

STEVENS UNIVERSITY
LOCK HAVEN, PA 17745
3 3301 00352 9297

Library
Lock Haven University
Lock Haven, PA 17745

Magazine

Volume 15

Editorial board: Molly Grill, Wayne Harvey, David Houston,
Christa Landas,
Bill Piper and Kurt Schwalbe

The editorial board wishes to thank its faculty sponsors
Joseph Nicholson and John Weigel, and the Eagle Eye
staff for their help.



photographs by Phillip Evans

by Pat Desmond

I LOVE L. I.

Cattails sway
and
willows weep
with good reason.
Salty air beats
the wooden guardrails
...and we're almost there.

THAT'S MY MUSIC MAN

There are people
who fade in and out of his life,
just like the songs
that he sings to them.

Some nights so lonely
that any blue-jean girl would do,
and others, that just being alone
is a freedom
that almost has to be fought for.

Music seems as if
it is making him,
rather than his making it.
That versatile mystery
that puts food on the table,
wakes him up every morning
and keeps him going all night.

And he wonders nervously
if anyone is really listening
- just for a minute-
until the music takes over again.

But reach out into the darkness,
there's always someone
who wants to listen.
And not only to the music,
but to the man; because one day,
the music might be over.

by K. John Russell

LOVE'S SIMPLE SIGNIFICANT

a hand
a lover
tender
reached out
placed upon another's knee
(yours)
love's significant - simply
another hand
(yours)
reached out
and placed upon the first

softly
subtle
it's the recognition
of the significance
of such
the simple act

by Bill Piper

BLUFF-RIDGE OUT BEYOND LOCKPORT: WINTER

The trees on bluff-ridge
Seem to have darkened
The azure ultramarine
By gathering this light
Of sun and glaring snow.
Snow seeps from the
Crevices of sun warmed
Limestone as this wall
Of air soaks through
With the songs of twenty
Or thirty cedar waxwings/
Poised in the green
Radiations
Of white pine boughs.
Each of their breasts
Seems to gather this light
Until it appears
As though they were suns
Of yellow-filled amber
Coronaed with glowing pine needles.
And it seems that I have witnessed
The migration of flesh into light.

POEM IN THE MANNER OF CHU SHU CHEN

It has been raining for two days.
My stomach is cramped with hangover.
Rain drips in diagonals
On the underside of sycamore boughs
Like an internal oblique
Muscle in a sagging gut.
The rain will do no good
For the dried ferns set
On the rotting wood porches
On the ass-side of cheap apartments.
Rain striking on the
Lot of mud and cinder
Seems to have bred these
Starlings that cluster on
My eaves and make their
Weird and frantic cries.
Old wrongs haunt me.
I was too drunk
To know what I said to those people.
It is best for a man
To keep his own pain
Locked tightly within.
I am three years older.
Ragged fog settles
Down dried gullies
Into Old Brewery Hollow.
I sit alone as the dusk thickens.

OF COURSE A LYRIC IN LOVE AND SPRING

All spring's moist heat lies
Heavy in your heavy lips and
Moves only by your moving tongue and
I abandon myself to you as
Twigs of shad must tremble,
Under the force of their own white
blossoming.

by David Houston

UNTITLED

Her hair
was a river to drown in,
and I was drowned in there.

UNTITLED

As my heart
has grown heavy
with the passing
of the year
I lay it down,
and thus emptied
I leave you
 fading into memory
becoming one
with those before you
as we became one before.

KEEP ON WEARING GREEN SWEATSHIRTS, BABE.

You don't mind if I call you "babe"...
do you?
Some girls would, you know...
But they're all such
uptight bitches anyway
trying to cram their
"All men are assholes"
guilt trip down my throat...
not like you.

You don't make such sweeping, absurd general-
izations,
do you? no,
You hate me on an individual basis.
For that,
I respect you,
babe.

by Julie Farley

LATE SUMMER

On close August afternoon,
A relief of raindrops.
A white mist steam
Lazes over the tarbubbles.

All the cars left early today
Full of neighbors in cutoffs and spandex.
Just old Mr. Fox.
Closed up in his air conditioned house
And me and the flies
Lazing on the sticky porch floor.

by Ross Moyer

THE FLOWER OF LIFE:

Diana-Venus sophisticated goddess,
stands arrayed in all her splendor before me.
Clad in fleecy spider-spun,
revealing her golden sun-kissed body,
offers me the Flower of Life.

The honey flows from its petals, asking,
demanding to be sipped,
in reverence, in worship,
of all nature's creative forces.

She warns " Mortal, if you dare to pluck this
bloom
it may destroy you and your world'.
I would that you smell not its fragrance,
for the scent is deadly'.

