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### The Mockingbird

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# MOCKING



# MOCKING BIRD

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**MOCKINGBIRD** Vol. 20, Spring 1994.  
The Art & Literary Magazine of East Tennessee State University. Founded in 1974. All currently enrolled students were invited to submit original works of poetry, fiction, nonfiction, photography, graphic design/computer art, and drawing/printmaking. 500 copies printed. Works submitted for consideration in this year's Mockingbird were ranked by the editors, the staff, and our advisors; the best entries were then sent to judges, who picked the top three winners in each category. Also included are several works of merit.

MOCKING



19

BIRD

94



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### EDITOR'S MESSAGE

When a member of Napoleon's army discovered the Rosetta Stone some two hundred years ago in Egypt, no one was quite certain of its importance. In fact, it took scholars twenty years to decipher the hidden mysteries of the stone tablet, whose three parallel inscriptions not only show perfectly the synthesis of art and language, but also hold the key to an ancient culture.

It is from this retrospective framework that we celebrate *Mockingbird's* twentieth anniversary issue, as it continues to record the creative expressions of student writers and artists at E.T.S.U. Since the first issue of *Mockingbird* in 1974, technology has literally revolutionized communication. Despite this rapid change, the longevity of this art and literary publication attests to its continued importance as an outlet for aesthetic impressions of our world.

Works submitted for consideration in this year's *Mockingbird* were ranked by the editors, the staff, and our advisors; the best entries were then sent to judges, who picked the top three winners in each category. Also included are several works of merit.

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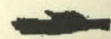
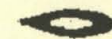
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I would also like to express my gratitude to the following individuals, whose contributions to *Mockingbird '94* have been invaluable: the art and literary staffs; the judges; Dr. Styron Harris, Ruth Tapp, Deanna Bryant, Fred Sauceman, and Sally Shelburne; and, especially, faculty advisors Dr. Roberta Herrin and M. Wayne Dyer. Special thanks also to the Friends of the Reece Museum for providing prize money for drawing and photography from the Paul Whitaker Memorial Award, and to the E.T.S.U. Foundation for providing literary prize money.

"Gaze kindly on her maiden flight," wrote first editor, Kay Gregory, of *Mockingbird's* premiere in 1974. Now, two decades later, I hope the creative spirit *Mockingbird* embodies will live on. Just as those ancient hieroglyphics etched in stone represent the diversity of communication, may the pages of *Mockingbird '94* reveal the eclectic records of our minds.

Steve Simmerman  
Editor-in-Chief





*Berry Picking, photography  
Penny Kuhn*



• FICTION •  
**CONTROL**

I

As soon as Harmony opened the door, she realized something was wrong. William looked at her, his green eyes more intense than usual as he stood with his feet pointed inward and almost touching while one hand massaged the back of his neck. A distinct, mottled redness covered his throat and served as a flag signaling nervousness, anger or excitement. Harmony knew he had something to tell her; she had something to tell him too.

"What's the matter, Will?" she said. "I wasn't expecting you for dinner for another three hours."

William heaved a sigh. "I got laid off." Trying not to appear too upset, he shrugged and feigned a smile. He hated to lose control. To overcome his crisis, William had already given himself a mental pep talk, reassuring himself that depression and anxiety were counterproductive. Besides, his savings and unemployment compensation would tide him over for months.

Harmony's eyes opened wide as her lips parted slightly. "What happened?" she said, unable to suppress a tremble that shook her whole body. She looked away across the room, distracted, and pretended to be absorbed by William's news.

Closing the door behind him, William entered Harmony's apartment and let his overnight bag slide off his shoulder to the floor as he sat down beside it to remove his muddy boots and perspiration-soaked T-shirt. "Atlanta's going through a building slow down. Nobody needs to do much geotechnical work right now, so who wants a geologist?"

Harmony stooped to pick up William's clothing, and as she stood, he got to his feet as well and leaned over enough to kiss her lightly on the lips. "Is that the best you can do?" she chided him. "I want a real kiss."

"Wait till I get out of the shower," he said, and picking up his bag, William walked with it across the living room and down the hallway to the bathroom.

Suddenly, Harmony realized she had forgotten to clean off the bathroom counter. Moments before William arrived she had completed the test and left everything where it was so she could answer the door, never thinking it might be William. When he entered the bathroom and shut

the door, Harmony did not move, waiting for the inevitable. Perhaps ten seconds passed before the door opened and William reappeared. Between the thumb and forefinger of one hand he held a white plastic stick with a blue tip.

"Harmony, what's this?" William said as he made his way toward her.

Harmony began to tremble visibly, and her lower lip quivered. Tears would soon follow. She could not meet his eyes. "I'm pregnant, Will!" she burst out.

William's ruddy complexion flushed over white, and he was briefly speechless, stunned and angry that his and Harmony's careless passion had led them to this chaotic moment. His mind raced and he struggled to remain calm. He pulled Harmony to him and held her, stroking her dark brown hair. "Hey, how accurate can these home test kits be? It's probably wrong."

"That's the second one I've taken," she admitted. "I took the other one two days ago. Besides, they've always been right before when the test results were negative."

"Are you sure? The stick doesn't look very blue."

"I checked it with the chart that comes with it."

"Let me see it."

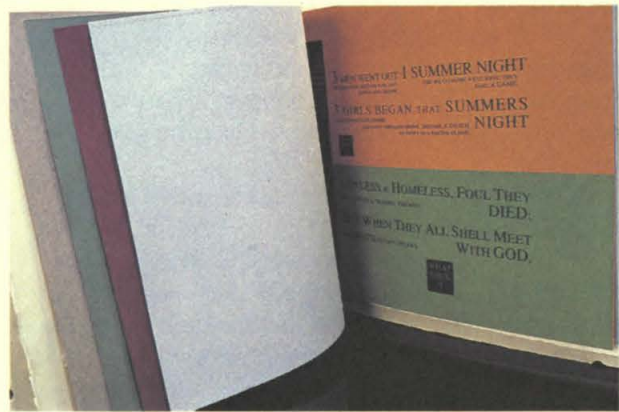
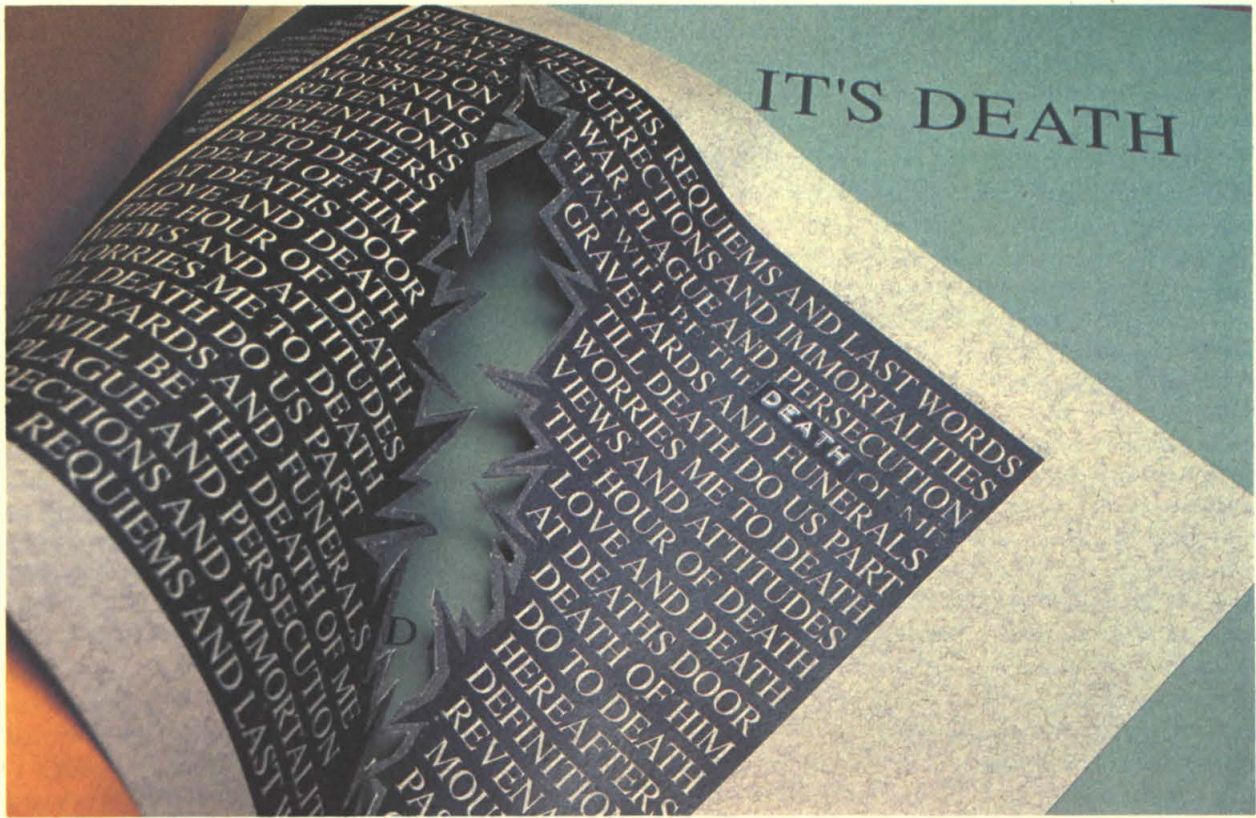
Harmony preceded William to the bathroom and retrieved the kit's directions from the wastebasket. William took them from her and compared the end of the stick with the chart, finding the two to be a perfect match. A hand came up to his face. He was unsure what to say or do next. When the hand came away, he still seemed doubtful though concerned:

"If this is right, can you guess how far along you are?"

"I'm not sure. My periods are so irregular. It's been about four months since I last had one."

William crossed his eyes and pursed his lips—for him, an expression of bewilderment. "I can't believe this!" he exploded. "We can't afford a kid! Neither of us is ready for one anyway. And abortions aren't cheap either. And if you don't get one, it'll mess up our lives—ruin all my plans. What in the hell are we supposed to do? It would take years to get on our feet financially. And I sure won't be able to afford to send you back to school anytime soon." William closed his eyes and put a hand to his temple, massaging it deeply. Harmony could see his jaw clenching and unclenching, hear his labored breathing. "This sucks!" he snarled between clenched teeth. "This is a bunch of shit!"

Harmony glared at her engagement ring and began to twist it around on her finger. "Mom's already ordered my wedding dress anyway and it can't be altered. She'll kill me if I can't fit into it. It's an eight-hundred-dollar dress."



*The Book of Death, graphics/ computer art  
Randy Gentry*



"I can't stand the thought of your having to go through with one," William said as he turned and went through the dining room into the kitchen. "Have you ever known anyone who's had one?"

"Yes, I've known some girls. Abortions aren't particularly pleasant from what I hear," Harmony said, not wanting to think about it. She followed William, wiping her eyes as she tried to put her growing fears out of her head.

William pulled out the Yellow Pages from a kitchen drawer and flipped quickly to the proper section. Finding the number of a clinic close by, he called and made an appointment for Harmony early the following day for a pelvic examination.

## II

William scanned the waiting room as subtly as a movie spy watches someone while pretending to read a book or a newspaper. He fidgeted in his chair, unable to sit in one position for more than a few seconds at a time. The only other person in the clinic's cramped waiting room sat across from him on a worn vinyl couch. He appeared to be engrossed in a year-old magazine and seemed to take no notice of William as he studied this other man's face, no older than his own, searching for some indication of what he might be thinking. Was he waiting for someone undergoing an abortion? William wanted to say something but could not think of anything, their one indisputable commonality not a subject he could openly discuss. In his breast pocket he felt a few pamphlets which he had already read and which were graphic in their detail of an abortion, something he preferred not to know.

A door opened and Harmony emerged from the dark hallway that led to the various examination and operating rooms. "That didn't take long," he said, trying to smile as he rose to his feet.

"Yeah," she mumbled, indignant as she moved toward the door.

Outside, Harmony walked swiftly to the car, and William walked equally fast, eager for information: "Well? What did they tell you?" He pulled out his keys and opened the car door for her.

Harmony started to answer him, then decided she wanted to get home. "Get in first," she said, and afterward, as soon as William moved the car into traffic, she told him the little there was to tell: "The doctor estimated I was somewhere around eight or nine weeks pregnant, but he said I need to check with my gynecologist and have a sonogram made to be sure because I have an inverted uterus."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning, it tilts backward instead of forward, which makes it difficult to tell how far along I am. Also, it didn't help that I couldn't tell

him when my last period was. So, until I have some confirmation from my GYN, Will, I can't even legally have an abortion."

Following this brief discussion, the two said little more as they drove to Harmony's apartment: William contemplated what they would do if Harmony couldn't have the abortion, and Harmony sorted through feelings of confusion and helplessness.

Only four years before when eighteen and still living with her parents, Harmony had longed for the freedom to make her own decisions and to be self-sufficient. Now, she felt only the desire to lay her head in her mother's lap and unload her problems and fears onto her mother's shoulders. If just for this, Harmony wanted to be a child again, to feel that old security—freedom from responsibility. She wanted nothing more than to reject it, give it away like something tangible, and let someone else worry for her. When she considered her predicament, she realized how contrary her feelings and actions were with the notions she held of herself. Often in the past four years, Harmony surprised herself by her own unpredictability, as though her life and she were two separate entities.

Much of what happened to her or how she behaved seemed so irreconcilable with what she had once imagined about herself. At eighteen, she (and her friends) saw her as destined to become a career-minded businesswoman, no time for marriage or a family. And like many young girls, at one time she also thought she would save herself for the man she married (if she married) but abandoned this ideal just a year later when she gave herself to her then boyfriend, whom she thought she would marry. More visions of the woman she believed she was crumbled when she realized she did not have the drive necessary to complete her bachelor's degree, and so, she dropped out of college in her third year. Ever since, she had been a sales clerk in a department store, a position she feared would lead her nowhere, a problem William planned to rectify by working to send Harmony back to school to earn a degree. But she realized from experience that she would never be a good student or exceptionally ambitious. Harmony wanted William and was not sure about anything else. For now, that seemed enough.

