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TOWERS

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73



TOWERS 73 documents the current state of visual and textual expression at Northern Illinois University. The contents within are as accurate a definition of current student work as the body of submissions would allow.

Just as we looked to past issues for inspiration, we hope to provide a sense of context and tradition for future directors who, despite the rigors of the Visual Communication program, will choose to accept the responsibility, the setbacks, and most importantly, the overwhelming sense of accomplishment which characterize the TOWERS experience.

So, what are all these tools for? Words, and images, along with countless other devices, provide an extension of human capabilities allowing us to expand our inventiveness with limitless variety.

**JORDAN NOGEE
BRENT RILEY**

I would like to give special thanks to Joe Gastiger for his guidance and patience, Mike Malone for his support, our judges for their insight, Brent Riley and Jordan Noguee for their endurance and dedication, and all the students who submitted their work and made this book possible.

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Dusting DAWN M. MEULLER

The ritual begins.

My hand flows about

The intricate curves of the head of my bed

Gently over the telling face of the clock

Lingers on the smooth neck of a precious vase

Lightly across the fine chest of drawers, then

The arms and back of the old captain's chair

Slips slowly down the spine of a treasured book

And the strong legs of the sturdy oak table

Lastly, the well-worn foot of the stairs...

My weekly encounter.

I knew a man, once.

He stayed here so often, he seemed

Almost part of the furniture.

Your "well-deserved" weekends were hell for me...

Saturday morning cartoons were non-existent

bed sheets blanketed my face.

I knew what the day would hold...

You cutting the grass

with a beer in hand

or

painting the bathroom

with a beer in hand

or

walking the dog

with a beer in hand.

I hated that beer

full of hatred, abuse, fear.

"...you were a mistake..."

"I can't wait until you're 18 so you can move out."

I was only 9.

Mom always said to forgive

since people, especially dads, make mistakes.

You made mistakes for 16 years.

"Don't talk to your sister, 'cause she's stupid."

"No one will marry you, just look in the mirror."

After my hopeless attempts of death

you drank your last beer.

I promised never to be like you.

Now I anticipate my "well-deserved" weekends.

singing with friends

with a beer in hand

or

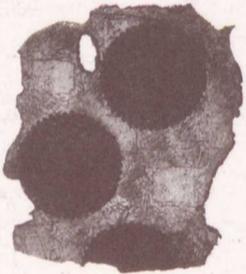
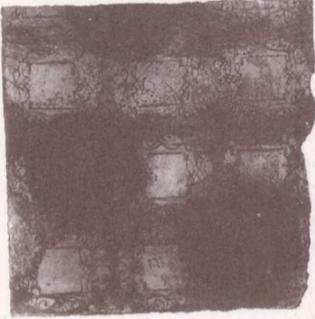
dancing under the moonlight

with a beer in hand

or

writing this poem

with a beer in hand.



Defection ED ISTWAN

I remember...
Neil Diamond and Elvis.
The soundtrack of our humble beginnings.
Tirelessly I caressed your face,
as we filled the air with lucid silence.

I remember...
Anxiety from both sides
Autumn walks
And my cat's obtrusive curiosity.

Serenaded by Kate Bush and Eric Johnson,
Kisses punctuated a conversation
Fluently spoken with looks and smiles
While the docked boat
Somehow managed to rock us away--
Away to a world better than the one
From which we came.

Emotions were mirrored
In the shine of mutual tears
As I held back the words you needed,
But didn't want to hear.
They're still here, waiting for you.
I can taste them lingering on my tongue
with the thick succulence of melted chocolate.

Lives of Restrained Affection THOMAS R. FROST



The Burr Road Experience DAN MANCINI

Steve and I snuck out of school early that day. Spring ritual: out to Steve's little MG Midget, top down, the wind in our faces, to freedom. We'd whip through town or go to the woods by our neighborhood and just hang out drinking beers and smoking cigarettes (or pot if we had any). They were easy days. The week before graduation. School wasn't bad, but the weather - pastel-blue skies and a breeze so light you hardly felt it unless you thought about the fact it was there - made it impossible to stay indoors, shuffling through a day full of books and hall passes.

The best time to go was during lunch-period: three hundred students ambling through the Commons - buying food, bullshitting, making plans for the weekend, setting up drug deals, whatever. It was easy to slip away unnoticed. Nobody missed two or three or four guys. All the authority was too busy watching out for real trouble: fights, rebellion.

We had a student body of like twenty-five hundred people, so the administration was always looking for rebellion - like all of a sudden we'd take them all hostage, slit their throats when the S.W.A.T. teams stormed the building.

Anyway, no one took any notice when we made our way out of the commons to the outside world. A short walk across the parking lot to the Midget and we were gone. Once out of the lot, we eased back in the bucket seats - big smiles on our faces. We stopped at Naugle's to put the top down - Steve got an order of bean 'n' cheese - then cruised through town with the wind in our hair and Locust Abortion Technician by the Butthole Surfers on the cassette deck. God, we loved that tape.

"What should we do?" Steve yelled above the car stereo, spooning bean 'n' cheese into his mouth. He was a little shorter than me and stockier. He had on a pair of mirrored sunglasses - the kind mean cops wear - and I could see distorted, twin little images of myself when he looked my direction.

"I don't know, man," I said. "Who cares? It doesn't matter." I patted my chest realizing my jean jacket was back in my locker and my smokes were in the inside pocket. "Stop up here at the 7-11 so I can get smokes."

"Let's just go to the Pride. We can buy some beer. You got any money?"

The Pride gas station, way the hell west of town on route 64, was the only place we could buy beer. Expensive as hell, but they never carded anybody. We were fifteen minutes getting out there. We scored a case of Bud and my smokes. Total bill: \$16.87. Ridiculous.

We cruised back towards town, each of us sucking on a can of beer.

"Now what?" I asked. I lit the first of my cigarettes. The tape ended and I popped it out, shuffled through the tapes strewn all over the car, looking for something interesting.

"I don't know."

"Shit." I couldn't find anything I liked, so I put the Buttholes back in. We'd have to listen to it again.

"Let's go to Skeeter's."

Skeeter was our age. Mark. We'd been calling him Mosquito for a long time - since junior high. I don't know where the name came from, but it fit. He was tall and thin, always wore sweats, some ratty T-shirt (from an ancient Rush concert, maybe), and a baseball cap. He'd quit school Junior year. Just got fed up, I guess. I was never clear on why he did it. I don't think he was either.

He was one of those guys that's just naturally funny - or at least funny things always happened to him. Like, one winter he bought a car for fifty bucks - Gremlin or some piece of shit like that. He was doing doughnuts in the Taco Bell parking lot by the mall and smacked right into a big light pole. Screwed the transmission so the car wouldn't go into any gear but reverse so he drove all the way home backwards. There's a million more stories like that about Skeeter.

I carried the open case of Bud down the dark hall toward Skeeter's apartment.

"I hope he's home, man," Steve said.

"What, do you think he went to work?" I laughed.

Skeeter would probably be watching a movie on HBO or something. He did that a lot, man. Just sat around and watched TV. Sometimes we'd go to pick him up - to go out and party - and he'd look at us, all glassy-eyed, and say, "Naw, I'd rather stay here and watch TV." He had a job as a porter at a car dealership, but they were lenient about work schedules and Skeeter took it as a cue not to show up.

He lived in a little two-bedroom, basement-level apartment with his mom and brother. His mom was a sad kind of character, short and fat. She looked in her fifties, but I think she was younger. She would stand in their little kitchen, looking out over the counter at the living room, trying to maintain some order in her household.

"Why don't one of you two clean up this place?" she'd say. "It's a mess!"

"Fuck that!" Skeeter would say. Then his brother, Larry, would say, "The mess don't bother me, Mom. If it bothers you, why don't you clean it up?"

If I said something like that to my mom, she'd kill me, but Skeeter's mom wouldn't say anything. She'd just reach into the icebox to get a piece of ice to chew on. She was always chewing on ice. Steve read in a psychology magazine once that chewing on ice was a sign of sexual frustration. From then on out whenever she'd reach into that

icebox for a cube to chew on, we'd get a good snicker.

Skeeter's older brother, Larry, had spent a couple years in the army ("Better than jail," Skeeter's mom would joke). He worked at the dealership with Skeeter, before he went into the army, but I guess they cured him of his sense of humor. He was about four years older than us and bitter, like he thought his life had hit a deadend or something.

Steve knocked on the door. An old lady with a million cats lived in the apartment next to Skeeter's and the smell of cat piss was coming out from underneath the door. "Jesus," I said. I waved my hand in front of my face.

"What?" Skeeter yelling from inside the apartment. I tried the door, but it was locked.

"Let us in, man."

We could hear Skeeter shuffle across the floor. The lock snapped back and the door opened. He was on his way back to the couch.

"What's going on, Mosq?" I asked.

He plopped onto the couch and took the remote in his hand. "Nothing," he said.

He was the only one home. He was watching some movie on HBO. Steve sat down on the couch, put his feet up on the coffee table as I went into the kitchen to find a place to put our beer.

"Hey man, what's in this Tupperware thing?" I yelled. The fridge was small, with side-by-side refrigerator/freezer compartments and the flat, blue container was taking up almost all the room on the middle shelf.

"Tuna casserole," Skeeter said. He giggled afterward, like the words sounded funny to him.

"I'm taking it out to make room for the beer."

"Go ahead. It tastes like shit."

I took out the casserole, put the Bud in its place. I took three cans out of the case and bobbed them into the living room. I sat down in the easy-chair next to the couch and we cracked our beers. The place was a pit - Skeeter's clothes scattered everywhere, empty bags of Doritos, crushed cans of Pabst and RC, a week's worth of the Tribune spread out on the coffee table and all over the floor. I cranked out the footrest and slid back into the easy-chair.

"What are you guys up to?" Skeeter asked.

"Not much, man," Steve said. "We ditched school."

"What's going on tonight?"

"Amy Kaiser's having a party," I said. "You want to go?" You never knew how Skeeter would react to being asked to go out and socialize. Sometimes he was real enthusiastic and sometimes he got weird - like he was depressed or something. This time we were lucky.

"Yeah, I'll go," he said.

"Cool. What did you do today, man. Did you work?" Another risky move - Skeeter could be sensitive about his work ethic. I figured the last question had gone over good enough, so why not?

"Naw, my old man came by."

Skeeter's dad lived on the opposite side of town. He and Skeeter's mom had been divorced for a long time. He looked like a regular guy - always wore Levi's dockers, a Polo or Izod, and a pair of loafers. I could never imagine him and Skeeter's mom being a couple - for one thing he looked about ten years younger than her. Sometimes he and Skeeter's stepmom - who looked like she was in her late twenties - would come over to the apartment and buy blow from Skeeter. Skeeter didn't deal, he just had inside tracks. It's a strange world. I guess Skeeter had done cocaine with his dad plenty of times. Steve and I were there when Skeeter sold to his dad once and we even did a couple lines with him. It was too bizarre for me. I never was into coke anyway, and doing it with someone's dad seemed flaky.

We watched the rest of the movie and started in on another. I finished my fourth beer and crumpled the can in my hand, looked at its red, white and blue surface. There's nothing like good, American, blue-collar beer. I got up for another.

"Anybody want one?" I waved the can, holding it between my thumb and middle finger. They both wanted another.

"I'm bored," said Steve, "let's do something."

"I gotta piss." Skeeter stood up. "You want to get stoned?"

