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Rebecca G. García ♦ "Love Never Dies" ♦ 5.5"x 6.5" ♦ b&w photography

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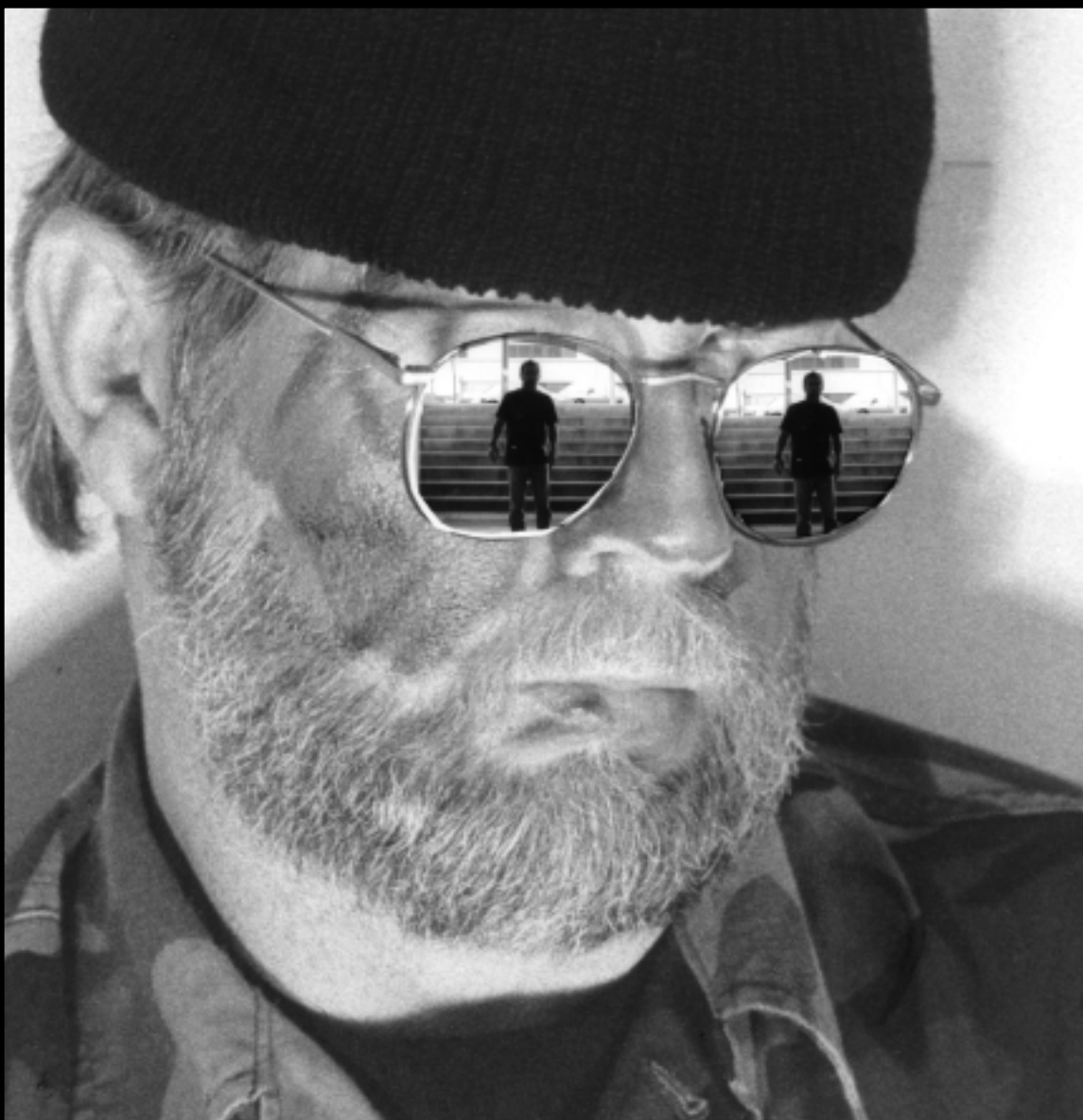
contest winner

The Sheltering Sky

The man who slept with the moon & broke the heart of his friend the sun.
 The sun shines in whatever house he enters.
 He is welcomed & in return he greets warmly. He ducks behind clouds.
 The moon lives in his light & he shines on her. He lives for her. To give her golden joy.
 They meet only in the claustrophobic cell of twilight.
 The reds & oranges & purples are not the language of either of them
 & when they speak they understand only desperation & sorrow, sweet sorrow.
 The moon buries her head in the golden rays of the sun & on his rusting cumulus shoulder
 & he sinks down into the depths of her purpling bruised enclosing arms.
 There is a moment when their hands touch, only a second & time stops to watch. Then it is over.
 The moon weeps delicate tears now. Brittle shimmering moonlight tears
 break diamond shards on gentle water. She pulls the tides with a huge net
 in which she has caught a million distant suns. Each one's glistening
 is but a teardrop on her charcoal veil.
 The world hovers insanely tired on the precipice of sleep. All the animals
 meet their reflections in the gathering pools of dreams
 that rain down from the moon's huge netted veil.
 It is a milky half light that this pearl pours down as moonshine
 to turn the hills to waves & swells on her liquid breathing tide. Those who
 drink this milk are intoxicated. Only a few do not trust this nighted ocean though
 so easy to wander too deeply & get lost. The milk is spilled within
 & the moon weeps. Half light, like half truth, is this whore's
 full glow & those who follow the sun are blinded by it & do not know to move.
 Those men who come out to bathe now in this light are not frightened by the mystery
 that must never be solved.

But now we make the night too bright to see the stars we're guided by & we hold in our hearts,
 shallowly in the cracked & sinking vessel of our heart, a frivolous knowing that the horizon
 is no longer a distant goal, but merely a step or two away & it's a brave new day.
 We care only for the ascending side of the step pyramid & would rather forget and rush to
 take the last step too soon & go tumbling down the hill to break our crown against the moon
 we used to worship but which now we only fear. Two by two into the ark, no longer.
 Forget the sheltering sky & ignore the void it conceals.
 Nowadays whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

Jon Gee



Wayne Denmark ♦ "Hunter or Hunted" ♦ 8"x 10" ♦ blended photography

contest winner

Lions

You want a drink? A lemonade, a slush or something?"

She sighed to herself and turned her eyes from the beasts in front of her to look at him.

"A slush," she said, not because she wanted one, but because she liked him better when he was gone. He took a few clumsy steps forward and spun around.

"What kind?" he blurted out, in that overly emphatic, high-pitched nasal whine which she *so* adored.

"I don't know. Red. Or whatever kind," she said, and turned back to the lions.

"Right. Red, red. Right. O.K., I'll be back in a jiff," he said, nodding his head up and down as if he was still making the connection in his mind. He turned around and hurried off in a skipping run, off to see the Wizard of Slush.

This whole day was depressing her. She liked to blame it on him, or things like the overcast sky and her old clothes, but she knew it was her own fault, which made it all the more trouble to bear.

The lions didn't seem to notice her or anyone at the park. They sat there, lounging on the rocks and pacing back and forth in a lazy, sedated daze. She watched closely as one of them peeled back its massive jaws in a yawn, revealing his large tongue and dangerous teeth.

They were huge.

She hadn't been to a zoo since she was a little girl, and she never thought much about the size of lions, but seeing them now amazed her.

Monstrous.

She watched them more closely, completely caught up in herself and her thoughts of lions. She watched the muscles in their arms carry their bulky frames. She watched their sizable paws leaving marks in the dirt. She watched as the cold wind tossed their manes about their faces.

Absolutely gigantic.

They could snap just like that, fight through their narcotic feebleness, and become cold-blooded instinctual killers. If the drugs wore off, they could so easily break into a rage, and with those muscles, those gigantic paws, those deadly teeth....

She looked around at the other park visitors.

A tiny kid was whining and pulling at his mother's leg so she would get him some balloons.

A tall guy with a nice face was sitting alone on a bench, smoking a cigarette.

A thin caretaker was cleaning out the elephant habitat with a hose.

She looked again at the lions, and thought about how it would be right and justified if she were to drop herself into the pit, a sacrifice for their broken and pitiful lives. Then one of them caught her eye. It was a male standing on a large, jagged rock. At first he looked down at his brethren in a way that seemed sad to the girl. All his brothers and sisters, hopeless junkies under his feet. Then he lifted his head up and stood squarely, proudly, and stared right at the girl. Her heart pounded and she froze. He was beautiful. His sad, wet lion eyes looked into her beady, soulless girl eyes. For a minute they watched each other, still as statues. The lion let out a small growl and turned his head. He jumped off the rock and mingled with his broken cell mates.

He would be the one to watch out for, she thought.

One or two like him out here and the park would be full of bloody limbs and baby heads.

She looked at the man sitting on the bench with his cigarettes. His hair was tousled, he was stern looking, and he wore a long, black coat, the kind you might hide a gun inside. She smiled at him, but of course, he didn't notice her or didn't care.

The kid came back with her drink. It was all over his right hand, and there was a red blotch on his jeans.

"Sorry, I spilled a little," he said, and licked the red ice from his wrist. "Stupid me. Stupid, stupid. I'm so clumsy."