'But then o'Godess, creature of creation,
if you warn of its dangers,
why offer it so appealingly?

'Because O' mortal,
I as well as you,
are bound to the wheel of fate,
as turned by the makers of the world'.
"I must offer you your destruction
for the same reason that your body fills with
breath.'
'It is life, a gift from the gods,
given without explanation.'

'Stay by me then, Daughter of the Moon,
for I would pluck your blossom,
to savor its fullness and sip its golden nectar'
Open your arms, immortal one,
for who wishes to live when such a death
awaits?'
Clasp me to your breasts,
for death is but a moment,
and we die a million times each day.

BY CHRISTA LANDAS

ON THE RUN

Black shadows dance
against chipped panes,
waltzing feverishly with time.

Faint rays caress living greens and browns.
Shadows grey
their cover lifting.

Images of darkness
skirt the intrusive light.

Enemy!

Hide!

Gone until darkness softly creeps again.
Panes left to dance
with golden dust.

Cathy Machuski

UNTITLED

Pearl and ivory fun house mirrors
distort images, true
to the soul.

The rain only pours
in the quiet night
when mirrors are shattered
personality melts

in fiery tears
as the door
of the prison cell
is opened.

The key to freedom
retrieved from a shelf
and lifted past mirrors
which laughed

...once and never.

The key turns
into the soul
which escapes

in time
from the body
which remains
in the broken glass.

THE SERIES
By Chris Schoonover

I spend my afternoons at my studio window, pipe in hand and hot coffee nearby. I am an artist by occupation. When I am not on fire to paint I sit and wait until I am.

Through my window I can see the main street of the precious one-horse town where I live. It is a quaint scene, a backdrop for Norman Rockwell.

This deceitful sweetness fascinated me. Tourists, their eyes untrained, never noticed the serpents I've seen, all marveled at it's beauty. My stomach churned each time I heard "oh how precious" or "oh how cute" I got disgusted because they are so easily charmed, they don't know what they are seeing. This is what motivated me to paint the series that brought me more fame than I deserve and more money than I care to have. No one realized however that the series is incomplete. There's one painting missing, perhaps the most important one. I am an honest man so I'll hide it no longer.

I named the series "Serpents in Paradise."

An obvious title, I know, but I was too angry to toy with disguises. I wanted people to know once and for all that "Dear" Cooperstown wasn't "precious" or "cute" and that the people weren't friendly and sweet.

The first painting of the series was "the Gambler." Two subjects,

young boys, very much alike they were. Each with soot-smearred faces, sweat slicked hair, torn jeans and dirty shirts. The innocent little chaps weren't playing marbles while crouching at the curb there. They were "shootin' craps" and the one named the Gambler was picking his buddy's pocket.

I've just come from dinner to look out the window and puff my pipe. It is warm in here now but a storm is brewing and a chill will eventually creep in. I began my second painting, "The Scarlet" on an evening like this. It was dusk, the trees were bent against the wind and smoke-grey clouds were smotheringly close. I was getting up to leave when something scarlet caught my eye. It was young girl, blond and small, a princess. She stood at the corner; checked her watch. She opened her bag, removed a lipstick, applied it, then returned it to the bag. Perfume next. She unfastened the first three buttons of her red blouse and sprayed the perfume on her breast. I expected her to button the blouse again, but she didn't. Instead, she reached up and took her hair from its braid. She ran her fingers through its silkiness and shook it from her eyes. A car pulled up just then causing a smile to magically appear on the scarlet princess' face. She got in and rode away. I began to paint. It didn't matter that my subject

was gone because a crystal clear image of that remarkable transformation remained.

The rain has begun and the chill is now apparent. Brandy will remedy that. I had a sniter, a prized posetion of mine. The fourth subject broke it however. I called hers "The Hypocrite." She is the pillar of the community. An active church participant, a loving wife of a prominent businessman, a mother of two, even a P.T.A. leader. She's perfect except for one small problem: she's a closet alcoholic (not so closet anymore though).

I sat reading as my housekeeper Onatine finished the dishes. The doorbell rang interrupting us both and we each went to answer it. I arrived first however and upon seeing who it was and the condition she was in I excused Onatine for the evening. I let Mrs. Dunkirk into the studio. She was quite drunk and she started to sing "Danny Boy." When I asked her why she had come she spread her arms and began a solo waltz. Dancing faster and faster to the music in her mind.

She sailed close to my canvas, lost her balance and hit my table sending paint, brushes, and sniffer to a colorful glistening death.

She got very quiet, she whimpered and wept like a child. I went to make coffee thinking all the while how much I abhor drunken females. They have no control.

Onatine should have stayed, she, I'm sure, is more experienced with this than I.

It took some time but she began to see clearly the light of day, I mean that two ways, for the sun was rising now, and some semblence of soberness was becoming apparent.

