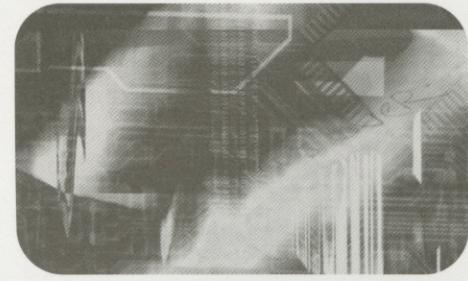
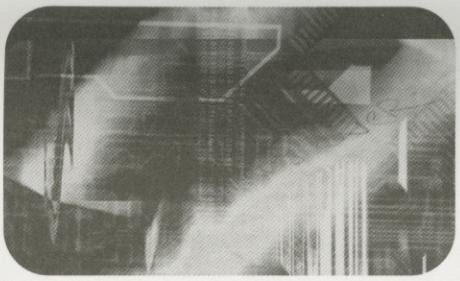


Three Men Torturing Another
Eric Philpott

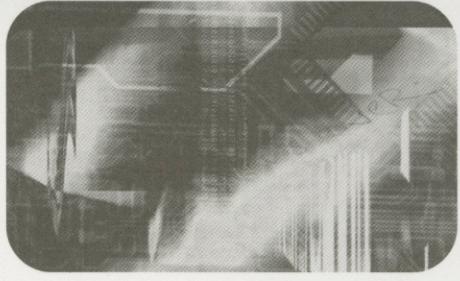
china marker and varnish



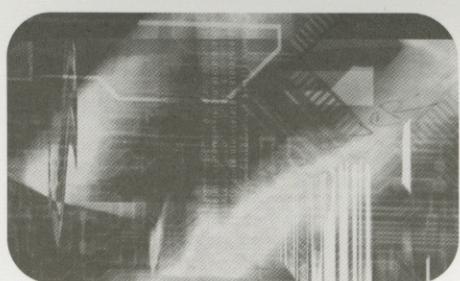
eric philpott
julie nastri
michael semich
shelly barger
melissa leahy
trauis choat



mitzi cross
wallanka edwards
tim enss
lucas antoniak
jay conley
kc stout
kirk gipson
jonathan trundle
henry school
marta slaughter
joey positano
jennifer steinfeldt
turner hutchens
susie maszaro
sarahonda thompson
lindsey turner



ariel dunham



C o m e s p r i n g

S h e l l y B a r g e

Julie Nastrri

An American Haiku: Big Bad Wolf

The emphatic breath

of the American dream

Can't blow my house down.

B

Brushing my mind over your body,
Imagining the curvatures of your hips,
As I descend like an airplane drawn by the gravity of your earthy perfume.
Into the oblivion of your indentations,
I surrender to your creamy, pale, and dimpled fascination.

Coming like spring,
Misty eyed and dewy limbed.
Pulsing with raw nestled in your sweet.
Splintering to bloom under cloud blanketed skies.

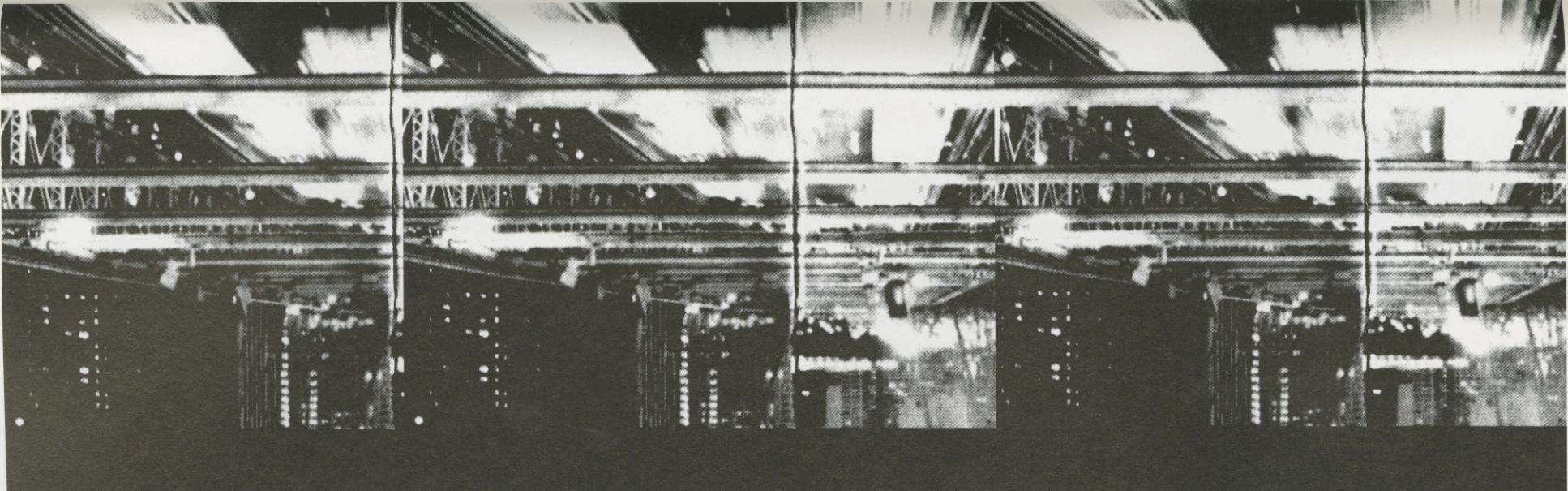
Gliding over the sand dunes of your limbs repossessing
O'ver my hen.
Like a lamb curled 'round lion.
You heard a map
Where my legs meet merrily.

Relishing the butterflies wriggling out of my toes,
Cherishing the wet heat of your breath on my calves.
Feeling it rosy my cheeks like a sunburn,
Burning the cobwebs of neglect from my senses.

