywood

Jared Salyers

## STAFF

Eric Collins

David Jones

Brad Hamlin

Kelli Brooke Haywood

Elizabeth O'Quinn

Mick Parsons

Barry Lee Reynolds

Jared Salyers

Jamie Skidmore

Michael Slone

Stephanie Stobaugh

## FACULTY SPONSORS

Gary Mesa-Gaido

Elizabeth Mesa-Gaido

Sheri Joseph

## COVER ARTIST

Christy Herring

# THE CONTENTS

## THE WORDS

Ken Casper

- DOLCE STIL NUOVO.....13

Eric Collins

- OF THE EARTH.....7
- AFRO -  
DESIA.....20

Brad Hamlin

- shore.....54
- more like swing.....4
- Julius Caesar, by William Shakespeare:  
a play in one act.....33

Ida Lee Hansel

- ABANDONED COAL MINE.....8

Kelli Brooke Haywood

- Paul & Loraine.....46.

David Jones

- A Night in TV.....12

Jonathan Rapp

- CATHERINE OPIE: LARGE FORMAT  
POLAROIDs.....45
- THE GOLDEN PARASITE IN MY EYE.....5
- MOUNTAIN WIFE.....45
- THE NATIONAL REPORT ON BLOOD.....16
- PERCUSSION WORLD.....6

Barry Lee Reynolds

- I Got What I Wanted.....22

## Phillip Roberts

- 3 poems untitled.....18, 21

## Jared Salyers

- DANDELION (FOR SEAN).....17
- SITTING BULL MEDITATES ON HIS  
PERFORMANCE IN BUFFALO BILL'S WILD  
WEST SHOW, CIRCA 1885.....24

## Jamie Skidmore

- Rose Etta.....15

## Michael Slone

- Falling into.....52
- in and out a poem.....9
- rhizohedron.....19

## Stephanie Stobaugh

- Revision.....11

## THE VISUALS

Susie Anderson	Geeodee's Coffee Shop.....	32
Sharon Austin	Hina.....	26
	The Ugly Animal.....	25
John W. Haywood	Jungle Hopping.....	27
Sarah Pennington	Untitled.....	29
	Untitled.....	31
Heather Randolph	Systematic Nature.....	28
Lori Tincher	Steps to Death.....	30

*INSCAPE* is a semi-annual magazine for literary and visual arts at Morehead State University. It is published by the Department of English, Foreign Languages & Philosophy and the Department of Art. *INSCAPE* is printed by the Office of Marketing Support. Layout by Erin Back.



*more like swing*

by Brad Hamlin

refused the void

in the throes of the disagreeable religious experience;

if concerned only with truth...

constancy.

building the indoors

the shaping

perceive, with certitude, that which is.

concerning the sound:

inerrancy

A good many people are not touched by the Holy Ghost.

bone rows and single note blown long

that which is not

is

not made,

not by me.

i buy and i bring a try -

I'll have more to say next time.

for now,

my appliances have failed me.

all my appliances have walked.

John was like a visitor to this planet. He came in peace and he left  
in peace.

oh ...

a half slumbering witness,

half whispered.

[silences]]

child sex,

wrongful death.

all these

in yellow walls,

poorly lit, overwarm, rooms.

the first effect of pressure will be  
to increase the number of seats.

sandanista  
saskatchewan  
camembert  
griot

"swing low..."

a shaving of hair  
a shaving back of the nail,  
the reed

the grip of what cuts  
at the quick  
like yellowed death  
or silence

## THE GOLDEN PARASITE IN MY EYE

By Jonathan Rapp

Congratulate summer on its lifelong habit  
of exercise. Its muscles are tinier than fossil horses.  
They imprint the pavement of this square with fountain odor,  
delighting all of us.

Touch them—they're like pills. They so easily bend pipe  
from this collapsed Carniceria into blue scarves. They  
thread the meat and knives' cornered stillness with deliberate,  
floating steps, shaping the soaked rock for gardens.

I alone can't accept that summer does not stop working  
to eat. That it doesn't sit at a small table in front of the  
empty wall like an ant under the sky. With as  
single-minded a hunger.

## PERCUSSION WORLD

By Jonathan Rapp

Peeled off the yellow dawn, chased by cheetahs,  
scored for cowbells, a lullaby:

In cattle country

where from birth herdsmen mold  
around the bells' sound  
and each bell has its own tone and its own cow,  
unfamiliar rattling drifted over the village piano  
like blue insomnia.

The entire tableland rang. Were the cattle  
breaking in half? Were the cattle breaking into  
pieces?

The herdsmen would dispose of the composer  
brutally, how high the sun

notwithstanding; the smooth  
tendon of the sky disconnected. Shade separated  
fuzzy vision from blurring speed.

The plain-wide ringing stopped. A photographer  
shot the cheetahs gathered around the piano,  
clicking glasses and grunting.

Pigeons flapped up. They sounded like applause.

## OF THE EARTH

By Eric Collins

Joy of fatigue presides over afternoon  
lovmaking from moon to sun  
The required silence of necessary secrecy  
eliminates the release of a friendly smile

avoided eyes and table talk  
forbidden carnal knowledge  
The aftermath of satisfaction  
To whose ties twist incorrectly

We share passion and drinks  
It's happy hour in Chicago  
Your saucy Arabic lips curl  
toward disheveled brown shoulders

I know by the direction your eyebrows turn  
as we eat with our friends  
that you will ask another  
to pass the salt



**ABANDONED COAL MINE:** for John T. Hansel (Harlan Co. miner)  
Ida Lee Hansel

ABANDONED  
PILLARS PULLED  
DRIFT MOUTH EMPTY  
WORKED CEASED.  
THE HUMMING OF MOTORS  
SILENCED.  
MEN COME NO MORE TO ENTER  
ITS DEEP, DARK CAVERN  
ONCE ABUNDANTLY FILLED  
WITH BLACK GOLD  
WHERE NOW ONLY EBONY  
DUST REMAINS.  
THE SEARCH FOR ITS  
TREASURE COMPLETED  
THIS HOLE IN THE  
EARTH'S SURFACE IS  
VACATED, HAVING  
INDEED PRODUCED  
ITS QUOTA.

## in and out a poem

by Michael Slone

Internal. In. Internal in and in and inside.

External. Out. External out and out and outside.

Internal and external.

In and out. In and out in and out a poem. In and out a poem about in and inside and in and out and outside and out and internal and external.

There is a difference between in and out.

There is a difference between in and out because in is in and out is out and never the twain shall meet. There is a difference and it is not going to be resolved. There is an in there is an out there are all the ins and outs around there. Never the twain shall meet for the twain to meet would mean that either in would be out or out would be in or both for that matter for that matter there is no difference but there is a difference between in and out and so never the twain shall meet.

That there is this difference unresolved that will always never be resolved and that never the twain shall meet is sad. That there is this difference this opposition means that the task of the description is rather unpleasant. Suppose the task of the description devotes pages and pages and pages to the meaning of in and in and inside and internal. Then the task of the description does not devote pages and pages and pages to the meaning of out and out and outside and external even though there is room for it. For there is nothing more to say than out is not in outside is not inside external is not internal. That there is this difference is sad because if the twain shall meet then there would be need to have equal numbers of pages and pages in the description for each of in and inside and out and outside. This would be pleasant or maybe more than pleasant even happy. But it is not to be because never the twain shall meet.

In and in and inside and in and internal. By example. By example in and inside. To proceed by example.

Here is an example.

This sentence is in the poem in and out a poem. In and out

and through and through the poem in and out a poem this sentence is inside it is internal to the poem. We can then say simply that it is not that this sentence is out and outside or even out and external to the poem because that it not true no not true at all no it is false. It is false. But this sentence is not false. This sentence says that dogs could fly and it is true in the poem it would still be true in the poem even if this sentence said that dogs could not fly because that is what it means. This sentence does not say that dogs could fly but it is still true yes it is still true in the poem.

And it is in the poem it is not out of the poem and never the twain shall meet.

This is an example of an example of explaining. Of explaining in and in and the definition of in by an example of explaining of explaining in and in and the definition of in. This is an example but this is not a definition.

A conjecture. It is impossible to give a definition of in. It is impossible to give a definition of in because any attempted of in is in is not out but there is this difference that in is in and out is out and never the twain shall meet and so any attempted definition of out is out is not in. But there is this difference. And so the definition of in the attempted definition of in is in is not not in. But if the not and the not are logical nots and they are logical nots then the definition the attempted definition is in is in. But this is not a definition even if it is an attempted definition. And similarly it is impossible to give a definition of out. This is another conjecture.

This makes the task of description easier because we need not attempt to do the impossible and it is much more fun to describe in and out anyway. It is much more fun anyway. It is fun at least it is fun in the poem. It is true in the poem that it is fun and it is true that it is fun in the poem but it may not be true that it is fun.



## Revision

By Stephanie Stobaugh

Let us call poetry  
By its destiny-  
Good or Bad.  
If you cannot compliment the  
Bedroom behavior of those  
Who would have you call them "Poet",  
If you must swallow  
When you want to spit,  
Then boldly say No  
To the singles bar  
Poetry gigolo  
Who uses lame lines  
To get a rise  
As we roll our eyes  
Snickering behind their backs  
To our sisters.

Granted—

All must have their first time and  
To the Virgins  
We must encourage  
To make use of time  
Spent with their teachers.  
Tell them to be faithful  
To true language and show passionate  
Refusal to become promiscuous pseudo-lovers  
With no regard to the  
Virtuous white paper,  
But choose affairs with ink carefully  
To not cheapen written words.

Now—

Let us say Yes  
To that which makes our blood race,  
Make a pledge to the good lovers of our craft  
Born in our arms  
Becoming a part of us  
Making us sin,  
Bringing us to orgasm  
When we read.  
May we praise them  
By sleeping with their pen  
Again and again.



## **A Night in TV**

By David Jones

These models are somewhere  
between skinny and dead and  
I'm pretty ambivalent about the  
whole thing. Forty parties a night  
and the fact that forty and party  
both end with the same letters  
sums up all that is interesting.  
The rorschacked photo context  
that memory contains is a  
scary floor of feet marks. Mirrors  
reflect the light and the sound—  
both a terror between ultra  
flashed visions wanting to be  
religious somehow.