"Yeah," she said, "At least you didn't get any on me."

He walked to the rim of the lion pit and looked in. She watched him: his skinny arms, his geeky smile, his carefully parted hair, and designer jeans. She thought of how a year ago she never would have stooped so low.

A year ago.

Something in her had changed, and it was more than bad weather, bad clothes, and this dorky kid that was making her so sad.

She looked at him. He wasn't *too* ugly.

"They look sick," he said, dismissing the lions altogether.

"Yeah," she said, and thought of how every time they went out he'd end it with that simple kiss on the cheek.

"They don't look too good, let's go look at the ostriches," he whined.

"I think they are beautiful," she said, dumping her slush into the pit. The ice hit the bottom and ran like blood over the rocks.

Dan Luby

On Relationship

— That heart deceiving mixture
of lust and flattery,
usurps covenant's counterpart,
trading sacred love
for desperation in loneliness.

But it is true,
the fire of lust dies down,
time passes, rushing,
leaving hollow shells with golden rings.

Virgin heart,
that emptiness unknown,
only watching, waiting to try my turn.

Ryan Peck

Wind in the Pages

Many hours spent staring at the wall.
The wall itself holds no appeal, but it's there.
I guess I stare at the wall because it's hard to stare at air.
You can't stare at it, but air always has some kind of feel.
Reading a book has a feel to it as you turn the pages.
How many pages have I turned? I don't know.

I suppose there's a lot to know.
People who know more than me stare at the wall.
Have they lived full lives or just turned a lot of pages?
I guess I would have to have been there.
Does it matter how I feel?
Probably not. I'll just take in the night air.

I enjoy the stillness of cool night air.
It's really soothing, you know?
Makes you forget how you really feel.
Air is air. It could never be a wall.
It's just there.
Just like the pages.

Sometimes the breeze turns the pages.
You almost forget that it's air.
Like you're not even there.
How does it do that? I'd like to know.
You can't stare at the breeze like it's a wall.
Not that it doesn't make you feel.

That's the difference in how I feel.
It's kinda like those pages.
Enough pages linked together could cover a wall.
The paper becomes ruffled by the open air.
The wind comes through. Now it can know.
The wind has been everywhere. Here and there.

Where I have been, the wind has been there.
It's been to places I could never endure or feel.
It's the wind, you know?
Stories flying like air.
The story ends and there's a wall.

Now do you know about the pages?
The wind is there in them for us to feel.
Don't mistake it for a wall of air.

Brian Kitchens



Tracy L. Brown ♦ "Kaleidoscope" ♦ 5"x 7.5" ♦ b&w photography

When Will It End?

Where is the joy? Where is the laughter?
Shattered dreams, a broken heart.
Nothing else matters.

Where is the music? What about tomorrow?
Stumbling feet, confused memory.
So much sorrow.

Your memory haunts me. The pain grows deep within.
So many tears, sleepless nights.
When will it end?

Dawn Reichert

Crabtown

t's back."

I stopped talking and grabbed the phone tighter. "What?" I felt my cheeks get hot, and I thought I was going to throw up. I couldn't believe it. I mean, I know it's possible, but it's been three years since her last treatment. How did this happen? She sounds the same. She can't leave me. Not now, I'm finally within driving distance of seeing her. I wanted to hit somebody. I wanted to run to my room and slam the door, but I knew I couldn't; I had to listen.

"Jackie, are you there?"

"Yes Jane." I could barely squeeze the words out.

"The other day I thought about when you were little, and our times at Hazzard's Beach. Do you remember?"

The beach house always smelled of wet sand and damp wood. Towels were thrown all over the place, lying on top of beach chairs, sandy clothes, and smelly sandals. The sand felt like gritty pebbles, crumbling underneath my feet. I quickly changed into my favorite Kermit the Frog suit, grabbed my towel, and took off. I knew this place well.

I loved to run through the maze of green beach houses where every family would store their beach stuff and change into their suits. I would dodge back and forth, listening to the sound of my feet slapping hard on the wooden decks. I had to grab the rails to get down the steep steps to the sand. First I felt the cool cement steps. Then I jumped onto the warm white sand. I looked back and forth across the beach and saw red-striped umbrellas, blue playpens, pink sand pails with their matching shovels, and the familiar, rainbow-colored windbreakers dividing each family. I galloped to my family's usual spot down by the water, trying not to burn my feet on the sand. "Jane, when can we go to Crabtown?" Before anyone could object to my leaving with a need for a nap or lunch, Jane grabbed my hand, and we were gone.

We saw many other families and friends on our beach walk. Everyone told me how big I was getting, but I didn't

care. I wanted to get to Crabtown. We studied lots of sand castles, looking for new ideas for the Labor Day contest. The waves seemed huge to me, and I wanted to run into them. I splashed Jane, but she would never splash me back. Instead, she would pick me up and twirl me around really fast. Jane and I skipped through the water together, kicking the water into the air. We stopped to make footprints in the sand, and we stayed until they sank into the mush. It seemed like we covered every inch of the shore, gathering every seashell in sight before the waves had a chance to wash them away. We put my shells in Jane's left pocket and her shells in the right one. I showed Jane my cartwheels, and she was very proud of me. At last, we reached Crabtown.

"Be careful on the rocks; they're slippery."

I nodded and scrambled up the rocks, trying not to step on the hard shells of the hermit crabs. I didn't need to look back; I knew Grandma Jane was never far behind. The hot sun beat on our backs as we crawled around the rocks layered with shiny black mussels. I didn't want to stop, but I needed more lotion, and Jane always had it with her. We finally reached a small pool of water that lay in the crack of two big rocks. In the water I could see lots of hermit crabs with their stringy legs walking along the bottom of the pool.

Jane gave me the important job of finding a perfectly sized rock as she began pulling mussels off the sides of the rocks. It didn't take me long; I knew this place inside and out. I handed Jane the rock because I was afraid that I would miss and hit my hand. With a quick smack the mussel was opened into a gooey mess. Jane pulled a string out of her pocket and tied a loop around the crushed mussel, like a lasso. I held on tightly to the other end of the string and slowly lowered the bait down into the water.

"Look, I see one!" From underneath a rock came a dark red crab. He began sauntering toward us with an arrogance only a crab could have, but we were experts, and prepared to wait. Finally, he decided he was hungry. I called to him, promising him the most delicious treat. Suddenly, he took a big bite and Jane yelled, "Quick, pull him up!" I tugged on the string as hard as I could as Jane wrapped her arms

around my legs to keep me from falling into the water. We put him down carefully on the rock and watched him crawl around and explore for awhile. I tried to play with him, but he didn't like me very much. So Jane cracked open another mussel for our friend and dropped him back into his home. Then, unfortunately, it was time to go back. Besides, I was getting hungry for one of Jane's turkey and ham sandwiches. We said goodbye to our crab and slowly made our way back to shore.

"Jackie?"

I realized I hadn't answered her. I swallowed hard and said, "I will never forget our times together."

Jacqueline Santos

Retro James

I thought they didn't make his wrongway smoking yohimbe
cool-slide kind anymore,
but there he snored with a boner like a VW bus crammed full
of grinning Heads, smiling in his dream
cuz Jerry was a woman spreading his legs.

James humming sunshine dancing on a violet.

James the Prince of Pepper Drive took me into his keep,
humble home of the Druids drunk on blood transfused
from an overused hippie chick with one eye on the door,
full-throttled Hendrix mixed with gunshots down the street,
out-of-body hoe downs on the ceiling of the Astral Plane,
something rotting in a bucket we thought once had been
the neighbor's cat, so we took our sacks and rambled on
before the Karma cops came knocking.

James burning bibles to heat a no-pay night.

James the hero hopeless dragged out at dawn from red-eyed bars
barking Scottish ballads for a battle with the morning,
cooking noontime in his forge fusing tongues to blessed-out noses,
singing love songs to the stomachs in a raving pack
of drooling freaks.

James leaking madness standing in a puddle.

James led me lost until we found the world's womb
which spit us out, our fathers forever never known,
to drift again on the ocean of hullunacy with sirens calling
like Miles Davis in a quicktime horn blow.

Robert Casserly



Jana Bagaloff ♦ "Reflecting on the People" ♦ 5.5"x 8" ♦ b&w photography



Rebecca G. Garcia ♦ "Window to the Soul" ♦ 5"x 5" ♦ b&w photography

I Am Human Saya Seorang Manusia

I am human
I accept no discrimination
I am who I am
I see, I do
I feel, I speak
I want, I take

Saya seorang manusia
Saya menerima bukan kepada perlakuan yang berbeda
Saya adalah saya
Saya melihat saya lakukan
Saya merasa saya bicarakan
Saya mau saya ambil

I am human
I see no gender
I see no race
I live in peace

Saya seorang manusia
Saya melihat bukan kepada jenis kelamin
Saya melihat bukan kepada jenis manusia
Saya hidup di dalam perdamaian

With those who see no difference

Dengan mereka yang melihat bukan kepada perbedaan

English and Indonesian by Laela Farouk



David Turner ♦ "Edison's Halo" ♦ 6"x 9.5" ♦ b&w photography

I enjoy depression, really I do

the sunset looks more
beautiful
through a teardrop
I always think how funny
it is
when I can finally sob
& I would think that my friends
like me
if they ever called
My Soulmate Moved Away
am I cheating on her now?
Later the sunset looks ugly
all the vibrant colors
that so subtly elicit
the movements of my heart
into a sort of climax
everyone wants despair
when they don't get applause
I am used by what I can't use
& only end up crying
to the purple early evening bruise

Jon Gee



Barbara A. Psimas ♦ "Self-Portrait" ♦ 22"x 28.5" ♦ graphite

Kawasaki 1000

For I will consider my Kawasaki 1000.
When it rides, it makes a subtle roar.
For the handle grips that are fragile and worn
from wind and rain.
For the repairs it requires.
For the 500 dollars I shelled out for it.
For the fact that the bike must be
jumped or push started every time.
For the Kawasaki 1000 collects pollen
from the trees.
For the tires will soon be victim
to dry-rot.
For the Kawasaki 1000 that has never
been ridden
by me.

