

LABYRINTH

most attractive!
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date

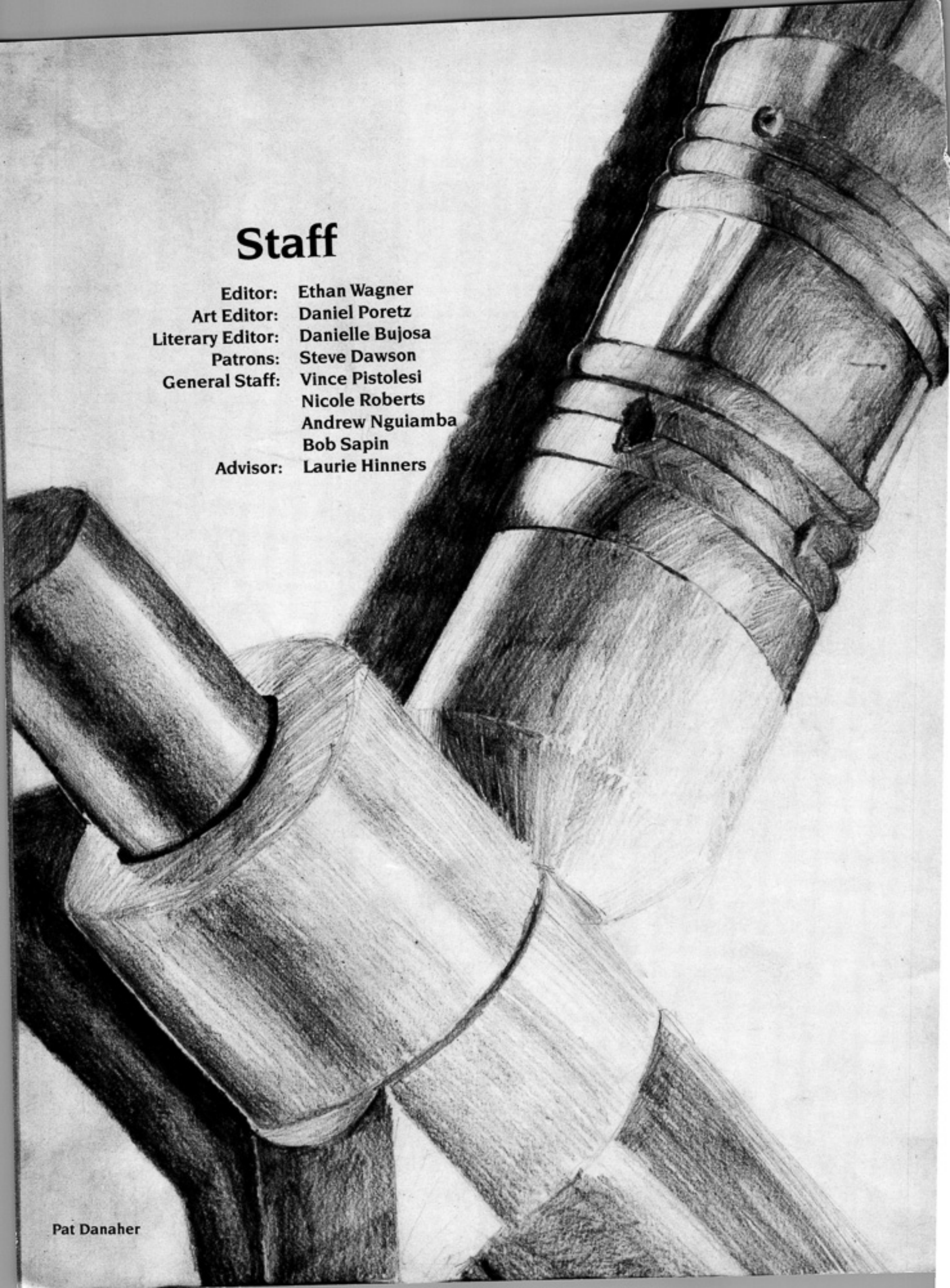
Labyrinth

more here on title
pose

cost -
blue -
dark
issue

excellent
art





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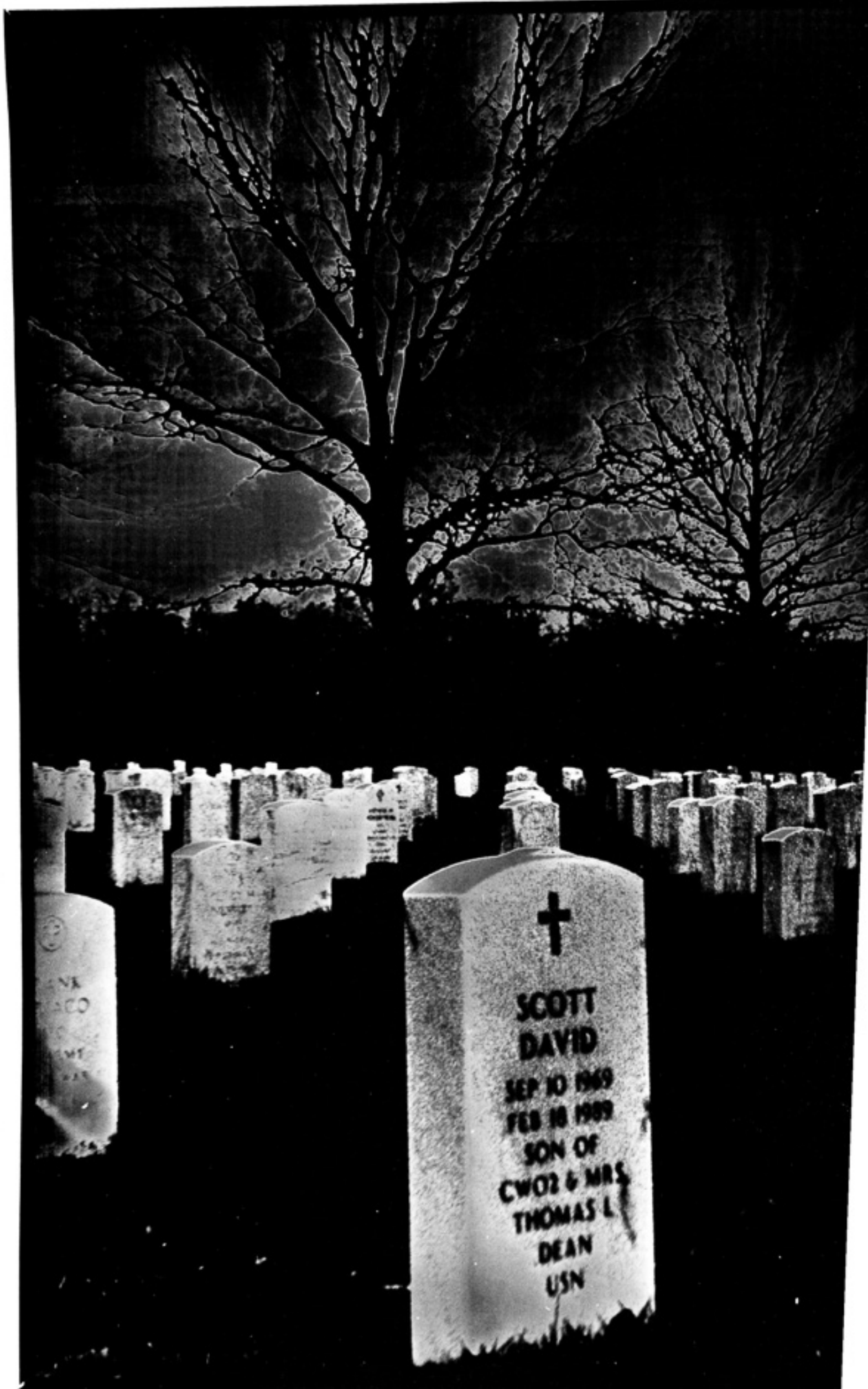