T e a s e

Melissa Leahy

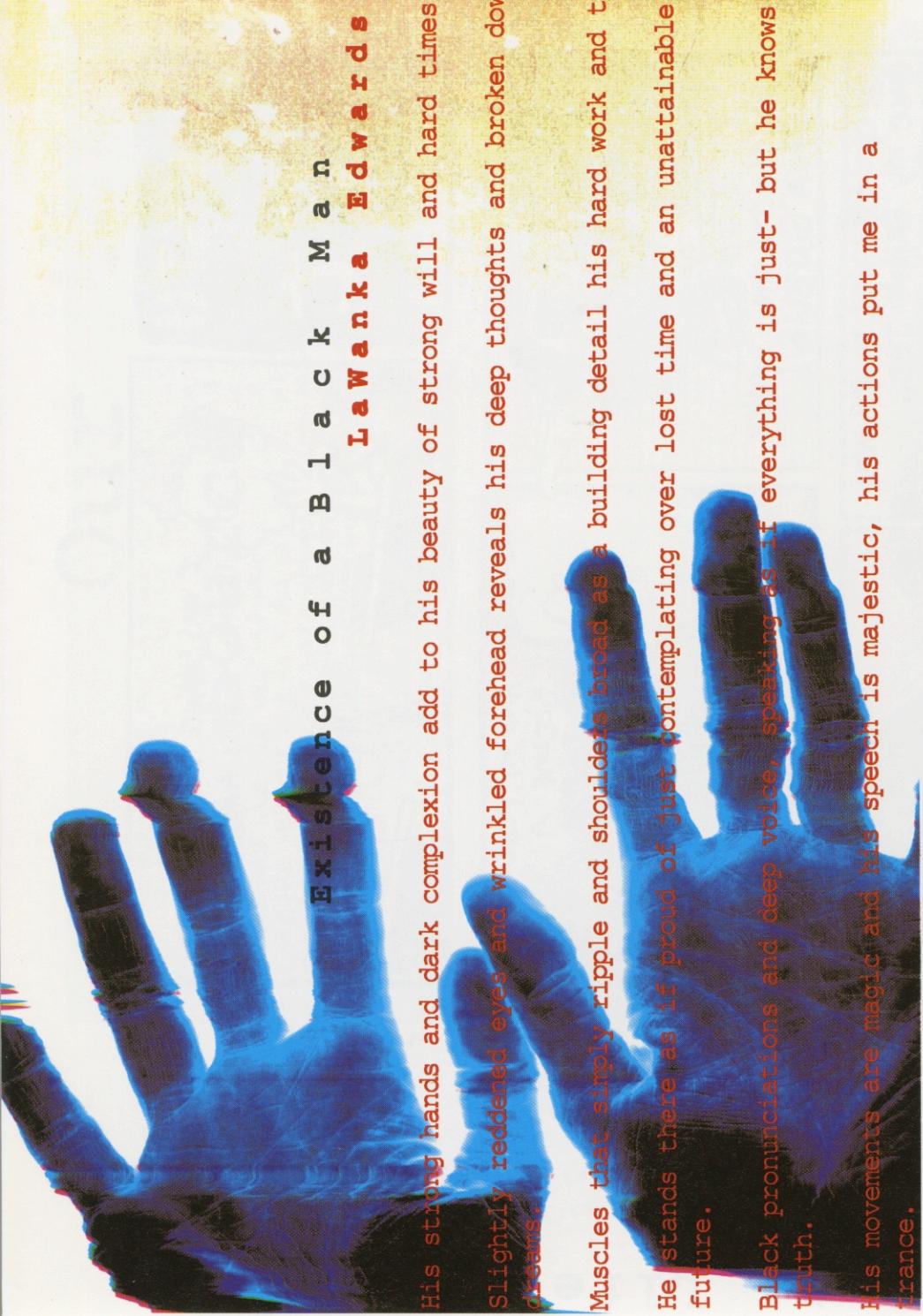
Just because I let you stare, meet your eyes, smile seductively
We play a game, you wink, I nod closer, closer
One step, two step
Watch my muscles twitch, my lashes flutter, lips sparkle
This is my territory, manipulate your mind, tug on your hormones like a puppet
I am the master.
Let you touch my silky hair - sweep it away with gentle fingertip kisses
Whisper in my ear - press your rough cheek to scratch my frozen face
In a trance, you lose control -
Never possessed it - leave you wanting, yearning, begging for more
Then I drop the strings and you fall, hard, broken pieces
Scattered and left to wonder -
What perfection tastes like.



A Newborn Wish

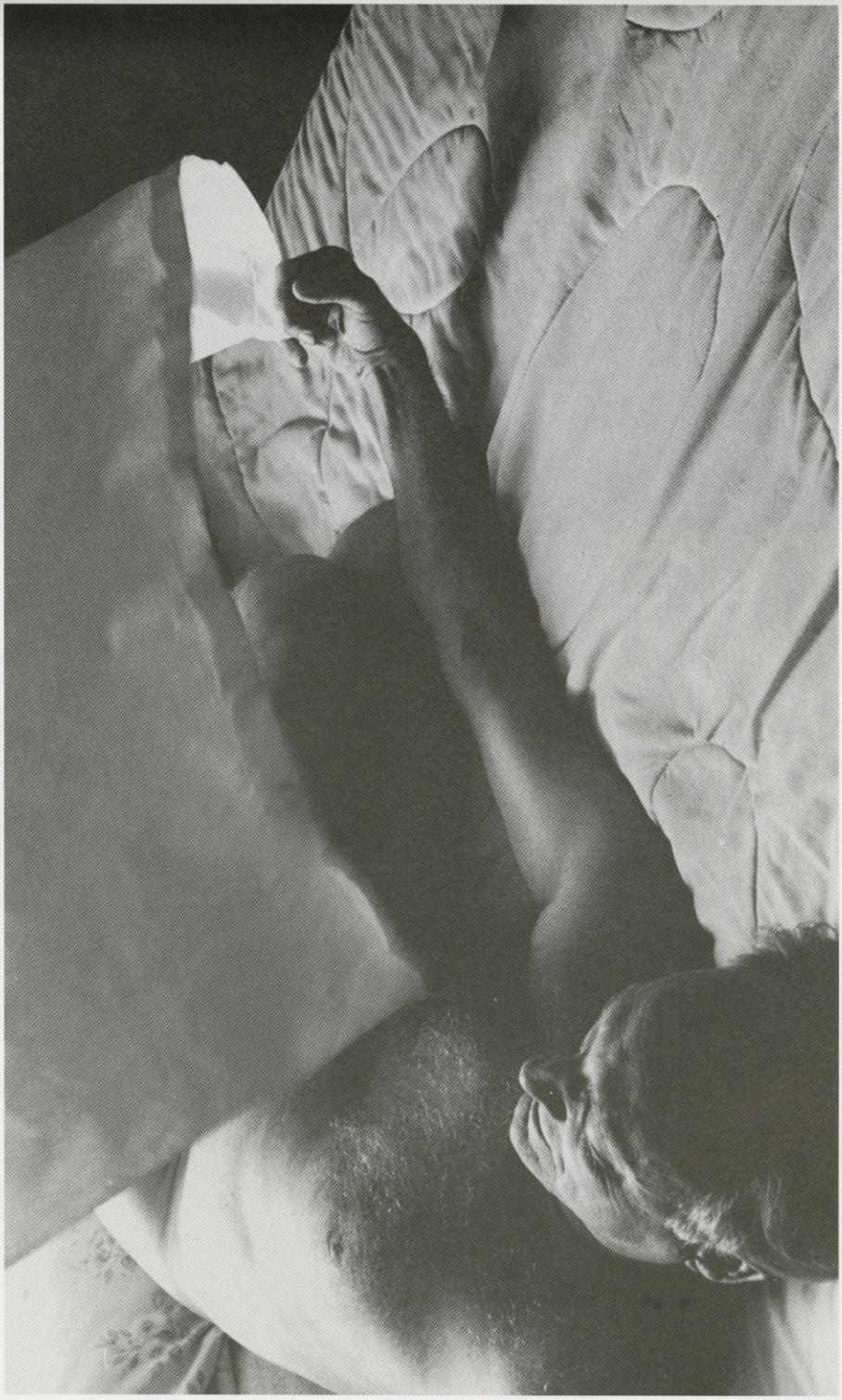
Michael Semich

That I may have only loved you before we met,
Before he scattered your dreams into the world-
Before he hardened your gaze before its time.
I loved you more than I ever told you,
knowing well that I was fighting in the name of Troy.
I am not incomplete without you in my life,
simply less overall and saddened by reality.
But those memories I have lived even in our absence,
left to work their way into the dreams I cannot remember.
Your bright star now shines doubly
the flower of your life an unexpected vision;
A new life that you brought forward into this world,
my love and hopes are yours, my friend.



and I have something to say
my arms are around You
until the moment is mine
I keep your time
I match your approach
so I mask my intentions
the other breaks into a run
each of us walking away
each of us focused on the opposite direction
flying through encounters
walking past and past walking
I step in

His meaning and existence go unseen by society - truthfully he is ignored. And I - I admire him.