We said we did. I walked back into the living room with three beers cradled in my arms. I gave Steve his beer and put Skeeter's on the coffee table. I opened my own and took a good slug. The toilet flushed and Skeeter came out and went into his room. Steve and I heard him rummaging around, getting his bong out of the closet - he kept it hidden (his mom didn't mind us drinking beer, but she didn't like pot), way in the back behind all his clothes and a pile of toys he'd never thrown away since he was a kid.

He came out of his room with the bong in one hand and a baggie in the other. He took his position on the couch, cradling the bong between his legs as he unwrapped the baggie. He tossed the baggie to me.

"Smell," he said.

It was fresh, ripe with that wet, pungent, skunk smell- like something rotting. I tossed it to Steve and he took a big whiff, nodded approval.

"Do it up," Steve said.

"This shit will make us fly," said Skeeter. A demented Peter Pan.

Skeeter emptied the pot onto the table and we watched him separate out the seeds. It took like twenty minutes. Skeeter was real slow and meticulous when he worked with pot - like he considered himself the last of the true artisans or something. When he was satisfied, he packed some into the bowl and I tossed him my Bic. He put his mouth to the red tube and the chamber filled with thick, heavy smoke. He slid the bowl out and the smoke disappeared into his lungs. He sat red-faced for a moment - his chin tucked down to his neck where the veins bulged full and thick - then coughed and the smoke came pouring out.

He packed the bowl again and handed me the bong. I put it between my legs, put my mouth to the tube, just as Skeeter had done. I lit the bowl and sucked, watching thick smoke fill the tube, letting my eye pass over the bumper sticker on the bong that said "In Search of the Eternal Buzz." When it was full I slid the bowl out and watched the smoke disappear. It was cool and clean - I didn't feel it slide into my lungs. I held it down as the familiar feeling came - passages in my lungs contracting, shrinking in synchronicity. I gave in and let the smoke blow slowly out my mouth and nose. I handed the bong back to Skeeter - cashed - he refilled it and gave it to Steve, who went through the ritual.

We all repeated the ritual two more times before we'd had enough. I lay back in the easy-chair with a lightness all over me, my eyes feeling soft and itchy. Skeeter and Steve slumped on the couch. Nobody said anything for a long time. Skeeter finally broke the silence.

"What are you guys gonna do after graduation?" he asked.

"Get a job," Steve said.

I didn't feel like talking, my brain felt too slow, but they looked to me for an answer. "I don't know," I said, "my mom wants me to take some classes at the community college. I don't know what I want to do, though."

"Man," said Skeeter, "screw school. Haven't you had enough after twelve years? Why don't you guys get jobs at the dealership? I could get you jobs."

"Really?" asked Steve.

"Yeah."

"I don't want to work at any dealership," I said. "Man, do you want to work there for the rest of your life? Why don't you get your G.E.D., Mosq?"

He sat there for a minute, flipped through the channels on the TV with the remote. Some old movie was on channel 50 - a chick in a poodle-skirt standing in the dark night waving her scarf as two old jalopies fired past her, drag racing.

"I don't need a high school diploma," Skeeter finally said. "And I'm not going to work at the dealership for the rest of my life. There's plenty of good paying jobs in construction and stuff like that. I can live just fine."

"Forget it," I said.

"No man." A little pissed now. "What's wrong with what we're doing now? I'm having plenty of fucking fun right now. You don't have to turn into some goddam yuppie in order to have fun."

"Yeah," I said, "you're right."

He stood up and grabbed the bong. It was almost 6:30. I could tell he was still pissed.

"My old lady's going to be home soon." He took the bong back into his room and came out spraying Lysol until we were watery-eyed and choking from the misty, sterile air.

"Man, I'm bored!" said Steve. "Let's do something. It's kick-ass outside, let's get out of here." I wanted to leave too, but we couldn't motivate, like we were trapped in the apartment.

We stayed at Skeeter's until about 8:00. The pot hadn't completely worn off and we'd finished the case of beer so we were all drunk, but Steve and I were starving and Skeeter's mom was making me nervous - walking around, chewing ice and making small talk with us. She didn't mean any harm, but I was getting a little paranoid - probably from the pot.

"Let's go to Hardee's," I said.

"Let's do it," Steve said. He got up from the couch like he was eager to go, too.

I wasn't sure if Skeeter would go with us - whether or not he was still pissed - but he got his jacket and followed us out the door. We got outside and the air was warm and clear and there was still some sunlight.

"Shit...I'm drunk," said Steve. "I think I'm still a little stoned, too."

"Me too," I said.

"Hey, I'm all right," Skeeter said, "do you want me to drive?"

We both knew Skeeter was no more "all right" than either of us, but Steve didn't want to drive so he handed him the keys. We piled into the car - I was riding shotgun and Steve lay with his feet stretched across the tight backseat. We went to the Hardee's drive-thru - three burgers for a buck - and then took off to Amy's party.

"Where does she live?" Skeeter had one hand on the wheel while he fed a burger into his mouth with the other.

"West of town. Somewhere off Burlington." I had to yell above the car stereo - side two of Locust Abortion Technician was coming to an end again.

Skeeter nodded as he pounded his hand against the steering wheel to the rhythm of the wall-of-feedback music. "I haven't been out that way in awhile," he said. "How far out does she live?"

"Pretty far," Steve said, "past Burr Road."

"Shit, man," Skeeter said, "remember 'The Burr Road Experience?'"

He was talking about a thing we used to do when we were sixteen, right after we'd gotten our licences. Burr was a country road northwest of town, miles long and barely wide enough for two cars to pass side-by-side. When you turn onto Burr from Burlington Road, it climbs gradually uphill for about a mile until it peaks. On the other side of the peak it drops down pretty steep for about a mile and a quarter until you come to a blind curve. At night we used to go there in Skeeter's old Monte Carlo. We'd barrel up the hill as fast

as we could - if you got going fast enough sometimes you'd get a little air on the peak of the hill - then Skeeter would shut off his headlights as we came down the far side. The whole thing was scary as hell - on the first half of the strip you never knew if a car coming the opposite direction would come flying at you when you reached the peak, and on the second half you had to pray to God that Skeeter managed to slow down before the car came to the dead curve - but we'd survived every time and laughed our asses off when it was over. I remember to this day, clutching the handle on the car door with white knuckles and wondering whether I'd ever see the light of day again.

"Let's do a Burr Road Experience," said Skeeter.

"You're fucking crazy, man," I said.

"Why not?"

"Not in my car," Steve said.

"Come on, you pussies! It'll be just like old times!" Skeeter was all tensed up, his eyes wide open and the veins in his neck bugging out as he looked at me. "How many times did we do the Burr Road Experience? We never had a problem! Never even came close to fucking dying! I know what I'm doing!" Words shooting fast out of his mouth. He was intent on doing this.

We were on Burlington, getting close to Burr and Skeeter was pumping the gas with his foot, making the car jerk like it had the same insane desire to put its existence on the line for a cheap thrill. The music on the stereo ended. I popped the tape out, threw it on the floor and looked for another. I found one by the Rollins Band and put it in - I'd never heard it before.

We came to Burr Road and Skeeter stopped the car at the corner. He looked over at me - dead serious - and then back at Steve.

"What's it going to be?"

I didn't say anything. I didn't have anything to say. I couldn't explain myself to Skeeter. It wasn't just that I was afraid - and I was afraid - it just seemed so stupid, so useless. I knew Skeeter wouldn't understand. Wouldn't ever understand. I wondered what was going through Skeeter's mind - if he imagined the chick in the poodle skirt from the old movie standing there, waving us on with her scarf. Steve didn't say anything either.

"Let's do it!" Skeeter turned onto Burr Road, pinning the gas to the floor. I pulled on my seat belt and white-knuckled the door handle. The voice of Henry Rollins boomed from the car stereo:

Don't Talk About It - DO IT!

We sped toward the crest of the hill, the little engine inside the Midget letting off a strained whine. I wanted to close my eyes, but I couldn't.

Half a mile down, the road falls into woods. We zipped into the tube of trees that arched over our pathway - they loomed over and around us and absorbed us into their darkness. The wind slapped hard against my forehead and I knew without looking the speedometer was pinned. Rollins' wailing voice seemed to be falling down from the trees:

DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!

We were close to the peak of the hill and I could hardly see. The wind made my eyes thin slits, full of tears. I could imagine us skidding, missing the blind curve at the end of the two and a quarter mile stretch. Fuck! I wanted the ride to stop. I felt like a little kid - I wanted my mom.

We came up over the peak of the hill. The MG was quite a bit smaller than the old Monte Carlo, so we caught air in a major way - I could feel my nuts going right up into my stomach. We hung - just hung - for what seemed like a day and then finally came down, making hard contact with the road - with reality.

I saw white, glowing twin orbs just as we landed. Our worst nightmare...another car...some Sunday driver, ambling up the other side of the hill...only to be confronted by a head on collision with three assholes joyriding in an MG Midget. We spun - somehow missed the oncoming car. Everything was a smear of moving colors and my head felt like it was going to unscrew from my neck. Then we stopped. The car skidded to a halt next to the ditch.

We all just sat there for a long time, then climbed out of the Midget. My legs felt shaky and I thought I might faint while we looked the car over. There wasn't a scratch on it. We didn't hit anything - not the other car, not the trees, nothing. We looked at the long, crooked skid marks on the road. No one said anything. I felt like my brain was still firing messages to every nerve in my body - I wouldn't have been surprised if I'd pissed my pants. I got back into the car. Skeeter and Steve got in too and we all sat there for a long time in silence.

"Thank God I'm a good driver," Skeeter said, "or we might've hit something."

Steve and I looked at him in disbelief...then we started laughing. All three of us laughed uncontrollably for about five minutes, gasping and wincing at the pain it caused in our bellies.

"Let's go to the party, man," I said. "You drive, Steve."

I didn't want to drink anymore, but I wanted to see people. Life seemed so vibrant at that moment. So simple. I was still a member of the human race. I'd get to see my mother again. Somehow, I felt like I'd just been born - life seemed new. There wouldn't be anymore "fun" - my quota was up. I couldn't wait to get out of high school.

I stood in the kitchen this evening and ate my father's food
for the first time in who knows how long.

You know, the salty soup bubbled in the valley of its fallen skin
and fortified me

just like it must have fortified my father in his wife-less years-
but I could not eat it all.

He, too, ate it standing up, swaying in his room, in his war room,
beneath the ribbons of his hedgerow war.

He ate the crust, all the gruel; he always licked the tin.