## III

When the receptionist called Harmony's name, she and William stood together, and a nurse ushered the two through an open door, leading them down a clean, white corridor to an examination room. Once inside, as the nurse pulled on a pair of vinyl gloves, she told Harmony to disrobe behind a curtain and to put on a paper gown. Afterward, Harmony lifted herself onto the examination table and lay down. As soon as

Harmony settled herself, without a word, the nurse slipped a hand under Harmony's gown and smeared an oily substance on her lower abdomen. Disturbed and embarrassed by the unwelcome hand, Harmony looked sidelong at William, knowing he would read the discomfort in her eyes.

Absorbed in her work, the nurse noticed nothing of Harmony's uneasiness, and with her free hand she flipped the switch on the ultrasound monitor. Next, she placed a sound transmitter against Harmony's abdomen and moved it about slowly while sound waves bounced against the inside of Harmony's uterus, revealing the developing child that lay there.

"Are you hoping for a boy or a girl?" the nurse asked, making conversation while watching the image on the monitor.

An awkward silence prevailed for several seconds until Harmony announced, "Either one is fine with us."

William said nothing and feigned intense interest in the monitor, although the shadowy, green silhouette on it looked like little of anything to him. At last the nurse identified the fetus by tracing it with her finger and pinpointed the child's head and feet so that the system calibrated it to be aged ten-and-a-half weeks. Upon hearing this news, William breathed an unheard sigh of relief, thankful that it could still be legally aborted.

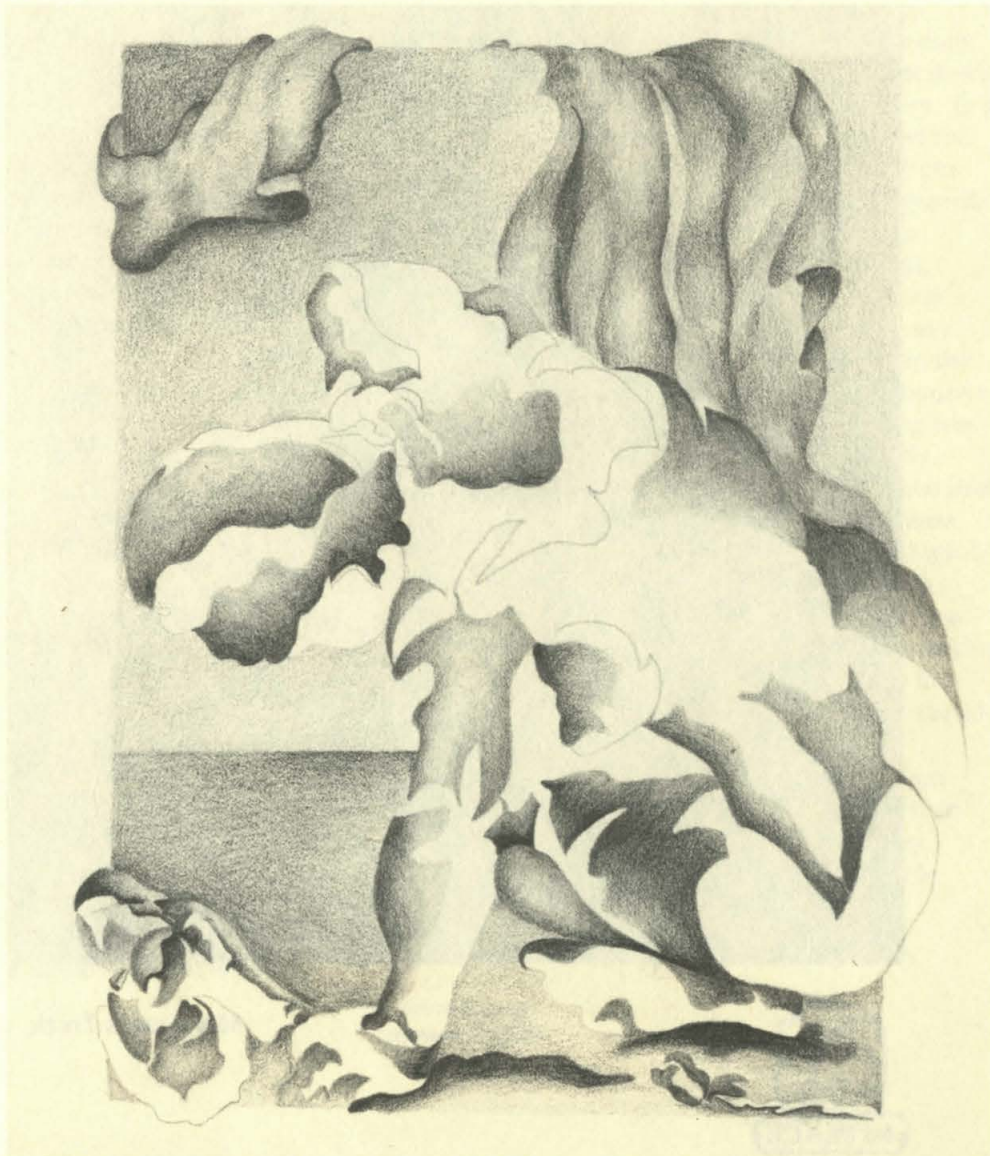
Once the nurse showed them the child's head, William had no trouble recognizing it for what it was; he could even see a budding ear, and with help, the beginnings of eyes. He also noted something else: "What's that little blip on the screen?"

"The baby's heart," the nurse informed him, and William viewed the spot in dumbfounded amazement.

Still watching the spot, he took hold of one of Harmony's hands and squeezed it. Stealing a glance at her, he saw that she was absorbed with the image on the monitor. Her lower lip trembled almost imperceptibly, and her eyes were open wide. Perhaps sensing William's gaze, Harmony's eyes darted up to his but seemed to look through him, and he could imagine what she must be thinking.

William swallowed hard then turned to view the monitor once more, and as he did, the fetus's tiny hand went up briefly, moving back and forth several times before sinking down once again. When it did, William smiled and Harmony laughed in amazement, afterwards commenting: "It looked just like the baby was waving at us."

Suddenly, William felt a shortness of breath, and for the first time, he regretted his and



*Contour Figure, drawing  
Jennifer Corbett*



*Maryland's Truth, drawing/printmaking*  
Shawn Grimes

Harmony's uncontrolled passion for the child's sake because of its impending fate. The pamphlets he had read in the clinic came to mind: this flowering human, small enough to fit in an open palm a hand the size of a fingernail that only moments before waved at them a thumping heart flashing in his eyes like a mesmerizing strobe tiny limbs being torn to pieces by a vacuum which would suck it out of Harmony the remains ground up in a disposal. William's stomach churned in knots and he steadied himself against the examination table. Fighting these disturbing images, he tried to push them from his mind, now gravely distressed that he had come with Harmony This thing, this nuisance inside of Harmony had evolved into something more than he wanted it to be, and bitterly, he accepted the ultrasound picture the nurse offered him of his unborn child.

#### IV

Hurriedly, the two drove from the doctor's office to the clinic to keep their appointment, William having made it in advance on the assumption that the pregnancy could be aborted. After parking the car, the two got out and moved across the lot toward the clinic.

As they walked, Harmony's face lost all expression, her usually bright eyes staring at the brown brick building with its barred windows and the surrounding fence fortified with barbed wire. She shuddered and tightly gripped the loose sleeve material of William's sweatshirt. William held her and could feel the rigidity of Harmony's body and the tremors that shook her as she moved ever so slowly toward the building, leading the way and setting their pace. As the two neared the corner of the building closest to the entrance, Harmony stopped, swallowing hard. She couldn't look at William but still she found her voice: "I can't go in there, Will. I can't live with myself if I go through with this."

William felt a quickening of his pulse. Desperate, he fumbled for some excuse to change Harmony's mind: "We'll make another baby one day when we have more money—when we're

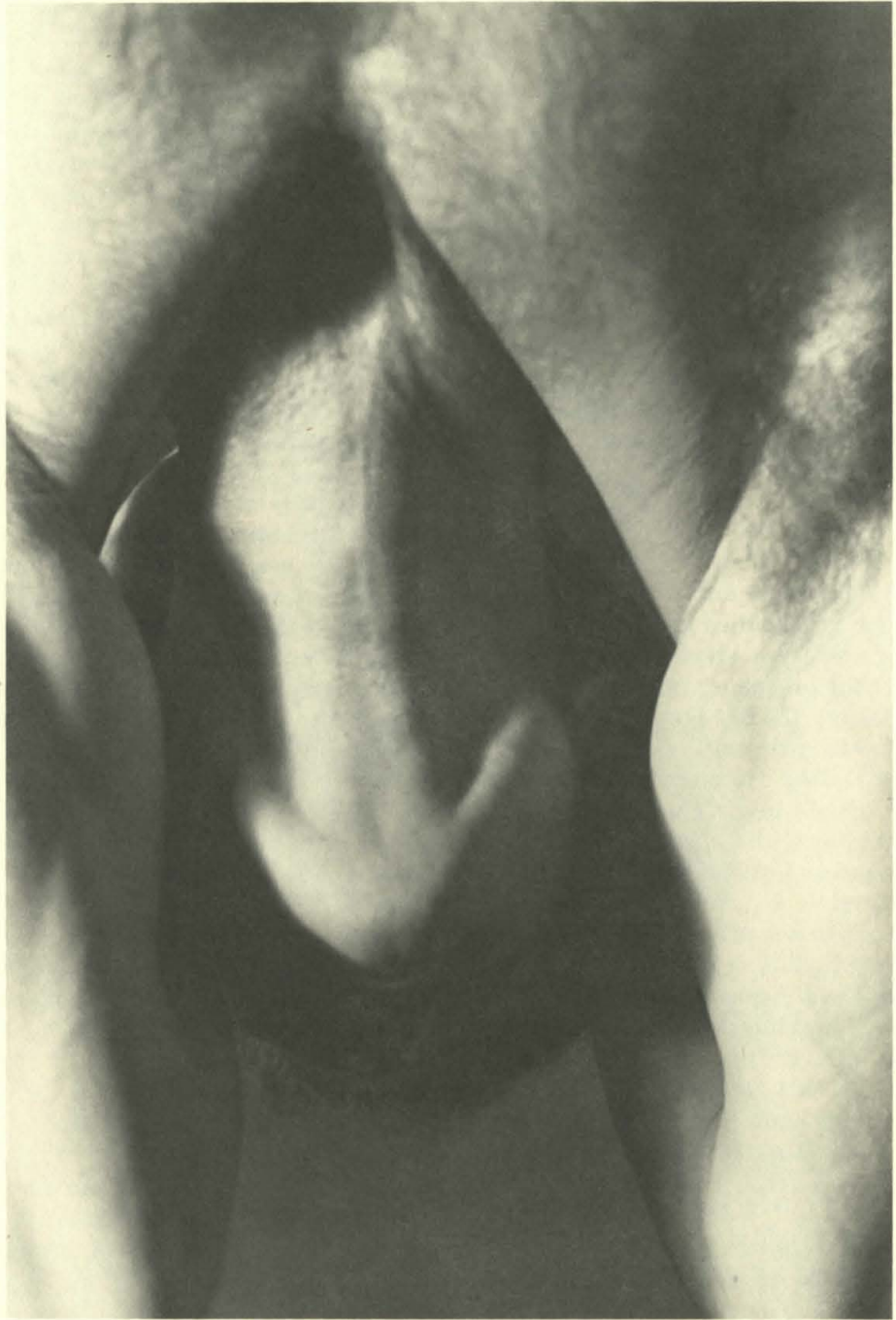
ready " He turned Harmony toward him, putting one hand on each of her shoulders and trying to soothe her as he moved his hands up and down her arms, which hung limply at her sides.

She refused to look at him, her eyes cast downward at her shoes, not seeing them, not seeing anything but the blur of her own tears. "But I want this baby I love you, Will. It might be different if I didn't, but I do. And we're going to get married anyway."

William turned his face into a light, refreshing breeze. What can I do?, he wondered, feeling impotent. Nothing seemed within his control anymore. Aware of his powerlessness, emotion overcame him as Harmony's words touched that part of his heart so susceptible to sentimentality A bittersweet pain swelled within him, and his lips tightened and the ends went down as they did whenever he felt as if he would cry In a vision that abruptly came to him, he imagined the exemplary and lifelong home he longed for from the day his own family splintered when his parents divorced. Light-hearted and caught up in the passion and dramatic romance of the moment, William took a deep breath and lifted Harmony's chin with one finger. "I know," he said, and in a flash of *déjà vu*, he imagined himself as Rick in the climactic scene from *Casablanca* as he says goodbye to Ilsa—the perfect moment. "The same thing has occurred to me." He sighed and stood silently, looking into Harmony's eyes, remembering the first time he had seen them. A self-satisfied euphoria rose in his chest; life seemed good and meaningful. "What'll it matter in twenty years anyway?" he heard himself say flippantly "We'll survive," he said, following it a few seconds later with a faltering "somehow " And as he said it, the emotions that had gripped him only moments before were already waning.

Smiling passively at Harmony, William pulled her to him and then turned her away from the clinic, leading her back to the car As they walked, a tremor of fear shot through him. He wished he knew if they had made the right decision.

—Scott Keeton  
graduate/English



*Envy, photography  
Andy Reynolds*



• POETRY •  
**MICROCOSM**

Hastily  
the man crosses the park grounds  
stopping  
at each receptacle—  
In an incessant  
triangular treasure  
hunt  
he rummages  
through sustaining refuse  
elated by a bag of  
stale popcorn  
sucked  
out of his hand  
as he treks onward—  
At the next canister  
he finds a warm  
Coke  
purchased and  
discarded  
after a few sips—  
Deftly  
he plucks out  
a drowned beetle  
and swallows  
the cup's contents  
with a toss  
to the back of his throat—  
Flinging  
his burden aside he  
slows  
snuffles snot  
then launches  
a phlegm projectile  
and quickly regains his former  
gait—  
Intense  
in his quest for survival  
he is oblivious  
of people  
picnicking  
children playing  
and the witness  
bewildered by  
an irrational race  
going nowhere

—Scott Keeton  
graduate/English



• FICTION •  
**EREMINA**

My arms ache as I dig the paddle into the dirty water. Over and over I dig, pull, dig, pull, with the claws of the sun pinching the back of my neck. Andy whoops and hollers to the black boys racing us on the shore.

"Faster, Ruth, they're beating us!" he shouts at me.