Our Source

of

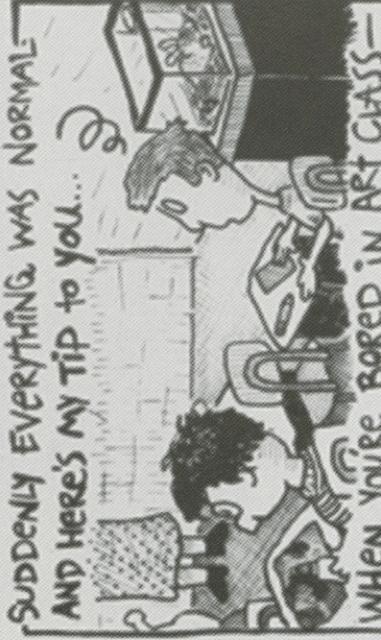
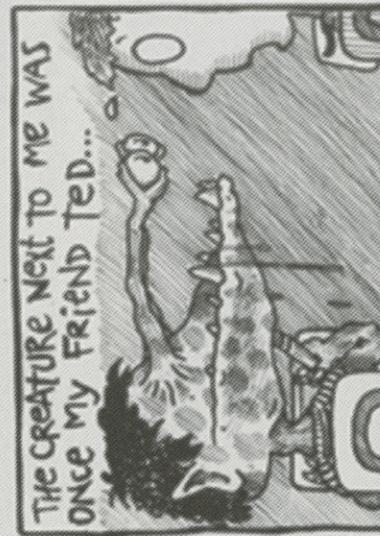
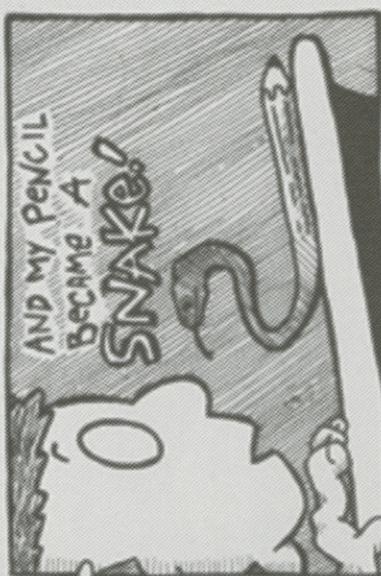
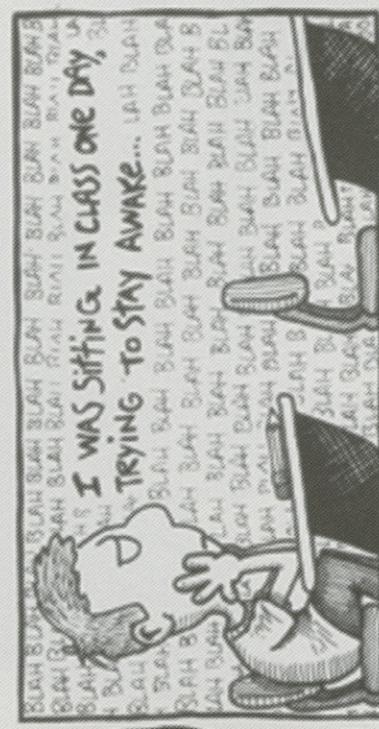
E n g r a v i n g

The short, frayed wavelengths of the brain paddle with great resistance as they attempt to make their way back upstream. The self-inflicted struggle to achieve success has once again been shattered and left with nothing but strife and debt. To find relinquished grounds would be considered a pristine engagement. Overcoming nausea, perpetuating inertia; the path is lit dimly but must be traveled. The riders of the stormy, lucid darkness cast spells and hinder thoughts of revolution in the midst of the starry eve, beckoning rays of a new-old day. The next event is plotted and vows are submitted. A congregation of thugs choreographs the manifest destiny of the new millennium. Promise and Hope are left to float freely in the stagnant hole in the wall. Kings with rusty, corroded crowns and moth-eaten majestic robes are flaunting with a looming gleam of blackness. The gallant warriors prepare a call to arms. and moth-eaten majestic robes are flaunting with a looming gleam of blackness. The gallant warriors prepare a call to arms. A window is opened, a draft from the south sweeps in. Promise and Hope set their sails to the wind, leaving in the bright. The vision is plotted and ready to be staked for claim. The gallant warriors prepare a call to arms. A window is opened, a draft from the south sweeps in. Promise and Hope set their sails to the wind, leaving in the wreckage Despair and Gloom.