"You mustn't tell a soul, Mr. Canting. Let them believe I was visiting my aunt. I can't let them ...What will they think of me?"

"They will think, Mrs. Dunkirk, that you are not perfect, but pretend to be for their sake."

Again she started to cry.

"Please don't tell anyone. Promise me, Mr. Canting."

"I should not wish to tell anyone. You have my word."

She freshened up then and when she descended the stairs it was as a completely different person, a familiar person though. Mrs. Dunkirk, greying hair tucked neatly in a bun, blouse straightened, the wine stains barely noticable. All order, perfection and hypocrisy.

"Mr. Canting, I'm sorry to have imposed on you." With her words, the previous night was swept from existence.

I painted her then as a drunk, not as a P.T.A. leader. I had promised not to tell but I didn't promise not to show.

I realized I failed to mention the third, "The Loner." This was the second most difficult to

THE WHITE DOG
JEAN-PIERRE LUNDY

I hated that dog. It was something of a shepherd, a large shite shepherd. Of all that I hated about this creature, I grew to dislike its shiteness the most. I thought the dog was evil, and its white shiny coat, whiter than any snow, almost burningly white, gave it an appearance of pacificity. Cleanliness. It also possessed uncanny blue eyes that seemed to pierce you with an exterior kindness that masked a hidden hate. These eyes only aided in giving it some holy appearance.

Not to be misdirected, had I known the dog by appearance alone I would have found it quite beautiful. In fact, it was beautiful, but for myself it grew into a beauty that resembled that of lightning, possessing a fascination that nears loveliness but only when the observer disregards the observer disregards the destructive possibilities of it. This white dog hid behind a facade very much like that. I hated that facade.

I was sixteen the winter I met the dog. My neighbor got it when it was about six months old, or at least that's my guess. From where it came before that I have no idea. I called Mr. Brimley my neighbor because he lived closer to us than any one else, but he too lived about a quarter of a mile away. At the time I knew him only by his name, and that he was the hermit-like alcoholic that lived in the shack down

the road.

His house was quite visible from the road to anyone that knew it was there. It saw perhaps thirty yards into the woods, but the land was very open between the shack and the road. What made it quick to pass for anyone that didn't know it was there was the fact that this open space was little wider than the lane that reached back to the place. Also, the shack very much resembled a pile of wood and successfully camouflaged itself.

I had only ever been close to the place a couple of times myself. Mr. Brimley, a man of roughly fifty years, had a reputation for strangeness that I chose the respect. I avoided him. But on the few occasions that I did manage to summon the courage to venture near his place (always when I knew he was away) I was over come with an eeriness. Most of that feeling stemmed from the fact that I was very young on these occasions and knew that I was not where I belonged, but the feeling was also a one of understanding of comprehension. I can't successfully describe it, but in any case, I didn't like the filthy place and it frightened me.

The meeting with the dog was about as usual as could be expected out where I lived. As I passed Mr. Brimley's place one afternoon in my Jeep, a white blur ran out in front of me, causing me to break suddenly and miss it by only inches. The dog stood on the side of the

road, looking at me; its tail wagging gently, and steam rising from its mouth and nose. Then it turned and trotted down that skinny lane. I must say that when I looked into those strange blue eyes for the first time, they seemed very kind, very gentle. I drove on thinking nothing of it.

Several weeks passed before I saw the dog again. I was walking by Mr. Brimley's one unusually warm evening in February. I had decided to take the stroll for no other reason that I wanted to. As I came along his lane the dog came running through the slushy snow that remained on the ground. I had forgotten all about the dog, but stood unafraid of its approach. As I said, it didn't appear to be even a year old yet and probably didn't weigh more than sixty pounds. Besides, I had no reason to fear it.

I believe it was then that I noticed how extremely white the dog was. The snow was half melted because of the warmth of the day, so its luster was marred by the gray layer of slush beneath it. But even so, one could recognize that the dog was even whiter than the snow had been when freshly fallen. Its legs and chest were not quite as shiny as the body because they were wet, but even so, their cleanliness was astounding.

I bent over to greet the dog on its approach, but as it drew closer, about ten feet away, it suddenly stopped. I recall that it slid for several feet as it

dug in, then backed up to where it had first tried to halt, as if that distance was the exact distance it had to be. The dog stood there for a moment with its head covered slightly, then slowly, very slowly, began to approach. I'm sure I said some appropriate, encouraging words in that ridiculous voice reserved for pets and small children, but I forget if I did or not. I only recall that my hand was outstretched to greet him, when as suddenly as he had stopped, he darted forward, bit my fingers, growling viciously as he did so, and took off running.

