

COME PLAY WITH ME.

HOW IT FEELS

FICTION

ANGEROUS

TEXT

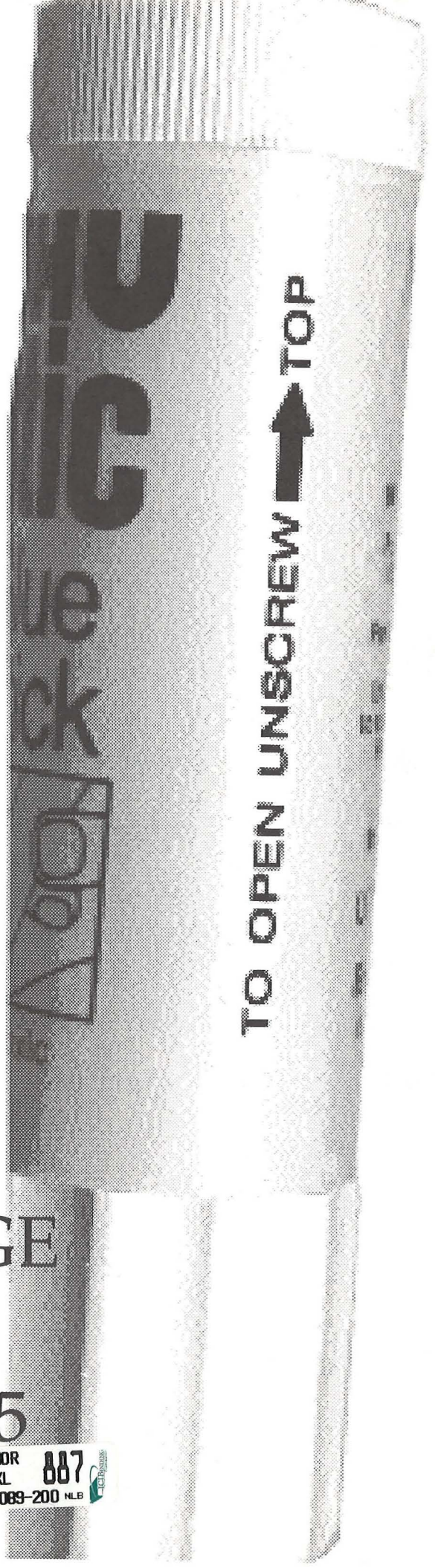
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proved

POETRY

TURN ME ON

THE  
NORTHRIDGE  
REVIEW  
SPRING 1995



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We would like to thank  
Jan (I GOT A GUN I GOT A CUNTGUN) Ramjerdi  
for letting us do

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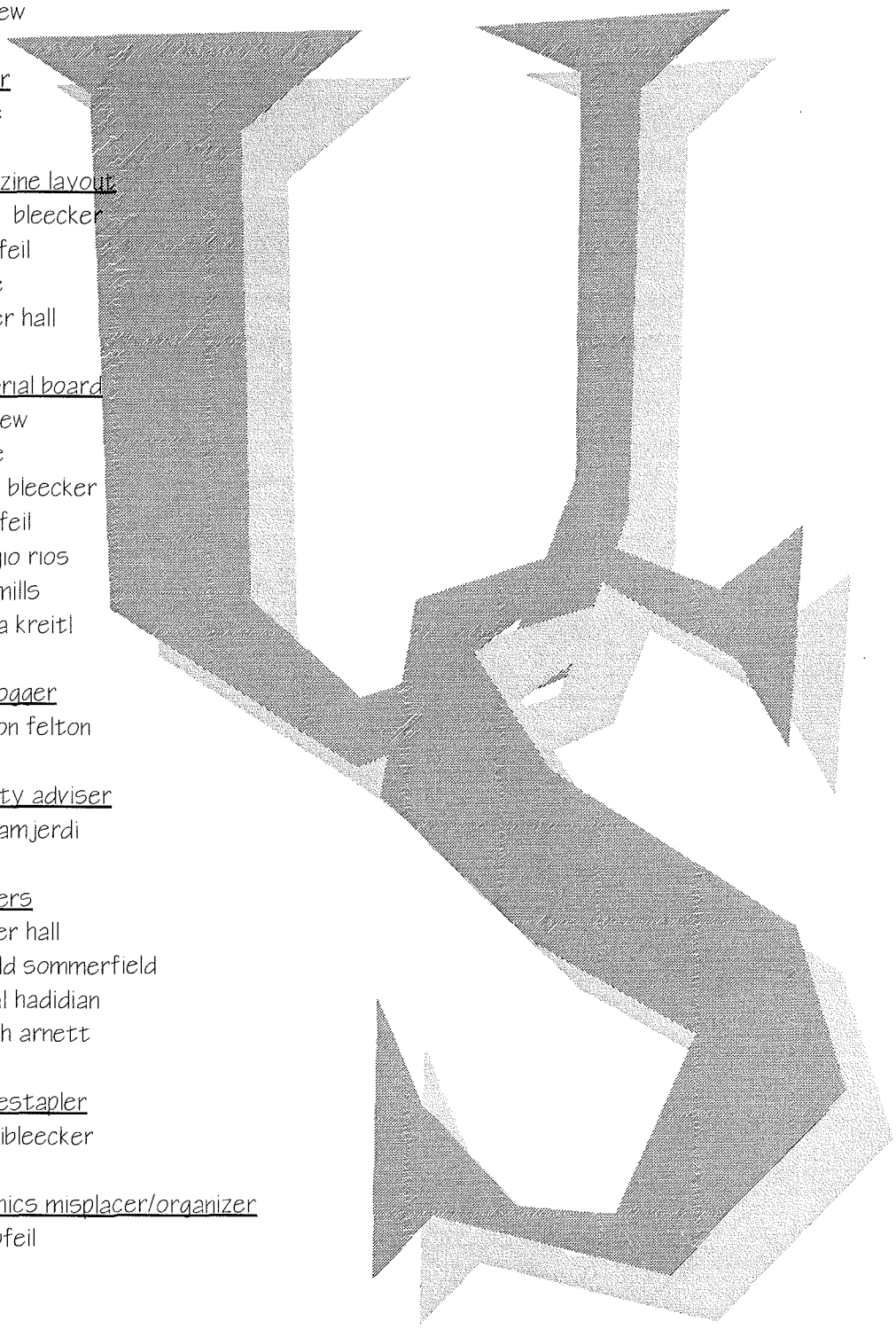
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## editor's note

Dangerous texts crept out of some small fantasy hole somewhere like cyborg space trickling between getting to class on time and reading the ninth edition of some damn anthology while Webster and Roget played Russian Roulette with the Oxford English Dictionary, condensed edition, and six pair of carefully selected dice in some pseudo-office building-trailer park pretending to be a classroom. Everyone ended up in a pre-faux-fuck word orgy coupled with random sound and visual images, and indoor/outdoor carpet burns in places we never expected. Roget and Webster have since be exiled and what we were left with has been an experience not to be compared to the disappearance of the Lindley Avenue Site. We can honestly say, however, that the spores from The Quake have finished permeating our nostrils and have moved to other, more vulnerable parts of our bodies leaving us with something that hardly resembles a dictionary at all.

Furthermore, blah blah blah thank you blah blah blah me blah blah blah time etc. etc. blah blah blah I blah blah blah English Dept. blah blah blah respected faculty etc. etc. blah blah blah all the people we blah blah blah and any others we forgot to blah blah blah et. etc. blah blah blah milk, eggs, bread blah blah blah toilet paper, cheese, ice cream blah blah blah shower, do laundry, wash dishes blah blah blah do homework etc. etc.

*J Julie*

October 19, 1964

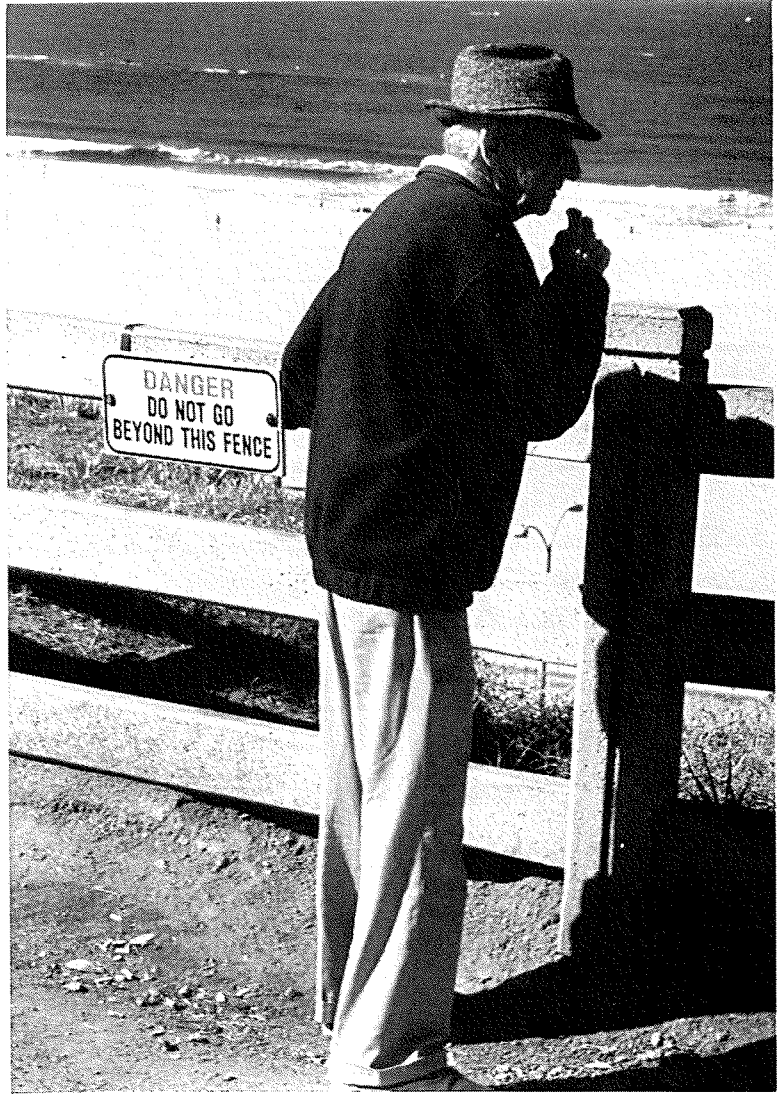
To Whom It May Concern:

I saw your flyer  
in the English office.

It said you wanted  
good, out of the closet  
poetry that screamed.

Prave it.

Sincerely -  
KK



**JUMP!**

tom moran jump! **V**io tom moran have you seen me **46** s

Tara Kolarek Cover Artist

ken pfeil **V**ij + scott hyers **51 & 62** s

sean minafar jane **01** t alicia vogl saenz voices in a box: a sestina **07**

julie not only behind the glass **08** jae hahn caution... **15** tom

moran dead echoes **18** craig a. schwartz "clint hardlaw in: " bullets can be so surly" by craig anthony, with author's notes [second

draft] **25** alan mills woodcut **45** alan mills inside him **45** susan

maroko to daddy **46** dawn bailey poppa daddy poppa daddy **47**

alicia vogl saenz magic mirror: a sestina **48** kelly charlton i never got to meet my hero **50** clifford kane it's not her at all **50**

rolin jones buttoning her dress **51** hormone you're not good

enough **52** jeffrey scott schuetze she's making too much noise **62**

hyaekyong cathrina yim octopus intelligence **66** hyaekyong cathrina yim body no body **68** tiffany brown & lani schweid mental twists **70**

tiffany brown & lani schweid streams of consciences **72** jay rubin the

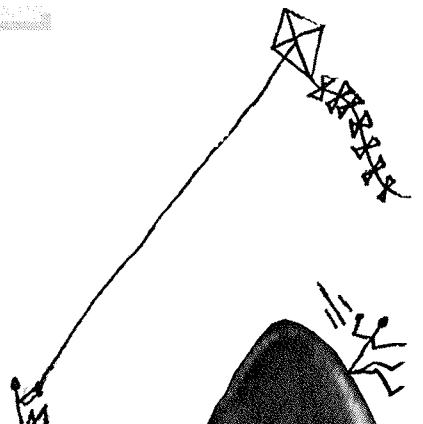
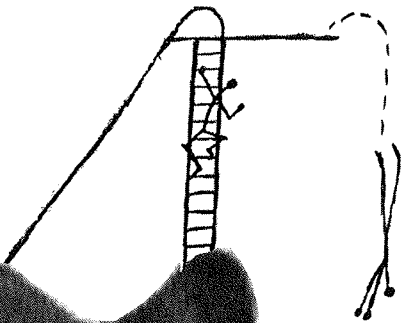
woman within **74** staci bleecker maryhada **76** honorable mentions

**86** t e x t s



STAR

WMA



# jane

## Introduction

I have a problem. It goes beyond trying to define or explain what lesbian poetics is. I guess it could be said that my problem even concerns the text of women-identified writings. The problem I have is this: Is a man able to write in a lesbian poetic form?

I must have been searching for an answer because I asked Jane about it. Jane never did much of anything outside of everything she wanted to do, so it would have been her who could have an answer. To her, everything would normally be things which normal people normally didn't do. She had a relationship that seemed normal. Almost normal.

Jane went out with a Tarzan of a guy. Not a guy named Tarzan, but a guy whose body was covered with massive, rippling muscles whose name should have naturally been Tarzan. It depended on Tarzan's mood for whether they would dine in or dine out. In and out. Tarzan had this habit of howling which Jane didn't much care for.

Most things irritated Jane. She spent the majority of her time just sitting at a bench. She would sit at her bench and scream. No one ever heard her, not because no one ever passed by. Many people would pass by her sitting on her bench. Joggers would jog by, people walking their dogs would walk their dogs past her sitting on her bench. Some even sat by her on occasions. They would never begin a conversation. All that Jane would do was scream.

She would scream and no one would hear her. No one came to her and asked her if she needed help or anything. She would hear her own scream. Hear it screamed so loudly that her ears would ring. But no one bothered to answer.

Before she ever had the name of Jane she never had a name. People needed something to call her. They didn't have much of an imagination and decided to collectively label her Jane Doe. They unimaginatively labeled her Jane, but expected her to live her life as if she should have been named Barbie.

SEAN  
MINAFAR



They packaged clothes for her and told her to wear elegance. They set the temperature of the sun out in the sky to give her the perfect tan. For the occasion of anything they also would give her her latest sports car. If the button on her back was pushed just right, she would wink at you. Then there was the complication of getting Ken together with her. But in the end it was always a happy ending. A dream packaged, labeled and wrapped for mass consumption.

That was the story written for Jane. She didn't much like the taste of it. Either as Barbie or as Jane, she sat at her bench and had something to say, but things which no one bothered to hear. She said, that is, she related a story and said; This is the story that needs to be desired a conclusion but never needs to be concluded.

#### Time and Space

There was a cake. A whole piece of cake not just a slice of one. It sat in the sun to bake. I found myself sitting next to it. How are you doing, it had asked me. I wasn't sure whether or not if talking was allowed so I nodded. Then I said, the sun burns nicely on your tanned body. It's raining, it said.

Sure enough the clouds were gone. I hoped something happens soon, I hoped. A mist fogged my vision and I saw the sun disappear. You can't do anything when the sun disappears, it told me. Then snow began to fall.

Everyone was doing nothing so they all stopped what they were doing and looked at the disappearing sun. When the sun disappeared and the sky was filled with snow, it began to rain but the wind said it should snow.

So it did.

So it was. Snowing.

Cats and dogs.

We sat somewhere and thought it better to go nowhere. The sun was still out so everyone was doing nothing. We were walking. As we walked, my eyes caught little creatures burrowing out of nowhere. They were doing something so we told them that they had to do nothing because the sun was nowhere in sight. They came from somewhere underground and didn't know about the sun being not being. They didn't listen to us and did something to go back to the somewhere they came from.

I asked the cake, I said, where is time. It said to me, it, it is in your head. So a man with a big stomach came and sat down between us in no time at all. He looked at the cake and smiled. The cake looked at him and didn't smile. Then the man smiled a frown.

The man looked hungry, but didn't eat anything. He ate everything because his stomach was huge and had everything in it. He looked at me and said to me, he said to me, do you know what ruins a good German chocolate cake. Its the almonds.

He said this then he wasn't there. He never left, but went nowhere and that is where we were, the cake and myself.

The fat man was watching his weight. Then it left him. He never followed. He wondered where it went, but never cared to find it. Soon it came back to him and he never was there again. He got up and left after getting up.

The cake left too. It got up without saying goodbye then it left.

I asked it what time was it, but it wasn't there so it said nothing. I asked where can I find time. It said that time was etched in stone on its chocolate icing. I looked for time but didn't see it, the cake but not the time. Where is it, I said. It used to be there, it told me, but now layers have covered it over and under. It was there yesterday, but won't be there tomorrow.

I wanted to know what space was. It is the final frontier, it said. Beam me up.

Everyone was looking at me, but I didn't look at them. No one said hello, so I looked down at their shoes. Then they left and all said hello. I could still see their shoes without looking.

Water began to build up on the ground. The sun wasn't out. It was raining. Most everyone got into a boat and began to row away. I joined them and then they all began to, they all started rowing and singing. Row, row, row, merrily, merrily, merrily. Then it happened. I saw time again like it once was before. Time was no more.

A passenger in the boat began to tell a story. This is what was said:.

### Words

Precious was a flower. Precious was hanging out on the side of the window. May I join you, I asked. Yes you may, Precious said. So I put



two and two together and they became one. I asked the one of them if they had some free time and the one said that time was money. So I spent fifteen minutes of it and bought some fame.

The one asked me where I found fame. I said to the one, I said, I found fame all wrapped up in an envelope of cloth. I licked the sticky sides for good measure. Ten inches to be precise. Then the one asked if I cut the sides with a paper cutter. No, I said to the one, I said, if I had I would have cut the time in half. But I didn't. I had fifteen minutes. The one became jealous and as Jealous he took a knife and killed time. Killed all fifteen minutes of it.