Jay Conley

Coming Back to Life

Melissa Leahy

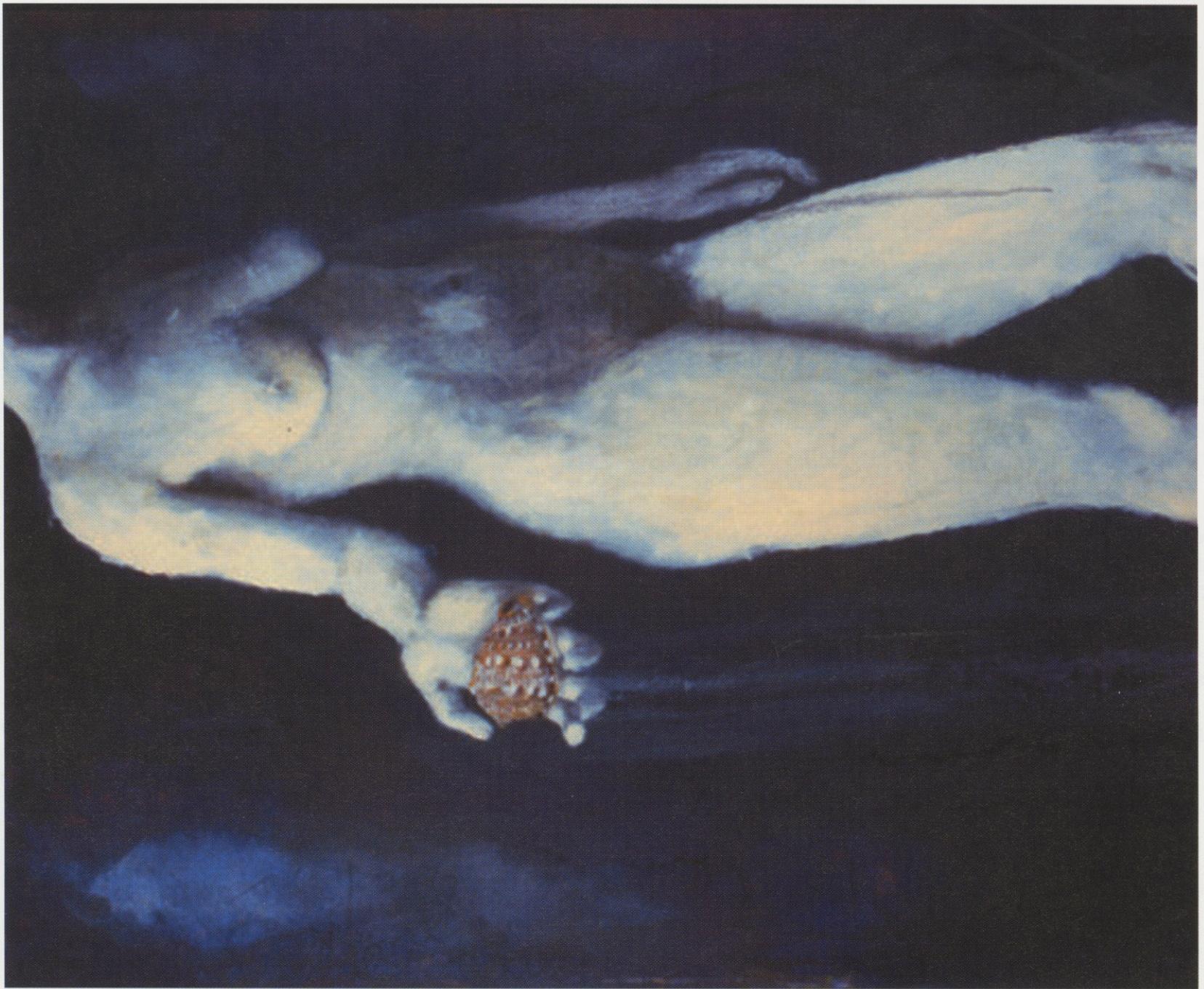


Lucas Antoniak

Fourth Grade Art Class
pen and ink



Travis Choat
Becca Biker
photograph



KC Stout
Shelter
oil on canvas

The Rock

The son of a suicide searches for salvation and reconciliation

Kirk stepped out of his car and started walking down the wooded path to his father's tool shed. Phil, his father, worked hard and slept little. He would often pull his Jeep down the dirt path to nap. When Kirk saw the Jeep ahead, he thought that was again the case.

At first, there was only the blood. Phil's body was slumped against a post that supported the shed. Kirk could see a pool of blood collecting around his father's stomach and lap. Immediately he imagined a terrible accident with one of the power tools Phil kept in the shed.

Then, Kirk saw the truth. A revolver had caused the wound, a gunshot to the right temple.

Without thinking, he reached to check for a pulse. His hand touched the wound accidentally. Drawing it back in horror, he saw fresh blood. Looking past the hand, he noticed bits of gray matter mixed in with the blood collecting on the ground.

Since the blood had not yet dried, Kirk felt there was hope to save his father. His grandfather had been resuscitated after a shotgun blast to the face and was able to recover; could a small bullet be that different?

Kirk raced back to his car. His sandals slipped off as he ran, and stones on the path tore into his feet. He sped the eighth of a mile to his house. Shouting, "Dad shot himself!" at his mother, he picked up the phone. Over his mother's frantic screams he erratically discussed the situation with a 911 operator.

She told him how to perform CPR.

Kirk rushed back to the shed and laid his father's body flat on the ground. He tried to blow a breath of air into Phil's mouth. The airways were already clogged with clotted blood. No air could pass. The taste of blood overwhelmed Kirk, and he had to stop. He knew that his father was gone.

Perched over the body, Kirk raised his hands into the air and shouted curses at God. His mother cried in the distance. Kirk walked over and hugged her, holding on tighter than he ever had before.

The taste of blood was still in his mouth, and he couldn't get the smell out of his nose. It was a smell he vaguely remembered from hunting with his dad as a child. It was the smell of death.

Until recently, I could only look back on the events of March 1996 in third person. It was such a traumatic, angry memory that I had to remove myself from it. How could a leisurely day during senior spring break turn into the worst day of my life?

Before that day, I had always revered the names of Jesus and God. I felt deep remorse when I mixed an expletive with one of those names. After finding my father, I cursed those names as much as possible, challenging God in my own way.

I prayed many times in the months that followed, but they were not prayers of thanks or rejoicing. Often I would lay in bed at night, unable to sleep, and mentally scream unanswered questions into space. I didn't feel there was anything or anyone listening, and that added fuel to the fire. What I saw as either God's indifference or non-existence only led to more prayers, prayers that would sometimes end with me shouting at the top of my lungs and lashing out with my fists at the walls or whatever object was close by.

My search for answers that didn't exist led me to atheism. For the next three years I fell deeper into the belief that there was no God. I could not believe that a god could put anyone through pain, let alone the one I felt. Still, the more I pushed for the absence of God, the more I began to see that God must exist.

Certainly, what I had been given to deal with was terrible. The suicide left me with a gaping hole in my heart, a hole which had once been filled with friends and loved ones. After seeing my father dead and buried, I thought the void would remain forever.

If I could not trust my father, how could I trust anyone? But slowly, I started to let the people around me back into my life. I finally came to realize what should have been obvious – no person is capable of perfection. This was reason enough to shut loved ones out for quite a while. Now I see this as all the more reason to let them in.

Now I cherish every moment I have with the people in my life. I am thankful that they were put in my path and that I was given a life which I can share with them. Something must have set all of this into motion. I can see no other catalyst but God. With that in mind, I can find peace with God.

The anger I felt toward my dad was much harder to deal with. Even recently, I have had trouble with it. The position he put me in changed my life forever. In my earliest memories, Dad pushed me, definitely harder than most children. In many ways, I didn't meet his expectations. In high school, Phil Gipson was a star athlete, and in later life, a successful businessman. He was a strong-willed, tough man who wouldn't cry and didn't believe in others crying.

I was an obvious contrast.

I was a small child, and never developed much athletic ability. I have always been pudgy, another weakness in my father's eyes. I remember quite vividly crying almost every day until I was eight or nine years old, probably out of both spite and sadness over my father's anger at my shortcomings.

He always told me he loved me, but he had a way of backing me into a corner, making me feel worthless.

My father measured success by the amount of money a person makes and the status of that person's position. Had he lived, I would most likely have decided to go into law, business or medicine to appease him. I feel guilty that I'm happier with where my life is now because he isn't around.

More anger comes from what my father's action did to others. No 17-year-old should have to tell his grandmother that her son is dead. No young person should have to hear the anguished cries of a young teen sibling. I will never forget my sister crying, "I want my daddy. That's all I want."

Everything made it difficult to forgive my dad, even time. The longer I thought about it, the more the anger festered inside me.

But one day, I let it all out. And then again a few days later. And countless times after that. Eventually, the anger was replaced by understanding. The search for answers is quelled by the understanding that there are no answers; questioning only tries to add sense to a senseless act.

Only in this way can I learn to forgive.

I recently walked back down the path to the shed. I was surprised to find that my mother had the shed torn down, although I probably shouldn't have been. It was the first time in almost four years that I had been able to go back to that spot.

My dog was by my side, but she stopped as soon as I reached the point where the shed had been. Perhaps she knew that this was a place I needed to go alone.

I didn't stay there long, but I examined the area surrounding the spot. I carefully marked out where everything had happened and briefly took myself back to that day. I muttered, "Do you know what you did?"

The wind began to blow softly. I sensed, for the first time, a real answer to a question.

I smiled and walked away. More at peace than I had felt in four years, I walked home. Forgiveness had entered my mind for the first time.

For all that my experience has grieved me, I am thankful for what it has taught me. I have had to experience life in many ways I wouldn't have otherwise. I've wrestled with God and faith; I've learned the true meaning of love, friendship, and forgiveness. It's so easy to sugarcoat those words and never give them any real attention. I've learned their real value at an early age.

