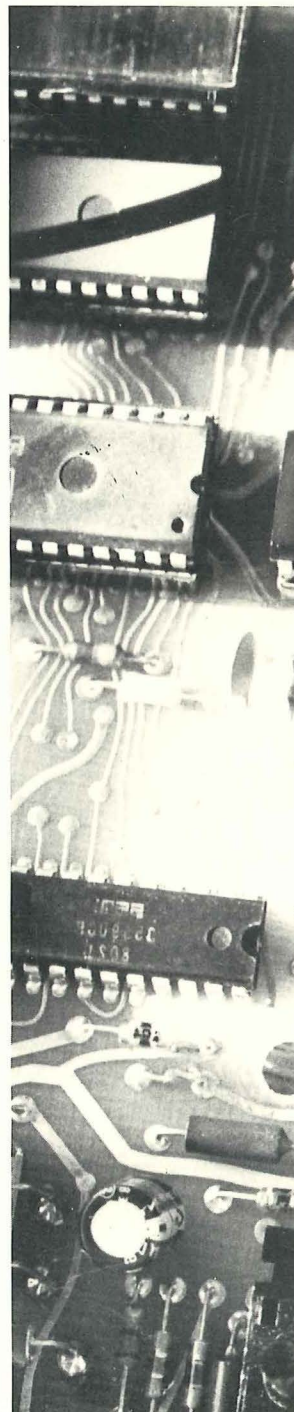
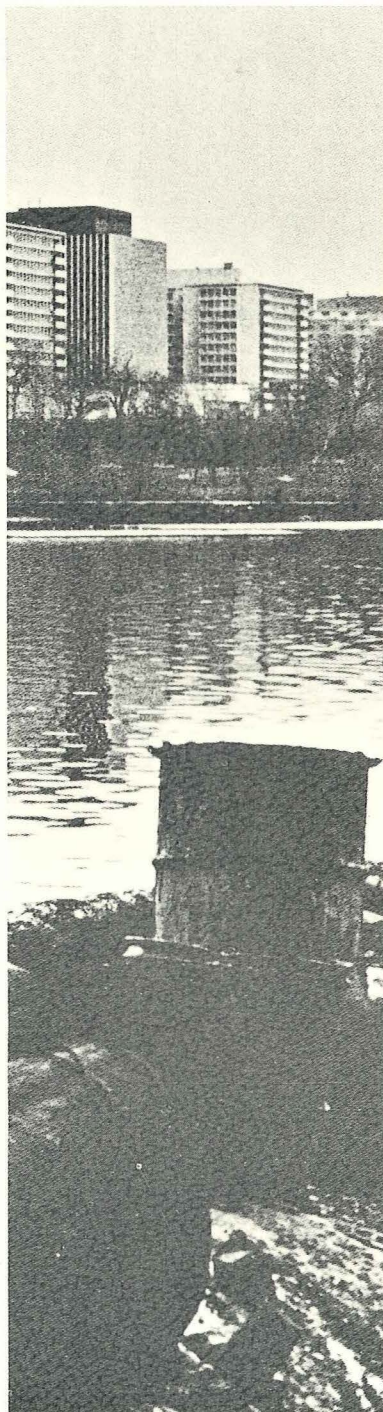
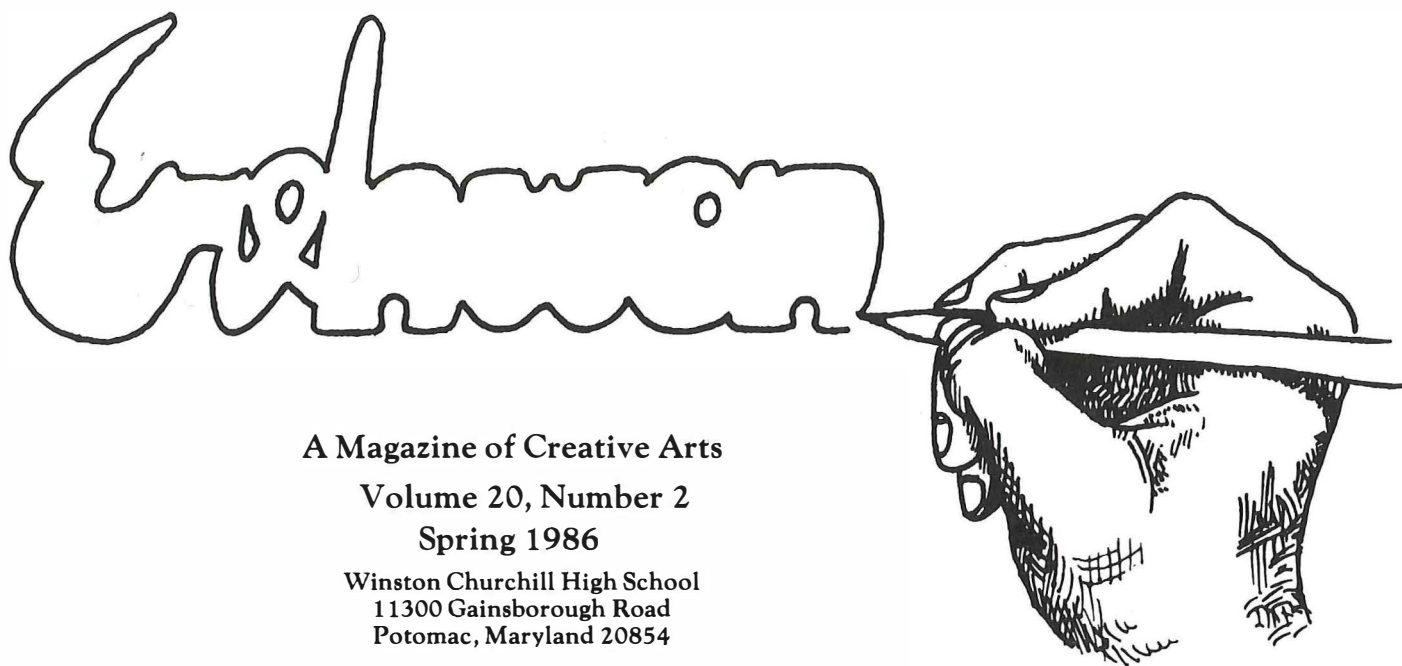


Erehwon

S P R I N G ♦ 1 9 8 6





A Magazine of Creative Arts

Volume 20, Number 2

Spring 1986

Winston Churchill High School
11300 Gainsborough Road
Potomac, Maryland 20854

20TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

Fiction Editor

Mark Silver

Poetry Editor

Leigh Cheng

Drama Editor

Mike Sacks

Art Editor

Brad Engelstein

Graphics Editor

Steve Cosson

Photography Editor

Steve Chao

Consulting Editors

Behrouz Montakhab
Jeff Rosenberg

Business Managers

Andrew Epstein
Laurel Pies

Advisory Board

Paula Havel
Andy Lee
Ephraim Lin
Ram Singh
Pete Zusman

Faculty Advisor

Peggy Pfeiffer



Spring, 1986 PTSA
Creative Arts Awards

Apprentice
Editors

Alison Buckholtz
Grace Chu
Hugh Lynch
Karen White

Staff

Nathan Avrunin
Robyn Besner
Alex Blatt
Aaron Bloom
Douglas Cavarocchi
Eva Corn
Michele Dodds
Julia Donchi
Michelle Goldstein
Noelle Denise Graham
Robert Ian Henyon
Ross Hochen
David Jacowitz
Daniel Jason
Velvet Johnson
Margaret Judy
Jennifer Jung
Heather Kamara
Sharon Kehnemui
Jean Kim
Mike Kirby
Beth Kramer
Adam Kroloff
Lauren Lane
Allyn-Marie Leftridge
Robin Lichtenstein
Helen Ling
Kevin Loewenstein
Mike Merrell
Joanne Minerbi
Juan Cruz Nanclores
Robert Nuell
John Roberts
Traci Roccati
Carrie Rosenbaum
Jason Seidel
George Singer
Karen Terry
Kelly Walsh
Oded Weizmann
Robert Williams
Brad Wolf
Dana Yeck

Poetry

First: Leigh Cheng
Second: Beth Kramer
Third: Andy Lee
Honorable mention: Robert Sondik

Hugo Rizzoli, the judge of the poetry contest, owns The Bookstall in Potomac, MD. He is a writer of poetry and fiction and has been published in *Window*, *George Mason Review*, *Provincetown Poets* and *Washington Review*. In 1985 Mr. Rizzoli served as the contest judge and chairman for the Washington Prize, an annual thousand dollar poetry competition for which he judged over four thousand entries.

Fiction

First: Behrouz Montakhab
Second: Todd Pruzan
Third: Mark Silver

Thomas B. Allen, who judged the fiction submissions, is the author of two novels, *A Short Life* and *The Last Inmate*, and co-author of another novel, *Not Quite Treason*, which will be published in 1987. He is the author or co-author of eight non-fiction books, the latest of which is *Games of War*. He edited *The Double Man*, a novel written by Senators Gary Hart and William Cohen. Mr. Allen has edited and written for twenty-nine National Geographic books and is the author of an article on Mongolia in the February, 1985 issue of the *National Geographic*. Allen conducts writing workshops at the Writer's Center and serves on its board.

Art

Winner: Caty Forden

Rikki Condon, who judged the art submissions, received a B.F.A. from the Philadelphia College of Art. Her multi-media drawings and artist books have been exhibited in numerous shows in the Washington, D.C.-Baltimore area. She participated in an artist's book show, "Words & Images" which traveled to three museums in Pennsylvania. She also was recently in the "7 x 7" miniature invitational exhibit at the Foundry Gallery (Washington, D.C.).

Photography

Winner: Brian Orlov

Molly Roberts judged the photography selections. She is a freelance photographer whose work has been published in the *Washington Post*, *Washingtonian Magazine*, and in various books. She has taught photography at Photoworks and the Edmund Burke School and has exhibited her work at the Chrysler Museum, Strathmore Hall Art Center, and the Foundry Gallery.



page 45



page 52

Contents

Poetry

A Crow	5	Leigh Cheng
Dandelion Sky	5	Emi Ayala
Haiku	5	Hugh Lynch
Gas Explosion at the Intrigue Cafe	6	Jason Seidel
Island Paradise	7	Allyn Leftridge
Partner in Crime	7	Karen White
Portrait VIII 3/4	13	Matt Jaffe
Freezing the House Down	13	Jason Seidel
Beach Scene	15	Emi Ayala
Spectacle	18	Ian Henyon
Stud	18	Mike Spirtas
What Was Thespis Thinking	19	Jeff Rosenberg
Apocalypso	20	Jeff Rosenberg
Husked	21	Steve Cosson
One	22	Steve Cosson
Winter	22	Grace Chu

Introduction	28	Bruce Burgess, 1968
O.D.	29	Vicki Russell, 1971
We Speak Of The War	30	Jess Landeman, 1972
Crusted Mud	30	Julie Bernard, 1974
Philosophical Conversation	31	Lissie Kahn, 1973
Bicentennial	32	Sally Lohman, 1976
The Field	33	Sara Forden, 1978
Breakfast	34	Janine Jackson, 1980
Haiku's Inventor	34	Brian Del Vecchio, 1981
The Letter	35	Brenda Way, 1982

Death Into a Dream	39	Andy Epstein
A Mother and Child	40	Leigh Cheng
The Awakening	40	Paula Havel
The Funeral	41	Julia Donchi
Memory	41	Carrie Rosenbaum
Winter's Chill	42	Michelle Goldstein
Levels of City Night	43	Leigh Cheng*
Lovesick	46	Steve Cosson
Now I See	46	Michelle Goldstein
Plen-T Pak	47	Steve Chao

What Happens When the		
Lights Turn On?	47	Grace Chu
The Second Cut	48	Daniel Jason
Final Scenes	49	Behrouz Montakhab
Drawing the Nuclear Line	53	Beth Kramer*
Tom	54	Andy Lee
Intrafamily Difficulties	55	Robert Sondik*
The Mired Sky	59	Andy Lee*

Fiction

Root Beer	8	Alex Blatt
The Game	16	Hugh Lynch
Banana Clouds	24	Mark Silver*
Spontaneous Generation	44	Behrouz Montakhab*
You Should Miss What You're Seeing	50	Todd Pruzan*
Life Through Slit Eyes	56	Brad Engelstein

Essays

What Are You Worried About?	12	David Jacowitz
Accidents Will Happen	26	Alison Buckholtz

Interview

Bill Wadhams: An Artist in Motion	36	Jeff Rosenberg
-----------------------------------	----	----------------

Photography

Water Kid (detail)	Cover	Kevin Lowenstein
Tropic (detail)	Cover	Kevin Lowenstein
Encroaching (detail)	Cover	Erehwon Staff, 1971
Circuits (detail)	Cover	Jeffrey Solomon
Dystopia (detail)	Cover	Kevin Lowenstein
Sailboat	4	Charyn O'Brien
Tropic	7	Kevin Lowenstein
Sunwatch	31	Erehwon Staff, 1972
Balancing Boy	33	Beth Gruppenhoff
Bending and Refracting	42	Brian Orlov
Pink Falmouth	42	Brian Orlov
f/11 at 11 p.m.	48	Steve Kramer
Fiery Skies	53	Andy Gordon
Distant Memories	54	Brian Orlov
Hero	57	Heidi Gruner
Glimmer	59	Heidi Gruner

Artwork

Erehwon logo	1	Frank Lantz
Crow	5	Alex Gibson
Root Beer	9	Caty Forden
Timepeace	11	Kathy Jones
Floatation Device	14	Caty Forden
Mask	18	Brad Engelstein
Figure Studies	20	Caty Forden
Melancholy Couple	22	Caty Forden
Out of Order	27	Erehwon Staff, 1966-1986
Singer	29	Reng
Soldier	30	Steve Fuchs
Erehwon '75 logo	32	Erehwon Staff
Looking Inward	34	Vikki Russell
Fall	40	Kathy Jones
Winter	41	Kathy Jones
Standing By	45	Holly Ludewig
Lovesick	46	Holly Ludewig
Aftermath	51	Caty Forden
Crumbling	52	Mark Thompson



Charyn O'Brien

If you've been following *Erehwon* for a while, you may notice the few changes we've made in trying to make this issue our best yet. One change is the incorporation of a unifying theme which runs through the magazine's content and graphics; our theme is the utopian ideal.

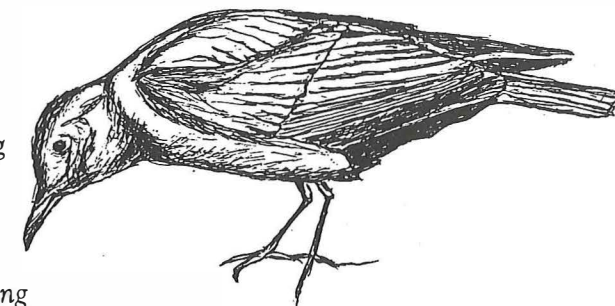
You might also recognize some of the old pieces of writing and artwork which we have collected in a special section celebrating the magazine's 20th anniversary. So, enjoy this issue—and stick around for the next 20 years—it gets even better.

The Erehwon Staff

A Crow

An apparition of blackness
sharp against the
beaming blue
send the rabbits
skittering away.
It is a crow
squirting from the low clouds
Complete with a laughable body,
formless wings
bolted to a chest
that flakes and wobbles,
but the eyes
steady and black
set in the concrete skull
—that is all he needs.
Floating in high isolation
the living is not his,
only the soulless flesh
along the floor.
When the moment comes
and he has his carrion,
he looses a shrieking laugh
in a flurry of feathers.
One can spot him any day
tracing the outline of land,
searching territory
to the boundaries of earth
where oceans drop thundering
into the minds
of gods.

Leigh Cheng



Dandelion Sky

I think you've seen
an upside down sky
Dandelions, the fuzzy ones, clouds
hanging from a grass heaven.
When it's wet,
the clouds have feathery spokes
like a million chandeliers they stand
Now the sky has only stems
and
pieces of
cloud
are
flying.

Emi Ayala



Gas Explosion at the Intrigue Cafe

A large and prophetic hand
From out of the western blue sky
Came ripping
Into the local air.
It wore a golden ring of flames
On its thumb
To keep the fingers cool for carving.

It swept in,
Palm up,
Splicing the wind into clusters
Of zephyrs.

Lips seemed to form on the fingers,
Whispering "Clisp-Clisp Clisp-Clisp"
(An alien laugh proclaiming the hand's intention).

At the sunset side
The hand cut into the building

(The thumb's licking circlet
French-kissed a gas pipe.
The gas pipe in return smooched infinite circlets
Like so many red-hot tongue-hoops yellow-flickering.)

And through it.

Inside six people were frozen
In mid-gasp,
Eyes gaping upward,
Until the cafe's upper half
Dropped on the lower half,
Censoring the humans' being.

The hand wriggled the ring off and left it lying on the roof;
And satisfied with the result,
Soared off to find someone to shake him for a job well done.

Jason Seidel

Island Paradise

A fluorescent orange ball peeks through the dawning sky
slowly melting the night stars.
They sprinkle into the ocean in shimmering crystal-like patterns
making the sea a giant sapphire.
Soft waves invade the sandy shores playing part in the seagulls'
game of water dodge.
Two tall slender palm trees oscillate in the whispering wind—
the King and Queen of this island paradise.

Allyn Leftridge

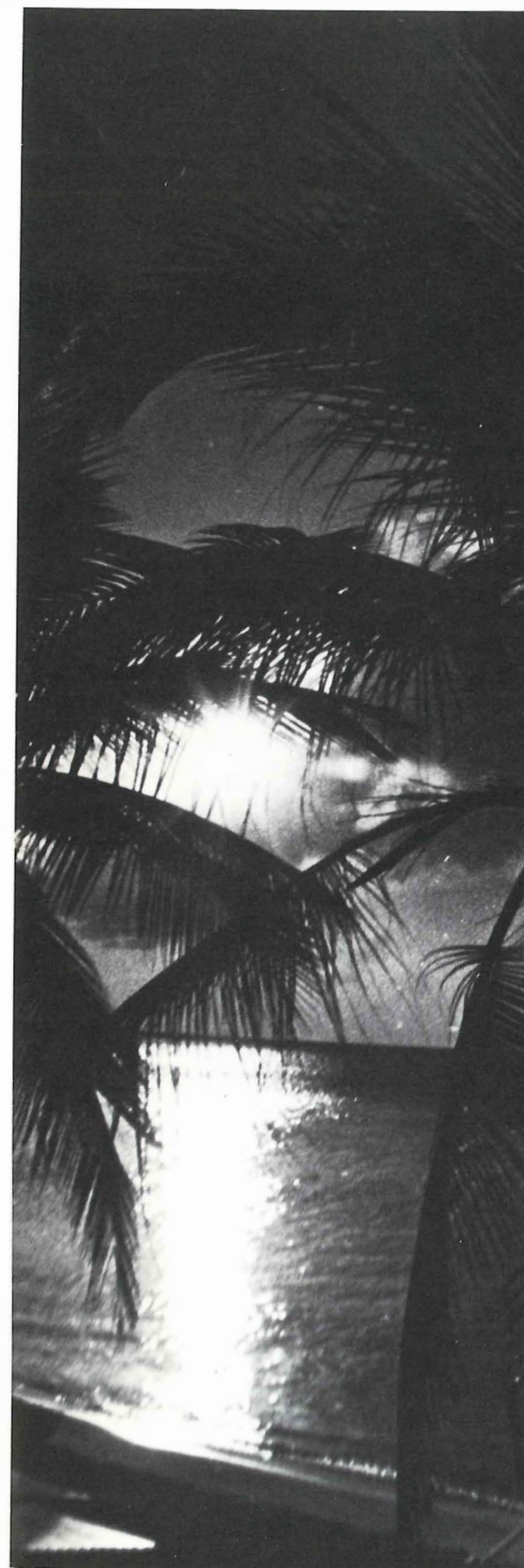
Partner in Crime

The moon was your accomplice, the night your trap, and I
your victim. "A walk on the beach?" you stabbed. I was
weakened. But the moon was my wonder drug, and I did not
hear the chuckle of the waves as they swarmed around my
ankles.

The sand in my hair as I lay on the beach felt soothing,
and the moonlight was a stairway to heaven, bobbing
dreamily on the ocean. I sensed the danger, but I could not
resist; with blissful innocence I grasped the night, hoping to
keep it for myself.

But the night slipped from my grip, and with it went you.
The sand in my hair was gritty, and I felt for the first time
the sting of my wound. The sun was my judge, foolishness
my crime, and loneliness my sentence, as you, the criminal,
faded away as smoothly as the moon, your guilt washed away
by the flow of the tide.

Karen White



Kevin Lowenstein



ROOT BEER

Alex T. Blatt

Episode 1

This bottle of root beer! This bottle of root beer contorted by time, to a shape no longer seen by the noneclectic, by the cultural ignoramus, to the hordes of "My Generation" central. And even to those of greater experience, they are only found in certain forgotten places, wastelands of the advertising age. And this dust-bitten relic, shining of character and bearing the soul of its giver, found its way to my doorstep as if someone thoughtfully ended the rainbow there. "Consumer's Beverages...MONEY BACK BOTTLE RETURN FOR DEPOSIT."

My first thought—someone loves me...well I'll just join the white picket fence club!—Then a ball of thought smashed into the back of my head—who would know, if I had not known myself, who would know that I would find treasure in vintage '65 root beer; that I would find it such a humbling experience to look at the atmosphere of an age I have never known, a relic of worlds I will never see. The shape of the bottle fascinated me for hours, and from my own personal culture shock, I realized my own ignorance of simple and even basic experiences that lie in another land adjacent to mine. This wind of revelation around a bottle of root beer—who would know!—Maybe they didn't, but at the same time who would have the character to leave Snoopy's wine from some mummy's tomb!