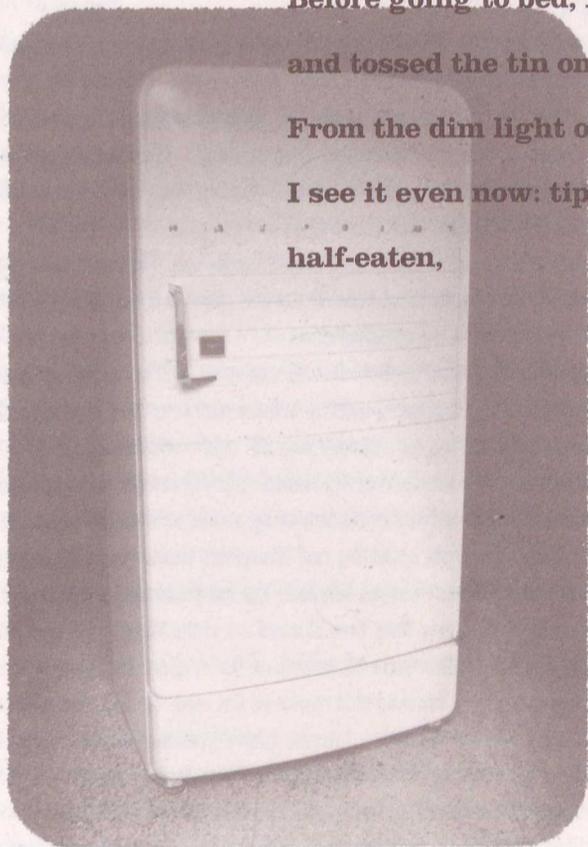
And, later, as he stacked his food against the freezer walls-
chicken on the right, vegetable beef on the left, row upon row:
"provisions" he would croon,

"provisions."

Concrete bunkers burned inside his head as he counted out
the boxes of his future meals - his only recipe - this icy food.

Before going to bed, I put aside the vision of my father's life
and tossed the tin onto the pile of dishes growing in the sink.

From the dim light of my bedroom, through the part-way open door,
I see it even now: tipped on its side in the dark, utterly facing the wall,
half-eaten, *still* half-shining.



His knees creak as he bends to offer

her slices of pear he knows

she will refuse. He is angry

because she is leaving the color

of tree bark, the small hollows

in rocks where water sits

after rain, the things he knows

and knows better because of her.

She will take with her the shapes

of hills that fan down to rivers

and he no longer believes in angels

their wings close.

This close to freedom from her failed

body she is already learning the language

in the lines of a chair, a plate curving

to meet itself, the way his neck

bends now over a book,

and in all that we call real.

If she could tell him of this

that words have always

failed and still fail

the perfect sound

of the skin of a pear.

He Brings a Pear to His Wife Who Is Sick CAROLINE QUINLAN

Shelling CHRISTINE HOLLOWAY

we sit, my friend and i,
fingering through wet plops
of sand, sorting species,
inspecting edges. she asks me
for color, i have only dull words.

i find a small cowrie, it's dead,
we keep it. she traces its best edge
with her tongue, sees its browns
with her thumb.

quietly, i watch her smiling into
the air, arms and legs sprawled,
searching like a starfish.

by now, the sun is bobbing on
the line that breaks the sky from sea.
i want to write her a poem
with purples and reds. want her
to know the height of the clouds.

smiling and smiling she asks:
is the sun still out?



I dropped my guard the other day.

That was a mistake.

I was just going about my daily business

And suddenly there I was

d e f e n s e l e s s

In front of God and everybody.

I was so embarrassed.

But it got worse, of course.

It always does.

I lost my temper the other day.

I set it down

For just a minute

- This moron I work with —

Anyway, now I can't remember

Where I put it.

Boy, am I in trouble.

It cost a fortune.

But wait — there's more.

He broke my heart the other day.

My heart, which I had kept under guard

(Little good that did me, having dropped it)

And been so careful not to damage —

He broke it. Just let it slip through his fingers!

Men are so careless.

It fell to the floor, shattered into a thousand pieces.

Didn't even act sorry about it either.

He got sorry real fast, though —

He didn't know I had lost my temper.

So I figured it couldn't get worse, you know?

I was wrong.

I sold my soul the other day.

I wanted a new temper, you know.

And they're so valuable

There's no way I could afford a new one

— Not on my salary.

So I sold my soul.

Got a decent price for it, but...

Then I couldn't find a good temper.

Cheap, shoddy merchandise nowadays.

Everything's made in Japan.

It had to get better, right?

It didn't.

I took off my rose-colored glasses the other day.

What a tremendous error on my part.

I can barely focus without them.

I can see the way it really is, but that's all.

Talk about a limited view.

Then of course I forgot what I did with them.

So now I'm stuck.

Wonderful.

I took a risk the other day.

Actually, my first error was taking stock in
something someone else told me.

Of course it didn't work out.

I lost my faith when I sold my soul.

And without faith you can't get any backers.

I was destroyed — wiped out.

Left with nothing.

Not even so much as a shred of self-esteem.

Nothing.

I should have known.

I lost my mind the other day.

Typical.

untitled MELINDA THOMAS

Silence JACOB HEIDENREICH

Hollow silence flows into wide-open spaces Now the grove, now the road', Now the stream where I sit

Scent of water slithers cross campus Coils round my body swallows me whole

Then raindrop dives head firstInto glassy water's surface Shatters Into a hundred rings

Dewy drops birthed by collision Arc skyward, retracing their roots Then are drawn back to the surface

Shatters once again Into a trillion rings more And more, and more, and more



untitled MICHAEL MIHELICH

To Helen THOMAS A. PRAIS

She made ceremonial poets scramble like junkies.

Level-headed kings rushed into the battlefield,

and yes, some stayed there, a comfort to scavengers.

The best and the worst of them both had their moments,

while gods squabbled like children

over this beauty no man has ever forgotten,

though few have ever seen.

Despite the blood that made ground stick to feet,

the fires burning widows in their seclusion,

and children crushed against the city gates,

despite all the suffering that beauty is ever fertile for,

a solitary young boy must have

passed by her open chamber

and spent a moment, eyes locked with hers,

in wonder.

While the only world he had ever known

came crashing down around him.

Tonica I (Metallic Graveyard on I-39) Z. AHMAD

RUSTING CARS, GAPING
LIKE SKULLS WITH FALLEN JAWS
IN A METALLIC GRAVEYARD

WHY MUST NATURE
BE SUBJECTED TO SUCH
UNCEREMONIOUS BURIALS?

Buried THOMAS TORKELSON

I took a shovel
from the garage
and buried it in my backyard.

Under the starry sky
and staring eye of the full moon
I laid it to rest.

The cool moist soil
embraced the parcel
with almost maternalistic concern.

Under the grass
it sleeps...
away from prying eyes.

One day it will rise
from its earthen grave
and come for me:

Just to remind me:

No matter how deep
you bury some things
they always get dug up.

On the Rocks LAURA DOLLE MOLLE

He awoke suddenly, jarred mercilessly from his dream by what sounded like the phone. He laid in bed and waited for the pudding to drain out of his skull, then picked up the receiver, not realizing in his early morning stupor that the phone had stopped ringing a while ago. He heard a dial tone. He sighed a tired, disgusted sigh and looked at the clock as he put the phone down. It said 6:23. His alarm was set for 6:30, so he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and got up.

He walked downstairs into the kitchen, smelling the bacon cooking long before he heard it spattering in the pan. He sat at the head of the dining room table and looked out the window behind him. It was a grey, oppressive day. Not exactly prime fishing weather, but after all the planning he and Dad had done, it would do. As long as it didn't rain, they'd be just fine.

"Guess who that was on the phone," his mother called from the kitchen.

He knew exactly who it was from the tone of her voice. "What's his excuse this time?"

"He said he got called in to work. You'd think he could at least tell the truth. He hasn't worked in months."

"He told me that he got a job delivering packages," he replied, knowing that it was a lie, but saying it anyway.

"Yeah, if you believe that you've been drinking the same stuff he has." She paused, then softened her voice and added, "Chris, you've got to stop getting your hopes up like this. I hate to see you get disappointed every week when you know he's not going to show."

He scowled at her, but she never saw it because his back was turned. He heard her scoop the eggs and bacon out of the frying pan, and the spatula clinking solidly against the plate. She walked over and placed it in front of him, then walked back into the kitchen for the orange juice. He ate quickly, without looking at his mother, and when he was finished he got up and

walked out onto the porch. It was warm and sticky out, which was unusual for this time of morning. He looked at the sky, and saw the grey clouds, pregnant with rain and elbowing out the sun like a crowd at an accident scene. If he wanted to fish, he'd have to go now. He walked back into the house and announced, "I'm going fishing."

"Are you crazy? It looks like rain's coming; you'll be soaked."

"I'll be fine. Besides, the day is shot anyway, I might as well try to have a little fun."

"O.k. Just come in if it starts to rain. I don't want you getting hit by lightning two weeks before you start junior high."

"Wouldn't that suck," he replied dryly as he went upstairs, oblivious to the stern look tossed his way by his mother.

As Chris reached the top of the stairs he turned and sauntered into his room. He picked up his t-shirt and jeans from the day before. They were a little raunchy, but he didn't have to impress the fish. After he put them on, he gathered his tackle box, rod and reel, and his lucky Dodgers cap, then went back downstairs to say good-bye before leaving.

"See ya, mom."

"Where are you going to fish?"

"I'll probably just head down to the creek for a while to get a few suckers, and maybe a catfish," he said as he was putting on his shoes.

"O.k. Have fun, but don't stay out too long."

"Yeah, right. Bye."

Chris walked out the patio door into the back yard, almost tripping over his fishing rod. He looked up at the trees towering over his fence. He always liked living here. No stupid neighbors up against your back yard, and fishing right at your doorstep. He opened the gate with some difficulty, and made his way out onto the narrow path at the edge of the creek, trying hard not to fall in again. He hated to fall in. After he got all his stuff through the narrow opening, he started the short walk to his spot. It was a pain in the butt to get to, but it was the best spot on the entire creek to fish. If he stayed by his house he would only get half the creek, and the worse half at that. He had to walk out to the rapids. The deep, calm part before the

rapids was where the fish were. His Dad taught him that.

Chris kept walking, and looking for the rapids. Finally, he noticed the rocks and their white, frothy foam that always reminded him of root beer being poured down the sink. He walked a little faster now, at least as fast as he could while constantly catching his fishing rod on random trees and stumps that seemed to reach for it. When Chris finally got there, he found the stump that he always set up camp on, dropped his tackle off, and went to look at the water.

The creek was actually pretty wide. Wider than any others he'd seen, anyway, and deep too. When he fell in over by his house a few years ago it was up to his armpits, and that wasn't even the really deep part. It swirled around the trees and rocks like they weren't even there and would swallow up anything you threw in there like it never existed. It even flowed smoothly enough to fish. Some went too fast and you never knew if you had a bite or if it was just the current, but here it was so calm you could feel even a tiny nibble. Chris had it good here, and he knew it. He never wanted to fish anywhere else, because it was too shallow any further upstream, and the fishing was terrible past the rapids.

The rapids began just past the spot where he sat. The creek came into them beautifully, as wide and deep as it ever got. But then it hit all the rocks, and usually got so shallow that you could walk across it. Today, however, because there had been so much rain over the past few days, the creek was high and the water was whipped up into such a frenzy that all but the biggest stones were covered. The water was all foamy and made a strange gurgling noise, like the creek was choking. Finally, with all remaining vestiges of tranquility destroyed, the creek split off into two forks right after the rapids ended. Neither of these could be fished, because they were too shallow and full of too many rocks and other assorted garbage. You were asking for trouble to even try it.

After he surveyed the area, Chris took the little collapsible fishing seat out of his tackle box and set it up, then tried to decide what kind of lure to fish with. He looked over all the lures that his father had given him the last time they had gone fishing. The box was the only thing that belonged to Chris, everything in it had been given to him by his father, before he left. Chris picked up the red and gold Rapala that he had

caught his first fish on. Dad gave him that lure for his birthday and it was the first one he ever got. It was usually the only one that worked too. Chris decided against it though, in favor of a blue spinner bait.