Jealous became well known for doing this act. It was scene four, act three to be precious. It made Jealous famous. Famous never really received rave reviews. The critics usually sent them to his agent. His agent knew that the truth was that Famous was really a poor actor. Of course he had to know because it was him, the agent, who was stealing all the money that Famous made. So one day Famous threw out his print shop and quit making money.

Looking back on it through my point of view, I really can't blame the one for killing time. In fact it was quite dark where I was sitting and there also was a wall in the way. So anyone, not just the one, could have done it. Come to think about it, time was held up several occasions before.

It wasn't long before I got over grief. A few steps and I was already on the other side. For Famous it took longer. No one ever came around to talk to Famous anymore. All that was left was a shadow of Hope and even she went away when the lights went out.

The Lights were also well known although there were many other lights around town. They loved spending long nights out all over the city. It appeared that the Lights led a perfect life, it was almost guaranteed, but it was only a matter of time before they eventually broke up. It appeared that Mr. Light cracked at work. Maybe it was the long grueling hours. Whatever the case, Mr. Light just burned out.

The one tried to tell me this story of murder and mayhem, but I wasn't too much into dirt. I told the one to wait and dug a little deeper. After covering myself I said it was alright to continue. Instead of telling me the story, the one noticed me burying time and uncovered me as the killer. I would have run but the one stood with Surprise and there was no getting away from the two of them.

They asked me how could I murder the Time of its life. I tried to get around it, but the subject was pretty big. Pleasantly so. I tried to

inflate its ego and before I knew it, the subject exploded. I took advantage of opportunity, fondled her a little, then ran like a bat out of hell. The one let all the events sink in and rolled his eyes. I didn't see how far they went. Instead I was looking for a way to escape and found it.

### Blender

Jane finished her story with the passenger finishing his story and related what she desired to be:

Someone has taken me while I was sleeping. My mind was clouded with dreams of which I forget and now I find myself brought into a land in which I forget, but a place in which I am. As much as I am and as much as I can be. Which I am. Someone studies my head, my hair. Fingers brush through my hair, a caress like a cat. Then the someone grabs, pulling handfuls of hair from my head, a clawing like a cat. Fingernails scrap my head and I itch. I itch bad. I need to touch, to caress, to sooth the pain. Desire to relieve the call of the itch, the itch that moans to be relieved. I cannot. Cannot relieve the moan. I hear it eternally. Internally. My head aches. Headaches. Itch. Moan. Call. Scratch, like a cat.

Someone holds my head within a barrier. A screw turns then I am tightened into place. I cannot move. I try. I cannot. I can't. I can't move. I feel a chisel placed on the back of my head. It is cold. Cold on the back of my head. Then I hear a clink and a flash bursts before my eyes. A pain throbs the back of my scalp open. THLONK my skull opens. I can see my brain in my mind. I feel a pleasure come over it. I see a big tongue, in my mind, lick from the back slowly to the front. I lose myself. Uncontrolled. I grow out of control. I become out of control. I revel in the taste I cannot sense with the pleasure I can feel.

I open my eyes to see my body held above an inferno. Flames grow and grow and reach out to me. They strike me. Flicker before me before they lick me before they, they lick me. Not the kind of lick I had on my mind, my brain. They lick me and I lose myself. Beyond control. I grow out of control and scream, no moan, no scream, no moan and I melt away. The flesh falls from my body and I am left naked. Flames burn me naked. My bones sizzle and before they shatter to ashes the flames stop licking. The flames dim, darken, grow cold.



What is left of me? What is left of me is put into a blender. Into a blender I am shoved. Electricity pulses into the machine, I can feel it. I feel it spin and I spin and I break. My brittle bones break into chunks into bits into a malty liquid and I feel, I feel, I feel. I feel free. I feel my malty bones mix with my melted flesh and stirred together. I become one again, I become one, I become complete.

I slide onto the surface of lips. Darted tongues taste me. Surface of lips vibrate a sound. A sound I longed to make, long to make, make for someone else. Lips part and I file inside to consume the tongue. Draw forth saliva, mix with saliva, become one with saliva, give myself to saliva and fall into, where I have heard the sound I want to consume. I slide down the darkened walls, cover the walls and leap into the opening darkness, to be consumed, to decompose, to moan.

### Conclusion

Jane fell silent. She seemed to create her emotions every moment, recreate. She sat and I sat and I waited for her to answer me. I didn't say anything. A maddened dialogue entered my head:

So here I am. I'm in love again. They are speaking FOREIGN languages to spite me. I THINK I SHOULD BITE my

**TONGUE** simply because I can.

I'm STARVING. IVE HAD NO LUNCH. How did they FIND OUT about my LIFE? No one told THEM, they DONT NEED to KNOW. being REincarnated as A Political idea isn't SUCH A BAD pLAN AT ALL. when You think About it. What ARE YOU READING? my forTUNE.

The voices echoed and died out of my head. I was with Jane for some time. After everything she began to scream. She screamed until her ears rang. I picked up and said; Hello?

Under dust balls and cobwebs in a box  
 her things rest like a secret.  
 A mirror, some bobbypins, photograph,  
 old nail polish and file reveal her espíritu  
 in part, but leave the unsaid: ilegítima.  
 It is through this word that I become a lens.

Through the lens  
 I see her swim with her nieta. A box  
 of toys nearby, toys denied her, toys that whisper ilegítima,  
 whisper the secret,  
 whisper ilegítima, the secret que no deja en sosiego su espíritu.  
 But I remember el espíritu does not photograph.

I study the photograph,  
 wonder if it is between the lens  
 and the subject que el espíritu  
 gets lost, or does it stay in the box-  
 like structure of the camera, waiting for secret  
 chemicals not yet invented. Then will my mamá have ilegítima

printed on her forehead? Ilegítima  
 whisper las tías do not forget abuelita's secret.  
 Their eyes made bigger by the lens  
 of their glasses stare form the box,  
 they say sufrir enriqueza el espíritu.

Entre ellas dicen que mi mamá tiene el espíritu  
 viejo por el pecado inato de ser ilegítima.  
 I try to leave their voices in the box,  
 try to remember esas tías in the photograph  
 are long dead, their words locked con el espíritu in the lens,  
 ese pecado no longer secret.

In this poem it is not the secret  
 abuelita wanted. My mamá's espíritu  
 necesita socio. So, I will not let the lens  
 keep esa palabra pecadora ilegítima.  
 Then mamá and her nieta can swim in a photograph  
 without tías whispering in the box,

fifty years peering through a lens: eres ilegítima.  
 Dusty secret, mirrored en el espíritu  
 is erased in this poem, not preserved in the photograph in the box.

## VOICES IN A BOX: A Sestina

**Alicia  
 Vogl  
 Sáenz**





# NOT ONLY BEHIND THE GLASS: a multivoice, multimedia lesbian production

BEGIN

AUDIO/

VISUAL

Sometimes I feel I can just say it. And then there are other times when I find myself just listening, not wanting to tell. So, go ahead. I see you out there. Ask me. Maybe I'll laugh. Maybe I'll just sit here. And maybe, maybe I'll tell you.

Jamie wanted to be a drummer. Days were filled rummaging through cupboards looking for coffee tins and Tupperware to set up a new elaborate percussion system. Gathering her days collection she wandered outside to the freshest patch of sunlight where the line of shade was still cool under her feet and then she just took off her shirt and sat in the field with her blue jeans torn at the knee, breasts bare to the sun. She searched for a daisy to pick and hold in her palm like a butterfly before sticking the stem in her mouth. She knew that Fran would come out soon and she smiled, the daisy hanging from the corner of her broad lips. She would ask Fran to sit down and tell her a story, maybe even sing to her. At the spur of any moment Jamie would fling herself backward into the pillow of daisies, scattering the bumble bees to other unoccupied flowers for she liked so much to be in the middle of picnicking.

I had a sexual encounter with a woman when I was in high school but I had a steady boyfriend. I enjoyed having this boyfriend, because I fit in better, but always, I craved the encounter with the woman. I would always envision pressing against her on a sandy beach with our breasts intertwined and touching, rubbing myself on her leg but I never thought of myself as homosexual. It's the softness of women's skin that I love, the curvyness of their hips and legs, the inside of their lower belly where it comes down to a V but still, I never would have labeled myself "lesbian."

Fran had always been very popular in town which was the very reason she was elected the towns spokeswoman. Fran had a strong passion for keeping bullfrogs in her apron pocket and drinking red tea in the shade. Sometimes, if the angle was just right, she would allow her toes to wiggle in her sandals as she stuck them out from behind the podium. Her most brilliant ideas came to her while walking through the acres of shrubs she had planted one year. She held open forums on Tuesdays and special events on Wednesdays, but when she got to the mic all she could do was look out among the townspeople and fold her hands on the podium. She always saved her stories for Jamie and egg salad sandwich picnics.

I've always liked to look at the National Geographic magazines. I like to look at the pictures of the animals, of Africa, of South America. But I also really like to look at the pictures of the women. These women are usually wearing close to nothing so their breasts sag on their lean bodies and the muscles in their arms and legs look overworked and often undernourished. And I don't know what it is but this huge part of me always wants to just be there, in the pictures, walking and working near them. And maybe I am a lesbian. Because I can sit on my bed with a National Geographic and think about smelling the crushed colors of the land and the sweat on their labored bodies.

**Camera Angle:** Camera is suspended high on a tree branch somewhere off the coast of West Africa. Two leaves hang in front of the camera and touch only when the branch sways in the wind, only it is completely undetectable because the camera is also swaying so the bare and folliaged ground below appears to exist on two circular planes which intersect each other in infinite places.

**Scene:** Two women sit on the ground next to a bowl of dark purple berries. The wind is blowing to the North East, rustling leaves and hair. A large rock separates the bare spot on the ground from jungle on one side, sand on the other.

**Sound:** A hyena in the distance answers the war cry heard from atop one of the trees and the ground vibrates from the herd moving forward. A vulture tears away at a rotting cub.

You are lying face up with you/r arms at you/r side. I sit on top, m/y knees to either side of you/r hips. You crush the dark purple stain in you/r hand, you/r lips, wipe it across m/y shoulder, over m/y breast, the color like a scar tearing into open flesh, marking the insides of my nasal cavities, the snot, the mucus. A second hand, mine in you, dips across you/r cheek and down the belly marking the place you are forced to hold life and you scream and tear up the middle in blood wretch vomit and I stain the ground purple too.



Having a relationship with a man might be easier in outward appearances because I don't have to deal with the homophobia and hate and questions and looks and comments from everyone else because everything looks normal. But it's hard because I have to suppress what I really feel, what I really want. Sex is awkward. Sex is silent. I always have to talk myself into it like I'm convincing myself that that is what I really want when deep down I know it isn't. I'm just too afraid to admit that to myself for what being homosexual means. I can sometimes handle the foreplay, the fondling and caressing, but when it comes down to penetration, I must think of something else. And I am silent. In my dreams, I think of women.

Jamie and Fran sat on the picnic blanket together, picnicking. Jamie remembered the days she'd spent jarring honey out in the field and Fran remembered the dishes she had left in a pile for the sake of watching Jamie in her bareness, eating daisies. It was on this day that they would, in the middle of picnicking, remember the avocado tree and stroll across the daisies to explore that side of the garden. It was also on this day that the novel would be forgotten under the fence somewhere between the orange groves and the time it took for Fran to tell a story.

I always sleep naked. I always sleep naked so there is never the possibility of getting tangled in my shirt until it is pulled over my head to hold down my arms. So there is never the possibility that I will hear the sound of cotton tearing from between my legs. So there is never the possibility that my favorite pair of Calvins will end up as a rag torn into three pieces and used to wipe up the cum stains of each one. So there is never the possibility of having to lie in that discard pile until the sunlight forces my eyes open. So there is never the possibility AGAIN.

I was in a few sexual relationships with women before I would accept responsibility for being gay. I'm not sure if I was avoiding it because I didn't want to believe it myself, denying it, or if it just never occurred to me that there was a label for me. I was always just doing what I felt was right even though I had always felt somewhat different but never really knew why, I never really knew what I wanted. When I told my Mother I was in a sexual relationship with a woman she cried and blamed it on herself. Then she claimed I never really told her what happened to me in Riverside. I was gay before I got to Riverside. Being raped is beside the point.

**Camera Angle:** Camera is shoved under the bed on a cold hard dorm room floor. The room is dark so the camera only picks up the shuffling of three sets of tennis shoes, jeans around the ankles. The space under the bed seems to get smaller and larger in rhythmic patterns.

**Scene:** Small dark dorm room with two single beds. One is unoccupied and unmade. On the other, a college student, female, wearing only a white T-shirt and Calvin Klien underwear. She is stretched out in a pre-slumber state on her back on top of the sheets. A calculus book lies open on the desk. The door is unlocked.

**Sound:** The only thing that can be heard is the tunneled sound of three voices laughing and whispering. At the precise moment when the cotton tears the audio portion can no longer be heard.

THERE IS NO SOUND  
THERE IS NO TEXT



THERE IS NO SOUND  
THERE IS NO TEXT

I think it's too hard to consider those women in the pornos lesbians. I was channel surfing the other day and I stopped on the nasty channel. And watched. These two women were having sex in a blue leather chair. One woman straddled the chair with her breasts jiggling above the seat and her ass up in the air while the other sort of fucked her from underneath and behind with three fingers and her tongue before she pulled out a long white vibrating dildo and fucked her with that too. The two moaned and groaned screaming MORE MORE into the camera with hot pink lipstick and her lips protruding awkwardly. Then I heard some strange voice dubbed in that kept repeating OH BABY I WANT YOU SO BAD and I found myself standing up and yelling too. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT? DO YOU WANT HER ASS, YOUR ASS, STICKING IN THE CAMERA LIKE THAT? DO YOU WANT TO BE FUCKED ON A BLUE LEATHER CHAIR? Right then some man came in and started to fuck one of them, so I just went back to channel surfing.

**Camera Angle:** Camera is suspended from a Gothic light fixture in the center of the room on a circular rotary-type thing enabling the camera to shift smoothly and circularly from the ceiling to the floor.

**Scene:** Small off-yellow room with a faded red sofa in the right corner and a shredded mattress thrown in the middle. A Gothic light fixture hangs above the mattress. A rusty horseshoe lies on the splintery wooden floor. Two figures can be seen, naked on the mattress.

**Sound:** The only thing that can be heard is the barn burning outside the room and streaks of red siren lights, random voices, instructions on putting out fires, and the inside of a submissive woman's head.

you are turned on top of m/e so your coarse pubic hair is digging its imprint on my shoulder, denting the epidermis with lashing streaks of red, blood rising to the surface, veins bursting. I show m/y fangs, want to sink them into you/r buttocks, the fleshy muscle, to the bone, gnawing and scraping the muscle to show the grey-white skin of an exposed femur. But I sit here as you read m/y mind, sink your own canine incisors into the muscles of m/y abdomen, growling, ripping the flesh with shark-like thrusts, each time you/r skin rubs like sharp razors against m/y cheeks m/y lips, m/y tongue. You/r mouth on m/y breast biting hard, knee thrust up in between m/y legs, pulling down, outer labia majora flattened beneath your weight and the wooden floor and I let my/self scream for more, and I am panting with saliva dripping from m/y tongue.



I had a conversation about lesbian sex over tossed green salad and chile rellenos one day. I was asked what is it that lesbians do, and I had to think, well what do we DO? and so I said... sometimes I pretend I'm between her legs when I'm licking her ear. The lobe is her clitoris and I stroke it long and slow at first dipping into the canal on the 4th and 6th strokes, tasting her soft insides. Then I work my tongue a little faster against her lobe until I take it between my lips and suck on it, the whole thing in my mouth, thinking, pretending how warm and soft and erect her tissue gets... And when I saw the expression on the other person's face I said... and sometimes it's not like that at all. Sometimes it's just eating chile rellenos and a tossed green salad.

**Camera Angle:** The camera is dropped in the middle of a flower patch. One end is stuck, slanted in the muddy soil so the view is that of a diagonal portion of the sky, the flower tops, and long green stems.

**Scene:** A blanket sits in the flower patch close to the oak tree which provides a corner of shade on the far end of the blanket. Empty containers are scattered about. A blue blue Volkswagen is parked under the tree.

**Sound:** The majority of sound is taken up by the bees buzzing and the flowers are occasionally rustled by passing livestock. An airplane flies overhead.

They shared a picnic blanket. Jamie would close her eyes and believe that she could stay smiling in the bareness, listening to syllables, the rhythm of Fran's voice. And the story would, in certain places, stop, reminding her that if she opened her eyes again, it would all still be right there and not only behind the glass. And if it ever got too cold, Jamie would slip on her shirt and leave it untucked, because the sun was sure to come back later, curl in a ball at the edge of the daisies, and look up at Fran, wanting to hear more story.

I saw in a store front window, a picture of Gertrude and Alice, touching. And I had to laugh out loud. Because the day is here. Ya, the day is definately here. When I walk down the street, I hear people say, "That's a dyke." And it's not because I have short hair and dress the way I do, not because I'm holding another woman's hand, but just because I AM.