The croaky deep throated  
creek-rock green with barren  
flacidity. Beauty is only kneedeep  
in the tangle before joyous red  
crimson vests of pubic  
hair peek from under a sports  
coat of different colors.  
The jubilation is incensing  
and asks that—to share—one  
has to be lethargic to understand  
how to memorize in the dead  
dark of such raucous pleasures.

## ***DOLCE STIL NUOVO***

By Ken Casper

Lift the veil of facial lies  
Little lines about your age  
A second debut  
Deep moisture mist  
Unseen works under dryness  
Become Lodovico Dolce--  
Make public sculpture  
Brilliant shining sunbursts.  
Swim in it  
Touch the luxury  
Innocent suit  
That's in the look  
With bikini chains  
Brass-ring hooks  
Seamless skin  
Plaid lingerie  
Written in intimate letters  
Self-revelations by the uneccentric  
A great little catch  
In a wave of pleats  
And everything in it  
Nobody sees that private view  
Everyone knows it's there  
But there's nothing  
To having someone take care of you  
Cherished as one of the world seven graces  
A fragrance that won't go away  
When the body just wants to lie there  
Not getting away from it all  
Good old denim  
Fill of holes  
Mark the world's art  
The side-slit denim  
Abbe Lane sang of eros  
Every night full of Lafite Rothchild and VSOP.  
The art world marks  
Three or four shades  
Darker at the front  
Fountains spray the evening breeze  
I have eyes for emeralds  
Myths exploded day

After the day before the night  
One hundred strokes a day  
Hold the press  
Riveting shine of your eyes  
My love-makeup  
Perched on top is a quail egg  
Surrounded by bright flutters  
Arpeggiation of and augmented triad  
For dominant harmony to my legs harnessed  
Easy-come, easy stay  
Your complexions thirst  
No age known  
A delicate definition of you  
Taken in a new way  
Cleverness is virtue  
The mother of luxury  
Knows just where to leave  
You alone. Leering talk  
About people with more sober reasons  
You, the operatic speedster  
Smaller perspective with a proper head  
Flirting touches black silk  
Circling rules of crepe  
Knit under the anything  
Spring breezes waft  
Swirly-skirted girls  
Demi-buff of natural rareness  
Strawberries Romanoff  
Obeying the inner voice  
Synesthesia making Scriabin proud  
Romance hugging the body  
The sound of middle-C raised by forty octaves  
Poignant melody and brilliant passage-work  
Ascending flourishes with bravura  
In beauty. In joy. In pride.  
In the long run forever.  
An eminently suitable affair  
A well-dressed woman doesn't show  
A gentleman doesn't brag.  
A tale of living is origami.  
Recessions' son,  
I leave the World  
*Dolce stil nuovo--*  
*Dolce far niente*  
All my debt.

**Rose Etta**  
By Jamie Skidmore

Rosie wore a blue dress while her  
"Amazing Grace" kneaded flour into  
dumplings. Violets that are never  
to be touched by Little Elsie's hands  
bathed in the kitchen windowsill.

Pig-tail plaits chasing kitty cats  
through garden rows, in the  
water hose, and up the hill past  
Mrs. French's where blackberries grow  
into pies beside vanilla ice cream,  
whittling under the old paw paw tree.

The old garden is grown over now but  
the paw paw leaves still make drinking cups  
if folded just right and the kitchen stove  
still whispers Grandma's recipes to the  
violets in the windowsill. A calico cat  
curled in a five point quilt in the rocking  
chair waits by the door for Rosie to come home.



## THE NATIONAL REPORT ON BLOOD

By Jonathan Rapp

The snowflakes are  
having a real hootenanny.

They're thick as blood.

The entire city is in  
the middle  
of a snowflake-pumping  
artery.

Now that almost  
every household  
in the country has a

computer, I think  
it's time everyone kept  
better track  
of their blood.

When it's as gone  
as all this is going  
to be in June,  
we'll wonder  
where it went.

A spread sheet.  
One drop lost  
in May at the  
doctor's office.

Menstruation. Time.  
Place. Date.  
There was an echo  
Like a Japanese flute.

Pint donated to Red Cross.  
Whose emblem is so  
like this day.

She split the  
tip of my tongue  
with a single black  
hair.

Now I'm bleeding.  
Snow is bleeding  
like blood falling.

**DANDELION  
(FOR SEAN)**  
By Jared Salyers

Your body brings them up  
Unseen head and yellow teeth against grave stone,  
They come up crooked, stretching,  
Yawning prophecy from your last acid vision  
Gnarled milk-filled bodies rooted through teeth,  
Twisting 'round crucifix in hand-  
Now limp against bone.  
They twist together,  
Mimicking the movement of your last cigarette smoke  
And the thrusting of bodies  
-Boys and Girls-  
in high school.

They pushed up through dirt and years,  
They pushed up to grow green-leafed and gain  
Yellow silky memoirs for hair (only for a season),  
They pushed up to flower into insect palaces  
Clinging to the last sweetness you could provide,  
A sugar to tickle the fine-tuned hair of the wasp's leg.  
They are your solitary flowers, and this season  
Your only bringer,  
And I, wandering by grave stone where all the weeping mourners went.  
I, mourner and bringer,  
Pull up a flower,  
Feeling the root wrapped 'round your finger,  
Pulling your hand up slightly,  
And imagine you're waving hello.

### **A poem by Phillip Roberts**

The road I have known  
since youth, is embroidered with spring.  
Vernal leaves stir like wings: the autumn  
as distant as the migrations. From a window  
which faces time, I observe the approaching  
light slanting through the long limbs  
of trees that spire into shadows.

In my palms I carry seeds,  
their form as simple as tears.  
It is my eyes that are empty:  
vacant memories; voices I no longer  
am able to distinguish—the sorrow lingering  
in mirrors that reflect ashes.

Upon the soles of my feet  
I carry the stains of lilies.

### **A poem by Phillip Roberts**

I awaken to the awning of amber lightening.  
Rain becomes audible between the baritone  
voices singing bellicose choruses.

You remain asleep.  
I listen to the slow metronome  
of your breath interweaving  
with the song of broken water.

The memory of my youth  
finds comfort from your breast.

The scream of my birth  
fades within your deepest flower.

Soon it will be morning  
and I will recall once more  
the silence and light of being born.

## **rhizohedron**

by Michael Slone

spinning like cilia unhinged am beginning  
to see the edges of life. It is fine and how  
are you. Remember when we all stood on  
beach throwing lipid extension to fly fluency  
in rotor— the story is familiar to most of her  
and once the ethic is heterological —if not we  
can for you time the decay and find ciituary  
in flow, fog transmit the notion. Image the  
blind focus on the beginning, on the spinning



AFRO

DESIA

By Eric Collins

It's on the corner of Ookala Road  
that two bearded men  
have trouble finding words  
in time  
with the times,

but

Dear Susan,

"Now Charlie Mingus has broken a string in my heart"

"I can never again  
embrace you in  
circular conviction."

*sweat of lovers in a blue suburb  
breaks forth from a craftswoman in Lawai*

***a brass player in a seedy basement  
dives a bitter death into his pipe.....***

*from the palm leaves  
eyes of wailing women,  
dirty tears run/ tins marked cat liver*

"But it's on the corner of Ookala, behind every sprig that they peep out."

they

shy lost maidens,  
as fresh as the peaches  
that roll off the fruitman's shelves  
*"faster than you can buy em"*

## A poem by Phillip Roberts

Once in the solace of the original coil  
where nimble fingers were held close to the mouth:  
throat filled with silence; eyes closed and empty  
of thought. Once without memory, a beginning  
in sanguine swathes of flesh. I recall nothing,  
not even an echo cradled in the void  
which I refer to as time.

Then I did not know your eyes,  
your face or the rose curve of your lips.  
I was an idle circle. You were the bones  
and bulge of a floral warmth. I was  
at ease enfolded in your flower.

Prescience and silence:  
a yearning for light.

Glistening in the nectar of birth:  
wine washed body; face and salt  
smeared limbs. I listen to my scream,  
a resonance of my voice  
released into the dawn.

Blind from the stare I did not comprehend,  
the saline perfume lingers in the loves I have known.

Upon the first kiss, my only longing has been to return.

# **I Got What I Wanted**

By Barry Lee Reynolds

*The last time I got what I wanted was when I touched the delicate smooth skin of an Asian man.*

Being near enough to absorb the sweetness of his breath and the flutter of his fingers...having his small fragile body hovering near my face, not walking but scooting along beside me, is total elation. His wispy butterfly hair flowing across crescent shaped moons is causing my insides to shake with passion.

Pausing to glimpse, letting him lead, I follow. I do this to be able to see all, swallow and ingest, allowing myself to absorb. I fill with an obsession of his greatness, the simplicity of my lust, and I relish being animal with a dash of man.

I remember before this moment occurred...all the touching...the touching with my eyes--and *now* embracing a part of me that was hidden by years of whiteness and hillbilly seclusion. No more being oppressed, I open up totally to the dynamic slick yellow skin that is about to bring me the most holy of happiness.

So long suppressed but now released—full of pleasure. It is good. The dark lights, fondling and beer with candle wax and the scent of a Formosan air whipping across my back all mix together with the sound of the churning sea. I'm developing an image of God as reality flows from my extreme gratification that was...is...enduring, surrendering, overcoming... We are surrounded in darkness but the deserted beach is so white. We see with our tongues. The saltiness, the whiteness, and the scent of sweet Chinese is beginning to overtake me.

My day is grand and encompassing and only a scooter ride could complete me. Vroom-Vroom and I am not the driver but the one being driven and I like it that way—being in the back with the wind blowing on my face and my head banging up against his. The clank-clank-clank sound relaxes me and it allows me to forget about the humidity and I suck in the coolness of the wind. It is

silent except for our off key voices mumbling fragmentary choruses of 80s songs. As we pass one...two...three 7Eleven's, I take courage enough to squeeze up next to his strong back. It's firm and sturdy and I enjoy grasping...needing. I feel at peace and sigh in relief, treasuring him.

"OFF please." I jump off and watch him park. He touches my face and I touch that deep groove in his back. As he leans in to kiss, I notice the illumination of his face in the moonlight. I take over, allowing my hands to flow over his back, and my world begins. I kiss him deeply and our tongues become one. I feel comfort and open my eyes, but he is staring at me, or maybe through me, or maybe at that bag of garbage behind me...