Clasping my throbbing fingers, I jumped back reflexively, but of course too late. I am also certain that I made some new appropriate comments in that voice reserved for bar rooms and poker games. Upon quick inspection I found them to be undamaged except for a few bluish indentations near my knuckles. It was then that I heard Mr. Brimley calling. He was standing on his porch.

"Get the hellin here, you goddamn mongrel," he bellowed rather drunkenly. He rearmained staggering in the doorway as the dog approached him. It was already on its way up the lane before Mr. Brimley called. I am certain that it heard the door open before it bit me. The dog slinked slowly onto the porch in very much the same that it had approached me, head down and frightened. As it passed Mr. Brimley, he lifted a booted foot hard into the dog's side. It

yelped quite loudly as it shot through the door. Mr. Brimley nearly fell with the action but managed to correct himself.

I was about to mention that I was fine, sure that he would ask, but instead he turned back into the house, closing the door behind him.

I remained there for a moment, still holding my hand and staring at the house as if someone was there. I found it rather strange that Mr. Brimley had not said anything to me, even for him, though I felt the dog had gotten exactly what it deserved. This of course began my hate for the canine, but at the time there was nothing more to do, so I turned and walked home.

It was several days later that the dog became the topic of a conversation at our dinner table one evening.

"Have you seen that pretty white dog of Mr. Brimley's, Nathan?" my mother asked.

"Yeh, that pretty white dog bit my hand," I answered between mouthfuls.

"Where?" she asked hurriedly. "Did it bit you hard?"

"I said on the hand," I answered and simultaneously showed her the faint bruises that remained. "And no it didn't. If it had I would have shown you."

My generally very quiet father, a man of heavy build and thin, dark hair spoke suddenly without raising his head to address me.

"Watch those rabies."

"Yes, Nathan. Do you know if that dog is safe?"

"No. I happen to know that it isn't. It bit me."
"You know what I mean," she said concerned, "Did you ask Mr. Brimley if it had the shots?"

My father interrupted again, "When are you going to clean that barn?"

"Tomorrow. First thing." He still hadn't looked up but seemed to accept my answer. I waited to make sure then continued. "Mom, I'm sure it's fine. It didn't even break the skin." I exposed the had to her again, and though her expression was one of someone unconvinced, the topic of rabies was dropped.

"I saw it the other day as I drove by," she said. "It's a very pretty dog. Do you know its name?"

"No," I answered, realizing that Mr. Brimley hadn't addressed it with any. And as far as I know, it never had one. I doubt now that it did. From that time on it was simple referred to as 'that dog of Mr. Brimley's' or 'the white dog.'

Winter passed without my running into the dog again. I saw it many times as I passed the shack, but it seemed to stay away from the road. On several occasions I walked passed his home, always with a little trepidation, but I never saw the dog. Not until well into spring.

I was out riding my bicycle that day. It was May, and I was enjoying the scenery, new green invading the very gray woods. I had already ridden past Mr. Brimley's without seeing the dog and was on my return. The air was damp but

warm, and I was so engrossed in my senses as I neared the place that I was not thinking anything about the dog, when it suddenly leaped from some hiding place at the wood's edge. It knocked me flatly on my side and continued to savagely tear at the cuff of my pants. I remember screaming, though not very loudly. It was simply an initial reaction. With my free leg I pounded heavily on the dog's head, as I scrambled backwards on my elbows. It was then that I noticed something strange about its face. It finally let go and simply ran off. My first guess wudl have been that the attack lasted several minutes, but in retrospect I know that it was only a matter of seconds.

I came to my feet quickly, afraid that it was coming back, but as I stood I saw that it was trotting down the lane towards the shack. I watched it as it laid down on the grass in front of the porch as if to rest. The huge red tongue hung down from its face and looked particularly bright against the whiteness. The dog seemed even whiter than before, and I couldn't imagine how it had managed to successfully hide from me in the scarce cover of the wood's edge. It was also much larger and seemed filled out, very muscular. For just a passing moment I again noticed something distorted about its face.

Though I was physically unharmed, save for a few scratches on my hands and elbows, my mental state was one of great fear. I realized that I had to pass

the dog yet to get home. Other dogs had lashed ut at me before, usually to protect some property they believed they owned. In the country there seem to be many unfriendly types around, but something about this one unsettled me more than any other. Perhaps it was because I felt that it had seen me pass the first time and had patiently awaited my return. I didn't like to think that it though at all.

Placing the bicycle between myself and the shack, I walked quickly passed, then mounted and rode home. The dog did nothing. It simply watched me from its place in front of the porch as if nothing had occurred. It seemed even to pay very little attention to me, like it had some all that was necessary, whatever that was. It seemed quite pleased with itself.

My mother mended my torn pants, but only after I fully explained the incident to her.