With the big decision behind him, all he had to do was remember how to tie the knot. Dad had taught him how to tie a real fisherman's knot a long time ago, but he always had trouble remembering how to do it when Dad wasn't there to show him. When Dad was around he could always remember, but for some reason he always forgot otherwise. For once, though, he got it on the first try. Usually, Chris would try a few times and the line would get so crinkled that he would have to cut some off and try again. But not this time. He looked at the knot, tugged lightly on his lure, and walked over to the edge of the creek. After spitting on his bait for luck, he drew his rod back and cast the lure toward the edge of the rapids. It arched toward the water, and as it bounced off one of the rocks Chris realized that it was no longer attached to his line.

Frustrated at the loss of one of his best lures, Chris stormed back to his seat to check his line. As he looked for the break he realized that it hadn't broken at all, Dad's knot had come apart.

"Great. Just great," he sighed as he picked up his tackle box. He grabbed another spinner bait, closed his box, and began tying it to his line. He got about halfway through tying one of Dad's knots when he gave up and just tied a regular old knot. With that done, he gave the lure a good, hearty tug to make sure that this one wouldn't get away, then walked to the edge of the water.

He remembered what his Dad told him the first time they came down to this spot to fish. **"Son,"** he said, **"you see that deep pool right before those rocks?"**

"Yeah Dad?"

"Well that's where all the fish go to rest. They don't have to fight the current as much, and they just sit there and wait for the creek to wash food down to them. That's where you'll find all the big ones."

That kind of wisdom seemed like gospel to Chris at the time. It always worked too. Within a few casts they had always caught a decent fish. It seemed like no matter what Dad said he could make it happen.

With that picture in his mind he took a step back and flung his lure toward the rapids. He watched the yellow rubber tassel of the bait jiggle as it sailed through the air, and saw a glint of sunlight off the line just before it struck the brown water. Chris counted to five to let the lure sink, just as his Dad taught him to do, but when he went to go retrieve the lure, it wouldn't budge.

"Damn," Chris thought, **"Too close to the rocks."** He gave a sharp tug on the line. The monofilament line hummed in protest, but there was no ground gained. He stepped back to give another tug, until he remembered his father's words, **"Steady pressure is best. If you go yanking on it it'll break for sure. Just pull lightly and try to work it loose."**

He paused skeptically. Dad's track record wasn't real good today, but he had to give him the benefit of the doubt. He let out a little line, laid down his fishing pole, and grabbed the line with his hands. He gave two gentle tugs, then pulled steadily. Nothing happened. As he increased the pressure he felt it give a little and responded by pulling harder. Just as it felt like it was breaking free it caught on another rock and as the line slipped through his hand it sliced through the skin on his fingertips. Chris winced in pain and dropped the line. There was hardly any blood, but that kind of cut always stung worse than it looked like it should have.

As the pain throbbed in his hand, the frustration grew and collected in the pit of his stomach. He seized his fishing rod from the ground, reeled in the slack, and pulled hard. The line grew taut, but nothing happened. This made him even madder, so he took a step backwards and pulled as hard as he could. The line stretched, then snapped. Chris stumbled backwards as it let go, and the simultaneous action of his pole getting caught in a tree and his feet getting caught in his collapsible fishing seat, which collapsed, resulted in Chris landing on his backside in the dirt.

"Dammit," Chris sighed as he picked himself up off the ground. He glared at the fishing rod, which was suspended from a large oak tree that Chris came dangerously close to running into during his tumble. He paused on his knees to dust himself off before standing up, then retrieved his lucky Dodgers cap, which had fallen off during the struggle.

"Gotta try one more time," he thought as he walked toward the tree which held his rod captive. He gingerly plucked it from some dead branches with one arm while shielding

himself from falling wood with the other. Once it was free, he walked back to his tackle box. After righting his seat, another casualty of the battle, he opened his box and tried to find the lure that would finally work. The first lure that caught his eye was the red and gold Rapala that had been given to him by his father. Chris turned it over in his fingers and studied it. He saw scratches where it had been dragged over underwater rocks, and the bent hook from casting practice in the driveway before a fishing trip. His father had nearly killed him for that one. This baby was the clear choice for turning his horrendous luck around and actually making a day of it. He tied it onto his line, with his own knot, and walked over to the edge of the water.

"Come on, just stay off the rocks for once," he pleaded as he spit on the lure, out of habit at this point, and prepared to cast. He took a short step back, and flipped the lure towards the far edge of the rocks. It landed at the edge of the foam. Chris counted to five, then began reeling it in. To his relief, it swam towards him at the end of his line. He was so excited that he hardly felt the tug he had been waiting for. He jerked his rod back to set the hook, and began reeling it in so fast he could hardly keep his balance. It felt like a small fish, because it wasn't fighting very much, but then again he was concentrating so much on reeling he wasn't interested in how it fought. He just wanted a fish. When it finally got to shore, he just dragged it up and looked in disbelief. As a light rain began to fall around him, he sighed and said, **"God, what else could go wrong today."**

The rear hook of the Rapala was firmly embedded in the side of a slightly crushed Old Style beer can. He picked it up, and as he tore it off his hook one of the barbs nicked his thumb. He hurled the can across the creek and into the woods, then threw his rod to the ground. He stormed over to his tackle box and yanked it from its perch on the stump. As he did so, the top flew open and all his lures fell into the water. They bobbed over the rapids, and floated down the far fork in the creek. With that, he flung his tackle box in the water. As it sank quietly in front of the rapids, Chris gathered his rod and seat and walked home quietly, warm tears mingling with the cold rain that was bathing his face.

She Feeds the Desolation THOMAS R. FROST

She feeds the desolation
And nurtures the emptiness of the room.
Nicotine vapors wither and age the air,
But the redness of her eyes
Owes nothing to the addicting fumes.

She is a solitary mourner
At a silent funeral
For a nameless, sexless corpse.
No eulogies spoken here.
The silence permeates all
Grimly holding hands with the barren space
Gaping within and without.

Down the hall,
Half-hung wallpaper begins to peel.
Baby elephants drooping ears.

Love's Only Real Asset THOMAS R. FROST

The memories surround me,
Wrapping themselves around my head
Like sticky thread
Spun by the bloated attic spiders of the past.
They choke me when I inhale
And I can taste thier dry mustiness
Like a mouthful of dead man's hair
Flavored with your perfume.
They stop my breath,
My eyes dampen,
And my heart siezes up
Like an engine running on sugar-tainted gasoline.

But, oh, Thank God for the memories.



And as I sat there
picking the knots out of the string
of my plastic yo-yo
you came up and snatched it
preaching sermons on "men" and "boys"
which you knew so much about
and breathing your mature breaths
in my face.

Eulogy JACOB HEIDENREICH

And as I lay there
shaping the clouds in the sky
over the blacktopped playground
you came over and blocked them
preaching sermons on "realists" and "daydreamers"
which you knew so much about
and breathing your wisdom-filled breaths
in my face.

And as I rest here
listening to the hushed murmurs
over my raw grave
you come over and fill it
preaching sermons on "achievements" and "mortality"
which you know so much about
and breathing your numbered breaths
in my face.

Hanged KEVIN GREWE



Hell

The Devil leaned his great height over the podium as he surveyed the myriad of souls gathered before him. Hell's greatest meeting hall was crammed beyond capacity. The poor souls were literally standing on each other's feet, packed from one red-bedrock wall to the other.

"We may very well have to hang them from the rafters to fit them all in," Satan recalled one of his archdemons saying. Too bad that wasn't the case, he mused with a sinister smile.

The souls gathered before him numbered half of those to ever have existed, give or take a few million. They were the kingdom of Hell—the vanguards of sloth, gluttony, avarice, pride, lust, wrath, and envy.

The Devil's smile widened as he took his time savoring the view. The congregation had waited two hours in utter silence for him to begin speaking, and he was relishing in every second of it. Half the souls in existence, all waiting on his first word with every bit of their being—this was a rare delicacy indeed!

How much longer should he bask himself in such bliss, he mused. Slowly, he then gripped the sides of the podium and leaned into the microphone. For ten minutes he cleared his throat. The sound waffled through the hall like the rolling thunder of a hurricane.

The Devil's smile widened in satisfaction as he leaned away from the podium. It was a newly-installed sound system through which he would speak, attuned to a single tenth of a decibel below the threshold at which permanent damage is caused to the ears. The wonders of modern science, he mused.

With one last, half-hour-long view of the congregation, Satan brought his dark lips to the microphone. He was about to speak. This was a day which Hell would not soon forget.

"The word has come down from above," he said finally. **"Eternity has ended. All of Hell has been pardoned!"**

The roar which erupted from the congregation shook the entirety of the cavernous region known as Hell. The pillars which supported the massive hall shook like the plucked strings of a great harp. A myriad of cracks drew a great spider web over the hall's lofty ceiling, raining dust and chipped rock down upon the entire gathering.

The Devil wiped the dust from his brow and shook the bits of rock from his hair, then waited patiently for the complete attention of those before him.

"Preparations must be made for the great exo-

enon

us," he said once utter silence was his. "Normal work-shifts for the day have been canceled. The duties for preparation are as follows: rapists, child molesters, and other transgressors of such crimes as bestiality, necrophilia, and prostitution are to report to The Pit for immediate shutdown of the main blast furnace; adulterers and mass murderers found not guilty due to insanity are to report to the Tunnel of Despair to lock off all entrances; terrorists, television evangelists, and other religious fanatics are to report to The Lab to shut down all non-essential facilities and serve the last supper."

The Devil took a thirty-minute pause to shuffle his note cards and straighten his lapels. Then he continued.

"Lawyers, politicians, CEO's, and other white-collar-type criminals will report to the upper offices for closure of all records, assignment of all personnel to busses, and computation of expected gas consumption. Despots, tyrants, dictators, and others of the like are to report to the custodial office for further instructions. All other vandals, villains, and social deviants are to report to the motor pool to prepare the busses for departure. Loading will begin immediately after supper and we will leave promptly at nine p. m. Anyone who is late will be left behind."

All nine levels of Hell went about the great endeavor. And, for possibly the first time in eternity, there was an overtone of bliss and general good will which pervaded the entire region of Hell. The souls' labor was considerable, yet benevolent.

In essence, Hell was he



ing put into storage. Even the most naive of souls knew better than to believe that Hell would be forever abandoned. Although eternity was over, they realized that there would still be occasions where God would get pissed off. They knew that whenever plagues came down faster than prom dresses and thunderbolts outnumbered the mosquitoes in an early August evening sky, God's transgressors would need somewhere to take refuge.

So the process became a myriad of double-checks and paperwork filed in triplicate. There was no carelessness to the endeavor, for all knew with an ironic certainty that for any screw-up there would be Hell to pay.

It was a painstaking process. Amidst all the work, however, the overall mood of Hell grew more jovial as the day progressed. Archdemons and lesser demons alike treated the souls with a respect they had never before shown—some even assisted with portions of the heavier labor. Captors embraced captives, atheists and born-againists met on common ground, and Republicans and Democrats fell from their ranks to create a unified party.

A number of aspiring capitalists saw their opportunity almost immediately. T-shirts, buttons, baseball caps, and the like were quickly run off make-shift production lines. Slogans such as **"demons do it with tail,"** **"I spent an eternity in Hell and all I got for it was this stupid t-shirt,"** and **"I partied with Satan,"** were embossed on anything and everything.