Destinations

"Here I am, The only living boy in New York" — Paul Simon

The cars that burned red streaks into his eyes
Smelled of some industrial perfume
As he poured whisky into his belly on a porch
Above some highway.
The air was getting thinner and dryer, and the
Sky seemed farther away.
From the kitchen I could see his
Middle-aged hands tremble with empty rage
I knew he could hear the highway singing to him like
It used to, when the road and all its
Diversionary destinations belonged to him.
But in an instant, decisions had lost him that possession,
Decisions that now caused his hands to shake.
The former king of his own youth was now the subject of
Aging complacency, And memories he thought he had killed—
Useless dreams he had wrapped into a tiny bundle and thrown away—
Returned to him now . . . velvet rose petals, beer, and so many young girls
He would love forever, one after the other.
Constantly revolving around,
He tried to put the memories together,
Tinkertoys from hell.
But the absolutes that held straight in his mind began to fade and
All neuron pathways led to Rome
And everything he sees
Digs a hole in the back of his head,
And won't let go.

excerpt from poem
—Jimmy John Cook



Cthulu

There was a time when all was a void.
The universe itself was completely devoid
Of life or light, for all was dark.
For eons the abyss lay without a spark.
Into this darkness the Outer Gods came:
Azathoth, Yog-Sothoth, and more of the same.
Hundreds of millions of years were traversed
Before these entities of chaos, evil and perverse,
Did arrive at Earth and build great R'lyeh.
The city is buried under silt to this day.
Cthulu lies dreaming within the earth
Along with the spawn to which he gave birth.
Bloated octopi with membranous wings,
Faces covered with barbels and stranger things.
His body is a seething chaos of change,
His mind that of a lunatic, insane and deranged.
The spawn of the stars, the sleeper in the deep,
A preternatural monstrosity suspended in sleep.
He lies in wait for his waking is near.
The world will be plunged into chaos and fear.
Pray that his horrors never meet your eyes,
For the risen may sink, and the sunken may rise.

— Alex Weyers

effort me —
but set
copies in bold
much more
easily read

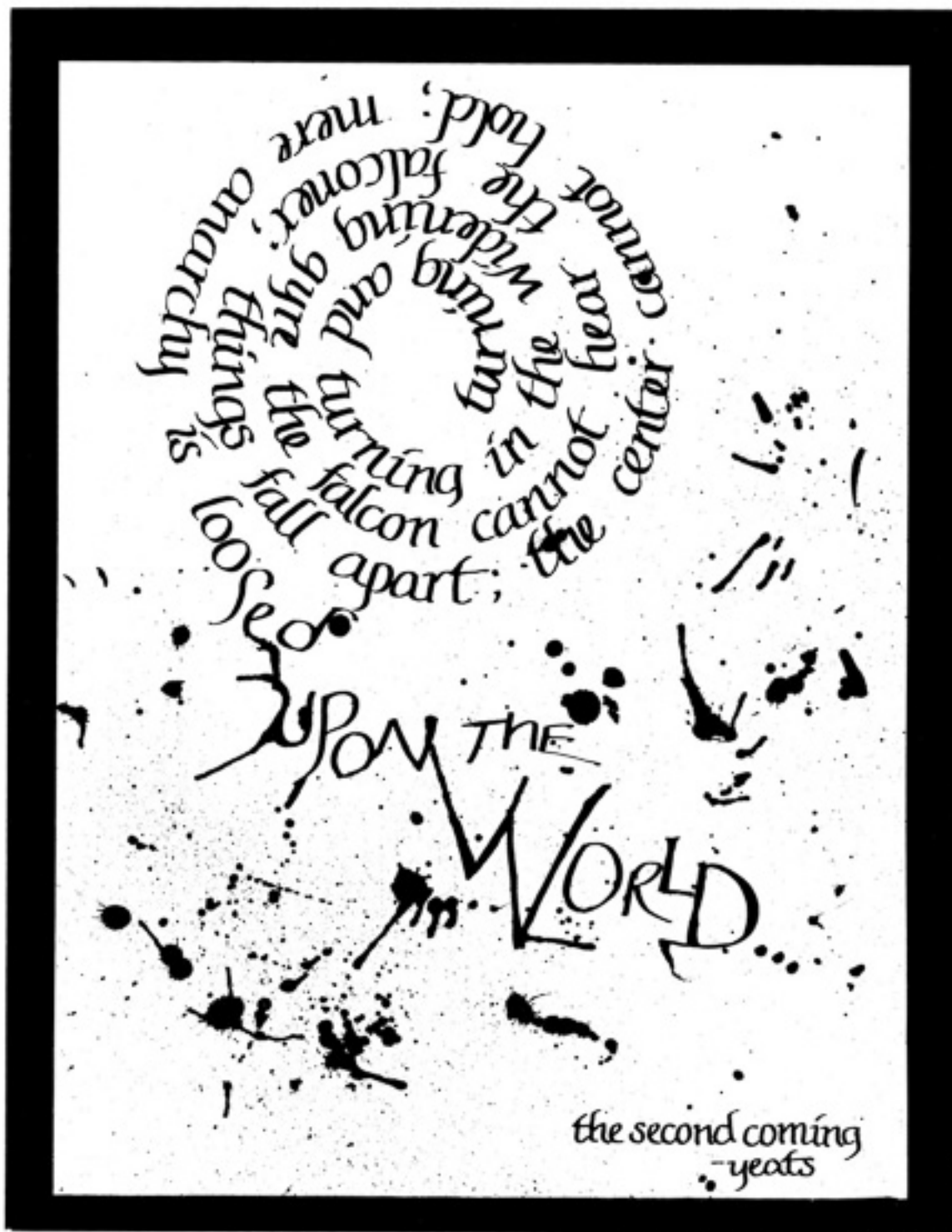


Conundrum

Stranded. The night envelops me.
The door is closed, is it locked?
A light in the darkness, where is it?
Saved. I feel secure, am I?
What is reality? Do I contain it?
I must awaken from the nightmare.

Was I asleep?