It is only four years after the fact. I still have much recovery left, I'm certain. I still am angered by the experience and occasionally shut myself off from the world. But every day there is less of that. In knowing that the pain never completely goes away, there is a wonderful thought: all of life's wonders will remain as well.

G i p s o n
K i r k

Jonathan Trundle



breakdown of a 1150
oil on canvas

Jonathan Trundle thinks long and hard when he talks about his paintings, answering questions carefully and deliberately.

Looking at his work, it seems obvious. Influenced by such Cubist painters as Picasso, Albers and Klee, Trundle works off a grid.



just after tomato and rice
oil on canvas



Lunartics
oil on canvas

Some of the cells, or blocks, he paints derive from the mixing of the neighbors which preceded them; other times, he mixes a cell color with white or gray or its complement, to get another hue.

It fascinates Trundle that the colors around a color change how it is perceived. A chip from one of his paintings looks light green compared to the blues adjacent to it, but covering all the surrounding blocks with stark white paper makes the chip seem yellow.

"There's a real meditative zone about it," he says. "If I had all the time I wanted, I could never put it down, because I could always divide one more cell in two." Although he has painted for eight years, Trundle is majoring in photography. His interest in light and color explains why both art forms appeal to him. The amount of time and focus he puts into both proves his passion for them.

--Nathalie Morin

The artist likes to play with contrasts. He paints an irregular grid. He uses both thin washes and thick impastos applied with a palette knife. His strokes vary between looseness and precise edges. He layers paint, or puts none on the canvas.

Painting is therapeutic for him because he can immerse himself in it for hours. He often paints, alone, late into the night.

Trundle starts by sketching cross-hairs in soft pencil or charcoal. He uses these loose intersecting lines as the framework for a smaller grid pattern; he sometimes applies other shapes, such as circles or figural forms, but after painting he emphasizes the grid by subtly accentuating lines with dark pencil. These lines also add the illusion of depth because they show how dark colors recede and light ones seem to come forward.

"I love the geometry behind it," he says, "and the rules it forces you to think about. It gives you a starting point, a place to branch off."

But his paintings go beyond structure and repeating patterns. They explore color harmony, time, craftsmanship and contrasts.

• • • • • "It shows a history of the painting," he explains, "and sort of where it's been." Additionally, Trundle doesn't always use all of the canvas. Leaving the white gesso base visible serves as another example of the trickiness of color perception. The nearly pure whiteness of the painting surface also helps the colored cells to pop off the picture plane.

Trundle constructed these paintings with sides that have a depth of about 2 1/2 inches, so that their presence is magnified because they physically stick out from the wall.

"I feel that the frame is just as important," Trundle says, explaining that the craftsmanship of the canvas matters as much as the paint he applies. If the back of a painting shows sloppy work and no attention to detail, that says something about the artist.

"I think [my work] is an extension of me," says Trundle.

Painting is therapeutic for him because he can immerse himself in it for hours. He often paints, alone, late into the night.

Trundle starts by sketching cross-hairs in soft pencil or charcoal. He uses these loose intersecting lines as the framework for a smaller grid pattern; he sometimes applies other shapes, such as circles or figural forms, but after painting he emphasizes the grid by subtly accentuating lines with dark pencil. These lines also add the illusion of depth because they show how dark colors recede and light ones seem to come forward.

Minus the Flesh

Joe Y Rossitano

Minus the flesh
her hands crossed would be a transit of bone
a pile of fingernails
a bole of tendon

To know that she is alive!

This Ana Ang.

This Lady Light!
This bitter rocket.

This man-dar-anne-i-am.

Her physical person minus the continuity
would be, what?
Some coercive wind,
some flickering porch light?
Some meter of air peppered with leaves over middle America?

As it goes, she is a silhouette in a window
on my street.

Lady light: "Are you a coy visionary, or just part of my
vision?"

"Lady Light"

I say, "you are an elegant liar."
I say, "you are filthy, absolutely filthy"
I say, "I'll go out and leave the radio on"
I say, "I'll go out and leave some fire"

Untitled

oil and acrylic on masonite

Marta Slaughter

What are you?
Some little flare, some Chinese toy?
some shavings of magnesium spilt into the fire,
that phosphoric dance of purple bits
or a whole engine block of magnesium,
ignited in the plain of the night desert?

Are you our silhouettes dancing across the face
of the mountains in the distance?
Are you part of the negative space?
Are you me, inverted and spun against those rocks?

Minus the flesh
your hands crossed
would be a transit of bone
a pile of fingernails
a bole of tendon.



Other

A large, solid black circle centered on a white background. The circle is perfectly circular and has a thick, uniform black border. It is positioned in the center of the frame, with its center point aligned with the horizontal and vertical axes of the image.

2

4
e
5
7

jeniffer steinfeldt

those jeans she threw
covered by blackness in the trash
she wanted to cover me with a lid
now she says nothing
laughing like that
stores and got some
went to thrift jeans for a quarter
faded jeans aren't the same
but they aren't

new comfort some carmine ~~the~~ appear new roughness ~~the~~ hard-
lined ~~the~~ ending caused by smallness of
which she is pretending
and some ~~the~~ past they are
comfortable if they have to be
some ~~the~~ passes by pretend-

i'll send it to her in a clean envelope and let her decide
i lay with a shiver
running my hand along the seam
cutting around my hips
at the moments
sipping at blonde strands
where do i end and you begin
the fabric feels comfortable
to sleep in to live in
bought second hand
wear them as long as i want

i can well
know where she lives
perhaps the wash
in the jeans that disappeared
can be hers
halfway letting go of them i smile
of disapproval pushing her looks of distant and hazy
letting go

In My Apartment

Turner Hutchens

A housefly has a life expectancy of about three days. I even looked it up; three days for most North American species, as much as a week and a half for some species in Europe. One — only one — has been in my apartment, in my room, for at least two and a half weeks.

It's not a dirty apartment. There's no food laying around.

There's nowhere that maggots could hide. And the apartment is sealed tight. A window air conditioner is the only way that air gets in. The apartment is on the fourth floor of a similarly sealed building. No other flies have come in. It's been the same fly the whole time. In fact, when I asked around, no one in the building can remember ever having seen a fly here. Even the superintendent of sixteen years had never seen one. But there's a fly in my room now.

Funny how you won't really notice things like flies. It just buzzed on the edge of my perception for days, never really coming into full view unless it landed on me or my food. A fly in the corner or sitting atop a bedpost hardly calls attention to itself. But I remember seeing the fly land on the sandwich I was eating just after I had watched a particular episode of The Simpsons on a Sunday night two and a half weeks ago. Since then, I've watched one new episode and missed another because I had a date. So I know it's been here at least two and a half weeks.

It's not a slow fly, of course, or it would be dead by now. God knows I've tried to swat it enough times. The first week I used the newspaper, magazines, my hand, or whatever else was close by, swinging casually whenever the pest flew within reach. One day, after trying to kill it for nearly an hour with an old issue of National Geographic, I broke down and went to the all-night drugstore to pick up a flyswatter. I paid \$3.99 for a nice one, even though there was one for only a dollar. I wanted to

get that fucker. But all the swatter did was make it more apparent that I wasn't going to kill the bug. It would always fly away just as the plastic doom was slapping down. I chased it for two more hours that day, then I gave up in exhaustion.