I did some digging, and narrowed down the area at least. These bottles only show up today in back alley New York or just north of there. I could narrow down the suspects from there. And so the search was on. The suspect: man or woman, age unknown, having access to areas three hundred miles north of "Fashion High" in east coast Beverly Hills, having knowledge of ancient Egyptian soft drinks, and having a vast source of perceptive empathy. The crime: Ego Humbling, causing Divine Insight into the one's own soul, and having a vast source of perceptive empathy which has been declared illegal by the Reagan Administration in order to create world democracy.

Episode 2

First up, I had a picture drawn up based on the witnesses to the planting of the ego-contaminating beer. Since there were none, I ended up with a blank poster. But I figured I could show it to people anyway and if they knew him—they could give me a description, but most people that did just said that he was very pale. The target area was the friend of those having access to the northern regions, but none were helpful in identifying the albino culprit. Then it hit me. What if someone had been in New York without my knowing? What if that person had contacted a second party to make the drop? What if my jockey shorts shrunk to half size while I was wearing them? So the group was now those who could afford a trip to New York, and in "Fashion High" that was everybody and his brother...and his dog...and HIS brother. So this blew the case wide open—made the culprit possibly anyone—gave me a chance to sing soprano again.

So I had a hunch, and acted upon it. I went to sleep.—Got home, propped my feet up, and went to get a drink. Poured myself some cheap gin, in a cheap glass, on a cheap table, with a very expensive mink table cloth that matched my socks, or was it the gin? Well anyway, I started to dream. I dreamt of what I always wanted—a white house, a green front lawn with lots of kids in it wearing mink socks—no that wasn't it—eating pink lox, yeah, and a pretty dame for each of them, blowin' in their ears, and collecting alimony before they get their dime a week allowance. And she's always bringing home a lost puppy that shoots up in the corner,—yeah that was the life!...Nah that wasn't it. *CREEK - THUD!*

Episode 3

I awoke in a start! Ready for action! I poured the green deodorant through my ears, and drew my sword on the charging rhinoceros.....!Okay, I wasn't awake.

Episode 4

In the morning I pinched my arms to make sure I was still there. It made my head hurt. I was there. My next visit was a man named Joe Spam. He had no arms or legs. He called himself the Everywhere Man. Everyone else called him Lunchmeat.

"Hi Meat, I wanna ask you a few questions." He had a round face and was an oriental guy. He said "Sure, anything for a friend!" I told him we never met. He said he recognized my Polish arms and legs, and any fellow Polock is a relative of his.

"What do you know about Root Beer."

"Well like what?" he said. "Like it's mostly carbonated water, sugar, caramel color and artificial flavor. Nowadays crapped up with Gum Acacia, and Sodium Benzoate, or do you wanna know about the mysterious Root Beer deliveries?"

"—What about the mysterious Root Beer deliveries?!"

"Go to the first page and read episode one."



Caty Forden

Episode 5

And so now I knew! I had more than five subscribers, a non-regulated distribution, and all the paper and free printing I could steal from the printing room. I walked down the street with a new confidence—a renewed street sense. I knew this was it! I knew this was the episode when something exciting would happen!!!!Then it hit me.

I was unconscious for hours.—An wen I wok uh, I init hav concol of my bo-y. PTOO—It was actually a gag in my mouth. That didn't explain why I couldn't move my arms or legs. But to a guy with street sense it wouldn't take long to find out. And after a little deduction it ended up that I was naked and straddle bonded to a bed with hand cuffs...OH MY GOD—I'M NAKED!! What am I doing naked?! I've never been naked before! I mean, not in public! Not in a story episode! I guess in the detective business this is what they call "Exciting"....? But I didn't like it, and who is "they" anyway...?! Well now I knew there was a third party. There was more to this root beer thing than just roots and beer! Somebody didn't want me to find out who was behind it all—root beer on porches—twisted senses of self idealism—detached theories of man's morals being the object of self end—cats and dogs living together—! So who was she? Who would have a man knocked unconscious, and did she head the same organization that made the drop? Did she have any morals, and did she have any cats and dogs? Who would strap a man and his dignity naked to a bed, and was she Mexican? Well at least I was on my stomach. The door creaked open and a man walked in.....(!!!!)

Episode 6: The Sword of Conclusion

He walked in quietly. He was suave and upright. But most importantly, he was wearing his pants. He straightened his suit vest, then looked at his pocket watch. He turned to me and said, "AHHHH!!!"

I, keeping my cool, said, "AHHHHH!!!"

"Oh! Goodness me!"

Goodness who?! What cruel game could he be playing? What devious plot was he planning? And how many cliches do I have left?

"Oh dear!" he said. "You can't hire those Hollywood story extras to do anything straight, you poor chap." He began to cut the bonds as he talked. "I only need to find you, and in American fiction there's only one way to do things."

"That's okay," I said, "we needed a spontaneous sex scene anyway, to be a successful American story, and I just assume not get any heavier than that!" The bonds were loose.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said, "my name's 'L'."

"Oh, well cheerio—and Union Jacks and stuff!" I wanted him to feel at home.

"I'm a part of British Intelligence!"

"Aren't all you guys."

"I have some information for you, and some very special equipment. Follow me."

Wow! This story has everything! Action, Spontaneous Sex, Drugs! Fast cars that haven't even been used yet, and a guy who belongs to an organization for smart people! The only thing missing is women. Guess she'll have ta' be the nemesis. Yeah, yeah, that's it! The Nemesis!

As we got to the end of the hall she (The Nemesis) WAS THERE! —Nah, not yet.

When we got to the room, he had a very interesting file for me. It gave me two pictures. One of a completely fictional character, only depicted in this story,

by the name of Julie Andrews. She was short, red headed, and, but you would never guess it, Mexican! So, Meat was right all along. Too bad he'd be dead soon, because all detective informers who play piano die in the end. The other was of a completely non-fictional character by the name of Beatty Sue Wasnowsky. She comes from southern Poland, and now is the chief editor for this magazine. What a twist, huh? Editing and Root Beer! (?)

"So, what about this new equipment, 'L'?"

"It's very simple. Just wiggle your fingers like this."

"What? You shmoe!"

"No, really! She has a psychomatic disease. Trust me."

Trusting anyone was stupid, so I did it. Finding Betty Sue...uh...Mrs. Wasnowsky was easy. She had to be in Erehwon editing class or hire a substitute. I was gonna make a steak-out, but this was no time for food!

I found her. She was very nervous at the sight of the blank picture. So I said "Could this be you?!"

She jumped behind the desk and flashed her "Baby Blues" at me! I was blinded! I was stupified! I was aroused! (!) Then I remembered what "L" had told me! I whipped out the Wiggling Fingers. She was psychomatic all right. But more like PSYCHOTICKLISH! No kidding! All you have to do is use the Wiggling Fingers and she breaks out laughing!

Well, that turned the tables, and a couple chairs, too, (my, that's clever.)—Ends up she was in Buffalo one weekend visiting, well, buffaloes, I guess. The gimmick made her confess the whole deal, squeal on the songbird Mexican, and come over to my house weekends and stretch my shorts! Me and the head editor have been stretching shorts for weeks now.

Oh, and the Sword of Conclusion? What meaning was that supposed to have? Well, I'd like to quote a famous President—"I lied." ●

Darling, I thought you
were hip. I guess I was wrong.
You were just a waist.

Margaret Judy

Haiku. Squelch! Take that,
Grasshopper-insect. And watch
Where you sneeze, next life.

Steve Chao



Kathy Jones pastel



WHAT ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT?

David Jacowitz

Larry made his way through the dense foliage hacking at everything in his way. The bald spot on the top of his head glistened in the sun. He stopped to wipe the sweat from his brow when suddenly he released a blood curdling, "#@\$%?!!" His foot managed to kick free of the cause of this terror, and his machete sliced the ravenous creature at his feet neatly in two. Larry pulled a bandana from his pack, simultaneously checking to see that the package inside was not damaged. He wrapped the wound as his blood mixed in a pool with that of the dead predator. Slowly he limped ahead, steadily carving a path for himself. He could see the house now. It was only a matter of minutes before his destination would be reached.

The front door of the house slammed open against the wall. Larry could clearly see his teenage son reclining in front of the television set. His son gave him a troubled smile and said, "Hey, Dad! Did you get it?"

Larry flung his pack down, opened it, and threw the Sunday paper at his son. With a guttural moan through clenched teeth he asked, "When are you going to get the lawn mown!?"

As this extreme case shows, the lawnmower is often taken for granted. People don't realize how fortunate they are that in order to turn a potential jungle into a lush lawn worth admiration, all they have to do is fill a fluorescent contraption full of fuel, pull a cord, and, within a short period of time, dump the unwanted vegetation in a barrel.

It once would have been twice the job that it is today, but the rotary mower has come a long way since the days of the sickle. It may be hard to imagine a sickle as the ancestor of a huge, metal piece of machinery capable of limitless destruction, but time has filled in this large technological gap. Soon after the sickle's invention came the scythe, a much larger, quicker device. Eventually, the reaper was developed. It was a real revelation for the farmer, but hardly something that your average suburbanite would use on a half acre plot of land.

For most, it wasn't until a guy named McCormick came up with his reaping machine that the thought

of a lawnmower even began to take shape. This was a true product of technology. Within a few decades the reaper was designed compactly enough that it could be made available to almost anyone. This was the birth of the reel mower—a human propelled marvel. Then, as technology grew and people became lazier, someone had the ingenious idea of having a mower run by an engine. The steam engine was too bulky and required frequent maintenance. The electric engine worked efficiently and still exists today, but people soon realized that these great wonders could eat as many extension cords as their owners were willing to feed them. This led to the gasoline powered engine, the most common form today.

More important than its past, is the mower's significance. For those who can't see its importance, imagine life without it. We would all be living in our own private jungles with six-foot arthropods lurking in them. Each property owner would need a machete just to get to his mailbox. Of course, there would be those of us with enough time to care for our lawns with a sickle, but the sore muscles would make us think twice before starting.

If you still don't consider the motorized lawnmower significant, think of the health hazards without one. We would be a vitamin D deficient society. The twenty-foot grass outside your windows would prevent sunlight from ever entering your house. Besides, the motorized mower keeps teenagers busy on Sunday afternoons, and that above all the other advantages, should convince you of the impact the lawnmower has had on our society.

While some enterprising illegal aliens have exacerbated the problem by providing low-cost lawn service to those willing to pay the price, it still does my heart good to see a beer-bellied, middle-aged couch quarterback, or rebellious teenager, sweating out the last rows of his lawn. This national dilemma is only another item on the long list of American ignorances, but it's at least as important as the senseless slaughter of innocent people by the U.S. backed Contras in Nicaragua. ●

Portrait VIII 3/4

(with apologies to e.e. cummings' "Portrait VIII")

Jolly G. Giant's
absent

who cajoled me into
buying a whitecoldhard
box

and spending onetwothreefour dollarsjustlikethat
Oh yes

he was an ever-present Giant

and what i want to know is
where were you when my string beans were burning
Mr. Tall and Green

Matt Jaffe

Freezing the House Down

Cool sherbet flames
run down the windows,
and cling to the glass
as they shimmer and glow.
Whipped cream seeps
between pane and sill,
pushing the sherbet higher
until the drapes catch on frost.
Cooling, lapping at the walls and ceiling,
then doused with nuts and jimmies.
Smothered and covered with bumps and crunchies
until the snowmen arrive.

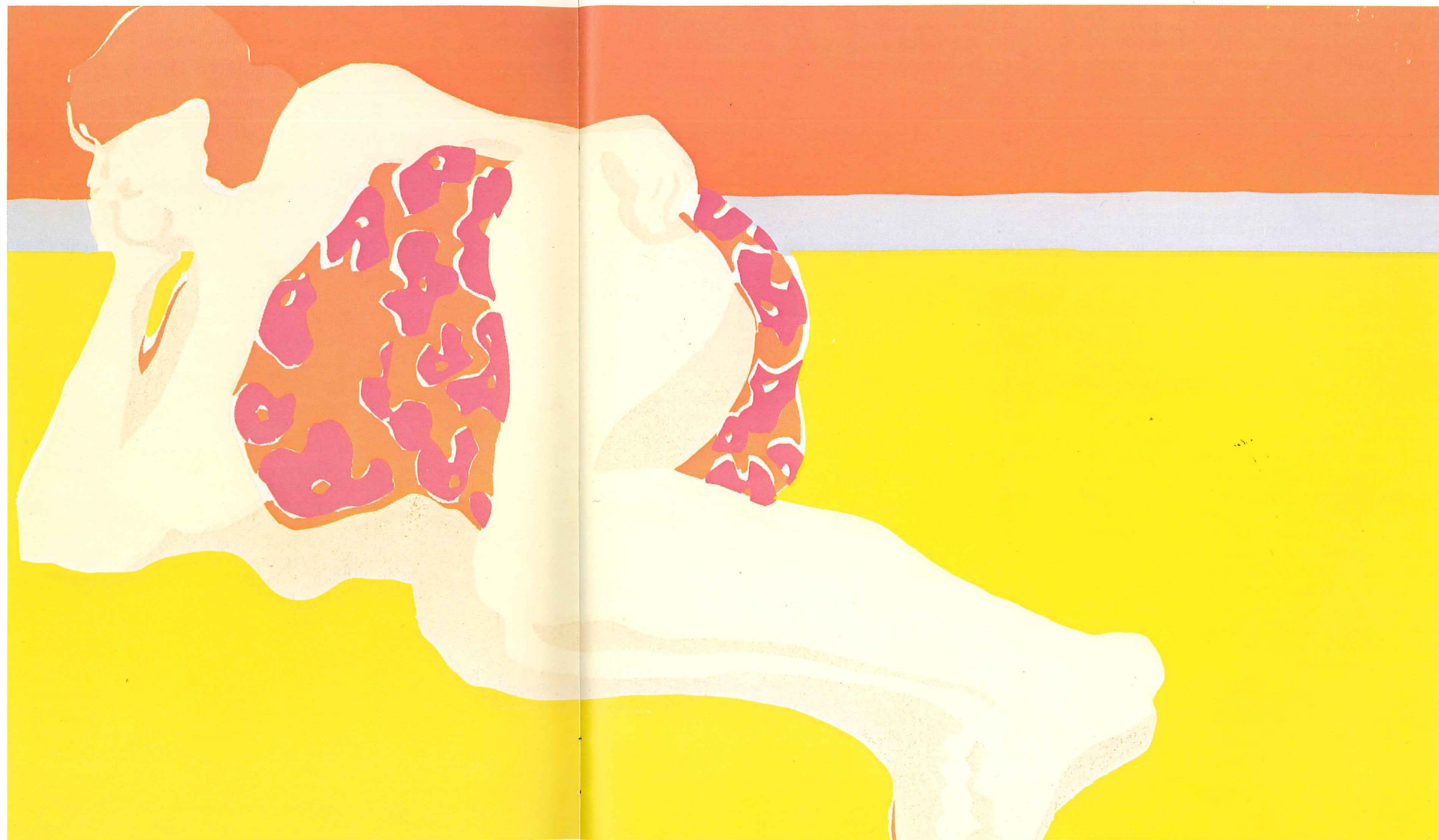
Jason Seidel

Beach Scene

With white satin hands he laps
around her body,
caressing her brown, firm breasts
he retreats and returns
like a tease, fingering
everything.

I
sit as an intruder
with other onlookers
(gulls with salted beaks)
but as he tickles the ends
of my toes
I know he is loving me too.

Emi Ayala



Caty Forden
art winner

silk screen



THE GAME

Hugh Lynch

"So," she asked, breaking from their impassioned embrace, "does this mean, uh, we'll be seeing more of each other?" His pulse plummeted.

What the hell, he thought, let's kill the moment. Why, in God's name, do they always have to screw up a pleasant moment? He felt he should have a sword strapped to his hip with which to lop off her vacuous head. Instead he paused, collecting himself with a look to his shoes, took a deep breath, and forced out a, "Yeah, I suppose."

This mumbling and the deflated expression on the face of her knight in shining armor, he figured, would lessen her enthusiasm, too. Far from it. She twirled away from him and bounced up the brick walk to her front door. The door. How many times had he seen that door, the brass knocker with one name or another engraved across the top, the two little lamps, each with its own mock-candle all a-mock-flicker. She turned, as he knew she would, and with one hand on the door handle let the other flutter farewell. She struggled momentarily with the door, for her mind was on other subjects, like the phone numbers of all the giggle-buddies she had to tell about her like evening.

"Great gal, Lance," he muttered to himself on the way back to the driver's seat. Dave played this game often on Friday nights.

It was still early...well, early enough, or not early at all, but he could not bring himself to end the evening on that discordant note. As he meandered about the quiet neighborhood beneath a canopy of transplanted cherry trees, he began to formulate strategies. The strategies ranged from the artless and blunt to the most deviously cunning; all were aimed to cut short what he had just begun.

"Teri, about last night, did anything, uh...happen? You see, when I got up during the movie to go to the bathroom there was this guy smoking a joint next to me and you know how sensitive my mind is to foreign substances..." No, maybe.

"Excuse me...Teri? It is Teri, right?" This was one of his favorites. Or perhaps:

"Oh my God! Teri! That was you? In the dark I..."

No, he would never have the guts. Despite all the controversy surrounding his social past, Dave was not confrontational. He simply let his relationships slip away into nothingness, although he often imagined delivering that killer blow: "It's Over! We're through! I'll be more than content if I never see your face again."

He drove on, wondering, why did he start this thing anyway, just to watch it decay? Hell, she's not that bad. They talked, some. Who was he to be casting about character aspersions? Was he so virtuous, having just sworn himself, if only temporarily, to some girl he didn't even know, or for that matter, like?

"Stupid!" he yelled and smashed his hand on the dash. "Why am I so damned stupid?" Disturbed by the slam, the radio hummed to life, that obnoxious squire of a radio, which Dave imagined to possess a limp and a squeak of a voice. "...you need is LOVE. Bum, ba dada dum...Love is all you need..."

"Love!" he retorted "and what do you suggest I fall in love with, my ignorant sidekick?" Then, upon remembering his most recent commitment, "Surely, you don't mean *that*!" The radio repeated its prescription. No further details. No story at ten. No live interviews. He hit the dashboard again and the radio was silenced.

"Love!" he scoffed, "Don't give me that crap! How about 'Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover?'" He laughed at his joke briefly.

A few minutes later Dave found a party, or some party remains: three cars outside a house with a light on. It was Simon's house, and Simon, with any luck would be awake enough and bored enough to hear his griefs. He was awake, watching Allan try desperately, pleadingly to convince a girl that there was a world famous butterfly collection on display upstairs. "The exhibit moves to another city tomorrow," he beseeched, tugging her away from the banister.

"Simon! You've been letting him do this?" Simon belched something about his brother's keeper and rolled onto his face. Dave psyched himself for a charge up the stairs, having placed the girl in the "Damsel in Distress" genre.

"Alright, Allan," he said most authoritatively, "that's enough. Let her go."

"Hey!" acknowledged Allan, "I know you!" Suddenly, he released the girl and stood perfectly erect. Dave was on the verge of a sigh when he saw Allan's cheeks billow and his legs lurch. Dave ducked a moment too late.

When he came to, he could not move. He was lying on his stomach and quickly discovered that he had really smacked his head. The smell was horrid.

"Help!" he wheezed. Someone's shoes appeared beside him. It was the girl.

"At last! Somebody's awake!"

"Oh, yes!" he agreed, "Isn't it wonderful." Together they peeled Allan off his back. Dave thanked her as he self-consciously inspected his jacket for stains and asked her name.

"Laura."

"Well, if there's anything I can do, Laura, to return the favor..."

She looked around the room at the scattered bodies and said, "There's really nothing keeping me here. I guess I could use a ride."

"Give me one minute." Dave ran into the kitchen and scribbled a note on a napkin:

TERI IS A BALLOON HEAD,
GOOD KISSER THOUGH

He left it on the toilet seat.

When he returned Laura stared at him curiously. "What's your name?" she asked.

"Dave," he answered cautiously, "Have we met before?"

"Oh, no," she said, "just curious."

That's doubtful, he figured, accustomed to the effects of a roving reputation. He dished out the sum of his chivalry on the way to the car to compensate for what she had no doubt heard. The courtesy was for naught, however, for her face had contorted into a scowl. For five minutes he fretted in silence: what had he done to this girl, or if not to her, to a friend of hers. She cleared her throat and shifted in her seat. He tried to adopt his most pathetically innocent expression.

"Slime."

"Pardon me?"

"You heard me, Slime," she said as if he hadn't heard. An appropriate response didn't pop to mind, but then he hardly believed she would need a cue to

begin the inevitable barage: How could you...You! What you did to...Echoes of his mother upon finding him smoking on the roof. She looked so funny down on the back lawn, shouting and waving her arms around like a beetle on its back. All her words were distorted, too, passing through all that smoke. He had to strain to look pitious while recalling the incident.

"How could..." But the chastising wind that issued from her mouth did nothing for her friend's cause, and if it served any purpose, it was only to send Dave's mind drifting back up to the roof.

Soon they were lost, but he figured that had been her intention from the first, all the more time to berate him. He wanted to lean over, embrace her in a kiss and say, "You're beautiful when you chide," but didn't. She was beginning to tire anyway.

"Don't you feel anything?" The final plea.

"Huh?"

"Slime." A good last word he thought, and he wanted to say so like Martin Agronsky, "Thank you, Laura, for that closure. You've given a sense of completeness to our entire discussion. 'Slime' it is! Good night." He was enjoying this more and more. He smiled.