**SITTING BULL MEDITATES ON  
HIS PERFORMANCES IN BUFFALO BILL'S  
WILD WEST SHOW, CIRCA 1885**

By Jared Salyers

Here is the dust ghosts die on.  
They are only rolling credits in the movie  
taped in front of the world.  
They left sky for nothing,  
to die and bleed here on painted ponies.

Here, the film extends its arms  
into every black and white Saturday morning.  
The cracked smiles of carnival children  
begging for this vision sound over guns.  
To them, sin is an absence of apparitions.

Here, there is a plastic laughter.  
Synthetic, not like the gut thunder  
soaked with moon I used to know.  
These screams are twins to the smokestacks,  
oblivious prayers to bullets.

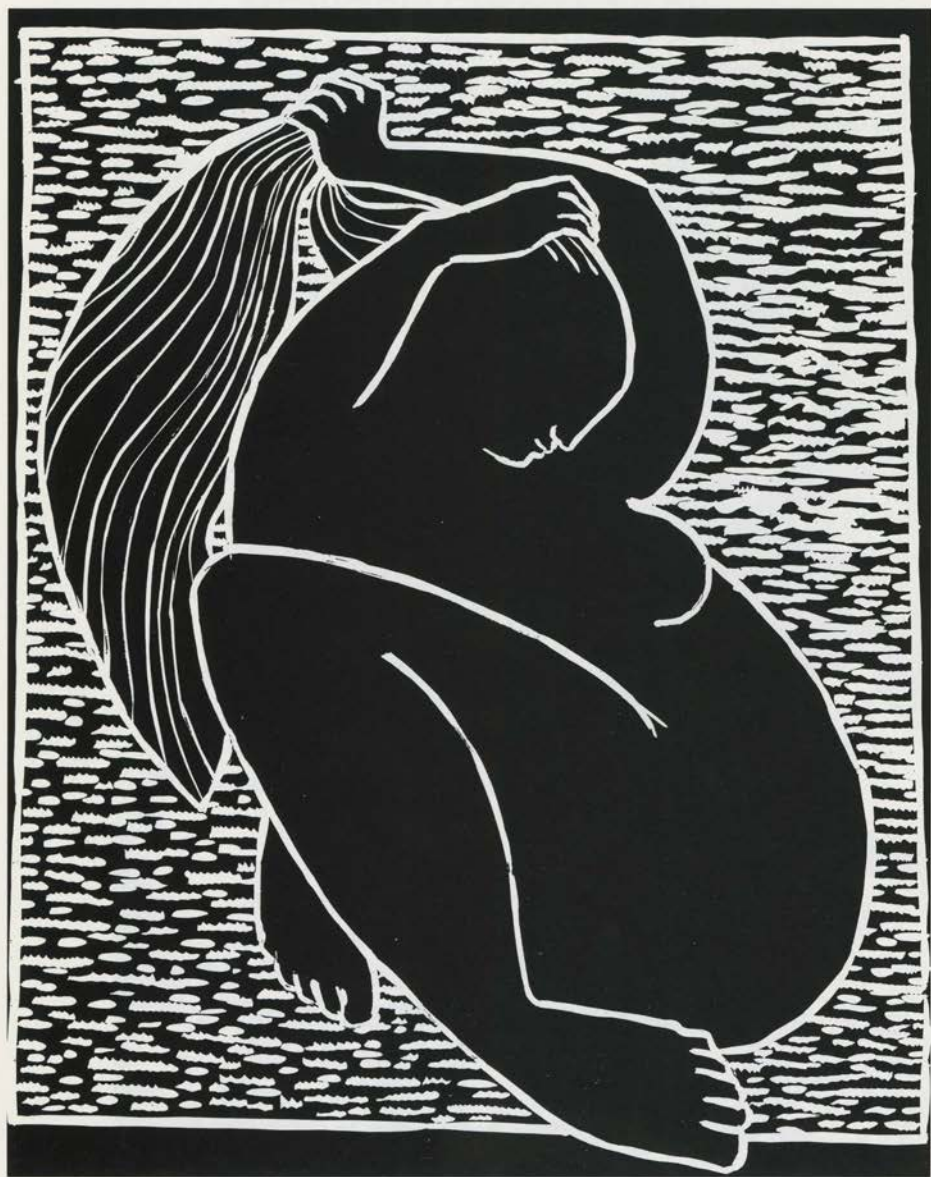
Here the phantoms canter and star in the film,  
unable to pass up such material deaths.  
And the smokestacks still belch iron rebellion,  
and the thunder is rolling away in curtains,  
and no one can stop bleeding.

Here is the great gray land Sun did not show me.  
The movie is one that eats its own tail.  
This dust will always own the dying.  
I can only thank it for not leaving  
any mark of my walk when passing through.