"Andrew I can't! This paddle's too heavy," I gasp at him. The boat wobbles and flops like a speared fish.

"C'mon! C'mon!" His voice cracks as he screeches to me. "Faster, Ruth, paddle faster!"

He groans as their naked bodies disappear into the jungle. "Oh forget it. They'll be in the village before we even pass the bird tree. Three years and you still haven't got the hang of it. Let me take over."

The dugout totters as he shuffles to the back. I duck under him and inch toward the middle. The muscles in his skinny arms quiver as he straightens the canoe, gliding it across the water and leaving a lopsided V behind us. He's much better at this than I am, even if he is two and a half years younger than I. A breeze rustles the fan trees, making them click and clack.

"Hey Ruth, let's jump in," Andy says, stripping off his shirt.

"Okay Lucky I wore my swimsuit under this." I pull my hair back into a ponytail and untie my wraparound skirt. I look around to make sure there's no one looking and jump into the brown water. Its coolness is a shock to my burning skin.

Andy does a cannonball right beside me. I laugh and swim to the boat drifting away from us. I grab its rope and swim back to Andy. I flop over on my back and float, staring at my white toes.

"Whew! This feels good," Andy says. "I sure hope we live near a pool when we get back to the States. I think I'd die without a good swim once in awhile. Got to practice my cannonballs."

"Andy," my voice sounds hollow with my ears in the water, "what do you think about moving back to the States?"

He shrugs. "I dunno. Haven't thought much about it. Just hope I can swim and eat ice cream a lot. Hey look!" He points as a flock of shrieking parrots fill the sky with their lime-greens and reds. "Been trying to catch one of those since we got here. They fly too high. Guess I won't get a pet parrot here now." He scowls at the sky, then at me. "Are you still worryin' about going back there? You worry too much about things Ruth."

He's right. I do. Maybe it's because I'm a girl. I look at magazines Grandma sends from home. I'm the same age as those girls in there, but I'm different. I don't wear makeup. My mother says that makeup would only melt after fifteen minutes in this heat and anyway what do I need makeup for with this complexion.

Andy says, "I've got to go see Yeri. Mom stepped on my last arrow. Split it right in two. And then she charged me fifty cents for leaving it lying around. It was my best one—had a feather, sharp as a knife."

I try to ignore him. It seems like that's all he thinks about—arrows, knives, canoes. When we first got here I used to swing on the vines, but I don't much now. I'm not allowed to wear shorts anymore because my mom says it's bad for a woman to show the shape of her thighs here. Even though I'm not a woman yet and anyway it's okay in the States. I hate trying to climb trees, worrying if the boys can see up my skirt. And while Andy can run bare-chested through the trees, I have to wear a hot scratchy bra under my blouse. The Dani girls my age are too busy to play much.

Like Eremina. She's thirteen too, but she watches all her brothers and sisters and chops greens and carries sweet potatoes from the garden.

Yeah, Andy would worry plenty if he were a girl.

He scampers into the boat and then leans on the other side while I pull myself up into it. I grab for my skirt and tie it around me real quick before anyone else sees me. Andy picks up the paddle and starts to steer us towards the Dani village. We pass the bird tree, with all the shrieking birds that scatter when we glide past. I try to fix my wet stringy hair, but give up. It will be dry soon anyway, in the sun. Finally we see the thatched huts and smell the overwhelming smoke of cooking fires. Andy slides the canoe into the slippy mud and leaps out. "You comin'?"

"Okay." I swipe at the mud on my feet and slip into flip-flops. The hill to the village is steep and muddy. Andy scrambles up while I pull myself with roots and vines.

I don't even know which hut Yeri lives in. He's never in it.

"Ayeeee. Selamat sore, Andy!" The tall black boy runs up and hugs Andy. He just saw him yesterday, but he really loves Andy. My brother keeps him in business, buying the arrows and paddles Yeri carves with a pocketknife.

"Selamat sore, Yeri. Baggaimana?" I ask him. He's fine and his teeth take up his whole face. I smile and leave them to barter with their grunts and hand motions.

I wander down the path to find Eremina. Little kids point at me and laugh and follow me, as they always do. I know they are trying to walk like me—straight and bobbing. Like a warrior, they say

It is because I don't carry a bag of sweet potatoes on my head. Their mamas squat over cooking pots beside the huts and a few of them yell at the children to stop being silly and leave me alone. The children scatter, shrieking and giggling, into the jungle.

Eremina is black. Not chocolate-bar-brown like Ladonna in my fifth grade in the States. Eremina is dark and sun-baked. She always smiles and laughs at everything I say, even though she can't understand my "Orang Putih"-white-man talk. She is my age though and I wish I could talk to her better. I want to ask her if she likes pretty clothes and if she likes any of the village boys and does she wish she could read.

I love to read. I imagine myself out of the jungle, into a school dance where I wear a fluffy dress and lipstick. Sometimes I shop in luxurious stores, or go to see movies, or hang out at hamburger shops, in my books. My mom says they are silly stories about unrealistic teenagers, but I like them.

"Rrrrrruth. Selamat sore!" Eremina always rolls the *r* in my name and makes it sound exotic. And she always smiles this huge smile that lights up her whole black face.

I squat in the dirt beside her and watch her weave a nonken bag. It's bright—she likes bright colors. In and out she weaves the red and purple and green bark threads. It's pretty, I tell her. I separate her colors for her and hold them up. We do this a lot. Eremina laughs at me sometimes because my fingers are clumsy with the strings. I don't mind though, because it is fun. Her laugh begins in her stomach and then bursts through her lips, as she rocks back and forth saying my name and something I can't understand. She hums while she weaves, a tune so deep in her throat I can barely hear it.

I wonder if she's ever had any dolls. Before it is too late, I want her to have some dolls. I remember my box of paper dolls and decide to give her some of them.

I jump as her little brothers and sisters run in, jumping around and making whooping noises. "Jangan!" Eremina hisses at them. They see me and put their eyes down. She tugs on their shirts and pulls them down to cover their bottoms. I feel ashamed at my skirt and blouse. The children stick their fingers in their mouths and plop down on the dirt. I smile at them but they just stare

at their muddy toes.

I hear the hum of the generator and know I'm late for helping with dinner "I have to go, now, and you know eat." I pretend I am eating a banana. "Bye, Eremina." She smiles her twinkly smile at me.

"Mom, do you ever have to sift flour in the States? These bugs really gross me out." I've shaken the white powder all over myself and the floor around me.

"Nope. Flour's fresh there, hon. It's just too hot here to keep anything fresh for long." My mom's dress is soiled and sticks to her while she bumps around the kitchen. "Sweep up your mess. Don't want to feed all the roaches. Where's your brother?"

"Last time I saw him, he was buying more arrows from Yeri."

Mom sighs and plunks a dish of papaya on the table. "He's not going to have any spending money for the trip home. But I guess he doesn't have much longer to buy arrows from his friend." She turns the gas off and pulls the rice off the burner. She brushes her hand across her face and fills her glass with filtered water. "I'll be so glad to get out of this heat."

"Dad's coming," I say as I see him walking up the trail in his blue shirt and pants. He's flown to the highlands for vegetables today, so he's tired. His hair falls in his eyes and his shirt sticks to him. He kisses my mom and pulls my ponytail before going to take a cool shower in our tin stall.

Andy races in just as we are sitting down for dinner. "Hi, sorry I'm late. Found some new



*Angel on Wheels, drawing/printmaking*  
Carol Norman



vines with Yeri and they are great and one swings out over this drop-off and if you let go, you'll fall hundreds of feet to your death on these jagged tree stumps—and, oh yeah, Yeri asked me if I wanted to go hunting with the men tomorrow—can I go?"

"Wash your hands, please," my mom smiles. "We'll talk about it when you sit down."

After prayer, I ask Dad if he is happy we're leaving the lake. He takes a deep breath and says no, but he thinks it is the best thing for all of us. It is a good time to start school in the States and he thinks it is what God wants us to do. A new pilot will take Dad's place, someone without any children in school.

Andy slides in and shovels rice into his mouth. "Well, since we're on the subject, can we have Big Macs and strawberries and soft ice cream for our first meal in the States, Dad?"

My Dad laughs and tousles Andy's hair. "Yeah, okay"

Mom hands Andy his napkin, frowning. "Andy, you know better. Napkin on lap, chew slowly. Remember what I said, practice for Grandma and Grandpa."

I can't finish my fruit.

It's dark out now and a cool breeze blows through the screen windows that surround the room. After clearing the dishes, I go to my room to look at the new catalogue. Before bed, I pull out my box of paper dolls. I don't really play with them anymore, but maybe Eremina would like to see them. I lay the box on the basket beside my bed.

When the generator turns off, I climb into bed with a flashlight. I lie awake listening to the Danis whoop and holler at each other from their dugouts. The birds caw melancholy goodnights to each other and the lake laps at our canoe, making a thumping sound against our rickety dock. I remember the cars in the city, honking at each other all night. The electricity never goes out there and restaurants stay open until late.

The sleepy, quiet mornings of the city where everybody stays up late are sure different from my home here. Morning is nice in the jungle. Before it is even light, the birds are wild and shrieking and it sounds busy, even though we are hundreds of miles from cars. It's cool for awhile and my dress isn't sweaty and sticky yet.

In the kitchen, Mom is already busy with our househelp, soaking greens and sifting flour. "Tomi told me something special today, Ruth." She looks at me as I munch on a banana. "Your friend, Eremina, has been promised to a boy from a Dani

tribe in the highlands. She'll be getting married soon." The fruit feels like mud in my throat and I stare at her.

"But she's too young, that can't be true, she's my age!" I protest. My mom tells me that this is a different culture. That here the girls get married much younger than we do in the States, but I can't listen to her. I run to my room. Eremina is going to cook and garden and make nonkens and laugh with other women during her chores. She'll have babies and carry them in her net-bag on her head. She'll laugh at all her hard work and never know what it's like to dress up and go to a prom.

I think of my mother, busy in the kitchen with Tomi, sifting flour and doing our laundry. She is happy, and humming her favorite hymn, "Great Is Thy Faithfulness." She chatters between hums to Tomi. In the States she will go to the grocery store, instead of buying fruit and vegetables from the Danis.

I look in the mirror Dad put up for me by my bed. My eyes do look a lot like my mom's. Dad says that I am almost as good a cook as she is already, because she is such a good teacher.

I stare at a red dress with huge pink daisies on it. It isn't fluffy, to wear with nylons and lipstick, but it is bright and happy. I fold it and look at my paper dolls sitting on the basket. I turn and walk through the kitchen and tell Mom I'm going for a walk.

She is walking down the path carrying sweet potatoes in her nonken. "Selamat pagi, Rrrrruth," she says with that big smile.

"Hi, Eremina." I try to tell her I'm happy about the wedding. Congratulations. All that stuff. But I feel silly and clumsy and I don't want her to laugh at me this time. I shove the dress at her.

"Here you can have this. It's bright red. Merah." She smiles and touches the dress. "For you, Eremina." I thrust the dress at her and she holds it carefully. She smiles and jabbars at me. I turn and walk. Straight and bobbing like a warrior, I walk up the path to my house.

I sneak back into my room and shut the door quietly. The paper dolls smile their red and pink smiles at me while I wrap them in a bag and throw them into my trash basket. I get out the catalogue and see what dress I will buy for my first dance, back where I belong.

—Robin Ferguson  
senior/English



*Corporate Daycare, graphics/computer art  
Annie Cicale*



*Doll House, photography  
Christy McCulloch*

• POETRY •  
THE YOUNG LIONS

I saw my generation  
running through fields,  
proclaiming themselves to be gods,  
reincarnations of Shakespeare, Wordsworth,  
Coleridge,  
and Whitman.

I saw them proclaim Dionysius and the Muses as  
the gods of gods.

I saw my generation  
on top of the hill  
creating.

I saw them having Blakean visions.

I saw my generation  
not caring whether these visions  
were real, illusion, or allusion.

I saw them.  
I saw the young lions.

—Jack Skeen  
*graduate/English*



*Mushrooms and Troll, photography  
Randy Gentry*





• NON-FICTION •  
**TEETH AND THE MAN:  
A BRONX MEMOIR**

In 1964, the Pelham Bay section of the Bronx was a tough place in which to grow up. Even though my family lived across the street from Our Lady of the Assumption Church and School, we learned the meanness of the streets early on.

In the public school nearby, it was rumored that third-graders pulled switchblades on each other. Students stole money from each other. Corruption was everywhere. Bars opened at 8:00 a.m., junkies stood in doorways of vacant buildings near the elevated subway, and men and women spat off the "El" platform, even though spitting was a punishable offense.

Kids grew up fast on the streets of Pelham Bay. Along with roller-skating and playing with yo-yo's, tops, chalk, and spray paint, kids started smoking cigarettes very early. At first they'd do it where no one could see them, but after a while they grew bolder and smoked in full view of everyone, daring anyone to try to stop them.

When I was an eight-year-old runt, my mother would give me a quarter on Saturday mornings for my weekly allowance. She said I was like a "sailor on payday" because I would immediately run down to Garber's Candy Store, which was a couple of blocks away, and buy as much candy and soda as twenty-five cents could buy. Garber's smelled like a printing press. It was full of newspapers and magazines of all kinds, some even in Italian and Spanish. Sometimes I'd notice Father Moore and Father O'Brien looking at girlie magazines. No one seemed surprised.

First, I'd go to the display case of penny candy. I thought Garber's must have the largest selection of candy in the whole wide world. I'd carefully select eighteen cents worth of a variety of penny candies, like red hot dollars, sugar babies, bazooka bubble gum, sweet tarts, rock candy, and taffy. Mel, the middle-aged, graying soda jerk without a thumb, would pick each piece of candy out as I pointed to the jar, and put it in a small paper bag. He'd hand me the bag with his thumbless hand and I'd hand him my quarter and wait for my seven cents in change. I'd watch Mel ring up my order on an ancient cash register, and I'd wonder what it would be like not to have a thumb. At first the thought of a thumbless man scared me, but I got used to it.

Having squandered most of my allowance on candy, I'd then squander the rest on soda. I'd sit

on one of the stools at the soda fountain, guarding my treasure-trove of candy for dear life. "Now, what'll it be, kid?" thumbless Mel would ask.