She burst from the car, her breath steaming into the night. She slammed the door and stormed down the unfamiliar sidewalk, ridiculous. She'll be back, he thought, and if not her, there would be another. It was the ride they wanted, even if it was just something to tell their friends. He would wait.

As the minutes passed, Dave felt more and more like the little boy standing alone in a field; his friend had just taken the ball and gone home. ●



Spectacle

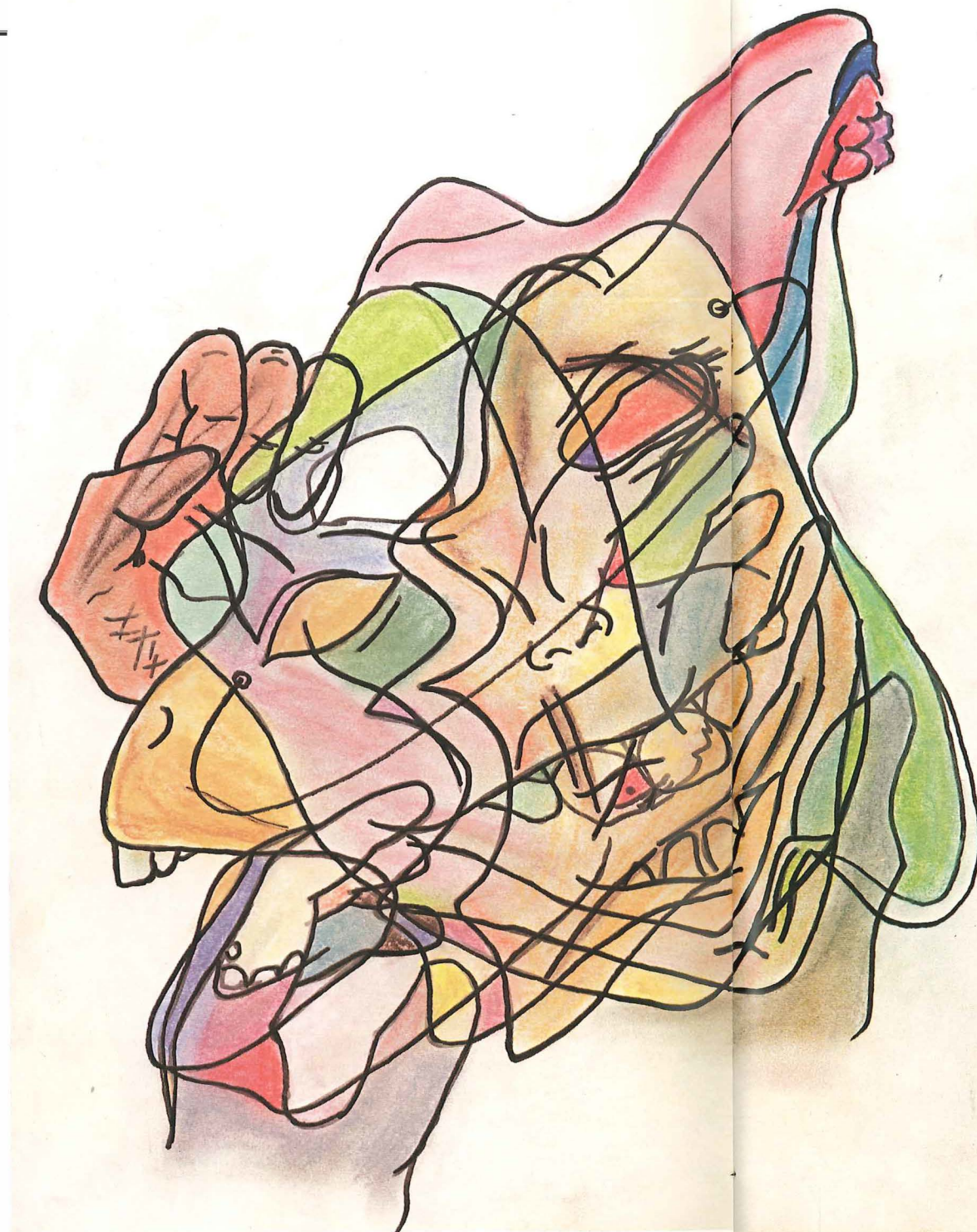
I don't even care
when I think of my (parents)
cause they were never there

Nobody knows who I am
(But everyone has seen me)
I have created for myself my own population
and a family that accepts me.

So
My form has changed
as many times as I've
pierced my ear.
My once soft brown hair
has been transformed
into a row of erect blond strands
e x t e n d i n g
from the top of my head
until I've become somewhat of a

SPECTACLE

Ian Henyon



Brad Engelstein

Stud

A performer with an audience of one
We are all just scenery to him
He's a master of the irrelevant
A true trivial pursuer
His goals set by the masses

Go for it, Duuude

Mike Spirtas

What Was Thespis Thinking

What was Thespis thinking
when his feeble foot and manner first stretched stageward
and the gathered fell quick silent?

A reflex answer to a base design, he likely figured.
Like a maddened adolescent proving he exists,
he was tinkering with relationships of words:
individual, society, hubris, chutzpah;
and inventing the science of making a scene.

Perhaps again, his reasoning was purer—
he guessed that people lacked emotion
(or displayed but would not receive it)
and so he, an awkward mirror of a man,
made Gorgons of them all. They turned
to stone from seeing what they showed.

Maybe he saw power's promise in this dare, this craft.
An orator not shackled down by rhetoric—
who knew where it could lead?
He found an euphemism for constituents, audience,
then performed as he saw fit.

One man wanders before many.
After, others follow.
I recall the sons of Thespis
and still can glean no certain answers. But I prefer
to think that he and they were homeless men
who perceived between prosceniums a haven,
who happened upon the barren stage and stayed,
whose spirits sleep still beneath the footlights and my feet.

Jeff Rosenberg



Apocalypso

Those twisting, liquid rhythms were alive the night I met her
And every foot she moved seemed wise to know where it was headed
Long before it got there, long before it moved.
The sweat she shed in ribbons had a purpose, too—it let her
Glisten even brighter; light from tropic moon reflected
Sinews strong but subtle—a celestial body, too.

I'd never felt the power of the music that she danced to
With abandon learned from centuries of practices rehearsed
To ultimate efficiency. Her head revolved, let fly
The beads that rattled in her braids. The noise froze, then advanced to
Others, sitting, not as skilled as she who had gone first,
Braved the empty dance floor. The watchers now knew why.

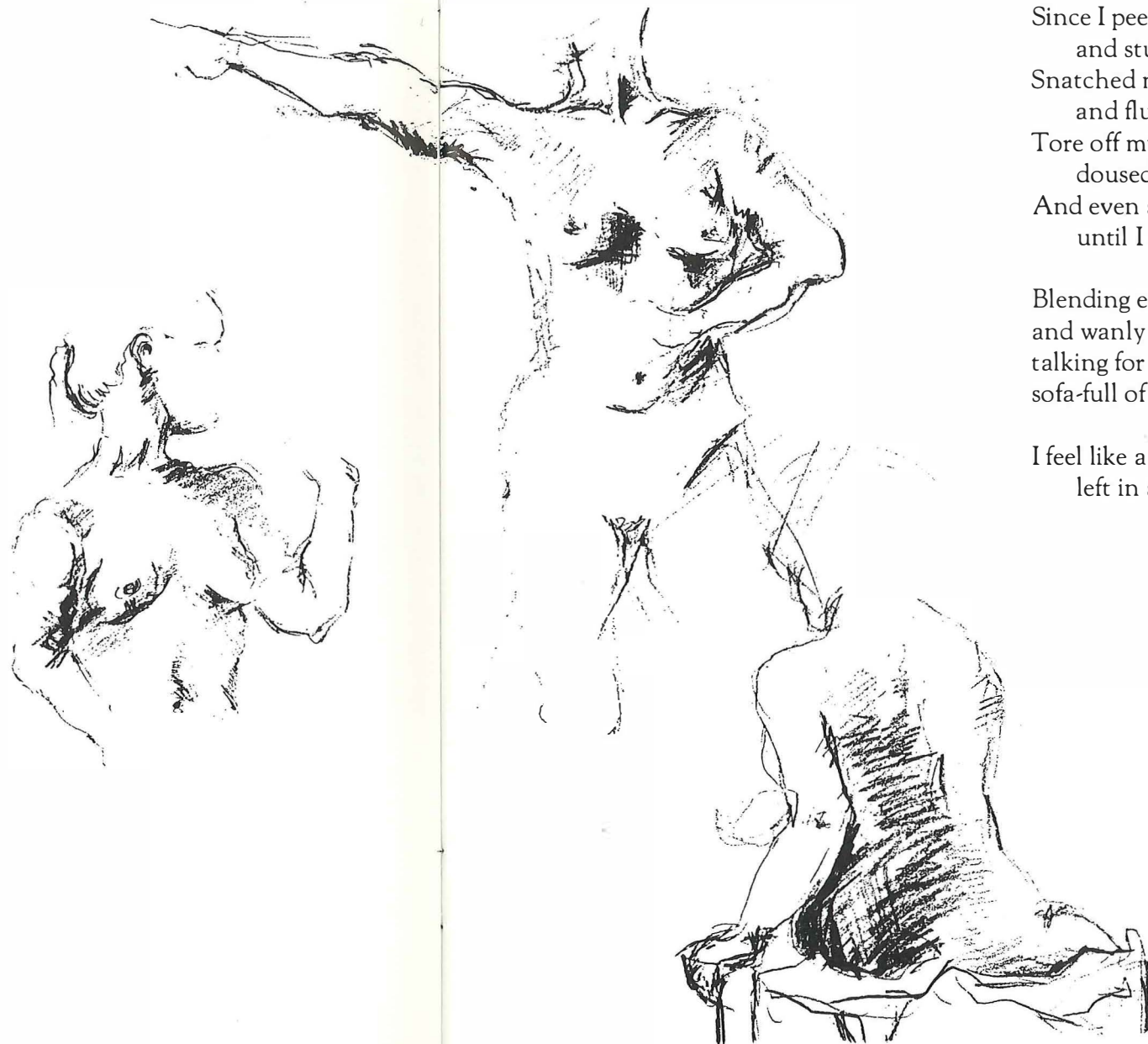
The dark-eyed men inhabited their instruments and wondered
How long their supple drums and tunes would tempt the foreign woman.
They joked in native language, "She's sure to drop by dawn!"
But even they were awed by her response to island thunder
And an otherworldly fire that showed no certain signs of dimming
'Til she became its master and I became her pawn.

And God, I thought her gorgeous as she undulated, seeming
To grow with every turn before my eyes (though they were drunk
With island liquor, island passion, island air).
So beautiful, in fact, that I convinced my lusty, scheming
Heart that I required her, loved her even. I had sunk
So low I thought she'd actually care.

And so, a rude awakening it was when after hours
She collapsed, completely drained from the exertion we'd admired.
The crowd, the band, the beach, the world was devastated.
And when I helped her home, her body lost its former power.
Any promise she had shown had, with the dance, expired;
The days of pain to come were all that she'd created.

So now I see her dance when I mix whiskey and remembrance
And call it present. I still need the bitch to be my lover.
Worn-out snapshots of the night my fate arrived
Confront me. In her wake, a million scattered sandy footprints
And me. How beautiful she seemed. I turn the photo over
And cry on the inscription: Late summer, '45.

Jeff Rosenberg



pen and ink

Caty Forden

Husked

I feel like a Visa card!
accepted almost anywhere.

Since I peeled off my hand-embroidered chartreuse socks
and stuffed them down the garbage disposal,
Snatched my original Green Hornet hat from my head
and flushed it down the toilet,
Tore off my heirloom toucan suit
doused it with gasoline and set it on fire,
And even sawed off my droopy ears, leaving two red circles
until I find a pair more appropriate.

Blending easily now, just sitting
and wanly smiling at a party of Piltdown men,
talking for the first time with a
sofa-full of uniform, social potatoes.

I feel like a corncob
left in a pile, dry, with empty pockmarks.

Steve Cosson

These gray-blossomed skies
Leave trees and painters shadeless.
Blot out summers past.

Hugh Lynch

One

Hug bark, trunk
scrape clouds through limbs
that are your own
(and yours theirs)

On to fields
comb hair-like strands
of rust, green, yellow, tan
lie down on brown scalp
take root and breathe

Grip a vine and climb
through wound shoots
over soft earth, smooth stone
or heap leaves and dive
into a crisp pile
let bits of leaf
cling in hair
stick in shirt
cram down pants

Or, you can
stomp moss,
strip mine,
kill kind,
and you will bleed

Stop. Take off your skin
and think of mother

Steve Cosson

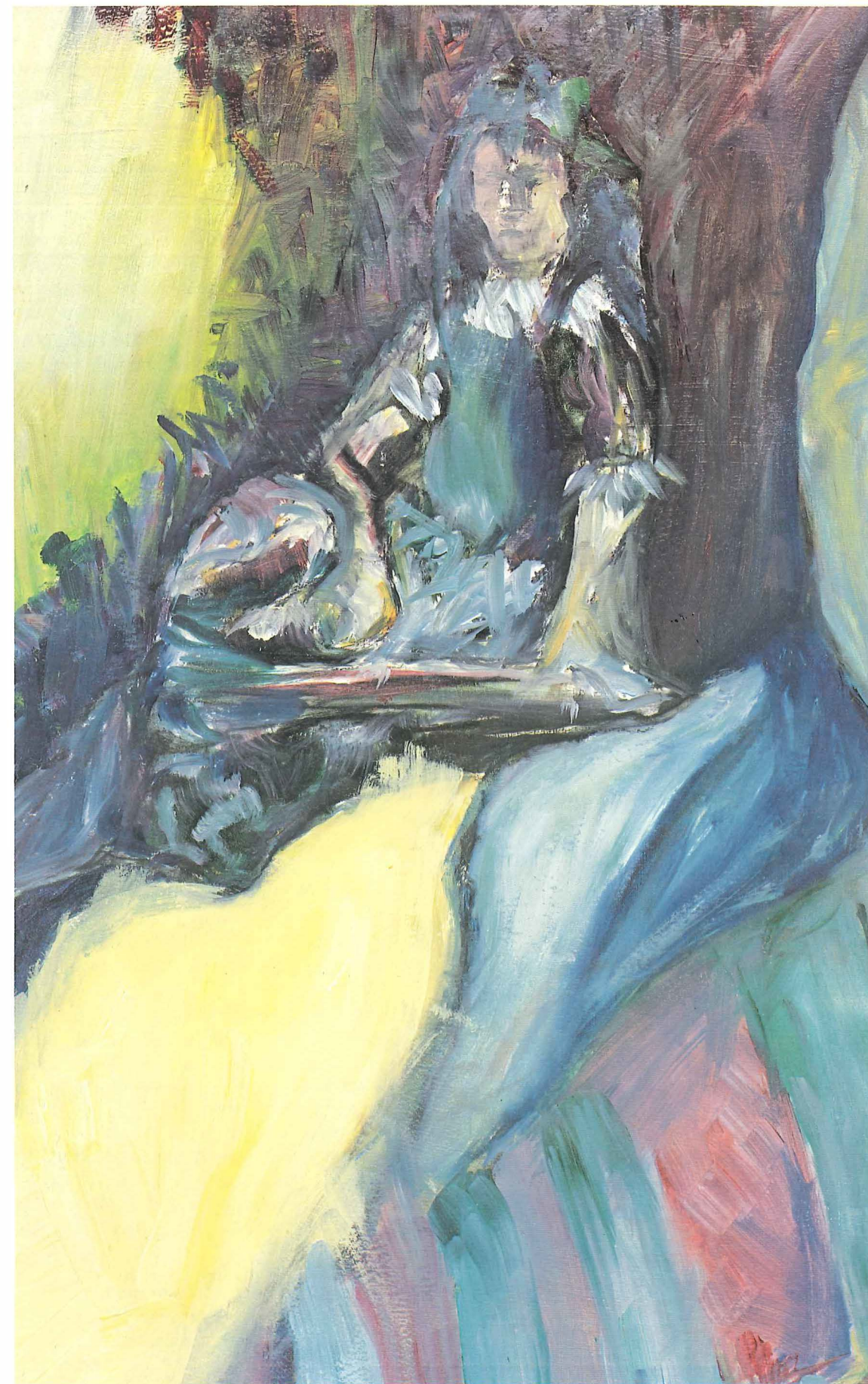


Caty Forden acrylic

Winter

The sun sets early
Over the whitened fields of
My grandfather's head.

Grace Chu



Caty Forden oil paints

BANANA CLOUDS

Mark Silver

I live here, in these green fields. I haven't always lived here. Before, I was somewhere between an oil executive and a supply side economist on the social scale.

I think I'd like an apple from that tree over there. I've known them to be good before.

Yesterday morning, at one in the morning, I found a woman kneeling on my front porch. At least it might have been yesterday morning. Or one in the morning. Or not. It doesn't really matter.

She was just kneeling there, numb from the cold, with her upper lip wet and frozen from her runny nose. She had been kicked out of her apartment by her boyfriend. She had two kids with her, a young boy and girl. The boy kept smiling and spouting cheerful nonsense that all four year-old boys spout. The girl just stood there quietly, except to ask to go to the bathroom, which she did. The boy used the potty twice that evening, and both times he must have experienced some bad inner ear problems, as he missed entirely.

I didn't know what to do. I showed them the kitchen, told her to feel free to take whatever she wanted from the fridge, and went upstairs to get Lisa.

"Oh god," Lisa said. "You never can tell," she said, "You never can tell."

Back downstairs I asked her what happened. It turns out she had been kicked out of her apartment by her boyfriend of eight years, and the two kids were his. Joey and Sharon.

She had a Coke bottle and some grapes on the table, and I sat and watched her drink the Coke and eat the grapes, and tried to think of something to say. All I could think of was: "Oh boy, I finally have an interesting incident to sprinkle through conversations for the next week."

Trying to be warm and human I put out my hand on hers for a while, and she stared at it. My hand felt like a plastic throw-up,—the ninety-three cent variety. So I took it back and asked her if she wanted some coffee.

She said yes and Lisa came down.

I made the coffee and Lisa warmed up some milk and made hot chocolate for the kids, and the policeman came. Lisa must have called the police. All I could think about then was, "How rude. We didn't even tell them we called the police."

He came into our house with his black sweater and dress shoes and green jacket slit open on one side for his pistol. And his walkie-talkie. It was turned up loudly.

I realized just then, as I thought about this woman's situation, that our sugar bowl is crystal.

I also realized that policemen don't really need their walkie-talkies turned up that loud, that they must be like that for effect. Most things like walkie-talkies and clipboards and plaid pants are purely for effect.

The officer began to ask her some questions.

"What happened?" he said.

"I was kicked out of my place by my boyfriend," she said.

"Is the lease in your name?" He turned off his walkie-talkie.

"Yes."

"What does your boyfriend do?"

"I don't know."

He shook his head, "Come on, lady. What does he do?"

"I don't know."

"How old are your kids?"

"Six and four."

"I'm eight, momma."

"You're six."

"I'm eight, momma, not six."

"You're six."

The policeman had a queer smile on his face.

"You've been living with this guy for six years and you don't know what he does?" He shook his head.

"I'll take you to the crisis center. They'll take care of you."

He took them outside, and stepped back in for a minute.

"Her boyfriend's probably into drugs or something."

I wondered why he said that.

"You never know." Lisa said, "You never know about people."

Her Joey had left his gloves in our kitchen and I ran out with them and handed them to her. I yelled out quietly, "Your son left these, ma'am."

She didn't say anything to me. She just took the gloves from my hands like taking a Coke from the refrigerator. The air was cold enough to freeze the leaves on the bushes together.

That was probably the only time I've ever used the word "ma'am" completely seriously.

When I first got here, I found I could have whatever I wished. But a field of axes, or conical hats, or really bad art critics gets to you. So I just live here in these green fields and watch the trees. Or the skyline. But usually just the clouds.

A long time ago I can remember trying out for a play. It was a musical, and it was originally played as an all-female cast, but since I was only in elementary school at the time, the director, my English teacher—Mrs. Toul, recast half of the parts as male. You know, Mrs. Toul as in, "Ooh, you're going to get it from Toul. You're," dramatic pause, "all washed up,"...giggle.

The play was set in an all-girls school, but since Mrs. Toul recast the play, she also reset it in a mixed school. This caused numerous dialogue problems, and so she ended up rewriting half of the play as well.

Exactly halfway through the play, we also found one of the big scenes, right before intermission, took place inside the bathroom, with one big snot, Mary, and her best friend, Joanne, surrounded by a bunch of other girls in the "in" group. They are all talking about some really juicy bit or something and then Mary says her line, and the curtain goes down on intermission.

With half of the cast as boys it made the scene a bit difficult to explain, but Mrs. Toul said she was tired of fixing the play, so it stayed in the girls' bathroom, and we never explained what the boys were doing there.

And the parents all loved it, or said they did.

And I overheard one adult say to another that, "they all have lovely voices, except for that boy in the blue shorts."

I decided then and there I never wanted to be a rock and roll god.

Apples are supposed to be good for you. But so are peaches and an occasional bloody steak. I like sitting back in the grass and watching the clouds

go by. The amazing thing is, whenever I want a friend near me, he or she sees the same things in the clouds I do. I can't decide whether the friend is seeing what I want to see, or whether I want him or her to see what I'm seeing.

I usually see either old friends or fruit or Laurel and Hardy strips with the last ten seconds left off. Especially bananas.

These fields are bizarre.

I suppose it was a good choice at the time. It led me to the job I had most recently, until I came here. I had a company which specialized in moving delicate, hi-tech equipment. The kind of stuff that has a sticker on the side: "Do NOT: Fold, shake, stir, drop, or stomp."