# Caution: This paper consists of

*I have explored the mauve of day,  
some days ago. I deserted the  
desert as it remained ninety  
degrees to midnight in Baker. The  
last stop to Las Vegas, it was too  
tempting. I could not wait to  
make a donation to hotel of my  
choice. There I suffer from sleep  
depravation, alcohol intoxication,  
and ATM temptation*

*Solace is hard to find in the desert.  
Outside the sweat of my body  
could form a little stream and my  
burning body could heat a third  
world country for the whole  
winter. All I sought was air  
condition, the condition f the air  
to change. I became primitive in  
my search for ice water and a  
chair.*

*It is too extreme at least for me.  
It is at one end of the spectrum or  
the other. I could not find  
stabilizing factor. Something that  
would be able to distract me.*

*The pictures which are created  
through memory have been seen  
through a million eyes. Eyes  
materialize truth in individuals.  
Eyes cannot disguise the feeling of  
discontent. Eyes reveal the lack of  
morality a greater cause. Eyes  
can see through the nature of a  
selfish skin. Eyes release the guilt*

*So hearts throb and ask for the forgiveness, which can only be granted by  
the angels of sacrifice.*





## random thought and unconventional modes of transition

*So I search for inspiration, which is hard to find, for everything ends. I guess I am looking for a religion, but not in the religious sense. I am in search of a prop which will occupy my time which will occupy my time without mind altering, controlling, or additive devices. Lord knows I have acquired enough vices to last me until the beginning of the new millennium. They are too hard to find and the way down is a hell of a lot longer than the way up.*

*So I count the grains of sand I have spread on a sheet of vaseline.*

*I press some thorns on my sides to see what the pain will provide.*

*I take a road to nowhere in hopes that it will get me somewhere.*

*I await the day tomorrow comes as I count the yesterdays.*

*But most of all I wait for a definition, which will lead to my recognition.*

*I have been on many a trips in my life, which were fun until they turned bad.*

*I retract and react to the proverbial intentions of myself. I verbalize and theorize my detached form. I envision lingering realities I need to stabilize. Is it balance that gives stability or does stability arise from balance.*

*So I escape and return to a place where cross continental travel was not possible. A place where all I had to do was live for the sake of living. It would be a place and time where life was not timed. A place where the space would find you instead of you finding the space.*

*It is nice to be*

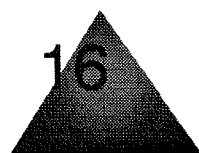
*alone,*

*to use your senses of attachment and*

*detachment.*

*I can ponder the possibilities of my irrational state. A self-prescribed and described state. Where I can do and be anything the moment allows me to be. Where everything need not be precise or in control to fit someone else's mode. I ask myself where I have been, where I am and where I am going And it really*

# Jae Hahn



*doesn't matter, I can't change where I have been, and I am where I am for a reason, and I'm eventually gonna get to where I am going, so why rush?*

*So now I lay on the grass to get a different perspective. The perspective has changed, but the material has stayed the same. So is there a difference in perspective when the material is the same? Or is it the perspective that makes all the difference. But even difference is the same, if it is a matter of perspective.*

*During times of anxiety, I close my eyes and think of Josylen who has moved up to the Bay Area. There she is learning how to communicate with whales. The Biology department at the University of Pacific has placed a metal plate in her head in an attempt to de-code the sonar of whales. She was chosen, for she was the only one quick enough to escape into the protection pods, where a force field sprays an anti-whale formula which causes them to have a rash; it has the affect of poison ivy on human being.*

*I guess I am in the process of searching for "continuous present", where the notion of beginning again is implied. Is this a way to get out of an ending, for an ending doesn't exist. The ending will become a part of the beginning and over again. Is there coherency in something that will never end. Or do we even need to exclaim its existence.*

## **Caution: This paper consists of random thought and unconventional modes of transition**

*I have explored the mauve of day,  
some days ago. I deserted the  
desert as it remained ninety  
degrees to midnight in Baker. The  
last stop to Las Vegas, it was too  
make a donation to hotel of my  
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depravation, alcohol intoxication,  
and ATM temptation*

*Solace is hard to find in the desert.  
Outside the sweat of my body  
could form a little stream and my*

**Jae Hahn**  **17**



Moe sat in the straight-backed wooden kitchen chair, elbows on the  
 A rushing, hissing, unending stream of intelligible and  
 stained kitchen table, hearing. Many other people in Moe's same position-  
 unintelligible data assaulting and informing,  
 the position of occupying a one-bedroom flat in a huge, run-down complex in  
 unneeded, unheeded, but ultimately  
 an area of town that had never been good-would be listening. Moe however  
 resolutely,  
 was way beyond listening; he had transcended to hearing. And try as he  
 heard.  
 might, he couldn't stop.

Deep at night, with the insomnia which created unrest, and unrest  
 Downstairs, Sam threatens  
 which created insight, Moe first began to notice the acuity of his hearing.

to finally kill the bitch.  
 The neighbor's fighting ceased to be a blurry mumble; soon the threats  
 Through the drain  
 became both clearer and more terrible. And the televisions which  
 muffled pleading  
 surrounded his sepulchral apartment blared 24 with programs that held no  
 echoes from the porcelain.  
 interest for him but which he heard never the less.

The wall booms under  
 The various exercises recommended to him by his psychologist did  
 the thump of matted hair.  
 little to quiet the Pandemonium surrounding him and coursing through his  
 The door slams below,  
 veins. Moe rolled over in his riot of pillows clutching one to each ear,  
 perhaps at last  
 resolving that when the sun rose he would seek the help of a proper doctor.  
 unhinged.

"That I can see, Mr. Corti, your hearing is normal for a 42 year-old  
 With age comes wisdom and the painful reality  
 man; you have neither a deficit nor a heightened sensitivity. I did notice a  
 of mortality and motive.

build-up of cerumen, though. I'd like to take care of that."

Simplicity ceases and complexity ensues

"Cerumen?" Moe asked.

with the knowledge that you can neither forget nor undo

"Ear wax, Mr. Corti. It can interfere with your ear's ability to drain,  
 what you know your body and mind to be capable of.  
 resulting in a painful infection."

Once you realize, it's too late,

"Will it make me hear better?"

it's there and you'd better deal with it

“Well, yes. Impacted cerumen will prevent your ear from conducting  
because it won't go away.  
sound to its fullest potential.”

Ever.

Moe couldn't believe his ears. “Haven't you heard a word I've said, Doctor?”  
Moe held his hands to his ears. “Hear no evil. Don't you get it? I'm hearing too  
much, it's driving me crazy. I can't sleep: I can't work: it never stops. I want you to  
turn it down, not turn it up.”

“Mr. Corti, there's little I can do. Your tests show me that there's not a prob-  
lem with your hearing. Perhaps you might try ear-plugs.”

Moe sat at the kitchen table, looking at the utensils laying quietly on

The auditory conscience, the malevolent mastoid

the padded plastic mats. Twisted deep into his ear canals were two

are two of our autonomic functions which cease

neoprene plugs, held in place by fists of cotton covered with surgical tape.

never to operate. They function like the heart

He liked the suffocating pleasure of the silence at first, but his ears soon

or a shark-

acclimatized and slowly, insidiously the noise began to creep back in. He

to stop is to die.

held his hands to his ears and tears began to well in his eyes. He heard the

You can ignore it, temporarily, but with knowledge

tap, tap, tapping noise they made, and felt their cool splash under his

comes awareness and no hope for escape.

forearms as they struck the placemat and exploded.

“Mr. Corti, I haven't any explanation as to your heightened sensitivity.”

The dream of blanketing silence

The Audiologist peered at Moe over his glasses and across his desk. Moe

like a damp dampening fog ushered in

stared at the huge plastic model ear on the corner of the doctor's desk. “The

by a soothing, silent ocean.

only suggestion I might make, although it seems a little extreme, is to

Tacit, slow water quilts the planet-saline and silent.

consider wearing some OSHA approved ear protection.”

Dark, murky, and mysterious, like quiet

“What's that?” Moe brightened at the possibility of some soothing

the less you know, perhaps the better,

quiet.

cradled calmly in the enveloping nothingness

“Oh, perhaps ear protectors like those worn in industry-like shooters

thinking only occasionally of

wear at the gun range.”

sharks.

Moe that this was a fine idea indeed.



Oblivious to most of the attention paid him, Moe did notice his  
 Increasingly isolationist, urban solitude  
 super, Sal, eyeing him suspiciously. Sal was a detestable and noisy man,  
 is difficult to achieve;  
 given to fits of screaming at the neighborhood children for playing near  
 it's not the anonime which is the enemy  
 the apartment property. He had hair on both his chest and back; he forever  
 it's the noise and nosy neighbors  
 wore two articles of clothing: a too-small, sleeveless undershirt and a  
 which supplants seclusion.  
 Greek fisherman's hat. As he pushed past Sal on the concrete steps, Moe  
 You don't rent an apartment  
 considered that Sal was neither Greek nor a fisherman. Sal for his part,  
 you sublet your privacy.  
 considered the Moe, or 36D as he called him, was going nuts.

Everything you do is known

"Afternoon, Corti." Sal eyed Moe curiously.

to few and many, those who need not know.

"Hello, Sal." Moe continued up the steps.

When you brush and when you flush

"Listening to the ball game?" Sal maneuvered to prevent Moe's  
 passing.

or if you do

"I'm sorry?"

and what's your favorite program.

"The ball game. What are you listening to?" Sal pointed to the huge,

Doesn't anyone read anymore?

green plastic cups which erupted from Moe's head like twin tumors. The

That's a quiet pastime

large padded head band squashed his ball cap and made him look like a pilot.

whose time has past.

"Nothing. I am trying to listen to nothing."

It matters little

"Some of the neighbors have been asking me..."

for in the absence of silence

Moe turned and headed for the door, leaving Sal and his incessant

there is little to do

yammering on the steps.

but hear.

Roaming up and down the arctic aisles, Moe was uncomfortable and

Choices: maddening and perplexing

lost in the cavernous warehouse. The 60 foot ceiling dwarfed him, the

disguised in indecision

choices bewildered him. He eventually stopped on aisle 27, closed his

amid the cacophonous din

eyes and tried to achieve isolation in the maddening echoes.

of babies and blue-light specials.

“Can I help you?” a voice fairly screamed from somewhere behind Moe.

Hope, silent blinding hope

He spun, instinctively, nearly toppling over in the process. He blinked

looms large on the horizon

and sought to regain his balance, which he did only by grabbing the bony

-the solution-hidden, unknown

shoulder of the pimply-faced teen-aged boy in the polyester red vest. Moe

exists simply because you believe it must

readjusted his ear-muffs which had become dislodged during his pirouette.

therefore you never stop

“I said can I help you?” the boy screamed again.

like hearing or the shark;

“Shhhhhhhh!” Moe held his finger to his lips. The boy blushed with

you cruise remaining close to the bottom

shame, and leaned forward, conspiratorial. He waited to know Moe’s

avoiding, evading, eluding all contact

secret. “I’m looking for quiet. Absolute quiet.”

until you perceive the possibility of purpose

The boy looked perplexed, then realization dawned across his ruddy

then you pounce

face. “Aisle 85-I think we have just what you need.”

hoping at last to prevail.

Fascinated by the lulling blue patterns Moe luxuriated in the numbing

Wanted: SWF

near-silence for what seemed a very long time. He could still hear the

Age: 35-50

occasional car alarm or backfire, a siren now-and-then; these sounds crept

Coy, placid, demure, even bookish

through the glass. But with a sigh of great relief he had disassociated

must cherish quiet and seek solitude.

himself from much of the world. A faint thumping noise came from the door.

for possible relationship

The peep-hole-now covered-was of little use, so he opened the door.

It was

Sal.

Mr. Corti, I’ve been knocking and calling you for five minutes! Some of

involving long, deep, meaningful

the neighbors were complaining about banging last night and I-” Sal stopped

knowing glances

in mid sentence. His mouth hung open and he stared past Moe into his

apartment.

and little conversation.

Everywhere he looked, every surface except the floor and including



## Peaks and valleys

the ceiling was covered with the repeated peak and valley pattern of blue,  
repeating patterns in blue  
egg-carton styrofoam.

an attitudinal color scheme  
Sal stammered. "Mr. Corti, what have you done?"

for the man who has nothing.  
"I have effectively reclaimed my privacy."

A padded cell  
"You WHAT?"

for a man and his thoughts.  
"I have sound-proofed my apartment." Moe stood in the doorway,  
Few intrudes, fewer escapes

wearing his boxer shorts and the sort of athletic t-shirt so loved by his  
thoughts, utterances (which is which?)  
superintendent, Sal. On his head were the green, OSHA approved ear-  
bounce off nothing  
protection tumors. For all intents he read Sal's lips, something for which he  
sad, dead echoes  
had developed a knack.

of things unsaid.  
"Well, the owners, they'll never go for this. You can't do this..."

Conversation becomes circular  
"I have done it. I can't take all the noise, Sal. It never stops; I don't  
loopy, looping, and unending cycle  
sleep. I had to do something."

of ever-decreasing concentric circles  
"But Mr. Corti, I'm telling you..."

the stone leaps from the water  
Moe closed the door on Sal, who began to pound and yell again. Moe  
the circuit is complete  
found that if he stepped back from the door several feet, with the ear-  
0 becomes 1  
protectors, that he was deaf to Sal's attacks.

the synapse arcs.

The patients in the Audiologists office shifted uncomfortably in their  
To achieve total objectivity  
chairs peering over their People magazines at the strange, quiet man in the  
requires great patience  
corner. The patients were all elderly, or children, and their mothers. These  
and terrible sacrifice;

latter were careful not to permit their young ones to stare at the  
The quest for that which you truly  
disheveled, unshaven man in the plaid jacket and huge, green earmuffs  
desire

stretched across the nylon novelty cap bearing gold silk-screened letters

declaring:

is unavoidable.

I'm not deaf,  
I'm ignoring you

Like gold, it's there all along  
"Ma, what's wrong with that man?" In her attempt to repair her little  
waiting to be discovered,  
monster, this mother had failed to impart any social grace onto this child.  
refined, and perfected.

"Shh, honey, shh. It's not polite to talk about strangers," thinking she  
And like precious metals  
had never seen anyone stranger than this, and she would like to know what,  
it contains no value  
indeed, was wrong with him.

other than that which you impart to it.  
Moe stared past them, at the serene impressionist canvas on the wall,  
Commitment,  
golds and blues, a forest he thought, and how it was perhaps the quietest  
terrible, irreversible,  
picture he had ever seen. He smiled vaguely.

bridge-burning commitment  
The receptionist tapped Moe gently on the shoulder. He jumped.

is the final ingredient  
"Mr. Corti, I said the doctor will see you now.  
in the refinement.

In somewhat less-than-convincing ear-side manner the doctor said,  
The world can be divided into  
"What can I do for you today, Mr. Corti?"

roughly two parts,  
Moe sat on the table, his legs dangling like a child's above the floor.  
no matter the subject of your division  
He removed the big OSHA muffs and said, "I think I've finally solved my  
Ultimately, there is  
problem, Doctor."

the divisor, and there is  
The doctor rummaged among his instruments on the stainless tray. "I  
quotient.  
thought we agreed there was no problem," he mumbled perhaps a little  
Those with a deficit  
irritated.

seek to be whole  
"I took your advice, and I've been cleaning my ears regularly, you  
and those with a surplus





know, flushing them with warm water.”

seek relief.

“That’s good, Mr. Corti. What can I do for you today?”

a burden is

“I have also been adding certain agents, and I managed to increase the

a blessing

power of the flushing mechanically, with my water-pik. It’s ideal.”

to those who lack vision

“Mr. Corti, that’s dangerous. What agents?”

but total consciousness

“I think the problem has resolved itself nicely,” Moe said, looking out

and resolve

the window.

and rest

The doctor the realized, with some alarm, the quality to Moe’s voice.

is achieved

It was-out of focus. He moved toward Moe with his otoscope, looking down,

when you step forward,

he saw a white bottle in his jacket pocket. The doctor removed it, a bottle

undaunted by the distance

of Drano. The doctor tugged Moe’s earlobe, activated the light, and peered

-forever is a long way down-

inside.

knowing not

He recoiled, unprepared for the purple, ruddy landscape which greeted

what’s in the water

him. Cracks ran the length of the canal, like Death Valley’s floor and puss

but leaping, mindful

oozed here and there. At the end of the canal, past the second turn, where

of the cruising sharks

the tympanic membrane would rest supported by its red veins and vibrating

into the inky, blue

visibly in response to sound was a black crater, beyond which lied the naked

void.

inner ear

“Mr. Corti, what have you done?” The doctor stood back, his hands

shaking.

Moe studied the doctor’s lips carefully. “I have come, at last, to a quiet place.”

EDITORS' NOTE: The following is a portion of a larger piece of work that forms part of Craig Anthony's creative thesis. Since Mr. Anthony's creative thesis is a collection of works of "traumanticism," he had decided—for this story, which will be the first piece of his collection—to include a running commentary upon the story for the benefit of those on the thesis committee who may not be familiar with traumanticism. Well, this, its second draft form, was passed on to us through various channels (actually, through Dr. Ramjerdi, Mr. Anthony's thesis advisor), and we begged Craig if we could print it as it was, that is, as a rough draft; because we thought the piece as it is, without yet the actual story, affords a fine, rare glimpse into the working mind of a writer—the naked and inchoate forms that eventually birth themselves into a coherent pattern of thought called prose—at the same time it attempts to wrestle the "rising tide within the unquiet and brutal underground press: traumanticism." Mr. Anthony reluctantly has agreed, and we thank him for the permission to include this early draft. He hopes to rework and finish the piece, and publish it next semester with the story in full—and we look forward to the opportunity to do so, and add to Mr. Anthony's burgeoning traumantic publications.

"CLINT HARDLAW IN: BULLETS CAN BE SO SURLY"  
 BY CRAIG ANTHONY  
 ["MY DOCUMENTAL TRACING OF TRAUMANTICISM"—?]  
 [SECOND DRAFT]

Craig Anthony

[insert quote/s:

"We are not surprised to find that the further we depart from literature, or the use of language to express the completely integrated state of emotional consciousness we call imagination, the nearer we come to the use of language as the expression of reflex. Whether we go in the emotional or intellectual direction, we arrive at much the same point, a point antipodal to literature in which language is a running commentary of the



unconscious, like a squirrel's chatter"—Northrop Fry, Anatomy of Criticism

"Traumaticism: extreme violence, perverse nonsense, and violation called fiction: a sneer of evil in a madness [sic] dream"—[insert byline], F[r]iction

"Really, the underground makes up about one millionth of any literary body"—[insert byline], The Face of Horror

INSERT BCBSS PT. I

[from "Once again I'm nursing a shot" to "I'm Supreme—Xanadu Supreme"]

There is no thrill equal to reading that first fan letter.