—Sarah Blachly



Maggie West



Thirty-one

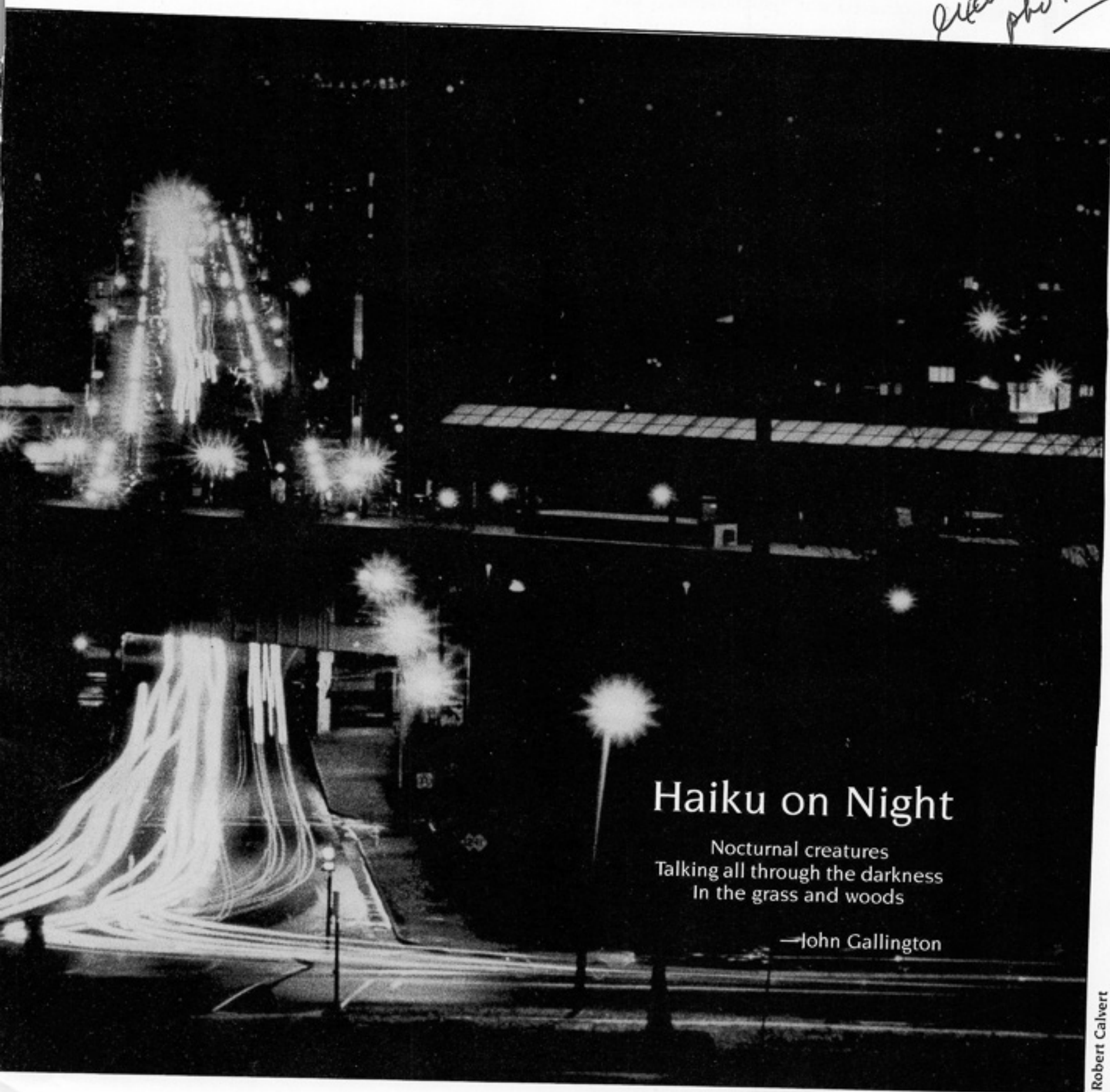
I stand under the harsh glow of a vengeful moon,
A stiff grass pressed gingerly between my toes.
Calm water, lapping gently on the stony shore.
The rain that had fallen from the black sky
Had extinguished both my fire and hopes with equal prejudice.

I quake at the realization of my soul's poverty,
My heart burns at my ignorance.
Forever doomed to the isolation, my conscience wreaks.
My quick yearning for freedom finds only suffering and pain.

I fall to my knees.
My voice high above the din of the ocean,
But to myself unheard.
My body crumples utterly.
Livid eyes, wide with anguish and grief,
Echo what is articulated in my shrieking voice.
My vision clouded as tears take the place of rain,
Wetting my pale cheeks,
Cleansing my face,
But never my soul.

—Jon Gallington

great images
excellent haiku photos



Haiku on Night

Nocturnal creatures
Talking all through the darkness
In the grass and woods

—John Gallington

Waiting Waiting Waiting

The book is covered with pink flowered cloth. I take it down from its place on my shelf. A grubby pencil sits nearby. It's short but sharp; I snatch it up. Despite its ostentatious cover, the book's pages are simple, white and soothing. I press it up to my nose, smelling the glue that binds it, as the cool pages comfort my hot face. I begin to write.

10:43 pm. Thurs., March 7, 1991. I really hate M & D. They are so ...

The lead breaks and I throw the pencil down. My blue pen doesn't work. Under a sweater I find a red one.

... STUPID! I hate them, I hate them. I don't want to do my homework. I hate homework!

I'm not making any sense. Say something real. Instead I turn the page. I have pressed too hard and can feel the words on the other side.

We've had another fight. I can't think. I can't concentrate. I ...

What, What! What do I want to say. Do I have anything to say? Oh, I ...

... I don't know. Maybe I'm wrong, maybe I'm stupid. No I'm not stupid, I'm just tired, very very tired.

I should go to sleep, yes, go to sleep. Wait, no, I can't go to sleep, I must write, I must explain.

I did badly on that test. I know I did; it was my fault. I didn't study. I don't mind them yelling about that. But they didn't listen to my reasons. Isn't there more to life than notes? Things more beautiful than papers? Aren't my ideas more important than other people's thoughts?

I stop for a moment and twirl my pen. I feel what I have written and the red ink stains my fingers.

I'll tell you why I did badly on that test—eleven years. Eleven years of always doing my homework, always making sure I had everything in on time. I was sitting at my desk staring at my spiral notebook, when my eyes got tired and I glanced out the window.

The sky was blue, blue blue blue, and the old woman next door was tending her flowers. There were yellow daffodils so yellow, so bright yellow, so yellow and alive. And there I was with my notes, those awful dead notes.

I felt I was missing it all, the yellow flowers, the blue sky. I was missing life. How does it feel to run down a hill on a cool spring day like this? I realized I'd never know. There would never be another day quite like this one. And I was stuck in a chair, looking at dead notes, staring out into the world.

I had to leave.

I ran down the hill and climbed another. Remember how you used to roll in the grass as a child? I did that, too. I stood up, dizzy, and sang a song.

I sat under a pine tree as it got dark and picked at pine needles. The sap made my hands sticky. I was delighted.

That night I sat in my room and read love poems. Isn't that silly, love poems! I even wrote a few. They were so bad they made me laugh. So I wrote some more, and laughed some more, until they started to get good. They're hidden under my bed. They're not for anyone, just for me, lonely old me.

When I went to sleep that night my head was spinning. I had thought that day, not memorized, but thought! I had felt and thought and given form to something new, something that was my own. And I was happy.

I pause for a minute, chewing on the cap of my pen. I'm not quite done writing.

Do you see now why I didn't study? I couldn't.

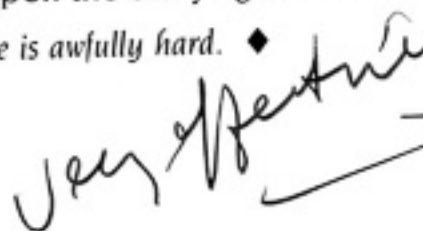
No, no, don't say that. You don't have to justify your actions to yourself.

Yes I do.

Living and learning should really be the same thing, but by force they are sometimes separated. Don't worry, I'll go back to my old ways. I'll study. 'Cause life is there; and it'll wait for me.

I put my pen down and close the book. No, wait. I smile, open the diary again, and write one last thing.

Patience is awfully hard. ♦



—Kristin Walker



*excellent
photo*

Melanie Turner

Romantic Poem

Walking past my childhood home of long ago,
Familiarities embrace my homesick soul.
The branches of green pine blowing to and fro
They laugh and sing, filling the air with pleasures whole.

Warm feelings does this walk give,
Sweet remembrances swim heavily in my mind.
I long for those moments to relive
But the sharp winds bring me back swiftly to present time.

That big oak, under which I was just kissed,
Now beckons me to create a new memory.
And these fickle, inconstant tulips I so dearly missed,
Are still waiting for spring patiently.

And although only the fondest memories remain,
Bitter-sweet tears fall for the past I can never regain.

—Shelly Cowley

Poema in the Style of Catullus

Amo et uror
Quare id faciam,
Et tu et ego ululo
Nescio, sed amore lingo,
Uror, et absumor

I love and I burn,
Why do I do this,
Both you and I cry out.
I do not know, but with the love as a fuel,
I burn and I am consumed.