"I'll have an Egg Cream."

While Mel mixed up my soda, I looked at some of the toys that were for sale—Mr. Potato Head, Play-Doh, Chinese Checkers, tops, yo-yo's, hula hoops and pink Spalding balls. Garber's was a veritable paradise for a kid with a little money in his pocket and even for a kid with just twenty-five cents. Turning back to face Mel and my soda, I couldn't help but sneak a peek under the soda counter, where there was every kind of chewed-up gum imaginable. I thought about all the kids who must've sat there, putting gum under the counter; I added my chewed-up bazooka to the collection.

"That'll be seven cents, kid."

"Thanks, mister."

There are parts of growing up that I'd like to forget, but I'll never forget Garber's or Saturday mornings in the Bronx. They say "you can take the kid out of the Bronx, but you can't take the Bronx out of the kid."

They're right.

Unfortunately my Saturdays spent munching on gooey and sugary candy had consequences. My mother spent many an afternoon trudging to the dentist's office with my three siblings and me in tow. Today was no exception.

A damp, chill wind blew off the nearby Long Island Sound as my mother dutifully shepherded her fold of four reluctant children on that bleak November afternoon. We all wore our navy blue and white parochial school uniforms, and resembled a small army as we covered the eight-block journey that seemed more like a forced march than an afternoon outing. The dour faces of my siblings and myself seemed to say wordlessly, "We who are about to die salute you to the death, O Dr Setinbrini."

Mama had nothing but praise for the good doctor. After all, hadn't he extracted all her own teeth and fitted her with the dentures she now wore and cherished? She had nothing left to fear from Dr Setinbrini. She often boasted about how she started going to Dr Setinbrini when he was a very young man, just back from the war, still handsome in his uniform. She remarked how once in the service, Dr. Setinbrini had won a contest against two other Army dentists to see who could pull the most teeth in thirty minutes. She was one of the first civilian patients to patronize his practice after he had the good luck to acquire thirty-year-old electric equipment from a retiring dentist. It was a steal.

As our small troop reached the El, we stiffened. From Crosby Avenue it was only another two blocks to Westchester Avenue and the dreaded dentist's office.

"Aw, do we *have* to, Mama?" Bobby moaned.

"Take it like a man!" my mother replied. "You kids are so lucky I never had a chance to see a dentist when I was your age."

We walked under the El, past Jacob the tobacconist's shop, past Pinkey's, the piece goods store, past the black leather-clad teenage junkies who huddled in the doorways of vacant storefronts, and past Emilio's Famous Italian Bakery, which smelled like bread heaven. Finally, we reached the once-white, now dingy gray six-story apartment building which housed Dr. Setinbrini's establishment. Now there was no turning back.

Mama held the partly glass door open as her stair-step children filed up to the second floor in birth order: Diane, Denise, Bobby, and me, Ginger Mama, wearing black polyester stretch pants, a pink polyester turtle-neck sweater, and a fake-leather brown vinyl coat, brought up the rear. The hallway was dark, but still I could see the dirty marbled steps indented several inches in the middle, covered on each side with endless wads of used bubble gum from the mouths of countless children who'd met similar fates with Dr. Setinbrini. Even now we could hear the hated buzzing sound of the thirty-year-old electric drill as we approached a more antiseptic-smelling area.

We could also hear the humming of sewing machines from the sweatshop down the hall, where many of the local Italian women were employed. I understand why it was called a sweatshop, because even at this distance from the fifty hard-working sewing machines we could faintly smell the odor of human perspiration.

Once in Dr. Setinbrini's office, there was an uncomfortable silence. Mama registered our names with the receptionist, Mrs. Pecini, and we all took our seats among the other children awaiting their turns. Suddenly we heard the drill, which sounded like a chainsaw cutting through timber. We could see the silhouette of Dr. Setinbrini and his young victim sitting in the dentist's chair through the frosted glass windows which separated the waiting room from the work room. The acrid smell of the drill and silver and mercury cavity fillings wafted into the waiting room. Dr. Setinbrini's latest victim screamed as we watched the dentist continue to drill. Within no time, Dr. Setinbrini had the situation under control by placing his knee on the chest of his unfortunate victim to keep him from leaving the chair.

As we waited for what seemed like an eternity, I looked around the plain room adorned by a crucifix, a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and a couple of Norman Rockwell prints idealizing children and dentists. A couple of editions of *Bible Stories for Children* sat untouched on a small table. Dr. Setinbrini's receptionist, Mrs. Pecini, was a large matronly woman who looked very official in her starched-white uniform. She wore her bleached-blond hair teased up in a beehive style.

In the middle of Mrs. Pecini's desk stood a statue of the Infant of Prague, regally dressed in white lace and a red velvet cape. To me he was the prettiest thing to look at in the whole office. On the right side of Mrs. Pecini's desk sat a large apothecary jar full of every tooth Dr. Setinbrini had extracted in his years of practice. They came in all different sizes and most of them were yellow and brownish, and spoke for themselves. Such was the fate of unbrushed teeth. Mama's teeth must be among them, I thought to myself. On the left side of Mrs. Pecini's desk sat a rectangular plastic container full of a delightful array of little plastic fire trucks and the like. These were the rewards for good little boys and girls who visited the dentist and brushed their teeth.

As I greedily eyed the box containing the tiny treasures, a little boy of about nine who wore a burgundy and white St. Benedict's school uniform emerged from the work space, tear-streaked and rubbing his lower jaw. The boy's mother paid Mrs. Pecini, who held up the box of goodies for the boy to choose one. He stopped rubbing his jaw and chose a green plastic soldier. Satisfied, he and his mother left. I heard the boy asking, "Mama, can we go to the candy store now?"

With still a couple of patients before us, we Renners waited impatiently. Diane and Denise, my older sisters, started their math homework. My brother Bobby and I started having a foot fight between our big regulation navy blue oxfords. Bobby purposely stepped on my big toe, causing me to scream bloody murder.

"No fair! We're not supposed to really hurt each other. Mama, make him stop!"

Mama stood up, grabbing each of us by the wrist and squeezing tightly. "If you two don't stop right now, I'll tell Daddy when he gets home and he'll beat you with the strap."

That was enough to quiet us down.

Just then, Mrs. Pecini called out: "Mrs. Renner, which of your children would like to go first?"

"Bobby," Mama said, "since you can't behave yourself, you can go first. Ginger goes second."

Sheepishly, nine-year-old Bobby walked into Dr. Setinbrini's work place. I felt a certain satisfaction in that, since my toe still throbbed from Bobby's stepping hard on it. On the other hand, I felt nervous having to wait longer. Dr. Setinbrini's work place seemed quiet while he examined Bobby. I looked around the waiting room some more. In one space on the wall there was a needlepoint creation with a turtle embossed on it. Underneath the turtle it read: "Ignore your teeth and they will go away." I pondered this wisdom momentarily, then noticed the dental charts with diagrams of permanent teeth, the cut-away side view of the tooth, and the top view of the tooth. My mind

buzzed with all this dental lingo: enamel, molars, bicuspids, incisors, decay, root, gum. I felt dizzy and thought I would throw up.

Suddenly, I saw Bobby emerge from the work space. He wasn't even crying. Mrs. Pecini held out the box of charms. Bobby chose a small plastic yellow Volkswagen Beetle. My mother called, "Ginger, it's your turn."

As I walked past Bobby, he made an ugly face at me, stuck out his tongue, and said "Nananna boo-boo, I don't have no cavities, but I bet you do! Nananna boo-boo!" I just gave him an ugly look back, stuck out my tongue, and went to sit in the executioner's chair.

While Dr. Setinbrini held up my X-rays taken two weeks earlier, I noticed his dark, hairy, ape-like arms and his callused hands. I also noticed that every other tooth of his had a gold crown. His mouth appeared like a white and gold checkerboard to me. Scrutinizing my X-rays, he said, "We haven't been taking very good care of our teeth, have we? We haven't been brushing them enough. Now open wide."

Dr. Setinbrini draped a white towel over me, attached with alligator clips. With his small round mirror he examined my back teeth. I was distastefully noticing his halitosis when he said "Aha!" Picking up his explorer, he started poking at my teeth.

"We have cavities in both molars and we need to drill."

I had dreaded this all along. "Now this won't hurt at all," he said, taking up his electric drill and placing a fresh drill bit into it. Dr. Setinbrini

placed a looped water and air syringe in my mouth, cut the electric circuit on with his foot, and got down to business. In no time I began to gag, to close my mouth, to bite the good doctor. He yelled "S—!"

Dr. Setinbrini removed the drill, and then the syringe, and I began to scream, "No, no it hurts too much!" We struggled hard, but, small and slippery as I was, I managed to wriggle out of his grasp and out of the dentist's chair.

I ran as fast as I could out the first door, past astonished Mrs. Pecini and my mother. I yelled "Bobby! Help me!" Without even taking my coat or even caring about the stupid plastic charm I wouldn't receive, I ran out of Dr. Setinbrini's office, down the uneven marble steps, past the chewed-up bubble gum, and out into the street, followed by Bobby, my sometime adversary turned ally. We ran out into the noisy, traffic-filled street and towards the thundering El. Mama tried to chase us, but she was no match for our quickness. Bobby caught up with me, took my hand, and pulled me along past the El.

Mama yelled from the bottom of the landing: "You lousy rotten little bastards! Just wait 'til your father gets home!"

Bobby and I just kept running.

—Ginger Renner  
*graduatelstorytelling*



*Western Auto, printmaking*  
Jennifer Halli



• NON-FICTION •  
**TOMMY**

My brother Tommy was only three when our parents got a divorce. I was eight and considered myself a man already, so I was better able to cope. But Tommy didn't understand. He just knew that everything had changed and he didn't see his Papa anymore. I tried to make it up to him, and if it had happened today maybe I could have. This was 1938, however, and things were a lot different, especially in the coal fields of West Virginia, which is a very religious and conservative area. Regardless of what the law might say, women were not emancipated, and a divorcée was ostracized by the community—especially the women. Naturally a great deal of that ill-feeling extended to her children.

Perhaps that's why our mother behaved the way she did. Maybe the numerous men she "entertained" were her revenge on a community whose good ladies looked down on her. Maybe she craved attention and approval. Certainly the "gifts" she received were welcome in a household of five children. Maybe she was just a whore at heart. Whatever the reasons, it soon became apparent that we boys were in the way. Two of my sisters were married and gone and two were still at home, but the men didn't object to them. Her sons were who made them feel so uncomfortable. She cried when she told us we had to go. She said it was just too much trying to care for us alone. But I thought of all the times I covered my head in bed, trying to block out the sounds of her with her men, and I knew she was lying. That's how, two years after the divorce, Tommy, Newton, and I came to be living with our father.

Papa had already remarried and had a new son. The last thing his new wife, Gladys, wanted was three boys not her own. She was an attractive woman, I suppose. But her eyes were as cold as a winter sky just before it snows and her mouth looked like she had just tasted something very bitter. She took us up to the attic, where an old double bed stood, and lined us up in front of her.

"Now," she said, "we are going to get a few things straight right away. This is your room. You are not to be in any other part of the house but this. I will not spend all day cleaning just to have you mess it all up. When my family has finished eating, you will clean up. Whatever is left that you want to eat you will take to the back porch and eat. I am quite sure your mother never taught you how to behave at the dinner table and I will not have you

setting a bad example for Jimmy. I expect to have wood chopped, the porches scrubbed, and the gardening done before school each morning. After school "

The hateful voice went on and Tommy began to snuffle. Reaching out, she grabbed him with one hand and slapped him with the other. I snatched Tommy to me, and in a voice that shook, shouted, "You leave him alone!"

She smiled and in an almost pleasant tone of voice she told me, "You listen and listen good. You can stay here only as long as I let you. Buck me one more time and out you go." She let this sink in, then continued: "Where do you think you can go if you leave here? Your mother doesn't want you. No one does. Now take these," she threw some blankets on the bed, "and make your bed. And remember what I said."

I held Tommy until the crying stopped and then Newton and I made the bed. The blankets were so old they had holes in them. We had to arrange them so that the holes covered each other. It looked like it was going to be good that we were three to a bed. Otherwise, we'd have frozen.

Tommy seemed to suffer the most. Newton and I quickly learned to avoid Gladys as much as possible and set our sights on growing up and getting away. But Tommy couldn't accept things as they were. Perhaps it was because he was so young, so close in age to Jimmy, that the difference in how he was treated mattered so much to him. Whatever the reason, he couldn't seem to avoid Gladys and she hated him.

Then one day, when Tommy was thirteen and I was eighteen, Gladys decided that she couldn't stand Tommy anymore. She had given Jimmy some money to go to the general store and get himself some candy. The only time Tommy got candy was when Newton or I got it for him or he stole it. And on this day he wanted a piece of Jimmy's candy. When he asked Jimmy for some and was refused, he decided to simply take it. Jimmy ran home to his mother, screaming and crying that Tommy stole his candy.

I was home that day when Tommy took Jimmy's candy. Newton had already moved away, but I had fallen in love with the girl next door and was waiting until she grew up enough to marry. Her name was Frieda and I thought she was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. Her hair was deep red, flowing past her waist, and her eyes were blue and sassy. So I stayed and courted and tried to help Tommy when he needed me.

It was early on Saturday, October 5, 1948, and I was working outside when my father called me in. And he said to me, "Edsel, you've got to take Tommy off somewhere. We just can't keep him anymore." He was speaking of his son like he was an unwanted dog, to be dropped too far from home to find his way back. He wouldn't even do it



himself, but was sending me. I had not really thought I could be any more disappointed in my parents than I had been, but I was wrong.

We decided, Frieda, Tommy, and I, to try to find Mama. We had not heard from her in several years so we weren't sure where she was. But we got in my old sedan and we started out from her last known address and tracked her to Tennessee. It should've been a cold, wet, barren day but it wasn't. The trees were bright gold and warm red and the sun was hot and friendly in the cool mountain air. And so we drove, mostly in silence, until we found Mama.

Mama had pretty much made a new life, too. She lived with a man named Charlie and they had a small son, Ronnie. But when she saw us she ran out and hugged us both and cried. She told us how much she missed us and how she wished she could have seen us. I was pretty skeptical of this show of emotion (she never explained *why* she hadn't been able to see or write us). I didn't show it though, because I could see how Tommy was eating it up. When it was explained that this wasn't just a visit, I could see Mama's enthusiasm waning but she had little choice but to take Tommy in. I thought it was going to be for the best. At least, he would not be subjected to the kind of treatment there that he had found in his father's home.