Dinner was not the usual rock-hard biscuits and grits, or other equivalent to college dormitory cafeteria food, but roast turkey, potatoes and stuffing. Seconds were furnished to all, and much appreciated. There was dessert as well—devil's food cake topped with vanilla ice cream and smothered with hot fudge.

The buses were loaded with the same diligence which characterized the rest of the day's labors. Bumpers and fenders alike were hidden by stickers which proclaimed a myriad of catchy one-liners. They were nearly on their way.

The totality of Hell crammed into the great hall at ten minutes to nine. It had been announced that there was a very important message which Satan had to deliver before they could depart, and all were required to be in attendance to hear it.

The Devil crossed the lofty stage at the front of the hall with his director of finance and operations close at his side. He halted in front of the podium and, in the same manner as he had done so many hours before, gazed over the deathly-silent congrega-

tion. No soul was allowed to make even the slightest sound, as was his order for the sake of the crumbling ceiling. With a single, swift motion, Satan popped open the umbrella he had brought with him. With a wry grin he lifted a finger and tapped the microphone twice. The hall shuddered under the rampant echoing of his taps as bits of rock rained down on his audience. The Devil turned his visage from the congregation and to his director and his grin widened to a smile.

When Satan returned his gaze to the crowd, his visage had become long and solemn. He sighed deeply, allowing several minutes to pass, then bent into the microphone.

"I have some bad news," he said slowly. **"Our director of finance and operations says that Hell owes a considerable sum of interest on a defunct air-conditioning bill. The word from Heaven is that we must pay off the bill and its interest before we are allowed to pass through the Pearly-white Gates. The deficit comes to nearly sixty trillion dollars. Our director estimates that with everyone working double shifts we can pay it off in a few millenia. Work shifts will begin immediately to open Hell back up to full operational capacity. Work shifts will remain the same as those used for closing down. I apologize for the inconvenience."**

With bowed heads and heavy footsteps the inhabitants of Hell filed silently from the great hall, prodded along by the orders and pitchforks of ill-tempered demons.

The Devil stood at his podium, viewing the entire spectacle, until every last soul had departed from the room. He shook his umbrella and closed it as he turned to his director. His lips curled into a smile of wicked satisfaction as he tapped the tip of the umbrella against the cavernous floor.

BuSt PETER SCHUH

If I can, then I must
It's an unspoken trust
That the parents and teachers
share with me

When I achieve the grade
It's the goals that they've made
That only grow larger
proportionately

All their big expectations
Like silent ultimatums
Whittle away at my
freedom

They reveal imperfections
Instead of affections
And worse, I begin to
believe them

All that I have been
And all that I am
Is tied up in blind
introspection

Because all that I see
That has ever been me
Is this very same Goddamn
perfection.

Perfect I JACOB HEIDENREICH

red whistle of bird darting
into layers of green
mist carries me
silent
against tom-tom calls
of ancient ones
as I sit upon lace moss

I trace green snow drifts
down the canyon walls
limestone crumbles, like
orchid sands
of the wisconsin beach
where last year
I lay for hours
nestled deep in coolness
dreaming of hollow logs
ready to skim water
to tepees over the hill

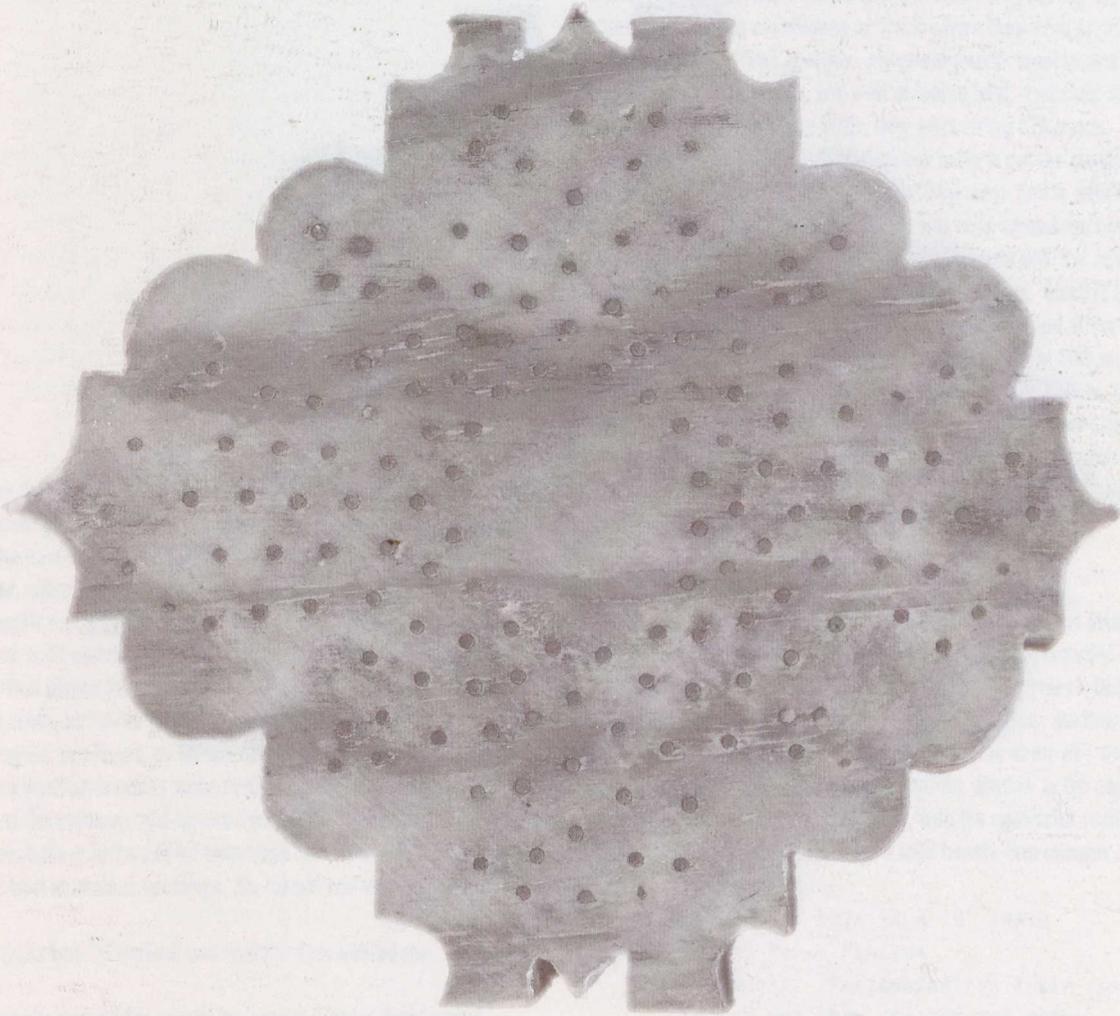
a creased brook rolls by,
carved into bedrock bubbles
over the
green cliff
into the dark pool far below
constant, even,
cooling the Indian and deer
from the spring heat

dreams quiver before
centuries long ferns
in the shade
hands dig
against acorns
anchored in dirt
soft songs follow birds
behind
moccasin smooth rocks
lifting the path from
sight, as I

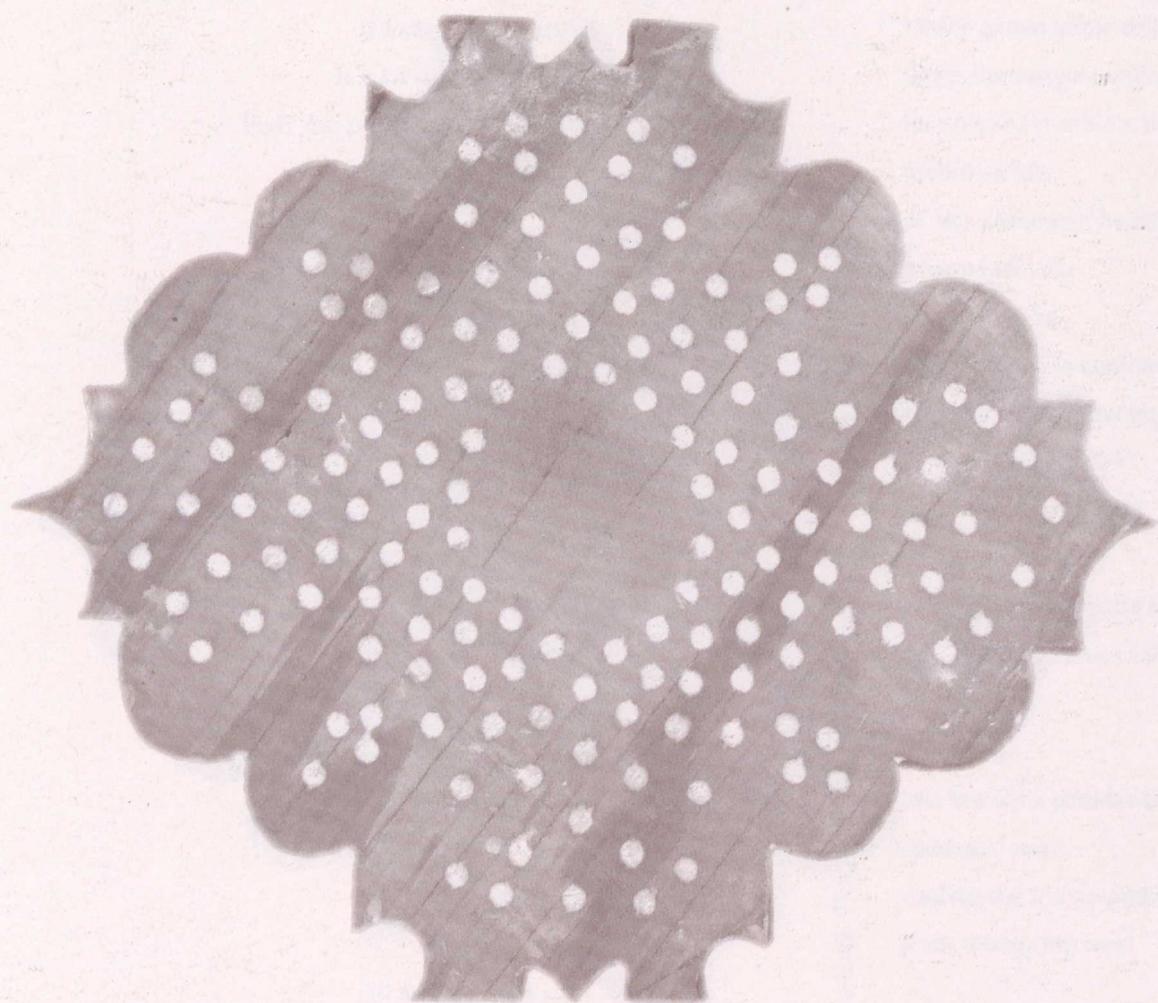
slide into blue free-fall
stars of dusk
sprinkle the
yellowing canyon

Hidden Waterfall at Starved Rock DAVE BROOKING





Tracing Steps ED ISTWAN





second place prose

Carried aloft by the throw of sure-armed Harold, the newspaper land on the porch with a thud. I was waiting for it. Old H, the newsboy, that brownish-gray phantom, zipped along the lane to the next door, home of drowsy Jones and Jess, my neighbors in insomnia and somnambula, and around the corner to continue his route.

I went to the porch expecting to hear the echo of his feet tramping down shady abandoned Mulberry, but I couldn't. Next door, Jones and Jess had hung a small orchestra of wind chimes that played Pachelbel's Canon in D major at sunup whenever the wind blew in from the south, but at his hour it was still, and they hung silent.