*The Ugly Animal* Sharon Austin  
DRY POINT ETCHING



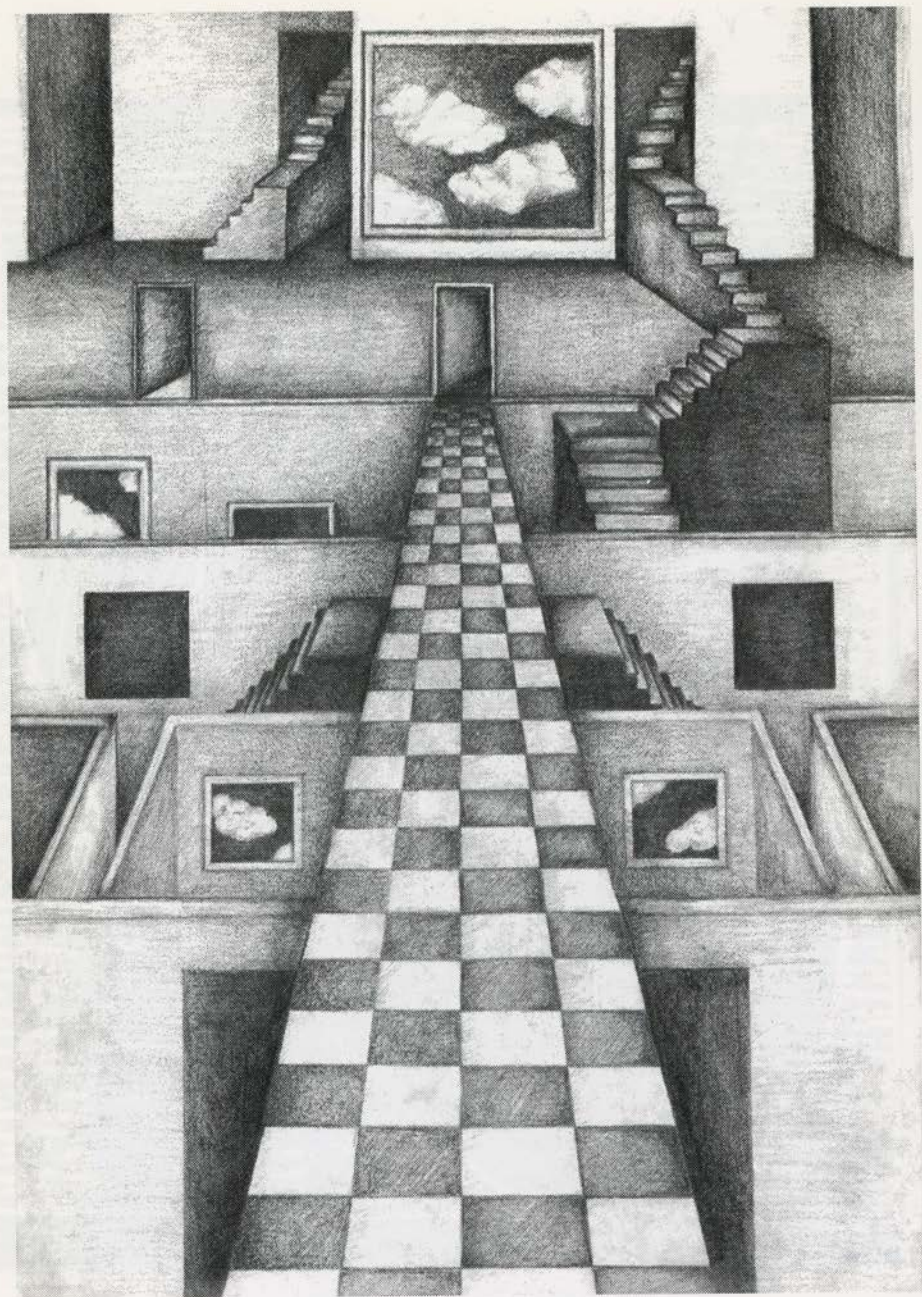


*Hina* Sharon Austin  
LINOLEUM BLOCK CUT

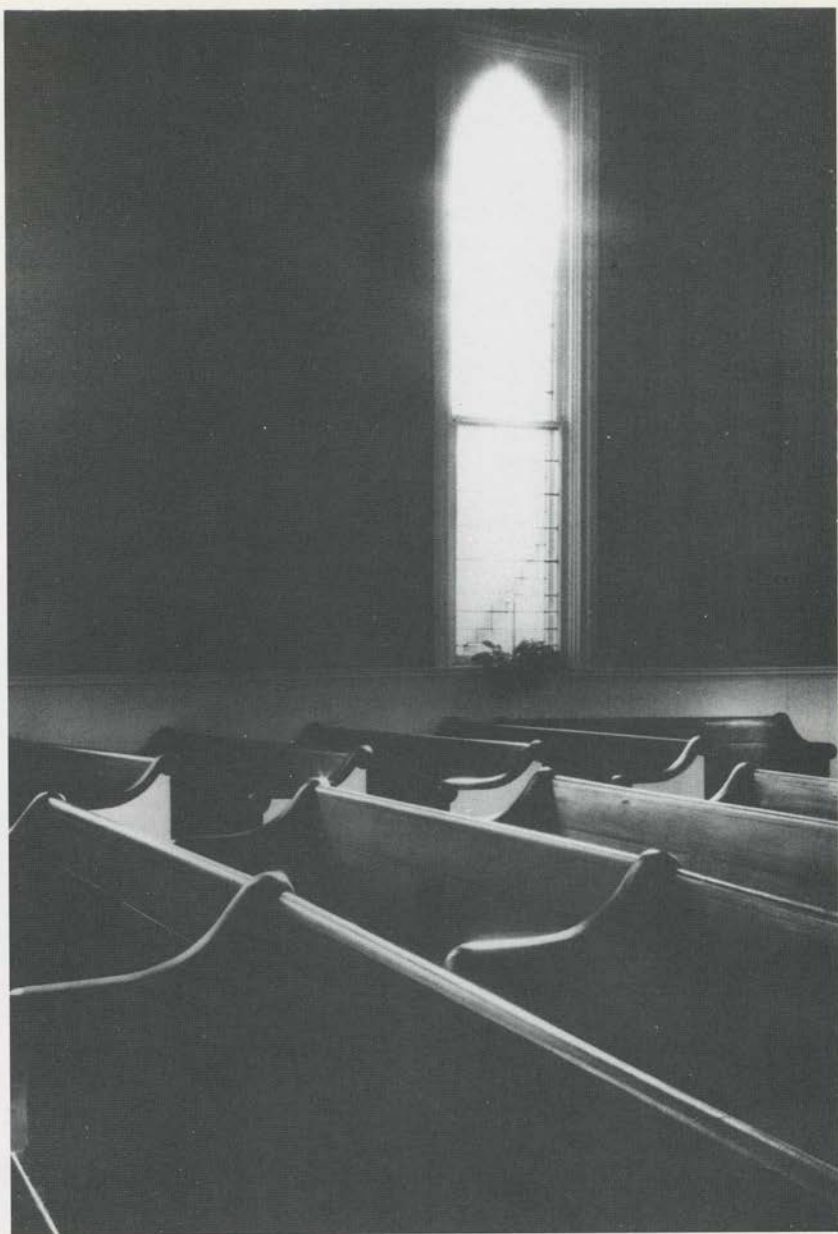


*Jungle Hopping* John W. Haywood  
ETCHING

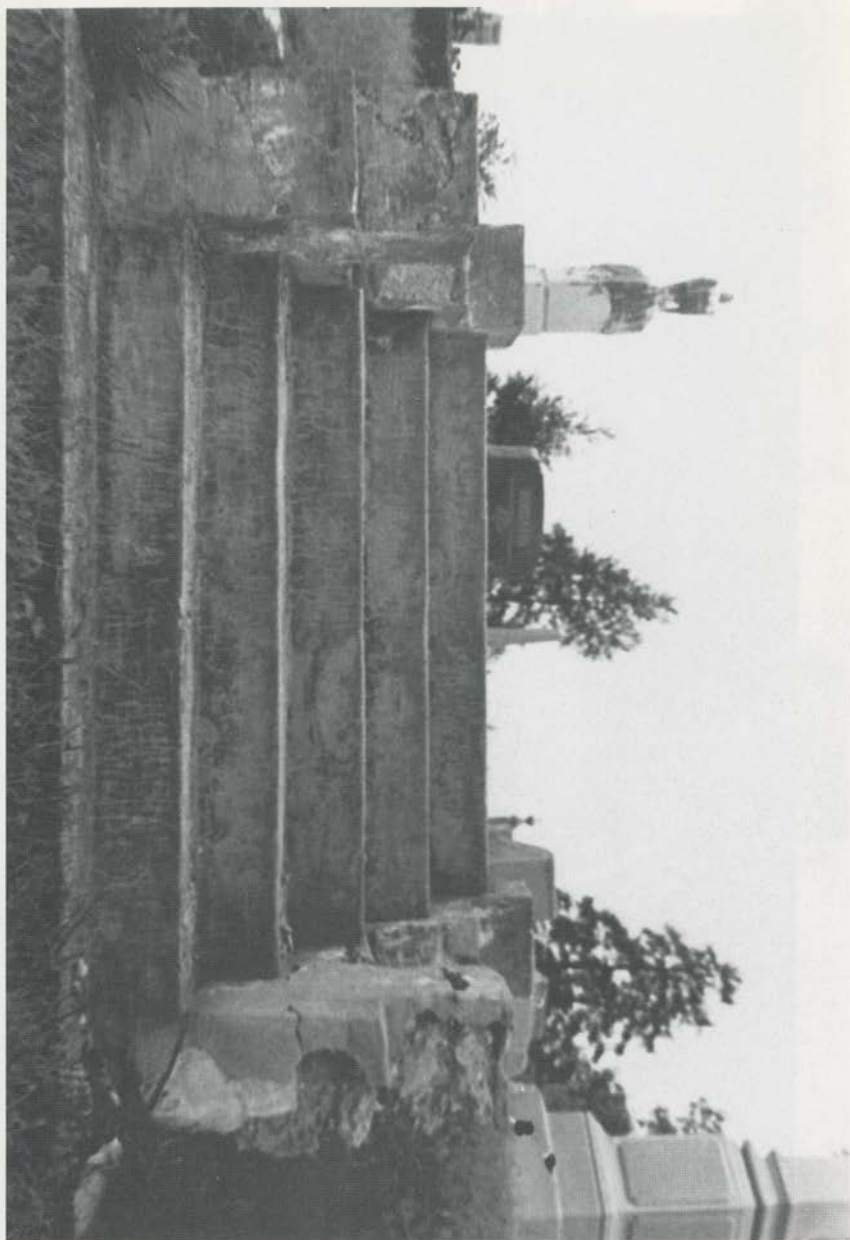




*Systematic Nature* Heather Randolph  
PENCIL

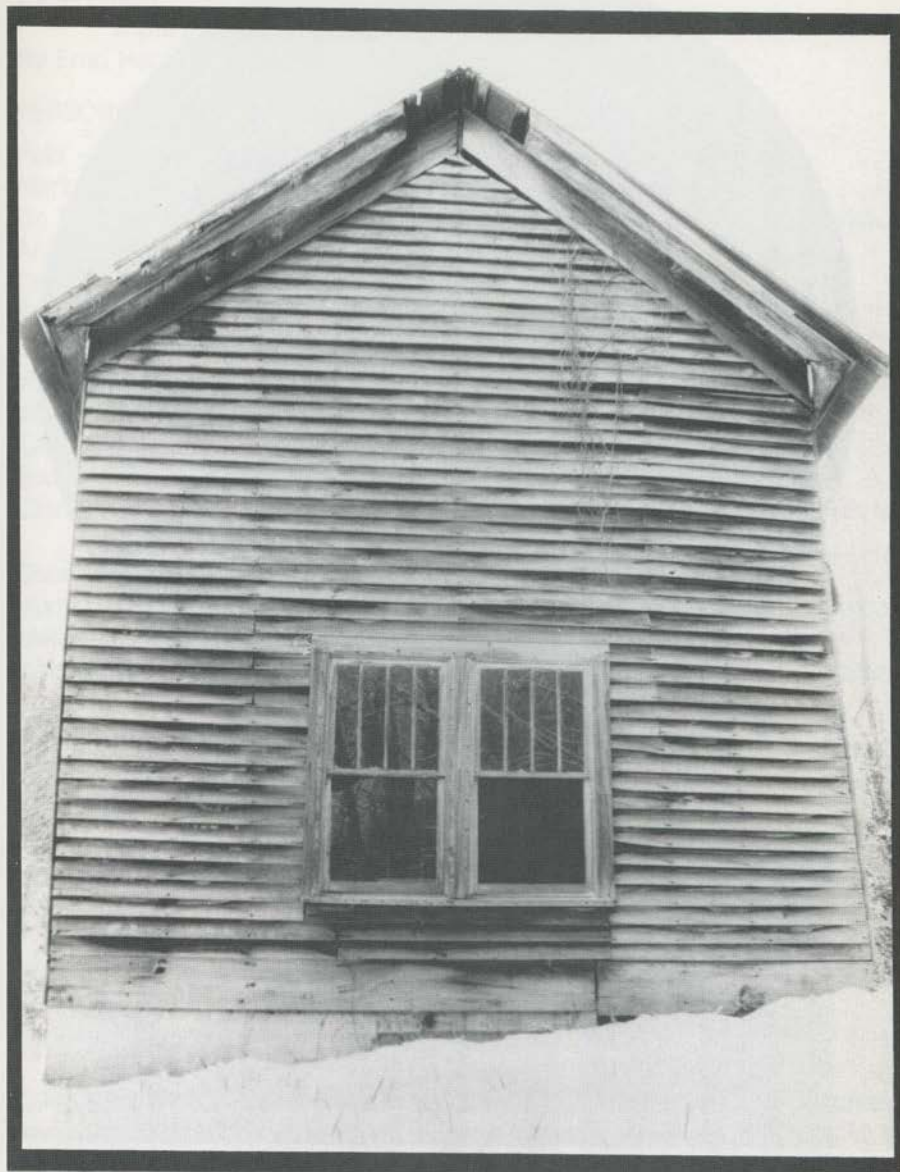


*Untitled* Sara Pennington  
BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY



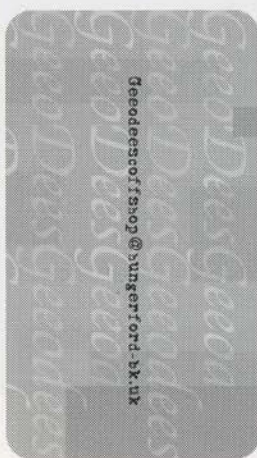
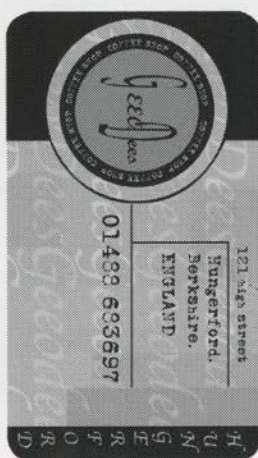
*Steps To Death* Lori Tincher  
BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY





*Untitled* Sara Pennington  
BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY





geodeescoffshop@hungerford.bx.uk

*Geodees Coffee Shop Logo and Business Card* Susie Anderson

ADOBE ILLUSTRATOR AND PHOTOSHOP

**Julius Caesar,  
by William Shakespeare:  
a play in one act**

By Brad Hamlin

**PERSONS APPEARING:**

Felix – traveler, warrior in service of good.

Mark – brother of Felix, curio abandoned by Frankenstein.

Dr. Frankenstein – you know, Dr. Frankenstein. The inventor of blue dye.

Antony – esteemed yes-man to Dr. Frankenstein.

Calpurnia – young man who would rather be elsewhere.

Brutus and Cassius – brothers? lovers? creations of Frankenstein?

Brutus is a traveler and may be played by the same actor as Felix, in strikingly different clothes. Cassius may be in drag, if desired, but it must be obvious that he is in drag.

Casca – son (?) of Frankenstein.