The market potential seemed big at the time we opened. The first job we had was with a small company which wanted some equipment moved from their offices on the twelfth floor of a building to a hotel nearby. It wasn't too difficult at first. We put the stuff on carts and wheeled them out to the elevators.

Elevators in office buildings are funny things. The timing is built so that they open just long enough for the five o'clock rush from each floor to dive in, and still keep the trip from top to bottom under five minutes.

I wheeled the cart into the first elevator that opened, and went out to get the second. The doors immediately closed. The next half-hour was spent chasing the runaway down twelve flights of stairs, and stopping at the elevators on each floor.

"Did you just see a cart on that elevator go by without anyone with it?" I would ask.

"Yes. We were just standing there and staring at it and wondering what to do."

What could you do with a cart? I would wonder. Image: twenty yuppies in a small elevator managing to leave the cart and a five-foot radius around it untouched. That's what departmentalism does to people.

"Yeah," I would answer and dash downstairs to play the same ten-second theatre with the next floor. Sort of like being half asleep at four o'clock in the morning, and listening to a scratched Arlo Guthrie album for three hours straight, and lacking the consciousness to get up and turn it off.

I sold out the next day.

The company replaced the wheeled carts with wheeled leather chairs.

Sitting back and watching the clouds is nice. But maybe I'll go look for some juicier peaches. Maybe tomorrow. ●

Alison Buckholtz

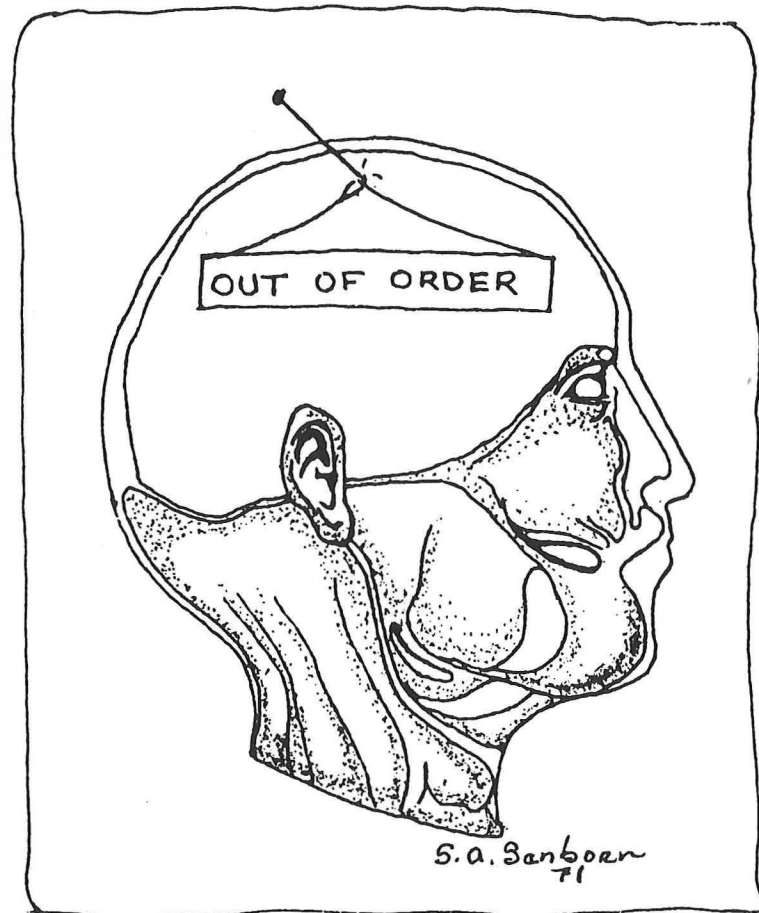
2

1968

Introduction

I am walking down the hall when this sign pops up saying STAY OFF THE DARK SQUARES—THEY HAVE WET PAINT. So I run through to get the phone, but this foot comes through the line. I fall back on a colored square and am carried off by several “concerned” students to see a movie on war. I already know some people are afraid of the bomb, but some are afraid to be seen with a screen magazine. So I go to the bathroom for a smoke and write up WHAAAT? on my favorite wall, and this guy comes inside. Wants to know if I have anything for Erehwon, so I submit the wall.

Bruce Burgess



1970

The riots go on at the seashore;
still
no word from our guardians.
A vast majority remain silent
except
one metaphysician
who insists that the good are living
nearby
in disguise.

a nosgerg
(Maura Gregson)

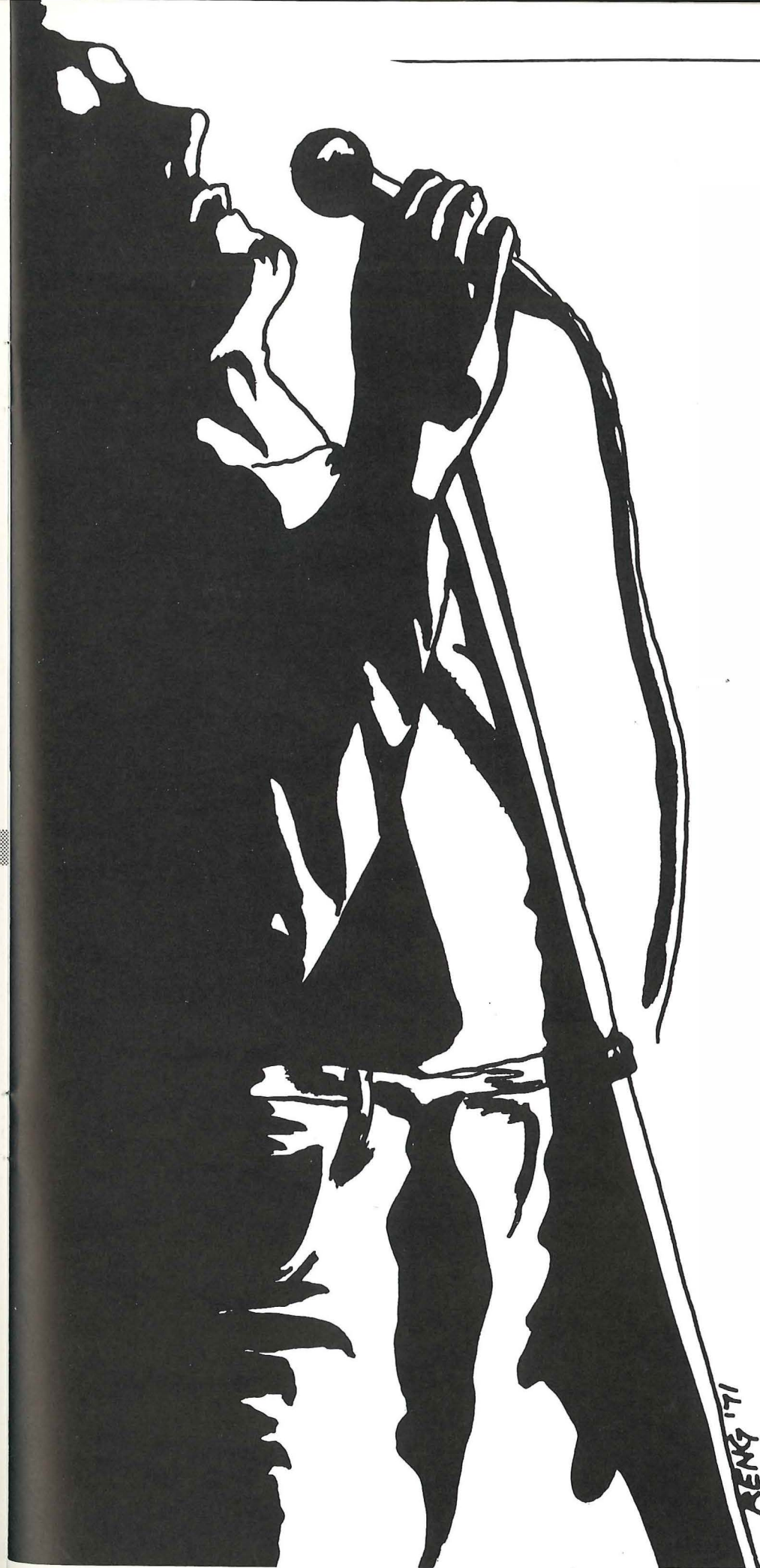
1971

O.D.

if he had not been
a wild chrysanthemum,
the lion man,
he would have been
just
one more,
(one)
of those two-point-three
each week
who fly and flash,
then fall;
impaled on
glittering hypos
but,
he was a wild man
who,
cloaked in purple haze,
drifted
and was lost.
leaving us;
faces crawling with
tears,
and fingers restraining
naked needles.

Vikki Russell

Vikki Russell, who graduated
Churchill in 1972, works as an
illustrator and graphic designer.
Her hope is to write and illustrate
children's books. She lives in
Washington, D.C.



1972

we speak of war
from distant, untouched homes, we speak.
in cool, dispassionate voices, we speak; discuss; confer—
and quote statistics—brandish facts.

he speaks of war
from crimson fields of death, he speaks.
in voice made hoarse with pain, he speaks; laments; cries out—
and moans a somber requiem.

he speaks
he spoke
he says no more.
silenced silents speak of war.

Jess Landman



1974

Crusted mud
A memorial to
The endless rows
Of marching feet
That carried armies
Off to war
Again and
Again and

Again.

Julie Bernard



Philosophical Conversation

You lay on your back,
head resting in fingerlinks.
And I, much the same,
a dandelion away.
We had a philosophical conversation.
Remember?
When you asked me who I was,
and how.
I smiled and wished I could see your face,
but I dared not move
and disturb the weeds.
And anyway,
I've never minded talking to the sun.
So I fired a concept at a fleecy cloud,
and it became a sheep.
But getting to the point (they often divert
on sunny days)
I said I was, because I am;
and not by what I say,
or think.
For thoughts have a way of crumbling
when you over think them.
(there's a bee on your collar.)
So,
I must be some intangible concept,
but it's too nice of a day.
Look—the sheep has grown a beard.

Lissie Kahn

Lissie Kahn feels that "creativity is a way of life!" She is currently working toward her teaching certificate at the University of Maryland in visual arts. Lissie teaches piano and also plays piano in a Chinese restaurant. Most importantly, she still writes a lot!

1973



1975



1976

Bicentennial

a flag with white stripes
criss-crossed on its border;
its stars are a milky way upside-down
playing a suspended spangle.
the blue has faded to washing water;
the red is dried maroon
as if all is wounds have already healed

Sally Lohman

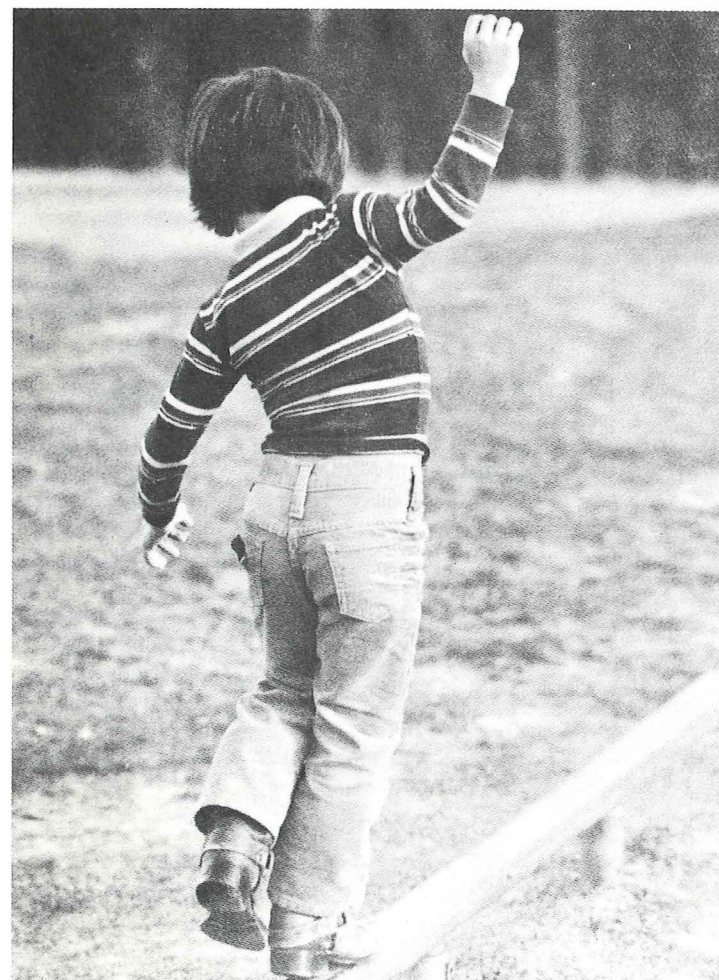
1978

Sara Forden worked as an editor on the staff of Erehwon for the 1978 issue. She graduated from Mt. Holyoke in 1982 as an English major. After working as a reporter for the Gaithersburg Gazette, Sara moved on to her current job in public relations at Georgetown University. Sara's influence is still strongly felt by the Erehwon staff, who selected her as the "covergirl" for this year's winter issue.

In our family we called it "the field." Just across the road, it was undisturbed land in a neighborhood of houses, parking lots and shopping malls. I would retreat there as a child until I knew every path, every dip in the land and every turn in the creek. It was a field of daydreams and fairytales come true.

Today I looked across at the field. It has changed. The earth is ripped open, bleeding red clay where there had been grass. A swarm of yellow bulldozers and caterpillars have attacked my field, stripping it of green as locusts strip a farmer's wheat. People ask, "What is it going to be?" I only know what it isn't anymore.

Sara Forden



Beth Gruppenhoff attended the University of Arizona on a full scholarship for volleyball. She majored in marketing and works as an account manager for Xerox. Beth lives with her husband in Tuscon.

Breakfast

Cast of Characters:

Father

Mother

Jenny (daughter)

(Mother stands at stove. Jenny enters.)

Jenny: Good morning, Mother.

Mother: Salutation.

Jenny: What's for breakfast?

Mother: Itemized list.

Jenny: Can I bring the turtle in for Show and Tell?

Mother: Denial.

Jenny: Why not?

Mother: Denial.

Jenny: But why? I won't hurt him.

Mother: Denial. Weak attempt at appeasement and introduction of new subject.

Jenny: I'll show my new watch then.

Mother: Warning.

Jenny: Oh, I'll be careful. I won't even take it off my wrist.
(Father enters.)

Mother: Acknowledgement of new presence.

Father: General Salutation.

Jenny: Morning, Daddy.

Mother: Complaint.

Jenny: Yes, Daddy, we *must* get it fixed. It's burned four pieces of toast this week.

Father: Noncommittal comment.

Mother: Whine.

Father: Grumble.

Mother: WHINE!

Father: Expletive!

Jenny: Billy Henderson showed a worm last week. (Pause) Miss Crane said it was interesting and Billy showed off with it all day. That's why I wanted to bring Henry, so I could show him off. (Longer pause) I don't think a slimy old worm is that interesting.

Father: Inconsequential question?

Jenny: Well, he had it in a box.

Mother: Irrelevant comment.

(Silence. Girl shifts uncomfortably.)

Jenny: Well, I'm going to go. The Show and Tell person is supposed to be there early.

(She rises from the table. Father rises also and kneels in front of her, squeezes her shoulders.)

Father: Blatant plea for affection.

Jenny: Hee hee. Yes, Daddy, I'm your honey bear.

Mother: Cool comment on immaturity of scene.

Father: Angry remark.

Mother: Personal attack.

Father: Challenge to argument.

Mother: Acceptance of challenge.

Jenny: (Leaving) My watch is better'n a dumb ole worm any day.

Janine Jackson, class of '81, worked as an editorial assistant for Essence Magazine in Manhattan after graduating from Sarah Lawrence where she had majored in philosophy. In the future Janine hopes to write and publish her own fiction. Janine wrote Breakfast when she was a sophomore at Churchill.

1980



Janine Jackson

1981

Haiku's inventor
must have had seven fingers
on his middle hand.

Brian Del Vecchio

1982

The Letter

My Dearest,

I think that this will be the hardest letter of my life to write. I wanted to explain to you why I have to do this. I didn't plan it, sweetheart, you see, your Daddy and I just aren't ready for you yet. I suppose this is sort of an apology for what will happen in a few hours. So please try to understand what I'm about to say.

I woke up this morning and had a feeling that you would be a girl. I think I'd name you Sasha—because you're so much like a little bird, kind of like Peter and the wolf. You flutter inside of me so much...My little Sasha, do you realize how much I long to hold you in my arms? Honey, you are the product of a deep and beautiful love between two people—it's just that we didn't mean for it to go so far. I cry for you at night. My first little girl. I cry because no matter how big my family gets, you will always be missing.

Sweetheart, I just want to kick myself when I think of your innocence. I see you pleading inside of me, "What did I do wrong? Why won't you let me live? Please! just give me a chance..."

Your father tells me I'm too harsh on myself, that you aren't legally a human being until after the first trimester, that we are doing what we have to do. Something inside, in my heart, tells me I'm wrong. But, Sasha, there are so many reasons why I can't go through with it. Sasha, I'm only sixteen...

Please understand.

I love you,
Mommy

The girl opened an envelope, placed the letter inside and sealed it by melting a stick of wax over the flap. She pressed a small gold stamp into the hot crimson, lifted it and stared into the imprint. Reaching over onto a pink canopy bed, the girl gently lifted a brand new teddy bear. Caressing the bear with one hand, she printed with the other, "I'm sorry" onto the envelope, dated it and placed it into the bear's arms.

"Any allergies? No? Good, here's a valium to relax you. The procedure itself will only last about ten minutes and there will be a short rest period afterward. Also, we'll give you a pain killer then if needed. You may go right in."

She turned without word or expression and walked away from the receptionist's desk.

The receptionist asked, "Oh, Miss, will this be cash or charge?"

Brenda Way



BILL WADHAMS: AN ARTIST IN MOTION

Jeff Rosenberg

Looking back over our first twenty years, the Erewhon staff discovered that a wealth of creative talent has passed through our school. A few Churchillites have gone on to success in the creative arts. One is 1971 Churchill graduate Bill Wadhams, who is now lead vocalist and songwriter for the popular rock band, Animotion.

Animotion's debut single, "Obsession," climbed into the top ten upon its release last year. The song was a brilliant evocation of desire overcoming rational thought—and it had a terrific beat. Rock & Roll Confidential, a leading voice in rock criticism, called Animotion an "energetic pop band whose talents are only hinted at in their hit, 'Obsession.'"

I spoke with Bill Wadhams long-distance from Los Angeles, where he now resides, and I found him remarkably candid about his thoughts on the songwriting process and his days in the D.C. area. Bill had some hard times on his way to fame, and he took some big chances as well. Toward the end of our conversation, when he spoke of splitting D.C. for L.A., I was reminded of the words to "I Engineer," Animotion's haunting new hit: "I'll leave it all behind in a cloud of dust. / There's an even chance I'll shine or rust." Check it out, Churchill—Bill Wadhams is shining now.

Erewhon: How long have you been writing songs?

Bill: I think I began writing when I was at Churchill in the late 60's, early 70's. I was already playing in bands; I had been in one in Rochester, New York before coming to Churchill, but I didn't start writing until about my junior year. I started with a friend, Tim Kugel. The first song we wrote together was called "We Are Everywhere" and it was something that would've been perfect for, y'know, Live Aid or something. It was sort of the peak of the hippie era, which I was swept up in, and there were a lot of free concerts with political undertones, like at the Washington Monument, peace days and that sort of thing. So that was kind of the flavor of our first songs. It wasn't until I moved to California that I started writing a lot, writing as a craft rather than just by chance.

Erewhon: You mentioned the political message of the music in the sixties. In the eighties it seems that most songs deal with the personal element rather than social causes.

Bill: There still is both. I think you hear more politically oriented music coming from Europe these days. One of the reasons, I think, is that in the U.S. market that records are sold through is called Contemporary Hit Radio, or Top 40. If you're in the Top 40, you can sell lots of records; if you're not, you're a cult band. In our case, they flat out told us on this recent album that they didn't want any statements, quote unquote, especially nothing political—they wanted just songs about men and women, personal relationships, cause that's how they want to market this band. When I first was signed, I didn't care too much, because I was just happy to be making a living as a musician, and most of my songs were about relationships. The song "Fun Fun Fun" [on Animotion] does have some political relevance, but that one kind of got by them. When we were approaching the second album, they told us they didn't want us dealing with that at all. We had a song called "Change the World." It wasn't really that political, but it just talked about improving the condition of mankind. They stopped us right at the title! So as a young

band, you can make a choice. You can either play the game or not, and sometimes not playing the game means relegating yourself to obscurity. In my case, I have to just keep looking toward the future, to a point where I'm accepted by the public enough that I can tell the record company, "This is what I'm gonna do, like it or lump it," or say I'll go to another label and they'll put it out. A lot of times, though, somebody will go solo and do that, and it's the end of their career because no one cares what they have to say! [laughs].

Erewhon: Do you think that maybe the record companies, in stifling that kind of songwriting, are underestimating current audiences, seeing that Live Aid and other political rock movements have been successful of late?

Bill: Oh yeah. I think that the media in general—radio, television, motion pictures—I think they target it on a real low level. I think they determine what's supposedly over the people's heads, and then they shoot underneath that. That's why you end up with Rocky 3, 4 and 50, and you don't see as many progressive movies as you used to; you have to search for those. I think it comes back to, everybody wants to make big money, not too many people are willing to just do art. Most people feel more career-conscious than artistically or socially conscious.

Erewhon: Do you feel that your songwriting has changed any since you've been with Animotion?