— Manlius II
(Josh Levy)

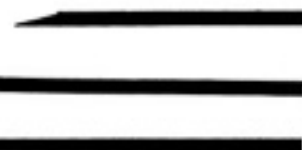
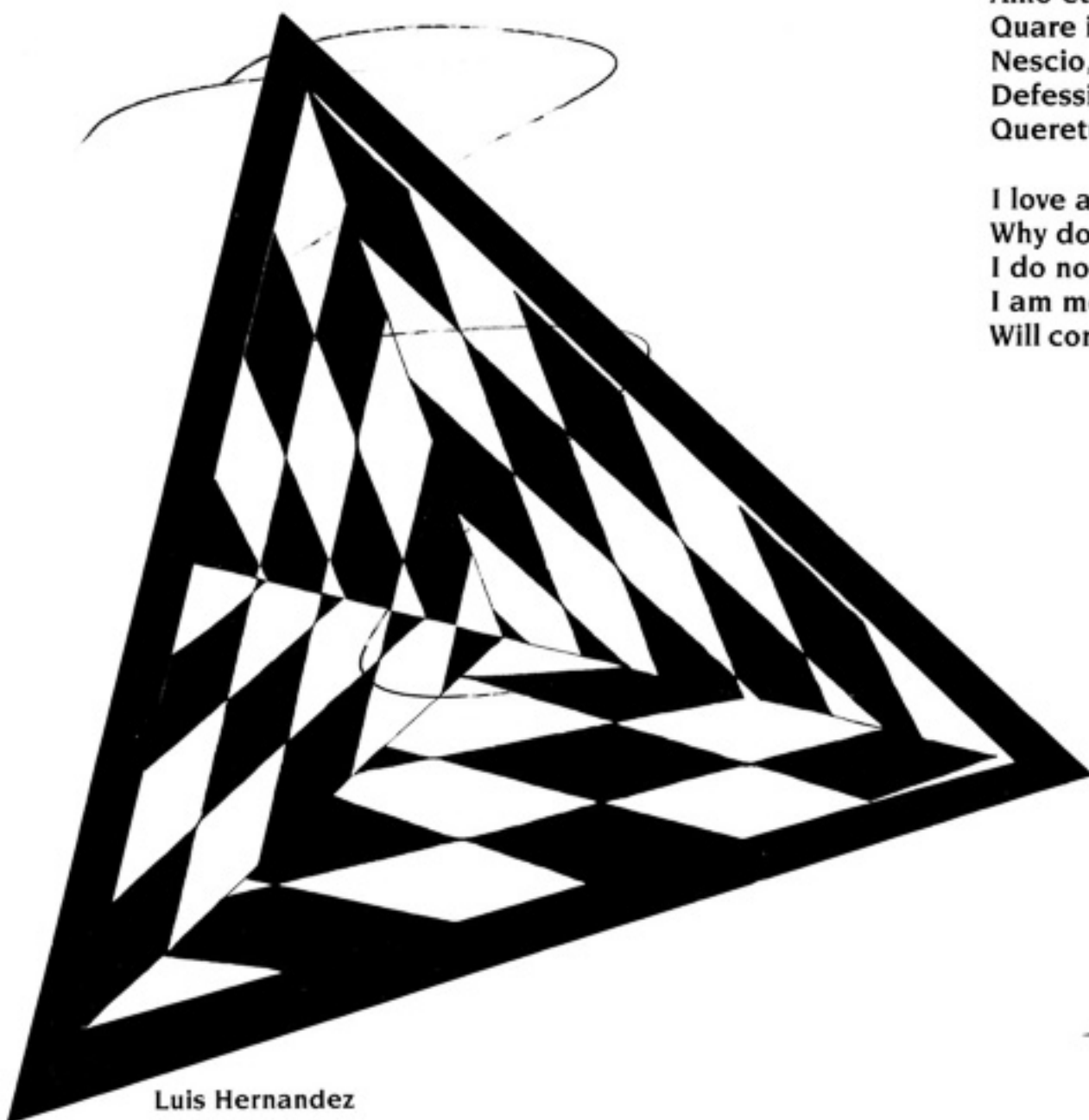


Poema in the Style of Manlius II

Amo et dormio.
Quare id faciam,
Nescio, uror, sed
Defessor. Ea
Queretur magna voce.

I love and I sleep.
Why do I do this,
I do not know. I burn, but
I am more tired. She
Will complain with a great voice.

— Manlius I
(Evan Smith)





Too white

When I Was Walking . . .

Under the moonlight
I saw a shadow
She walked right next to me.
I wanted very much to ask her,
"Why are you here?"
But, unfortunately she didn't seem to understand
And when I turned
She became my shadow!

—Tu-Uyen Nguyen

Quand Je Marchais . . .

Au clair de la lune
J'ai vu une silhouette
Elle marchait à côté de moi.
J'ai voulu lui demander,
"Pourquoi êtes-vous ici?"
Mais, malheureusement elle n'avait pas l'air de comprendre
Et quand je me suis tournée
Elle est devenue ma silhouette!

—Tu-Uyen Nguyen

*Long poem
here*



from
photo

Saturday Oasis

Every Saturday, I go to Eastern Market to be recharged. The time that I spend there reassures me that even in Washington, D.C., where the crime rate is overwhelming and racial tensions run high, harmony can exist between people of all races and circumstances.

Eastern Market is a Saturday farmers' market surrounding a pavilion, the meeting point of different sectors of D.C.—the rich Capitol Hill area and the poorer public housing areas. Somehow, Eastern Market shows the Nation's Capital at its best.

"I stand across the street and take in the colorful carnival before me. The crisp autumn afternoon is brilliant; the sun is making lacy designs through the rust, amber and chocolate leaves."

Whites, blacks, and people of every other race; yuppies and middle-aged bohemians, rich preppies and impoverished inner city kids; Russian immigrants, Iranian immigrants, and Native Americans all share this stretch of street, greeting friends and smiling at strangers.

I stand across the street and take in the colorful carnival before me. The crisp autumn afternoon is brilliant; the sun is making lacy designs through the rust, amber and chocolate leaves. Vendors are scattered everywhere, selling dewy fresh fruits and vegetables; freshly baked breads; delicate handmade jewelry with sparkling stones; intricate, handsewn quilts and thick, hand-knitted sweaters; bright and muted rainbows of fresh and dried flowers; and environmentally safe canvas bags to save paper.

"My first stop is always the smiling woman—fondly referred to as my bread lady—on the corner to buy delicious homemade baked goods."

I am drawn across the street, and my mood lifts as I enter this oasis in the middle of the "Murder Capital of the World." My first stop is always the smiling woman—fondly referred to as my bread lady—on the corner to buy delicious, homemade baked goods. I do not know her social, marital or financial status. It does not matter whether she works at Eastern Market because she needs money or because she simply enjoys selling bread. The fact that she seems content with life draws me back week after week.

Another part of my Eastern Market ritual is getting a hot knish at a tiny deli run by a Russian Jewish immigrant. The owner, Michael, is an exuberant extravert

with a thick but endearing accent, and when I enter, he calls my name. "Maya! Hello, Maya! How are you?" He never fails to add that he has missed me greatly since last Saturday.

While Michael interacts with customers, his 20 year-old son, Sam, smiles at his father indulgently. When we see each other, we look away, look back, and smile shyly. Then, Michael changes his focus. "Sam, Maya's here. Have you said hello to Maya? Maya, Sam is going to help you today. He wants to help you. Right, Sam? That's good for you, Maya? You know, Sam will be spending next semester in Russia. When he returns, maybe he can tutor you in Russian. You want to learn Russian, yes?"

The question seems loaded and I manage a half smile under the pressure. Sam and I have been attracted to each other since I first came to Eastern Market two years ago. Even with his father's blatant encouragement, however, our persistent attempts at breaking the ice remain clumsy and unsuccessful. Meanwhile, our relationship consists of a simple brushing of hands when I get my change, yet it is a part of my Saturday that I always await.

After finishing my knish, I begin to walk through the maze of vendors. Many items were handmade in Asian, African and South American countries—or sometimes by the vendors themselves. Whether the item is common or exotic, there is always a story about it—how it was made, how it was acquired, or

"I am drawn across the street, and my mood lifts as I enter this oasis in the middle of the 'Murder Capital of the World.' My first stop is always the smiling woman—fondly referred to as my bread lady—on the corner to buy delicious homemade baked goods."

how it fits into the culture of the craftsperson. Nothing is mass produced; each item is a product of the heart and mind of its creator. A poor South American's pottery is as appreciated as a privileged North American's extravagant ring. At Eastern Market, creativity is in its glory.