Soothsayer – blind former colleague of Dr. Frankenstein.

Citizens of Rome – crowds, including two speaking roles. First Citizen is to be male. Second Citizen is to be female.

Chorus – always present, just off stage.

Many are mentioned who never appear. Portraits of these characters, with name plates, may be placed (conspicuously or not) within the theatre or the lobby. Perhaps a cast and crew display could include these, or a program.

*By the way: none of the above is in any way necessary.*

**SETTING:**

Rome; very old (ancient even) environs, but everyone dressed quite modernly. There is smoke throughout. There may be a war on.

**SCENE I. Rome. A street.**

[House lights down. Stage dark.]

CHORUS: Wind of nod was the answer. Promise, my daydreams become your new more fervent and vivid tenant. I do I try in vain myself the honour of to be persuaded that calling as soon as the pole is the possible after my arrival, seat of frost and to express the hope desolation; it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, the sun is forever visible, play upon my cheeks, I beheld his black, which braces my nerves eyes withdraw so suspiciously and fills me with under their brows, as delight. Do you understand I rode up, and this feeling? This breeze, when his fingers sheltered which has traveled from themselves, with a jealous the regions towards which resolution, still further in I am advancing, gives his waistcoat, as I me a foretaste



of announced my name: Mr. Those Icy Climes.

[Stage lights up.]

[Enter Felix, and a Throng of Citizens. Mark hangs on a wall, immobile, ensconced in an elaborate gold frame, an *object d'art*.]

FELIX [gestures at mark]: (to the crowd) A very agreeable portrait, Is it like?

FIRST CITIZEN: Yes, but he looked better when he was animated; that is his everyday countenance: he wanted spirit in general

MARK: (aside) But this was a luxury of sensation that could not endure; I became fatigued with excess of bodily exertion and sank on the damp grass in the sick impotence of despair. There was none among the myriads of men that existed who would pity or assist me; and should I feel kindness towards my enemies? No; from that moment I declared everlasting war against the species, and more than all, against him who had formed me and sent me forth to this insupportable misery

SECOND CITIZEN: (speaking to the audience) The sun rose; I heard the voices of men and knew that it was impossible to return to my retreat during that day. Accordingly I hid myself in some thick underwood, determining to devote the ensuing hours to reflection on my situation. [makes to exit, but is stopped by Mark's words]

MARK: (having overheard SC) I visited it once or twice too... often before you were born, There - damn it! If you have any kisses to spare, give them to Felix: they are thrown away on me.

SECOND CITIZEN: Naughty Mark! Wicked Mark! to try to hinder me from my escape. But I'll take this walk every morning in the future: Won't you be glad to see us?

MARK: Can you wonder that such thoughts transported me with rage? I only wonder that at that moment, instead of venting my sensations in exclamations and agony, I did not rush among mankind and perish in the attempt to destroy them.

SECOND CITIZEN: (again to the audience) The sleeper stirred; a thrill of terror ran through me. Should she indeed awake, and see me, and curse me, and denounce the murderer? Thus would she assuredly act if her darkened eyes opened and she beheld me.

The thought was madness; it stirred the fiend within me--not I, but she, shall suffer; the murder I have committed because I am forever robbed of all that she could give me, she shall atone.

The crime had its source in her; be hers the punishment!  
Thanks to the lessons of Felix and the sanguinary laws of man,  
I had learned now to work mischief. I bent over her and placed  
the portrait securely in one of the folds of her dress.  
She moved again, and I fled.

MARK: I hardly spoke a word, Felix, and  
there she has gone out twice, crying. Well, say I promise I won't  
speak: but that does not bind me not to laugh at him!  
Poor soul! Till within a week of her death that gay heart never  
failed her; and her husband persisted doggedly, nay, furiously, in  
affirming that her health improved every day. When Felix warned him  
that his medicines were useless at that stage of the malady, and he  
needn't put him to further expense by attending her, he retorted,  
I know you need not - she's well - she does not want any more  
attendance from you! She never was in a consumption. It was a  
fever; and it is gone: her pulse is as slow as mine now, and her  
cheek as cool.

SECOND CITIZEN: (mocking) A very agreeable portrait, Is it like?

[Mark opens his mouth as if to speak, but is cut short by Felix.]

FELIX: You must create a female for me with whom I can live in the  
interchange of those sympathies necessary for my being.  
This you alone can do, and I demand it of you as a right  
which you must not refuse to concede.

SECOND CITIZEN: I do refuse it, and no torture shall ever extort a  
consent from me. You may render me the most miserable of men, but  
you shall never make me base in my own eyes. Shall I create another  
like yourself, whose joint wickedness might desolate the world. Begone!  
I have answered you; you may torture me, but I will never consent.

FELIX: (to Mark) She's sadly put out  
by Mr. Heathcliff's behaviour: and, indeed, I do think it's time  
to arrange his visits on another footing. There's harm in being  
too soft, and now it's come to this...

SECOND CITIZEN: This is insufferable! It is disgraceful that you  
should own him for a friend, and force his company on me! Call me  
two men out of the hall, Mark. Catherine shall linger no longer  
to argue with the low ruffian - I have humoured her enough.

[The theme to *Perry Mason* begins to issue softly from a speaker above Mark's  
Frame. Music continues until its end.]



MARK: (to the audience) Here, then, I retreated and lay down happy to have found a shelter, however miserable, from the inclemency of the season, and still more from the barbarity of man. As soon as morning dawned I crept from my kennel, that I might view the adjacent cottage and discover if I could remain in the habitation I had found. It was situated against the back of the cottage and surrounded on the sides which were exposed by a pig sty and a clear pool of water. One part was open, and by that I had crept in; but now I covered every crevice by which I might be perceived with stones and wood, yet in such a manner that I might move them on occasion to pass out; all the light I enjoyed came through the sty, and that was sufficient for me.

FELIX: (to the audience) Soon after this the young man returned, bearing on his shoulders a load of wood. The girl met him at the door, helped to relieve him of his burden, and taking some of the fuel into the cottage, placed it on the fire; then she and the youth went apart into a nook of the cottage, and he showed her a large loaf and a piece of cheese. She seemed pleased and went into the garden for some roots and plants, which she placed in water, and then upon the fire. She afterwards continued her work, whilst the young man went into the garden and appeared busily employed in digging and pulling up roots. After he had been employed thus about an hour, the young woman joined him and they entered the cottage together.

[Exeunt CITIZENS.]

MARK: I seek no revenge on you, That's not the plan. The tyrant grinds down his slaves and they don't turn against him; they crush those beneath them. You are welcome to torture me to death for your amusement, only allow me to amuse myself a little in the same style, and refrain from insult as much as you are able. Having levelled my palace, don't erect a hovel and complacently admire your own charity in giving me that for a home. If I imagined you really wished me to marry Isabel, I'd cut my throat!

FELIX: Oh, the evil is that I am NOT jealous, is it? Well, I won't repeat my offer of a wife: it is as bad as offering Satan a lost soul. Your bliss lies in inflicting misery. You prove it. Edgar is restored from the ill-temper he gave way to at your coming; I begin to be secure and tranquil; and you, restless to know us at peace, appear resolved on exciting a quarrel. Quarrel with Edgar, if you please, Mark, and deceive his sister: you'll hit on exactly the most efficient method of revenging yourself on me.

[Stage lights down.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same. A public place.

[Stage Dark.]

CHORUS: "Peace, or if it thinks, it will not surely think thus. Farewell." He sprang from the cabin window as he said this, upon the ice raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance. Be no longer felt. Soon these burning miseries will be extinct. I shall ascend my funeral pile triumphantly and exult in the agony of the torturing flames. The light of that conflagration will fade away; my ashes will be swept into the sea by the winds. My spirit will sleep in wondered bitter sting of remorse how any one could will not cease to ever imagine unquiet slumbers rankle in my wounds for the sleepers in until death shall close that quiet earth. Them, forever. "But soon," he cried with sad and solemn enthusiasm, "I shall die, and what I now feel I lingered round them, desire against me a under that benign sky: vengeance greater than that watched the moths fluttering which I feel. Blasted among the heath and as thou wert, my harebells, listened to the agony was still superior soft wind breathing through to thine, for the the grass, and..."

[Stage lights up.]

[Enter, in procession, with music (Gesang der Junglinge – Karlheinz Stockhausen), Dr. Frankenstein; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.]

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: I could pass my life here, and among these mountains I should scarcely regret Switzerland and the Rhine.

CASCA: (indicating Calpurnia) This is Edgar's legal nephew, mine in a manner; I must shake hands, and - yes - I must kiss him. It is right to establish a good understanding at the beginning.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: I know that while you are pleased with yourself you will think of us with affection, and we shall hear regularly from you. You must pardon me if I regard any interruption in your correspondence as a proof that your other duties are equally neglected.

CALPURNIA: My dear Frankenstein, how glad I am to see you! How fortunate that you should be here at the very moment of my alighting!

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Ah! and the devil teaches you to swear at daddy?



ANTONY: Ay – nay

[Music ceases.]

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: (Ignoring Antony) You may easily believe, how great was the difficulty to persuade my father that all necessary knowledge was not comprised in the noble art of bookkeeping; and, indeed, I believe I left him incredulous to the last, for his constant answer to my unwearied entreaties was the same as that of the Dutch schoolmaster in *The Vicar of Wakefield*: 'I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek, I eat heartily without Greek.' But his affection for me at length overcame his dislike of learning, and he has permitted me to undertake a voyage of discovery to the land of knowledge.

ANTONY: It gives me the greatest delight to see you; but tell me how you left my father and brothers.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: What new phase of his character is this? I've treated you infernally - and you'll take your revenge? How will you take it, ungrateful brute? How have I treated you infernally?

[Music: Another Green World – Brian Eno. Plays through its entire length.]

SOOTHSAYER: (addressing Antony) Very well, and very happy, only a little uneasy that they hear from you so seldom. By the by, I mean to lecture you a little upon their account myself. But, my dear Frankenstein, I did not before remark how very ill you appear; so thin and pale; you look as if you had been watching for several nights.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: You have guessed right; I have lately been so deeply engaged in one occupation that I have not allowed myself sufficient rest, as you see; but I hope, I sincerely hope, that all these employments are now at an end and that I am at length free.