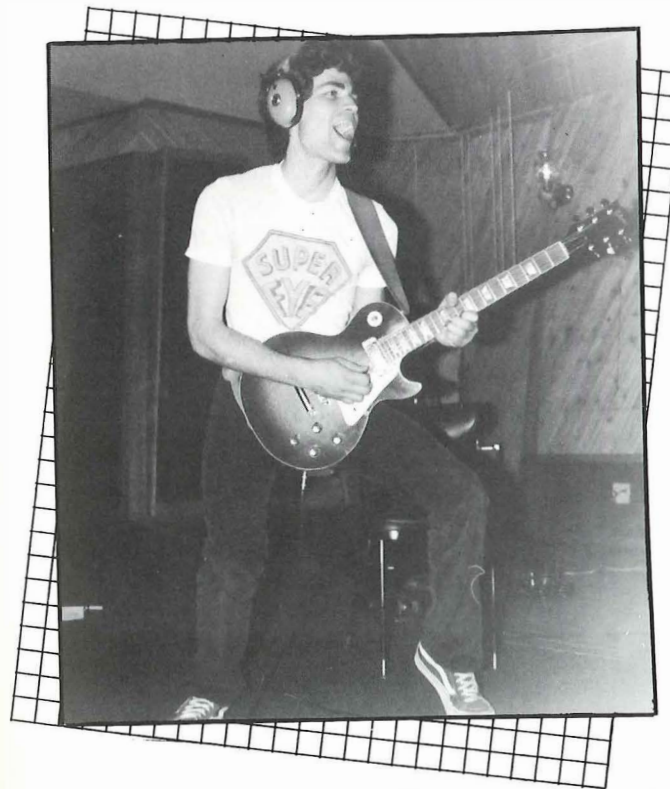
Bill: I feel I've developed [as a writer] since the first album. Any writing, any art, is a constant development process, because not only are you learning about how to express yourself, but you learn more about yourself. I wrote a lot of new songs that I wanted on the second album, but the band felt that they were good for me, but not necessarily like whatever idea they had of Animotion...which drove me crazy because I really felt it was a natural progression for me, as a songwriter, from the stuff on the first album. Anyway, we only recorded one of that first group of songs, "The Essence." Then I went off and wrote a few more songs with someone

else. I'm not happy with only having three songs on this album, but the band is a democratic process. There are other songs I wish I could put on the album, though.

Erewhon: I'd like to ask you about the effect, if any, the Potomac area had on your writing and your career. Many great rock artists, for example Bruce Springsteen, Bob Seger, who have come from a working-class background, have used this economic hardship as a foundation for passionate rock music. Do you feel that growing up in Potomac, which is an affluent, comfortable community, is a detriment to making committed rock music? What effect did it have on you?

Bill: Well...when I left my parents' home in Potomac, I was 18, and I went and rented a place in Wheaton and drove a school bus to get by. When I graduated high school, I went for one semester to Montgomery College, but I dropped out 'cause I decided I wouldn't get where I wanted to go through college. So instead of being a student for the next four or five years, and continuing to live under the umbrella of my parents, I jumped out into the real world—and into poverty. I moved out to LA, in search of whatever. Out there I had 12 years of bad luck until Animotion had any success. I held a number of working-class jobs all along. I was a house-painter for a number of years, and then I was a sign-painter in a shop working with people with low education, second—and third—grade dropouts, old black guys who apprenticed in Chicago with no education at all...I led the working-class life, you know?

My family was never the real rich Potomac type. They were not so affluent that whenever I needed money I could just call them up and say, hey. They didn't buy me a new car when I was 16. I didn't have that kind of upbringing. I was on my own. And that definitely translates into your art somehow or another. When I was out in LA, at one point I got married, and had kids, and that broke up. When I was getting



Bill in Los Angeles, 1981

(photo courtesy of Tim Kugel)

married, though, I actually thought I knew what I wanted in life, and it turned out I was wrong... So I felt like I have been through a considerable amount of, um...drama.

Erewhon: What do you remember most about Potomac? What sort of experience typifies the area for you?

Bill: Well, one thing I always liked about the area was the terrain. I've been around a lot of parts of the United States, and I've always really liked the sort of rolling geography around Potomac...Great Falls, all the horse farms. And I liked the historical feel of it all, too. There were, I remember, a number of social planes you could be involved in at Churchill. You know, the jocks, theatre...there were always a lot of parties...But I remember in the first few years I was in Potomac, I kind of hung around my neighborhood. My brother, Tad and I were new to the area, so we stayed to ourselves. He was a bass player, and we were just like each other's best friend for a while. Then I met up with Tim Kugel, and there was this group of kids who were friends, from Carderock and Bethesda, that side, a group of musicians. And in the group were two bands, and we'd practice in the same neighborhood.

Erewhon: Was there an exciting music scene at Churchill then? Or were there just a few bands?

Bill: Well, it was interesting and it was creative, but it seems like there were only a couple of dozen kids at most who would be musicians, who would go practice after school. So those were my friends. I must admit, though, I was a pretty depressed young man when I was in high school. I remember one of the other students coming up to me toward the end of our senior year and saying, "Do you realize this'll probably be the happiest year of our lives? This is it, it's over after this." And that was, for me, a terrible thought. Especially since I wasn't really enjoying high school. So I thought he was saying to me that after we get out of here, it's up to us to make or break, and some of us might get knocked around some. But as for me, I wanted to know what the future would hold when I was 16 or 17. I was obsessed with trying to determine my future, and in what I wanted to do, the odds were really against me. I had no idea how to approach music, how to translate music into a career.

So I went to the counselors to ask about it. They asked me what I wanted to do and I said, well, I guess go to college and take music as a major. But I said no more, 'cause they pulled out my file, and got out a copy of a French test. Now, I had been having a hard time of it on this test, and I got to this one question where we were translating phrases and one word in the phrase looked to me like a certain obscene word, so I translated the phrase into this dirty phrase 'cause I had nothing better to put, I was failing the test, I was angry. So in my counseling meeting, they pulled this out and said, "You're going to have a hard time getting into college with this in your file," and that was the extent of our conversation. That was the extent of their counseling to me, saying "Not only are you in trouble 'cause your grades are mediocre, but...you're crude." So that made me feel like I had all these black marks on my record. I believed it!

At that time I'd been accepted into the Berklee School of Music, but it was too expensive for us to afford. So my only other option was Montgomery College. I made a major of classical guitar. We had professors give career counseling in

my second semester, and I was told that I'd probably end up teaching guitar in some music store somewhere. Because if I wanted to be a concert classical guitarist, I'd be competing with Segovia and that was hopeless. If I wanted to be a teacher, jobs were scarce, so this guy painted a picture of complete pessimism. No one was looking at what *can* you do for your future, what are the positive things, what are your talents and how can you use them but "This is what you've done, this is how you've screwed up and ruined your future." It was like trying to slap my hand instead of....

Erehwon: ...Leading you by the hand?

Bill: Right. I think that if I can pass anything onto other people at this part of their lives where they're looking for some direction, it's that if somebody gives you direction that you think is bull, you can have the confidence to continue believing you're right. If somebody tries to tell you you've made a mistake that's going to hurt you, something like losing my cool and writing that silly line on that French test, for somebody to suggest that your college career won't get off the ground because of that... I believed it, you see. That's the disgusting thing. I believed that they were right. And I thought, "Boy, I've ruined myself." Just because I blew it in class. I took things like that very seriously, very seriously and very literally. Same thing with this guy at M.C. when he told me, "It doesn't look too good in this field," not because I wasn't talented but just because the field was limited. It was devastating. I dropped out *that day*. I think it's the responsibility of teachers and counselors to be attentive to the effect they're going to create on an impressionable young mind.

Erehwon: Well, now that you have reached a certain pinnacle of success, do you feel satisfied? How is it being a "rock star?"

Bill: Well, when we first got our success with "Obsession," that was really all that was on my mind. It was just very exciting to be recognized, to be playing for all those people, to be on television, all that. But after the initial thrill wore off, I calmed down and realized what's important to me now, which is that I'm in a position to express myself as an artist. That's what's emerged now as the most important thing: what is being said.

Erehwon: I want to ask you again about Churchill. Are there any teachers you remember well? Some that are still here today are Mr. Carson, Mr. Pickerill, Mrs. Coley...

Bill: There was this one teacher in Civics, I don't remember his name...

Erehwon: Mr. Geiger?

Bill: That's it, Geiger. He was one of the younger teachers, he was fairly hip right? Tall and lanky?

Erehwon: Yeah.

Bill: Right. To me, he really made an effort to see eye-to-eye with the students. He was lenient enough to...lenient in an effort to get the students to open up and get involved. I think a couple of times he might have suspected that I had come to class stoned, which I stupidly had. And instead of playing the big disciplinarian about it, and sending me to the school psychiatrist, and embarrassing me in front of the class, he gently hinted that I was...screwing up. Some teachers, you rub 'em the wrong way, they'll really try and break you, come down hard. But Geiger, by being lenient, the result was I got really interested in the class and stopped getting stoned. My attitude toward that class and school really improved. As opposed to an antagonist guy, who would make you rebel all the more. I don't know for a fact that he suspected I was stoned, but he dealt with me well. He knew I was confused, depressed, and he sincerely cared, and helped me with it.

Erehwon: How was Mr. Carson as a soccer coach?

Bill: He was great! He was very passionately into soccer. He was enthusiastic about his team. Kept me on the bench most of the time, which pissed me off...but I kind of deserved it, 'cause when everybody was taking laps, I used to hide behind the backstop. So he busted me on that. He was a real cynic, funny guy. I remember...he seemed a bit eccentric.

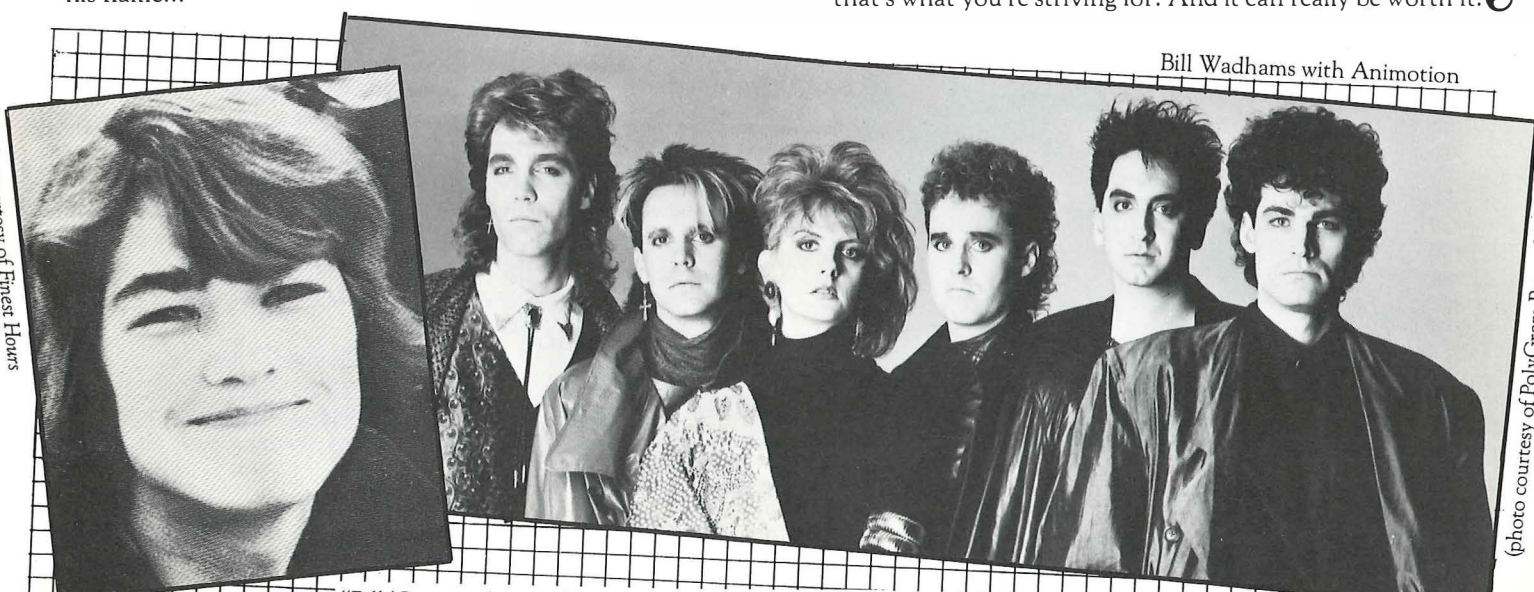
Erehwon: Do you keep in touch with many people from Churchill?

Bill: Not many, just about a half-dozen people. Because, I moved to California, and my life just kinda went on, and I wasn't in touch with anybody for a long time. Matter of fact, when I left the D.C. area, I left to get out of the environment I was in. I left to break away from the bad crowd I had fallen into after I got out of high school, and clear out my head. I quit the crowd, and quit smoking grass, because I knew it was doing me harm. I was getting a little too foggy. So I knew I had to split completely from it to get free, and take a chance on my future out in L.A.

Erehwon: It seems you made the right decision.

Bill: Well, like I said, now I'm searching for another success and I'm excited about the prospect. Sometimes along the way, an artist might have to make a few compromises, and some of them really hurt. But in the end, if you communicate, that's what you're striving for. And it can really be worth it. ●

Bill Wadhams with Animation



"Bill 'Captain America' Wadhams"—caption, *Finest Hours*, 1971

Death Into A Dream

I

Bury your thesis.
There is nothing to write about.
Mr. Seul, Mr. Seul,
There is nothing to write about!

II

The Field
Ablaze horrid green
Is post conception
Where Hollow bodies
Gather after birth ashes.
Poets grovel
In its timelessness

*Mother died today.
Or maybe yesterday...*

Cursing the world
And teach that each soul
Whithers
In a jail of the absurd.
Another hazy evening of mind
For Mr. Seul,
Slave of the morbid verses
Yet by inner revolution
He is the
Dreamer of the dawn,
Rebel poet.
And for a desperate instant
His troubled quill
Journeys a forbidden trail.
An escape,
From merciless Field muses
To a sun early rising above a hill.

III

The Morning
And the Sunlit Hill
Is his beacon,
Shelter to the oppressed
Acrimonious dead,
Hoods of Bone.
Paradise regained.
Wake to a new day,
Nihilistic edges
Sculptured

*Heads...
Heads...
Tails!*

Into diamond brilliance.
Mr. Seul orders a drink
And chats
With the Starry, Starry Night,
Who listens with both ears,
About their perfect society,
April hope.

A tear
From the eternal gold
Purifies shadowless souls,
Showers divine love
From the Morning
And the Sunlit Hill

IV

The Dreamer's
Spring light, creative quill
Disintegrates
Back to the home of the living dead men.
A whirlpool of nothingness.
The Field
Returns a nag

*Here we go round the
prickly pear...*

Sharper than his pen's
Utopian dream,
In stench greatest wilt.
And from that rancor
All Field-born pain,
Hankered escape.
Words of the hopeless wise
Further deplete
The decrepit
Mind void
Of Mr. Seul.
Left only is the dream.
He yearns to chat again;
To the Blind Poet's revoke,
To a Compson's morality
In the Morning
And the Sunlit Hill.
So, with head under shoulder
Mr. Seul once more gestures
That desperate instant,
Rendered quill,
Long since rusted knife.

*Poor Grendel's had an
accident....*

V

*There must have been a
moment, at the beginning
where we could have said
—no.
But somehow we missed it.*

After birth,
Bury your thesis.
There is nothing to write about.
Mr. Seul, Mr. Seul,
There is nothing to write about!

Andrew Epstein



A Mother and Child

were sliced from earth by a speeding truck.

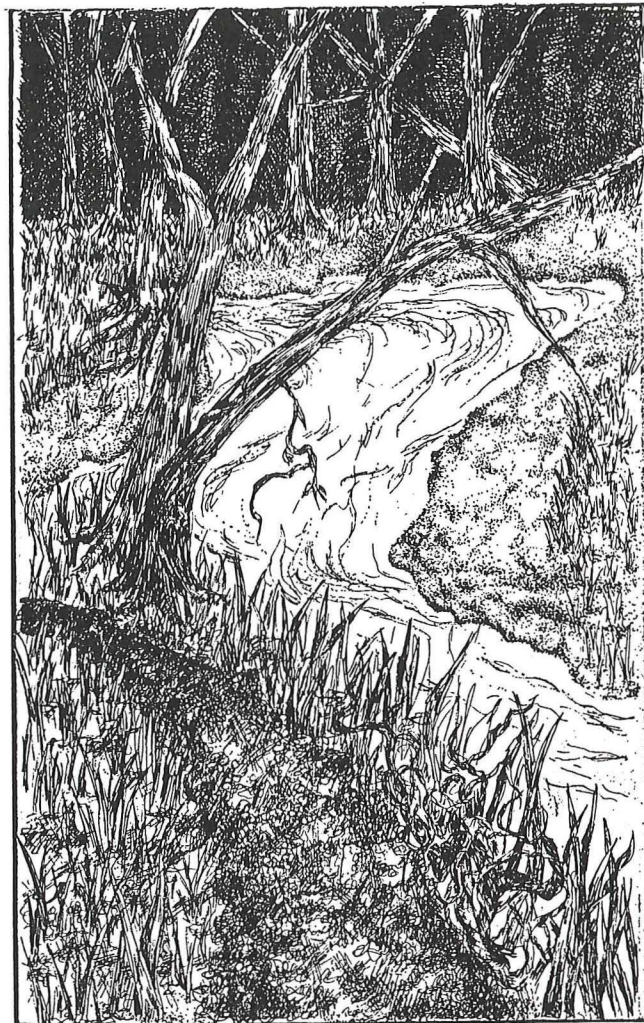
They went screamless,
floating, leaving their husks of humanity
behind in the burning car
before the first ambulance arrived.

When I hear this, I can only think
of still ponds and idle trees,
the surging pulse of death
and ripped red bodies meaning nothing—
Only two more marks
in a policeman's report.

The remaining are left to mourn,
mothers rant at mortality
volumes explicate
the analogy of the baby gazelle and the cheetah,
the necessary sacrifice for natural order

while I repeat the blur of collisions
in the mind
and see it as the landscape of the lawn,
the dizzying network of leaves
and the tree mindlessly seeping its green
with the small backyard pond alongside the daisies
mirroring an empty sky.

Leigh Cheng



Kathy Jones

Memory

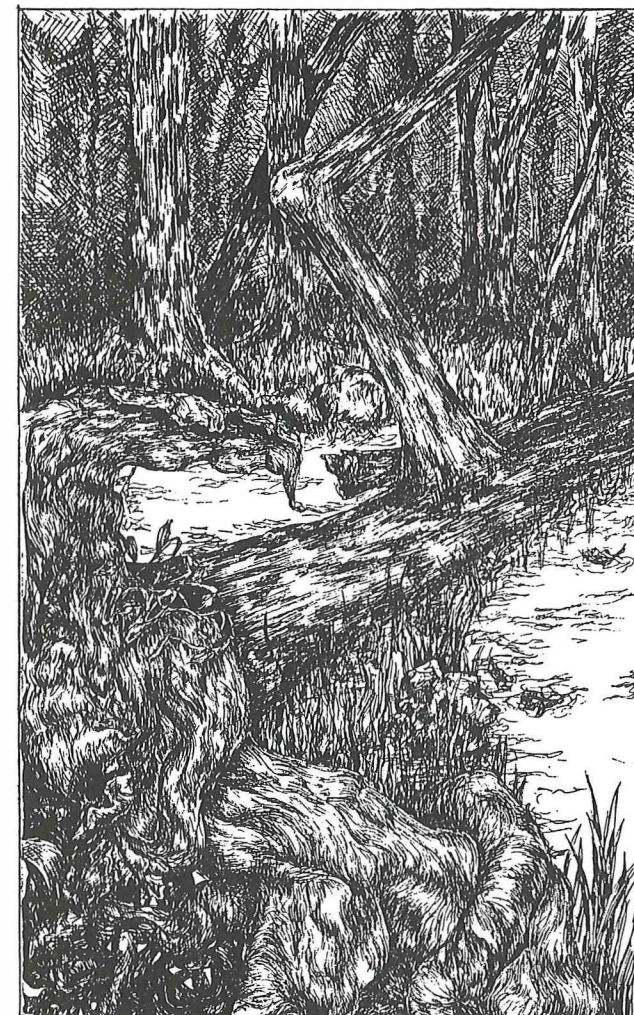
Memories. His pages in my mind are covered with dust,
forgotten. Remembered. By one innocent question, "Have
you visited the grave?" The answer—No, I haven't witnessed
his dust-covered coffin. Dust. Swept from my memory,
flooding my mind with thoughts and images. Floods. The
chill current carrying him into eternity. Cold. The touch of
death stealing the warmth from a summer afternoon. Theft.
A young boy, robbed of life too soon. Too many worlds still
lay undiscovered. Discovery. The pain of loss and the anguish
of memories.

Carrie Rosenbaum

The Awakening

I was fourteen and she was gone I remember trying to sleep
that night but couldn't because that mysterious echo in my
head "I love you" and I knew that what I knew for so long
would be soon was now he entered my room awakening me
for what I already knew my sister was at the end of the bed
grasping my ankle knowing I would cry but wanting to ease
the pain and stem the tears he this man my father whose
home only recently was mine grabbed me with his arms
holding tightly because he knew I would scream he told me
again to wake up but I know he didn't realize I was already
awake he grabbed me tightly "she's dead" I didn't scream but
groaned and writhed quiet tears I was fourteen and she was
gone

Paula Havel



Kathy Jones

Funeral

The caterwauling cries of women in Black
Echoed in the haunted air.
The priest, though Bible in hand,
Had no words of reason or comfort.
Mourners, eyes down, filed away,
Murmuring mechanically
Expressions of sympathy.