Brian Kitchens

A Painful Cure For Boredom

When I was fourteen years old, growing up in the mountains of North Carolina, I went camping every chance I got. But one particular trip was so physically painful that I waited a year before I went again.

The trip started out easily enough, with Dave Smith, Brad Pace, and I hiking up into the mountains. It was fall, and a beautiful Indian summer had just begun. The trees were exploding in vast arrays of red, yellow, and orange. We hiked to the top of Eaglesnest Mountain, from the Waynesville side, and started down toward Maggie Valley. We found the perfect campsite situated at the bottom of a small waterfall. It cascaded down from a cliff fifty feet above us. The water collected in a small pool before traveling along the stream bed. We made camp and started a fire. Dave cooked some chicken, and Brad pulled out a twelve-pack of Busch beer.

After dinner, the worst thing for any teenager happened; boredom set in. We tried everything to combat it, from telling dirty jokes to retelling old campfire stories, but nothing could stop our yearning for physical activity. We tossed ideas back and forth across the crackling fire until Dave suggested something that caught everyone's interest. "Let's go cow tipping," Dave exclaimed.

A mischievous grin played across Brad's face. "Yeah, man," he spurted, "Do you know a place nearby?"

"Not a problem," Dave answered. "Follow me." So three teenagers hopped up on cheap beer jumped up and entered dark territory. Out of the blue, and into the black, as Neil Young might say.

Dave told us about the place we were headed and about an old drunk named Benny Willet. Dave knew all about him; he had grown up on the mountain, and he knew almost everyone who lived on it. "Benny Willet is old, man," he began. "He's like seventy-five and lives by himself. All he does is drink and take care of his cows."

My internal warning lights started blinking. I became paranoid. "What if this guy hears us, man? Will he call the cops or something?"

"No," Dave shot back. "He's so drunk by now, he'll probably sleep through the whole thing. Heck, he won't even know we're there."

"Yeah man, but what if..." I started again.

"**Shut up!**" Brad barked. "You're going to jinx the whole thing!" So I shut up, and conversation ceased until we reached our destination. Below us and beyond a barbed-wire fence was a large pasture which sloped gradually down toward a small trailer. Although we couldn't see clearly, Dave, knowing the way, began guiding us to our target.

We stood there for a moment, an audience to our thoughts, before Dave said, "Let's go." Dave climbed the fence first, coming down gently on the other side. Brad was next, but as he was about to jump off, the top wire broke loose, and he came crashing down, busting his rear and ripping his pants at the same time. We laughed hysterically and almost suffocated as we tried to muffle our giggles with the butts of our hands. Brad got up and dusted himself off as I climbed over.

We crept toward the nearest cow as our laughter subsided. We were wide awake, our every synapse burning with nervous energy. Our senses were alert to everything around us. The first cow was directly in front of us now. We stood shoulder to shoulder, arms outstretched, waiting for the count. Dave counted, "One, Two, Three... **Go!**" We surged forward, pushing as one. The cow tipped, just like an end table, rolling on its back and flipping twice before running off. We laughed until we saw that the cow was spooking the others into a stampede, and they were all headed for the bottom of the pasture while mooing loudly. A light in the trailer came on and our hearts froze. We stood there watching, waiting for something that would send us sprinting back into the woods. I looked back toward the fence. Surely, I thought, we're not more than ten feet from cover. I almost had a bowel movement when I saw how far away we were. The porch light came on, and we ducked down, still waiting.

The door opened, and a small, white-haired man stepped onto the porch wearing only boxer shorts and brandishing a twelve-gauge shotgun. “**Who’s out here?**” he screamed at the night. We sat there cowering, biding our time, and keeping our eyes on him. He stepped into the yard and gingerly walked around the side of the trailer. He walked out of the range of the light, and we could no longer see him.

“Here’s our chance,” Dave whispered to me. “Start running and we’ll be behind you. Just *stay down!*”

I turned around, steeling myself for the uphill run. My heart was in my mouth, and my brain kept screaming **Stupid** at me. I took off like a shot and was half way there when I heard the CHH-CHHKKT of his gun. I ran that much harder—the fence was in reach. Oh, sweet Jesus, I’m going to make it, I thought, and **BOOM**, hornets assaulted me all over my back. I screamed and ran even faster, my butt and back a raging five-alarm fire. I ran all the way back to camp, tore off my clothes, and jumped into the pond.

Dave and Brad walked back laughing, but when they got a good look at me their mirth dissolved into panic. Dave inspected my wounds and said, “I think you just got shot with a round of rock salt.” He told me I would have to put up with the burning, so I sat in the pond until the pain slacked off enough for me to go to sleep.

The next day the pain was even worse. I couldn’t bend, stretch, or sit. I had to carry my gear for what seemed like days. Every movement was an agony. All Dave or Brad could do was say they were sorry. I finally made it home where I soaked in lukewarm water for two hours. Two days later I saw Dave and Brad again. They wanted me to go camping that weekend, but I told them to forget it. Next time there might be buckshot in that gun.

Shaun J. Roberts

Keeping Up with the Joneses

a cockroach crawling across the face of a filing cabinet
 a c*nt like a bowl of hot spaghetti
 clumsy fingers
 it went up in there
 big dumb stupid man-bug
 her big fat toe is screaming... "haven't had enough"... (?)
 stop that I hiss that chafing. You'll wake
 the neighbors
 she just laughs
 snow flakes flesh colored float to the floor like grated cheese
 spaghetti sauce spaghetti sauce
 nothing is sacred
 I forget how to smile daddy
 mommy I forget how to
 frown
 I forget everything I'm s'posed to 'member
 a cockroach crawling across the sheer face of
 ancient Egypt
 a filing cabinet
 no in ancient Egypt, I read an article, scarabs & dung beetles
 & the phoenix too, I suppose?
 well... what have you?... & various miscellaneous
 preposterous
 long autumnal hair, very soft, like dry water or the rolling dunes—sand waves
 jackets with fringe
 what the hell would you know?
 when we went outside the sun was white & blinding
 (what are you forgetting?)
 & the grass was a safe tone of green
 (what are you blocking out? what flood)
 man is bug on the wall, is bug-man, is on the wall &
 the neighbors
 oh, the neighbors know, oh no...

 what will your father think when from work he gets home?

Jon Gee

Florida Ode

I sneak around my backyard,
dirty sand choked with damp
singing weeds,

As the Tallahassee Julynight Band
chirps and buzzes cicada-frog jazz
live from The Streetlight.

I search out fire ant nests
whose scouts leap and climb my legs
like six-legged kamikazes,

But find, where no weed peeped a moon ago,
barbed vine thickly topping
the bent and dying oak.

I pause—in forced admiration—
and mop the air off my brow
with an itching hand,

Smearing red a clinging mosquito.

Robert Casserly



Barbara A. Psimas ♦ "Primitive" ♦ 3"x 8.5" ♦ etching

Couscoe's Companion

The man had dark, haunted eyes. The black chasms peered out at me from across the campfire. He rubbed and rubbed his hands beside the warm glow of the blaze, but there was a chill to him that the fire could not warm. His skin was pale in the flickering light. The surrounding night was so dense that it seemed that there was only the two of us and this campfire in all the world.

I was a stranger who had never been to these hunting grounds in the deep forest of the Adirondacks before. The stranger had shown up at my camp, chilled to the bone, and I invited him by the fire to warm himself. When he spoke, he told me a tale which convinced me to choose to hunt closer to home. His exact words escape me now, but the dread of that night is still quite clear. Here is the gist of his tale...

Two men had a hunting camp in the Adirondacks, not far from St. Regis Falls in the North Woods (close to where I had met the stranger). Every season the two men would go up there for a few days' hunting, just the two of them. They were both big game hunters. In the local gaming events, the two men had traded off carrying home trophies year after year. They were competitors, but neither of them ever had a foul word for the other one.

In fact, everybody had assumed that they were good friends until one day a few years ago when one of the men, Couscoe, came down out of the woods alone. Couscoe said his friend Whitman got lost. And so a search party went back up into the woods with Couscoe, but just then, the snow set in, and they couldn't find a trace of the missing man.

The state police thought that there was something fishy about the whole business. Couscoe got flustered when they asked him too many questions, and anybody could see that he wasn't telling the whole truth. But they didn't have any evidence, and moreover they didn't have a corpse to prove murder. The case was dismissed, and Couscoe went about acquiring all the hunting trophies for himself.