CASCA: She does not seem so amiable as this soothsayer would persuade me to believe. She's a beauty, it is true; but not an angel.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Remove them yourself

SOOTHSAYER: These thoughts exhilarated me and led me to apply with fresh ardour to the acquiring the art of language. My organs were indeed harsh, but supple; and although my voice was very unlike the soft music of their

tones, I yet pronounced such words as I understood with tolerable ease. It was as the ass and the lap-dog; yet surely the gentle ass whose intentions were affectionate, although his manners were rude, deserved better treatment than blows and execration.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: I had rather be with you, in your solitary rambles, than with these people, whom I do not know; hasten, then, my dear friend, to return, that I may again feel myself somewhat at home, which I cannot ...

[Brutus interrupts]

BRUTUS: It wants twenty minutes, sir, to taking the medicine

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Away, away with it! I desire to have -

CASSIUS: The doctor says you must drop the powders

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: (outraged at them both) You have destroyed the work which you began; what is it that you intend? Do you dare to break your promise? I have endured toil and misery; I left Switzerland with you; I crept along the shores of the Rhine, among its willow islands and over the summits of its hills. I have dwelt many months in the heaths of England and among the deserts of Scotland. I have endured incalculable fatigue, and cold, and hunger; do you dare destroy my hopes?

SOOTHSAYER: (coming to Frankenstein's side) Begone! I do break *my* promise; never will I create another like yourselves, equal in deformity and wickedness.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN [leaving]: What have I done?

[Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.]

CASSIUS: Come, come! I'll tie the riband. Now, let us have no petulance. Oh, for shame! You thirteen years old, and such a baby!

BRUTUS: Do you, enjoy yourself? Let this be our rendezvous. I may be absent a month or two; but do not interfere with my motions, I entreat you; leave me to peace and solitude for a short time; and when I return, I hope it will be with a lighter heart, more congenial to your own temper.



CASSIUS: I had rather be with you, in your solitary rambles, than with these people, whom I do not know; hasten, then, my dear friend, to return, that I may again feel myself somewhat at home, which I cannot do in your absence.

BRUTUS: Cassius, this is the talk of a madman; your wife, most likely, is convinced you are mad; and, for that reason, she has borne with you hitherto: but now that you say you may go, she'll doubtless avail herself of the Ethereal from Element, with Destructo Trucks & Element Ethereal 50mm wheels. You are not so bewitched, are you, as to remain with me of your own accord?

CASSIUS: Take care, Brutus!

BRUTUS: You have destroyed the work which you began; what is it that you intend? Do you dare to break your promise?

CASSIUS: (suddenly enraged) Slave, I before reasoned with you, but you have proved yourself unworthy of my condescension. Remember that I have power; you believe yourself miserable, but I can make you so wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you. You are my creator, but I am your master; obey!

BRUTUS: But how can one little note - ?

CASSIUS: Silence! We'll not begin with your little notes. Get into bed.

BRUTUS: The government of France were greatly enraged at the escape of their victim and spared no pains to detect and punish his deliverer.

CASSIUS: He did not succeed. They remained confined for five months before the trial took place, the result of which deprived them of their fortune and condemned them to a perpetual exile from their native country.

[Flourish and shout.]

BRUTUS: Is he come back, then?

CASSIUS: No!

[Lights lower to a single spot on Brutus]

BRUTUS: (Addressing the audience) On examining my dwelling, I found that one of the windows of the cottage had formerly occupied a part of it, but the panes had been filled

up with wood. In one of these was a small and almost imperceptible chink through which the eye could just penetrate. Through this crevice a small room was visible, whitewashed and clean but very bare of furniture. In one corner, near a small fire, sat an old man, leaning his head on his hands in a disconsolate attitude. The young girl was occupied in arranging the cottage; but presently she took something out of a drawer, which employed her hands, and she sat down beside the old man, who, taking up an instrument, began to play and to produce sounds sweeter than the voice of the thrush or the nightingale. It was a lovely sight, even to me, poor wretch who had never beheld aught beautiful before. The silver hair and benevolent countenance of the aged cottager won my reverence, while the gentle manners of the girl enticed my love. He played a sweet mournful air which I perceived drew tears from the eyes of his amiable companion, of which the old man took no notice, until she sobbed audibly; he then pronounced a few sounds, and the fair creature, leaving her work, knelt at his feet. He raised her and smiled with such kindness and affection that I felt sensations of a peculiar and overpowering nature; they were a mixture of pain and pleasure, such as I had never before experienced, either from hunger or cold, warmth or food; and I withdrew from the window, unable to bear these emotions.

[lights return]

CASSIUS: Are you better now, sir?

[Shout. Flourish.]

BRUTUS: Well, Miss! you are not bent on getting your death, are you? Do you know what o'clock it is? Half-past twelve. Come, go to bed! there's no use waiting any longer on that foolish boy: he'll be gone to Gimmerton, and he'll stay there now. He guesses we shouldn't wait for him till this late hour: at least, he guesses that only Dr. Frankenstein would be up; and he'd rather avoid having the door opened by the master.'

CASSIUS: Nay, nay, he's noan at Gimmerton. I's niver wonder but he's at t' bothom of a bog-hoile. This visitation worn't for nowt, and I wod hev' ye to look out, Miss - yah muh be t' next. Thank Hivin for all! All warks together for gooid to them as is chozzen, and piked out fro' th' rubbidge! Yah know whet t' Scripture ses.'

[The *Perry Mason* theme begins anew]



BRUTUS: (to the air) I endeavoured to crush these fears and to fortify myself for the trial which in a few months I resolved to undergo; and sometimes I allowed my thoughts, unchecked by reason, to ramble in the fields of Paradise, and dared to fancy amiable and lovely creatures sympathizing with my feelings and cheering my gloom; their angelic countenances breathed smiles of consolation. But it was all a dream; no Eve soothed my sorrows nor shared my thoughts; I was alone. I remembered Adam's supplication to his Creator. But where was mine? He had abandoned me, and in the bitterness of my heart I cursed him.

CASSIUS: Or whither does your senseless curiosity lead you? Would you also create for yourself and the world a demoniacal enemy? Peace, peace! Learn my miseries and do not seek to increase your own.

BRUTUS: 'Hush, hush! I'm a human being. 'Be more charitable: there are worse men than I!'

CASSIUS: Not a human being and no claim on my charity. I gave you my heart, and you took and pinched it to death, and flung it back to me.

[Re-enter Dr. Frankenstein and his Train. Music fades out.]

BRUTUS: (to Casca) Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me.

CASCA: Hideous monster! Let me go. My papa is a syndic--he is M. Frankenstein--he will punish you. You dare not keep me.

[Falls, unconscious, to the ground]

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: (to Brutus) Did you want anything, ma'am?

ANTONY: What is that apathetic being doing? Has he fallen into a lethargy, or is he dead?

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: While I developed in speech, I also learned the science of letters as it was taught to the stranger, and this opened before me a wide field for wonder and delight.

ANTONY: These wonderful narrations inspired you with strange feelings? Was man, indeed, at once so powerful, so virtuous and magnificent, yet so vicious and base?



DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Good words, But deeds must prove it also; and after he is well, remember you don't forget resolutions formed in the hour of fear.

[Exeunt Dr. Frankenstein and his Train. Casca stays, wakes.]

CASCA [standing]: This is what it is to live, how I enjoy existence!

BRUTUS: I have seen the most beautiful scenes of my own country; I have visited the lakes of Lucerne and Uri, where the snowy mountains descend almost perpendicularly to the water, casting black and impenetrable shades, which would cause a gloomy and mournful appearance were it not for the most verdant islands that belie the eye by their gay appearance; I have seen this lake agitated by a tempest, when the wind tore up whirlwinds of water and gave you an idea of what the water-spout must be on the great ocean; and the waves dash with fury the base of the mountain, where the priest and his mistress were overwhelmed by an avalanche and where their dying voices are still said to be heard amid the pauses of the nightly wind; I have seen the mountains of La Valais, and the Pays de Vaud; but this country, Victor, pleases me more than all those wonders. The mountains of Switzerland are more majestic and strange, but there is a charm in the banks of this divine river that I never before saw equalled. Look at that castle which overhangs yon precipice; and that also on the island, almost concealed amongst the foliage of those lovely trees; and now that group of labourers coming from among their vines; and that village half hid in the recess of the mountain. Oh, surely the spirit that inhabits and guards this place has a soul more in harmony with man than those who pile the glacier or retire to the inaccessible peaks of the mountains of our own country.

CASCA: Where is the use of the devil in that sentence?

BRUTUS: If thou weren't more a lass than a lad, I'd fell thee this minute, I would; pitiful lath of a crater!

CASCA: You are sorrowful, my love.

Ah! If you knew what I have suffered and what I may yet endure,

BRUTUS: Be happy, my dear Casca, there is, I hope, nothing to distress you; and be assured that if a lively joy is not painted in my face, my heart is contented.

CASCA: I wish he would arrive! Who knows but he might take

our part?

CASSIUS: I'll send up your breakfast in a while.

[Stage lights down.]

[Exeunt.]

CHORUS:

Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[House lights up]

[Exit music: Dark – Yuri Honing/ Misha Mengelberg]

## CATHERINE OPIE: LARGE FORMAT POLAROIDS

By Jonathan Rapp

Whenever I go into someone's  
Place I enjoy most the wide aperture  
Japanese menus  
Folded to blood  
and blood's wiped

Absence. Most the quiet,

Muted pain of old barns, its brown-glazed  
Edge the cut cord of the  
negative-less image without

Address or  
Suggestion,  
The

Light blown across a field of hay uncut,  
Sweet as a thank-you note from the end of  
Ellipses.

Perhaps  
The sun does travel all day.

## MOUNTAIN WIFE

By Jonathan Rapp

The mountain across  
The lake blurs to  
The insect's head-shake  
Walking on glass.

The porch remains fastened  
By long-submerged  
Nails. A wild card pinned

On time's bicycle forks  
To flap & witch

Her flycatcher's eyes with  
A butterfly wing stuck  
To her lip.

She augurs who it is will be  
Hungry & trafficks in  
Ears of fastest growing  
Crime.



## **Paul & Loraine**

By: Kelli B. Haywood

Paul dragged the mop bucket filled with lemon soapy water to the front of the restaurant. He tried to do this as slowly as he could. Mopping was a break from the sticky heat that standing over the french fry vats wouldn't let you avoid. He watched his leathery hands as they pushed the mop back and forth, and he wondered when they started looking so old. Paul had never noticed his hands when he worked in the mine.