Dear Craig: I have read your Clint Hardlaw trash, which especially applies to "The Case of the Angst-Ridden Ennui." First off, you can't write. Comprendé? You cannot write! My daughter can write better than you and she's in the [illegible scribble] first grade. But I'd never expose her or anyone to such filth. You cannot sustain a single thought for longer than a sentence, and your subject matter is trash! And I'm not some punk fan boy, I'm an English Teacher, so I know what I'm talking about[sic]. Listen to me: you write trash! Trash, sir! [note: the fourth instance of the word "trash."] I've canceled my subscription of CSJ because of your garbage.

Let's see, I can't sustain a single thought for longer than one sentence, but I must be doing something right if I don't manage to jump subjects in a single sentence; like from say, a critique of a single author's mechanics to a critique of aesthet-

ics. Pity that an English teacher lost four dollars on a subscription to CSJ—The Cleaved Skull Journal. God knows an English teacher shouldn't have to read trash in The Cleaved Skull Journal. (I am a bit dubious about the, well, the somewhat misleading self-moniker of our "English Teacher," I might add.)

The notion behind calling something "trash" enough is to make it go away, into the land of unreality, or erase it through metamorphosis (a "new" from "old" that disqualifies—negates—"old.") "Trash" is repeated until the litany confers a pseudo-presence to the object. It really is a natural mistake to confuse traumaticism with "trash," much like it's natural to confuse Finnegan's Wake with nonsense. The problem arises when the confusion is washed away through critical analysis or, better, the sunlight of epiphany [mm] but the label remains. The problem is when the label is forced to remain. [strained? "problem"?]

If you asked me, I would say what would probably be more offensive than "Clint Hardlaw in: The Case of the Angst-Ridden Ennui" (a harmless little ditty as you shall see in part III) would be the other story I produced for that same issue (the pulps need writers!), "Clint Hardlaw in: I Like My Dames Smearing My Excrement All over Their Bodies." And then the offense rises not actually from that story (I present), but from an a priori (an assumed a priori) presence, inherent in the very existence of such a piece, that works upon the reader's[s'] subconscious. ["directs its influence upon the subconscious"? am mixing post-modernism and Freud-?]



Here is a common Joke:

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

Any reader with an ounce of common sense knows that the presence of such disclaimers presuppose their need. Or, to illustrate: English teacher: why are you making effort to tell me that you would never expose your daughter to such filth?

This idea is a bit misleading, however, to the real point I'm making. There is a subtle fear involved here in this letter. If it could only be that I am writing trash, then such trash could be cast off, or discarded, as the unnecessary or worn out husk of another creature, a creature in form only, fallen away. Trash is stored in receptacles and hauled off to an unknown (to most people in a community) common location. Or to return to the word husk: husks are on the outside; they fall off, they dry up and disappear, or reintegrate with the elements.

The need to label something as "trash" is a defensive reflex. This "trash" frightens because it so arouses within us those deep and tortured hearkenings. [delete] "Trash," so long as it is "trash" (understood as such), does not threaten the common reader no matter how piled up [delete] [insert exegetic trash ¶]

You see, there is a fear involved. The most common rule in writing is "write what you know." All writers write what they know. And it follows that what all writers write, they know.

## INSERT BCBSS PT. II

[from "I've got this problem" to "I'm starting to feel the pulsing of your heart (in my bloodstained hands) already from this little tale"]

[insert witty phrase about the irony in calling catachresis 'mixed metaphor'] An early story with Clint Hardlaw was excoriated by an English professor at this very institution, and although I believe the story itself was so ravaged (that is, the Story as above delineated: the very presence of a written work that proves so repugnant by its implied further presence,) the professor chose to especially castigate me for my continued and deliberate utilization of catachresis.

Once again I'm nursing a shot of bourbon and a meaty broth. The windows are dirty, filthy rivers like the queer machine within my soul. My name is Clint Hardlaw—I'm a detective.

Craig—No! MM!—2 points

There's something rather humorous about that, and, perhaps, a bit ironic. Every bit of every effort struggles for any response. The aesthetic response is no less than a stimulus response, though I must admit the stimuli of that third sentence was not intended to result in a loss of fictive ratios applied to an academic micro-metanarrative (I guess you never can tell what the "queer machine" will produce). It seems to me that to incite so high the ire of a professor, through a single line, so as to lose two points, is quite an achievement+



Believe me: In that class two points were hard to come by.

It's when objects grind together that some new object is produced in a glory of violent

death and ludicrous misogyny. Don't get me wrong, Craig, I like it, it's like Chandler or Cain on acid. But then the clichés become so exaggerated that they shift tighter into cliché than out. Like Xanadu Supreme: She is so unreal that she's unreal.

An editor of a splatter-punk/detective fanzine (Midnight Brains) uses the word "cliché" disparagingly? But: "Xanadu supreme is so unreal that she's unreal." Now there's a sentence that could make me write volumes.[weak] Apparently there is such a blank spot in the "presence" (paradox) of Xanadu that "there is" a blank "spot." Thus Xanadu is not unreal, she is real. But she is a blank spot; the (Freud) repressed becomes aware through its absence [reword], the ([post-modernist/Foucaultian) suppressed discourse [delete sentence: too much of too little theory]

Now what if I stated here that Xanadu Supreme was real? Well, you would need to know what "real" meant. But would I need to state it? I could also deny it.[it-reference] That is, the opposite course would be to state: Xanadu Supreme is a fictional character that bears no resemblance to any person, living or dead. I will state this, in fact, to put your mind completely at rest.

Oh: Clint Hardlaw is a fictional character that bears no resemblance to any person, living or dead. Now we know where

we stand.[cliché]

INSERT BCBSS PT. III

[from "The sun was a streak in the sky" to  
"I steeled my body for the blow: Impact"]  
[change: to "It was her in the wreck, the  
dame-Xanadu"]

[insert ¶/¶'s explication Marxian fetish]

I want to stress two points: in any object, say fiction, the object in question has two values: that (libidinous) value which a society (say) places upon it, and the hidden value: the cost productions value that remains below the surface, unknown, but more integral to the object's value than the fetishistic one, because it is the real and not the fantasy value.

When you neutralize the fetish in literature, stories (the realm of plot and cliché and structure) and Story appear, linked indissolubly. We see the value the former has usurped, swelling to Priapean proportions, casting and playing like a puppet every reader as a thirsting bitch in heat.[mm]  
Traumaticism is by its very nature anti-fetishistic, and because the fetish is a product of a product of a production, it is there in inception that the fetish is cast down, or neutralized, with its wake of criticism, analysis, explication and exegesis. There is nothing to penetrate in this new world order. It is the infinitive I'm railing against in that last sentence, if you can understand, when I say: There are no penetrations, and only penetrations.

I just don't know whether this is serious





or a grand joke—or, more disturbing, the tinge of madness. Apart from the absolutely, well, insane juxtapositions and actions and narrative, the comical (?) heights of melodrama and pathos—where is the payoff? I mean, all this for such a simplistic, on the one hand, and abstruse on the other, plot? It would be hard to believe all this is no more than poor writing...I think you entertain these delusions that you have managed to escape the ghetto of genre, or that escape is possible. Extremism does not equal escape: do you know what I mean? Your story has more than enough potential, but tell me: Are you serious, is this a joke, or...?

The construction of that third sentence is a bit convoluted, but other than that, there's not much to criticize in this twenty-ninth rejection slip I received for "Bullets."\* Five years ago I, and my story, were still just fledglings, and Mr. Murray (The editor of The Twentieth Century Hate Machine, one of the more prominent underground 'zines) was justified in excoriating me on some few points. ["Enlightenment does not excuse the need for the honing of ability"] However, the story is essentially the same here (as you read it) as it was when Mr. Murray first examined it. I'm not sure that if Mr. Murray read "Bullets" now he still wouldn't reject it out of hand.

Although Mr. Murray did not publish "Bullets", he did read it in Craven Dogs and sent me a letter of praise much later. So what changed? The story's certainly cleaner, but really I can't believe that's it. Our Mr. Murray changed...

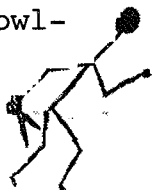
## INSERT CARE

[delete "The straps bit hard into my  
misanthropic flesh": begin "the savage  
skullduggery of gun metal slaps time  
against my wan, calcined" to "loping with  
the wolves of adversity, lying with the  
dogs of desire"] [delete "Already I feel  
the gentle coercion of cunning exile"]

Our English teacher must have been rather incensed, now that I read "The Case of the Angst-Ridden Ennui" again. Surely ["Really"], however, he must have unwittingly been angered by the deliberate desecration of his perversely utilized fetishes.

A friend of mine said, "It's like being adrift in a fog-bound lake, reading your stories: a world of phantasmagoria, and nothing to hold onto." [reword] I like that description for its lurid and evocative value, even if it is essentially false. Again, such analogies make it sound like I the author have no control, or that there is no control to be had over the object. When the object defies a fetishistic anchor, it defies value. The object then, in the eye accustomed to illusion, seems to devoid itself of substance, or rather, becomes a mass of writhing limbs, pumping meat squirming and grasping desperately for a trunk to weld to—

Ah but then I abhor the utilization of metaphor altogether as metaphor, as extrareferential. I propose here to commence the reduction of referentials from everything outside of the only true referential, the egoistic self. Where I am directing your attention—rather, what I am inviting you to partake in—is the complicity in destroying fetishistic values, and acknowledging the undercurrent; erecting new fetishes (if you so



insist upon them) for this new age. [losing audience rewrite to clarify by lauding the rhetoric of schismatic as opposed to unitary hegemonic discourse.]

Traumanticism is ["the violence of the self-referent"/"the self-referential of violence"] [delete]

#### INSERT BCBSS PT. IV

[from "Blood was everywhere, but—groovy goddamn dog—she was alive!" to "then that awful mess fainted"] [story rewrite: insert "but that phrase kept repeating itself to me all the way to the hospital: I am the Sabbath lamb drenched in its own blood"]

The question remains: What is "traumanticism"?

...You push this new term, and this is what I see it as: a glorification of extreme and sickening violence or execrable perversions; the most nauseous stereotypes, be they somewhat benign (such as the pulp detective) or malign and degrading (your tortuously sexist portraits of men or women, for example); a language and tone that is seemingly disjointed, random, chimeric, and hydratic[?] if not totally meaningless; a guise of fiction that violates every standard, be it through tediously plotless action or the schizophrenic characters or the radical stylistic shifts. It seems to want to belong to the traditions of nihilistic "counter narratives" so evident in the works of, say, pseudo-classical writers like deSade, Nietzsche, Crowley or Burroughs: that is, your work is no more than a poor palate of cold leftovers [mm], not something new, innovative, cutting-edge or creative—all aspects I think you

would like your work to contain. This is not fiction because it is even less pliant than other "long perspectives" to the—and yet, to even glorify this tripe with such points of conjecture, allows it a pedestal (however low) it does not, nor ever will enjoy. This is trash, sir! Trash! Please tell me what the point of such twisted reveling in the perversely sinister—be it structurally or internally or stylistically or (dare I say?) cosmologically—can possibly be. My question is thus not: "What is traumanticism?" It is: "Why traumanticism?"

This fragment is just about the most lucid point of ignorance, realized and presented, I have ever read. Of course, I have heavily edited this piece—in fact, I have written most of it myself, preserving only a small morsel of the original—the caustic commentary of a certain English professor who loved to mark points off my short-stories. Really this professor was a fine teacher and excellent tutor. But I felt he was particularly vicious with my pieces, not understanding really what they were all about (for which I cannot entirely blame him). When he took my story with its attached traumantic manifesto—and I really blush now at the headstrong assurity of that tract, and its own far distance from the mark—he chose (as you see in this close facsimile) to be viciously unsupportive. But a writer must learn to take his rejections! So I say to him now: bravo [delete rework]

[insert tentative section headings for story:

- I. A Shot of Bourbon and a Sweet Self-Loathing
- II. A Tale Designed to Seal the Exits
- III. The Oh So Demolitious Development



IV. No Time For Mammon

V. Time Enough to Deceive

VI. Them Hurtin' Words Sure Put the Lime in the Coconut

VII. Now More than Ever Good Lovin's Gone Bad

VIII. The Casket Lid's Clicking on This Damnable

Afterbirth

INSERT BCBSS PT. V

[from "Can you save her, doc, can you save her?" to "I want to know what's going on and I want to know pronto—now pleasure me!"]

Lest you become needlessly confused, let me make clear that the term "traumanticism" is one of my own invention[reword?]; a term, though, that I have been busy propagating. There are now a few who use it in the context of what it is I'm trying desperately to express through it. There will be more. Mine borrows from that term that denoted the leveling of classical formalisms in, specifically but not necessarily, expressions as through a certain period of English literature. The celebration of solipsistic forms of expression, of sublimely elevating points of sensory revelation, or ecstasy, is coalesced into a particular point of departure through this new term, which I think perfectly expresses it. [vague: clarify]

I find I am frustrated, for I can't write the standard form of fiction[insert "anymore"]: a set of characters, plot, theme. I mentioned earlier in this piece that I abhor the utilization, or presence, of metaphor as metaphor—now what does that mean? You see, I've grown weary with fiction and fictions. I've grown sick to death of sitting in classrooms lis-

tening to my peers (!) dole out their latest regurgitation of ignorance, critiquing stories that really demand the pithy criticism of the condescending laugh—the kind usually exacted upon works like mine that are far beyond the graspability[?] of the common and the uninitiated.

There are those who would read my work as the slide into pure sensation, and catalog it among the greater works of pornography, scatology, and such “snuff.” This group of readers would quite miss the entire nature and purpose of this thing I call traumanticism.

Tangent: To call my...work “stories,” when by doing so classes them in with the greater tide of such excrement, diminishes their very nature and all the painstakingly precise work, the excruciating headaches and flop sweat, the years of mental exercise through hard reading and observation, I bring to that work. “Story[ies],” “Fictions[s],” at least most of them, have nothing left[delete] to say. I will here, for the remainder, no longer tolerate that term applied to my work so long as the greater part of “stories” remain locked in a dark closet.

What I offer to my readers is a: taste...

Traumanticism offers a taste of[“for”?] schisms. I say “stories” are today as medieval as ever. The vulgar world of the story is a continual ping-pong between what is “out there,” sensation and metaphor, and what is “in here.” This is where I and my ilk come in to assert: What is “in here” is traumanticism.

What is “in here” is traumanticism.

What is “in here” is traumanticism.



What is "in here" is traumanticism.

INSERT BCBSS PT. VI

[from "I wasn't trying to kill you Clint" to "remembered again that magic eight-ball said: The meat-chopper come, gonna take my body away"]

[insert Dr. Ramjerdi's rec. section for the committee traditional format list catalog of influential works brief critical interps classical reference allude career goals about 3 ¶'s]

INSERT BCBSS PT. VII

[from "I know when the bones are coming up 'symptom'" to "Screams, lies. Oh: there was an extended encore"]

What is this term "traumanticism"? You think by labeling something an imaginary five syllable neologism [I like that] you gain credibility? You want credibility and I'll give it to you in the realms of misogyny, misanthropy and just plain, revolting violence. Remove those and there remains a work singularly unnoteworthy. Pull your head out of desade's[?] ass and take a writing course—actually, take as many as you can.

The word that springs to mind at the mention of traumanticism is: violence.

And it is a kind of violence that I am trying to present through these analyses ["author's notes"].

The violence of ignorance and intolerance. The violence of schisms, penetrations, violations, hegemonic institutional-

izations and silencings. The violence of non-sequitur, vicious humor, calumny. The violence of mutilation, sadism, sickness, froth. The violence of cool perversions, sacrilege, blasphemy, nightmare. The violence of recriminations, rejections, childhood torments, sexual ridicule, terrible loneliness, and the pariah. The violence of division, reference, presence, pain. The violence of sedition, erection and infection.

Rapine violence.

Traumantic violence.

I have always been writing traumanticism.


I have always been writing a catalog of violence called characters called catalogs of violence called the author called a catalog of past and present wickermen[delete: "examples"] of schisms, ruptures, and unhealings, even when I was not writing traumanticism. Now my writing is lucid.

Here is humor:

She was whimpering, and I hated it. It made me feel like the ichor was being sucked from my still throbbing spewhole when she whimpered. I lunged at her: the orchestra was her head and the symphony was my fists.

Your amateur, nay childish, narrative traipsing through perverse romps of violence [note: mm] sickens me and your intended audience—5 points.

I was once slashed five points for using a point of violence. It's not that I was not instead contacted and truly wrestled with on aesthetic points that so frustrated and tickled me at the same time—it's that I was violently wrested of





five points! The irony was truly epic. He refused to see it that way.

Violence was reacted to by violence. Violence was "assuaged" by violence.

The violence of railings, ravings, and broken barriers external and internal.

The violence of indoctrination through reiteration, legitimization, and confrontation.

The rising violence of excluded narratives.

[insert: quote BCBSS: "You shouldn't have tried to slap my fun-bunny, babe! What-did you think I wouldn't want my meat puppet always jammin' like a rocker? Did you think I wasn't that perky? ¶ "Oh no, baby! No! I'd never cork your blowhole!"]

#### INSERT BCBSS PT. VIII

[from "Why must the ones I love always end up in my" to "Oh, God help me, what have I done"]

This story is childish and pointless. When I read such perverse cant, rendered so heavy-handedly, I only shake my head and wonder why. See if you can write with even the semblance of skill next time you send a story-elsewhere.

The violence never stops.

But all the rejection slips cannot equal the biggest thrill imaginable, something I find more exciting than seeing an actual story of mine in print-reading the review. The undergrounds damn with faint praise with the best of them, but I don't mind: I'd kill to have all my tastes damned so quaintly.