"That dog scares me," she said finally, "but it's so pretty. What do you think made it so nasty?"

"I don't know," I said, dabbing peroxide on my road burns. "I'm not sure how much I'd like living with Mr. Brimley."

My father entered the room just then. "You didn't feed those horses," he said, leaning against the doorway.

"No, I was going to when I was done here. I had some . . ." My voice trailed off. It was in his face that he wanted no excuses. "I had some things to do." He didn't

react. "I'll do it now."

"It's done."

"I'm sorry."

"Better go upstairs."

"Please," my mother interrupted, "Not again, Bill. He got scratched up. He was going to do it. Not again."

"The boy will learn," he said sternly, then pushed me as I passed him going through the door. I smelled the alcohol on him. "He's sixteen. Should've learned already."

My mother had tried. She always did. My father followed me upstairs and what occurred shall be given no description.

The next morning, as I ate breakfast, my mother asked me how I was.

"I'm fine," I said, touching the bruise on my head. "I'm fine."

"Are you sure, Nathan? I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize for something you didn't do," I said harsher than I wanted to. She always cried about things like this, as if there was something she could have done. There wasn't. There wasn't anything at all. "Besides, it's my elbow that hurts the most. I'll kill that dog if it does anything again."

"You'll do no such thing," she said quickly. "You'll simply stay away from it."

"We'll see," I said quietly. I remembered a thought that had come over me, as if it were thinking.

Mid-summer arrived with no more incident, mainly because I followed my mother's advice and stayed away from Mr. Brimley's. I passed the dog many times in my

Jeep, but it never chased me or even barked as I went by. In fact, it was never near the road, and I would only catch it on quick glances up the lane. One evening, however, as I hunted for crows in a field behind our house, I saw the dog. It was perhaps a hundred years away and seemed to be hunting for something. I didn't like that dog being so far from its home. I didn't like it being so close to mine. I decided then, rather quickly, that I was going to kill it. I would approach it, hope it attacked, then blow its brains out. The decision was made out of my hate for the dog and my general need for excitement. All the basic requirement for youthful rationality were present.

I approached the dog boldly, as any coward with a gun can do, and even yelled to it as I drew nearer. I think I realized that even I couldn't kill it if it didn't attack. "Hey, you bastard," I yelled to it from about fifty yards. "I have a pant leg for you." The dog heard and quickly raised its head to see me. Then it very slowly lowered itself into the tall grass of the field and disappeared. I thought I heard a faint, low growl. I didn't like that. I had seen plenty of movies where the big cats of Africa had done the very same thing. I didn't like it at all. The double-barrel in my hands felt smaller. The distance between us felt smaller. I felt smaller.

I wanted to yell to it, but realized that I didn't want it to know I was

afraid. Wasn't that what you're supposed to do? Never let it know you're afraid. I was afraid. There was very little breeze, and what was there suddenly stopped. I could see the tall grass bending as something approached. I could hear the crackle and crunch of dry stems breaking. I felt relieved. At least now I would know its approach. The excitement that overcomes a hunter just before he kills raised the hairs on the back of my neck. I kept coming.

It would have to be very close for me to kill it. The bird shot in my gun was small, and I certainly didn't want to wound it. It I recall, I would say that the dog was about twenty feet away when I decided to fire. I still couldn't see it, except for the bending of the tall grass, but decided that I wanted some distance between us so I could reload. I pulled off both barrels at once. Before the reverberation had completely left my ears, I had ejected and replaced both the discharged shells.

There was nothing. Not a stem stirred. No thrashing. No growling. Nothing. Anything at all would have been better than nothing. I would have gladly accepted a charge through the grass by a growling, drooling, wounded savage than to be surrounded by the stillness of that field. It had to be dead. I had aimed low for where I expected the head to be. It had to be dead. I gave thought to just turning around and going home, but decided that I had to

know. Approaching slowly, I waded through the grass, the gun leveled on the sight of the kill. At about ten feet away, I fully expected the bloody face to come streaking toward me, but nothing happened. I drew nearer. It was then that I saw the carcass. Not a dog, but a cat. A common cat from our little farm. The shot had been quite effective.

If I thought I was scared when I approached, I was wrong. I was standing in the middle of a field, a dead cat at my feet. A savage dog was somewhere nearby in cover that concealed it completely. A breeze stirred the grass, and I ran. I turned and ran, the coward with the gun. I ran all the way home from something taht probably wasn't even there anymore.

It was about a month later when the dog got me again. I was fishing in an old pond between our place and Mr. Brimley's. It used to be a farm pond, but the place was long since rotted away and the water that came from the springs in the ground there was all that remained. It was a cool Sunday afternoon, cool enough for a jacket, and I was almost asleep. teh fish weren't biting, but the bugs weren't biting either. I was having a damn good time just getting away. I was on my back, taking in the beautiful day.