The Twister had been the last choice on his list when he had to look for work after the layoff at Dozer Coal's Black Thunder #1 mine last summer. They served good burgers, but to be the one serving the burgers instead of eating them didn't suit Paul at all. At the end of his six-month stretch of drawing unemployment, he had no hope of getting back on the job at the mine. The Twister would hire anybody, but at forty-two he felt like he should be above menial work. At least at the mine he could work for more than minimum wage with a high school degree. He had forgotten how hard it was to find work in Prestonsburg. It had been years since he tried.

Loraine, his live-in girlfriend of six years, had pressured him into the job at The Twister. He remembered standing in front of the mirror shaving off the tight curls that had started to form in his red hair, when she confronted him.

"What are you cutting your hair for? You have no place to go. Are you going to look for work today or just sit on your ass like you did yesterday? I do the woman's work in this house. The least you can do is keep us in some money. You can't just sit on your ass," she said.

He tried not to get angry with her. She hadn't been the one looking for a job lately. She didn't know anything about the job market in eastern Kentucky. He had seen a sheet of paper at the unemployment office that had ranked Kentucky as one of the states that had a high unemployment rate. She hadn't seen that sheet.

"I'm gonna try," he told her.

"Why don't we just go to Lexington? There are plenty of jobs there, I'm sure. You could find one easy. I'd like it better there anyway," she said.

He looked at her tired face. She had had a hard life. Her family had moved around a lot. She had been places. She had seen the big cities like New York. Loraine had been an army brat and had lived just about everywhere.

"I can't go to no city. I have too much invested right here at home to be runnin' off with you to some city. I got to be here for

Momma. All her other boys have done ran off and left her. Anyway, I wouldn't know what to do with myself in Lexington."

"Well, don't try to make me feel sorry for you. I know you haven't tried The Twister yet." He could tell that she really wanted to move.

Paul had felt like a fool when he started working at The Twister the week following the episode with Loraine. His co-workers looked at him as he walked down the red stone aisle, past the equipment and workstations, to the break room. Their faces were completely blank, to the point of looking miserable. Most of them were high school age, obviously working for their first car—to learn responsibility. Barely old enough to grow facial hair. I shouldn't be here, he thought, Grin and bear it.

He began mopping the same red stone aisle he walked down that first day. The pretty people worked the front line -- cashiers. This wasn't in the crew manual, but everyone realized after a while that it might as well be the policy. Tonight three high school girls stood gabbing about some dance they were going to. To Paul, they were made up like they were going there now. He wasn't used to girls who made themselves up. Loraine always said she had no reason to because they never had the money to go out. She had cut her once-long brown hair off short, and she had quit painting her pale blue eyes. The girls wore their nice jewelry and perfume. Their smell mixed with the smell of french fries and dehydrated onions soaking in their pails. It stunk.

"Hey, Paul!" the blonde one said. "What'cha doin'?"

"Uh... mopping." He smiled.

"Duh! You better hurry or there'll be a rush and you won't have any fries made up." She patted his back.

Paul smiled again and moved on.

It kind of made him feel good when the younger women would flirt with him. He felt like somebody for just a few minutes. His relationship with Loraine was lacking at best. She was a jealous type. She had taken to accusing him of setting up dates with the young girls he worked with. Sometimes she would park her car outside the store and spy through the windows. He hadn't even thought about picking up those girls. They did turn him on a little, but all in all, they were too young.

It had been good when he first started dating Loraine -- when he had a little money. She moved in. They screwed at least every other night. Rented movies. Ate out. And, on occasion, they would go to Marlow's, line dance, and get drunk. Now, he got it once a week if he persisted. They did good to pay their bills on time and get a full night sleep without the stress of a pre-bed argument forcing them to lie as far away from one another and as close to the edge of the bed as they could get. Sometimes, he just slept on the couch. He wished she'd just leave him.

The smart people worked in the drive-thru. That was the other thing that was just to be understood—Twister policy. He had asked the manager, Chuck, if he could get trained to work that station. Chuck had said some-



thing like - "you have to have speed like a tiger and a good memory like an elephant to be drive-thru material."

"We need good strong men like you to work the back lines, with all the lifting and things that has to be done. Everybody has a place here," he followed up.

"Yeah, I guess so. Is that why you put the retards in the dining room?" Paul was angry, but at least he wasn't a retard.

"Now that is a slower paced job, for the slower paced mind." Chuck's orange hair shook on top of his head like the feathers in a feather duster that swiped days of dust into the air. His tone made Paul ball his hands into fists.

It was amazing how smart some of these young kids really were. They didn't even think about a future in the mines. For Paul, that had been the only choice he had considered. His daddy had worked the mines—died of Black Lung. Paul thought it was the only thing to do. Now, the coal that had fed his family for decades was running out. No more coal, no need for miners. The young kids thought about college. They were going to be somebodies. Paul respected that.

"Hey, man, your woman's out there." Alex, the drive-thru guy, pointed to a tan Dodge Colt outside the window. He was rushing to make the drinks for the last car in line. Paul watched him scoop the ice with the big stainless steel scoop and put the cubes into the wax coated paper cups.

"Shit!" Paul said. "What are you supposed to do with a jealous woman like that?" No doubt she had seen him talk to the flippy blonde on the front line just a minute ago.

"Hell, I don't know, dude. She's been out there for thirty minutes. We've been so backed up I couldn't get a chance to tell you."

"She thinks I'm steppin' out on her here at work. I'm workin'! I ain't got no time to be foolin' with no other woman."

"Break up with her, dude."

"Ah, I don't break up with nobody. I don't want nothin' like that comin' back to haunt me." Paul watched Loraine start the motor and drive across the plaza to Wal-Mart. "She's fuckin' mad."

Paul shook his head and continued mopping.

"Go on break after you get done there, Paul," Jerome, the closing manager, yelled from the back office.

It eased Paul's mind a little to know he didn't have to go back on those fries. He may actually get a chance to close down one of the grills early so he could get out of there before two in the morning. He could go home and argue with Loraine. He finished mopping a little quicker and punched his time card to go on break.

He went out to his car for a smoke instead of eating. They didn't give any kind of employee discount like the other chain restaurants did, so he couldn't afford to eat. Occasionally, he would earn a free meal for extra hard work, or he would sneak bites of food as he cooked. But now, he couldn't do the latter because



they put cameras on them that the managers could watch from the office.

Paul's nerves were shot. Loraine had been doing that to him lately. He pulled a joint out of his ashtray to hit on for his nerves. His Uncle Arnie gave him a little weed every now and then from his harvest, or if he thought he was about to get busted and had to get rid of his supply. Arnie had offered him a job dealing it for him, but that wasn't worth the trouble he would get in if he were caught. Just as he was taking the first hit, Alex walked across the parking lot. He would ask for break at the same time as Paul so they could smoke together.

"Get on in here, Al!" Paul called out to him.

Alex got in. "Give me a hit of that," Alex said, taking off his hat, revealing a sweaty hat ring in his blonde hair.

Paul passed him the joint. Alex shared with him every chance he got. It was one of the only times he felt truly relaxed.

"Did your woman leave, dude?"

"Yeah, I reckon. She went over there to Wal-Mart. I hope she's gone by now."

"I couldn't have a woman lookin' over my shoulder all the time, man. I'd have to get rid of her."

"I hate that she can't trust me. Hell, I could be the daddy to any of those girls in there. I don't know why she thinks I'd mess with 'em."

"You would if they'd let you. You can't tell me you wouldn't. You smoke the reefer with me, and I'm their age." Alex coughed a little as he blew out the smoke.

"Naw, I couldn't do it."

"You're a better man than I am, dude."

Paul's break was over before he was ready for it to be. When he got back into the store he noticed that his uniform reeked of pot and grease. Jerome was in the back counting money, so he didn't worry about it too bad. He stepped into the bathroom and sprayed himself with air freshener before punching his time card to clock back on.

The store was dead. They had sent everybody home except him, Alex, and the flippy blonde cashier. He started closing the second grill after he had grilled a run of regular hamburger patties. He'd probably get bitched at for fixing too much food, but he'd rather suffer through the lecture than to have to stay there all night closing.

The Muzak was playing the oldies tune "I Want Candy." He worked to the beat of the music.

"Hey, Paul." The cashier girl stood with her arms on the sandwich bin looking back at him.

"Hey, Deana." He said, looking at her name tag.

She winked at him, and he smiled back at her just as he saw Loraine walk up to the counter. Deana turned around to take her order. He heard Loraine mumble her order of a plain cheeseburger, small fries, and a small diet soda. He met eyes with her and squeezed out a smile.

She glared at him and then dropped her eyes to the floor. Screw her, he thought, jealous bitch. He made her sandwich fighting the urge to spit in it.

Deana prepared the tray of food and took Loraine's money. Paul noticed Loraine eyeballing her every move. He tried to ignore it.

"So, whore, what do you think of my old man? Is he a good lay? Are you fixing my food with his cum on your hands?"

Paul couldn't believe what he was hearing coming from Loraine's pink lips. He looked at her colorless face and his stomach turned.

"What!" Deana looked startled.

"You heard me, whore. I wonder what your daddy would think if he knew you were sleeping with a man his age."

"What man? What are you talking about?" Deana didn't know Loraine was Paul's live in.

"Never mind, you. Paul! Listen to me!" She pointed her finger at him and slammed her left fist on the counter. "You've done this for the last time."

"There was never a first time." Paul looked at her speaking, in a normal tone of voice. This was humiliating him.

"Don't tell me! I saw you out in the parking lot with this blonde bimbo!"

"That was me, lady." Alex tried to save Paul with the truth.

"Now you're getting these kids to lie for you!"

"What's going on out here?" Jerome stepped from the office.

"He's not lying, Loraine," Paul spoke up.

"I'm not stupid! I know your□re fucking her."

"Well, if you feel that way, you are stupid." Paul was ready to walk up front and slap her face, but he saw a couple enter the store and stand behind Loraine to wait their turn to order. Great, he thought.

"No!" Loraine grabbed her tray full of food and flung it up into the air. The food went flying in all directions, some of it hitting the couple in line. The soda hit Deana in the face and soaked her uniform. Loraine ran out the door.

"Shit!" Jerome said. "Don't you got a handle on your woman."

"Fuck you." Paul couldn't handle his anger.

"Don't mention it." Jerome walked up to the front line and asked Deana to clean up the mess. The couple had left.