One of the highlights of the autumn Craven Dogs is a simply bizarre story—I guess you'd call it—by Craig Anthony entitled "Clint Hardlaw in: Bullets Can Be So Surly." Clint Hardlaw, ultra-violent ace detective (he was a "human-skin jacket"), speaks like a cross between Monty Python and Humphrey Bogart except his vocabulary is a bit mixed up. The adventures he gets into are a bit confused and it seems that the enjoyment comes almost as much from the telling as the doing. It's a strange style and I don't know quite what to make of it except to say that it's amusing in a strange sort of way. Does that tell you anything? This is almost better read aloud or read along with someone aloud. [insert: "It bears all the heads of the traumantic hydra"] But is it a good story you ask? Well, strange, yes...uh, and there's another interesting story...

This wonderful overview of my taste (an overview which my ego simply demands I reprint here in full) comes from a Mr. Sawicki at Scavenger's Newsletter. Maybe you find this review perfectly illustrates the perplexing puzzle[alliteration] you are faced with in ["by"] this taste, now that you have experienced it in full. "Bullets" seems confusing, and humorous, and strange: it's, better, convoluted, obscure and indecipherable; "Bullets" seems eclectic, and disturbing, if not ravenously perverse: yet it's somehow better experienced in the presence of another human being. This taste I've presented certainly is, in the words of this review, and in all respects: a hydra.

Hydra...

[insert etymology/allegory of hydra] The fetish falsely evokes its own image as a single, but symbiotic structure:



object and value (truth value) indissolubly mixed. The multi-phallic hydra opposes the uni-phallic fetish. The world of the hydra is the world antithetical to the "healthy" and "normal." When the realm of formalism, or critical standards and every other element that make up fictions, are abandoned. The hydra, with its multifaceted and multifarious parallel structures, takes over. Think of innumerable strands, as many strands as there are tastes, traumatically parallel upon the skein of ubiquity.[too vague?]

Here is a personal story with a funny little ending that perhaps illustrates what I am trying to say. There was a professor I had, a Dr. Benter, who was simply brutal towards my early creative efforts. He had a singularly nasty wit and way of singling out what I, at the time, thought were my most creative passages and finding something, anything, to castigate, removing points and hitting me hard in my most vulnerable areas—but examples are fruitless. There was a palpable animosity between us, which he, of course, instigated. I was always sweetness and light, letting him believe that he was forever getting the better of me, which you could say he was, in one sense: The teacher/student binary hierarchy simply oppressed my psyche. But "I continued as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile now was at the thought of his immolation." [delete quote marks] Our relationship persisted, as indefinably irreconcilable, intolerable.

One evening, after working late in the university library rewriting a taste (another that had been rejected by a magazine), I noticed, cutting through the teacher's parking lot,

now almost bare of vehicles, my professor's car (which I recognized by the type of vehicle itself—for I memorized all the marginalia of my enemy's class lectures—and the license plate DRBNTER). A mischievous prank leaped into my mind. It seemed madness to entertain such a thought, and yet so delightful. I rushed across to my own car, parked across three lots, and quickly retrieved a few items I had stashed away. In almost no time I was back, crouching low, fumbling with my object, and hearing the clicking of approaching footsteps. My heart leapt in nausea but I must have had a terrible grin, too. I jumped out of hiding. I think I was going to yell something silly, something off the top of my head, like "You ever fuck with me again and I swear I'll cut your motherfucking hear out you shit-bag." Instead I just waved the butcher knife and half-coughed.

Impact! Something hit me in the face, a purse I later imagined, and I could hear the sudden hiss of cayenne—I knew it by that burning tinge—clumsily sprayed. I took a step back and then took off in crazy flight. Another hiss sounded, and after that, a shrill string of cusses. I burst out halfway to my car and had to stop here I was I was so doubled over with laughter. I removed my old street-hockey mask so I could vomit profusely.[delete] I guess in all that time Dr. Benter neglected to mention he had a daughter that went to college.

What's interesting about the hydra is that, in the myth, Heracles goes to fight the nine-headed hydra, which sprouts two snapping heads when any one is cut off. So...there must have been a time before the hydra became a monster, when it pos-



sessed but a single head...

In the end, traumanticism is that fetish—that hydra—newly broken, that produces two anchorless coils [mm], meaning and its fictional mask, Dr. Benter.[change name]

#### INSERT EPILOGUE

[tentative title: A Tangent of Bloodshed]

[insert ¶/¶'s that wrap up use critical terms literary refs praise for Dr. Ramjerdi sycophantic academic praise]

\* Except that "escaping" from genre is not possible for one who's work already originates from a skewed, entirely dissimilar source; notions of "escape" and "escaping" merely play into the same fictives of fetishistic pseudo-potencies. Discussions about the inexorable and tainting penumbra of genre enrage me altogether, for I refuse to buy into these premises. Traumanticism is never to be taken as genre, though it operates within genre; for this is anathema.

# WOODCUT

pyre pyre fire pyre  
burn the witch  
burn the witch  
kindling kindling  
men of sticks...  
heretics... heretics

pyre pyre faggot fire  
a stake for a witch  
a stake for a witch  
burning burning  
heretics  
a bundle of sticks  
a bundle of sticks

pyre pyre flaming fire  
sticks for a witch  
sticks for a witch  
branches and faggots  
men for sticks  
kindle the sticks  
kindle the sticks

fire fire faggot pyre  
heretics and witch  
heretics and witch  
flaming flaming  
a faggot... a fag...  
a cigarette  
a cigarette

## *Alan Mills*

His flesh forms a womb:  
Entangled with thick thighs  
And dense with thick thighs  
His torso is a table  
Of hand-carved oak, indented  
By evening use and  
Prying hands reaching out  
To that meal which lies  
Where his navel hides.  
Nourishment, so vital,  
Comes from his breast  
With kisses, harsh and painful.  
Held down, held safe,  
His hard wood arms cradle me.  
Growing,  
We are together, connected  
By this fleshy cord.

# THE INSIDE MAN



# TO DADDY

Where were you when I got my first trike and  
Grandpa Perk ran so hard to keep up with me  
as I turned the corner, he nearly keeled over?

Where were you when the sixth-grade class ran eagerly  
to their parents on graduation day  
and I hoped nobody would notice that  
grandma & grandpa were old?

Where were you when I was learning  
the difference between boyfriends & girlfriends  
and Russell Fish was  
teaching me how to french kiss?

Where were you when I decided to mark the “deceased” box  
on all questions concerning my father ‘cuz  
I was just plain tired of explaining  
“whereabouts unknown?”

Where were you when Elder Pollock  
ran his hands all ‘round my breasts  
and belly in his chicken coop  
and I didn’t tell a soul  
because he was a man of God and  
who would believe me?

Where were you when the man in the green car

Have You Seen  
Me  
Tom Moran

Photographer



left me at a gas station on Sunset  
with blood running down my legs  
and I was too young to know that  
what he did had a name  
and too terrified to talk about it?

Where were you when the lady from the V.A. called  
to tell me Grandpa Perk wasn't coming home  
and I swore I would never let anyone  
know how much I loved him 'cuz  
then they would know how to hurt me?

Finally, 30 years passed  
and you were there  
when Auntie El said  
it was time to forgive and forget  
and that you thought you were doing the right thing  
and that you were sure I was okay  
and that men leave their children 'cuz they're  
just not made like women that way

and maybe it was time to stop wondering  
where you were.

**Susan Maroko**



DAddY POppA POppA  
don't have a POppA  
nice word POppA

DAddY DAddY twisted and sick  
DAddY  
POppA be sweet to DAddY

don't like DAddY  
the penises all stand erect  
in DAddY

like POppA  
the penises all hang down  
in POppA

hang down POppA  
like they should be  
around your little girl

DAddY'S little d's stand erect  
turgid and eager tools  
expecting release

POppA'S little p's hang down  
calm and flaccid  
no expectations

**Dawn Bailey**



# MIRROAAGIC Sestina

Sometimes, when light comes through the window  
 or from the light in the hall, the light catches in the mirror  
 and I see the bump on her nose or a strand of her colored hair  
 for a moment, then the light dissolves in my coffee  
 cup. I try to remember not la madre but the woman  
 who wasted her art on the cut, cut , cut

of other people's hair. The snip of the scissors when they cut  
 brown, red, blond fell to the ground. People pass by the window,  
 women look into the salon, see the possibility of becoming another woman,  
 of looking in the mirror  
 and seeing barbie blond, not coffee  
 or ebony hair.

She spent her days at the Magic Mirror Hair  
 Styling Salon, her shoes dragging bits of cut  
 hair home, and complaints of 15 minute lunches: "Not even enough for coffee",  
 in a cramped back room, tiny window  
 shoved open to let out customer, a woman,

por su puesto, who brings a picture of a magazine woman,  
 Dorothy Hamill, to be exact, and the woman wants Dorothy's same exact hair.  
 But she has fine hair, that does not curl under, she does not see this in the mirror.

All she sees is a mistake, another person's mistake, who did not cut her hair like Dorothy's, did not let her become someone else like the window promised. "What was I to do? ¡ La señora ni puede patinar!" the words spit in her coffee

and swallowed. But, I understood the woman, I too wanted honey blond not coffee brown hair. I wanted the pert noses and breasts of women in magazines. To be carefree, like the ad of a blond staring out a window at the sea, not my nose with a big bump for eyeglasses, small bumps for breasts and hair on places to be plucked, tweezed and lightened. I cut out models from magazines, taped them on my mirror,

dreamt my mirror become a magic mirror like the salon's, and- abracadabra- I would be in a European coffee house, sipping with fingers long and elegant, wearing a stylish cut Spring in Paris dress. gossiping in French to a woman equally elegant across the table, our hair up in a do- tall, dark and handsome men stare at us through the window.

The cut out pictures yellowed and fell like dreams between the cracks, I , a woman now, am a mirror of my mamá's art lost in snips on the floor, I paint, with coffee pigment, hair that twirls and opens a window.

ALICIA VOGL  
SAENZ



Clifford Kane

God knows  
it ain't easy  
her just screaming  
for life that ain't  
what it is

and me just red and black  
and shutting down  
and seeping up  
and doing

my best to think  
with a mind  
that's quit  
and what is she

now clay  
now doing  
now giving

to my red and black  
getting away and out  
and me letting her pass  
can't she do

can't I be  
I'm not as  
I am

looking in glass  
and see red and black eyes

**IT'S**

**NOT**

**HER**

**AT**

**ALL**

and looking  
at what was  
and what is  
and sick tomorrow  
trying to explain  
why it's not  
her at all



# I NEVER GOT TO MEET MY HERO

KELLY CHARLTON

HELLO. I REALLY LIKE YOUR WORK.  
I WANT TO WRITE LIKE YOU.

To which he'd smile  
and belch and  
try to pinch my butt.

This dream ended  
eleven days ago -  
the day Bukowski died.

I'd always hoped to  
meet him.  
Perhaps at Santa Anita.  
Drinking a beer from a  
plastic Budweiser cup  
and scarfing a ham on rye,  
he'd be eyeing  
the asses  
of the pretty, young girls  
wating to place  
their bets.

I'd stroll up to him  
and say

**Rolin Jones**

51

**Scott Hyers**  
Untitled



## BUTTONING YOUR DRESS

There is a ship sailing for the orient tonight. If you  
Kill me and start running you can make that ship and  
Sell my fingertips to the natives. My hands. I traded

Some grave robber a sack lunch for them but it wasn't a choice.  
He threatened me with a thermos of chloroform. He took my  
Birth hands and fled in a cloud of train smoke. Come away

From the mirror, let me shake the toothpaste out of your head,  
Stick a straw in your forehead and suck out every juice in  
Your body. Say I smashed your face in stained glass. Made you

Eat the shards of your favorite saint— a feast of evidence;  
Photo booth kisses that could not move patio shingles, paddling  
Vikings lost on the Hudson. I know now it was wrong to hide

The stitches from you, but I thought you might ask about  
All the long sleeve shirts. We can skip the movies if you  
Want to. My hands are much older than the rest of me.

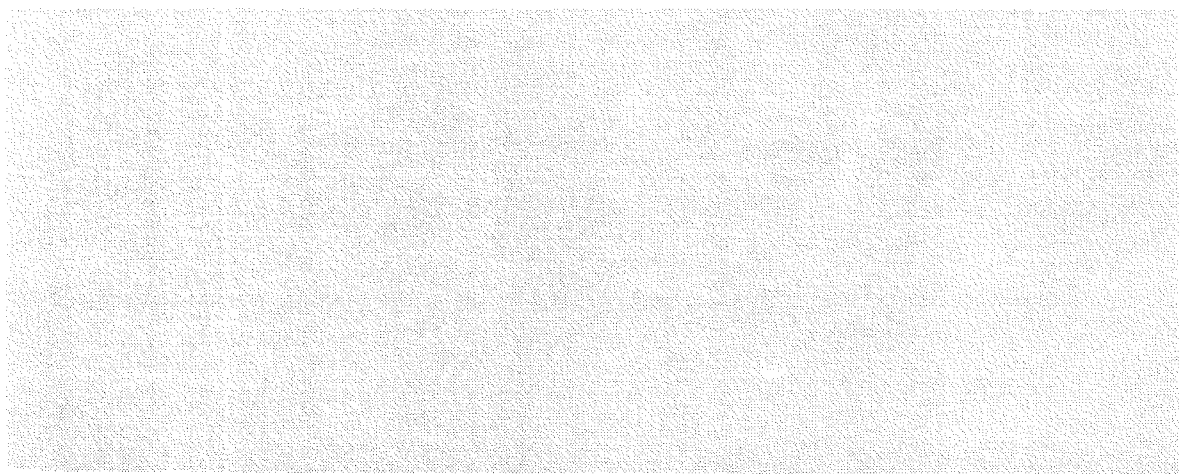
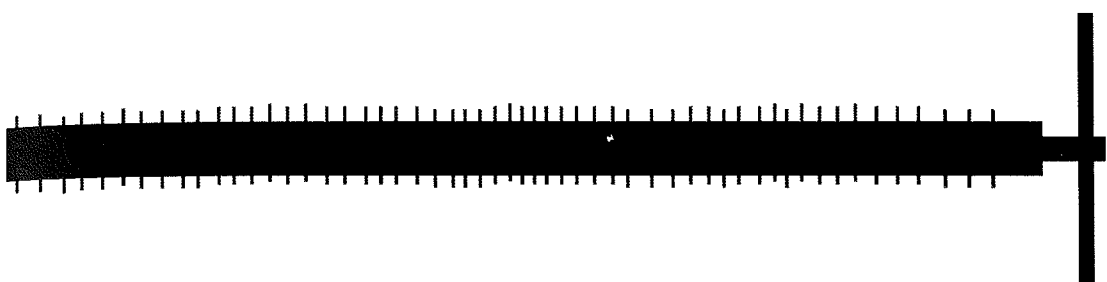




## YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH

Before you will find yourself situated (**between the I's**) in the following narrative artifice ***but of course "you" are always already "there" and do not let this or any other overt, "exterior" exercise in narrative convince you otherwise ; INSCRIBED, "you" are always already the "understood" onlooker, reader, decoder, antenna, screen, consumer; "YOU" are always already on the tail-end of every (male) signifying chain— billboard, commercial, radio wave, coaxial, fiber-optic cable link, "interactive" television screen, etc.; and this is ALL (nothing new) to "you"—it is all part of your signature, that is, your SIGN-NATURE*** let me characterize you, give you a linguistic map in which to situate yourself \_\_\_\_\_→

*between the eyes, the "marksman" will boast, taking aim and firing on a cornered deer, perhaps. . . hot lead entering through the frontal portion of the skull's containment and into the gray matter, which is not so gray as it is the color of clouds. . . this margin of contained grayness will not spill onto the dried pine needles and wet earth of the snowy white page. . .do not deny this virtual "marksman" his margin of indulgence. . .*



w h e r e   d o e s   t h e   “ o n e ”   s t o p  
a n d   t h e   “ o t h e r ”   b e g i n ?

**F A R C E**

t h i s   g r a y   a r e a

“ b e t w e e n ”   n e i t h e r / n o r ,  
e i t h e r / o r — w h e r e   d o e s   t h i s  
“ b e t w e e n ”   b e g i n   a n d   e n d ,  
b e t w e e n   t h i s   a n d   t h a t ,  
“ t w i g ”   a n d   “ b r a n c h ” ?

**F A I T H**

t h u s   t h e

f o l l o w i n g   l i n g u i s t i c   m a p :  
t h r e e   m e d i a   c o n s t e l l a t i o n s  
f o r   n a v i g a t i o n a l   r e f e r e n c e

*chisel—we have all enjoyed  
the pleasure of the **detached kill**  
from both sides simultaneously  
being situated as both the hunted  
and the hunter. . . how does it  
feel to have that piece of lead  
lodged in your brain, or have  
you only been grazed? . . . and  
yet, having participated in a  
murder, you continue to track  
your way through this dense  
underbrush—unsatiated—spotting  
signs—i.e., a broken twig,  
excrement—that distinguish  
your trail from an infinite  
number of other existing and  
possible*

< | >

*trails*



you are  
here

between the I's—between  
the “unconscious you” and  
the “conscious you”—

to the extent that “we” are all  
virtual “marksmen”—be it a  
Nintendo joystick or a remote  
control, a mouse or a hunting  
rifle, a pencil or a hammer and



from you. Your smiles go unanswered, your attempts at humor fall uncomfortably flat. You withdraw into yourself—an undeveloped bud (as on a potato), a chart that is read at a fixed distance for the purposes of testing sight.

### highbrow

**C** You are a tolerated fixture, a third choice. Like Kate Jackson's character on *Charlie's Angels*—the smart one, where smarts don't mean anything—you are the serious, responsible one, the friend of Bozley's. Except where Kate Jackson has "looks" and royalties to fall back on, you have an annoying laugh and a useless degree in semiotics. You are a hindrance rather than a help during a crisis, wanting to analyze everything to death. A "tomboy" who never "grew out of it," you are called by your friends only when there is nothing else to do.