It was several months before I saw Tommy again. I had been having my own problems. Frieda's mother was afraid we were too serious and decided to ship her, without her knowledge, to an aunt living in Louisiana. Luckily, Frieda found the letter from her aunt accepting her and outlining their plans. We felt we had to elope. Frieda was still under age, so we came to Tennessee, where my family knew a friendly judge, to get married. I found a job in Elizabethton and we rented a tiny apartment and settled down to learn how to be married.

Our time of privacy was short. Charlie got caught stealing chickens so we moved in with Mama and the boys to help out while he was in jail. It was crowded in that tiny house with the five of us but we were getting by. And then one day I came home to find Tommy gone. Mama had decided she couldn't afford two boys so she packed Tommy's clothes in a cardboard box, gave him bus fare and sent him to his sister, Helen, in Newport News, Virginia. As Frieda described him walking down the road, skinny and young with all he owned in a box on his shoulder, I felt a sadness so deep it settled in my bones and an anger so great I knew I'd never forgive our parents for not wanting us.

I stayed, though. I stayed until Charlie got out of jail and Mama and Ronnie weren't dependent on me anymore. Then Frieda and I packed up and moved to Virginia. Helen told us we could stay with her until we found an apartment, so we were reunited with Tommy again.

The house was very crowded. Helen had two teenage daughters as well as a son, a husband, and a baby on the way. I didn't realize at first but the baby due was weighing on Helen's mind. She was afraid that while she was in the hospital having the baby that Tommy would behave "improperly" with her daughters. The thought of this preyed on her mind until she finally told Tommy that soon he would have to go.

Frieda and I were out apartment hunting when Helen told Tommy he wouldn't be able to stay much longer. We got home, happy and excited because we had finally gotten a place, to learn that Tommy had run out of the house and no one knew where he was. And then Helen told me that she was afraid he was upset because she told him he couldn't stay.

I looked for him everywhere and finally found him hidden in a dark little alley running between two closed stores. It was quiet and deserted and his sobs sounded so wrenching and loud. I felt the pain of my brother, just turned fourteen and rejected so many times. I gathered him in my arms and rocked him gently as I told him about the apartment we found and the home the three of us would share. And I told him that his home would always be with us for as long as he wanted it.

Tommy stayed with us until he was old enough to go to work and be on his own. Today he's 58 and I'm 63 and when he wants to come home, he comes to me.

—Karen Perkins  
freshman/nursing



Megan, graphics/ computer art  
Virginia Stafford



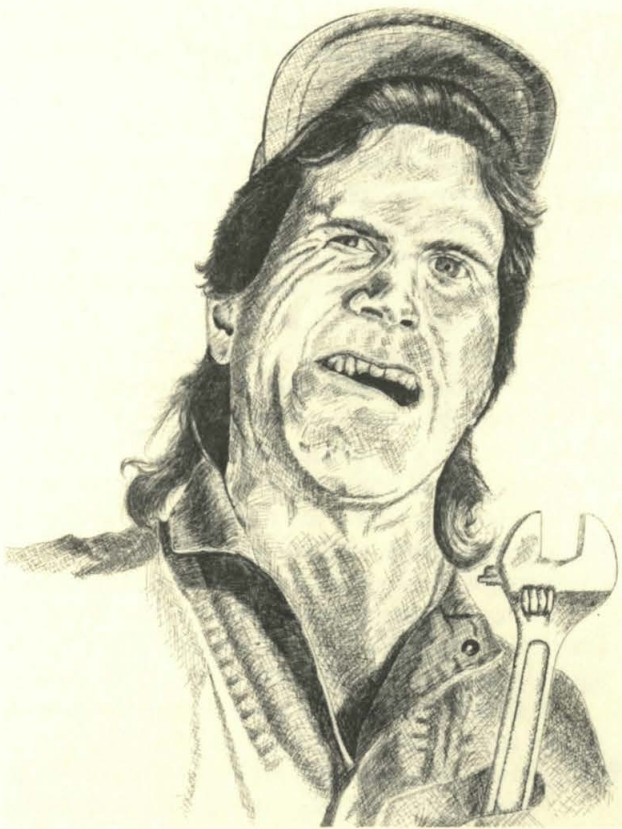
*?, photography*  
Gediyon Kifle



• POETRY •  
**FAMILY REUNION**

Family reunion  
Nearly everyone came. Some  
    should have stayed.  
There were whole branches of the family I've never met,  
    never missed.  
Tree Metaphor:  
    we are an ever green tree,  
    ever growing, ever  
    **playing in**  
    the wind.  
We **play** games to avoid the issues. We  
must be doing something constantly  
    (never to mention the mistresses  
    the previous wives [you were never married before]  
    the time Uncle Jerry got drunk and [not even in brackets would I  
say]).  
Family reunion  
    The family funerals are actually better  
    the turf more natural  
        no cute egg tosses, water balloons  
        just you me and our emotions and  
        sweet auntie whoever becomes a person beyond  
        that cracking front called "respect."  
So why did we come?  
    to talk?  
        We drive 600 miles to talk presidents  
        fad diets  
        cold-fronts  
            to people we'll never see again.  
    or do we come to eat and drink?  
        Drink, drink and be merry  
And about this weather?  
    **pathetic fallacy:**  
        as I stand here on this motel balcony and look into  
        the hole  
        in the grey sky, I wonder:  
            are we doing some long dead relative proud and  
            is a hole in the grey sky the place to look for a long  
dead  
        relative?  
    "We're here to glorify the **common thread**," you say  
        (common thread: is that what your sister hung herself with in '77?  
        or do you speak only in reference to polyester?)  
We selectively remember and we think no further than the living.  
    We reunite our families to exalt ourselves.

—Scott Vaughn  
*graduate/English*



*Hell, I'll Fix That Thing!*, graphics/computer art  
Todd Cregger



*Doorways*, printmaking  
Carol Norman



• POETRY •  
**STAY IN OR OUT**

There was a place in childhood  
Where the screen door  
Argued with use  
In summer

“Stay in or out!”  
Was Grandma’s response,  
Amplified by the  
Creaking groan of  
A spring in duress  
And the slap of wood  
                                  on wood  
And sometimes  
                                  flesh on  
  flesh.

Childhood seasons  
                                  and burns;  
Fireflies waste their glow,  
                                  and night  
Becomes a shallow, empty  
Place where shadows fall  
                                  no more.

Then—  
One morning it arrives,  
A wrinkled memory  
Many things passed through  
the mesh;  
Sounds of laughter  
                                  and sobs,  
Words spoken that cannot  
                                  return,  
And the hunger, created by  
The smell of bread  
Baking, in a yellowed kitchen  
Where the family gathered  
                                  in winter  
to talk of summers past.

Stay in or out.  
The words themselves  
Convey love, and sometimes  
                                  hate,  
Long forgotten in the coils  
of a rusted spring, and in  
Those, once held dear who  
No longer hear the strained  
                                  silence.

—Roger Carper  
*graduate/English*

## WHEN HE WHO WALKS WILL COME

Moonlight. Clear white light falling like a pale waterfall, flowing down, splashing over the land below. A mat of trees, upper reaches lit by pale light, covering the mounded hills and shadowed valleys. A hole in the mat of green vegetation gray in the moonlight: a clearing. All around the boles of the wide, tall trees darkness prevails, a darkness so full and blanketing that the animals of the deep forest stifle beneath it, twitching and rustling. The air so thick that it sticks in the throat and leaves a wet, musky paste in the nostrils. These are the things I will see and sense when the hour comes, when He Who Walks will come.

In the clearing I will sit, waiting, sensing the pale light of the moon fall on my face. My eyes will be closed and my breathing irregular. I am not afraid of He Who Walks and I will show this by my actions, for He Who Walks knows our true feelings because He watches, not listens. So I will sit, calmly, breathing of the thick, moist air and feeling the moonlight and teasing breeze play with my skin while all around me the forest is so dark that nothing can be seen beneath the canopy of trees.

A stick will crackle in the forest, disturbing some small animal from its stifling slumber, and I know it is He. And another stick will crackle, assuring me it is He who approaches. But it will not be. He has not yet come.

The moonlight will disappear behind a shape I will see upon opening my eyes to seek the disturbance of the woods and the small animal that sleeps no more. But the moonlight will not be banished, because it will dance in the nimbus of a woman's hair as she bends over me and touches her fingers to my lips, silencing cries I might make. I will not cry out, however. I know her. I know her hair, so cold in the pale moonlight but so warm, like fire, in the sun. I know her skin, the smooth, round curves of it. I know her words, laughing like a spring brook over mountain stones. She is and will be known to me, and I will not care that He Who Walks will have stolen her from me many years before, not so many years from now. I will not care, because seeing her again will quiet my cries against He Who Walks. I will be better for this: He Who Walks will have heard my cries many times before then without response; why should I once again waste my breath? So I

will not care, and I will be quiet, and I will be happy

Seeing that I do not care, but bathe in her presence much as I bathed in the moonlight, she will take my hand and lift me to my feet. I will stumble on a multi-colored rug with orderly, sinuous lines running out from the center of where I stand, but she will steady me and hold me. She will lead me forward through the whispering grass, lead me away from my patterned rug into the waving heads that whisper in the clearing. My feet will crush some, but the hardy ones I will see rise to whisper again as I look behind me at my patterned rug. This will be good, and I will turn back to look ahead of me and place my steps carefully

She will lead me forward through the grass and this, too, will be good. I will know she is taking me to see He Who Walks, he who has not yet come. But why is she taking me thus? Why does He not come?

Pondering this, I will ask her: Is there a change of plan? And she will smile, shaking her head, the shadows eddying across her pale face, and lead me farther across the clearing.

Why does she not speak? I will wonder as my toes snag and pull at a stem of grass, but neither she nor the grass nor my mind will respond to my unspoken question. This will seem odd.

But I will shrug the feeling off and continue forward, crushing grass in a path from my rug. I will be glad, for the moisture, cool soil, on my feet will feel good and she will be walking beside me. I will forget that He Who Walks will come.

Into the forest, clutching at thin, brittle branches as we pass them by. Oh how different from the clearing the forest will be. Dark and



*Ghost Town, photography  
Janice Maynard*

moister yet. The moonlight will be hidden by the trees, conquered by them but for small patches of pale light breaking through and illuminating our way. There will be no path, but this will not matter, because to follow a path is to become lost. Without a path there is little chance of losing one's way. This will be the Way, but it will not be easy, because we will have no trodden path to mark the safe route, the easy route. She will lead me forward, branches and fronds slapping and kissing my cheeks, my feet, my legs, my body. And I will follow, for she has always known the Way.

The land will rise and grow rocky around us, but I will not see this rock except where ivy and other plant life I cannot see clearly in the dark have been scraped away by time and the wandering of others. I will stub my toe and it will bleed, marking our trail. We will stop and I will lean over and grope for a leaf with which to wipe my toe. Into the wet leaves my hand will pass. I will tear a spider web—no dew will it catch in the deep morning. I will find a leaf, but the wound in my toe will have congealed by the time I do so. I will feel happy and sad about this, and offer bittersweet thanks to Time. We will continue.

I will close my eyes and feel the path we take. But we take no path! I will think, alarmed until I quiet in remembrance that I do not know where I am going, that all paths are correct. (But the Way!) So my eyes will remain closed—I no longer need them anyway—and she who will not be able to see in the forest but recall seeing in the light will lead me onward until she stops.

A warm spot on my left eyelid. It will press, then leave. I will open my eyes after her touch has left my eyelid and see a place the moonlight has lit so that I will be able to see it. Or perhaps the moonlight will simply take joy in playing in the tiny waterfall that streams and bounces down a moss-covered rock place to a pool that will gather at my feet, and I will merely witness it. Whether there is joy in the waterfall's play or only reflection, I will feel joy at the sight. I will step

forward into the cool pool gathering at my feet, feeling icy glass slip up my ankles and over as I step forward towards the cascading streamlet. Joy Beautiful.

I will turn back to where she is standing and see only darkness in the forest. Where has she gone? I will wonder until I realize that I already know where she has gone. Away.

I will close out the dark sight of the thick tree boles cutting black into the shadows by turning around to the glittering water splashing into the cool pool. He Who Walks will come—this I know. For this I have been told in the sacred works, and this I will remember at that point. He Who Walks will come and I will await him in a pool of

Water? Yes, that is water holding my feet. I am standing in a pool of water, facing a waterfall that tumbles down over rocks fuzzy black and speckled gray in the moonlight. I sit, feeling hot from the waist up, where no water stirs. I seat myself in a depression in the rock cupping the pool, so cool, and lean back.

Water thum tums. I am no longer hot from the waist up now that the waterfall bounces off my head. I am not hot at all. I am warm. I am comfortable. I enjoy the wait with single happiness. Cool water; cool moonlight; cool rock; warm body, so warm. I wait—but for whom?

Water sloshes at someone's feet. Oh yes. He Who Walks. Slosh, slosh.

A touch. A sensation. Eyes open. What is it? Water streams around my temples. Into my eyes. Vision blurry. Who is it?

A tug. Warm joy. Blurry vision. It is

He

Who

Walks

And I will awaken.

—Eric Stahl  
*freshman/sociology*



*Scene of the Crime*, graphics/computer art  
Darlene Glover





• POETRY •  
**ABOUT PIGS**

The one thing I will remember most about this morning  
(more than waking up and seeing my destiny etched on the bathroom mirror)  
the one thing I will remember  
(more than picking up my phone and hearing the dial tone replaced with a mechanical growl, as though a monster with iron teeth and a mouthful of garbage were calling me from the back of a big, blue BFI truck)  
the one thing I will always remember  
(even more than going to Kirkland Bros. with Carlos and seeing all the candy in the world piled up in boxes around us like a million ballpark counters)  
the one thing I will always remember most about this morning  
is walking past parking meters and big bank buildings and knowing that the smell of fetal pigs in formaldehyde was clinging to the trees, and wondering who was dissecting them.  
I have been in this day before, four or five years ago, in an old brick building—  
looking out the window at the sun and trees with a scalpel in my hand.  
I remember looking down at a tiny snout, wondering if the mother pig was pro-choice.  
I remember slicing the heart into halves (dorsal, ventral)

like the inside of a seed;  
wrapping it in a brown industrial paper towel,  
putting it in the refrigerator next to a liver, gall bladder, spleen, and a Diet Sprite.