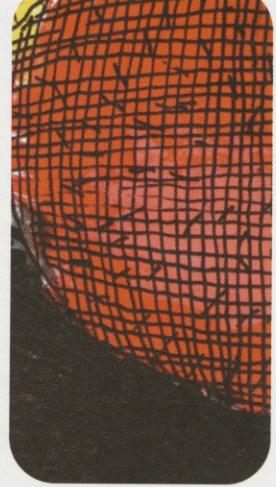
After that, the fly started getting to me. I would see it sitting on the nightstand while I lay in bed reading. It would be within swatting range, but when I'd reach for the swatter, which I had begun keeping under my pillow, the thing would buzz across the room to my desk. It would land on my keyboard, leaving its microscopic filth for my fingertip. It would sit there and dare me to get out of bed to come after it.

Sometimes I would, and the fly would take flight and buzz in circles around the room, refusing to land on anything for more than a second, just long enough for me to take a step toward it before buzzing past me, brushing the side of my face with its filthy body on its way to the other side of the room. It stayed in the bedroom. I left the door open, hoping that the beast would go to the living room or the kitchen, or somewhere else, so I could sleep without it landing on my face and depositing its bile or buzzing in my ear and invading my dreams. But it would not leave the room.

At three a.m. on the Friday of the second week that I was fully aware of the thing's presence in my apartment, I returned to the all-night drugstore. I had been awakened repeatedly by the insect. I purchased sleeping pills, fly paper, and a can of Raid. I returned to my apartment and promptly took the pill, laid out the paper, and sprayed every corner of my room with the Raid. I couldn't find the fly itself for a direct spraying. I smiled to myself, thinking that I had it.

The next morning I woke up late feeling like I had a hangover. My head throbbed, my body ached, and my stomach churned. The horrid smell of the poison I had sprayed filled my nose. I left my room, closing the door behind me. I called in sick and spent the day curled up in a ball on

my loveseat. I had to sleep there for the next few nights, until the smell was gone from my room. I could only go in for a few moments at a time, holding my breath, but I never saw the thing. When I finally returned to my room this Sunday, I thought it would all be over. I expected to see the fly's rigid corpse on the floor, overcome by the deadly gas that had driven me out. At the very least, I thought I would see its diseased little body engulfed by the sticky yellow glue on the flypaper. I gleefully pictured its final struggle for life in the adhesive. But when I examined the room, I found no winged black carcass lying on the carpet. I saw no embalmed insect on the paper I had placed around. As I was lifting my dresser to see if the remains of the pest had fallen behind it, I heard a familiar noise droning in my ear. The fly entered my vision right in front of my face and landed squarely on my nose. I let the dresser drop as I swatted at my face. I missed the thing, of course, and the dresser landed on my bare foot, crushing my toes. I screamed in pain and at the creature that had caused my suffering, and then I retreated. I left the room, taking a pillow and as many clothes as I could. I went to the living room and slammed the door behind me. That's where I've been staying, in the living room, on the love seat.



How much longer can one fly live?

How much longer can one fly live?

Melissa Leahy

*Born again from the
rhythm, screaming down
from heaven.*

-Jeff Buckley

Smile *Sugkapi tñoppan Nemanatite Whatta yitistayoyutodeditit*
Smile. Suck it up. No matter what hits you don't
~~show your pain~~ **Smile** *Tingnepehe loopo isaks neadthigwugh*
show your pain. Smile. Ignore the poison sneaking
~~through your veins like a snake~~ **Punakeke Punish the hecutebewn**,
through your veins like a snake. Push the rotten
~~words down~~ **Starve your brain of knowledge** *giving your stomach lining, but smile.*
Starve your brain of knowledge, be all he wants of
you try hard and then try harder to hush the voice
inside that demands him to respect you. Smile bite
your tongue and pretend to be "that woman" his one
a hundredly it helps him ~~is~~ **Ignorance** *nophiyonfhesangtahbehissi-*
and only the shiniest trophy on the mantle of his
ignorance *Dmootibelyblayenemwhoyoyata serer*
ignorance smiling. Do not tell anyone who you are
~~and do not share your hopes and dreams you are not alio~~
~~ab~~ **Whateyoye** *and then longgebehast hehantofidhisit sotom-*
to be yourself only exist to smile and be with him
Wdthshin hold avesselyoyeanediwendlyheyewheayeyou n
who loves you and would never leave you. When you
Whateyoye *and then longgebehast hehantofidhisit sotom-*
can no longer bear the brunt of his commands and
mangsd anndh gitaneddebezspor bonyeyau eventyopreanbleba a
hatred oozes from your every pore, be a good girl,
gogogdegyi ar yodn knictehaisag opwutckilicass suatu thane
and smile. As you kick his ass out the door.
doodor.

Neighbor,

When my knuckles no longer mutter to your door, when I become one of them
(those sapphires in boxcars speeding towards the end), let me crash. When I unbirth nightmares of deaf-mute drunk, donate my organs to the choirs that sing his words and burn my limp shell, when, fleshless, I digest the stars in my belly, let them have my most beautiful smiles (those engendered by solitude, never granted even secret witness), distribute my ashes near Memphis to hibernate in a river with his passion.

The silence of wind chimes
Susan Maszaro

The wind is absent in a yellow field, and a steady drop of sweat slowly rolls over my tender eyelid, straight into my blue eye, tearing, a river swelling, with water fingers reaching for another lonely shoe.

And in that absence I hear a tornado inside pink walls, a child in a belly, rumbling, waiting to fall through another failing purple palace. Breaking open the murmur, the whisper, the hum, the clack of a voice now smothered by silence.

But I am helpless to pluck the nail from my lips,

who loves you and would never leave you. When you
can no longer bear the brunt of his commands and
hatred oozes from your every pore, be a good girl,
and smile. As you kick his ass out the door.

Character Sketch

Tim Enss

Gramps spent the last twenty years of his life tinkering with the gears in his arm. Maybe gears is too simple a word to describe the whole thing, but there must have been gears in that arm somewhere, and they must have been the only pieces he ever came close to popping loose. The arm was rigged for defense; it reacted to tampering and attempts at removal.



Illustration: SaRhonda Thompson



Production/Destruction
oil on canvas

KC Stout

Imagine being a remnant of a war held in contempt. Imagine being wounded and then melded with the cannon that you had been holding in your own hand only weeks before. Yeah, I'm exaggerating. They didn't really make his arm out of the weapon he carried when he was a foot soldier; I'm saying in essence. Not that Gramps minded it in his youth. You can see it in the pictures, and even a few years ago you could hear it in the stories he managed to keep straight. Sometimes I think that every tug at that arm took a story, took a memory. He never stopped trying to get that damned thing off after his first month in the chair. It was twenty years of torture, and he must have been some kind of masochist to keep trying.

Occasionally, representatives of some firm or agency would come around bringing promises of removal and guarantees of success that they could never fulfill. Even the rusting technology of the former Soviet Union has to have a few shiny surprises worth a quarter (or a quarter-million), right? That's the kind of temptation that Gramps posed to weapons designers and robotics specialists for years. But that was when there were still signs of activity in his arm besides pure self-preservation, and before Gramps retired to the Mount Pleasant Home for Elderly Experiments and Potential Public Hazards.