When spring came, and the snow disappeared, Whitman was found lying at the base of a tree with his skull broken.

Still, the police couldn't prove anything, and when the coroner's jury turned in a verdict the death was accidental, cause or causes unknown, or something of that official ilk. Whitman's rusty rifle was found beside his body, but his hunting knife was missing from the sheath where he carried it. However, the man telling me the story assured me nobody thought much about it at the time.

By the time fall arrived, a new hunter had begun to gain notoriety in the region. Couscoe became friendly with his new competitor and took him up to the camp where the unfortunate accident with Whitman had occurred. The first night Couscoe and his new companion were at the hunting camp, the newcomer turned in early. It had been a long trip, and he had fallen into a deep sleep when he was jolted awake by Couscoe who was screaming, "Don't do it! Don't do it!" Couscoe's companion pulled himself up out of the bunk and found his flashlight. The light fell over Couscoe, dead in his chair, with a hunting knife stuck in his heart.

My strange acquaintance told me one other fact about this chilling tale. It involved a curious discovery made later by a finger print expert at police headquarters. Amazingly, only one set of prints were on the handle of the knife embedded in Couscoe's heart, and those were quite clear; they belonged to Whitman.

When I went to the police headquarters later to verify this whole encounter, I had assumed that the man who had related Couscoe's story was the same man who had been there at Couscoe's death. However, when a detective, remembering the case, asked me to describe the man in the woods, my description matched completely with a photograph on file... of Whitman.

D'vorah Roberts

The Natural Mind

Earth, an aqueous planet
consisting of the seven surface continents
abundant with developing plant
and higher complex animate species.
Local kingdoms of differentiated matter
are conditionally created
to become the partial identity
and the self pride of man.
Become transparent to the manifested self,
reality will cease to be
an endangered domain as one
transcends this planetary alignment.
Serene mentality shall root
in the multi-dimensional mind
as the life energy
becomes embedded and diffused
throughout the body;
this energy is in all things collectively.
The essence and function
of one's sensory and motor abilities
to generate and emit this energy
shall become infinitely efficient
as does virtue proceed enlightenment.
The origin of evolution
is not a physical possession,
nor a product of the holographic mind,
but a sensitivity, a consciousness.
This consciousness affirms the collective energy
that is space and time fabric
to pulsate and emit from the electric cells
of the body and the mind.
Through internal evolution, human kind shall
recognize, affirm, comprehend,
and recreate the process of
the collective energy that formulates
space and time as the operant fabric
and orchestrates life as an
infinitely fruitful kingdom.

Liam McCaffrey

Chinese Garden

Balance won
When light kissed the dark
Like warm breath on a cold window pane

Barbara A. Psimas



Keith Vipperman ♦ "Silver Lining" ♦ 8"x 10" ♦ solarized blended photography

The Evil Wizard

Beware the evil wizard, men of all ages.
He'll strip who you are as time turns its pages.
He succeeds in routine and turns friend against friend
And enslaves his closest companions.
The wizard will comfort you when all your friends have left.
The wizard will aid you when you are short of breath.
The wizard has friends who will help with his plan
While you, the victim, just sit there half a man.
Broken and bewildered you face death with a frown
Not knowing just how your life was brought down.
And the most loyal wizard was there all along
Aiding corruption while singing his song.
All men encounter wizards, some evil, some true,
But the evil ones you must master or they will surely master you.

John Mark Maloney

Chattahoochee

Butterflies danced in my stomach. My sixth grade boyfriend and I shared a seat on the yellow school bus packed with Mrs. Watson's sixth grade class. We sat so close our shirt sleeves touched.

Mrs. Watson had arranged a field trip to Chattahoochee in order for us to visit the asylum. We would see crazy people.

Mrs. Watson warned us all to behave and to say please and thank you. She didn't need to worry about me; I was bashful and wasn't about to get out of line or speak to anyone without prompting. I had never been to Chattahoochee. I didn't even know where it was.

Soon we were standing in a lunchroom. The air smelled like the county nurse who came to our school to give us horrible vaccinations. The dreary room echoed with moans of old people dressed in shabby white clothes. Most sat slumped down over lunch trays set before them on metal tables.

Auburn curls danced on my head as I looked from one crazy person to another. Suddenly somebody screamed! Petrified, I saw a patient shake her bony old finger at me and yell, "That's her, that's the red-headed bitch! It's all her fault!" My young heart almost failed me. Tears ran down my cheeks as Mrs. Watson urged me forward with her fair, freckled hands. I desperately wanted to leave this place forever.



In January of 1996, I quietly observed my eleventh anniversary as an employee of the Florida State Hospital.

In the asylum's yard a gentle breeze caresses beards of gray moss hanging from the tangled limbs of ancient oak trees. Roses of red, yellow, pink, and peach look up in full bloom from a well-groomed garden, admiring the American flag waving above them. A magnolia tree stands at attention near an old plantation building. Crystal clear water spews from a circular fountain. Squirrels scamper in and out of bushes that line the sidewalk, as fearless of their surroundings as I have become.

A wrinkled, bald-headed man stumbles across the yard with a toothless grin covering his weary face. He is trying to get back to yesteryear when he was strong and virile.

A much younger man, clad in flip-flops and jeans, converses with his imaginary companion. Agitation veils his eyes as he pushes strands of brown hair from his cheek with knotty fingers.

"Hey! Hey!" yells a black man as he hobbles across the lawn. He looks at no one in particular as he hurries on his way. He continues to mumble and laugh as he passes through the palm trees.

Permanently locked in silence and the past, a frail grandmother keeps her eye on the people in her mirror while she eats her evening meal. After each tiny bite she neatly places the remaining morsel of food back on her tray. She swiftly takes the white bath towel folded in her lap and brushes crumbs from her face. Wisps of silver hair escape her ponytail and tickle her ears. After supper she scribbles out another letter to Dr. Rogers to request new clothes. Dr. Rogers was the hospital's administrator when she was admitted some sixty years earlier, but she can not comprehend that he passed away a long time ago. Her letter, intercepted in the mail, will once again be filed in her hospital record.



"Where do you work?" people ask me.

"At Florida State Hospital," I reply.

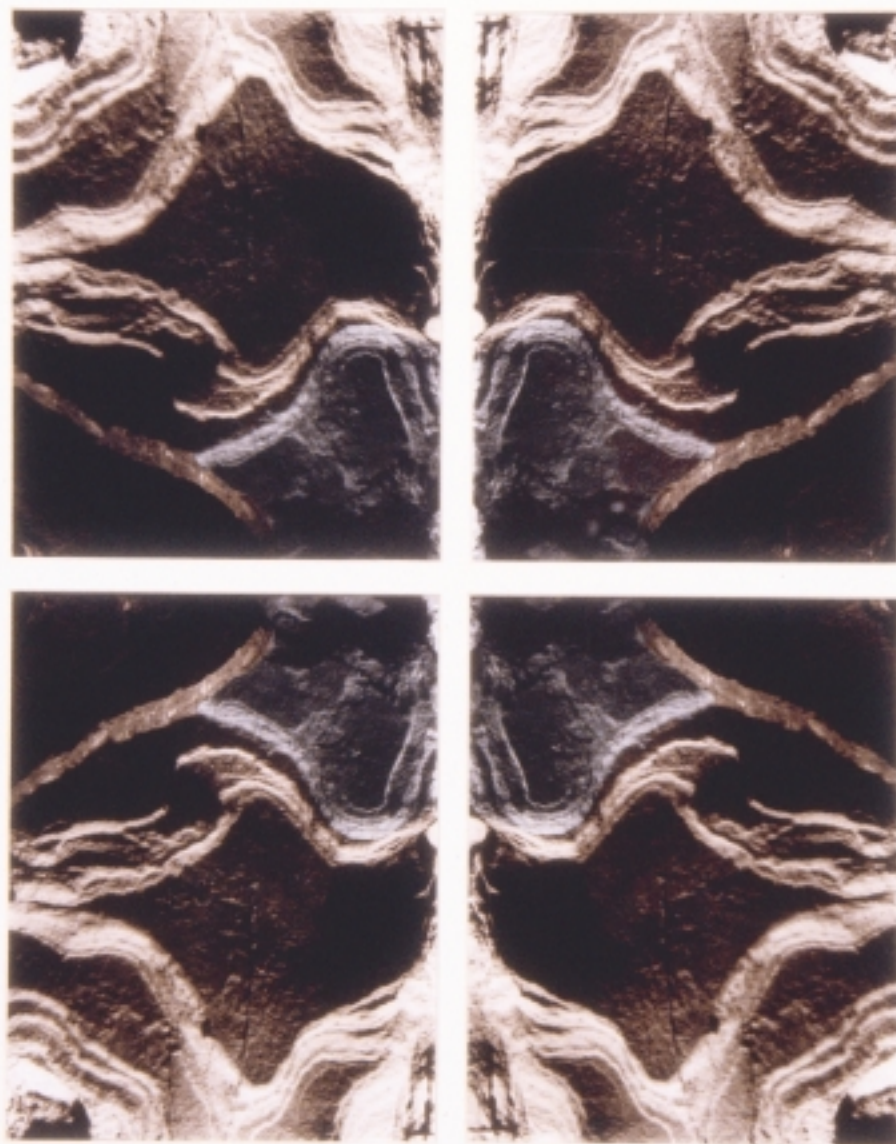
"Where is that?"