I heard the crackle of leaves shuffling, so I lifted my head, though not very far because I thought it to be just a squirrel or something. But I lifted it

far enough to see the dog standing about fifteen feet away. A growl rumbled in its throat as the hair on its shoulders stood straight up. The lips curled back, exposing teeth that seemed yellow compared to the dog's coat. I was very frightened, so I slowly sat up.

It grabbed the arm I fed it to protect myself. I managed to maintain my balance and repeatedly kicked the dog wherever my foot managed to make contact. My free hand tore at one of its ears. It whimpered several times when my foot met its rib cage, then it finally let go after one particularly hard hit and ran away.

It all seemed so fast. I was unharmed because of the protection my light coat had given me, but I collected my things and ran home immediately. I hid the jacket under my bed. I didn't need any hassles. I had been 'disciplined' the night before by my father for leaving his shovel out in the rain.

"Your father wants that wood split," said my mother, washing dishes.

"I know," I said, "I'm gonna do it now."

"Well, I'd like you to bring those apples in."

"Let me do the wood first."

She looked at me, understanding, "Okay."

The wood to be split was near our small barn where we kept the horses. We didn't farm the place, just kept a few things. I got out the axe and a maul and went directly to work. It was fall, around the end of October. The

leaves had all changed. Many had fallen. The air was cool but not yet cold; although, there were a few early morning frosts. I'd been working for about fifteen minutes, when the sight of the dog startled me.

I had just turned around to pick up the maul when I noticed it standing about thirty feet away. I was watching me. Staring at me. It didn't seem as white in places. Something seemed patchy about it. I hurled the axe at it, but it hit short and awkwardly bounced toward the dog. The animal moved out of the way and growled. I picked up the maul.

"Get the hell outta here," I yelled to it. I threw a piece of wood at it that struck very close. The dog again side-stepped but didn't retreat. I walked toward it. "I told you to get out of here," I said as I charged it. It ran, and I was reminded of a time when I had run in very much the same way. Run through a field as if death itself were at my heels. I had been the man with the weapon but had run without looking back.

The dog, however, did turn back. At about forty yards away the dog turned and looked at me. The look wasn't so savage as it had always been, though it seemed no friendlier either. It just looked different, deeper, as if it saw something it understood. Then the strange distorted face turned and he left me, standing alone with a maul in my hands.

The first snow fell around the middle of November. It was a

beautiful white snow that dropped large white flakes and piled loosely on the ground. Several inches fell by evening. The woods were heavily laden with the stuff, as it stacked up in neat little piles on the branches. It was the type of snow that seemed to make everything quiet.

I was driving home from basketball practice, colder than hell in my Jeep with no heater. It was that dull king of light out that made it appear the same everywhere. No shadows, no brightness. Just a dull reflection off the snow.

The snow stopped falling, but the roads were rather slick so I was going fairly slowly. I approached Mr. Brimley's place and noticed the dog standing alongside the road. It was barely visible with all the shiteness around it. It watched me approach, no expression of aggression on its face. It just watched me. Then as I drew very close, its pale blue eyes looking up at me and its beautiful white body blending so well with the snow, it trotted directly in front of my Jeep. I felt and heard the contact.

My brakes were locked immediately, but as I said, too late. Though my speed was reduced, I slid for several feet before coming to a stop. I jumped out and ran back to where the dog lay on the road. It had been struck hard so I had no fear of it. I knelt by its side.

It was white, very white. It was on its side not moving. My hand

gently stroked the soft fur, then I touched the red stain that trickled from its ear. A small pool of blood formed on the road beneath its nose. My fingers were still dabbing at the blood. Of what I was thinking I am uncertain, but I seemed in almost a trance. The killing of the dog was not so grand as I had expected it to be. The red stain on its fur seemed so out of place, like a birthmark on the side of its face. The head lifted slowly, and the huge red tongue touched my hand gently. I didn't pull away, though I almost did. It never made a sound but licked my hand several times, leaving a film of saliva and blood behind. It watched me with those strange blue eyes. They were kind eyes. Nearly lifeless, but almost thankful eyes. In no way vicious and I didn't understand.

I noticed the distortion of the face again. It was a scar, a large scar that ran from the corner of its right eye to the end of its nose. It was an ugly scar that must have come from an ugly wound. My hand reached for a bruise above my eye, put there a couple of nights before. The dog rested its head on the road again, and after a gentle whimper I saw the blue eyes fade to gray as that glossy film of death spread across them.

I looked toward the shack when I heard the door open.

"Get the hell in here, you goddamn mongel," yelled Mr. Brimley. He was staggering in the doorway as he had the time before. "Get the hell in here."