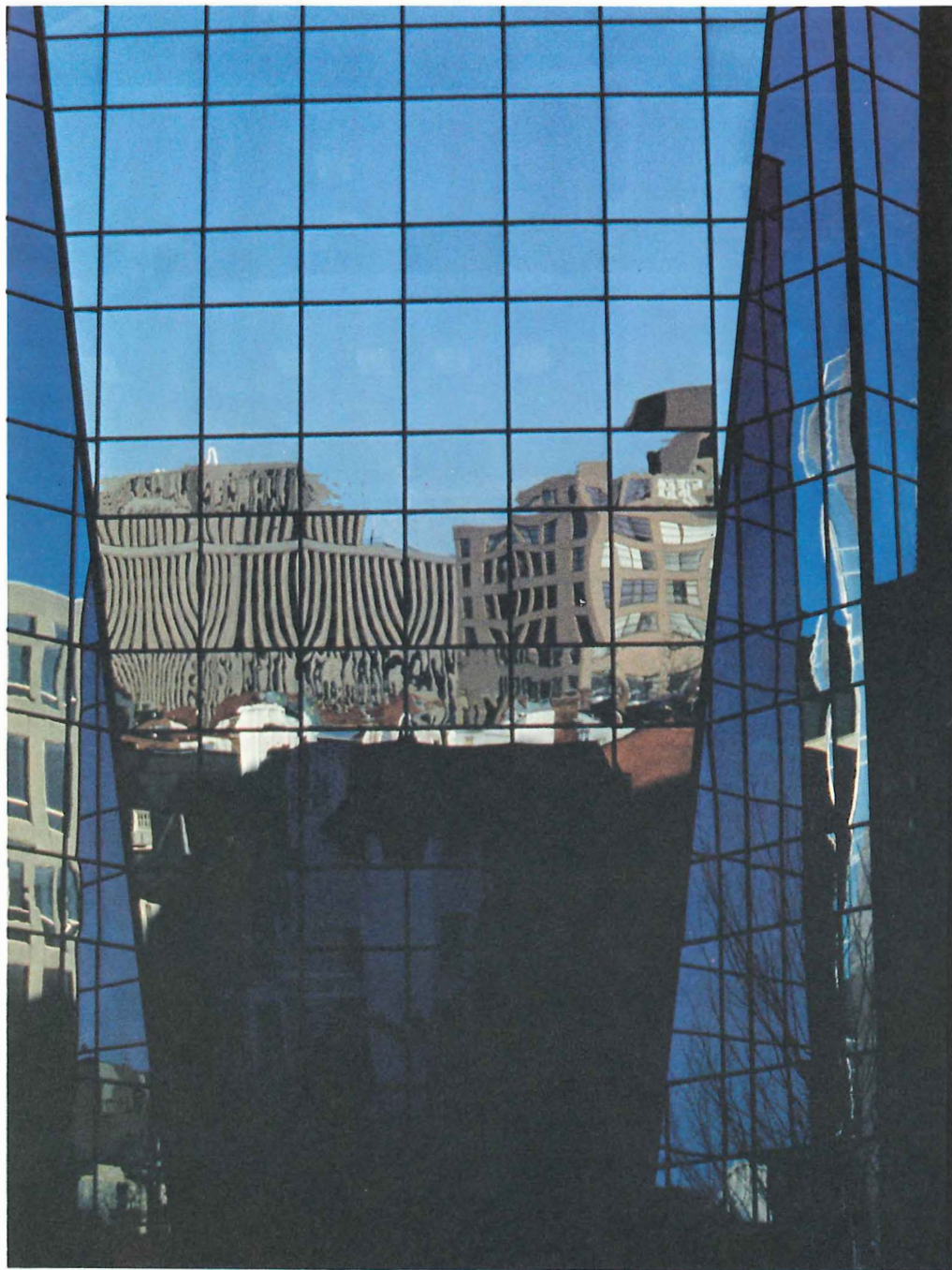
One young Boy remained, alone,
Staring, with dry eyes.
His gaze shifted, glancing around at
Nameless tombstones
Surrounding the simple stone with his
Mother's name.

The Boy stood, silently still,
Apologizing.
She hadn't wanted this.
She was already becoming lost,
Enveloped in the obscure mist
Of the graveyard.

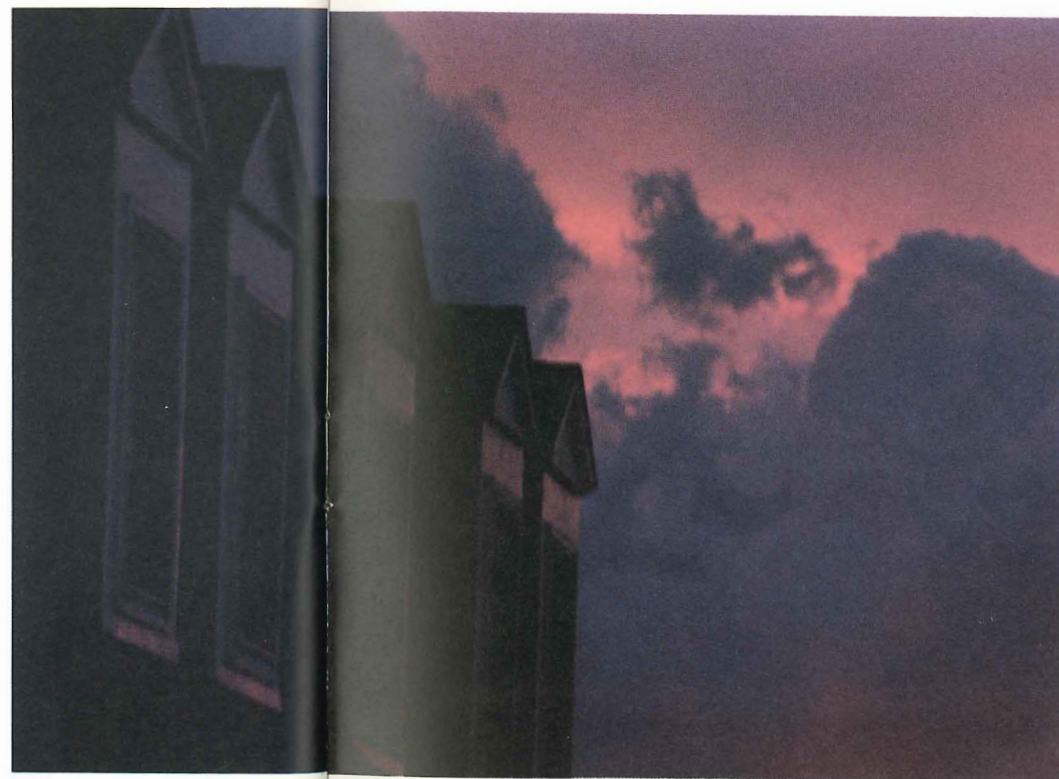
As he left, he paused,
Reading the names of the graves.
He was crying now,
For his mother, for the anonymous graves,
And for himself.

Julia Donchi





Brian Orlov
photography winner



Brian Orlov

Levels of City Night

The night air seethes with blackness,
each dark molecule vibrating
enveloping the flattened buildings and lampposts
like a cloud of gnats.

The light is sporadic
bursting from an empty drugstore
or a high shadeless window
while around the blackness rises in towering waves.

I have tramped down these streets
many hollow nights
when the moon flickers
sending down ghosts to asphalt lands.

Below the subway rumbles abruptly
quivering the manholes
and shuddering the sidewalks,
the streets heaving
like a haggard gutterman
pounding to be released.

Leigh Cheng
first place poetry

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION

Behrouz Montakhab

Stupid kids, he thought. Where do they find all these stupid kids? He tried to visualize kicking that little crud in the head with his steel-toe boot. He couldn't see that. How about throwing him out the rear emergency door onto the windshield of the car behind? Splat! That would have been better. Tim laughed and ran a hand over the bristles of his hair, forgetting how much he had hated the bus ride.

A few strides later and he had reached his mailbox. A statement from the bank—for Mr. Robb, various utility bills—for Mr. Robb, an Evans department store sale announcement addressed to resident, an Advosystem card with photographs of missing children, a big envelope from Richter University and two letters addressed to "the parents or guardian of Timothy Robb." He shoved it all under his arm and continued to the door.

Inside, he dropped the mail on a bureau in the hallway and opened the door to the garage. No cars, good, no one was home. He turned back to the University package, a slick production job that claimed as early as on the envelope to be "the home of the movers and the shakers." He read the cover letter, scanning through the thin sincerity to get to the point of the letter. There was none.

After flipping that into the trash he opened one of the two letters addressed to his parents, reasoning that he was, more or less, his own guardian. There was no return address but the mailing label was similar to the ones on letters that the Armstrong High School administration sent out. Reading it, Tim cursed aloud; yes, it was an interim report. He was going to fail geometry. Well, that was no surprise. He hadn't even made up last Wednesday's test, so Harvey Hardass probably gave him the 'F'. The other letter was probably from his English teacher, the Saggy Hag, so no point in opening that one. Tim folded the letters and slid them like book-marks into his math textbook. He shrugged at his reflection in the gilt-edged bureau mirror, and headed for the kitchen.

In the kitchen, he picked up a Coke and a Pop Tart, both cold. His mother had put up her grocery list and he found a pen and added "Coke Classic" to it even though there was still plenty. Once his mother had asked him why he always asked for Coke and he had joked, "I'm an American."

He carried his bounty into the salon and set it down on a glass table. The remote control was not on the top of the set, damn it. After two minutes spent searching, the control was found between two cushions of the couch. He pressed the upper right button.

POWER.

The television roared to life, begging, pleading, cajoling, ordering, demanding, warning, instructing, advising. The TV wanted Tim to buy a Thundercat doll. Tim was grinning. He hit the channel button with his thumb. He had a habit of constantly changing the channels with little regard for what was on the screen, producing an effect like the view from the window of a rapidly moving train.

As each image quickly grew in clarity and intensity, something would be triggered in Tim's brain and he would press the channel button again. It was like being about to fall asleep in class and then snapping your head back up. Tim was teasing his instincts, pushing towards the edge of a trance, but despite his semi-altered state, he knew what he was watching. Tim was seeing the home movies of the American Dream.

...six robots, spaceships, circling a planet, their leader is contacting them, to warn them CHANNEL meet George Jetson, dadadada, Jane his CHANNEL White House, live, a man in a suit with a microphone, the Gramm-Rudman bill is running into serious opposition from both houses of CHANNEL with Ally Sheedy in John Carpenter's new film, *Massacre at CHANNEL* which was not remedied until the coming of a minister named Reverend Martin Luther CHANNEL you love you love to love you, love to love, you you you, born for you, born to love you, burn for you, born to burn, love you love burn love CHANNEL but Becky what about Rick I don't care about Rick I want you You don't care about who Rick honey is that you I swear I was only kidding I didn't mean that CHANNEL robots are forming one big robot in order to control the supernova that threatens to swallow the whole universe CHANNEL would have gotten away with it too if it weren't for you meddling kids. All the characters laugh goodheartedly because it's the end RING more casualties in the border war between Iran and Iraq analysts warn that RING live to love

to burn to love to RING

Tim pressed the mute button and reached over for the phone.

Hey, is Tim there?

"Yeah, hi, this is Tim. Who is this, Randy?"

Yeah, this is Randy. What's up?

"Not much." Fine, great. I hate it when he says that. Now I gotta think of something else to say. um. what. oh yeah, the concert.

Are you going to the concert tonight?

"You mean Generic Suffering? Where are they playing?"

Ted Liu's.

"Yeah, I guess." Oh, how wonderfully noncommittal of you, Tim. I meant to ask you to drive, and you probably knew that, and that's why you are doing this, isn't it? Isn't it? I suppose now I'll drive, because I don't want to have to ask you, you make me feel so self-conscious.

Should I drive or what?

"I dunno. Yeah, sure, Randy, you can drive." I know I can, you jerk. Of course I can.

All right, I'll drive. Ummm...be ready around seven, all right?

"Yeah, I'll eat dinner and be ready."

Ok. Call me when you finish.

"Ok. Bye."

Bye.

Tim placed the phone face-down flat on the table, which was enough to hang it up. His eyes focused on the phone while the TV flickered spastic blue demons into his mahogany eyes. Numbers spun through his head in clusters of seven digits, spinning, spinning until finally, like a slot machine, one phone number came up. Tina's. He dialed.

Hello?

"Yeah, hey, Tina...this is Tim." Tim? Hum. Mmmmm. Mmph. Tim.

Hey, Tim, what's up?

"Not much." Whatever that means. Tina turned the page of her Seventeen. What a neat ad: a man and a woman making love on top of a huge watch-shaped mattress. Silk, satin, skin—it looked like paradise. What did Tim want? Chem test, maybe.

Have you studied for the Chem test?

"What, that's tomorrow? Haha, man, haha, that's weird as hell that I forgot. Jeez, I should really pay attention. Which unit is it on?" Oh my God he is so lost. He is going to be in such trouble. Maybe he's kind of stupid. Turn the page. A quiz! ARE YOU ALIENATED FROM THE SOCIETY AROUND YOU? the bright blue lettering asks. Not me.

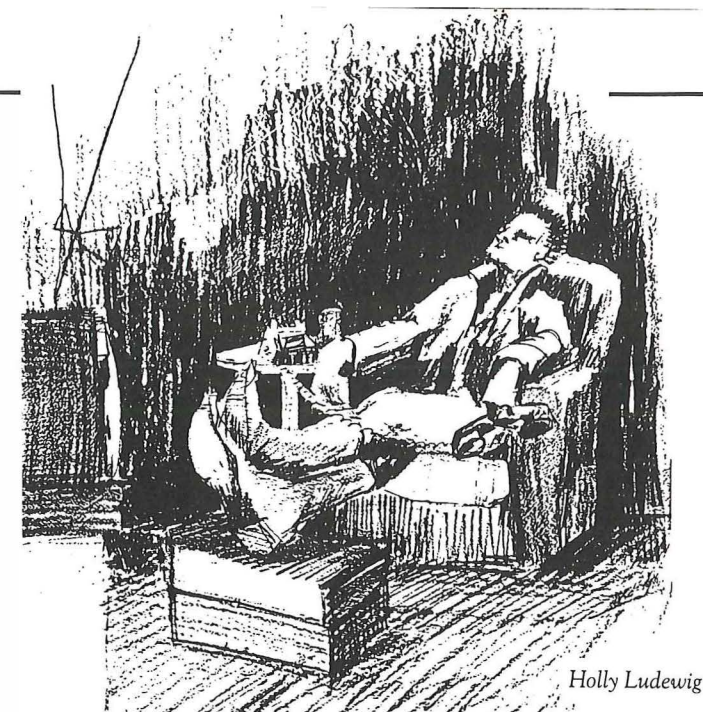
It's molarity. I have to call Susan, because I have to go over and get her notes and she is going out soon.

"Ok. I'll talk to you later."

Don't study too hard. Hahaha.

"I won't. Bye."

Bye.



Holly Ludewig

Bitch, Tim thought, putting down the phone, but he was smiling. He wished he could have asked Tina to the concert, but that music just wasn't her speed. She had photo clips from TEEN and ROCK HITS magazine taped to the inside of her locker. Very embarrassing, for Tim at least.

He looked back to the TV. Gilligan's Island. What more could anyone ask for?

That counterproposal from Phipps really upset me. Where are my keys? Ok, here we go, it's open.

Tim! Tim, are you home? Hell, I can hear the TV from here, he must be home.

"Yeah, I'm home, Dad." Urrrr. I just want to sleep. I want to forget Phipps, forget the proposal, forget the whole damn thing.

Tim, the trash men are coming tomorrow. Did you take out the trash?

"Yeah, sure." What the hell does that mean? Oh I don't have the energy to argue with that little bastard. The mail is inside again, why does he always bring it in? Bills, a letter from the bank...Screw it.

I'm taking a nap now, Tim, so turn down the volume.

"Ok, sure." Kids today. When I was a kid, I would call my dad "Sir" and now here I am with this goddam ingrateful little punk. Is that justice? Christ.

Tim listened to the sound of his father's footsteps climbing the shagged stairs. He got up from his chair, walked over to the TV, and pressed the mute button. He remained standing, examining the screen.

EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES—PLEASE STAND BY.

He put his palm up against the screen and let the static gently ripple the tiny hairs of his hand.

EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES—PLEASE STAND BY.

Tim made a fist and smashed it into the screen. ●

Lovesick

My grass-stained feet ran through your hair
scampered up to an emotional peak.

I wound up your spiral of DNA,
like Mary Poppins flying up a banister,
so as to know you, gene by gene,
each protein that catalyzes your reactions.

I zoomed up so close to your skin that I
could see you like the camera that shows
stubble as big black monoliths in razor ads.

I would have jumped from a forty foot tower
of bamboo for you with only
your ribbons of breath tied to my ankles.

And then I would have stood in my boxers
at the arctic and dribbled water on my blue body,
until I was a statue poised waiting for you,

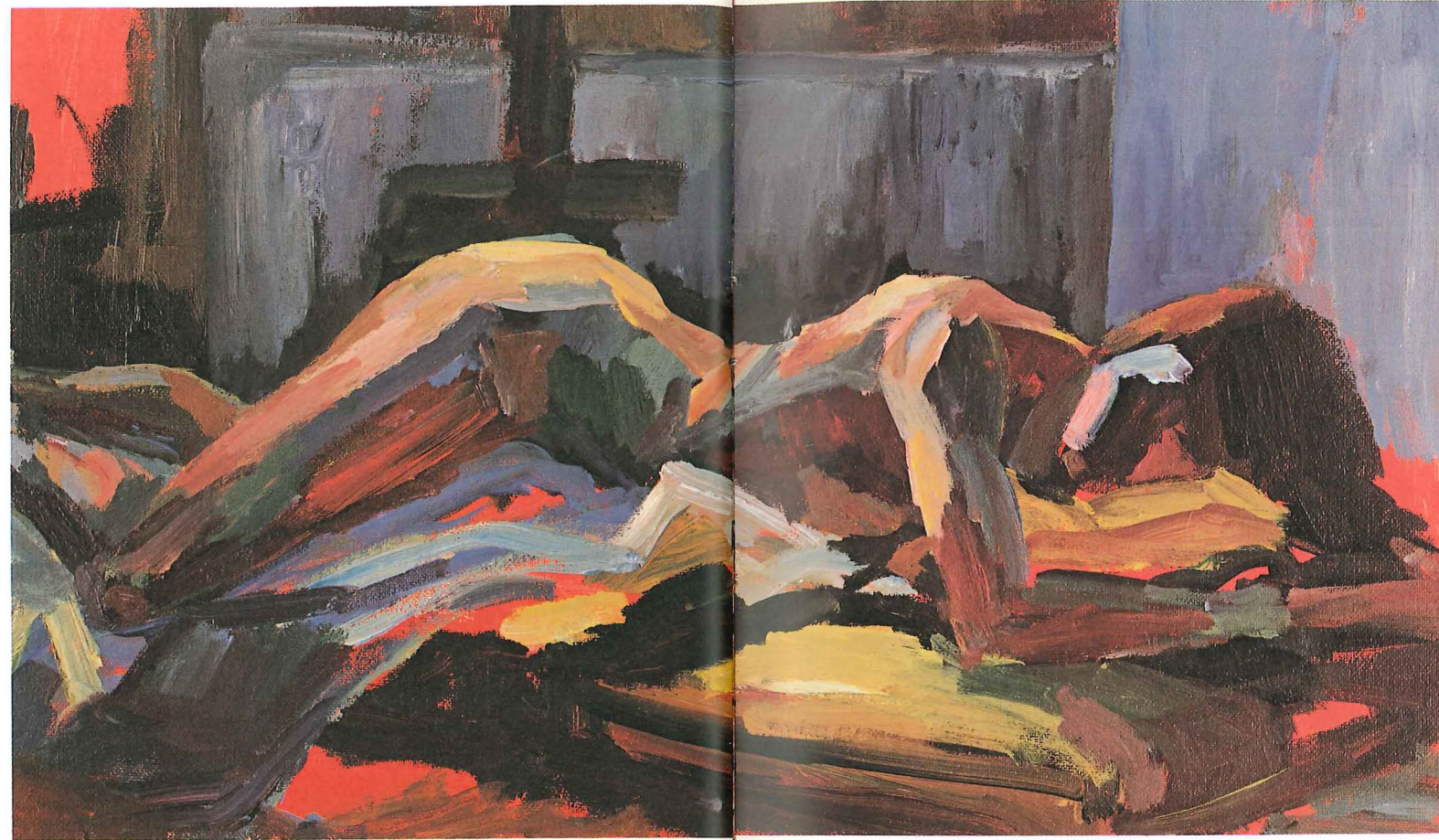
Then I would have even sat on the dynamite
that lay at the foot of the mountain
and let you tap-dance on the detonator
and blow me sky-high
all so you could build your new super highway

I had chipped you out of marble
and placed you on a stand
only so you could spit down on me.

And so, sudden shift from warm to cold,
and illness first grows, and I vomit love,
I sneeze love, and the hot canker sore
of love burns into my skin, I am bent over,
crooked with bursting stomach pains of love,

I lie down shivering on the jungle floor,
and lick my screaming wounds.

Steve Cosson



Holly Ludewig oil paints

Now I See

I saw you again last night posing in the shadows by your-
self wearing a designer smile and the girls that drifted by you
took no notice as the words trickled from your lips like a
leaky faucet and you saw me again and I smiled back but had
to turn away to push away poignant pictures of our times
together listening to the soft music we couldn't hear ourselves
lie and I laughed and danced not caring anymore because in
the darkness I could see us in a different light.

Michelle Goldstein

PLEN-T PAK

You held your breath and stamped.