"In Chattahoochee."

"Oh, you mean the nut house! How do you work around crazy people? Aren't you scared?"

This is the usual response I get from people who have never actually known anyone with a mental illness, and sometimes I find it difficult to understand their ignorance, but then the memories of my sixth grade field trip to Chattahoochee reminds me of my childish fear.

Dianne Wester



Tracy L. Brown ♦ "Pucker-Up" ♦ 15"x 19" ♦ sepia photography



Marishka Bachman ♦ "Model with Flowered Skirt" ♦ 16"x 20" ♦ oil



Marishka Bachman ♦ "Lady with Umbrella" ♦ 18"x 24" ♦ oil

contest winner



Stephanie Howard ♦ "Cavehorse" ♦ 24"x 36" ♦ mixed media



Stephanie Howard ♦ "Self-Portrait" ♦ 48"x 48" ♦ oil



Tamara Stone ♦ "The Musicians" ♦ 38.25" x 49.75" ♦ mixed media



Jason Glisson ♦ "Frog" ♦ 28"x 28" ♦ oil pastel



Barbara A. Psimas ♦ "Warm Glow" ♦ 14"x 20" ♦ ink/mixed media



April Williams ♦ "Mombasa Wind" ♦ 18"x 23.5" ♦ ink

Time

Vacuum and blackness surround
infinite eyes of the night.
Millennia of change abound
as massive bodies take flight.
The celestial playground expands
disclosing waves we scarcely detect.
Glorious incomprehension demands
our attentions toward vast effect.
Zealously, to satiate our wonder,
we label its intriguing face.
To comprehend the continuity we're under
we misinterpret this entity—Space.

Chad Stanke

College Campus Cafe

There was no caboose.
 There is supposed to be a caboose at the end of the train
 but it just ended in a boxcar
 as lonely as the desert
 night in New Mexico.
 It disrupted the patio bar and wailed out its long drone whistle
 as to silence any meaningless conversation that arose.
 It just ended, though, like a love that packed its bags and flew
 away to some distant part of the world without letting you know
 the reason.
 It just ended
 and behind it
 only the cloudy, dark sky.
 It was heading south. That is as far as I could trace it.
 Probably Miami or somewhere in between.
 It could have compromised.
 We never existed tonight for that south bound train
 but it changed my world, if only for a moment.
 I may remember a train passing in the night,
 though I may not remember the night.
 I was on that train as it passed, leaving only my body
 to be gazed at on the patio.
 Perhaps nobody noticed even that they too were heading south
 for that same moment.
 The empty sky seemed to be waiting for something more
 as the last sounds of the steel wheels slipped into the distance,
 leaving nothing.
 Not even a caboose.
 There is supposed to be a caboose
 I thought.

Paul Downey



Tracy L. Brown ♦ "Illuminated Girl" ♦ 8"x 10" ♦ negative print photography

Suburbia

Mild mannered duplicity where
every meter is measured and weighed for value.
On the fringes of the yellow-hued city
a community of clones lies in wait
within their geometric subdivisions of space.
Carefully walled off behind chain-link and wood
they peek through the cracks, watching
for the misguided mongrel that mistakes
the manicured greenery as something more
(Hunkered down, eyes casting about, ears alert
for the soft pop of the pellet gun,
not understanding their mistake).
Carbon based simplicity with nothing
beyond the norm, variation being frowned
upon and usually scorned. And
as the night wanes they sit in front of their
twenty-one inch color televisions watching
the late local news and occasionally
glancing out the window to make sure the Joneses
aren't getting too far ahead.

Richard Bist

Taste of Honey

Her hair was the color of ripe, dry straw, full and straight, with highlights that shimmered and shined with every move of her head. Deep brown eyes were complimented by a cute button nose and full pouty lips. She was gorgeous and she knew it; she loved nothing more than to shake her full mane and bare her impossibly white teeth whenever she saw a man she wanted to mesmerize. The slight arch of her back made her full, firm, untethered breasts strain against whatever material was lucky enough to caress them. Her victim's eyes would be drawn down to the slight swell of her hips at their triangular apex, then down again to her perfectly formed, tanned, smooth legs. By this point any man in front of her was helpless in light of her perfection and his animal passions. Her name was Honey Hott, and the man she had just worked her routine on was Dax Longlover.

Dax somewhat timidly started the conversation with the lame, inevitable, "How are you doing today?" Instantly he was kicking himself for such a vanilla response to her provocative entrance.

"I'm fine. Well... fine except for being very hot," she said demurely, seeming to enjoy his obvious discomfort at her *double entendre*.

Holy shit, he thought, this can't be happening—what should I do? What should I say? Although he was not usually shy or inexperienced, he found himself tongue-tied and stupid.

"Yeah... it's been kinda warm and humid too... uh, very uncomfortable... my name is Dax by the way." Stupid, stupid, stupid, how can I be so stupid? he thought, as he smiled and ejaculated his latest third grade response. Should I go kick her in the leg now to show her I like her or wait until after nap time?

He could picture himself being very suave and debonair.

"Hi Honey, my name is Dax. Is it true you're the sweetest substance known to man?" he says, his eyes boring into hers with an experienced, knowing smile.

"I don't know. Why don't you taste me and see," she exclaims, with a wicked grin. It's too perfect, too provocative, exactly what he wants. He steps closer and places his hands gently on either side of her majestic face and looks into her eyes. They're lidded and full of passion and acquiescence. His face moves closer, tilts slightly, their lips brush, then touch, then crush together, a spark to make an inferno.

"Mmmm..." she murmurs.

"Ahhhummm..." he replies, as their tongues continue a gentle, rhythmic, wrestling match. Breath which just moments before had been slow and relaxed becomes fast, ragged, and raspy, almost suffocating.

"Wheewww ahhhhhh..." he moans.

"Ummmm ahhhhhh..." she responds greedily. After two forevers, their lips part and their eyes lock together.

"I think I like honey, the way it looks, the way it feels, the way it tastes," Dax says, laughingly.

With a serious look she interlocks her fingers around the back of his neck and says, "You've only had a taste—would you like the whole meal?" It takes a second for him to register what she is offering. No games, no hunt, no uncertainty.

"I'm hungry enough to eat a horse!" he replies.

"Don't stop until you're full. I've got plenty to go around," she counters.

Suddenly the conversation stops. He hears—

"Are you all right?"

"Uh, sure I am... the heat and the humidity... oh well, I guess I must be running along."

Keith Vipperman



Amy Sinclair ♦ "Footloose" ♦ 8"x 10" ♦ b&w photography

Flow

I flow,
down
desolate streets
littered with debris,
lifetimes of neglect
and disillusion.
Orange-tinted glow
timely spaced,
reveal the shadows,
lost and tormented souls,
shadows of souls.
“Are you a cop?” she asks.
My mind drifts
between dreams
and desires
what tragedies
produce such despair.
I answer,
“no, are you?”
passwords to
precede the act:
a promise of relief
from the loneliness
and rejection,
for the space
of a moment
for the time
of a dime,
so soft, so willing
a thing so precious
we share
a dance
a mutual desperate
touch
with one unknown
reality
reclaims my existence
I return
to clean/tree lined/spaced
suburban/streets.
I gaze at the sleepy homes
my mind drifts
between dreams
and desires

Darrell Jackson

A Poem by Torquato Tasso (1544–1595)

Una Poesia Di Torquato Tasso

Was it just dew or all our grief,
 which tears were the ones†
 I saw spreading from the cloak of night
 and the immaculate face of the stars?
 Why did the white moon seed
 a pure cloud of crystalline stars
 into the womb of the fresh grass?
 Why, in the dark atmosphere
 could I hear, almost suffering, 'round and 'round
 wind spiraling throughout 'til morning?
 Perhaps these signs were for your parting,
 the life of my life?

Qual rugiada o qual pianto,
 qual lagrime eran quelle
 che sparger vidi dal notturno manto
 e dal candido volto de le stelle?
 E perché seminò la bianca luna
 di cristalline stelle un puro nembo
 a l'erba fresca in grembo?
 Perché ne l'aria bruna
 s'udian, quasi dolendo, intorno intorno
 gir l'aure insino al giorno?
 Fûr segni forse de la tua partita,
 vita de la mia vita?

*Translated from Italian by
 Lucia Bellandi and Robert Casserly*

† *Italian scholars suggest this juxtaposition of tears with dew is based on a mythological account of Aurora, who wept so much after Achilles slew her son Memnone that her tears blanketed the earth as dew.*

The breakup

The door slams shut
and I hear your footsteps
fading into the night.
You are gone
like a passing memory.
The room still reverberates
with your anger,
the air is thick with the heat.
You are gone,
without even saying good-bye
or good-riddance.
Now I sit here in front of the television
as unseen images flash by
and I wonder
where you hid the remote control.

Richard Bist



Pablo Fonseca ♦ "In Order" ♦ 8"x 10" ♦ negative print photography

A Dish of Its Maker

A dish sat on the table,
Staring at me as if I was supposed to do something with it.
As if I were to pick it up, appreciate its simple beauty,
run my fingertips across it, then fill it.
As if it was the only thing filling my eyes, my senses, my span.
A dish that could speak to me of its Maker.