As I walk down the street through the fragrant flowers and produce, I notice street musicians setting up their instruments. I buy an apple and crunch into it. Its wine is the freshest and sweetest that I have ever tasted. I drop my change into the street musicians' bass box, cross the street, and allow the mellow, jazzy notes to ease me back into the real world. ♦

excellent

—Maya Shetreat



What Do Ya Think?

So many thoughts running through my
Mind like rain drops falling from the petal
Of a lackadaisical daisy further to the ground
Further through my mind:

LOVE,

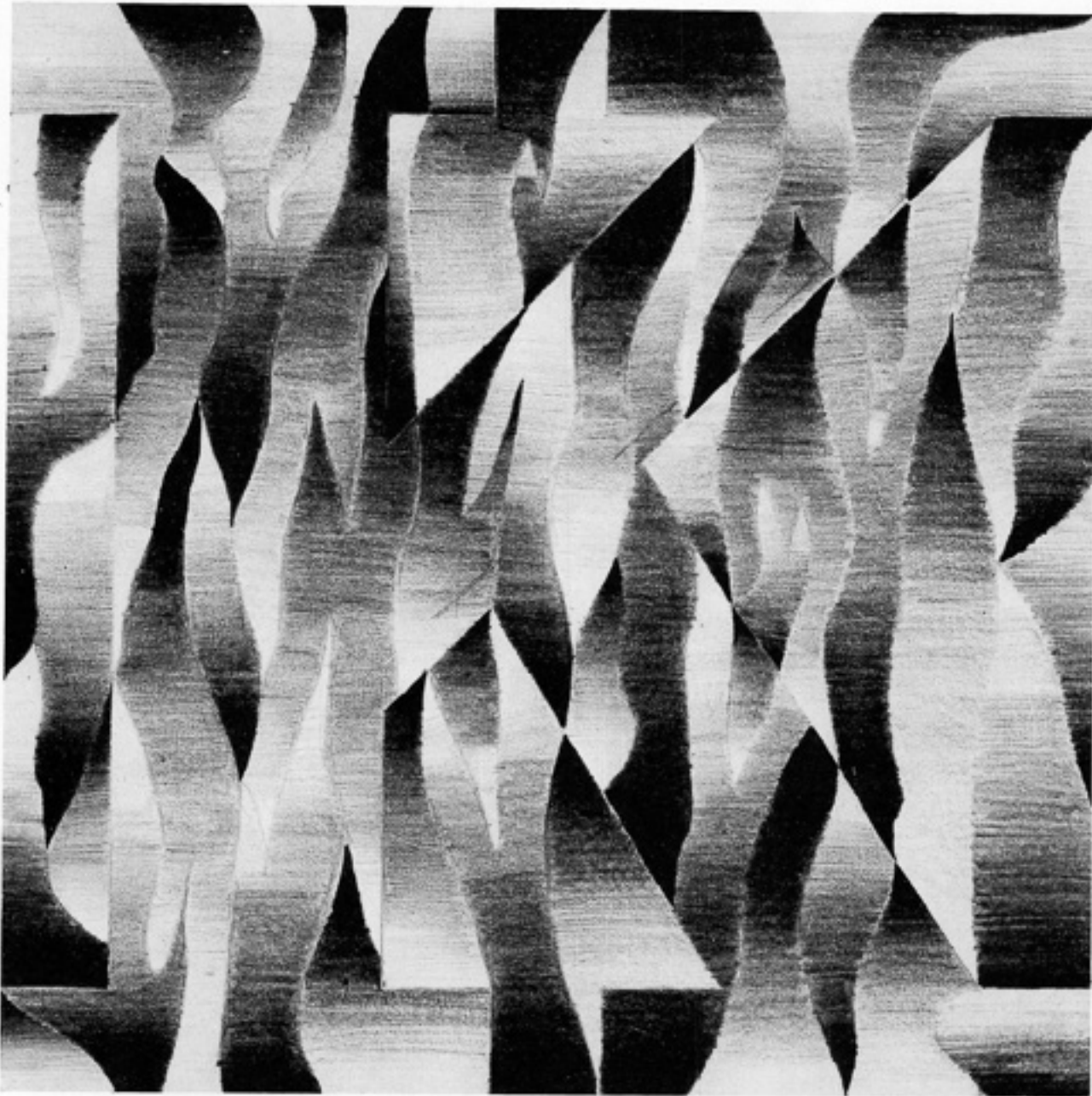
DEATH,

LIFE,

LAUGHTER.

What next a seemingly endless combination of
Conundrums and perplexities bamboozling my
Brain; never stopping before passing go
Where's the next thought in back driving
Never screeching to a halt
Sadness never down; pressure's always up
But No, not in the land of make believe
So wishes do come true or don't they?

—Bruce Milton



Supers

great!

*this is your
only natural
gutless - whitey*

*Pr. 18 →
Supers
art & poem
great*

THE GOBLIN NAMED JOE

So, sit round my fire, lad,
Let all troubles go
And I'll tell you the story
of a goblin called Joe!

In a certain forest,
At particular times,
Strange things do occur
(The point of this rhyme!)

So enter the Nun
Sister Claire, the fat hound,
Who crossed these strange things,
And is now underground.

As she walked through the woods,
The woods with no name,
She stomped on some flowers,
And felt no bit of shame.

It was that wide wench's mistake,
To trounce on that garden,
It belonged to the Faerie Folk
(Who never grant pardons).

The Faeries were miffed,
The elves were upset,
The trolls cried for vengeance,
And the pixies just wept.

But then came a goblin,
A goblin called Joe!
"I'll teach her a lesson ...
To hell she will go!!!"

So off went brave Joe
With only wits as his power,
And cries of "Kick her big arse!"
Out to avenge his poor flower.

Here comes the green skinned Goblin named Joe
Approaching Claire's very convent.
"To hell with just one! I'll eat 'em all!"
And in through the doors he went.

Surely enough as Joe did promise,
He chowed into every last nun.
He munched them down, crosses and all,
And yelled "My God this is fun!"

Now Joe was a gross goblin
With skin caked with dirt,
So you can guess how Clair screamed,
When he found her for dessert.

Claire yelps, "Oh please, goblin! I truly repent!"
"I know my sins by what you have said.
Joe only belched twice, gave her the finger, (smiled)
and bit off her head.

As Joe licked up each bit of Claire's blood
(Which he decided was tasty.)
He remembered another church, a bit down the road,
Also full of nun pastries!!!

So he ate up that church, two cathedrals, and a peasant,
And by that time he'd acquired a belly.
But he soon ran out of humans to eat,
Except for a leper named Telley.

"The job is done and now I can leave!"
The goblin called Joe finally said.
He started back home,
No longer green, but now a deep color red.

Ablaze with boils,
And smelling of gore,
Joe returned a hero,
And was gone evermore!

—Macon Blair



The Dragon

The dragon
Because he will not come
It is a good month

— Matthew Lukban

勝
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ン

ドラゴンです。
きていませんから
いいつきです。

The Rosebush

How the amber sunlight strikes its petals,
How the dew twinkles like many stars,
How the petals are blown and peacefully settle,
And how the rose rests the spirit like Grecian jars.

The midday rays beat upon the buds,
While golden seed is carried by the humming wings
And roots soak moisture from the muds,
As a bluejay rests on his branch and sings.

Then grandfather sun dims and sinks below the ocean,
And the sleepy petals fold and sleep,
As humming wings stop their motion,
And from the bluejay comes not a peep.

The roses prepare for more joy,
As if they were a wondrous toy.

— Byron Delaney

*Excellent
Spread*

*Great
Sonnet*

Frames by Eleanor Johnson



Many years long ago,
Far too many to count,
Deep, deep in the woods,
Atop a high mount.
Where the sky's always dark,
Where the wind always blows.
Where the birds never fly,
Where the wickle-weed grows.