I remember how the smell of formaldehyde permeated my nostrils for weeks, long after the pigs were gone.  
It was the first thing I felt in the morning; the last before I went to sleep, haunting me with the tragic unbirth of one baby pig.  
Now the smell has returned to the streets of the city where I eat, sleep, and live.  
I find a lucky penny (heads-up) in a hole in the sidewalk, and hope some girl somewhere is lucky enough to never have to dissect a pig.

When I ride the elevator to the third floor, the woman at the desk looks like a pig.  
Her reflection in the window-glass oinks at me as I go by  
Then I sit down, discuss life, transportation, money, interpersonal relationships, and my destiny as it appeared on the mirror this morning.  
When I come out again I search the air, but the smell is gone.  
By lunch I have replaced it with a ham sandwich on rye.

—Kristi Nelson  
*junior/journalism*



• FICTION •

## FOURTEEN ACRES AND A SNAKE

"How dare you, you little bastard!" Uncle Henny yelled as he grabbed the almost empty milk bottle away from Raymond, Jr., known as Juny, and slapped him across the face.

Aunt Frances ran up to Juny and said, "Baby, did he hurt you?" Then she turned to Uncle Henny: "You monster! How could you slap your own nephew in the face, your own godson?"

"How could you let your son drink up all the milk, straight from the bottle? He's had *all* our shares. What will we put in our coffee in the morning?" replied Uncle Henny.

Aunt Frances and Uncle Henny were just over a year apart in age, and they'd been the best of friends growing up. Even when they were both newlyweds together, they and their spouses entertained each other at their apartments with coffee and cake and sometimes dinner.

The trouble started when each couple bought a home on La Salle Avenue, the Bronx, not far from La Salle Park. If Uncle Henny bragged that their house had seven rooms, Aunt Frances bragged that theirs had eight. If Uncle Henny bragged that Aunt Gloria was a good cook, Uncle Raymond bragged that Aunt Frances was a better one. If Aunt Frances and Uncle Raymond bought a new sofa, Uncle Henny would say he and Aunt Gloria had bought a better sofa and for less money.

But the real problems started when each had a baby boy, just weeks apart. When Aunt Gloria bragged that Henny, Jr., or Henner-boy, had smiled for the first time, Aunt Frances would say it was just gas. When Henner-boy started walking earlier than the older Raymond, Jr., or Juny, Aunt Gloria would suggest that Juny was somehow a slow learner. This rivalry and competition continued while the boys were in the same grade at St. Thomas Aquinas Academy together, even though their parents saw less and less of each other.

By the fourth of July of 1949, Fourteen Acres, as the De Sisco family vacation home was known, seemed more like a battleground than a safe haven. Ever since Aunt Adele and Aunt Frieda, sisters to Aunt Frances, Uncle Henny, and my dad, Uncle Bobby, left their cold-water flats in Brooklyn for the summer to cook for the church-run Camp Chambers in upstate New York, the De Sisco family had dreamed of owning a family vacation home in the little Hudson River valley town of Marlboro. Nestled in the foothills of the Catskills, surrounded

by hills, valleys and farms whose fields looked like patchwork quilts when viewed from above, it was the perfect place for the family, particularly the children, to retreat from the steamy city on weekends and holidays.

So after the war the three sisters, two brothers, their spouses and their parents Enrico and Dora De Sisco, bought a fourteen-acre tract of land at the end of Mt. Zion Road, not far from the radio tower at the top of the mountain.

The only structure that stood on the property was a tiny one-room house formerly owned by a black apple-picker by the name of Walker. Inside the little house was a coal-stove for heating and cooking, a bathtub on one side of the room, and a small dining table which seated four comfortably. A single light bulb hung from the center of the room. An outhouse with a cut-out crescent on the door stood behind the little house.

Every weekend of the summer, our families would make the two-hour drive up from the city. The cousins and I would hike, pick wildflowers and capture frogs, toads and salamanders, always letting them go at the end of the day. Grandpa and the Uncles would fish in the swamp that looked like something out of a primeval forest. Dead trees inhabited the swamp, with birds of prey perched on them. The swamp was so full of snakes that you could pick up several if you dipped your hand into it. Grandma and the Aunts didn't like fishing or snakes, so they busied themselves with the domestic chores of cooking and cleaning.

Nights would be like a big slumber party. Everyone would have a bed-roll spread out in the middle of the floor. We'd have a big fire blazing outside where the Aunts, Uncles and Grandparents would tell stories of the good ol' days, and we kids would roast marshmallows.

But all that disappeared when the "big house" was built. It was haphazardly erected over the course of one summer. Uncle Henny got the lumber, Uncle Raymond laid the floor, my dad Uncle Bobby made the frame, Uncle Louie did the electrical wiring and Uncle Elmer did the sheet-rocking. My father used to say, "That house was put together with spit and chewing gum." The "big house" consisted of a living room, a kitchen, a master bedroom for Grandma and Grandpa and five smaller bedrooms, one for each family.

On that fourth of July in 1949, when Grandma saw Uncle Henny slap Juny across the face and heard Uncle Henny and Aunt Frances bickering over the milk, she said "Jesus, Mary and Joseph! You're fighting like cats and dogs! For Christ's sake, this is supposed to be a family holiday. I want you to stop fighting and act like brother and sister."

"Oh, Mama!" shouted Uncle Henny. "You always side with Frances! You always loved her more than you loved me."

"Nonsense," said Grandma. "I've always loved all my kids equally well, but right now I don't like either of you."

"If you don't want to share your food, put your names on it," she added.

That's just what they did. Milkbottles, egg cartons, pitchers of orange juice, sliced ham in waxed paper, loaves of bread—they all cluttered the refrigerator with separate names on each. There could be no misunderstandings now.

Late that morning, the Independence Day celebration began as always, when Mrs. Walters, a neighbor, brought over a large aluminum washtub filled with grape-flavored "bug juice," complete with a large block of ice floating in it, for the children. Mrs. Walters was a very masculine-looking woman with a crew cut. She had her gray hair cut by the town's barber because it was more economical. She wore khaki bermuda shorts, a camp shirt and a pair of extremely sensible shoes. Her legs displayed prominent varicose veins.

She made newspaper hats for all of the children, gave us each a spoon and a pot or pan to drum on, and led us in a parade singing "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and drumming on our pots and pans.

"Louder!" she shouted. "They can't hear you—louder!"

We paraded through the group of our uncles and grandfather, who were tapping the keg, setting up the oyster bar and holding their ears if possible.

"Go show your mothers," said Uncle Henny. "They'd appreciate it more than we do."

There was still some tension between Uncle Henny and Aunt Frances. They wouldn't even look at each other. Juny had apparently forgotten about the incident that morning, because he was happily climbing pine trees with the male Cousins and throwing pine cones at the female Cousins. The boys' hands were sticky with pine resin when they came down from the trees to eat. There were hot dogs and hamburgers, Grandma's sour cream potato salad, Aunt Gloria's macaroni salad, baked beans, corn on the cob and potato chips.

"Needs some more mayo" said Aunt Frances of Aunt Gloria's macaroni salad.

"But that's the way I've always made it," protested Aunt Gloria.

"Yeah, I know," said Aunt Frances, "and it's always needed more mayo."

Aunt Gloria walked off in a huff.

The Uncles stood around the keg and the oyster bar, splitting oyster shells and drinking beer. They talked about the Yankees and the Dodgers, about how great a ballplayer Jackie Robinson was even if he was black. They discussed the new suburbs going up out on Long Island and how they might even be able to afford to buy a new home there. They argued about who the best comedians were—Hope and Crosby, or Martin and Lewis, or Abbott and Costello. They cursed the Commies.

Some of the women and their little girls wore mother-daughter matching sunsuits. The Aunts talked about Toni permanents and creative ways to use leftovers. They argued over which book was better—*Cheaper-by-the-Dozen* or *Father of the Bride*. They raved about their Maidenform bras and Tangee lipstick and discussed when was the right time to tell their daughters about "you know."

Meanwhile, Henner-boy and Juny were scouting around the swamp to see how many different creatures they could catch. Already they'd caught a bullfrog, but not the granddaddy, a toad and several salamanders. They let them all go. What else could they do with them?

Then suddenly Juny spotted a garter snake. A garter-snake was another thing. He had friends who kept snakes in terrariums in the city. "Look—a snake!" he shouted to Henner-boy. They ran over to the snake and Henner-boy grabbed it.

"I caught it first! It's mine!" called Henner-boy.

"Is not! I saw it first! It's mine!"



Figure Study # 19, graphics/computer art  
Virginia Stafford





*Lost Memories, photography  
Christy McCulloch*

"Finder's keepers, losers weepers. I caught him and I'm keeping him."

"Yeah? Well, let's see what Grandpa has to say about it."

Grandpa was holding court at the keg and oyster bar. He saw the boys walking towards him, each holding one end of the snake.

"Now what's the problem, boys?" Grandpa asked.

"He says it's his, but I say it's mine," argued Henner-boy

"It's mine," Juny protested. "I saw it first."

"Well, there's only one thing for it," said Grandpa. "Each of you hold one end of the snake." This they did and grabbing a sharp knife off a table, Grandpa hacked the snake in two.

"That'll teach you to share," he said.

Each boy went running to his mother

"How could you let your son get away with that? Juny saw the snake first. Henner-boy is so selfish—just like his father!" Aunt Frances complained to Aunt Gloria.

"Well it's your father who cut the snake in half. I'm not surprised Juny was too slow to catch that snake. I could just choke the boy!"

Each Aunt glared at the other, and they stormed off in opposite directions, boys in tow

Late afternoon was turning to dusk, a white frosted sheet cake with sparklers and coffee had been served and now the Aunts, Uncles and

Grandparents stood around the keg singing "What Became of Maggie Murphy" and several choruses of "Pattie McGinty's Goat." Uncle Henny set up the annual talent contest for children. The winner would receive a shiny new silver dollar.

Luckily Rosalie had brought her baton. She got a round of applause for her baton-twirling act. Henner-boy played "Reveille" on his father's bugle. Maryanne sang "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" with all the appropriate gestures, and Juny sang a heartfelt "Some Enchanted Evening." The show ended with Diane and Denise doing the boogie-woogie to a Woody Herman tune on the radio.

When the children had finished, there was a wild round of applause for them, but Maryanne won for her rendition of "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." Uncle Henny, the only judge, presented her with the brand-new shiny silver dollar. She thanked him effusively, and ran off to show it to her mom and dad.

Juny was angry. Later we heard that he thought he should have won. He felt his song was the best. We saw him run off toward the swamp, but we just figured he was a sore loser and was going off by himself to sulk.

The celebration continued until we heard shouting from the swamp: "Help! Help!"

It was Juny. We ran to the edge of the swamp. Juny must not have known the rowboat

had a leak. Now there was Juny, splashing in the dark and murky water, trying to get hold of a dead tree branch.

Uncle Raymond had never learned to swim, but Uncle Henny had swum on Long Island Sound since he was a kid. Without hesitation, he stripped off his shirt and shoes, and dove into the snake-infested water

When he got to Juny, who was thrashing wildly in the water, he said, "It's gonna be all right, kid. Calm down. I'll take care of you."

Uncle Henny wrapped his arm around Juny's neck, and began towing him through the swamp, past dead trees and snakes, swimming with his free hand. When they got to dry land, Juny was shaken but physically unharmed. Aunt Frieda had run back to the "big house" for a couple of blankets and now uncle and nephew were wrapped in these.

Aunt Frances and Uncle Raymond hugged Juny first, then Uncle Henny

"Henny," Aunt Frances exclaimed, "you're a real hero, and a great brother! Thanks for saving our boy's life."

Later, after Juny and Uncle Henny had bathed, the family sat around a bonfire, roasting marshmallows and telling stories. Then Grandma said "I want everyone to hold hands and sing 'Auld Lang Syne' to show we're really a family. Right now I not only *love* you all but I *like* you all too."

They took each other's hands and started singing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot "

The next day the name labels came off the food in the refrigerator.

—Ginger Renner  
*graduate/storytelling*



*Summer Nights, photography  
Judy Gouge*



• NON-FICTION •  
A SIGN OF LIFE

When the train doors opened, a young man — a bum, I thought at first — shuffled in alone, and took the first seat he came to, which happened to face opposite from me as I sat quietly by myself, half dozing. Initially repelled by his bedraggled appearance, I got a closer look and at once suspected from his spastic mannerisms and absent expression that he suffered from either a genetic defect or some other malady, stirring feelings of pity within me. I took a deep breath and blew it out slowly, suddenly uncomfortable.

"You're supposed to go see Miss Grant today, dummy," he announced as he smoothed down his dark brown hair and glanced about, agape, his head snapping with a jerk from one position to another in much the same way as a bird's.

Was he talking to me or just mumbling to himself? I glanced at another passenger nearby, rolled my eyes, and exchanged an embarrassed smile. I leaned forward, confused but intrigued, wanting to understand him. "Miss Grant?" I queried.

The young man continued stroking his hair, pressing it against his forehead. His eyes briefly crossed mine, then darted away, exhibiting a sign of life from within, though he seemed incapable of focusing on anything or anyone for more than a few seconds. "Miss Grant's my friend. She's in the army. She has clothes and food and reads to me about Jesus. It takes a dollar to ride the train. Isn't that so, sir?"

"That's correct," I said, surprised by the shift in his line of thought and barely able to get in a response as he continued rambling in the monotone voice of an android:

"Get off at the Five Points station once the train has stopped three times, dummy."

"Yes," I acknowledged and nodded just to show I was listening as I studied his glassy expression, his filthy, mismatched clothes, and the ceaseless habit he had of smoothing his greasy, matted hair. I saw as well that his face was unwashed and sparsely covered with dark

whiskers, his nails were long and caked underneath with dirt, and his teeth were in various stages of decay.

"When you get back on the train, dummy, once it stops three times you get off at the 14th Street station. One time I got hit by a bus on the corner of 14th Street and Spring Street. I was in bed for six months. Six months is half a year. Isn't that so, sir?"