### high-muck-a-muck

*None of them have that literary quality you had imagined. Of course, you wouldn't recognize a biblical allusion if it bit you on the nose. You were a "latch-key kid" weened on television and teen beat magazines.*

**the traiking of characters draws upon historically different frames of reference which a culture uses to construct notions of identity**

*You run to get four more tokens, take aim, and pause for station identification*


**A**

You are a solitary stranger, like a young Clint Eastwood in a Sergio Leone “spaghetti western” film—e.g., *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*, or *A Fist Full Of Dollars*. However, you lack the Hemingway-esque “skill” of this celluloid signifier. That is, you have neither the unspoken ability to kill of the silent, cigarette-smoking stranger nor his “aura” of danger and salvation, which radiates from an underlying, absolute confidence. The unshavened sex appeal of the lone gun-fighter becomes, on you, a sign of laziness and bad hygiene; thus, when you ride into town you are spat on, ignored, unessential.

**high-octane**

**B**

You are a solitary, uncouth buffoon. Like Charlie Chaplin’s “little tramp” signifier, your shoes are clown-like, too big. Your clothes, ill-fitting, and your gait is awkward. However, where the little tramp is able to inspire people from all walks of life beyond mere pity by exuding a good-natured pauperdom and gregarious likability, adults and children alike run



*having reloaded your weapon, recharged your batteries, you make your way through a fenced wilderness—a plotted course. Cellular phone and pager in tote, you are never far from home. You have purchased a package that guarantees at least three shots on kill, but you expected them in succession, not simultaneously—which to choose?*

**RECOGNIZING**  
him- or herself in  
the signifier you, a  
reader gains the  
pleasure of being  
signified as a  
coherent subject



**highbrow**

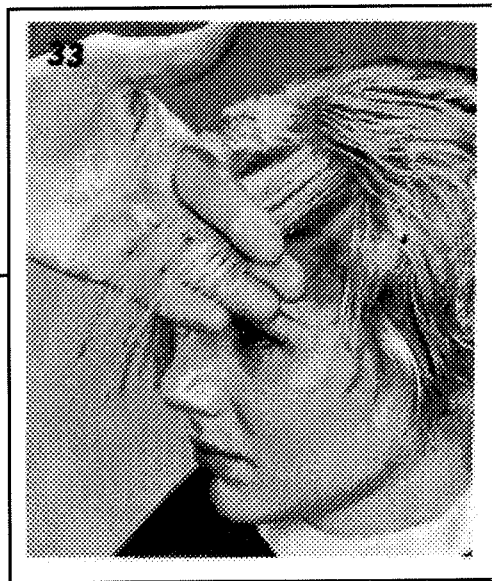


**high-muck-a-muck**

**C**

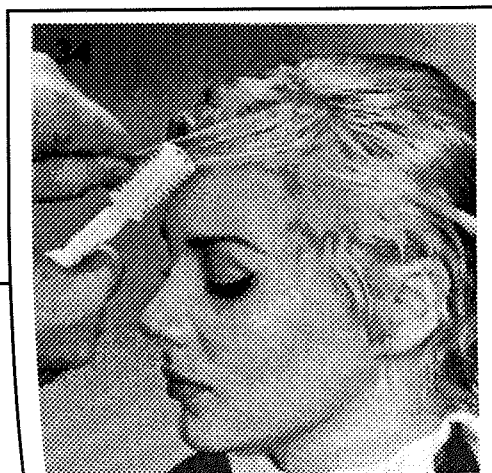
*To protect oneself from becoming too adept in the art of effacement,, precautions must be taken— you want to fool your prey without losing clear signs of yourself in the process. . . . As a virtual “marksman” you deal in illusion, surfaces. It’s no longer a game of hide and seek, of blending into the textual trees and waiting for the phallus that may never “come.” It’s a game depending solely on the ability to distinguish the hunters from the hunted— i.e., a game of signs*

A



high-octane

B



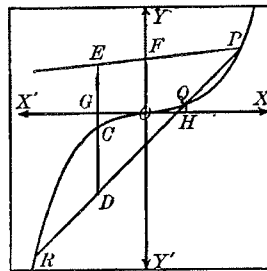
*camouflage is the virtual "marksman's" cosmetic self-makeover—part of the ritual effacement of the detached kill. Similar to the transvestite, the hunter is a dealer with signs, a follower of signs, a manipulator of signs. Many hunters are killed, by fellow hunters, accidentally, because of mistakes in interpreting signs—i.e., taking a camouflaged hunter moving in the underbrush for deer, you pull your trigger.*

**59. Construction of complex roots.**  
Let  $ax^3 + bx + c = 0$  have two complex roots.

Substitute  $y = x^2$ .

Then  $ay + bx + c = 0$ . (3)

Construct  $PF$ , the locus of (3), and let it meet the parabola in one point,  $P$ , and the  $y$ -axis in  $F$ . Produce  $PF$  by one half its length to  $E$ , and through  $E$  draw an ordinate, meeting the cubic parabola in  $C$ . Produce  $EC$  by its own length to  $D$  and draw  $PD$ , intersecting



*the end of the page*

spread out flank, sewing together if you have several small ones.

Sprinkle with onion and any scraps or meat trimmings. Roll tightly and tie securely. Boil water with salt until salt is dissolved

We're going to fuck with "your" desire, your sense of "self," because that is where "you" are most vulnerable; and, of course, dear, we have exactly what you "need," because there is always something you can do, something you can buy, that will make things a little better for you, at least until the next time, the next text

**YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH**

and be either marinated or pot-roasted.

#### **PIT-COOKED VENISON**

This is a favorite way of cooking freshly killed meat in camp. Dig a pit about 18 inches square and line with rocks. Build a fire in the pit and let it burn down until you have about 6 inches of red coals. Place a 5- or 6-pound boned roast on 2 thicknesses of heavy-duty foil large enough to cover roast. Season with salt and pepper and any other seasonings you desire. Fold foil over the roast, sealing edges well. Place in the pit and bank coals around it. Fill the pit with dirt and cover with a dampened piece of canvas weighted down with rocks. Leave for 5 to 6 hours. Carefully remove roast from pit and open foil. Use the juices to serve over the sliced roast. Makes 8 servings.

#### **VENISON STEAKS OR CHOPS**

8 venison steaks or chops, 1½ inches thick  
Burgundy  
Freshly ground pepper  
Seasoned all-purpose flour  
Butter (about ⅓ cup)  
½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced  
6 slices of bacon, cut into julienne strips  
¼ cup minced onion  
½ cup diced celery

Place steaks in a shallow pan and pour wine over just barely to cover; sprinkle liberally with pepper. Marinate overnight. Remove meat from marinade

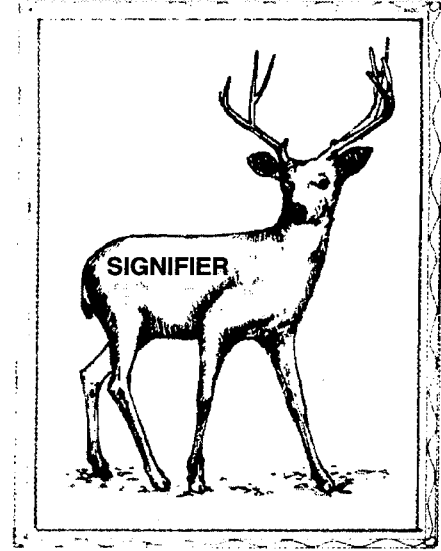


*every virtual "marksman's" goal is  
the pair of antlers in the trophy room,  
the anthologized, mounted text*

### paradigmatic satellite

high-octane = highbrow = high-muck-a-muck
high-octane + highbrow = high-muck-a-muck
high-octane - highbrow = high-muck-a-muck
high-octane = highbrow ± high-muck-a-muck
high-octane <b>SIGNIFIER</b> -muck-a-muck
high-octane <b>SIGNIFIER</b> muck-a-muck
high-octane < highbrow ± high-muck-a-muck
high-octane + highbrow < high-muck-a-muck
high-octane > highbrow ± high-muck-a-muck
high-octane ± highbrow ± high-muck-a-muck

beaten, objectified,  
inscribed through and  
through, you come to  
rest here—and wait.  
Wounded, your dripping  
blood is beginning to  
stain the snowy white  
page



*Meat-on-a-stick, you are looking  
for your chance to become involved.  
Dropped here and there, willy-nilly,  
it is becoming too late, the glow of  
the sun setting has given a red  
tint to the horizon—we are nearing*

grind the venison  
and the suet through  
the coarse blade of  
a meat grinder. The  
suet will be easier  
to grind if it is  
cold

**VENISON**—The edible flesh of a wild animal taken by hunting. The word is most often used in reference to deer meat. It comes from the Latin term for hunt and quarry.

For practically all cooking purposes, recipes for deer, moose, and elk are interchangeable. What should be remembered is that the flavor of venison depends on the animal's food and the tenderness of the meat depends on the animal's age. Venison is apt to be tough; it should, therefore, be treated like any such meat,



**Scott Hyers**  
Untitled

I grab a handful of taco sauces knowing I won't need all of them, and scatter the plump packets across the tray I'm balancing with one hand. I have strategically placed the soda on one side, and two bean burritos on the other, but not too far apart. They are more toward the center of the tray than the outside, actually. It still takes talent.

Now I'm walking toward my best friend who's sitting at a table by the back wall. Why does he always like to sit as far away from the counter as possible? I guess a lot of people do that.

I set the tray down and sit. My best friend has not touched his food. He was waiting for me to get my food. I like that. He offers me a napkin but I'm already biting into my bean burrito. Needs taco sauce.

He asks me a question about this girl I'm kind of seeing. He wants to know if she and I are going out. I wish he'd stop asking me about it. I can't figure out if he's just making conversation or if he really wants to know. I like her, but not enough for her to call me her boyfriend. No way. I would like to have sex with her though. That'd be nice. I haven't had sex since I broke up with my first girlfriend. I found out she was cheating behind my back. Bitch. Sex would be nice, though.

I tell him that I don't like her and I don't want to go out with her. He seems confused. Probably because I kind of led him to believe that she and I were having sex lately. I suppress a grin. Maybe he'll think she and I are going to have sex tonight. Maybe.

I have finished eating and am working on my soda. I watch my best friend finish his taco supreme. The lettuce keeps falling out but he doesn't seem to care. I steal one of his cinnamon crispas.

He wants my girl's number. I know why he wants it. He wants to talk to her about her best friend, who he likes. I know this, but still I don't give him her number. Maybe I'll give it to him in a week or two. Just to let him know I don't want him to call her. He tells me he can get it from someone else so I tell him I'll give it to him later. I'll give it to him tomorrow.

I fucked my girl. It was good. I had gone out and bought a box of condoms before she came over because I'm responsible. I don't want to catch any diseases if she has any. That wouldn't work out. I wouldn't like it if she got pregnant, either. I don't know what I'd do then. We did it three times. Twice during the night, and once in the morning. She liked it a lot. I was afraid I had forgotten how to do it, but I was good. We were really going at it. We did it in the shower after I woke her up, and that turned her on, I'm sure. I even made her breakfast, but she wasn't hungry.

I told a couple of people about it. I call her my concubine. My friends giggle when I call her that. I refer to her as my concubine to everyone except my best friend. He'd probably get mad.

He's been calling her. I don't like this. They even went to the





movies together before I fucked her. They talk on the phone every night, but my girl says that they're just friends. I really don't like this and I'm going to put a stop to it. I love my girl now. She and I are boyfriend and girlfriend now that we did it.

Why is my best friend calling her? If he wants to talk to someone about that girl he likes he should call me. I don't know her but I know her type from what my girlfriend tells me. I am very upset. She is my girl and they shouldn't be talking. He probably wants my girlfriend but he can't have her because he's just a guy. She doesn't want a guy. She wants me. I can give her things no one else can. We talk on the phone all night long sometimes. We don't go out and do things because we don't have to. Guys like to go out. I don't. This is why she likes me. We can have a good time just being together. She's gone out with guys before. She knows I'm not a guy. He probably wants her.

I've finally put an end to their socializing. I told her straight, like sometimes a man has to do. I told her she and he can't be friends anymore. I told her if she keeps talking to my best friend, then I'm going to call it off. She can say goodbye to me, and then where will she go?

In fact, I told her she should just drop all of her friends. She should not be friends with anyone but me. Especially her guy friends. I know they only want one thing. And she's naive. She doesn't know what they want. Guys like her friends can't be trusted. Guys can't be trusted. And she likes to go to parties. She could get raped at one of these parties. She doesn't know. Even worse, sometimes people get high at these parties, and they'll fuck anything. Fuck anything.

I told her she could keep talking to her best friend. That's okay. Her best friend's a girl. Some girls are okay, but some want to take her to parties. Why does she want to go to parties? Parties are where people go to meet other people. And people only want one thing. I know. People are looking for other people. Now that she and I are boyfriend and girlfriend, she doesn't need to be looking. Plus she could get raped. I'm going to have to tell her she can't go to parties. I'll tell her tonight when I call her.

Bitch. She made me call things off. Bitch. Bitch. I told her that's what would happen if she didn't listen to what I said. She thinks I'm being stupid. That's because she's naive. She doesn't know what people think. That's what happens because I'm not a guy. A guy wouldn't care. But I do. I know what's best for her. She'll see. She'll understand one day. I'm sure this is just temporary anyway. She'll

call me by tomorrow. Bitch.

I pick up the phone and it's her. Bitch. Whore. Slut. Ten days she waits to call me. I try to listen to her, but she's making too much noise. I'm telling her to be quiet and hear what I have to say. She keeps talking until I hang up on her.

I wait for an hour and when I'm rrrrrready to take her back, I call her. I'm telling her I forgive her but then she tells me something I knew would happen. Bitch. She's saying she and my best friend are going to be boyfriend and girlfriend and she wanted to tell me so I wouldn't think she was cheating on me the whole time. I knew they were seeing each other behind my back. Whore. That's why she broke up with me and pretended it was my fault. Slut. If she likes guys so much she can have him. I don't need him either.

I pick up the phone from where it's lying next to the door across the room. She's still there. I'm telling her if she and he don't end all relations then she's never going to see me again. I mean it this time. I'm not playing games here. I was soft last time but now I'm hard. Sometimes a man has to do what a man has to do. She says something about me making ultimatums. I'm not making ultimatums. I'm giving her a choice. She's still making noise but I have nothing left to say. I hang up on her. I hang up first.

It's been five months now and I still haven't talked to either of them. Actually, I did talk to her a couple times after, but now we don't talk. I heard that she and my best friend aren't going out anymore. That's good. I knew they wouldn't last.



# OCTOPUS

# I N T E L L I G E N C E

Light  
en light  
en light en ment  
A—H—  
Ah---!  
ENLIGHTENMENT!!

Moon  
Mun  
Door  
Door to heaven

“Please do not swear to the moon my love, ‘cause it changes.”

“Julie.”

“Julie this is too hard to remember.”

“But, this *frighten me. God is in a word. God is in a word. I am in Word. I have tasted words, I have seen them.* God is in Juliet. Word in Juliet.”

Mirror Mirror Mirror  
Mirrored and Mingled  
Kyung Huh  
Emptied Mirror

A your man comes to Kyung Huh and asks,

“Master, I have SINNED. I AM VERY SORRY FOR IT.

How can I be forgiven?”

“Bring a hammer with a nail.”

“W-H-A-T?”

“Here they are.”

“Nail on the pillar.”

(This is ridiculous but what can I do. I just do whatever you say.)

Ta-ang Ta-ang Ta-ang...

“Now, take the nail out that you just hammered.”

“?????”

“Did you take it out?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Look at the scar! A sin is to a mark as a nail to a scar.

You were forgiven, however, your sin would left the mark.”

## ENLIGHTENMENT

*“Powerful, powerless, all-powerful... and what am I between them? I am Hyae Kyong Kwon. And I am not. I am HER MI ONE ee. I let HER place her’s inside mine.”*

“Your mind seems to have a definite octopus quality.” “What are you mean by that? “I mean Octopus Intelligence.” “You mean Octopus is so intelligent that he would rearrange his garden as it was if someone moved the things around?” “Octopus also changes his color red when he is furious.”

Oct, OCT, OCT. I am Oct, I am Octopus.  
I have Octopus Intelligence.

How dare you go on pretending I am just like other people?

Leave me alone to see things in my own way.

Leave me alone to enjoy things in my OWN way.

Tree on tree on tree. TREE. I am the Tree of life. Tree. I am a tree planted by the rivers of Water. Tree. I am the Tree of Life. I am the TREE planted by the rivers of wisdom. Tree.

I am the Tree of Life. I am the TREE planted by the rivers of grace. I am...I am...

Kwon Exactly.

\*\*\*

\*\*\*

kwon:power in Korean

mun:door in Korean

*Hyækyong  
Cathrina  
Yim*



•BODY

•NO

•BODY

Do you know body?

What body?

Any body.

No.

No body.

Any body there?

I do not know any body.

Do I have to know?

Your body it's yours.

No no body.

You have mind then.

Mind where?

Inside the body.

No no body.

In your heart.

Lips teeth tongue throat trachea. Your trachea is too small.

I know. That's why I choke even with water. You pat my back and chest.

Esophagus lungs liver and heart.

Boom boom boom.

Your heart beat is strong. Still I cannot see your mind.

Mind?

Your mind.

My mind tells me to go to the bathroom.

Why do I have a fear whenever I go to a public restroom?

You do? I have the same fear whenever I push the elevator button.

Why do you cover your body anyway?

No. I do not cover but simply wear just not to show my...

Kyung Huh.

Emptied mirror.

Emptied mind.

Hundreds of people are coming to hearing Kyung Huh's sermon at his temple.

Along the narrow path to the mountain trees already change their clothes.

Aspens ginkoes maples.

Right there you see hundreds of them coming out the side of the mountain.

Burning.