"There ain't no more flavor left.
I wanna nother stick."

Is what you said
after you fed
me lengthwise
into your mouth
chewed me into a wad
of Wrigley's cud
and jettisoned me, saliva-sodden,
onto the sidewalk.

"Ew. Look what prosaic blob
found its way under my heel!
Pick it off,
will ya, Sweetness?"

Which he did.

Steve Chao

What Happens When The Lights Turn On?

What happens
when the lights
turn on?
The faces
(once veiled by darkness)
are now
VISIBLE,
but they still have
no
last names.

Nothing changes.

The smiles, the kisses,
the warm embraces,
the fingers
t r a c i n g
a tender face—
they happened.
They honestly happened!
Or did they?

Everything changes.

The lights expose
inane grins.
Parting begins
—and ends—
with
a peck on the cheek.
(little more than
a handshake)

Nothing happens
when the lights
are ON.

Grace Chu



The Second Cut

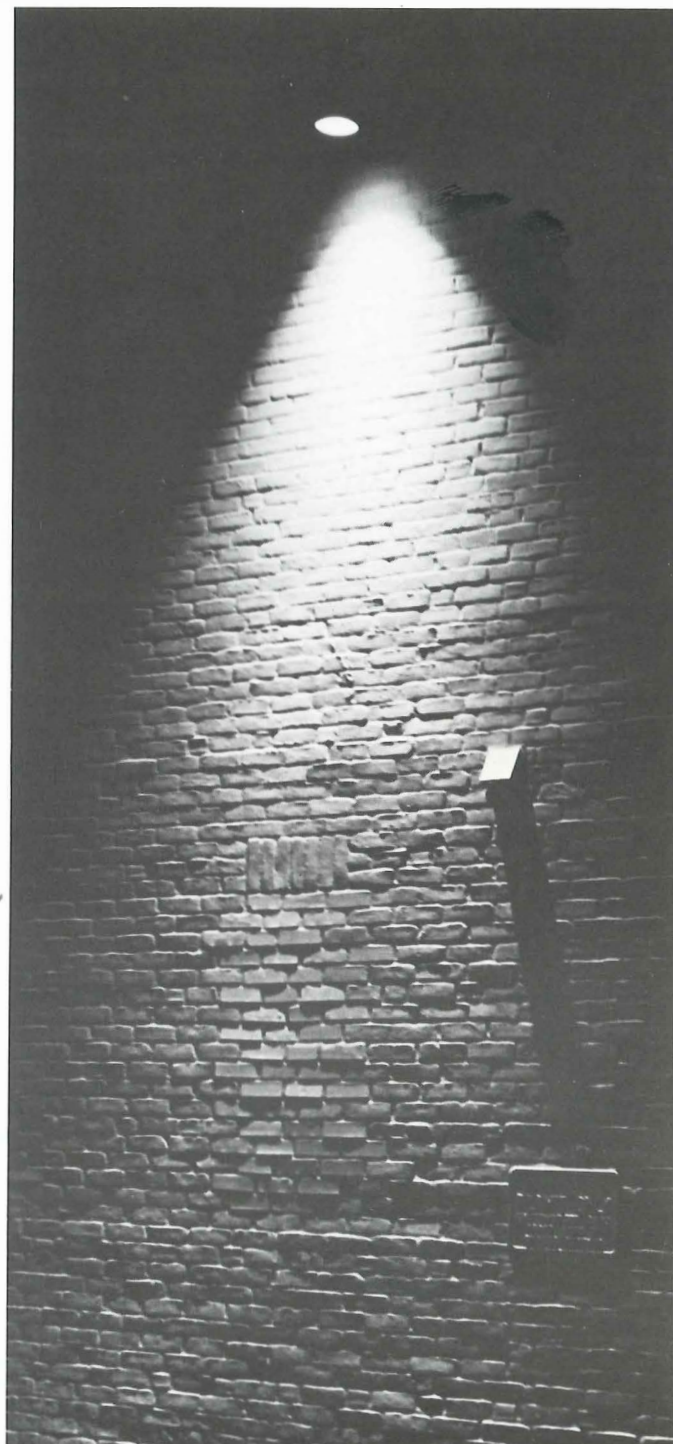
Open this crusty tomb
and it will spout truth.
(Why did you seal it up last time?)
The season has returned
when they found you on the tile.

Now you are experienced in this dubious dissection.
Look at the pale skin, Janie,
a little tougher now.
It still holds shadows of black railroad tracks
removed soon ago.
You have a weak seam at best, here.

Turn it sunnyside
and look at the clean side of
your beautiful palette.
How well do you really know it?

Once again you must try to cut yourself
from this trusty womb.
Slice open that crusty tomb, Jane,
it will spout relief.

Daniel Jason



Steve Kramer

final scenes

The wanderer with canvas skin
and war-torn sandals circulates,
burdened with a sign
that reads, *legalize Hubris*.
His brow is blood-smeared
and the eyes below are lifeless caverns.

(This is not the end.)

The barbarian, naked and grinning,
carries his sandbag muscles about.
He wears a loincloth of human flesh
and polishes his sword with the King's shroud.
What doesn't kill me,
he growls, *makes me stronger.*

(This is not the end.)

The mother clutches her infant
to her swelling bosom and smiles proudly.
The babe, yellowed and stiff,
has long since suffocated in its blue blanket.
That's a beauty baby boy,
she croons, *baby beauty.*

(This is not the end.)

The young punk with the deadman's boots and
mutilated hair
is screaming obscenities into
a disconnected microphone.
godbitchhellldamncrapassbastards
He has cheated himself
out of his inheritance.

(This is not the end.)

The trader rings his golden bell, tingles
it hypnotically above his throaty call.
Nickles for a dime, the trader
shouts, *dimes for a quarter*.
The quarters he will sell for a dollar,
and for the dollars he sells his soul.

(This is not the end.)

The pimp smiles like a Chinese ambassador.
His girl is dressed in a nun's habit this time.
you got something i want, the pair chorus,
i got something you need.
They barter themselves with each
other. It is an even trade.

(This is not the end.)

Four wolves devour the general's corpse.
His last words: *Dulce et decorum*
est pro patria mori.
Blood pools thickly around him;
now he is an island.
His rigid hand grips four slack leashes.

(This is not the end.)

The thief has reformed. There is nothing worth
stealing and no way to hold on to it anyway.
Now he is an escape-artist in the circus.
They haven't built the lie
that can hold me yet, he boasts,
safe behind the bars of
his latest imaginary cell.

(This is not the end.)

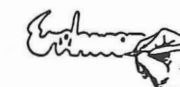
The joker is in fits, cackling and howling
and rolling about gasping for breath.
It's all a joke, he says,
I'm dying of laughter,
and the hollow echoes of his laughter
just make him laugh all the more.

(This is not the end.)

The witness sits silently,
covering his head to
hear/speak/see
no evil, while inside,
he whispers his lies
like mantras.

*This, I tell myself,
is not the end. This
is not the end. This
is not the end. This
is not
this is
this
not this
is not*

Behrouz Montakhab



YOU SHOULD MISS WHAT YOU'RE SEEING

Todd Pruzan

"Wake up."
Naturally, I didn't.
Dan poked me. "Wake the hell up, already!"
"What is it?" My throat was dry and the mattress I lay on was covered in my own cold, clammy sweat. I groaned.

"The lady down the hall. Mrs. MacBonde. Her kid."

"What—is he dying?"

"Dying?" He was obviously frowning, even though I couldn't see for sure. "Not that I know of. Why?"

I pushed myself off the floor and mumbled, "Oh, I dunno...the kid's always dying, isn't he?"

"Need some help, Doc?"

"No. Thank you." I took a deep breath and rubbed my hands from the dust they had been in all night. I reached behind the chair and put my shirt on, and then leaned over and stuck my hands into a shallow washtub. I splashed some stagnant water over my face and into my eyes.

"Here's a flashlight." Dan handed me a dim little red stick and I took it. I used it to rummage around in a small box, and I found an old first aid kit.

"Break a leg."

"Shut up." I laughed. "Yeah, the kid's."

It wasn't easy to open the door—not as easy as it should have been. It was cold and heavy and I crammed the box under my arm. I had not put on shoes; actually, they had finally broken the day before. Or was it the one before that? How to tell? Oh, yes. The Casio on my wrist. I wondered how far away from the real time my digital readout had wandered since I had last set it. I suppose I had forgotten to adjust to the daylight savings time every year—but then, it only mattered six months out of the year, right?

Perhaps I should clarify. My name is Allen Sprynge—not rhyming with "syringe," but pronounced as "spring." The reason I haven't set my watch again

is that I have not been able to contact the time lady for a number of years. It must be at least four by now. I also have not bought new clothes in the same time, but it's not something that preoccupies my thoughts. Dan, by the way, is my best friend, and I still come to him with my problems, just like I used to, a long time ago when we were struggling through high school. His last name is Gassani, but I forgot exactly how to spell it. I'm sure he has too. Well, maybe not. But I think it's a good guess.

He called me Doc only because I happen to remember first aid and CPR from the stupid crash courses they used to give us in junior high, in which people learn it in two weeks and forget it in the same. I memorized it in case there was ever an accident, which there are plenty, by the way, so everybody comes to me when someone has a cut or bruises or anything like that.

They don't always come to me when someone is dying, but sometimes they do.

The floor was frigid, especially since I had no shoes, and the dim beam of light scavenged down the hall and across doors. One of them revealed snoring when I passed it; a second had coughing, and the one next to that had crying. That was the one.

"Hi, Ma'am. What can I do for you?"

She glared at me, angry that I was so flippant, and her tear-stained face and eyes were filled with pain. And worry. She said nothing.

"What is it?" I looked at her and her tattered skirt, which she knelt upon. "Boy trouble?" I laughed, and snapped my fingers. "Oh, yes. You're *hungree*."

She began to weep, and she shook her head, but still made no sound.

"You're *thirstee*." I almost laughed. I'll go to hell, probably—but no, I'll make up for it when I fix the kid up. She was crying audibly now, and presently buried her face in her dirty hands. The left hand was



Caty Forden

covered in dust, like the right, and had dirt blended into the skin except on a band on her ring finger. She'd sold it. For food for the kid. Now there was no ring, but a white spot.

"Oh, it's Andy, isn't it?" She removed her hands when I said that.

"Yes, yes..." I knelt down next to her; actually, I even felt a little sorry for her, even though it was out of my line to feel sorry for other people, besides yourself and *maybe* best friend. "Is he sick?" Weak nod, and then arms thrown around my shoulder. "Fever, is it?"

She collected her senses, and sniveled. "Well, I'm not sure, I mean..." She turned away; I followed her face, and then she turned away even more. "He hasn't eaten anything for so long, I just..." She started to cry again. "I don't know. Please do something."

I crawled around her sleeping area and found a small, pale kid embedded in darkness. He was awake, barely, and lay next to a loaded bedpan which actually didn't bother me too much—I was used to the scent of them.

"Hel-looo, Andy." He mumbled a salutation back to me, and I stuck my palm under his brown bangs. His head felt pretty normal, and I poked a thermometer into his mouth.

"What's new?" My joke wasn't too funny by now, but the woman laughed anyway—slightly.

"Do you think it's about finished yet? I mean, don't you?" She smiled a little bit, a sad, weak smile. "I mean, we've done this enough, don't you think?"

"I don't know." I turned the flashlight off and we sat in the darkness together. "I guess..." I spoke slowly, as I always did when I spoke absently, "they'll just get us back up when they feel like it. I think its trial and error."

"Do they send someone to tell us?"

"No," I said. "I'll just go up and check it out for you. Howzat?"

The kid started to make humming noises, so I turned the light on and pulled the glass out of his mouth. It read 102.2, and I said, "Well, Andy, looks like you're fine." I showed the thermometer to Mrs. MacBonde, and she gasped. I whispered, "Shut up. Play along. Keeps up stamina and morale."

She was distraught anyway, and probably confused. But I didn't care. It's not that I'm evil like that, it's just...I have an aversion to my own job. I've done this crap for the past four years, and I've seen quite a bit of dying. By now, *yöu* could say I even resent it, having learned this stuff. And having people getting me to work the miracles. Hell, I'm not a God. If half these people knew me—had *known* me—they would know I'm a bad kid, sort of. Detention king, all that jazz. My parents would have told them at the various social dinner parties what a clown I was. But there were no dinner parties, and I had no parents.

"Well, all right," said the woman. I started to leave, but she touched my arm and asked me to stay. I did, because I could see that Andy MacBonde was a very sick little eight-year-old, and might kick the bucket pretty soon if I didn't keep an eye on him—and then, *maybe* even if I did.

We started to talk about something that concerned all of us: food. There wasn't too much. There never was, but we were starting to find a little more. It wasn't because we were finding vegetables or anything. Actually, it was because the glutton who was distributing it to everybody in here died. For awhile I was sad, on human terms, but I got over it in a few minutes. Actually, it was my fault. I let him die.

Anyway, I took the liberty of handing it out myself...

The woman asked me when the whole experience inside the shelter would finally end, and I honestly could not tell her. Stupid woman! Doesn't she know she'll die as soon as she gets outside? She'll never be able to support herself—she can't hunt or steal. Nobody seems to know that this is the best place on earth. We're all friends here—not too honest, perhaps, but we don't have to worry about what's upstairs.

I never wanted to be here. I tried to run into the street just as the bomb fell, but I was too late. It hit the city before I even knew about it, and God knows I would be better off dead. I had always planned to call friends and tell them and then get the hell outside so I could meet up with the bomb and die without suffering. Too bad I had obligations with priority.

Mrs. MacBonde touched my arm and pointed to her son. He was clearly not well, but he didn't say anything. I went to take a look; he was white as a sheet, and shivering.

"How're you feeling, Andy?" I asked uneasily.

"Fine." It's hard to break the habit of saying that. But he soon changed his mind and said, "Not too good, actually."

I pushed the thermometer back into his mouth and dampened a washcloth, which I placed on his forehead. The water was unfit for drinking, but we could still use it for other things if we had to. Andy was livid, and the wet rag made him sigh. A drop of the water trickled next to his nose.

After a couple of minutes I removed the rod and checked it; now it said that the kid's temperature was closing in on 104! He was beginning to whine when Mrs. MacBonde asked me if everything was all right.

"No worries, no worries," I said. The kid asked me what his temperature was, and I lied again. His mother had obviously forgotten, and said, "Oh, good!"

"Yes, isn't it," I replied. It wasn't. Not for her, anyway—her son was not going to last too long. And he was suffering, I could see that much. I felt that there might be something I could do, even if it might upset the little boy's mother.

"Yes," I said. I turned the flashlight off. "Better save those batteries, huh?"

"I suppose. Have you got more?"

"Oh, yes, I have a few more pairs. Why? Do you have any you might want to get rid of?" I knew what the answer would be, but it was a good conversation topic anyway, even if it *was* bull.

"Afraid not." She glanced around the room, I could see in the gloom, but there was no way she could really see anything.

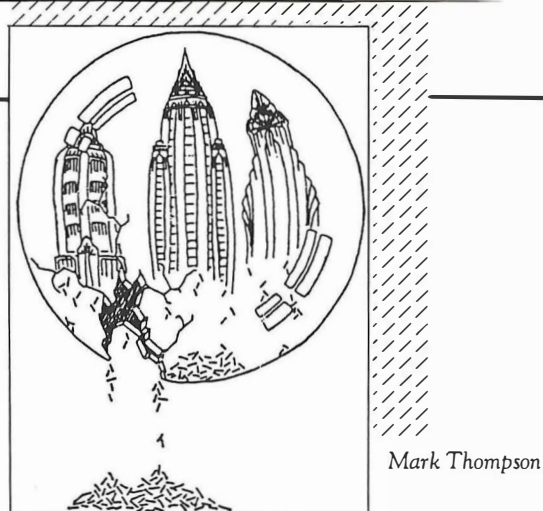
"What time is it?" murmured Andy.

I turned my flashlight back on and flipped my wrist from under my sleeve. "It's about eight. In the morning." Not that it mattered. But I guess it was something to think about.

Then the kid began to shiver again, as I could hear, and I flashed the torch toward his mattress.

"Oh, boy."

"What?" said Mrs. MacBonde.



"I'm not sure. This could be bad. Could I ask you to leave for a moment, Ma'am?"

"Oh...Oh! My baby!" She was almost screaming.

"Please, don't panic—please. I'm going to try to do the best for him," I told her. She snivelled and left the room.

"...the best for all of us." I closed the door.

"I'm not feeling too good, sir," said the emaciated little boy. You know, for a minute, I really started to feel sad that there was nothing to do. Not just helpless. I know because I feel nauseated when I'm helpless.

I wasn't helpless. Just lazy.

I knew I could save the boy, but the results wouldn't be valuable at all: He would probably die soon anyway. But we would get low on food; if everybody lived until we ran out, everyone would die.

Damn it, this is survival of the fittest, okay?

I rubbed his shoulder. "Sorry, kid." Before I even hit him, he said it was okay—he knew what had to happen. I knew I had to help him die, and then I punched him very hard in the stomach. Twice.

At first, he only made some "oomph" noises, and then he began to cough. Blood. He didn't stop for a while. His body was still convulsing, and his coughs were getting weaker, when I finally ushered him into the next level of consciousness. I tried to feel remorse for the euthanasia, but I couldn't—and this surprised me because it wasn't entirely a mercy killing, either. I knew we could eat a little extra, now that one more little boy was dead: that is, one ration split about forty-five ways.

I made sure he was gone before I went out into the hall and closed the door. Mrs. MacBonde rushed to me and hugged me, crying into my shoulder.

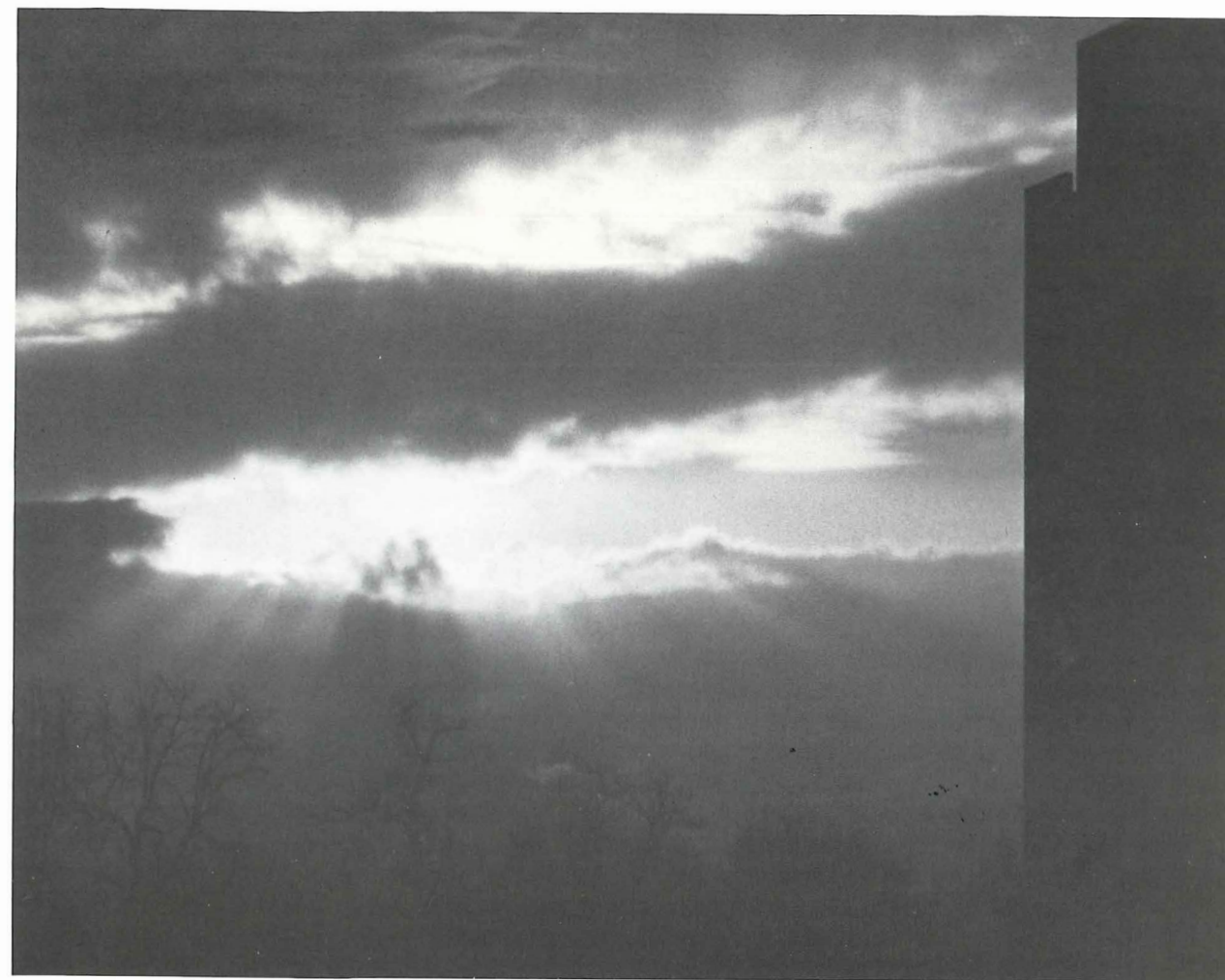
Others were appearing from their rooms now, looking at this pathetic woman, and the would-be-hero who had saved some and lost others. Here was another example of the latter. And soon, Dan was at the other end of the hall, looking at me.

You got it: the paramedic, the hero, was here.

We'd all eat a bit extra, for a while, and then even more when someone else meets his maker.

If my friends were here...They should see what they're missing—no, maybe not...