"Yes. You were hit by a bus?"

"It almost killed me. Miss Grant says if it had, I would have gone to heaven. Isn't that so, sir?"

"Possibly." I didn't know whether to give him my honest opinion or just agree. But I wanted him to know I was still listening and that I didn't think he was a "dummy," so I felt compelled to say something. Perhaps a human being was still alive inside him somewhere, a human being with feelings. Could he or would he comprehend an individual's metaphysics contrary to what he'd been told or was he simply a parrot? I realized shortly thereafter that my concerns didn't seem to matter much anyway, since he offered no indication that he even heard me as he slowed his incessant chatter only long enough to catch his breath.

"Jesus died on the cross for our sins so that when we die we'll go to heaven. Isn't that so, sir?"

That's what I hear," I said as the train stopped with a loud hiss and the doors popped open. Getting to my feet, I realized I was overwhelmed with compassion for this man's misfortune. I was thankful he had Miss Grant.

"Whatever we ask Jesus for in our prayers, we'll receive it if we have faith. Isn't that so, sir?"

"It would be nice to think so," I said as I hastily disembarked, turning to catch a glimpse of the young man as he ran his hand over and over his hair and looked about, his face blank and unaware. "If I could believe that," I mumbled as the train pulled away, "I'd say a prayer for you."

—Scott Keeton  
graduate/English



• POETRY •  
OF MOON AND SUN

In fields of moon and sun  
Reality played tricks  
On tiny eyes awash with youth.  
Little feet cut pathways  
Through erect sage where  
All devoured the light,  
The spectrum of cosmic yellow  
    moon sun sage,  
But only one believed  
In hidden tomorrows.  
Yet—  
Make-believe is bartered chance.  
Dreams fold like amber sage  
Under the reaper and little feet.  
What is concealed springs forth.  
Tomorrow's shadow will soon  
Become yesterday's light, but  
For a brief moment  
In fields of moon and sun  
Fantasy protects youthful paths,  
The wandering wishes amid a  
Jungle of straw

—Roger Carper  
*graduate/English*



*Configuration, drawing/printmaking*  
Michelle O'Patick



• FICTION •  
RIP VAN MORRISON

It was just another bright, sunny, Haight Ashbury day that happened to glare into the awakening eyes of a Mr. Rip Van Morrison, who had just arisen from a heavy nap due to a late communal festival. As he staggered up from his park bench, he rubbed the dirt off his cape and noticed that the immense hole in one of his bell-bottoms had grown considerably since he last saw it. After a few painful steps, he looked down at his feet and observed that both of the soles of his platforms had rotted away. Regarding this as just another worrisome hangover, he proceeded down the street, clutching flowers in one hand and his peace pipe in the other.

As he was walking, a yuppyish woman snickered and murmured to her friend, "Looks like he got trampled on at Woodstock." Rip thought to himself, "And she thinks I'm not groovy. At least I don't wear a fox on my back," and he reluctantly went about his daily routine.

First, he hobbled over to his favorite record shop, Daddy's Delight, only to see a sign which read "Trax." In pure horror, he ran up to the clerk and asked, "What's with the sign, Pops?" The clerk told him the store's name had been changed three times since its original establishment twenty years before. Though still a little shocked, Rip managed to file through a column of recordings until he found a peculiar, square case labeled *Out of Time*, and he asked the clerk if that was Elton John on the back cover. The clerk smiled and said, "no, that's Mike."

"You mean Mike with the Monkees?"

"No, Michael Stipe from R.E.M.," the clerk replied. Rip had no idea what a rem was, and he certainly had no use for a silver frisbee.

However, Rip continued his search until he managed to find works by four of his favorite artists which he took to the cashier, who was a man about the same age as he. As the cashier punched the items into the register, he said, "Jim Croce, Bread, Chicago, and the Carpenters; good choices. It's too bad they're not around today. They don't make 'em like they used to." But when Rip told the man he was crazy because these groups were dominating the charts, the man turned to him and said in a shocking reply, "Don't you remember? Jim wasted himself almost twenty years ago; Chicago blew out just recently; Bread has long since molded after David Gates sang 'Goodbye Girl' as a soloist, and Karen Carpenter, bless her soul, played the Goodbye Girl ten years ago."

Before Rip could give his stunned reply, the numbers popped up on the cash register, and the cashier asked for sixty dollars. Rip slammed the CDs down on the counter, and with a "You're

crazy, Pops, that much dough for only four silver 45s? You're doing some Lucy-in-the-sky!" he strutted out of the joint. Afterwards, the cashier tried to console the rest of the customers by telling them, "We always get those left-over flower kids in here. They're always the hardest to please."

From there, Rip stopped off at the electronics store which displayed a TV in its department window. Here he would always watch the Saturday line-up featuring *The Partridge Family* at 8:00, *The Brady Bunch* at 9:00, *That Girl* at 9:30, and ending with *Mary Tyler Moore* at 10:00.

He always enjoyed watching Mary with the local women's lib group who would stop by to cheer Mary on—a working girl trying to make it on her own in a man's world. And with the theme song, the women would salute their comrade with an energetic body spin and fling their hats into the air. Afterwards, he would share a nearby garbage can with them. While he burned a few blades, they would burn a few bras and discuss where Jane Fonda's next public rally would be. Was it yesterday when that Battle of the Sexes tennis match between Billy Jean King and Bobby Riggs was held? They were looking forward to seeing big bad Billy spank little Bobby Blue's butt, and Rip just couldn't wait to tease the women by telling them that Billy wouldn't even win one game. Not only was Rip eager to talk with his friends, but he was extremely hungry, and they would sometimes bring him food. However, they never came.

When the TV came on, Rip got an even more miserable surprise. His usual line-up was interrupted by a bunch of crazy people who hung out in a bar. Then, instead of sweet little Mary, he got Murphy, a loud, grumpy woman who, if you can believe it, ordered around her male colleagues in a woman's world, and she obviously didn't practice "family values" at all. And to top that off, he saw Laurie Partridge with short blonde hair and, even more oddly, in a court room carrying a briefcase. What happened to her keyboard?

He couldn't even relate to any of the commercials. When at last a Coke commercial appeared, instead of the familiar group of people holding hands, waving candles and Coke bottles in the air and "teaching the world how to sing," a bleached Michael Jackson ran out onto a stage drinking out of a tin can while walking backward, and no afro—can you beat that? Rip fainted from shock.

When Rip regained consciousness, he gazed up at a flock of bystanders who asked him if he was okay. As he crawled to his feet, he noticed a newspaper with some troops on the front page. He looked up at one of the women and asked if the picture was taken in Nam. She responded, "Nam? Honey, Nam was twenty years ago, this is Somalia in 1993. Are you sure you didn't hurt your head in



that fall?" Rip didn't answer. He frantically shuffled through the paper to prove this woman was only joking, but the date read "1993" in bold letters! Surely this couldn't be possible, but the day's events spoke for themselves. It was unfortunately clear now; he had slept for twenty years since the night he had smoked that funny-looking plant he found growing in the park.

After a long, miserable day in this fast-paced world of tall buildings and rushing men wearing suits of conservative style, he slowly walked back to his bench, sat down, took off his bandanna to wipe his forehead, and then with one gigantic, dragon-like exhale, he puffed his last one

into hippy heaven. A tombstone was later erected on that very spot, and on it is printed:

All the leaves were brown, and the sky was  
gray

He went for a walk on a winter's day  
He never told he would leave today  
He was California Dreamin' on such a  
winter's day

Now Rip is teamed up with Hendrix and  
Joplin and they are on tour on a nearby "Cloud  
Nine."

—Jonathan Bullen  
*junior/chemistry*

• POETRY •  
**CHILDBIRTH**

A world of anticipation  
breathless agony  
climax of hateful pain  
bloody spawn of joy  
persuades tender feelings  
and faces tomorrow's trials  
yet guided through  
the maze of life  
by divine intervention  
because a child  
pure  
demanding  
unique  
seeks entrance  
to a world  
in need of salvation.

—Greta Jones  
*junior/Spanish, English, & education*

• POETRY •  
**ME AND THE TREE**

When first we met  
struck speechless in the shadow  
of your glory  
You with golden arms outstretched  
to the sun  
Radiating beauty that appeared  
all your own  
Crimsons, bronze, and burnt orange  
on a stick  
But soon the wind blew and the rain  
washed your brilliant colors into  
a muddy heap and  
There was nothing left to behold  
but the starkness of what you  
really were, hidden beneath that  
Wig of Pretension.

—Gina Bailiff  
*senior/English*



*San Antonio TX, 1993, photography  
Penny Kuhn*



• NON-FICTION •

## THE TWO GERMANIES

It was the night before that monumental day on which our East German money was to be exchanged for West German currency. I was full of suspense and awaited the next day with unimaginable expectations. I decided to take a stroll through the city and observe the reactions of people taking part in such an unprecedented historical event. The change was no less dramatic than I expected it to be. Yet neither myself nor the people in the streets had changed, it was the shops which had changed. In them, on their shelves, there were no more East German products. Instead there were West German products, most of which we had never seen before, except on western television advertisements. People walked slowly and cautiously through the streets, as though in a strange, unfamiliar movie. They had not the slightest idea what changes their lives would undergo. In their eyes there was neither joy nor disappointment, for they had become like spectral figures of dreams. Only much later would they awaken.

The products which had so mysteriously disappeared from our shops were to be either burned or sold for next to nothing on the street. Our economy, until then the most successful in eastern Europe, was annihilated. Over half our industries were simply bankrupt. In my own little village there had been a big apple orchard, but when I came to visit I saw all the trees lying hideously on their sides, because the farmers couldn't sell their apples. A strange sadness spread like nuclear fall-out. Books which had never even been sorted were burned. Anything even remotely associated with East Germany in name or fame was unmarketable, as shop keepers feared losing their new western suppliers. Most of these products were cheaper on the West German side, so many of our shops folded after all. In the meantime, houses and streets were bought up by western businessmen and speculators. Astute western lawyers quickly specialized in East German property regulations, much of which was easily improvised. After all, who owned state-owned

commodities and real estate when the state was no more?

After forty years of totalitarian security, which had conditioned our lives far more than barbed wire and concrete, we were suddenly thrown into existential panic. East Germans were entirely unaccustomed to modern capitalism, and looked desperately to western politicians for direction. In their confusion and frustration, some chose to persecute the former state security (Stasi). Everywhere people were and continue to be accused of having worked for the Stasi, and since most East Germans were members of the socialist party, the psychological effects were not difficult to detect.

Following this all too sudden "reunion" of the two entirely different countries and cultures, things became quickly polarized and the idea of an integrated "neues Deutschland" relegated to sarcasm. One or the other Germany had to disappear and it was quite obvious that it was to be us.

Yet the effects on West Germany were no less noticeable. Our blind hatred of the words *socialism* or *liberalism* enabled a comeback of the West German conservative party, which was actually at the end of its popularity prior to the reunion. Suddenly and unexpectedly they were again the dominant party who promised to facilitate investment through a further loosening of regulations and offered us a "new security" in financial prosperity. In our panic-stricken naivete, we took these promises at face value. In a short time, "former" East Germany had become a catastrophic burden on "former" West Germany, hurling Europe into economic recession. Thus what was anticipated as a joyful reunion was only the beginning of a resentment and mistrust which only time will heal.

—Sabine Iser  
international student



Geek Love, (poster based on novel by the same title)  
 graphics/ computer art  
 Annie Cicale

•POETRY •  
THE SPORTING LIFE

Click!  
The man is past sadness  
though his eyes are still wet.

Click!  
The man is past madness  
for his unpaid debt.

Click!  
The man is past season  
a life of regret.

Click!  
The man is past reason  
playing Russian roulette.

—Steve Leasure  
*junior/journalism*

•POETRY •  
1969:  
FIGURE Y IS PERPENDICULAR TO X

How Brigid stuns my efforts with

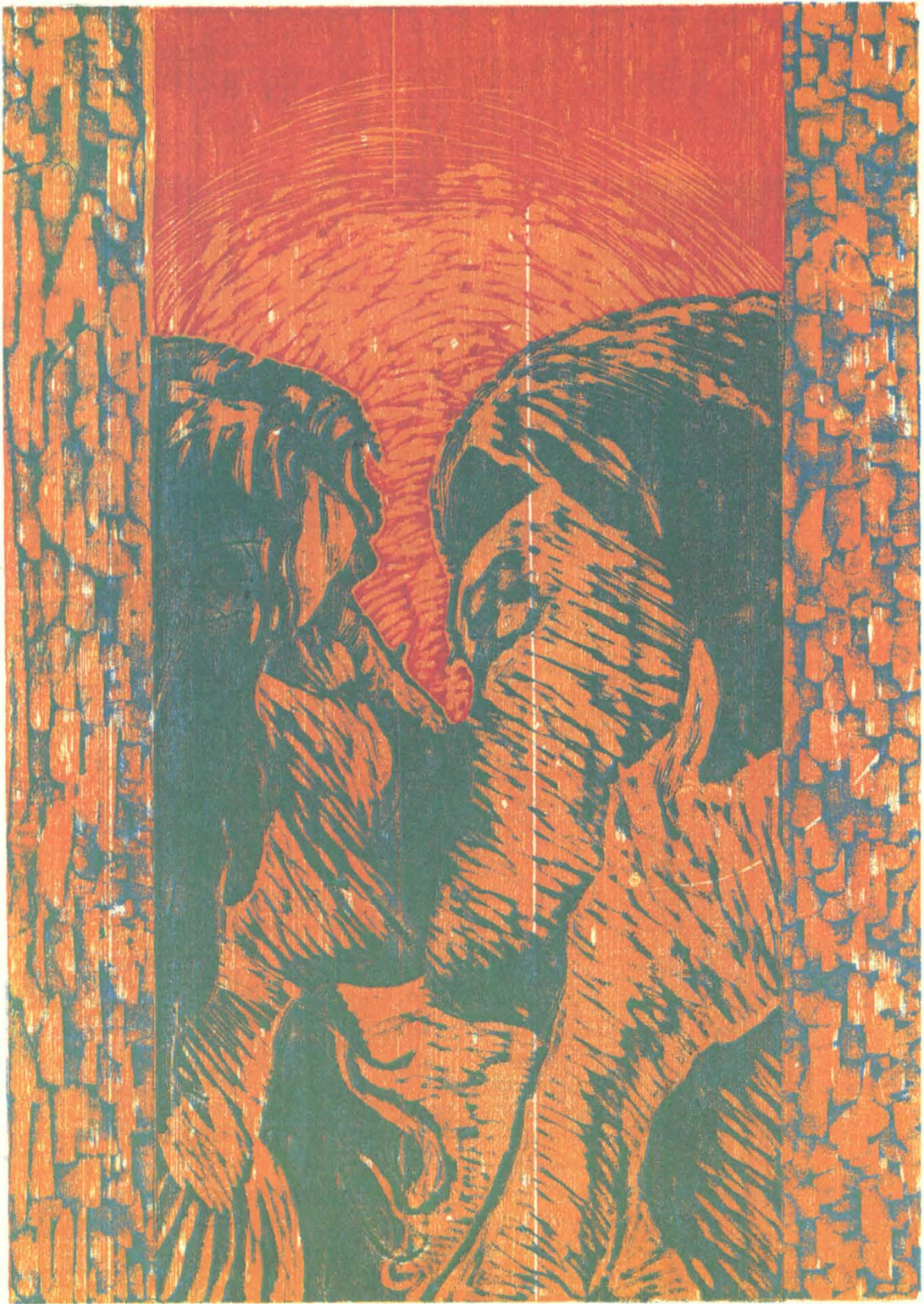
her body lying in the grass her  
back pressed against the earth!  
Her eyes catch the sky and  
how softly she wimpers the  
alarm of every prone girl born  
conscious of Space: "I can see  
myself a muddy drop hanging  
on a swiftly ascending balloon;  
so held back by gravity (suddenly  
remembering her first time on the  
carnival Tilt-A-Whirl — moving  
so fast she didn't know she was  
moving) just watching

the infinity I could fall."