I waved to him, though I didn't speak a word. I'm not sure why, perhaps because I was afraid. I came to my feet and waved again, sure that he would come over, but he just stood searching with his eyes. Then he turned back into the house, closing the door behind him. He never saw me. I'm quite sure of that. He didn't see me then, and he hadn't seen me the other

The Series
paint because I didn't know the subject

It was quite early, wet snow was falling and accumulating quickly. A bitter cold December morning it was. I didn't expect to see anyone strolling about but to my surprise the figure coming from my distant right was human.

As he moved closer I could see he was of average height and build. His clothing was rather inappropriate for the type of weather. No cap protected his dark strands of hair from the flecks of melting snow. He trudged through the now knee-deep snow carrying a small pack that glistened with wetness.

He was a drifter, it was clear to see. Fired from his job no doubt. Now looking for someone else to beg, borrow or steal from. He'd found no comfort here! This was a family town. Only family and old people like myself stay here.

I must define a point that before had been unclear to me; a loner is someone who prefers no companionship. They like being alone. Being alone

time, when the dog had bitten me. The alcohol had shortened his sight in many ways.

I knelt down and picked the dog up off the road. I finally realized that what I thought was the dog's punishment so long ago had been nothing but a greeting from its owner. Probably the only greeting it had ever known. The body was limp but warm, and much heavier than I

and being lonesome are two entirely different ideas.

He was close enough now that I could see his face, as he passed by my window. His jaw was set and his black-brown eyes stared straight ahead into the snow, seeing nothing.

His hand moved slowly to brush his tangled snow-soaked hair from his face and wipe water from his cheeks. At the time I assumed the water was melted snow, now, after more careful thought I'm not so sure. Perhaps the title should be changed.

The brandy does make it rather warm. I think I'll not smoke just yet.

When the paintings were shown the subjects of them and their neighbors did not disapprove as I suspected. Instead they blamed "the attacks" on the insanity and boredom of an aging artist. (except for "The Loner" who due to his absence was defenseless.)

Yes, there was a fifth, the missing portrait. The most difficult one to paint due to the

had expected. I then saw the scars. Many of them scattered beneath the thick fur all over its body. The insanity of its actions when it crossed the road in front of me was finally understood, as was its only gesture of kindness. Perhaps gratitude. It had found a way out. There were others, but perhaps his was the best.

I buried the white dog in

familiarity of the subject. I call it "The Reflection."

I was unable to sleep, a problem that seldom plagues me. This night was very dark and starless. I went to my studio and turned on my reading lamp. As soon as I sat down I saw my reflection staring back at me. An aging artist. Ash brown hair thinning and frazzled-looking narrow, analyzing eyes. A short black beard and mustache surrounding a slightly round, slightly wrinkled face. I imagined my crimson robe pressed neatly and precisely throwing a red cast on my face. I saw within the reflection another subject. Not as pleasing to the eye as "The Scarlet," but just as startling.

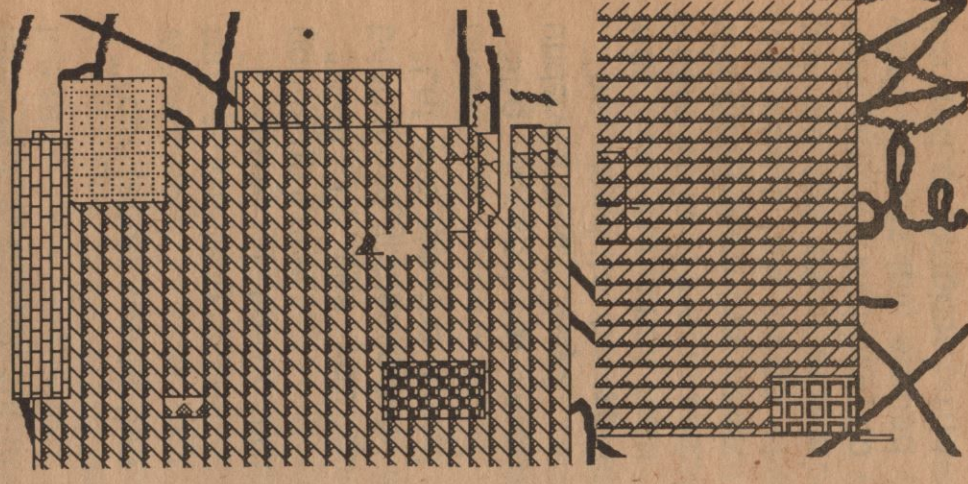
Those four subjects, the sweet, friendly town, they deserved to be unveiled to the world! I can read people, my eye is trained to see what others can not...Serpents in Paradise? No. People. The words I tolds "The Hypocrite" came back to me then.