Instead of footsteps, or chimes, or the distant sound of breaking glass from an errant newspaper, there was the scratchy noise of digging. Puzzled, I turned to the far end of the porch, next to the chimney, and looked into the yard next door to find Jones, on hands and knees, bathed in the sad kaleidoscope blue of early morning, scratching out a bed for a host of anxious seedlings. He turned and waved, smiling.

"Howdy!"

"Howdy to you too," I replied, and shut the door behind me. The house was dark, and I was cold.

Perhaps by now she was on her way to the airport. Jane's flight would arrive at 10 a.m., 297 from New York. Non-stop, first-class accommodations, full cruising altitude 35,000 feet above sea level. Breakfast served half an hour after takeoff, consisting of cereal and milk, fruit if you wanted. Coffee. Weather reports indicate an unlimited ceiling in the early morning over much of the east, affording a view of hundreds of miles to anyone next to the windows. If she looked down, she could see farms and lakes, and at 35,000 feet above the ocean, the sky is much bluer.

Inside, I unrolled the paper, twisting the rubberband off with my right hand until it came off the end in a twisted black inky mass. My hand was dirty with all of yesterday now. What happened? Big news: they turned back the Doomsday clock at the University of Chicago; now it's 11:39 (good work, guys), the President is still out of the country, more people than ever on unemployment. Due to extreme frost, a shortage of cactuses (cacti?) in Wyoming, and from the same state, another dateline, from Cheyenne to be exact, where an antelope escaped from the zoo and ran onto the highway, killing six in a nine-car pileup (good work, zookeepers). Here in the Midwest, clear and sunny, high of 85, a wonderful quiet day, excellent weather for airplane rides and rent-a-car trips.

I threw the paper into the fireplace, a wonderful mantle made entirely out of red cut stones, fossilized ferns from the Paleozoic era implanted right into them. Dousing yesterday in lighter fluid, I set a match to it, watching it burn.

In this way, the cactus problem in Wyoming will be solved.

After the fire went out, I went to bed because I had a long day ahead of me, figuring that after Jane got done fooling around with the airport and baggage and renting a car and getting lost once or twice in order to get directions from, talk to, and most likely flirt with some weirdo who might happen to be hitchhiking, despite or perhaps even because of his fantastic, smelly unwashed costume of leather clothes, his resemblance to Charles Manson, or even worse, me, that I could probably wake up around noon (quite early), leaving me perhaps two hours to get everything ready; and even if I wasn't ready, I couldn't see how it would matter too much, because ever since

I've known Jane she's had this habit of calling every place I've lived in The Bathysphere. And now that I don't go out anymore, today's bound to be a hard time.

"Let's go outside."

"Don't you want to go out for a drive?"

"Don't you get sick of being in here all the time?"

Ad nauseam.

Two years ago, fortune fell into my lap. My grandparents died in an auto wreck. My grandparents died in a plane crash with the Big Bopper and Buddy Holly. My grandparents were vacationing in Brazil where they were arrested and extradited to Germany on war crime charges. My grandparents went insane and left me their house. In any case, it's mine now, and a lot of loot to boot. I was out of school, hating life. Mornings weren't watching birds, they were riding CTA trains. Tie, shirt, and razor burn. The nice part was getting to the el station early to eat the sugar bombs the bakery cooked up (they laughingly called them Danishes), and to admire the mild extravagance of the platform - one of those jobs that was built around the turn of the century, with scrolled tin roofs and yellow electric bulbs at night with the actual fixtures to match, not the institutional fluorescent ones on the newer stops. Electric filament bulbs that you could see way off in the distance if you stood at the front of the train by the engineer and looked out forward. One night, as I waited for a train to take me to Fullerton Avenue and a party, two kids from the neighborhood had a war with them; they stood on opposite platforms, the chasm of electric rails separating them, then unscrewed the bulbs and let fly. I watched, amused, as the platforms got darker and darker. Then the stray 60-watt hit me on the forehead, spraying glass.

"Direct hit, direct hit!"

"See ya dude!"

"Better luck next time!"

Felled, I still admired their courtesy as they ran away. I bled all over the train. Even bloodied, it was better than the mornings, crowded with people absorbed in the Wall Street Journal (what's new with the interest rates? Did Greenspan cut the Fed yet?), The National (for all those compulsive gamblers out there), writing epistles ("Dearest Ron - there's this wired asshole staring at me as I write; what should I do?") or putting the brain to pasture, gazing out the window at the same things they'd seen before, twice a day, for five years now, with the conductor reciting the epic poem du jour. I heard it every morning, and it took twenty-two minutes to complete:

"MONTROSE, THIS IS A 'B' TRAIN
IRVING PARK, PAULINA
SOUTHPORT. PASSENGERS FOR THEIR SAFETY
SHOULD NOT LEAN AGAINST THE DOORS.
THIS IS A 'B' TRAIN, HEADED FOR THE LOOP.
BELMONT, CHANGE FOR THE HOWARD,
WELLINGTON, DIVERSEY.
FULLERTON, LAST CHANCE TO CHANGE FOR HOWARD
ARMITAGE, SEDGEWICK.
THIS IS A 'B' TRAIN.
NEXT STOP, CHICAGO AVENUE."

And my heart would sink, because then I'd be at work, stifled by the labor and fellowship at paycheckpoint, depressed by that as well as the lousy ABCDEFGHIJK rhyme scheme. Sometimes, if I was lucky, I would sit across the car from Greta - hi, Greta, wherever you are! - a woman who lived up the street from me and could have been named anything for all I knew. One day on the platform she smiled at me and I noticed a first baseman's mitt strung through the shoulder strap of her blue business duffel bag. A first baseman's mitt, for christ sakes, not just any old mitt off the shelf at Sportmart. Anyone could have one of those, but that? And she was beautiful as well; hair the color of twilight, not a touch of make-up, no rings, feet shod in black espadrilles, and who gave me one smile on the morning of May 18, 1990, at approximately 7:50 a.m., before reciting the poem. She was my Garbo, because if I was lucky enough to see her on the way home (I almost never did; she was probably playing softball, stationed stubbornly at first base, slick-fielding Greta) there was no way to see where she might have lived. I just couldn't do it.

For a long time I would arrive at parties early. It was a running joke - get there before me and you're likely to wake up the hosts. Arriving fashionably late always makes for a grand entrance; then everybody's got something to say. Still bleeding from the direct hit, I walked down Fullerton, looking for gauze. It was 9 p.m., and the six-corner at Lincoln was lit up like Doomsday. Maybe I should have bought a Wall Street

Journal and bled all over that. Luckless and likely too lazy to search for first aid, I figured, what the hell – this way I won't look stupid when I arrive. I'm wounded, so that's why I came early. The party was in the second story of two-flat, or rather, it would be soon. It was being thrown by some people in the legal department at work. I knocked on the door of an impressive Victorian Brownstone, replete with mute gargoyles drooping above the stone railing in fearless, fearsome poses. They buzzed me up, ignored me when I got in, and set themselves to readying the place. A woman (early 20's? 1920's?) I didn't recognize was busying herself with a drink; she noticed me and came over to say hello.

"What the hell happened to you?" she said.

"I was uh, bungee jumping. Bumped my head."

She laughed, a soft, pretty laugh.

"Well, whatever it was that you did, you'll need someone to clean you up, you poor thing." And with that she went into the kitchen on a noisy mission for a wet rag and a bandage. I put my head back just as the commotion started in the next room:

"He's bleeding all over in there. Don't you have anything that I could use?"

"He's a grownup," said Betsy (a truly vile paralegal who worked on four). "Let him take care of it."

Jane was back in a minute with a few wet paper towels. Carefully, she set to wiping the cake of blood off my forehead and cheek.

"There you go. Good as new." With that, she disappeared back into the kitchen to throw the pinkish mass of towels into the trash. I ran my fingers through my hair and felt for the wound, just beneath the hairline. It was tiny, really, but it had bled in a frightful way. I slouched back into the couch and Jane returned.

She was twirling the contents of a half-empty glass of wine in her right hand, was looking straight at my nose even though the wound was over my right eye, and spoke in a voice of a radio commercial:

"Bungee jumping. You're a funny guy."

I just shrugged.

"I'm Jane, by the way."

I got drunk. It beats talking to people. The universe began spinning uneasily, then comfortably, then uncomfortably. Slouched on the sofa, I counted the knees of the summer men and women (62...64...66), now at my eye level, people dressed in wispy skirts and poorly-cut bermudas, darkened antelope legs dancing heavily to songs I didn't know. It gets you to thinking: talk of people I neither knew nor cared about; brittle, sincere sentimentality over weekend plans and weekends past. A smile, a wink. A crowded room, dark with colored silks, green, blue, and red, draped over the lamps, and the Christmas lights trailing off in dizzy strings, hanging from the rafters like burning green and blue cobwebs, breeding desperation. I thought of the movies I'd seen on t.v., late at night: the actress speaks! A stellar career, cut off and cut short. A plea, and disappearance: she is heard from no more, rumored to be living somewhere in New York, far off on the top of some 50-story castle. Someone spills their drink on me; by the smell, it's probably a mint julep. Perhaps a glass of mouth-wash, maybe dishwater. Jane volunteers to clean it up. I've had quite a night, and I'm quite a mess. Don't bother, don't bother, I'll take a cab. The party fades, retreats, redoubles in energy; flickering jewels of light and laughter mingle painfully in a blissful cacophony. I'm deadened and soaked.

Things proceeded logically from there.

She took me home and led me, the twirling inebriate, to the couch, whereupon I fell asleep. In the final moments of consciousness I felt her take off my shoes and disappear into her room, followed by a blanket draped over my wretched frame and a pillow tucked under my skull.

By the time I awoke, breakfast was ready, fresh from the market: fruit and pancakes, bacon if I wanted it. Toast and jam. Light poured in painfully from the window, and I asked her to close the shades. This is ever the hard part: what's to say when this happens? Here I was, in Jane's kitchen enjoying breakfast despite my alcohol-and-hoodlum-assisted headache. And then something magical happened, after she had bought the food and served it and been so kind to have done so much: she didn't ask me anything, or say anything. Not that I didn't want her to, but what could I possibly say to account for where I was? What good are words? She was dressed in a pair of Levi's, and a blue sweater with 'New York' written on the front in white. Her table wobbled.

"Yeah, I've been meaning to have that fixed," she mused. Downstairs I could hear someone practicing the C scale on a piano, over and over, one octave at a time.

"So what do you do?" she asked.

"Me? Umm...write, sort of."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that I write, but about something I hate. Real estate and law. For a magazine. I don't know a thing about it."

"Oh? What would you like to do? If you could?"

In dreams sometimes, I trace the footsteps of busy people across the street as they go their separate ways to work; she to school, he to some insipid office right off Chicago Avenue. Once past the door, they're gone, and I'm free to roam. In dreams, the dream never ends; meaningless anti-stories, always in black and white, always without sound. Greta speaks; here, an ethereal, chimeric face of an unbelievable beauty, gone forever save late-night films and early-morning dreams. She walks too fast to follow, and is gone.

"I'd quit."

"And do what?"

"Just quit."

She poured me some juice.

"How do you plan on doing that?"

"I have no plan. Nobody can quit. Great crimes are needed. Special talents required."

"Such as?"