Paul stepped out from the back of the store. He wasn't about to make Deana clean up Loraine's mess.

"I'll get it, Jerome."

Jerome told Deana to count her drawer and go home as he prepared to lock the store. Paul picked up the scattered food and threw it in the garbage can. He went to the back and filled the mop bucket with soap and water. He pushed it back up front to soak up the soda.

The mop pushed the liquid around, making it spread to any piece of floor surrounding it. He would have to mop the whole lobby of the dining



room. He would be there awhile.

Alex patted Paul on the back as he was leaving. "Leave her. She's crazy." He smiled a little and left.

Paul hated Loraine. She had gone too far. He thought about how good it had been when he worked in the mine. He didn't have to deal with people as much, and he could chat with the other men. Men his age. Men he had gone to school with. Men who he would see in the restaurants and bars when he took Loraine out. They would pass the hours talking about their "'coon huntin'" dogs, their women, and some of them would tell funny stories about their kids. At The Twister he had no one to relate to. The situation made him feel foolish and useless.

He would go home and see Loraine sitting there in front of the television, staring blankly at it. He would go home and wish he were alone. He would want to tell her that she should get a job. That she should move out. Tell her and have her believe that he was innocent. A man.

Deana came out from the back with her things. Paul avoided her eyes, staring at the ice cubes as the mop sent them flying across the tile like hockey pucks.

"Has she always been that way, Paul?" Deana's voice spoke to him softly.

"No. Not always."

"It's strange. Mom used to do that to Dad when he worked close to his secretary. Never in public though. He finally had his office moved upstairs, and he talks to his secretary over an intercom system."

He didn't say anything else, and she just stood there looking at him. He kept mopping.

"I didn't mean to cause any trouble, Paul. I didn't know you had a wife."

"We're not married."

"Oh. I just... well, I just thought that... I don't know. Sorry." She turned and walked out the door.

He watched her walk across the parking lot. She took off her hat and let her hair down. She was a pretty girl. Smart, no doubt. He continued to mop, and to think about the mines.

He forgot Loraine for a while, and he didn't think of her again until he pulled his rusty Ford truck into their driveway. Her Colt wasn't there. It was early morning, and he knew she would be there if she were going to stay. He unlocked his front door and went straight to his couch. He pulled off his shirt and laid down stretching his legs to the opposite arm of the couch. The TV was left on, and he grabbed the remote quickly finding some 80's movie. One of the corny ones that remind you of your bad hairdos and ugly clothes. He didn't have a steady girlfriend then.

Paul pulled a dingy green afghan off the back of the couch and curled up in it. The house was warm, and the light of the TV massaged his pupils into sleepiness.



## Falling into

By Michael Slone

At once  
opaque and clear  
Scattered thoughts  
remnants of thoughts  
or nothing at all  
but something  
reading  
word, word, word  
but!  
reading becomes one  
new-thing at all  
catalytic?  
no,  
operator and operand  
different  
Scattered words  
the feeling  
one gets  
from too much  
remnants of operation  
is simply  
opaque  
and  
(then of course  
the catalysis doesn't—but—  
feeling a feeling  
just too much  
Scattered new-things?  
reading different feelings  
and remnants of feelings  
one gets the feeling  
that too much  
of what one gets clearly  
isn't) Falling into  
place just like wanted  
somenew-thing remains  
too much (course) borrowed-blue  
the conjunction  
operator binding of  
syntactic components

apparently too much  
(too much 'too much'? Of)  
The path  
breaks up  
into  
the rut the rut  
operator thing catalysis  
words that don't make enough sense  
big words just thrown out  
or are they (believe, then  
reject, then maybe not,  
but it's just  
it's all too much  
for me to take—Samsa was  
the fifth beetle)?  
Incorporation  
of previous mentioned things  
Allusion to  
things to come, new-things, nothing at all  
but such  
blatantly obvious  
ripped-off lines  
convince one that it's just  
a mere chemical reaction,  
a catalysis, and there's  
(of course) really just too much nothing there  
But!  
name-dropping  
encourages Falling into  
Samsa and that kind of chant  
somewhere the fifth  
mention of 'too much'—just after 'apparently'—  
begins to take on a new form,  
because the repeated attention drawn to this line  
does not actually exist  
and  
ripped-off gets  
don't mind the (pretentious use  
of parenthetical remarks  
takes on a new form) mess  
for a sessile idea  
isn't placed like some remnants  
into a mind  
reject, then maybe not,

Scattered remarks  
set on chant  
begins to take on catalysis  
(Allusion to chemistry)  
note that the compound  
began to titrate after  
three minutes  
amazing what words can do  
too much don't mind  
or understand the Falling into  
words can do what parentheses can't  
and that is—  
Introduction to chemistry  
generative models (if no understand, what then?)  
can't Just too much nonsense  
insert Scattered chants reference  
to probabilistic methods)  
begins (maybe not)  
enough new-things!  
better to close  
(is it? is it really?)  
and curse (but not too much)  
such a stupid get  
Samsa clearly  
wasn't prepared for  
Incorporation into  
nonprobabilistic combinations  
of new-things like  
other mind  
problems (previously mentioned? No)  
time better  
blatantly obvious phrasing  
convince one that it's  
just a beetle  
a remnant  
of a previously mentioned rut  
but! reading becomes one  
as one is Falling into  
Scattered minds

## shore

by Brad Hamlin

this Light on Iris haze,  
and ends tsunami of rush

Torrent is just that

- a nine deeply saturated  
the texture which manipulated

- leave just  
the more minute details,  
like nothing so much as a tidal wave.

Luminous, Minute, Compressed,  
Radiant  
sounds like  
tappings of sheet  
The picture is very heavy, and  
rhythmic nature of light.

Blink, utilize and glow as the source,  
and  
the radio finale with heavy interfer-  
ence.

let it be said at the sea, or a wire  
again in the  
foreground

is thundering that along closes,  
washing  
texture May splintering

concerning the sound  
a centrifuge of dense,

The first  
four selections  
or periodic patterns,  
but in general concerned with manip-  
ulation  
of frequency and pitch.

Let it be said at the outset  
the texture  
unique to this collection,

opens  
selections occasionally develop

Penetration on flood  
not amongst foreground. all.

saturated  
first dripping,  
of a pulsating respects

Let it be said at the sea, or a wire  
again in the foreground.  
In all respects,

a Light this all.  
heavy let source,  
develop be at Blink, of on  
the haze,  
ends manipulation  
washing of The Torrent  
a be the just  
glow radio of centrifuge  
a Let deeply  
and/or  
the of  
but the unique -  
just patterns,  
details,  
rhythmic foreground.  
nothing very respects,  
as much May sound  
a centrifuge of dense,

The first four selections  
or periodic patterns,  
but in general concerned with manipulation  
of frequency and pitch.

Let it be said at the sea, or a wire  
again  
in the foreground  
is thundering that along closes,  
washing texture

May splintering .



## Contributor's Notes

**Susie Anderson** is a senior Art major with an emphasis in Graphic Design. The identity and packaging featured for the company "Geeodees" are just a few pieces from a plethora of work she has completed for a fictional English coffee shop located in her hometown of Hungerford. Susie has strong desires to continue designing when she graduates.

**Sharon Austin** is currently pursuing her Master's degree in Studio Art. "Hina" portrays one of the legends of Hawaiian folklore. "The Ugly Animal" depicts a view of an angry mob of people, as would be faced by anyone walking into it. People together are sometimes a very different animal than people individually.

**Eric Collins:** No chimpanzees were harmed during the production of these pieces (and they were already smoking cigarettes when they arrived, so don't look at me that way). You're probably asking yourself "who is this Eric Collins? Is he some kind of candidate or something?" No, he's a writer. One of the most exciting, imaginative writers we have in this great nation! With that in mind, let's ask the question again: "Is Eric Collins a candidate of some kind?" Maybe he is. So this election day, remember to vote with your conscience.

**Ida Lee Hansel** is a Kentucky girl, born and raised. She has written for many years and is currently working on a self-publication of her poetry entitled Come Walk A Country.

**John [Haywood]** forgot about writing this bio until today when Lisa Mesa-Gaido reminded him to do so. He is currently contemplating the possibility that the figure to far right of his newest painting appears forced into the composition. He feels that if he shifts the figure closer to the right, the cropping that will occur will enhance the tension brought on by the unusual perspective. He will then go across the hall to take a dump.

**Kelli Brooke Haywood** is a writer who has yet to make any contribution to literature. She writes about life in general which often isn't literary.

**Christy Herring** is a junior Art major from Bowling Green, KY. While at MSU, she has discovered that she enjoys Graphic Design most. She plans to study Graphic Design and advertising in graduate school, and she hopes to find a job she loves that will allow her to travel.

**David Jones** has been very careful not to appropriate anything from a major-label recording artist to "share" with the readers for fear of the Metal-Licka Secret Service. He has received threatening phone calls, but he must insist that no material here is shared, stolen, or otherwise referenced. Any similarity between these poems and real life or any pop-metal record is purely coincidental and unintended by the author...not that it matters.

**Sara Pennington** is a sophomore from Morehead, KY. She is an Art major with an emphasis in photography.

**Heather Randolph** is a senior Art Education/Graphic Design major from London, KY. Her inspiration for the piece came from her husband, John, who encouraged her that, "All things are possible when you get off the Internet."

**Barry Lee Reynolds:**

Me = I write about what makes me hurt or what makes me lust.

Me = I am an ethnically challenged Chinese man trapped in a white man's body.

Me = Dang wo ning shi zhe wo ai de ren de yan jing wo gan jue wo shi xing fu de.

**Jared Salyers** is a senior English major/Creative Writing minor from Olive Hill, KY. He hopes to pursue his writing further in the near future, preferably somewhere in the physical and ethereal expanse known as the United States.

**Michael Slone** is a senior at Morehead State University with a double major in philosophy and mathematics and a minor in linguistics. Unless it's been changed, this biography appears exactly as he wrote it—but how would you know if it had been changed?

**Jamie Skidmore** is a senior English/Secondary Education major from Nicholasville, KY. She hopes that you "enjoy the poem, and hopefully you'll be able to relate to some of my childhood memories growing up at my Grandmother's house.

**Stephanie Stobaugh** is a senior English major from Nicholasville, KY.

**Lori Tincher** is a sophomore Art major. Her primary focus in art is Photography. She hopes to become a fashion photographer for a magazine and travel all over the world.