Dawn Fish Nowell

The No-Misser

The sand in my cleats shifted, and as I reached down to straighten the dark brown stirrups that had bunched up at the bottom of my feet, the humiliation and boredom of being a rookie in right field once again fogged my mind. I should have been used to it by now. After all, the league rules stated that each player had to play at least two innings, and right field was the spot where the rookies switched out to meet the quota.

The grass where my baseball cleats were planted the inning before was matted down, and familiar scars of dirt dotted the outfield where past rookies had marked their positions. To my right, about twenty yards away, stood a boy dressed exactly like me and the eight other clones who freckled the diamond. Fifteen yards to my left, past the line of white chalk, stood a gray chain-link fence that raced the foul line, like the coach made us do in practice. It was scratched with spots of rust, and bent down in some areas where boys, including myself, found it easier to hop over than to walk the few paces around it.

Two kids were on base, second and third, their oversized batting helmets blocking their vision and shaking clumsily as they nodded to the overweight third base coach. Our pitcher, Anthony, towered above the rest of the players despite the fact that there was no mound in this league. The catcher straightened his helmet and knelt once again behind home plate.

I wiped my forehead with my left hand, and the smell of hardened clay and Kiwi glove oil filled my nostrils. The familiar pat-pat-pat of my teammates clapping their fists into their gloves grew louder as they tried to make each clap more punctuated than the one before.

“We got two!”

I squinted into the sinking sunlight to see the shortstop’s profile waving a peace sign to remind us that we needed one more out to clench this one-run game.

A faint breeze caressed the grass as the five-minute-old Super-Blo bubble gum grew sour in my mouth. I patted my glove once and placed both hands on my knees. As the next

batter obeyed the umpire’s “Batter up!” the usual serenade of “Hey Badda, Swing Badda!” filled the air.

The first pitch sailed over everyone at home plate and struck the backstop, flinching the two boys that stood behind it, and sent a rippling wave of clanging down the length of the chain-link. I turned around and glanced at the field adjacent to ours, thinking how ridiculous it was to share an outfield with another infield.

I turned around just in time to see the next pitch smack into the catcher’s mitt. The field lights had come on, and moths and other insects had already congregated, fascinated by the brightness.

The foul ball that followed sent a jolting reflex throughout the diamond, as if an electric shock had simultaneously been sent through the players. The batter stepped out of the box and grabbed some dirt from the ground, rubbing it on his batting gloves. He spit on them like a major league player, and after receiving the sign from his third base coach, returned to the plate.

Anthony delivered, and so did the batter. The clang of metal rang throughout my ears, and my eyes grew wider as I realized the ball was heading my way. I imagined all the eyes in the dugouts, bleachers, and the world were upon me. I sprinted backward, and from the corner of my eye I saw the bleachers empty as parents gasped and stood up. My breath grew heavy, my heart burst, and I could smell the awful Super-Blo bubble gum that reeked from my mouth. My glove, which my father dubbed the “No-Misser” from that day forward, stretched as far as it could. A sharp pain shot through my arm as the ball slammed into my glove, jerking my arm downward. I fell dramatically, and after a couple of seconds of silence, raised the ball in the cool, crisp air.

Clinton Tucker

Husk

The sun perches in the sky, just above the trees, a dusk
Pulsing the tired shine of a hard, hot noon.
Before me lie the farm fields gone wild

With the paths overgrown and the fences leaning.
Sparrow song trilling over summer green
Sings a spell of safety from the farmer's hand.

We can tell our work is done,
Not renewing when the leaves drop soon
In autumn flood, when the snows blow death, or spring

Comes promising.

Hollow

I hide on the roof, a little below
Wind-shaken branches clattering together
Like bones and sticks cleaned in autumn weather.

In the field, dry corn stalks hiss,
"We wants the crows."

Hover

I am not brave on the blacknight November
As I break tracks across the crystaled grass.
The stars cast silent diamond spears.
White birch thickets hide starving wolves.
Windfrost whistles of Chippewa ghosts
Chase me racing into the milk house.

Safe for the chore of fresh straw spread out,
I serve the heavy beasts huddled for heat
In bovine vespere'd darkness.
Thrice-chewn cud is summer's clover sacrament.

A cold-cracked window
Rattles in the frame from wind wanting in,
Like outside knocks a hungry hobo
Hoping supper wasn't done. I peek out.
Snowflakes float a white-weave blanket,
Drifted down to cover Wisconsin.

Robert Casserly

Cloud Climber

Ascending . . . Descending,
Where will the clouds I travel
take me now!
To some distant land far from here,
Accelerating high into the air.
No worries, No fears, and Not a care.
I fall for a while, through a cushion of stars,
The groove of the universe spreads me apart.
The lights do guide me, to distorted places,
of strange poisons, flowers, and faces.
Through twisted doors I shall return.
My mind lost, my heart burns.
Back to reality, my so called home,
In the vastness of imagination is where I roam.

Marc Porten



Rebecca G. Garcia ♦ "Daydreams" ♦ 8"x 10" ♦ b&w photography

Elements

The single drop, the molecules parting
Shed from the eye in flesh and spirit
Flows away, gone forever chasing the first
In a river.

The blessed seed, the blossom dropping down
To the inconsistent earth in faith of life
Searches deep, guided to a place to grow
Or wither.

The hollow breath, the ever thinner air
Drawn inside to replace what must escape
Cleans the soul, and when it leaves the body
Rises higher.

The live coal, the ember hidden beneath
The ashes settles and waits while sorrow
Burns away, as is natural to the heart
Of matter.

Robert Casserly

Over Drinks

Jamison sat in the smoke-filled tavern nursing a beer. He had spent countless hours at the universe lab trying to make sense of recent findings.

The hours had been too long, and the topics were weighing hard on his mind. His eyes were heavy, and his head was sinking, giving in to the need to sleep.

Jamison's body was jarred awake by the screeching of the stool beside him. A large man in a black suit settled in next to him. The man lifted a leather briefcase up to the bar and began studying the papers held within. Jamison glanced at them out of curiosity; how odd, he thought, for a man like him to be at the tavern at 2 a.m.

A phrase caught Jamison's eye—"the universe's smooth expansion."

Jamison spoke up.

"You work at the universe lab?"

"No, you?"

"You're studying the expanding universe theory?"

"The name's Fred, Dr. Fred Fortworth. I'm a professor over at the university."

Jamison could feel the muscles in his face tighten. A professor probably sits around reading the theories that other men slave over to prove, then regurgitates them to sound smart at parties. Jamison ignored the hand that had been extended towards him.

Fortworth, sensing the tension, began to speak.

"What theory are you boys knocking around over there at the lab these days?" Regretting the way he thought his question might sound, he explained, "I read every word of the pamphlets the university gets from over there. They haven't put one out lately so I thought maybe something big was coming."

Jamison let the tension leave his body. He knew he shouldn't be discussing unproven theories with someone not employed by the lab, but the long hours alone had begun to get to him, and he felt the need to talk to someone.

"You know the old expanding universe theory," Jamison said.

Fortworth smiled slightly, and said, "I teach it up at the university. You don't mean to tell me that I've been shaping young minds falsely, do you?"

Jamison's voice picked up.

"Well, the thing is, there has been some new evidence. It seems that the universe is not simply expanding out in uniform motion. In fact, a couple of guys out in California have stumbled onto something very odd. A section, rather a massive chunk of the universe, is not simply going outward but is moving in another direction."

Fortworth sat in silence. He could see that the man sitting beside him was dedicated to his work and filled with frustration. He could not conceive that the work he had focused his life around and taught to thousands might soon be announced false to the world.

Fortworth felt the need to defend his beliefs. "Yes," he said, "But there is chaos even in uniform motion; there always has been."

Jamison took a guess at what Fred was thinking and decided to squelch his fears.

"I'm not saying that the expansion theory is not accurate, just that we do not understand it. There is motion out there that we cannot explain. You see, if what you say about chaos existing in even uniform motion is true, well then, all of our measurements of distance and star brightness are not accurate. If we cannot tell distance from time, then we cannot predict movement, or the brightness of anything."

Fortworth's mind was wandering. He looked at his watch:

2:30. His wife was waiting for him. He had told her that he would be late, but he was never this late. She probably thinks I'm sleeping with one of my students, he mused. He pulled the sleeve of his shirt over his watch, snapped his fingers at the bartender, and gulped down his third double whiskey. He thought it better to return home with some false confidence than to handle his wife's suspicions dry.

molecules from the just-lit match began to whirl around the center of a hot core in perfect, uniform motion, and then, when the breeze from the door reached them, they began moving off toward an unknown destination.

Nicole Carlson

The room was uncomfortably silent when Fortworth spoke again.

"Look, uh, what did you say your name was?"

"I didn't, but it's James."

"Well, look James, I know you guys put a lot of work into what you do over there at the lab, and of course I would have to research the finding myself to be sure of anything, but these theories that are supposed to revolutionize everything pop up often. I guess I'm just stuck in my ways."

Frustration had welled up in Jamison's stomach long ago, but he felt too tired to argue. Besides, what did he really have except barely studied theories. Hell, the professor could be right.