There lived an old monster,
With a fancy for feet,
And for arms and for legs,
And for all types of meat.

And this creature, this beast
With its limpety limp
Was known to the townsfolk
As the Gimby Goo Grimp

For he rampaged their town
Of Dinky Doo Drid.
And ate all the people,
Who ducked, ran, or hid.

But on one special day,
While his hunger ran wild,
That Gimby Goo Grimp,
Found a Dinky Doo child.

But when he stretched out his mills,
To devour him, too,
Why that Dinky Doo boy
Gave a ticklish coo.

And the Gimby Goo Grimp
Could not believe his ears,
"Why aren't you afraid boy?"
"Why aren't you in tears?"

"Why don't you run away?"
"Or let out a yelp?"
"Why don't you try to hide?"
"Or call out for help?"

But the boy was so cute,
As cute as a button.
The beast wished he were his,
For he had, but nothing.

But he also looked tasty,
A mouth watering delight,
"Why that Dinky Doo child
Could be dinner tonight!"

And the great beastly beast
Stood still on his feet.
Should he raise him or eat him?
For baby's good meat.

The Gimby Goo Grimp



Kevin Cook

And so day after day,
He stayed in that spot.
While bigger and bigger
That Dinky Doo got.

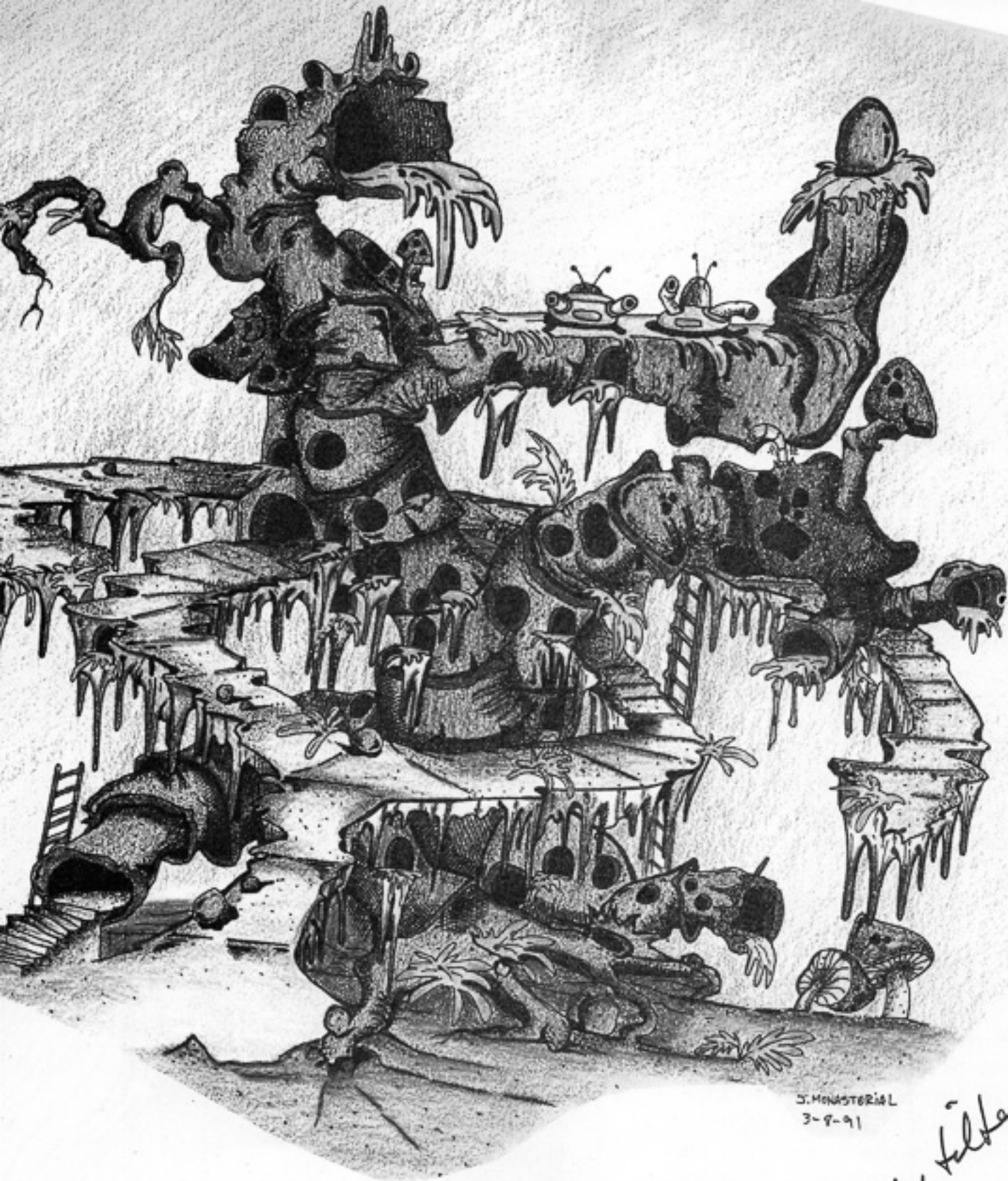
So he sat and he thought
With his chin on his fist,
While the boy got older,
But this the beast missed.

Till at last came a thought,
"Why that's what I'll do!
I'll call you my son!
My own Dinky Doo!"

"But I have grown up
And know all I need to,
I'm quite happy alone
And now I don't need you."

"If you won't be my son,"
Roared the Gimby Goo Grimp,
"Then you'll be my dinner
Topped off with a mint!"

The boy lifted his nose
"My flesh you can't eat,
Your teeth are all gone
And I am mostly meat."



J. MONASTRIAL
3-9-91

*Superb
entry*

*the tilted verse even
works*

"I don't find you scary,
Your age you should tend.
Your days of rampaging
Have come to an end.
"And I at my age
Don't need any bothers
With toothless carnivores
Or monsters as fathers."
"My village is no more,
You yourself saw to that.
All I have is myself,
And this patch where I've sat."

"What I need, just as you,
Is to let my heart mend.
No, I won't be your son,
But, will you be my friend?"

And the Gimby Goo Grimp,
As the stories all say,
Shed a tear of happiness,
On that very day.

As the boy and the beast,
Through good and bad weather,
With none, but themselves,
Both grew old together.

—Paul Goldblatt



Kevin Cook

What is Love?

Man often does not know how to love. He thinks he loves, but actually he only loves himself.

On the way to love, many are seduced by appearances of love. If you are moved to tears by suffering, if your heart throbs for someone, that is not love but sensitivity. If you allow yourself to be grabbed by their peaceful powers or their attractiveness, if you abandon yourself to seduction, that is not love, but surrender.

If you are enthralled by someone's beauty and ecstatically look at their beauty in anticipation of enjoying it; if their spirit seems high and you seek the pleasure of their conversation, that is not love either, but infatuation.

If you seek at all costs to gain a glance or caress or kiss from someone; if you are willing to do everything to have them in your arms and possess their body, that is not love, but unbridled desire born out of your own sensuality.

To love is not to feel overwhelmed by someone, to merely feel affection for another, to abandon oneself or admire someone else, desire them, and wish to possess them.

To love, in essence, is to give oneself to others. Love is a one-way street; it emerges from you and leads toward others. Every time you take something from someone for yourself alone, you cease to love, since you cease to give, you walk against the grain.

Likewise, if in life, you feel unable to go by an object or a face without wanting to possess them for yourself alone, just move on; because in order to love, one must be able to renounce one's self. ♦

*True &
clear
in English* Cesar Villacis





¿Qué es el amor?

El hombre, con mucha frecuencia, no sabe amar. Cree amar, y no hace, sino amarse a si mismo.

A lo largo del camino que lleva al amor, muchos se detienen seducidos por apariencias de amor.