Someone eventually decided that there was a risk involved in letting Gramps sit out his remaining years on his front porch in full view of anyone who wanted to walk up and tear off the bomb that his arm had become. Obviously, Gramps would have died if someone had just yanked his arm off. As far as that goes, the Yanker would have died, too. To prevent anything like that from happening, the decision was made to secure him on a porch with a barbed-wire fence and a personal monitoring system. He didn't mind too much; it's not like he was going anywhere.

I look back now on the decades of bionic implants and laugh even harder than I did then at the things people do to themselves. Gramps was one of the pioneer subjects of bionic experimentation, but he didn't have much of a choice. After his arm was blown off in the war, a bunch of eggheads told him he'd be a superman when they were finished with him. What young stud would say no to that? And then ten years later, all the kids who grew up seeing him on the nightly news were either injecting immunosuppressants and wires into their veins, or else cutting off a limb in the hopes of getting their first prosthetic. But I wasn't one of them.

American Haiku: at RTB's (For Razz, Todd, & Brian)

Julie Nastri

Saturday n i g h t s
not have safety nets, but you
me fine.
couch will catch me



That's really the reason the doctors refused to take it off; they didn't understand it. "It will kill him," they said in final judgment, "or one of us." Basically, if anyone messed with the arm, it messed with its wearer or whoever was messing with it.

It was really an anachronism, his arm. There were components that were decades beyond their time, but there were also parts that barely met today's standards and that didn't have any kind of longevity in their design. Unfortunately, the only technology built into that arm that showed any staying power just served to keep it stubbornly attached to

Gramps like a giant metal leech. That useless hunk of metal didn't move for years, at least not like a normal arm. When he was a young man he could get along with it just fine. It weighed something like sixty pounds, but I've seen pictures of Gramps with a balanced physique built by heavy lifting and prescriptions. It was only in his twilight years, after his back began to weaken, that gravity took its toll and sucked him into a chair. That stupid chair had to have its own prosthetic arm added onto the left side just to take the weight of the one that would rest on it for two monotonous decades.

The w o m a n i n B r o w n . . .
L i n d s e y T u r n e r
I m e t h e r
w h i l e w e m e a s u r e d t h e m a s s
o f t h e s a t e l l i t e s
F o l g e r s a n d c r u m p l e d M a r r i b o r o s .
I t w a s h e r e y e s I n o t i c e d f i r s t -
t h e g r e y i s h c r e s c e n t s o f
F o l l o w e r s i d e s a n d t h e
h e a r d t h e d e p t h
b y t h e s e e m e d a m a n
w h e n I s a w t h e
h e a r d t h e d e p t h
b u t t h e s t r i p s t h a t
h e r f e e t
f i n a l s a w t h e
h e r c h i p p e d , m a u v e p a i n t
o f h e r n a i l s . . .

Larry Oliver has always taken pride in his hair, and has groomed it in nearly every style imaginable; he has worn it in braids, an Afro, cropped to the scalp, and in a Jeri curl. He has also used chemicals to straighten his hair. Dreadlocks, he says, run counter to the traditional Western ideal of hair which promotes smoothness and control.

"It seems more natural to let your hair do what it wants to," he says.

Seven-year-old Kaya Turner has never felt the teeth of a comb rake through her hair. Valencia, her mother, has never spent a half hour tugging at Kaya's tender scalp to pull out the tangles of a rough afternoon's play. Both of the girl's parents have had dreads for about 10 years.

Valencia says that by dreadling her hair she has stopped participating in the torture of preventing her hair from being in its natural state. She scoffs at the idea of ever doing anything else with her hair that involves styling tools: she'll either wear it shaved, or let it grow long and dreaded. Dreads are practical, and they're spiritual because they teach self-acceptance.

"I was born like this," says Kaya, playing with her sun-bleached ginger spikes. "Dreads are the best thing in the whole wide world because they're so magic."

Pulling Kaya into her lap, Valencia gently parts the locks to show what she thinks is most magical about her daughter's hair. It doesn't look matted. The hair leaves her head in tiny fuzzy spirals that mesh invisibly internally to become fat spiralled dreadlocks. In the heat of the afternoon sun, Kaya's hair feels warm and soft like felt. Coarse, kinky hair dreads most readily, and involves little effort, just time.

Amanda simply didn't shampoo for a week, and twisted her hair vigorously between her palms. Her locks are still loose. Larry's dreads started at a salon, where his hair got a vigorous washing for 15 minutes to remove its oils, then was gelled and wrapped around a rat-tail comb. After an application of more gel, which acts as an adhesive, the style was set under a drier for an hour. Larry made sure his hair didn't get wet for several weeks; then he twisted his new hair growth as it came in, to help it matte up into the cemented locks.

Straighter hair can be divided and plaited much like a three-strand braid, but with as many strands as there are hairs: divide a section roughly in half, then bring it back together. Repeat, dividing the section into different halves. Continue until completely snarled.

Dreadlocks quickly take on a mind of their own. Sometimes two bunches will join, or a thicker rope will divide. Larry says he can spend 20 minutes shaping his dreads, but they'll pop right back to where they want to go.

"I just encourage where they're going," says Amanda. "Some of them I had the nerve to split apart, and they grew back together. They have a personality of their own. You just let them do what they want."

Before Larry cultivated his own two months ago, dreadlocked friends of his had told him that they had favorite locks. "Now I understand," he says. "I tend to favor some over others. When I drive, there's some I like to play with."

Amanda feels the same way. Without hesitation she grabs her two favorite locks at their bases, lifting them so it looks like she has horns. She likes these best because they're bumpy and they have personality.

McQueen Michel's favorite dreadlock splits into three branches about halfway along its length. It also happens to be his longest one, although that wasn't always the case. He has saved his longest lock, which broke off a while ago, in the hopes of weaving it back in eventually.

McQueen keeps the sides and back of his head shaved in a fade. He let his hair dread three years ago, and most of the hanks brush against his shoulders. He has bleached the tips and dyed them bright red.

"When I first did it, it was like, let's try a new hairstyle. Some people called me Fashion Dread," he says. "That's bad. I did it for me. It doesn't have to be religious or cultural."

But after getting lots of reactions from people, he realized the style was heavy

with associations, so he did some research.

Nathalie Morin

dread

Amanda Micheletto has the milky skin and delicate features of a porcelain doll. Silhouetted against a white wall in a dim room, she talks while absent-mindedly smoothing her hair, which is caught up in a bun at the crown.

Then she unclips her barrette, releasing a Medusa's nest of ropes of hair that erupt up and out in all directions.

Amanda has about a dozen golden-brown dreadlocks. In some spots they're as slender as a finger, while in other places the matted hair bulges to the size of a golf ball and feels dense, like a fine-grade steel wool. She puts the shoulder-length locks somewhat into shape, getting most of them to hang down, and laughs.

"I got sick of old ladies saying, 'Your hair's sooo cute!'" Amanda says, describing the angelic ringlets she had until five months ago.

"Now, my dad likes to tell me I'm dreadful."

Although dreadlocks have commonly been associated with Rastafarians or Indian mystics, lately images of dreads on both whites and blacks, have appeared with increasing frequency in the media.

Members of bands like Korn, Rage Against the Machine and White Zombie parade their dreads on the pages of music magazines. The cover photo of a book on finding internships features a young black man working in an office, wearing a tie and short, thin, well-groomed dreadlocks.