Jamison was beginning to feel his beer. His cheeks were warm, and his head was fuzzy. He didn't drink often, didn't even know why he had come here tonight.

The door at the end of the tavern opened with a bang. A young woman walked through it. She had her hair pulled up in a ponytail and she reeked of perfume.

"Angela!" the professor shouted out, raising his arm to get her attention. The woman bounced over to him and kissed him full on the mouth. The professor, with an air of annoyance, stared obviously at his watch and asked where she'd been.

Jamison ordered another beer and sat staring at Dr. Fortworth's aged hand and at the perfectly white circle of skin where his wedding band should have sat. Jamison reached for a cigarette, lit it, and took a drag. The

Knecht Park

I found a field on which to play tonight,
though surely, nobody else would want to.
The relentless Florida summer rains had left their mark
leaving this solitary plot of ground as lonely as a long-time friend
forgotten.

A blank stare overtaken by a wandering mind
slipping back to a time when nothing really mattered.
Suddenly I was fourteen in a town that had no future
but a field that felt us join the rains:

A slide in the mud,
a missed tackle,
and... I am gone for the goal line.
Even the hardest falls were comforted by the soft, welcoming
earth.
Here comes a deep out from Mike and it's right on target.
There goes Jason, whom I try so hard to down
in a subtle way.
Here comes the night
we try so hard to fight
until it is no longer possible to see who we are.
Here comes the night
and it is getting harder to see who I am.
Here comes the night
and I am sitting on my bike by an empty, muddy field
that wishes it could possess my memories.
Here comes the night
and I had better go before it is too dark to see
my way home.

Paul Downey



Amy Sinclair ♦ "Interferometer" ♦ 8"x 10" ♦ solarized photography

on *Battle Doria: A Composition for Brass Quartet*

Battle Doria is the first music score ever published by Eyrie. It is an original composition by Duane Day, a Tallahassee Community College student majoring in Music Composition and Education. Duane plays the trombone, French horn, piano, bass guitar, and tuba, but it is with the trumpet that he truly excels, and it was a trumpet that first sparked his desire to study music. One day, on a sidewalk in New Orleans, Duane heard a street corner musician blowing red-hot Dixieland with a flash of brass and dancing fingers. Duane was hooked. He carried his inspiration home and began his music studies in Wakulla Middle School's band. By high school, he had risen to first chair in the All Big-Bend Honors Band. Now, just seven years after he began to study music, he plays several instruments, teaches music lessons, and has become a published composer. Bravo, maestro Day, Bravo!

Duane came up with the inspirational theme for *Battle Doria* while exploring scale progressions on a piano. The title of the composition refers to the Dorian mode—a scale without chromatic changes, sharps, or flats—in which this score was written.

Battle Doria begins with deep, tuba whole notes and soft trombones expressing a dark, medieval melancholy, a mournful dirge pervaded with a sense of beautiful sadness, of inevitable loss and grief. Subtle changes in meter and rhythm create an uneasy tension, anticipating the keening cry of the trumpet at the eleventh bar, mixing energetic resistance into the funereal somberness with delicately balanced tenor eighth notes. In the middle passage, the trumpet again falls mute as the tuba and trombones build volume and speed in clipped staccato syncopation. The funeral march dissipates into a fast, violent, passionate dance. The trumpet returns boldly with soprano outbursts of impish, rollicking force, infusing a richly colored mosaic of tone into the center of the swirling sound. Suddenly, the theme's intensity collapses, exhausted, and relents to a slower, quieter passage where the trumpet solos a brief melodic line of rapturous, soaring harmony. This spiritual transcendence soon fades away to the tuba's and trombones' pervasive dirge of the opening theme, unchanged by the trumpet's romantic passions. The conclusion resolves the battle with all four instruments in a chorus of brassy whispers.

notes by Robert Casserly

Battle Doria: A Composition for Brass Quartet 1997

by Duane Day

Lento

Trumpet in C
Trombone I
Trombone II
Tuba

The musical score is arranged for a Brass Quartet, specifically for Trumpet in C, Trombone I, Trombone II, and Tuba. The tempo is marked *Lento*. The time signature is 4/4. The score is written in treble and bass clefs. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *mp* (mezzo-piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *pp* (pianissimo). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and slurs. A section labeled 'A' is marked in the Tuba part. The score concludes with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

Battle Doria continued

B *Allegro con Agitato* (2x)

Trumpet in C
Trombone I
Trombone II
Tuba

crest.
p-mf-f cresc
accel!
ff
3x
(2x)

p-mf-f cresc
accel. poco a poco
ff
3x
(2x)

p-mf-f
accel. poco a poco
ff
3x
(2x)

f
f
f
f

C *ff*
ff
ff
ff

Trombone I Trumpet in C
Trombone II
Tuba

D *Lento*

The musical score is written for three parts: Trombone I, Trombone II, and Tuba. It begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The tempo is marked *Lento*. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system continues the melody and includes dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The third system includes 'Rit.' (ritardando) markings and ends with a double bar line. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and slurs.

You-Know-What

The white sandwich bread, already swiped with mayonnaise, glares at me from the counter top. The salt and pepper wait for action. We all are in the kitchen, my co-workers and I, preparing for the feast. Here we continue a tradition. Each year the season's plumpest, crimson tomatoes ripen in our gardens. We all bring the best of the best to enjoy together. I hover over the counter with a knife in hand, critiquing every tomato, each one a beautiful product from the garden. As I pluck the first tomato off the counter, wash it, and begin slicing it over the sink, I flashback to my childhood. I am reminded of my family and the experiences associated with our garden that I will never forget.

I grew up in a large family—six girls lived under one roof. My parents loved to enjoy the summer's crop of fresh produce, so Dad grew a small vegetable garden every year, with our help, of course. Each year he would begin his garden, tilling the soil after work each night. All year Dad worked diligently on his compost pile so that it would be ready by summer. He filled it with grass clippings, watermelon rinds, and corn husks. He inspected it daily to make sure everything was rotting sufficiently, always with a gleam in his eye. The heat generated from decomposition fascinated him. I remember him encouraging us with delight, "Girls! Come over here to the compost pile. Put your hand inside and feel how hot it is!" I could not believe he would even suggest that. My teenage nose wrinkled in disgust. I thought, "He has got to be joking. Does he think for a minute that I would ever put my hand into that nasty pile of rotten mess?" Dad grinned when we all reacted with the grimace that he had imagined.

The compost was only the beginning. We always knew what happened next. It was the grossest, smelliest event ever. Dad would leave early in the morning in the truck and return with a load of manure for the garden. He actually paid money for it! It was gross! It was disgusting! It was stinky! I always dreaded that awful smell. For days it drifted into the house through small cracks and crevices. It caught me off guard, when I least expected it, making me think for a moment that I must have stepped in something.

After the soil was ready, Dad began to grow vegetables. Each morning before going to work, he posted a list titled "Chores for the Day" on the refrigerator. Inevitably, weeding or picking were on the list. We would pull the weeds in the rows of quickly growing corn, green beans, tomatoes, and cabbage. We rushed to complete the job, knowing that after the work was finished we would be free to see our friends, talk on the phone, or watch television. We remained mindful of the manure all around us as we completed our chores in the garden. By now it had dried up in the sun, had become almost flaky, and was trying to disguise itself as dirt, but it could not hide from our keen eyes. We knew exactly where it was. We avoided it, stepped anywhere but on it, and **never** would dare touch it—until one morning.

Four of us were in the garden, picking beans quickly, singing to the tunes from the radio propped in the window. Occasionally, during a great part of a song, we all would stand up in unison and sing with all the soul we could muster. We sang into our clenched fists as if they were microphones, giggling and laughing at each other. We were singing and swaying together like back-up girls in a band when suddenly the manure began to fly. My younger sister had sneaked from the house into the rows of corn and was pegging us with dry, crusty handfuls of "you-know-what"! We had to retaliate. Forgetting how gross it was, we began slinging manure at her and then at each other, laughing and chasing in the yard until our filthy bodies gave way to exhaustion. We fell into the thick grass, panting like puppies at play.

Now, as I slice tomatoes over the sink and sit to eat a wonderful meal of tomato sandwiches, I listen to others' tales of the past, tales that take me back with a chuckle to the days in the garden. I know now why I love summer vegetables so much. They remind me of Dad and his enthusiasm, they remind me of our hard work and fun in the garden, and they remind me of all that "you-know-what".

Jerri Weinmann

Simple Love

The love of a child is unconditional,
from this love is serene emotion
which illuminates your brain.

Fluid-like your senses become,
as each illustrious stimulation
permeates your self.

You shall be evinced
the true virtue of the human kind.

Let not the eyes in my head,
nor the thoughts that emerge
from your consciousness
fashion the essence of touch,
but the unconditional
natural acceptance.

It is this compassion
which manifests purity from corruption,
beauty from repulsiveness,
and pride from shame.