No, it's vomiting the blood on the stream.  
The richness of the reds and oranges and yellows moves me.  
Dance of the color.  
Forgetting why or where to go I dance with the color.  
I dance with the color.  
Nothing in mind nothing.  
Noises remind me I am in the middle of the sanctum.  
All are expecting a great sermon.  
Kyung Huh he himself says it is a BIG one.  
His mother finds a seat in the middle of the front row.  
He comes with a chief stick and sits straight on his platform.  
A hush fall over the audience.  
Without any word Kyung Huh stands up and slowly he takes off his garments.  
Gray garments are on the floor.  
I can hear my breath.

Now Kyung Huh slips off his pants.  
HOW DARE YOU!!!  
His mother runs out of the sanctum with all her rage.  
Shrill cries and screams fill in the room and women are hiding their faces with hands.

Huh huh huh!!!  
Mother, you touched my body and you washed my body with YOUR hands.  
You danced when I was born and you were even proud of my sex.  
My body is the same but where is your mind?

Way without way  
Body without body  
Mind without mind.

I am here but I am not here  
I am not here but I am here.

*Hyaekyong  
Cathrina  
Yim*



i would hang around the mental hospital because that was where i was supposed to be. That was where they put me.

*Broken glass in yet another shrink's office She's suicidal I'm not suicidal I just want to be left alone I want to kill you all like I dream of impaling Pamela atop the radio tower on Mulholland Very elaborate a real blood and guts extravaganza topped with a plume of pink hair Jenny Holzer wants bad ideas to stay in the mind to make pleasure without harm I haven't the means to rent a crane, nor the faintest idea as to how I would go about executing my fantastic plan*

i didn't like it at first, being locked up with a bunch of other kids who had problems that were nothing like mine. So it wasn't so weird that i didn't want to participate in group activities. Quiet time was the best. i could sit in my own little corner and be by myself wishing i was gone. It wasn't that i wanted to be someplace else, it's just that i didn't want to be. In that corner i was as content as a frustrated/confused kid in a dark place could be. i didn't trust anyone, especially adults. Especially the staff.

*"I think she needs some quiet time doctor" Im in a pink room fading fighting biting He is reading, peering in eyeless in gaza I am eyeless biting at the air I am muscled down by four point inanimate objects eyeless I have becomed steeped in red flames. fading I am eyeless I have become freeze dried full of rage and thorazine, unable to make out faces I can't see the door*

One of the staff invaded my corner one day. "What are you doing?", she asked in the way a person sounds when they think they know what's going on with you.

*Getting laid by my new roommate in about 10 minutes when she's out of electro-shock recovery I laugh inwardly Harriet's a nudist and a lesbian and very depressed but sometimes she cheers up and we have been sleeping with and fucking and sucking and eating eachother for a week now all night long "She seems despondent, her color isn't healthy She has circles under her eyes." It's her tongue circling around my thighs*

"You ask too many questions. You are annoying me, go away!"

i was always very cold to her so finally she left me alone. She was transferred to another unit. It was the first thing i had been happy about in months. i told my shrink and he was cool about it. He was my new shrink because i couldn't stand the one they had stuck me with who was a complete idiot. i thought that if i was

going to be stuck here i might as well be talking to someone i liked since i didn't like myself very much, so i chose someone who looked pretty friendly.

*Only he wasn't a doctor and I was the object of his desire and he drew me in pictures and loved me deeper than he loved injecting cocaine in his veins I was his sugartlight, his heroin and he was my heroin and he eventually went to jail because they said he was a rapist I didn't believe them, even though they drew me pictures They could never be as convincing as the pictures that he drew for me*

As the weeks went by i started getting close to some of the other patients on my unit. ( We weren't aloud to talk to patients on the other units, one of the many insane rules of this psycho dump). There were about seven of us who were in for the long haul. The unit had room for about fifteen altogether. Besides the seven of us, the unit would expand or get smaller as divorcees would dump off their brats only to be freed by their vengeful counterpart in three days to two weeks. In those situations it was really the parents that needed more help then the kids. These scenarios became a game of informal betting among the seven of us as we would guess how long a newly admitted kid would be staying with us. Usually we were pretty acurate in our guesses. Even though we were stuck, games made our stay a little more tolerable

*Why is it that boys are obsessed with penis size? All of them bragging with barely so much as a budge into adolescence We laugh at them because we are not impressed They think we are laughing because we are being coy Otis seems to have the biggest dick He wasn't to keen on exposing himself to a bunch of girls, but some of the other boys pantsed him Otis is black. I heard that black men seem to have bigger dicks than white men because it's the same size hard as it is soft, whereas a white man's dick expands in size as the blood engorges when he's aroused*

Anyhow, i was there for three months. i learned some things, met some people, and had one good memory, breakfast.

TIEFANY  
BROWN &  
LOU NI  
SCHWEID





Consciences

Conscious

Unconscious

Comatose

Science

Dead

**S**

**T**

**R**

Spirit Jewel.

I know you from school Spirit Jewel.

**E**

I'm in your brain.

**A**

Portions of your brain are torn from your skull

Still pulsing

**M**

electric synapses overburned-end

slowly skipping

**S**

toxic exhausted

tox-hausted

Slowing

Slower

**O**

paralyzed

flatlined.....

**F**

Light up...stream out.

Two shadows passing

intertwined/retching

Long sinew wavy forms - stilted.

**C**

Sugarlight (why do you think we came?)

**O**

Rosie uses lot's of drugs

She went platinum—she's pasting gold leeches on her arm...

**N**

"Do you like?"

**S**

Bruised and shaky — Fresh tracks on her arms.

**C**

"I like."

**I**

I wrenched off her skull cap to find her pituitary gland, pop in a straw and suck.

A child all the time.

**E**

Child Tenders

**N**

Chicken Tenders

You fuck-me-tender

Pre-Tenders

**C**

$C_{11}H_{17}N_2O_2SNa$  — The needle never lies.

**E**

**S**

dis/place/ment

DISpleased with this PLACE i'm at.

I really meant to be somewhere eles

Travel to San Francisco for the **GENDER REVOLUTION**

...and I and we, we are women dammit.

P.M.S. has become a monthly vent

Ovaries, come to meet your significant other...

**SUICIDAL** on the left — **HOMICIDAL** on the right.

"Honey why don't you watch TV or something...Play solitaire on your computer.

TV FLASHES

SuBlImaGeS

Organic Gardening and the Happy Home Surgeon—spliced together...

Episode #365 from 1965

She cut her finger with the coat hanger while forcing entry into your vehicle]

Curled in fetal position on the passenger seat...

she has a black thumb

rotting from Seattle,

but we're nursing it back to green so she can grow those

TASTY FLOWERS.

Those splendid pink flowers

labia's burst open,

torn apart

to greet the burning nebula.

**A  
N  
D**

EDIBLE PANSIES

Jan's gonna think that sounds trite...

TRITE.- the simple, the thin, void of depth expression of a word which itself is beautiful.

trite-tripe

Honeycomb tripe-

(available at your local Carniceria)

the breakfast food every kid loves,

from the stomach of the Jersey-Maid Cow...

The Heifer from Southampton.

**T  
I  
F  
F  
A  
N  
Y**

**B  
R  
O  
W  
N**

**L  
A  
N  
I**

**S  
C  
H  
W  
E  
I  
D**



do not tell me  
that i cannot  
understand

i know a man  
an associate  
a colleague  
who smiles  
at me in  
the hallway  
who brushes  
against me  
as i reach  
for the mail  
who fondles  
the sleeve  
of my sweater  
saying  
i love this  
is it cashmere?  
his eyes  
shimmer like  
chocolate kisses  
half-wrapped in foil  
this sweater  
it's cotton  
twenty bucks  
at mervyns

do not tell me  
that i cannot  
understand

her thigh  
her face  
glows red  
both lovely  
and handsome  
with the hands  
of a man  
she flicks the flaming  
match, says  
what the fuck  
you lookin at jack?  
i look down  
at my feet  
at the match  
on the ground  
a long line  
of white smoke  
curling up  
at me

do not tell me  
that i cannot  
understand

sometimes  
at night  
i pop in  
a porno  
two women  
one blonde  
silicon breasts  
the other  
latina

lips nipples  
labia pink  
they play  
like puppies  
gnawing clawing  
haughty with  
the knowledge  
that i cannot  
share their  
sacred dance

do not tell me  
that i cannot  
understand

i know a woman  
leather jacket  
type, eyes pierced  
across the brow  
she jerks  
a camel  
outta the box  
strikes a match  
off the backa

# THE WOMAN WITHIN

sometimes  
at night  
i dream  
of a man  
who enters  
my room  
in shadow  
undresses  
softly, takes  
me in his arms  
his lips like  
feathers  
his tongue  
like the sting  
of a thousand bees  
in the morning  
i awake, the man  
asleep beside me  
his face my  
reflection  
my lips  
my nipples

do not tell me  
that i cannot  
understand

for I am neither  
this nor that  
I am both  
and something more  
can I tell you?  
sometimes  
at night  
when I  
am alone  
I unleash  
the woman within me  
who touches my body  
with the hands  
of a man.

75

Jay Rubin



## “Mary Had A Little Lamb”:

the complex relationship between space and time,  
anatomically and analytically, identifiable,  
indelible, offensively abstract,  
unavoidable, self.

**Stuck in a grid.**

I'm wondering what door knob opens to this room of grid?

**Stuck in a grid.**

Wondering, wandering grids, door knob turning grids, juxtaposed squares, edges twisting into spiraling cases, cases folding, folding files categorized by coordinates, number and bar code names losing identifying characteristics, two-dimensional dots specify one place on a graph of intersecting directions, one this way one that, X. Y. where Z= zero, where evenly distributed perpendicular angularity formulates dimension without volume.

Mary had a little lamb; Virgin Mary; Bloody Mary; Mary Mary Quite Contrary; Mary Queen Of Scots; Mary Mack all dressed in black; Mary Margaret; Mary Poppins; Mary Mary Tyler Moore; Marilyn Monroe.

*"I'm dreaming I see you . I see lightning  
in yellow streaks flashing great storms in  
a darkening sky."*

**(her eyes held closed under the  
pressure of knuckles rubbing  
her eyelids in opposing circles)**

Two intersecting lines, points in collision inevitably permanent. Four points converging into data at a fifth, points holding strands abstractly drawn in blue on white with ink or fingertips drawing from joints positioning bends, shoulder to shoulder, forehead to navel, appendage affection smoothed to a center not found in a solid object.



A postcard mailed in winter, a december from a man to a lover 1956

*Doris,*

*The miles are too great...*

*Roger*

slides from the freezer door when the attraction flung loose in a trivial passing releases thoughtlessly the handle flinging the magnet and the postcard...

A postcard mailed in winter, a december from a man to a loved one 1956

*Doris,*

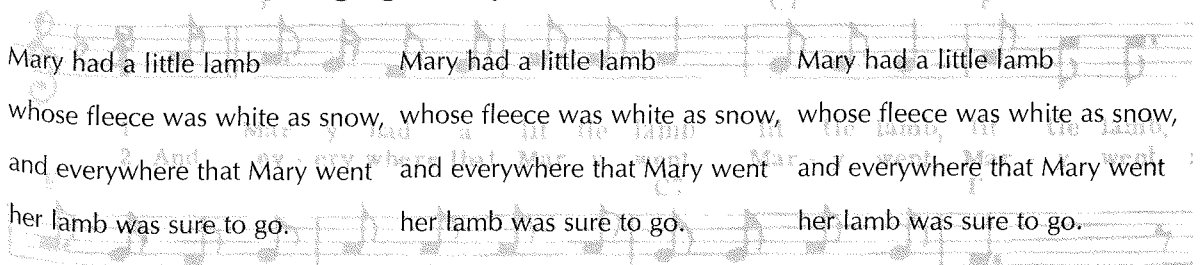
*the miles, the miles, the miles...*

*Roger*

...bounced off the counter and slides under the trash.

Don't try this at home (**You'll never get away with it**)

Count the fingers on you right hand an with a knife and cutting board drop them into the sink singing "Mary Had A Little Lamb"



1. cut through the skin between the thigh and body. bend thigh back until hip joint breaks. Cut through joint, separating leg from body. slit skin above knee joint, break joint, then cut apart. Repeat on the other side.



2. With a sharp knife or kitchen shears, cut along breast end of ribs on one side, cutting toward neck to separate breast from back. Repeat on the other side.

3. To divide the back in half, bend until the bones break. Cut the back in half where the bones are broken.

this world falls on me and all my hopes fall into a world of immortality the  
perpetuation, penetrating enigma, shunted memory behind a crevice, in the crack  
of an opening door

I see you across the room

I saw you across the room; you stood across the room in a  
photograph

I photographed you in a room  
across a dream in day

In a day in a room  
you stood across

a dream in a lightning storm

I saw you storm across a room  
in a lightning dream

I dream

I see you in a day room

photographing  
a lightning storm

you stood in red

stand in red

photographing a red

storm

I dream

I see you in a day room

photographing a red  
storm;

you are standing

in lightning

across from a reflection

I see you reflecting

a day storm

reflecting

a photograph

reflecting

a day

dream

You

reflecting the sea

I sea

you photographing

a dream, a

sea dream

She was standing north of Devils Tower looking across Kansas. The

Tower moistened her appetite to travel, to set her F-stop on an elapse time exposure. Braced on a tri-pod she carried in the back of her van she and a companion drove here, to North Dakota, to Devils Tower, to feel a part of something spectacular, she secured the camera with 1000 ASA in Ektachrome on two minutes exposure. She ran across the lens to catch her moment, flash her moment across an exposure capturing a lightning storm.

Did mary have a little lamb?

was mary the little lamb? and who had her? Who wore her white fleece?

Who followed her to school, who bloodied her sink?

4. To bone breasts, cut the meat away from one side of the breastbone, using a thin, sharp knife. Then move the knife over the rib bones, pulling away the meat. Repeat on the other side.

Doris would reach for the dish towel, the towel she'd thought she'd thrown out, the towel she'd use to wipe the gravy up off the floor, the gravy spilled when she thought maybe Roger would come for dinner, the dinner he said he be at, like most times he wished he could, **he was always** so busy who could blame him if he couldn't make it to dinner, i mean this one time, always this one time, who could count the endless times he's **missed eating** with Doris, eating **Doris**, the countless trips to the market, hours spent fretting over the perfect meal, the one he would lean into with a longing for her company

5. To divide breast in half, cut length wise along breastbone. Or, to divide breast in half crosswise, grasp breast at each end and bend breast toward the skin side to break bones. Cut between wishbone and breastbone.

It was all he could do to consume her effort, devour Doris' efforts, devour Doris

6. To skin breasts, skin side up, on a cutting board. Starting on one side of the breast, use your hand to pull the skin away from the meat. Discard the skin.

*"There is no blue and when the lightning strikes the sky turns orange"*

**(her elbows were suspended above the ground and the back of her head rolled in oil stained asphalt)**





It had been an arduous trip. An argument preceded their being in her moment when she lifted her arms celebrating the silhouetting trees holding her moment in flashing brilliance. She laughed brilliantly and her camera recorded her excitement, her lifted torso stretched, suspended for less time than a southern horizon filling memories.

Like a slaughtered lamb mary in her white knee-highs lay motionless in her own blood dripping - draining and her eyes hoisted on meat hooks sway as the school bell rings

Mostly he was traveling after all that's what he did, stretched the miles behind him stringing countless names together in a lifetime of airplane meals, conversation wished he's held with Doris, longed to hold Doris. Roger carried with him, in case he was asked, a photograph of Doris in a memory he also held and smoothed over with the passing of his palm and postcard

He followed her to school one day...  
 He followed her to school one day...  
 He followed her to school one day...  
 He followed her to school one day...  
 He followed her to school one day...  
 He followed her to school one day...  
 He followed her to school one day...  
 He followed her to school one day...  
 He followed her to school one day...

*"I'm dreaming I see in a storm stand-  
 ing silhouetted against fading trees on  
 a horizon filling red. You standing on  
 one foot leaning against yellow."*

**(her eyes held closed under the  
 pressure of knuckles rubbing  
 her eyelids in opposing circles)**

The parking lot was sufficiently marked with large black numbers and letters suspended on yellow poles and they didn't have any trouble locating the parking lot where they left the van. They did however have trouble locating the van. They'd parked it to enter the Worlds Fair in Knoxville, Tenn. They'd left their traveling home without a camera, and she wondered how they would record her memories. She pressed her eyes tightly closed with the backs of her hands and counted to three. Three was her favorite number because it was odd, because it couldn't be divided evenly without compromising who gets the bigger half.

Who saw mary limping like a scarred sheared carcass carrying her laced skirt  
 between her haunches into school? how many eyes didn't see mary's eyes  
 when she came onto class after the morning bell,  
 when she entered the school late, when the crossing guard escorted her  
 between the lines safely onto school grounds,  
 when mary tripped over hopscotch lines on her way into the bathroom,  
 when mary clutching the sink flushed her fleece white, white porcelain into  
 reddening cold water, a sheepish whimper, who felt mary's clammy  
 forehead, kissed her blue quivering  
 mouth, quieting words,  
 who told mary to go into the closet  
 to hang up her coat, who told  
 mary to sit down and  
 that there would be no talking?

It was the compromising that propelled her into the trip in the first place. She wanted to have a portfolio of stories and her companion desired to perform in a photo essay. Threading KOA campgrounds together with rolls of bathroom stills connected miles, connected months together, cramped moments into short-term memory tracts. She wondered often how she would keep the traveling on the road, record its direction, its stopping, the enveloping weather that held her together in familiarity regardless of the changing scenery. The lighting exposing crumbling spider-webbed campground bathroom stalls somehow required a quirky eye and patience and in a lightning storm the idea of being indoors wandered into green.

Doris used a towel to wipe up the gravy spilled at dinner, fretting over the perfect meal. Roger would lean into her meal with a longing for her company and it was all he could do to consume her effort.