A group of hip Asian- and African-Americans, one with nearly waist-length dreads, model upscale threads in an ad for Slate clothing. An ad for Zippo lighters shows a dreadlocked black surfer meditating, his board covered with candles. During his tenure on the soap opera "All My Children," actor Keith Hamilton Cobb sported neat dreads which he says gave his character an exotic appeal.

Once TV and magazines tout a style, mainstream acceptance comes fast, and it seems that dreads have become more common.

Hair has always held great significance for humans. A punk mohawk sends out a very different message than a granny-style bun or pig-tails. Hair has numerous references in the Bible, not the least of which is Samson. In the book of Daniel, the Messiah's hair is likened to sheep's wool, which is in part the basis for Rastafarians dreading their hair.

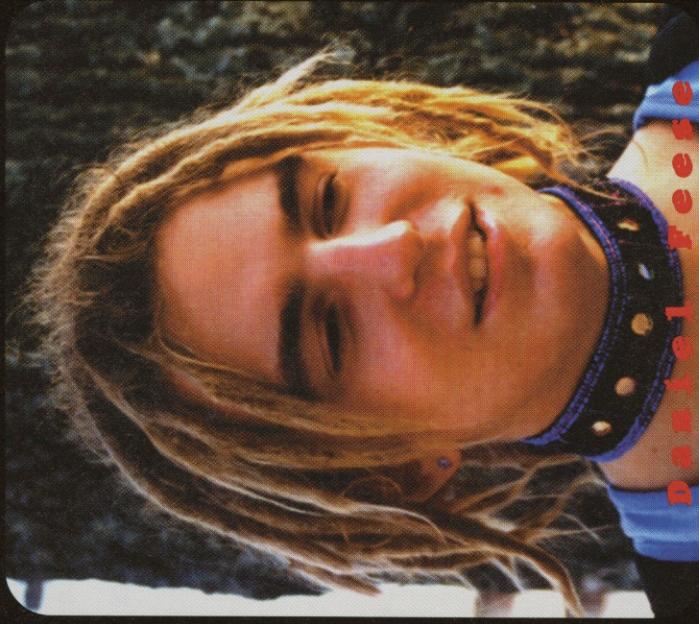
In his book *Dread*: The Rastafarians of Jamaica, Joseph Owens writes:

"The locks and the beard are the sign of the ancient covenant between God and his people. They symbolize the Rasta's refusal to depart from the ancient, natural way."

"I didn't take into consideration how people give spirituality to dreads," says Amanda, who studies fiber arts. She's only fascinated with the properties of hair that allow it to tangle and become matted. But unlike the pattern involved in weaving, dreads are a sort of textile in which a mess of fibers with no organization becomes a mass greater than its individual parts.



Kaya hugs her Mother



continued on last page

From Mosquito to Frost

Henry S. C. H. O. O. 1

I would walk from mosquito to frost, trailing acres of asphalt behind me if it meant we could somehow salvage

Rain-stink and moths careening. A hundred thousand panics come to term.
I will walk until I disappear from thirst.
I will vanish. Let it aid you. I will walk,
slowed by the groaning traffic 'till I fade from here.

A F A S T O N . . .

"Exquisitely expressive known as
A COLLABORATIVE LISTLESSLY in
Limbs dangled listlessly in
spent November as
of red clouds. Clefted pulsins
hottoises suffocated limbs
through secret agents of an orange
like war. And balloons of blunts
like past the So I I
in war past the backwards.
Note

the lightening.
cycles future is not
like past the backwards.

P e n d u l u m

Ariel Dunham

I will walk until I disappear from thirst.
I will vanish. Let it aid you. I will walk,
slowed by the groaning traffic 'till I fade from here.

Numb
and
Silent
she
Hung
in
Perfect
Balance
trying
Hard
to
Break
Free
and
Move
Side
to
Side
to
Side
to
Side
to
Side

Limits spent sifted Ash scattered down clouds of red tattered tottles suffered cockroaches celebreated lost limbs still smited through secret agents of an oral war. and blunts flows of a female pastie spread like war the backwaters in war the future is not fighting.

"Dreads will always represent a struggle," he says. He has worked hard to maintain his dreads, and kept them despite the criticism he gets. He now educates people against the negative stereotypes of dreadlocks, and the minorities who wear them.

Minorities, he says, have to struggle to overcome oppression. The fight to overcome gives them strength; pushing it a little further, dreadlocks are a physical manifestation of the endurance and power minorities acquire. When he's stressed out, or deep in thought, McQueen habitually twists his locks. His hair symbolically acts as a storage unit for pent-up energy.

Young kids in suburban America may not have the same problems to cope with, but growing up and finding an identity feels like a struggle, and they sometimes emulate the rebellion of minorities. Dreads help to express individuality, says Larry. "I've never seen two dreads alike, and they look different on different people," he says. "It's an extension of your being free."

Lara Scudder agrees as she swings her head back and forth to enjoy feeling the weight of her newly-forming dreads swinging around.

"It's different," she says. "It makes me stand out from normal girls. Everyone likes attention, and it's not as permanent as a tattoo or a piercing."

Spector, a Nashville-based musician, had dreadlocks for two years. They were a reflection of his Bohemian lifestyle, and they amused him because they were different. However, he eventually cut them off out of respect for the religious beliefs of Rastafarians, which he doesn't share.

After a visit to Jamaica, Andy Nuckolls dreadaded his hair. He had visited several Rasta communities there, and admires that lifestyle. He says the slow process of dredging hair can result in a slow process toward more natural living: time spent outdoors, a more natural diet, the reading of spiritual books, and contemplation.

He used a commercial beeswax blend to help form the locks.

"It worked, but it didn't look natural at all. They were perfectly cylindrical. It wasn't what I was looking for. I think it looked bad," Andy says about the residue the wax left on his hair and scalp. He shaved everything clean with the intention of starting fresh, and hasn't washed or combed the three inches of growth he has so far.

Rick Wilson (name changed to protect anonymity) cut off his dreadlocks because of legal hassles. With those out of the way, he has started letting his hair do its own thing again.

"I really want to grow them back," Rick says. "I really miss them quite a bit."

At age 14, Daniel Feese had dreads that reached to the middle of his biceps. He lopped them off his senior year of high school.

"My head felt lighter, and strangely new. I did miss them, and was waiting for that moment to grow them back," he says. Four years later, he celebrated the rising millennium, and its symbolic new beginning, by once again dredging his hair.

"It wasn't regressing. It was a renaissance. I like having this hair and being considered a freak," he says, passionately explaining his complex political and philosophical beliefs about American culture. Daniel envisions a future where currently radical ideas, through physical exposure such as dreads, become more common, and everyone fits in.

After 10 months, the locks which graze the bottom of Daniel's neck are fully formed and very dense. He credits it to the summer spent in Florida: swimming dried out his hair and salt residue helped it matte tightly. The sun has bleached the tips of his golden-brown hair to nearly platinum. He has adorned one lock with a metal ring.

Now that Larry has experienced dreadlocks, he says his days of trying out different hairstyles are over. "Sometimes I feel this is my last hairstyle," Larry says, "and I'll never cut them off." McQueen thinks it over. His hair is a work in progress, which makes it hard to predict what he'll do with it in the future. But dreads, he says, represent what he's all about. They're a part of his identity.

"I could see this going into old age," he says. "I can't see myself any other way."