She always loved asking me questions, such as: when was I going to move out of that dump I lived in (the original Bathysphere); when was I going to look seriously through the want ads; when was I going to go to bed at a decent hour and not spend all night watching Grand Hotel or The Painted Veil; when was I going to act grown-up. Tirelessly, she'd rent a car for the weekend and we would drive out east, to the mountains, and for the slightest time I wished we could have stayed, despite the forum for questioning that the long hours on the Interstate provided. The dull plains of Indiana and Ohio would give way to Appalachia and crackling voices over the radio and strange songs played with steel guitars. For five months we left Chicago whenever we could: for a weekend, a day, an hour. Never in twenty-six spins around old Sol had I been so happy, spinning yarns, weaving deceptions. In some, and unhappy child, in others, a child prostitute; forsake, forlorn, heir to a small fortune, enough to be left alone on, forever, dropped off the edge of what was left of the universe.

Some days, in the winter, when the snow was too much to drive through, we'd fall asleep on a bottle of wine and a dance: warm, dressed in a sweater with New York stenciled on the front, she'd sing softly into my shoulder, knowing full well the truth the whole time – that she'd be leaving, to (surprise!) New York City. These things happen, and one day I woke up and she was gone.

Unlucky Jane seeks advancement, finds it. One letter, sent to lower Manhattan, the teens, to an address hastily scribbled on the back of an envelope. Never answered, the news comes instead from lawyers representing interests in Iowa or Bolivia or Germany: grandparents gone, and sad as that may be, you can now do as you wish. I counted and planned, then quit the job in stellar fashion, conveniently forgetting to overnight-mail a large quantity of urgent legal briefs. With my last check in hand, I bolted the lease, packed up a U-Haul, signed all the necessary documents for the house, and became Gibraltar, Illinois' least famous resident.

I wrote Jane once and told her the news. I described the many types of birds and trees indigenous to my new town.

In another letter, thirteen pages long, I outlined some plans, and described the house next door.

Final letter: scrapped the outline.

A year can pass quickly in a bathysphere. Six months later, Jane's epistles began trickling in; I love New York – oh, the people! It's a city on the go! Second letter: Jane speaks! She says that she misses me, but New York is still the best. Wonders how I'm doing. A third letter, four months later, contains mundanities about life in Earth's most vertical city. I stopped going to sleep early, so I would awake at noon every day and not have to wait to greet Mort the Mail Carrier, with news from the beautiful 212 area code. But on snowy days, when we used to fall asleep with a bottle of wine and a dance, his footsteps day after day carved out a straight path on the sidewalk in front of and straight past the Bathysphere.

Months passed again, and the kinetic spring sun spins crazily, higher and higher, advancing toward inevitable perihelion and Jane's unexpected visit. New York is wearying and I'd like to come visit you, she wrote. After the nap, I'm up at noon, ready to get things ready. Jones and Jess next door had set themselves to working their front lawn, digging with hand shovels and the intensity of Leakey at Olduvai Gorge, bits at a time, fertilizing and spraying, pulling up weeds and cataloging them according to their herbicidal needs and horticultural tastes. Tulips explode with color just days after a gang of slender crocuses crawl out, hemming in a lawn manicured into a checkered putting green, standing proudly next to the sad Bathysphere plot. Fine with me, but Gibraltar town ordinance requires a minimum standard of herbal conduct, so once every two weeks I pull out the old rusty Lawn-o-nator to knock down the growth, always careful to work in complete solitude. Today I've varied from my bi-weekly schedule. Having gone in for lunch, Jones spies me from out his window, and I wave back, in proximity's ever-annoying ritual. But for Jones this is not enough. He disappears inevitably from his lawnward living room and emerges from a side door, bespectacled and jolly, carrying around what seems to be thirty-five years.

"Hey there, umm...Joe?...Jim?"

"David."

"Oh, yes, of course. I never see you that much. Very sorry."

"I have plenty going."

"Really? We were wondering what you were up to at nights, with all those lights on. What do you do?"

"I write a daily column for a big-city syndication. About rural life. Very fashionable these days."

"No kidding. Way out here? How do you, you know, do that?"

"Fax machines, modems. All you need is a phone."

"No kidding. Fax machines. I wish I had thought of that."

"It lets me live here."

Jones scratched his head.

"Hey, I don't suppose that you'll want to write a column about me and Jess, huh?" he laughed. "We got stories to tell."

"I'm sure you do."

"Like there was the time that we went down to Farmingdale for the..."

"Sounds great. Really. I'll have to come over some time. We'll talk. But I gotta get this grass mowed. Company coming."

"Hear ya!"

And with a wave of valediction, Jones vanished around the back, behind a frisbee-shaped frog thermometer and the chorus of wind chimes, ringing out a formless dirge in the key of D. I was left with no choice but to lie: big-city syndication and fax machines are easier untruths to talk about than lawns and tulips.

At two o'clock the expected call came. She was lost, and nobody had been able to give her proper directions. East on 16, I explained, then north to Gibraltar.

"And don't pick up any hitchhikers."

"Of course not." A pause. "I can't believe I'm hearing your voice again."

Neither of us liked speaking on the phone. It confuses things, she said.

"I like yours too. Now hurry up over here, and tell me all about New York."

We said our quick goodbyes and hung up.

Her letter said she could only stay a day; she was in town for a convention and decided to take a few hours to see what was up. She'd be gone by six. What could I possibly talk about? I sat down, with the timbre of her voice still sweet in my ears, and thought about everything: the sun climbing in a morning sky, and falling alone come evening; days of sleep and wine and dances, days apart from trains and 50-story buildings. If I knew Greta, standing by first base on some lonely diamond, punching her fist into the heel of her first-baseman's mitt, daring anyone to send something her way, I'd call her, and tell her about everything. She'd stay and we could talk about nothing.

Ten minutes passed. And ten more.

Another five, and I was worried. Just like at the party where we met, she was always early, everywhere. Things were deflating around me. I went into the kitchen, where the window faced towards Jones and Jess' backyard. There they were, quadrupeds in unison, sculpting and nursing a new patch of cotyledons. I poured myself a glass of water, and promptly spilled it on the floor. Paper towels: no time for a mop, she'd be here soon.

Too soon. She walked in, without a knock (why bother?), with another lawyer, handsome devil he, that she introduced as her colleague Mr. Brown. Brown and Jane, by for a visit on a Saturday afternoon.

"No kidding? No room at the Ramada Inn?"

There they stood, dressed in blue powersuits; high heels and a tasteful tie. Matching briefcases.

"Ha, of course. That's not it. John has never been out this way before, so I invited him along. I'm sorry, I know I should have phoned to tell you, but it was a last minute thing, and we decided once we got off the plane that..."

"No, no problem at all."

We sat on the porch for drinks. I had to go up to the attic to dig out an extra chair for John. Tucked in back, it was hidden (with its twin) beneath a baby-blue sheet that hadn't been moved in perhaps twenty years, an exquisite oaken relic, sheathed in dust. A design was carved into the back of the chair, distant as a cave drawing: a curlicue, like a hogtail. Looking for a rag to spruce it up, I heard voices downstairs:

"No idea what he does."

"Certainly nothing to do here, except plant flowers all day."

"Be nice."

I brought the chair down, still dusty, set it on the porch, and poured myself a rum.

"David?" she asked. "Do you have anything to mix this stuff up with? Coke or water or anything?"

"The Coke's in the fridge," I told her. "So, John, work on any big new cases lately? Anything exciting?"

Jane went into the house.

"Exciting?" He paused to think for a second, then two.

"Well, nothing 'ha-ha' exciting, if that's what you mean, but the job has its challenges and advantages. Like anything, it's how you approach your work that matters."

"I see," I mumbled, gulping a mouthful of rum.

"Jane tells me you used to write or something like that."

"Sort of. Now I'm into agricultural land management.

Very lucrative, with price supports and subsidies and the like. Farmers sometimes need some assistance. It may sound trivial, even socialist, but we must at all times keep our source of food safeguarded against economic fluctuations." I poured myself another glass and finished a third of it.

"Don't you think it a bit contradictory that taxpayers give money to keep prices up, and then have to pay higher prices in the stores?"

"What? Do you know how much it costs to artificially inseminate a cow?"

"No idea."

"Plenty."

"But don't you believe that the free market dictates that..."

He was cut off in mid-utterance by Jane in the kitchen, calling me to help locate the rum thinner. I took a gulp, put my glass down, and went to see what was up.

She was standing in the pantry, amongst the boxes of Minute Rice and Leftover Helper, looking at me as I walked in. She grabbed my shoulders and kissed me, and I reached out to hold her, as we did whenever we danced, she pushed me away.

"I just wanted to do that once."

"What?"

"Just once, David. A last time. John and I are getting married."

"Well, I figured as much there. He wears much better clothes than I."

"That's not it."

Months of busyness, gaps in time, letters written and never sent. These had probably piled up on her desk in some apartment in New York, and one day thrown out, replaced by one: I'm coming in for a convention and I'd like to see you. You're not busy, are you?

"We better get back out there," I said, "before her gets suspicious."

Once outside, after more drinks, Jane expressed surprise at my change in careers; she'd never realized that I had a knack for financial planning, especially in something as remote to my expertise as agriculture. How good for you.

They discussed my going out to New York for the wedding; John thought me most charming. They mentioned visiting Greenwich Village ("oh, you'd like it, I think"), the World Trade Center, the Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building; there's a good chance Melville's grave was included in the grand tour, as well as a Yankees' game and a French restaurant that they loved, perhaps all in the interest of keeping the Port Authority busy. I told them that I've never really thought much about going out there or eating French food, but they said no matter, you'll love it, perhaps you'll want to stay. The afternoon passed pleasantly. It got dark out and they left.

I went inside and turned on a lamp. Click, pop: the house illuminated. Outside, in the hazy twilight, Jones and Jess' fading figures resembled bovine grazers storing up for a night, pulsing with the tricks of night vision. I stood by the window and watched, and for the first time in two years, I sat down on the couch and tried to watch the television. All I got was snow. It filled the room, pouring from the screen like water. I went to the kitchen for a glass of wine. It had turned to water as well. Heading for the stairs, I went to get a wrench.

"Hey there, Joe, what are you doing on your roof?" said Jones, as he and Jess ambled over to the driveway, which lay beside the chimney where my antenna stood rusted into the bricks.

"Fixing the aerial. I can't watch a thing on the t.v."

"It's unsafe to try to fix that thing now. It's almost pitch dark. You'll break your neck."

"I know what I'm doing."