I am not perfect but pretend to be for my own

the field behind our house. Only the surface of the ground was frozen, so the digging was not difficult. I told no one, for it didn't seem necessary. Mr. Brimley would soon forget all about it. I held a small ceremony of my own, deciding that the nameless grave was the least I could give it. I wish it well wherever it went. The coward will have to find another way.

sake. I could not accept myself otherwise.

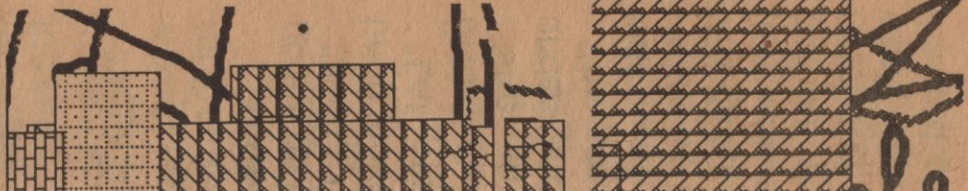
How dare I judge and condemn others without giving them a chance to judge me? I sit behind a shield of window glass and stone the passerby. I y e i l d m y paintbrush/dagger to no one, and spare no possible enemy. Imagine if I called no truce, and slayed every foe, I would be a victor but I would also be an artist without subjects to paint.



house.
of the
so the
difficult.
it didn't
Mr.
n forget
held a
of my
at the
was the
e it. I
rever it
ard will
er way.

accept

dge and
without
nance to
behind a
w glass
sserby. I
m y
er to no
are no
Imagine
uce, and
a, I would
t I would
st without
t.



from the memoirs of Kurt Schwalbe

THE TRIP OF PERIL

"I'll be back," I said, as I stumbled into the aisle. Just then, the train started rocking even more. Contemplating the terror on the other side, I tripped to the door. Twisting the handle, I strained to get it open. Just as I got through and into the vestibule, the next car started bouncing up and down violently, and I stared aghast at the rapidly moving floor joint. As I paused to gather some courage and blind stupidity, the joint started sliding back and forth in addition to up and down. I found a handbar and grasped tightly. Then, with a sudden burst of bravado and willpower, I jumped the joint and got on the other side, on the next car. Panic-stricken because the entrance door wouldn't open, burning sweat running down my face and stinging my eyes, I frantically searched for another handhold. The car violently jolted, sending me into an abyss of vertigo, kinda like doing pull-ups while hanging off the Brooklyn Bridge, the river moving rather swiftly below. The door, coincidentally enough, popped open just as I removed my fingers from between it and the push-in-the-bar type latch. Barely stifling an agonized scream of relief, I burst into the car hallway and fought toward a crowd of people standing front of a counter. When I reached them, I wiped a flood of sweat from my forehead. I had arrived at the snack bar.

by David Houston

UNTITLED

of course she doesn't drink beer,
unless it's something especially exotic,
and expensive.
he'll probably smell faintly of tea,
and always seems to have just
rounded the corner
some narrow Parisian street...
ow in full two o'clock sunlight,
ough it has just rained,
nd the cobblestones are still wet,
istening at her feet.
ne'll treat me like beer,
xplaining that her heart
is been broken enough already,
belongs to some distant,
nd I imagine equally European), lover.
en she'll be racing off

to lunch with three
equally luscious and inaccessible girlfriends,
where she'll drink one glass of white wine...
Leaving her stylishly frail hand
on the coffee table by the door
with her keys.

by Stephen Zoldi

IN THE SHADOWS

Broken friend, broken friend of mine;
Dying on the floor today;
Life's blood spilling away!
Murdered friend, murdered friend of mine;
What did you just say?
I'll get him for hurting you this way!
In the game, the game of revenge that is mine;
Four bullets in the killer's brain today!
Broken bones twisted in every way!
In the world, the world of guilt that is mine;
For your life, my friend, they'll pay!
There'll be a hanging, yes they'll sway!
Foul butcher, foul butcher of the friend of mine;
Trying so hard to run away.
I'll get you one dark day!
Vile assassin, vile assassin of the friend of
mine;
You cannot push the knife away!
My friend's life was avenged today!
In the shadows, the shadows of the soul of
mine;
There's so much guilt I cannot break away.
I think I'll go and join my friend today.

1111 Gate III
- mind the st +

INFINITE

STUDY OF THE MIND

Rush
Eliante from the main
Deviate 99
Isolate 99

Just Drawing
Just Reality

ALIAS MEMOR HIS POINT

1111 Gate III
Purpose Goals

Other things
This is the
other world
of mind
of mind

where does
what = when?
of cell?
PT



CONSCIOUSNESS
Release the mind
MEMOR

And your back to the

Start

Express
Thought
material