—Dan Mills  
*graduate/English*



*Transfiguration, printmaking*  
Michelle O'Patick



*A New Beginning/printmaking*  
Darlene Glover





• POETRY •

### ON WATCHING JENNIFER PAINT

Once  
I watched you paint.  
I stopped filling in squares  
on a red-and-white checkered tablecloth  
and watched you paint.  
I stood back, behind you,  
you were oblivious to everything  
but flowing, melding color  
You started with a brush  
but then your fingers were brushes,  
painting, blending deep colors  
into a soft, vague sea.  
The colors were perfect;  
there were so many of them  
I forgot where I was,  
forgot to breathe,  
forgot everything but the colors  
and how you were painting an ocean with your arms.  
And I thought, so this is what painting is.  
And I thought,  
this is how I will always picture you,  
small, brown, barefoot  
and painting colors.

—*Kristi Nelson*  
*junior/journalism*



NOTABLE QUOTES ABOUT  
*MOCKINGBIRD'S* PREMIERE ISSUE

"Give the students a chance loose the shackles let them create and you get a breath of fresh air: *Mockingbird*."

-Kenneth J. Mijeski,  
ETSU Professor

"The first volume of *Mockingbird* appeared in May, 1974 and proved to be an exciting publication. It presented students with an unusual opportunity to demonstrate their skills in art and literature."

—Harvey Dean,  
director of the Reece Museum

"To see it in print gives an aspiring writer or artist a chance to see his own work with an objective newness that can be achieved in no other way There is no substitute. For this reason, a campus publication like *Mockingbird* is unique and invaluable."

—Rachael Maddux,  
author

"The new student publication, *Mockingbird*, gives Tennessee students an excellent opportunity to fulfill a cultural need long neglected."

--Ellis Binkley,  
journalist and ETSU professor

"I was impressed by the professional appearance of the first issue of *Mockingbird*. The layout and printing complemented the high quality of the contents. I expect that the subsequent issues will maintain the level of competence and imagination of this first issue."

—Kenneth Williams,  
ETSU art professor

REFLECTIONS ON 1974 *MOCKINGBIRD*  
FROM THE FIRST EDITOR, KAY GREGORY

"We set the type ourselves—that's one thing I remember vividly We were trying to make this as camera-ready as possible. Some of the faculty in the journalism area allowed us to use their type-setting machines One funny thing I remember about that first edition is that despite all the editing and proofing by everyone, we somehow overlooked that "Tennessee" was misspelled on the front cover!"

"One thing that's especially gratifying to me is to see how the book has grown in size and sophistication both graphically and also in the literary submissions. I think East Tennessee State should be very proud to keep such a publication going."

"I think the more technology we have, perhaps we have even greater need for those things that make us human—art and literary pursuits that are expressions of those deepest human urges."



## JUDGES

**Sue Ellen Bridgers** served as this year's fiction judge. She has published several novels: *Home Before Dark*, *All Together Now* (for which she won the Christopher Award), *Notes for Another Life*, *Sara Will*, and *Permanent Connections*, all of which were named ALA Best Books for Young Adults. In 1985 Ms. Bridgers received the Assembly on Literature for Adolescents (ALAN) Award from the National Council of Teachers of English. Her most recent novel is *Keeping Christina*. Ms. Bridgers resides in Sylva, North Carolina.

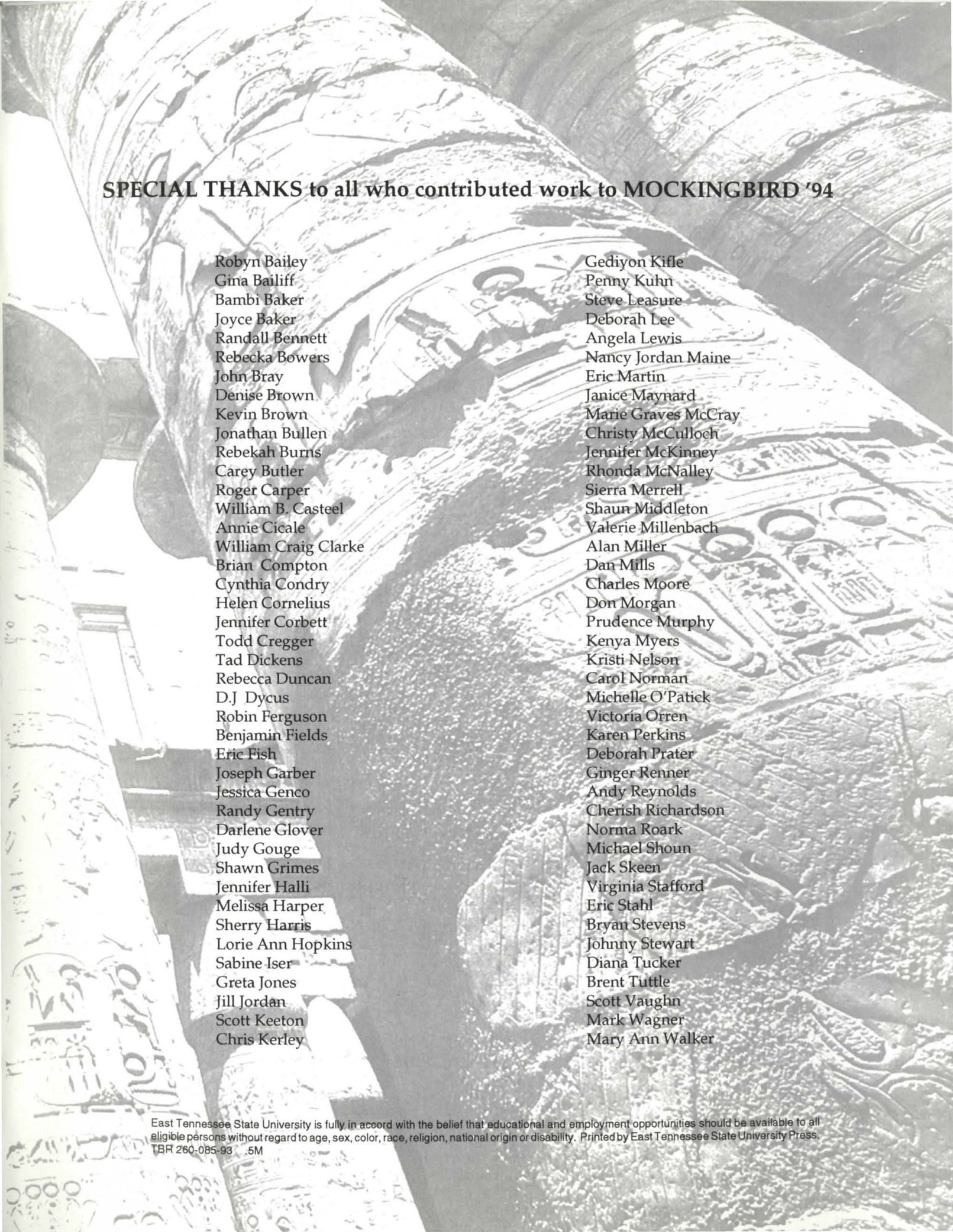
**George Ella Lyon**, an established regional poet, judged this year's poetry. Dr. Lyon has taught creative and expository writing at a number of colleges and universities, and she has worked with the Kentucky Arts Council, the Kentucky Humanities Council, and numerous public schools to bring professional and student writers together. Currently a free-lance writer and teacher, Dr. Lyon has published widely. Her works include: *Mountain*, a poetry chapbook; *Borrowed Children*, a novel for young readers; *Father Time and the Day Boxes*, one of over ten picture books; and the forthcoming novel *Here and Then*.

**Lou Middleman**, who judged this year's nonfiction category, currently works as a Senior Corporate Analyst in the metro Washington, D.C., area. Dr. Middleman holds a Ph.D. in English from the University of Pittsburgh, and he has over twenty years teaching experience on the college and university level. He has conducted seminars and interactive workshops on writing, speaking, strategic planning, and team building for numerous government agencies, and has published a book entitled *In Short: A Concise Guide to Good Writing*.

**Randy Sanders**, who served as the art judge, is an artist who lives with his wife and daughter on a farm near Johnson City, Tennessee. After completing his coursework in Graphic Design from E.T.S.U. in 1981, he worked for an advertising agency in Richmond, Virginia. From 1987-91 he lived in New York where he showed (and continues to show) at NoHo Gallery in SoHo. Other gallery shows have included Zaner Gallery in Rochester, New York, and Ralston Fine Art in Johnson City. His work has been shown at colleges in the Southeast and Northeast, and has been included in numerous national competitions.



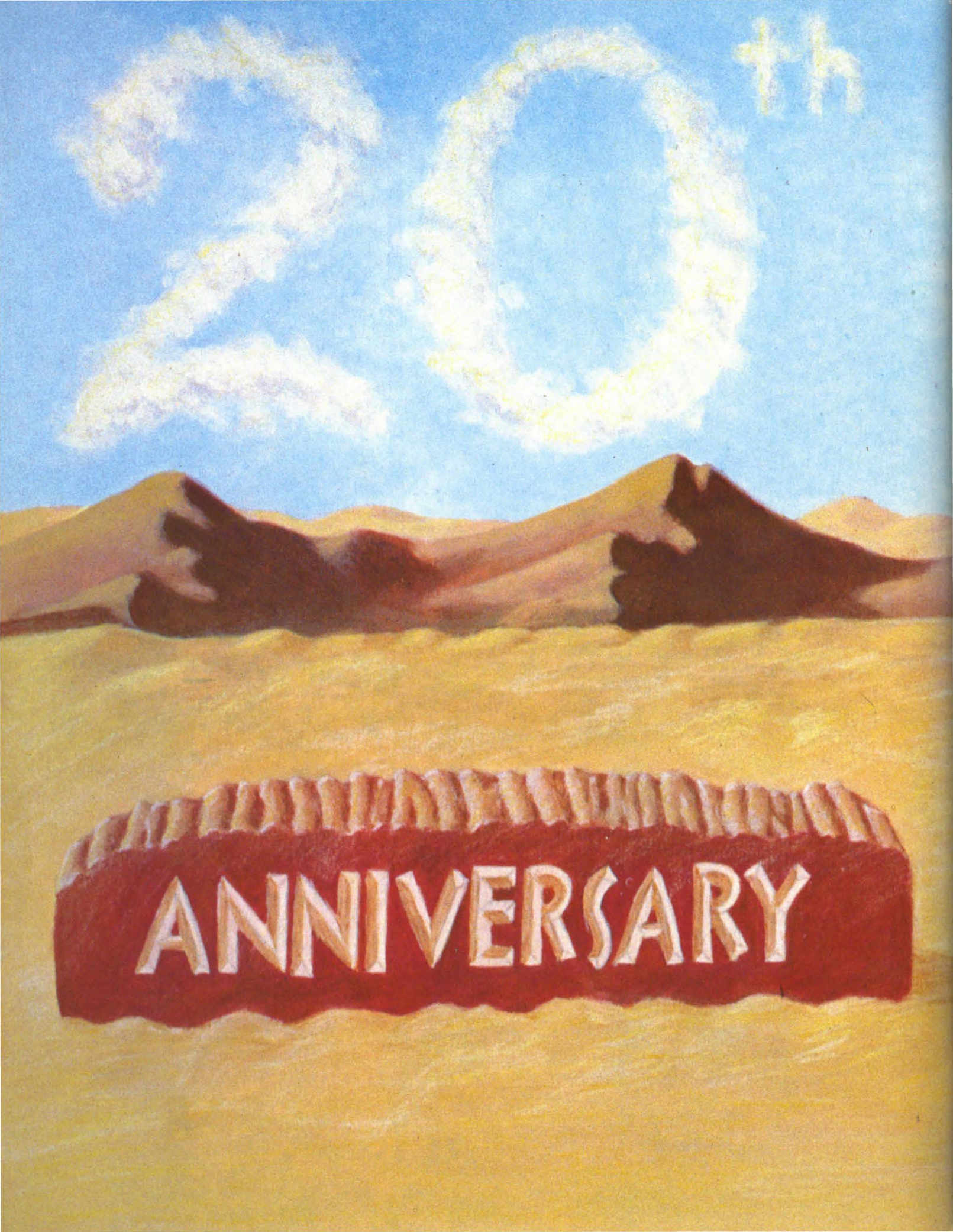




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Rebecca Duncan  
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Rhonda McNalley  
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