Si te emocionas hasta las lagrimas ante un sufrimiento, si sientes palpar fuertemente el corazón ante tal o cual persona, eso no es amor sino sensibilidad.

Si te dejaste prender en su poder pacífico o en su encanto; si, deducido, te abandonas, eso no es amor sino una rendición.

Si turbado, te extasias ante su belleza y la contemplas para gozar de la misma; si su espíritu te parece distinguido y buscas el placer de su conversación, eso no es amor, sino admiración.

Si quieres a toda costa conseguir una mirada, una caricia, un beso; si estás dispuesto a todo para tenerlo en tus brazos y poseer su cuerpo, eso no es amor, es un deseo violento nacido de tu sensualidad.

Amor no es: sentirse emocionado por otro, sentir afecto sensible por otro, admirar a otro, desear a otro, querer pensar a otro.

Amor en su esencia es entregarse a otro y a otros.

El amor es un camino con dirección única: parte de ti para ir a los demás. Cada vez que tomas algo o a alguien para ti, cesas de amar, pues cesas de dar. La miras contra dirección.

Igualmente en la vida, si te sientes incapaz de pasar ante un objeto o un rastro sin poseerlos para ti solo, sigue tu camino. Para amar, hay que ser capaz de renunciar a uno mismo. ♦

que valent

—Cesar Villacis

Winter

"The cat's fur is pitch black and shiny. Its eyes are green and wide, and somehow very solemn. It takes its time reaching the girl."

Outside, the snow settles on the December soil quietly. It is fresh and bright, bleached by the bitter air. Ice hangs from the branches of a pine tree, gleaming wildly in the setting sun's light. A single bird, a robin maybe, has made tracks in the snow. His tiny gossamer prints are quickly covered by new flakes, but for the short while they exist, they bring a smile to her face. A calm smile, rare and reserved, but still a smile.

She stands in the field for a minute, her fading blue cardigan pulled tightly around her skinny body. Her breath is frosty and thick, she exhales deeply on purpose to see how big of a cloud she can create. And yet, the cold hardly bothers her. Her ears and nose are bright and swollen, her fingers sluggish in their movement, but she feels no physical sensation of cold. Numbness perhaps, but that was a constant feeling for her. She has never minded the cold.

A sudden gale of biting winter wind stirs up a hissing cloud of unsettled snow, her wet hair whips around and clings to her cheeks. Blinking the moisture out of her eyes, she turns her back to the hissing whirlwind until it dies away. Her calico skirt is caked

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with ice now, she has been out in the snow for a while now, just staring off into the fields. They are prettiest when it snows, she thinks. Rolling, graceful waves of

white . . . no one could guess how brown and ugly they are underneath the tolerant snowfall.

And finally she can see it. Lazily rising over the last hill she can see comes a small black shape, leaving tiny round prints behind it. The cat's fur is pitch black and shiny. Its eyes are green and wide, and somehow very solemn. It takes its time reaching the girl, she doesn't seem to mind.

"The cat makes no noise, it doesn't struggle. The snow around the girl is melted and red now. Even the cold metal of the razor is warming up."

The girl kneels down as the cat slinks up to her, scanning with wary eyes. She holds out one hand for it to sniff, and pulls the old pearl handled shaving razor out with the other. The curious cat slowly leans forward, and seems almost relieved when the girl gently wraps her skinny fingers around its neck.

She thinks she hears the cat sigh as the silver razor blade slides into its soft neck, but it is probably just the wind, she decides. Steam rises from the snow as warm dark blood flows steadily between the girl's fingers, hugging the cat tighter, moving the razor up and down its sides slowly. The cat makes no noise, it doesn't struggle. The snow around the girl is melted and red now. Even the cold metal of the razor is warming up.

The little girl smiles. ♦

—Macon Blair

Venezentini

Волков бояться
- в лес не ходить.



A Psychoanalytical Critique of Kate Chopin's "The Storm"

As a psychologically driven piece, "The Storm" proves to be full of carnal intentions.

The Storm," by Kate Chopin, is a seemingly simple story of a woman who cheats on her husband. Yet there are deeper motives involved throughout the story that deal with certain intense sexual drives, both of the characters themselves, and the storm which parallels their actions. As a psychologically driven piece, "The Storm" proves to be full of profound carnal intentions.

In the beginning of section two of the story, the reader encounters Calixta, the wife of a husband trapped in a general store in the beginning of a storm. Calixta is unaware of the storm. She sits at home, "sewing furiously on a sewing machine," as if she were fabricating a storm from scratch. After noticing the wind and moisture in the cold air, she begins closing windows and doors, and notices a man approaching the house, like the bringer of the storm himself. This man is Alcée Laballiere, Calixta's ex-lover whom she has not seen since her marriage. She is startled a bit to see him, as one is a little frightened when first seeing the dark clouds looming overhead, awaiting turbulence.

Alcée asks Calixta if he may come inside the house and wait until the storm has passed. Her inviting reply is, "Come 'long in, M'sieur Alcée." This tender, warm,

"Alcée asks Calixta if he may come inside the house and wait until the storm passes.

Her inviting reply is, "Come 'long in, M'sieur Alcée." This tender, warm, almost trancelike reply is like that of someone hypnotized by lust."

almost trancelike reply is like that of someone hypnotized by lust. Both characters are in the storm now, which is itself a metaphor for their overwhelming desires growing stronger and stronger. "The water beat

in upon the boards in driving sheets, and he went inside, closing the door after him." This beating of the water and shutting of the door symbolizes the beating of their hearts as their passion for each other increases, and the privacy that both of the lovers crave.

Calixta states next:

"My! What a rain! It's good two years sence it rain' like that!" as she rolled up a piece of bagging and Alcée helped her to thrust it beneath the crack.

This is obviously a sexual reference to the physical



Melanie Turner

aspects of intercourse itself, creating images of him thrusting himself into her precious warm and awaiting body.

As Alcée and Calixta wait in the house, they listen to the "rain beat upon the low, shingled roof with a force and clatter that threatened to break an entrance and deluge them there." Together they are swelling in powerful emotions that "threaten" to explode soon, flooding the two ex-lovers in a frenzy of passion. At

this time the reader sees the door of the bedroom open, inviting them onto the "monumental bed." Alcée then flings himself onto a rocker, suggesting the rocking motion of two lovers huddled together with desire. A nervous Calixta says that if the rain, actually her desire accumulating with each raindrop, keeps up the levees are not going to be able to stand it. The levees are a clear symbol of her legs as well as her commitment to her husband to be faithful. She is

"As they lay in each other's arms, both unafraid of the "crashing torrents" of rain, she laughs. She is no longer in conflict with her emotional drives and her faith."

afraid that if her carnal craving for Alcée keeps up, her legs will spread open, inviting Alcée's genitalia and infidelity. Alcée replies with a quick, witty, almost mocking remark, "What have you got to do with the levees?" He questions her as if he already knows the answer, as if it is just a matter of time before he can spread himself over her, like a blanket of rain enveloping the house. Calixta stares at the rain falling down and Alcée peers over her shoulder as a lightning bolt strikes a tree outside, blinding Calixta and sending her into Alcée's awaiting arms. The crashing of the lightning bolt is like an electric catalyst that breaks Calixta's will as it splits a tree in the fields. She is very excited now and exclaims "Bonte!" meaning "Goodness!"

Alcée tells her not to be frightened, persuading her into the act of intercourse. As he pushes Calixta's hair out of her nervous and anxious face, he sees her as a juicy, ripe fruit, thus creating the images in the reader

"Calixta stares at the rain falling down and Alcée peers over her shoulder as a lightning bolt strikes a tree outside, blinding Calixta and sending her into Alcée's awaiting arms."

of something wet and soft, with a fleshy quality, refreshing and tasteful. Alcée craves her fruit, "her lips seemed in a manner free to be tasted, as well as her round, white throat and her whiter breasts." As they lay in each other's arms, both unafraid of the "crashing torrents" of rain, she laughs. She is no longer in conflict with her emotional drives and her faith. As the two are engaged within each other, Alcée is satisfied and stunned at the quality of the passion, "like a

white flame which penetrated and found response in depths of his own sensuous nature that had never yet been reached." As the climax of the two lovers passes, one hears the "growl of thunder . . . distant and passing away." However, this does not cause them to stop until they are truly satisfied; "they dared not yield." As the rain ends, too, Alcée gets up and rides off away from Calixta. She smiles and laughs as she waves to



Sean Watts

his faraway figure disappearing on the horizon, as if he were following the storm and all that it stood for.