Then I realized I was smiling and I stopped. ●



Andy Gordon

Drawing the Nuclear Line

Blue arcs dazzle gray cities
weary, dulled and tugged
by television messages
haunting living rooms and
midnight dreams.
A child draws with red and blue
detering nightmares swiftly flying
through the stars
warring relentlessly against
a crayon map
where death, colored black
penetrates innocent sculptures
of peace.

Beth Kramer
second place poetry



Tom

Dear Mom and Dad it's me Johnny
War is such a tragedy.
I have a friend his name is Tom,
Can he come home with me?

Johnny, honey, it's Mom and Dad
Wish the fighting was done.
Tom can stay as long as he wants,
Take care we love you son.

Dear Mom and Dad it's me Johnny,
I fight from dawn to dusk.
During battle Tom lost an arm,
Can he still stay with us?

Johnny, honey, it's Mom and Dad
When are you coming here?
Tom can stay for a week or two,
Johnny we love you dear.

Dear Mom and Dad it's me Johnny,
Today they dropped a bomb.
Tom lost his legs and other arm,
We're fine both me and Tom.

Johnny, honey, it's Mom and Dad,
Sorry, but Tom can't stay.
We don't want to care for a cripple,
But Tom can visit someday.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Doe,
Your son has fought with pride.
We give our deepest sympathies,
Cause of death: Suicide.

Johnny's body arrived the next day,
War is such a tragedy.
When Mom and Dad opened the coffin,
Johnny had no arms or legs.

Andy Lee



Brian Orlov

Intrafamily Difficulties

Rebels fighting
for freedom
from the empire
A long time ago...

in the hills outside Managua
sniper fire
from some farmer boy
is echoed

in a galaxy far, far away...
Arthur contemplates
the concept of original sin.
"Is all we do
for naught?"

or for his uncle and aunt,
murdered,
in a hut in the middle of a cornfield,
And his father,
betrayed by the darkness.

So take this saber of light
from the stone
and fill it with ammunition,
and use it.
For the idea is perfectible
and the cause is just.

Or so the sorcerer says.

For isn't it curious
how you find,
after the battle smoke has cleared away,
that the Force
is really
a man
in a different uniform
with a face very much like that of
your own

father's.

Robert Sondik



LIFE THROUGH SLIT EYES

Brad Engelstein

The boy watched the cat, now flat up against the far corner, its body heaving irregularly up and down. He could see a scraggly pink ball he could only guess was a head protruding from the lower end of the cat, and he wondered vaguely if he oughtn't help and pull at it.

He had asked his father about it once, and his father had answered, "Leave cats be, son. Don't you mess with those things."

Still, as the boy sat in awe, his head lowered parallel to the wooden slats of floor, his eyes taking in the long cat's twisting and convulsing, and the small pink thing slowly pulling from its home, there seemed to be so much tension, he wasn't sure that he had the self-control to avoid running over there and just pulling the thing out. What would it be like? Is it thinking? Is the ugly thing happy?

The boy had expected there to be a lot of blood but there was almost none, only this pink plasma-type fluid. The little thing's head was encased in it, like in the helmet of an astronaut. That's what the boy wanted to be—an astronaut up in space. He wanted to carry his own laser beam kill gun too, if they would let him.

The boy wondered if this was what momma looked like when she was having him. He looked hard at the cat's eyes. An ugly kind of expression really. He couldn't help staring though. He had an odd impulse to excuse himself, to say, "I hope you don't mind my watching," but soon was over it.

Finally it was out. The little hairless pink thing lay on the floor like it was dead, seemingly weakened from all its mother's work. It curled up, perhaps bewildered by the lights, the sounds, all the feeling. The boy watched for a little while longer. The cat went over to the naked creature and licked it with her fat tongue so that it curled up even more, like those millipedes would do when the boy shoved

heavy hands near them. She curled around the thing, as though keeping it warm. The boy wondered if there were love in the wretched incident. Have I seen two births?

There is a time, unfortunately, when a boy comes to the blank end of a rope and realizes that he may not be as interested in a thing as he had believed or even hoped himself to be. That hour finally struck, and the boy went out to play some stickball.

Hero's an odd sort of boy, by many people's standards and certainly by his own. He's infinitely curious about things (possibly spawned by his father's urges for him to just take life as it comes), and then not so, really. Actually he often seems to be one great creature of contradictions. He's always both tired and restless after playing stickball, for one thing. That's a contradiction that drives him crazy sometimes. He'll always be most annoyed at people when they're being kindest and most appreciative, too. (I suppose it can be argued that he's only annoyed at himself those times.) Another thing is that he'll be happy when he succeeds at school, but sad also. Once, I remember, when he had gotten a hundred percent on a paper, he lashed out at his teacher. I said to him, "What's wrong with you? You just got a perfect score on your essay and you look like someone just died." He says my words were ingrained within him. He likes me to disagree with him—another contradiction of sorts.

"How can you give me a hundred," he had cried to Miss Birney. "I don't know it all! I don't! I don't!"

I remember some student gave him a rough kick, then, against his ankle, to let him know he was being conceited by arguing with a good grade. Arguing was reserved for those with bad grades. The purpose of arguing, or even commenting, was to get a better grade. Everybody knew the grade was what mattered.

After that Hero didn't do so well at school. He's just like that, with contradictions, I mean; first being so excited about school, and then finding it pointless. He should've known all along.

Sometimes I don't understand him, I admit, but I like Hero. I think most people do, though he refuses to know it. I'm his neighbor and have been for seven years, and sometimes we play stickball together, just the two of us, underneath the great oak tree between our yards, and then we can forget about other crazier things.

Time moved on in its shimmers and waves, and soon Hero was seventeen. He had two friends, really, his older brother and I. His brother was a religion major with frizzy hair, and he liked to talk about self-imposed divine sight. Me, well, I can't describe myself. I'm kind of tall with light hair that's wavy in front and I have freckles (I tried to scrape them off when I was young) and I like to wear tennis shoes with the laces cut too short so they're never tied and never really untied. That's me, the tennis shoes bit, to a T. Pretentious, silly, and clever as a rat, though clever isn't really the word at all.

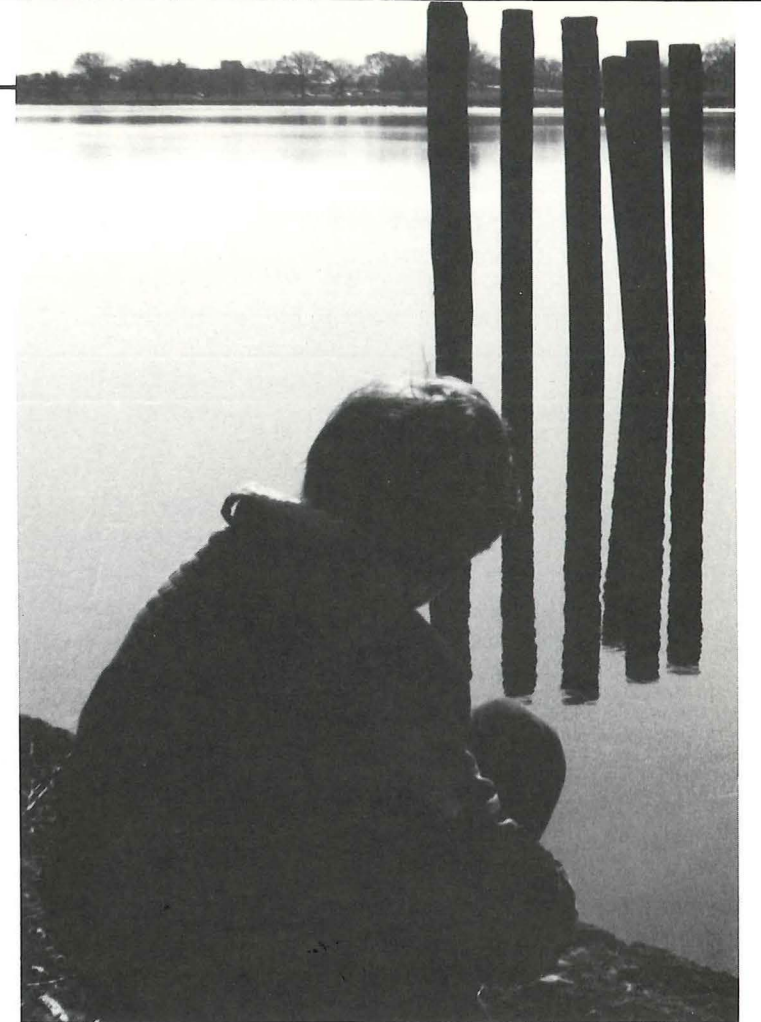
It was a funny thing, but as I passed through the seasons of junior high and high school, the anomalies of Hero's life started fading. It wasn't really he as much as I. I was changing, and incredibly, he had waited for me. Or perhaps he couldn't move on, perhaps he had reached an impasse, a plateau of meaninglessness, of loss.

I understood Hero a lot better now. That's why I was so scared. He had always done strange things, like cut himself on purpose just to feel the "sting"—the most tangible emotion reality has to offer.

Now I was not only understanding him, but finding those same impulses inside myself, mostly self-destructive ones. They were buried deep, and Hero was uncovering them. Which was maybe good and maybe bad, but certainly scary.

Hero and I had a lot of talks about death and suffering and pain. He had changed a lot when his mother died, when he was still a boy. The whole family had gone through a series of adjustments, and for a while he had been terribly depressed.

His one goal was to be God or to not reproduce and then die. That, he said, was the key to life. Completeness. It was his obsession. Everything had to be "right." It had to be complete. Full circle, extreme. Either you changed the world or you disappeared a nobody. That's what his mother's death taught him. You can't do that to other people. It's not fair; you can't die, in any sense, and leave disadvantaged limbs to fight in the storm. You go all the way or you take it all down with you.



Heidi Gruner

But the more I think, the more I find myself wondering if he just didn't give up, if the cross wasn't just too heavy.

He broke down once. It was a lazy spring day of our junior year, and I went to Hero's house as I often did. He and I were monkeying around, wrestling, when I pinned him down, gripping his wrists and pulling his arms out and up over his head.

I saw him wince, his eyes squeeze, his cheeks pale. His body went weak. "Hey!" I said, releasing him and standing up slowly. "Hero?"

His voice was hoarse. He said he was all right; he wandered around the room, as in a daze.

"Did I hurt you? Is something," I was whispering, and then my voice lost itself. He had walked to the window facing the field behind his house. His palms were flat against the window and his eyes were glassy and almost glowing. I stood, transfixed, watching him in some type of meditation. A finger traced against the pane of glass.

Suddenly he reached down, flipped open the lock and forced the window up. He thrust his legs in the opening and slid through, shoving his head back and chin up, to clear the frame. "Wait," I cried.

He landed on the deck, a half-story below, feet first, like a wild animal. I looked out the window, then turned and ran down the steps, through the

kitchen and out the wide sliding-door to join him. He didn't say a word to me; his face was placid, his eyes fixed against the horizon. He seemed a great Indian chief, then, wise but inscrutable, to be revered. I followed his gaze to two stick-markers.

I stood respectfully, listening to the sounds of birds rustling on fall leaves somewhere beyond my scope of vision. "What," I stopped, clearing my throat, softening my voice. "What are those?"

He turned, and his eyes were filled with some intense quality—fervor so physical it coated the surface of his eyes like tears. Burial site, he said.

I looked again at the marks. His mother? I wondered with a chill. Later I found that pets were buried there, cats that had died around the time of his mother's death, that had come to be some kind of symbol for him.

Afterwards, when we ate lunch and the sun dropped over the field, Hero talked. He talked like I had never heard him talk before, about the world, about feeling things, about reality, about responsibility and sacrifice. Hero knew about sacrifice. He had visions—a sight of how the world should be. Not really in the moral sense, it wasn't his conscience but more his intuition, his very soul, that thrust upon him a sense of duty. To make things "right;" that was his own personal mission, his cross to bear. He was driven. Nothing was real, nothing could count, until it had achieved its potential, until it had found its ultimate state. He would sacrifice anything to achieve the Balance. He said he could do no less.

We talked about the ultimate completeness of death, and about existence, or lack of it, but I didn't realize how serious he was about it all. I wish I could talk to him one last time. I would say, "You're all right. You're my Hero. You don't need to go make the world real for me."

I would also say something about part of completeness being incompleteness, something that I know he understood but somehow forgot. I don't know how I would've worded that part though; maybe I would have mentioned the hundred incident, and how he wouldn't let himself be satisfied.

That was the problem: His vision could never be fulfilled, not with the contrived aspect—himself. Only with the frame removed could things be natural, could things be real. He knew he was there, but he never believed in himself. Or maybe he thought that only his sacrifice could set the rightness in motion. In any case, somehow he just didn't figure in.

Hero said that violence was a completeness, that by keeping it stored up inside you were putting yourself off balance. It had to come out, or you'd be incomplete. The problem was that he never found a way to do it except the hurting way. Maybe that's

the only way, or the only real way, or the only complete way.

Anyway, I wish I could have had one last time. To say no.

The boy, cheeks pallid and streaked, returned to his room, carrying the limp cat in the crook of one arm and its little week-old baby in the hand of the other. He flopped the heavy cat down on the bed, her hairs all stiff with the mark of distemper. She stayed the way she hit.

He looked at the little baby. It was wriggling uncomfortably in his grasp. It was warm and soft, unlike the cold mass that had been its mother.

He put the mother in a pail, gently, and then pushed the baby against her, burying it in her tangled fur. He carried the pail downstairs, silently, opened the back screen door, and walked outside to the tool shack where he got a shovel. A thick mist was rising outside. He gave one last pitying look to the baby, reached down, and holding its neck in his hand, squeezed until it was dead. Then he went out to bury them. ●

Winter's Chill

Winter's chill runs through my veins
Streaming with frozen fury
Across icy branches.
Revealing rays of light
Illuminate thick scratches
Embedded in opaque ice.
Snow falls against the pain.
Tears freeze,
Icicles on a frost-bitten cheek.
I remain,
Embraced in winter's solitude
With a shivering heart,
Chilled by you.

Michelle Goldstein

The Mired Sky

The clank clunk of a tin can
stabs and flounces
from the howl and gust of the prancing swirl.
The hard ground pouts
from the pelts of the crystal darts.
The dark curtain flocks as a herd
and with a clap it strikes.
Dancing streaks dot the sky.
It even scrapes and splits the most solid rock.
But from under the shackle
sprouts a white bud.

Andy Lee
third place poetry



Heidi Gruner



Patrons

The Avrunin Family
Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Baden
The Buckholtz Family
The Cosson Family
The Cheng Family
Mr. and Mrs. Jerry C. Cohen
Susie and Bebe Diamond
Dr. and Mrs. Joel Engelstein
Finest Hours
Noelle Denise Graham
Hair Co. of Potomac
Mr. Philip Kirby
The Lin Family
Hugh and Linda Lynch
The Observer
Penguin Feather Records
Roger and Sheila Pies
Marvin and Joan Rosenberg
The Sacks Family
Mr. and Mrs. Julian Seidel
William Terry
Elizabeth Weller

Special thanks to the Churchill Arts Department,
Dan Johnson, Tim Kugel, the Churchill PTSA,
Bill Wadhams, Whitey Olsen, Judi Rockefeller,
Rob Ginsberg and Joe and all the Penguins.

Benefactors

Andy and Jen TLF
Margaret and Mark Dodds
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gerard
Dr. and Mrs. Elliot Goldstein
Gracie, Mikie, and Rod-The Lollipop Gang
Dr. and Mrs. Philip K. Jason
Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Johnson
Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Johnson
The Jung Family
Dr. and Mrs. Azer Kehnemui
The Kramer Family
The Lane Family
Dr. and Mrs. James G. Ling
David and Chickie Lowenstein
Diane Russell
K.O. Urst
The Walsh Family
Judy C. Webster

Student Sponsors

Amaryllis
Nathan Avrunin
Axe
Big Bertha
Bertha's Brother
Corn
Doug
Anthony J. Horos
Invisible...AB (AM)
Jean Kim
Anne R. Key
Knights of the Overlying Latticework
Patty Kozuch
Reverend Jason and the Merry Pranksters
Jeffrey Blair Rosenberg
Tabatha S.
Plato Shrimp
Craig Sullivan
Captain Trips
Whenever I See Your Smiling Face...AB (JT)
Robert Williams
Rank Xerox

This magazine is dedicated to

Claude Clayton Smith
Mary B. Martin
Sarah Mate
Peggy Pfeiffer

*the advisors of Erehwon, 1966-1986
without whom...*

Typeset at The Writer's Center by Dan Johnson
Printed by Todd-Allan, Inc.

BOOKSTALL

9927-B Falls Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854
469-7800

Books - Comics - Nostalgia - Science Fiction
Dr. Who - Star Trek - Classics - Fantasy Wargames

The Barbarian Book Shop

Tues. - Sat. 12:00 - 6:00 11254 Triangle Lane
Sunday 1:00 - 6:00 Wheaton, MD 20902
Disneyana Wanted (301) 946-4184

THE ONE AND ONLY DEPARTMENT STORE FOR BOOKS IS RIGHT HERE!

Plus School Supplies, Sportswear &
Much More!

MARYLAND
BOOK
EXCHANGE

At the corner of Route 1 and
College Ave., across from
the University of Maryland.
4500 College Ave. 927-2510

INDIVIDUAL • COUPLES • FAMILY THERAPY • CAREER COUNSELING

Ann E. Yeck, Ph.D.

NATIONAL BOARD CERTIFIED COUNSELOR

5614 SHIELDS DRIVE
(9200 OLD GEORGETOWN ROAD)
BETHESDA, MD 20817

OFF: (301) 530-2253

HM: (301) 983-8138

Wilson's
MEN'S STORES

MONTGOMERY MALL SHOPPING CENTER
BETHESDA, MARYLAND
469-9232



Bartleby's Bookshop

a choice collection of new
& used books

Hours:
Mon. - Sat. 10-7
Sun. 12-6

Bethesda Square Mall
7710 Woodmont Ave.
Bethesda, MD 20814
(301) 654-4373

New, Rare, Imports - 45's and LP's Our Specialty

YESTERDAY & TODAY RECORDS

Open Seven Days A Week
Across From McDonald's

1327 - J Rockville Pike
Rockville, MD. 20852
301-279-7007

SKIP GROFF - Owner
DAVE STIMSON - Asst. Mgr.



Camalier & Buckley

In 1930, craftsmen from all over the world
helped establish Camalier & Buckley as a
leader in our field. We continue to be known
for excellent quality leather goods, luggage,
business cases, handbags and small personal
items.

Everything at Camalier & Buckley is
guaranteed for as long as you own the
product. We founded our business to service
the carriage trade and today we maintain the
commitment to those patrons who enabled
us to grow. All of which has contributed to us
serving you and Presidential Administrations
for over 50 years.

Serving presidential administrations for over 50 years
1141 Connecticut Avenue • 347-7700

Appalachiana

Georgetown Square Shopping Mall 10400 Old Georgetown Road
Bethesda, Maryland 20814 (301) 530-6770

Joan Farrell

Ann Powell



Floral Designs
of Potomac

Sandy Oseroff
Emily Oseroff

7915 Tuckerman Lane
Potomac, Maryland 20854
299-6878

For John, William,
and Margaret Judy

Love, Dad

Barbara Kristal & Associates
Diagnostic & Prescriptive Tutoring

further expands to meet your educational and tutorial needs...

*Our staff of professionals can work with your child
in your home.*

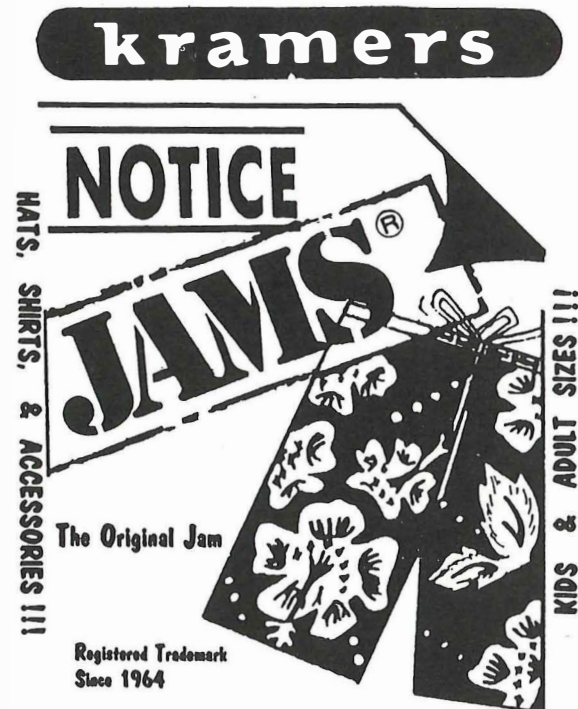
Preschool through college subjects, including:

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| • Pre Algebra | • Prep for College Achievement Tests |
| • Algebra | • Toefl Exams |
| • Geometry | • Learning Disabled |
| • Calculus | • Speech Pathology (Preschool on up) |
| • Trigonometry | • Reading Readiness |
| • Chemistry | • Remedial Reading |
| • Biology | • Elementary Math |
| • Physics | • Organizational Skills |
| • Political Science | ☆ Special Programs for Gifted and Talented |
| • English | ☆ Enrichment Classes for Elementary School Children |
| • Foreign Languages | |
| ☆ SAT Study Prep courses | |

Call
* 460-8881 *

Congratulations
Erehwon.

Compliments of



365-7988

MONTGOMERY MALL • UPPER LEVEL

Hours: 10-9:30 Sun: 12-5

Don't drink
and drive.

Compliments of
Pearson's Liquor

Happy Anniversary

May you
have many more successful years.

Churchill PTSA