Liam McCaffrey

Darkness Dispersed

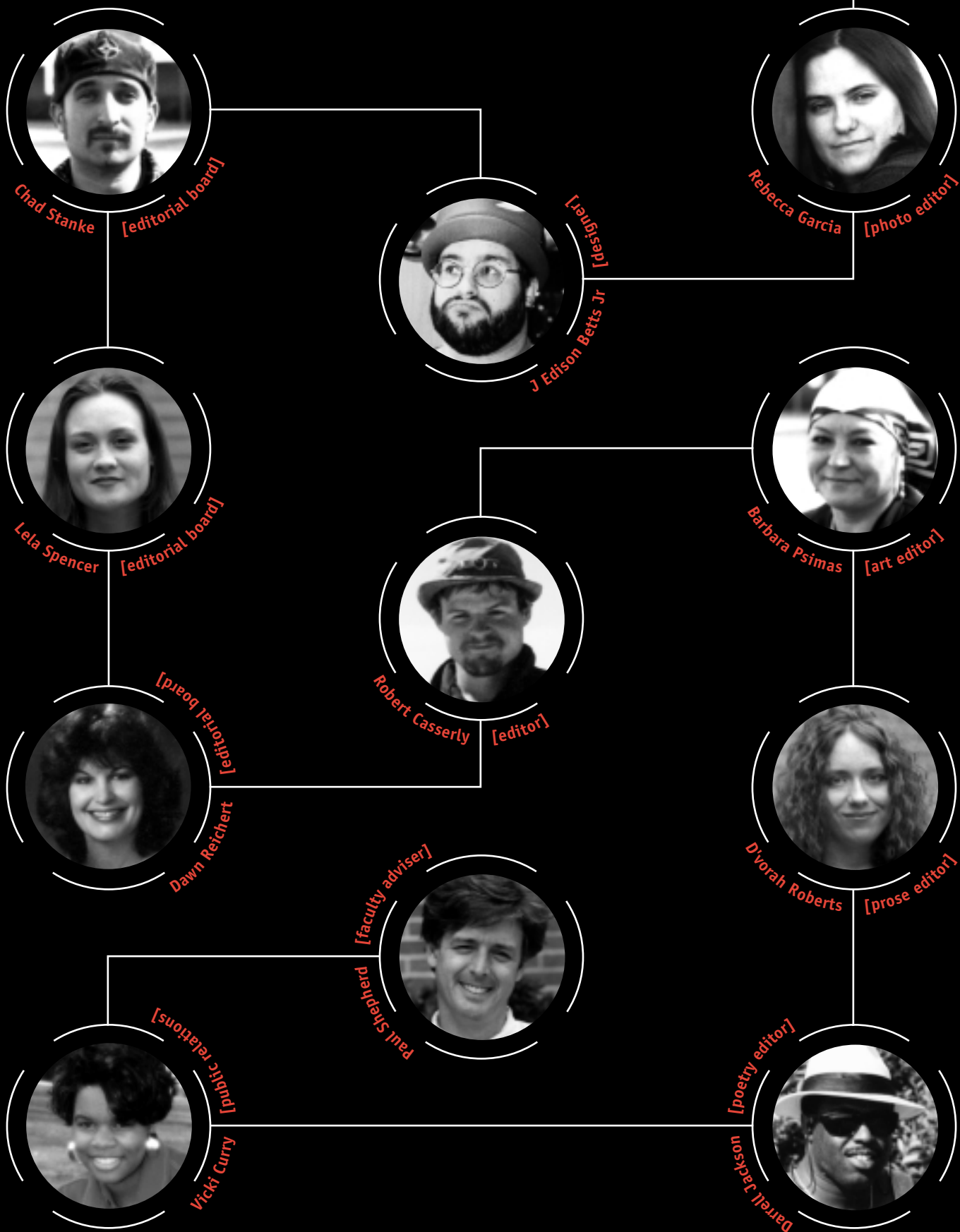
Light is light.
The dark is weak.
Shadows creep amongst
themselves.
They are getting darker
all the time.
A single photon emerges.
A thin beam of light follows
and the dark
recoils.
When comfortable shade
formed into pitch black,
nothing
seemed powerful.
Confounded by the smallest
twinkle of light.

Brian Kitchens



Eric Morgan ♦ "Roosevelt" ♦ 8"x 10" ♦ b&w photography

contest winner



THE 1997 EYRIE STAFF WOULD LIKE TO DEDICATE
THIS ISSUE TO DR. SAM CUNNINGHAM,
WHO FROM THE BEGINNING HAS WORKED
TO MAKE EYRIE A PART OF LIFE AT TCC.

Appreciations to:

Dr. T.K. Wetherell
JoAnne DeShazier
Doris Mason
Faye Sanders
Catherine Reid
Dr. Ginny Grimsley
Durra-Print
Barbara Edwards
Francoise Baudion d'Ajoux
Alan Merickel
Leo Slaton
Robert Dean
*and the irreplaceable Libby Timms,
for always finding the answer*

College Policy on Student Publications

The position of Tallahassee Community College regarding student publications emanates from the College's philosophy:

The College believes that the principles of individual dignity and worth and the obligation to contribute to the general welfare are enhanced when each person is given free access to differing and competing views. Through this process, the individual can recognize truth and develop the ability to choose wisely (TCC Faculty Handbook, 1-1.00).

In that light, the College considers student publications an important forum for student expression and supports the right of students to express and publish their own viewpoints.

The primary responsibility of the College with regard to student publications is to provide instruction and leadership to assist students in learning responsible journalism. Ultimately, however, all opinions expressed or implied are those of the student editors, staff, and contributors.

how we did it

This year Eyrie took on a new, high-tech look. This represents a departure from previous years when the magazine carried a more naturalistic or literary face. And in changing our image, we carefully picked and chose everything from the overall design to typefaces. Here's how we made Eyrie...

The design and layout was done entirely on a Power Macintosh 7500 (upgraded to Apple's awesome 604 RISC chip running at 132 MHz) with 80MBs of RAM, dual 17" and 21" monitors (an AppleVision 1710 and a Mitsubishi Dimontron respectively) powered by the built-in video hardware and a Radius Thunder 1700 video board and running System 7.6 (using from 10.5 to 13MBs of RAM). All in all, a fairly impressive beginning.

Photography was scanned on a LaCie Silverscanner III while other artwork (paintings, drawings, etc.) was shot and scanned from film outside our offices and then transferred back to us via CD-ROM.

Eventually, all files were transferred to a 1GB Iomega jaz drive, and everything was reassembled. The average disk consumption ranged from about 500MBs to 676MBs. The remaining space served as an excellent scratch disk for Photoshop.

Proofs were printed on a Epson Stylus Pro XL using an ethernet card and Birmy PowerRIP.

The copy for Eyrie was input in ClarisWorks 4.0 running under 20MBs. All the artwork was sized, cropped and color corrected in Adobe Photoshop 4.0 running under 40MBs of RAM, and then saved as TIFFs using LZW compression. The cover design and some of the interior design, specifically that of a liner motif, was created in Adobe Illustrator 6.0 running under 25MBs of RAM. Finally, all the components were assembled in QuarkXPress 3.32 running under 35MBs of RAM. All software was PowerMac native.

The typefaces were chosen for their character and readability. The body type is the ever elegant Garamond Book Condensed (appearing at 10 pt), chosen for its unsurpassed readability. The page titles and numbers, as well as the face appearing on the cover and second page is the rapier Narrowband Prime (appearing in a variety of sizes), chosen for its distinctive, high-tech look. Finally, titles, cutlines and bylines were cast in the distinguished Officina Sans Book and Bold typeface (appearing at 24 pt), chosen for its clean, modern lines.

All body copy was set with a ragged right on a locked baseline of 10pt. with hyphenation disabled. In most instances, a margin of 1.5" is maintained throughout Eyrie. Page titles and numbers are aligned to the outer margins and sit .25" from the top or bottom edge. Full bleed printing was available throughout Eyrie, however full bleeds were only used on black pages or, rarely, to bleed a piece of artwork off the outer page edge. Artwork was never bled to the inner edges. In the instances where artwork was bled off the page, no more than .0125" of the image's outermost edge was allowed to bleed, and every effort was made to maintain the integrity of the image. A hotly contested subject, our ellipses consist of three consecutive periods with no intervening spaces, but with a tracking of +20/1000. of an 'm'.

We choose to set most art on black pages in an effort to focus the viewer's attention inward. It's a feature we've not yet seen in any other publication, but we think it works and embrace it. On rare occasions, a piece of art was left on white, usually when the work had indistinct edges and extensive white space within it.

The linear design of Eyrie is enhanced with open forms. Never are circles or squares fully closed. The open form engages the mind and creates a stronger design. What's more, the open form is reminiscent of an open mind, a necessary ingredient in all art.

Eyrie was printed on recycled paper. We chose a fleck stock to liven up the pages without overwhelming the reader. The colors: red, black and silver were chosen because of their impact and energy. Except for the eight full-color pages (printed on a coated, non-recycled stock) appearing in the center, the entire interior of the magazine was printed in two colors: black and PMS Red 032. The cover was printed on an enamel stock in three colors: black, PMS Red 032 and PMS 877 (silver).

Except for the initial film scanning of eight color photos, Eyrie is 100% student produced.

No effort was spared in this endeavor.

J. Edison Betts, Jr.

If you've gotten this far, you deserve to know what the binaries on the cover mean. The left, top and right codes correspond to specific ASCII characters, spelling out TCC. The bottom number is 97.

Tallahassee Community College