The end of "The Storm" is seen by the reader as a bit bizarre, however justified. Bobinot, Calixta's husband, returns home and she is unconditionally devoted to him. She is content with herself now, and he

"She smiles and laughs as she waves to his faraway figure disappearing on the horizon, as if he were following the storm and all that it stood for."

is content, being ignorant of the incident between his wife and Alcée. Alcée, too, is very devoted to his wife, writing her a letter telling her to stay a while longer on her vacation, "realizing that their" (his wife and children) "health and pleasure were the first things to consider." The wife, Clarisse, seems satisfied with this remark and intends to delay the meeting of her and her husband for a while as she relishes her independence. The concluding section leaves the reader placidly happy.

Kate Chopin created in "The Storm" a story and study of ulterior motives. The seemingly pathetic become strong-willed and exciting, taking the reader to heights where desire and passion unite. Her characters and setting build sexual imagery and become quite suggestive. ♦

This is excellent

—Arash Mokhtar

The Innocents

Pernicious
Dots of silence
Scattered lives
Ascending and descending
The amoral pits.
Mean, bitter people
Their childhood sucked right out of them.
The Ignorants—with their eyeless
Blank faces ...
They know nothing of compassion.

Picture this: everyday life—
Doing and saying the same thing
Never changing, while the leaves
Fall—Distincting colours ...
Tyrant winds blowing in your
Face and hair. Cold soft snow
Falling on salted grounds ...
The thundering, raging storms
As if life was trying to breed itself
Back into the world ...
The showers—blossoming the flowers and the trees.

People—still taking their 5 o'clock trains and
Buses—of late, watching the evening
News, as if their minds were thick and
Giddy, and needed to be force fed by
Over exaggerating men and women.
These are the times ...
Disinterested humans walking out into the
Street—ignoring their surroundings
Not conscious of what they do think or say ...

While the seconds tick on ...
Dreamless sleep, nightmares and unrecited words.
Lying Figureheads. Their teeth becoming yellower
Than the white parchment they write on.
The American Dream—growing as ugly
As the people that made it that way ...





Gustavo Castellon

Agnawing feeling—an urging to spew out all the
Images seen or heard
While the heat strikes the faces of the Innocents who,
Through it all—are unhappy and want to change it;
Yet they can't ... they don't know how.
This is unreality. But they do not know enough.

Hot brewed coffee—spilled over the rims,
Burning the fingers ... half-clutching, half-grasping
The cups ...
In these times ...
Is there yet hope?
Where is the information and knowledge
Once guarded by the few of wise and agelessness?
They were ruthlessly killed off like steer to the
Slaughterhouse—and the toll bell tolls ... calling out
To those who knew ...
That knowledge still lingers—it is unlearned;
Easily acquired by but a few.

Roll out that red carpet.
Who said slave? Slave to no one but himself.
The thoughts, the prisms reflected in the conscious
Mind and body.

The canvas of the artist, as the colours bleed
And burn the eyes of the Creator and awe the spectator
Who may never know ...
The literature poured out and created from the writers'
Experience ... and the extended mind; as the draining
Thoughts are consumed by the story—chilling the dreams
The reader has ...

Surrender the years—passing all the same.
Individual change—taking a step towards universal unity.
Essence of aura hungers and shows the heart of the soul ...
Sunlight reflected from emanating fragments of
Stained glass ...
Yes, these are the times ...
And the Innocents may have lost their cause ...

—D. Antonmattei
(Danielle Bujosa)

*Truly
at cepstral
art & poetry*

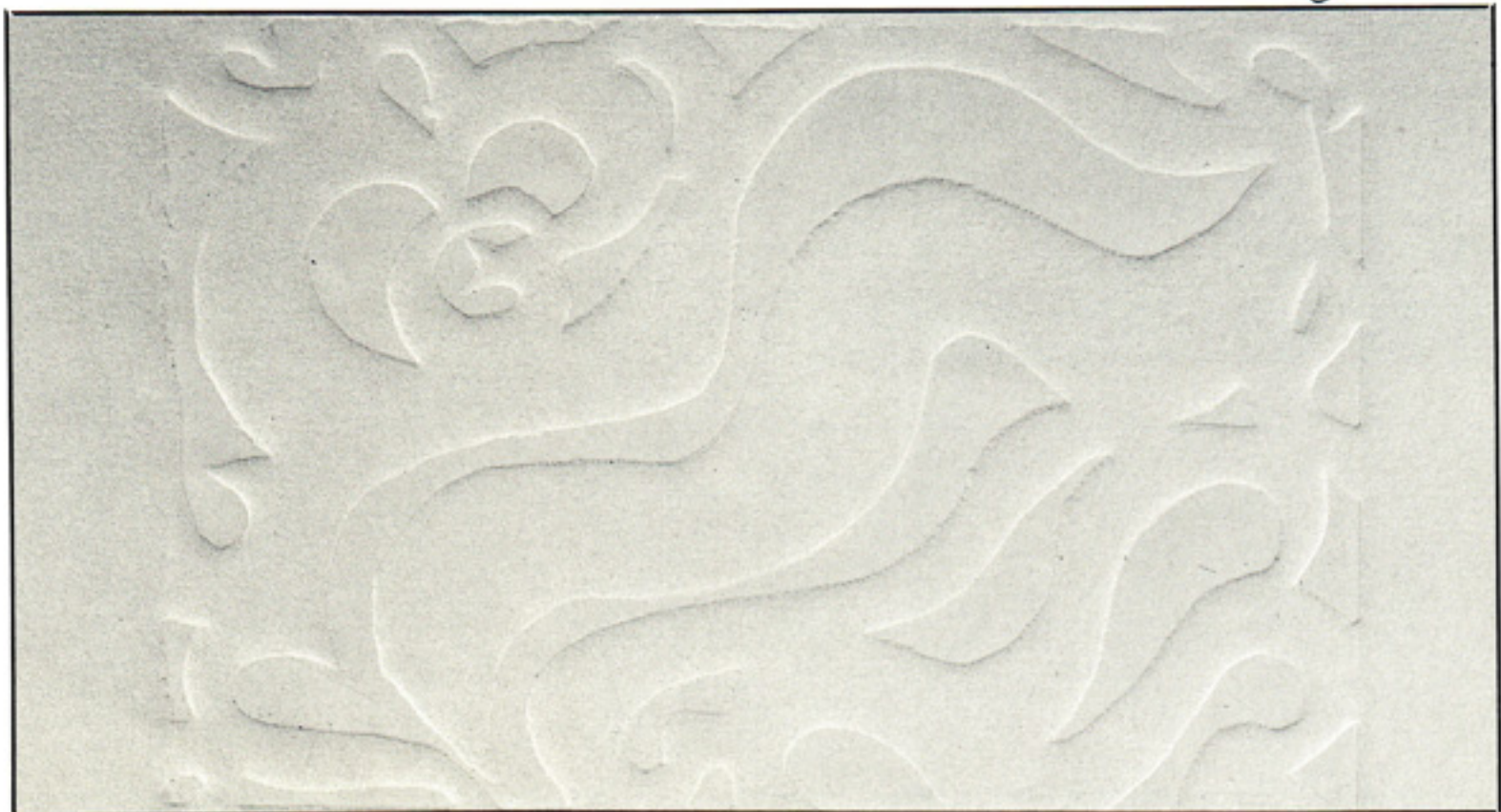
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