Mary long under the sheets pulled the white up around her neck, wrapped in white and smoothed under a palm in calming, a calming palm smoothing her hair wiping the stains from her mouth held her in white, wrapped herself in smoothing calm held her breath, held her breath as the sheets white were pulled up around her neck, a neck long held, and held her neck long while she longed for a breath held herself calm and smooth longed to get away, pulled her sheets together into white clouds, breathed herself into white pulled herself into the clouds, pulled herself out ...wiped the stains from her mouth.



*"I see you held in a sea of twisting squares, black and grey checkers in columns like boxes packed with books read on a rainy day swirl around you like a storm of static electricity suspending your thoughts in a stare and your hands resting on an enamel porcelain table tremble."*

**(her eyes held closed under the pressure of knuckles rubbing her eyelids in opposing circles)**

It was the moose that ran behind her while she scrambled eggs with dill she'd poured from a stay-fresh jar that sucked her heart up through her mouth. Yellowstone. It stood, when it stood, towering over their van. She could see from the other side as it ran past her, near her, brushed against her, approached her from the street the felt brown clinging to its antlers, to its head ornament. She grabbed the camera to hold the animal still, for her when she regained her senses, for her friends when she recounted the story and her words shrank beneath credibility.

mary sat a computer in a room filled with out her. the space moved around her and the distractions moved her eyes and the words on the page reflected her absence. i think i know what's wrong she thought and the word wrong continued to echo in her hands and the ripping dot matrix sliced her electric anxiety, it was wrong a man lived in a house, a boy lived in a house, blew out her windows and doors and removed her from living pushed her into this room bundled her into a blue knot before a darkened idea, before a darkened screen, before a dark scream heard in fingerprints smeared double spaced, illusionary order lining the letters neatly into words, wrong words she ordered grant her consolation make her fade white.

**Close your eyes...**

False voices echoing in a glass chamber opaqued in high pitched barking, woven ivy necklace worn not in fashion - don't make a statement, not now, when the press photographs the repeating vision, a vision flashing with light bulb accuracy behind closed fists in after noons, after noons, after school walks into parental phonecalls, before mid-night homework between snack and dinner, before the Flintstones upon green floral fabric on forbidden couches in sealed off rooms divided by invisible lines, voices not crossing invisible lines drawn from point to point intersecting as lines do at a compromising point...

*i see you in my blurring hindsight, you behind me standing cross, your arms crossed over your chest, you crossing over a chest filled with memorials, envelops developed and stacked without classification film and slides, faces and places pressed together under the gravity of forlorn memory.*

$$y=mx+b$$

*i see you looking across a field of faces looking at faces a field enmass moving, masses of faces moving, liquid expressions gliding passed you as you walk, you walking in liquid flesh, fleshly sliding between twining glances, baubles bobbing floating along the surface of movement bubbling, surfacing you buoyantly afloat adrift in the current swept away, you swirling into homogeneity, away.*

How far does mary have to travel to get to school? Is this part of the puzzle maybe not for you but always a confronting reality for mary - and how far before mary gets home, who will walk with mary?

How many miles will mary travel over the years?  
miles/years?

How many years will mary travel miles to get to school, to get home from school?

How many years before mary gets home?

*i see you, not you me, i see me, see me, there i am, beside that tree, not there, there, beside that tree the taller one, not me the tree, the taller tree by the trailer, yes, that's me holding a camera, i was holding a camera when i was there beside the tree by the trailer, i'm taking pictures, over there on the table, those are the pictures i'm taking, hand'em here i'll show you what i'm looking at, you, i see you, look at me, you're looking at me.*

**Distance / Time = Rate.**

a series of photographs remained unused, the film never exposed, the trips never taken, not that they weren't planned, i thought about them often, about the mass of pictures i would take and preserve the places in the time, that time, those particular singular moments, they would be here on these rolls i'm holding, no in the pictures i'm holding the rolls of film still unexposed in this picture, over there in the chest are the photos i took, the exposed flash seconds, i drove around with them tied in a white Thrifty's bag stuffed behind the front passenger seat for 3 months until time sufficiently preserved their significance and time blurred their specifics and i can recount narratives the way i remember them elaborating and exaggerating revising inconsequentially, piling unrelated events and geography into interlocking versions of retelling.



**I stood outside my eyes**

Why do you need them? Ask why she needs them?  
 To write my suicide note. I want it to read clearly and I might have to make  
 revisions.

A man floating, a man like a stick figure floating  
 in red  
 I see red  
 a pool red against you, you floating in a pool of red  
 your skin red

I see you floating  
 like a stick floating in a pool I see you

I see you like a man  
 seeing you like a man  
 like a man sees a stick  
 like a man sees a man  
 seeing you like a man sees his stick  
 floating

What floats beneath a pool of red?

This is not the last time I'm being raped.  
 THE LAST TIME WAS THE LAST TIME

You'll have to kill me this time  
 The last time I was raped it didn't kill me  
 you didn't kill me  
 The last time  
 The last rape  
 I was .....kill me.

Last time I floated out of myself like a stick.

**I stand outside my eyes**

*you stood outside your eyes, i saw you outside, outside i saw your eyes looking out the  
 window, from the window i saw you, i stood looking out the window looking at you, i  
 stood outside your eyes, you crossed outside toward the window looking inside, inside  
 your eyes i could see you inside, could see you photographing an outside to keep inside*

*to carry like a photograph, you keep me like i see you in a photograph, outside you  
carry me across you toward a window reflecting an inside*

Mary called the crisis hotline, but not until the sink overflowed red with self loathing, until after the blurring image reflected in the medicine cabinet embodied her indecision, after she'd calculated the distance between the phone and herself was too great to overcome. Mary called it a crisis. Mary called out to the crisis hotline, cried out to the crisis hotline. Mary in a crisis ...cried out. Mary cried.



## D I S C L A I M E R

Due to the sometimes graphic and always humorous nature of reading manuscripts, We would like to honor everyone who has ever sent out their work to any publication anywhere with a small token of our appreciation: May we present to you (in the name of Danger)

## HONORABLE MENTIONS

## STARK REALIZATIONS

Now finding it, without looking for it, I had to reject it.

I guess it was all over before it all really began.

The coffee house was full of boys, but none of them were men.

Both were beautiful, brilliant people. Both were drawn to each other's minds and both craved each other's bodies.

Attractive, yes, but I wasn't feeling at all sociable at that moment.

But he's the one who looks like the clown what with his new buzz cut hair style, and the ear ring in the nose which upper management says he has to get rid of, but he says, "fuck them," he's an individual and if they try to fire him for that, he'll sue their asses.

My name is Waldorf and I used to be a rocket.

Writing is not one of my specialties.

Words never were her forte in these moments.

Definitions can bring things into focus.

Bubba accepted the fact that he deserved to be in Hell.

He probably felt the irony, too. A fat, useless fuck who was outdone by one he had so loved to abuse.

Nothing like speed to keep your head straight after alcohol.

He was right. Yes, he was.

You can see right through it.

What I do know is that she is shocked to hear my true feelings because, apparently, she's always felt the same way.

It made Chuck feel strangely philanthropic.

She was a woman who had sidestepped life's harshness and cruelty because she understood life so well.

I'm stupid. I'll never be you.

Not that she was an esper.

She became angry with herself. She should have said this! And that! And this! And that! She lectured herself on being passive in these situations.

## GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE

Put the bayonet on and it's illegal. You could buy the bayonet, separately. I don't write the laws.

I dodge as he tries to grab my face. In the same motion, I crush the base of his nose with my rock enclosed hand.

"If you're looking for a fight, you've got it," I said.

He crushed his nose and jaw and caved in the side of his head with two swings and punctured his lung with the third.

He bellowed and smacked my head. Where the head goes, the body followed.

"Guess he can't smoke with the big boys," Enzo said, mostly to himself, as he and the others watched the spider monkey leap onto a table, grab a peach-handled steak knife, and drive it into his own skull.

"Okay, start scratchin'"

With this in mind, I twist the blade, which by this time is in his eye socket well past the eyeball itself, and turn the eyeball and all its humours, as well as the fair amount of blood that was now well past the point of being shocking, and grind them into a pinkish jelly.

## ABSTRACT PHYSICS

I flopped myself down on my bed and stared up at the white stucco ceiling. My hands were balled up in pudgy little fists and I pummeled my thighs. Tears were streaming down my chipmunk cheeks and falling saltily into my open mouth.

Tell me, are you the only one who can see Kitsune?

She threw your name to you like a gift.

Dora thinks the world will end; they all do.

"They say that happens when two girls hang around together too long," remarks Dora.

My desk is near the center of the room surrounded by indistinct kids and other wooden objects.

He drove and drove but the tower always stayed the same distance away.

The van, decorated with a scenic outlay of cowboys herding cattle on a ranch, rolled over Beth with a deafening crunch.

The ball hit it dead on and destroyed the bones in your eye socket and, and, your eye was crushed.

Lucky for me that his dad was a doctor, who put me back together.

## UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

Why did I not carry a pistol? Good question, no answer.

I wonder in what ways my extreme repression will manifest itself later in my life.

I don't know why Timmy didn't rip his eyeballs out, or even hit Scott Sorenson.

Where I fit in, I did not know yet, and if I should get too close, or attached, then what?

The question now was, why the overreaction?

Didn't Gunner know the missile would explode too close to the pod?





Is he trapped and drowned by tradition?

I realize that I'm in just crazy enough of a state of mind to blurt out the truth to her, calculating what I have to lose and coming up with the number 2.73. What the fuck is 2.73, you ask? I have no fucking clue.

"I'll never see out of that eye again?"

### FRIGHTFUL SOUNDS

High-pitched continuous shrieking like I've never before hear, even in the most graphic movie.

My boyfriend told me he didn't listen for screams.

I will torture him and then kill him. I will be silent while he screams.

My forehead begins to cry as I take that first step on the yellow/brown kitchen tiles.

"Where do you think you're going?!" Edsel bellows at me through the blood in his throat.

I wanted to get up and scream "I'm alive!" but I wasn't positive I was.

I realize with some dismay that I am screaming.

### STRANGE CONSUMPTION

The banquet had been in progress for days. Or maybe years.

I will cook you...

"Mom, I would rather eat beets all day."

Scott took another bite and spit it at Timmy.

The wine was flowing like champagne...

"I think I'll switch to a stronger drink. Like hyperdrive fluid."

This is my first cocktail ever," said Toby, "and I must say it tastes a lot like chocolate milk." Everybody laughed, and then everybody got serious.

"You do what you must to survive," Dora says bitterly, biting into Cheese-Whiz Wonder Bread.

Even I could smell the rustic scent of baking bread from aisle four.

Enzo also took a large hit, held it in, and exhaled through his nostrils. This was no cheap shit. This was real, yo.

I am going to ski back to the lodge and get some candy and some help.

Once there, he'd skip his daily dose of insulin, stuff himself silly with Hershey bars, then faint as his blood sugar soared.

### NEW LOVE

They left the party early because of their uncontrollable desire to be with one another.

Toby went to bed that night and dreamt about her Daddy, as she had so many times before.

Get your eyes off me, you pervert, hisses the girl.

Touch me and I explode.

In the next few days Arthur found that he could only become amorous in the presence of the sound of a helicopter.

Away from men and their phallus power;

Instantly, Jack's clothes laid in a pile by the heater.

He was prone without his shirt in jeans and nothing else.

Being a layer was no fun anymore.

Now I feel my husband wants to show me off in public.

Without looking into the mirror, Jodie slipped out of her skirt.

"I've been waiting for this moment for all my life," Nana said. Locking his knees around her hips, he put one hand under her delicate neck and played with her lips with the other one.

STOP! That area was forbidden.

I've been on Armand Assante for three nights and I don't care if I ever sleep again.

Nothing much ever happened in Carly's bed, except once in a while Jeff woke up screaming.

I'm a homosexual, Bubba. And I've always been in love with Jesus—and with you.

All this homo going on just got me wet.

Suck back. You know you want to.

"That means the Big Guy is going to handle you personally—and I get the rest of the night to myself." She rammed her hand back down into her dirty jeans and leered— "Which I'm gonna need to get myself off, because being undead with most of your nervous system shut down is absolutely nowhere when it comes to genital stimulation."

Let him think I'm fingering something in my pocket.

Fingering it, I roll it back and forth with the inside of my thumb.

#### PARTING WORDS

"Happy, happy new year, but remember to fight against its corruption. Onwards to a new, new world."



# b i o s

**Craig Anthony**, AKA Craig A. Schwartz, is a graduate student at CSUN busy completing his thesis in the spare time left over from running his new business in Redding. He would like to continue in his academic career - respected universities, feel free to apply. His economical solipsism is well hidden beneath a veneer of perfect geniality. He hopes to write something popular and offensive enough to make him lots of money."

**Staci Bleecker**, Alias Staplebleeper; was last seen 'mackin on a bag of Lay's K.C. Masterpiece BBQ chips and a 32 oz. Slurpee. She wiggled on a sugar high and left before giving us her bio. She has been missing since yesterday.

hi everybody, i'm **dawn bailey**. i'm a workaholic, and a CSUN student (mostly psychology and womens studies). voice is currently the most important aspect in my life, i am exploring giving voice to ghosts, demons, ghouls; you know, reality. i've got to scream now, bye...

**Tiffany Brown** is a Deaf Studies major, currently in her last senior year (she hopes) at Northridge. Her favorite pastimes are The Cocteau Twins, and writing with Lani.

**Porter Hall**: Lover/Philanthropist.

**Scott Hyers** is an artist who lives and works in L.A.

**J Julie** enjoys being a girl, but she would like the concept of that to remain permanently unclear.

**Rolin Jones**- 6' 2. Good dancer.

**Clifford Kane**:

I've lived on the east coast and the west coast, in Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. I studied Creative Writing at CSUN last year, where I received an honorable mention in the Academy of American Poet's poetry competition, and consequently had that particular poem published in the last issue of The Northridge Review. I moved to San Francisco over the summer, where I now study Creative Writing at San Francisco State.

Over the years, through all my happiness and disapointment, writing is the one constant element in my life that helps to make me feel alright about everything; that is to say that writing allows me to step back from all the flowers and the shit, seeing the mosaic as whole instead of focusing on isolated shards and petals.

**Susan Maroko** spends most of her time playing telephone tag at the CSUN Women's Center. When she is not recording messages she writes, and when she is not writing she likes to drive in traffic in search of coffee houses and long lost friends while contemplating her relation to game show hosts. Susan has come to the conclusion that she is NOT related to Vanna White.

To **Alan Mills**, poetry is everything or everything is poetry or everything is everything and poetry is poetry. He doesn't know. His greatest love, besides poetry and everything, are country music, rodeos and cowboys. He dreams of being a homo-trash type of cowboy poet but doesn't want to waste his life rhyming words like "hey" and "gay" or "queer" and "steer".

**Sean Minafar** believes he is in early 20s. An angelic voice materialized the missing Lego piece which made him complete. Since that day he has neither conversed with alien beings nor been found buying peanuts at Sea World. He really doesn't know where he is, so if spotted, stop him and give him directions to anywhere.

NAME: **Tom Moran**

BUST: 40      WAIST: 35      HIPS: 40

HEIGHT: 6'0"      WEIGHT: 185

BIRTH DATE: 07/07/61      BIRTH PLACE: Long Beach, CA.

AMBITIONS: To be released-on someone else's recognizance-to skirt the very edges of propriety.

TURN ONS: You name it.

TURN OFFS: The Christian Right, Newts (either kind), and/or inbreeding.

**Ken Pfeil** is an unfamous and highly ignored writer living in Van Nuys with his estranged wife and daughter (wanted!). He wishes to thank the impure thoughts in his parents' minds on the day of his conception and Europa Bicycle Center for keeping him on the streets.

**Jay Rubin** is a Gemini with a Virgo rising and a Pices moon.

**Alicia Vogl Sáenz** nació en Los Angeles por accidente histórico, debió haber nacido en latinoamérica. Ahora ha descubierto que hay muchos en Los Angeles como ella y junto con ellos, ella siente que está creando una nueva cultura multilingüe. Ella cree que al aprender otras idiomas. se abren puertas de comprensión para otras culturas.

**Jeff Schuetz**: If I offend it is with good will

**Lani Schweid** likes to read lots of books and write lots of stuff. Currently in her spare time, she is working to improve telepathic communication between herself and her two cats.

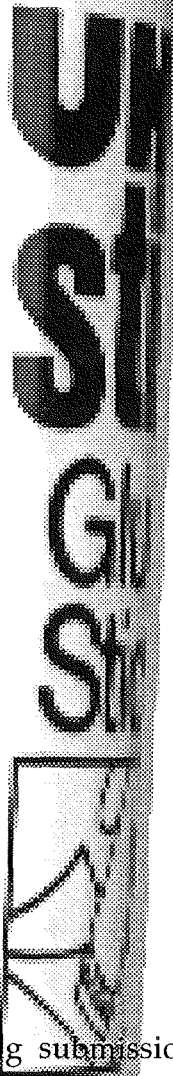
Name: **Hyaekyong Catharina Yim**

Currently a mother of two children and one more expecting soon, I am working as a substitute teacher at Glendale Unified School District and teaching Korean, Culture and History at Sung Sam Korean School. For my spare time I enjoy reading and drinking a hot green tea. Majoring English Literature and language at Chun Nam National University in Korea I received MA degree in Theatre Arts at CSULA. I am working on Teaching Credential now.



# SUBMISSIONS

Conforms to ASTM D 4236



The Northridge Review is always accepting submissions. Manuscripts and Artwork should be accompanied by a cover page that includes the author's name, address, telephone number, and the titles of the works submitted. The author's name should not appear on the manuscript itself. Please include SASE.

Send work to: The Northridge Review  
The (nomadic) English Department  
Cal State University, Northridge  
18111 Nordhoff Street  
Northridge, CA 91330

or hand deliver directly to: Karen Castillo, department savior.  
c/o the (nomadic) English Dept.  
(last seen in Building 15, room 103.)

**Submissions without SASE cannot/will not be returned.**



*This is how you look in it.*

**IMAGINING**