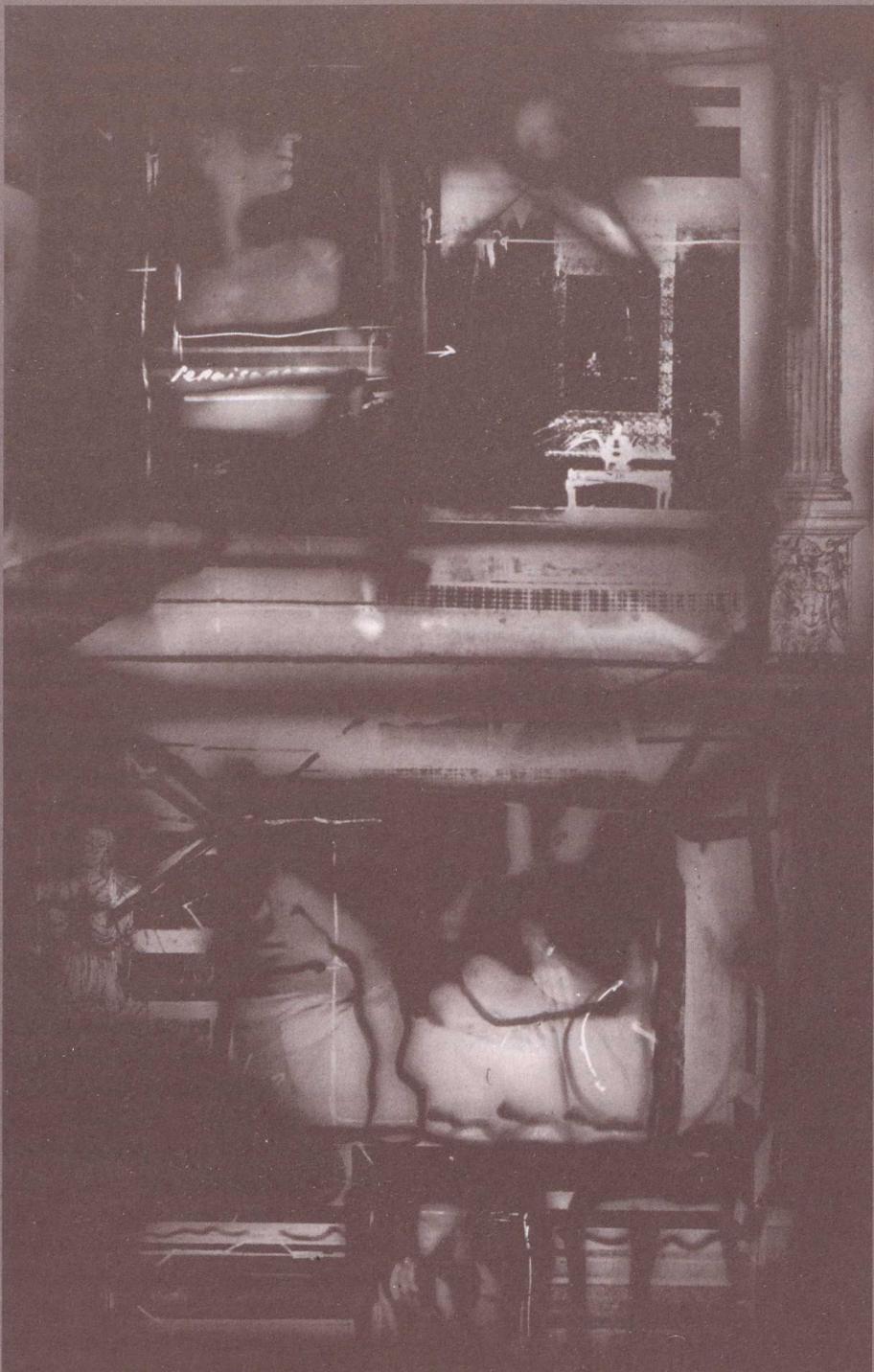
"Hey, if you want to see any show in particular tonight, you can just come over and watch it at our place. We'd love to have you."

"Thanks, but I'm going to have to work all night to make deadline, you know, and I'll need to get those faxes off in time."

"No matter. You can do your stuff here if you want. We can tell you all those stories you can use."

By now, the stars were out; Orion stood low in the east, with three stars for a belt, guarding the same black canvas sky as Odysseus'. There I was, a rusty wrench in my hand, and my odd horticultural neighbors pleading for me to get off the roof before I killed myself. Eleven feet off the ground. It had come to this. Down in the dark, Jones and Jess smiled like idiots.

"All right, all right. I'll be right down." As I crawled back into the second-story window I closed it behind me, and put out the light.



Renaissance Man MAUREEN DEMPSEY

I I step in puddles
that may not bottom.

It's an all day rain
grey above the city
the clouds are past sight.
Night shades the dimness.

The potholes fill,
and sewers swill
the streets, the pavement
takes its soak.
Above distant traffic the tides rise.

Birds people the damp
eaves of row houses
alighting outside windows
invisible to the fade of day.

Outside lamplights and rooms,
I'm heading home
under night's readers,
lovers, and old time minglers
thinking . . . "quiet comes,"
listening to the drips fall:
their touches between taps.

II The night rolls on us subtle
as the world's spin,

I lean at the axis,
watching in half-lights
hydroplaning taxis
gliding through the night.

Breathing water and air, I
hover in muffles between the
cacophony and quiet. Listening
to cymbal crashes and clinking glasses
of rounds going somewhere —
"Heer's tah's, there's none better!"
"Her's to us!"

I advance from awnings to overhangs.

I sense the distance in night.
Further than dawn,
time will pull us.

Now the hours gather
for tonight's wake.
The rays of our vision mingle,
wait and watch.

And curtains peeked through,
blinds fingered apart by older hands —
elderly elderly
drawn alone

as wet treads spray onto the shore
elderly elderly
their wheels form the haze
of tentative days

drowning in silence
elderly elderly passing
peering through panes
you know me.

III In this heavy rain
tonight, lonely is mutual.
I am together with you,
sitting alone,

with few friends and little relation,
save, this night.
We listen to the smother
of the quiet waters.

With routines as company,
save this night,
we cast time away.
Save us this night,

let us end it this way, bonded
in observance over sills
away from the silences
of back stairwells.

Alone in our night

IV I wade down this soundless
passage road with lights glittering
above and below, shimmering in the wet.
The flood waters are rising, submerging the stairs,
heavy rain sheets coming to your floor.
In quiet we will go under.

In quiet let us go before.

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Designed entirely in America on a TRS-80 super computer with Print Shop Ver.2.0
and Bobooly the dot matrix printer. 1993

With a whole mess of affection

-Brent & Jordan

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1/2" 419mm \$38.95	No. 40035 17" 432mm \$39.95	No. 40036 17 1/2" 444mm \$40.95	No. 40037 18" 457mm \$41.95	No. 40038 18 1/2" 470mm \$42.95	No. 40039 19" 482mm \$43.95	No. 40040 19 1/2" 495mm \$44.95	No. 40041 20" 508mm \$45.95	No. 40042 20 1/2" 521mm \$46.95	No. 40043 21" 533mm \$47.95	No. 40044 21 1/2" 546mm \$48.95	No. 40045 22" 559mm \$49.95	No. 40046 22 1/2" 572mm \$50.95	No. 40047 23" 584mm \$51.95	No. 40048 23 1/2" 597mm \$52.95	No. 40049 24" 610mm \$53.95	No. 40050 24 1/2" 623mm \$54.95	No. 40051 25" 635mm \$55.95	No. 40052 25 1/2" 648mm \$56.95	No. 40053 26" 660mm \$57.95	No. 40054 26 1/2" 673mm \$58.95	No. 40055 27" 686mm \$59.95	No. 40056 27 1/2" 699mm \$60.95	No. 40057 28" 711mm \$61.95	No. 40058 28 1/2" 724mm \$62.95	No. 40059 29" 737mm \$63.95	No. 40060 29 1/2" 750mm \$64.95	No. 40061 30" 762mm \$65.95	No. 40062 30 1/2" 775mm \$66.95	No. 40063 31" 787mm \$67.95	No. 40064 31 1/2" 800mm \$68.95	No. 40065 32" 813mm \$69.95	No. 40066 32 1/2" 826mm \$70.95	No. 40067 33" 838mm \$71.95	No. 40068 33 1/2" 851mm \$72.95	No. 40069 34" 864mm \$73.95	No. 40070 34 1/2" 877mm \$74.95	No. 40071 35" 889mm \$75.95	No. 40072 35 1/2" 902mm \$76.95	No. 40073 36" 915mm \$77.95	No. 40074 36 1/2" 928mm \$78.95	No. 40075 37" 940mm \$79.95	No. 40076 37 1/2" 953mm \$80.95	No. 40077 38" 966mm \$81.95	No. 40078 38 1/2" 979mm \$82.95	No. 40079 39" 991mm \$83.95	No. 40080 39 1/2" 1004mm \$84.95	No. 40081 40" 1017mm \$85.95	No. 40082 40 1/2" 1030mm \$86.95	No. 40083 41" 1042mm \$87.95	No. 40084 41 1/2" 1055mm \$88.95	No. 40085 42" 1068mm \$89.95	No. 40086 42 1/2" 1081mm \$90.95	No. 40087 43" 1094mm \$91.95	No. 40088 43 1/2" 1107mm \$92.95	No. 40089 44" 1119mm \$93.95	No. 40090 44 1/2" 1132mm \$94.95	No. 40091 45" 1145mm \$95.95	No. 40092 45 1/2" 1158mm \$96.95	No. 40093 46" 1170mm \$97.95	No. 40094 46 1/2" 1183mm \$98.95	No. 40095 47" 1196mm \$99.95	No. 40096 47 1/2" 1209mm \$100.95	No. 40097 48" 1221mm \$101.95	No. 40098 48 1/2" 1234mm \$102.95	No. 40099 49" 1247mm \$103.95	No. 40100 49 1/2" 1260mm \$104.95	No. 40101 50" 1272mm \$105.95	No. 40102 50 1/2" 1285mm \$106.95	No. 40103 51" 1298mm \$107.95	No. 40104 51 1/2" 1311mm \$108.95	No. 40105 52" 1324mm \$109.95	No. 40106 52 1/2" 1337mm \$110.95	No. 40107 53" 1349mm \$111.95	No. 40108 53 1/2" 1362mm \$112.95	No. 40109 54" 1375mm \$113.95	No. 40110 54 1/2" 1388mm \$114.95	No. 40111 55" 1401mm \$115.95	No. 40112 55 1/2" 1414mm \$116.95	No. 40113 56" 1426mm \$117.95	No. 40114 56 1/2" 1439mm \$118.95	No. 40115 57" 1452mm \$119.95	No. 40116 57 1/2" 1465mm \$120.95	No. 40117 58" 1478mm \$121.95	No. 40118 58 1/2" 1491mm \$122.95	No. 40119 59" 1503mm \$123.95	No. 40120 59 1/2" 1516mm \$124.95	No. 40121 60" 1529mm \$125.95	No. 40122 60 1/2" 1542mm \$126.95	No. 40123 61" 1555mm \$127.95	No. 40124 61 1/2" 1568mm \$128.95	No. 40125 62" 1580mm \$129.95	No. 40126 62 1/2" 1593mm \$130.95	No. 40127 63" 1606mm \$131.95	No. 40128 63 1/2" 1619mm \$132.95	No. 40129 64" 1632mm \$133.95	No. 40130 64 1/2" 1645mm \$134.95	No. 40131 65" 1657mm \$135.95	No. 40132 65 1/2" 1670mm \$136.95	No. 40133 66" 1683mm \$137.95	No. 40134 66 1/2" 1696mm \$138.95	No. 40135 67" 1709mm \$139.95	No. 40136 67 1/2" 1722mm \$140.95	No. 40137 68" 1734mm \$141.95	No. 40138 68 1/2" 1747mm \$142.95	No. 40139 69" 1760mm \$143.95	No. 40140 69 1/2" 1773mm \$144.95	No. 40141 70" 1786mm \$145.95	No. 40142 70 1/2" 1799mm \$146.95	No. 40143 71" 1811mm \$147.95	No. 40144 71 1/2" 1824mm \$148.95	No. 40145 72" 1837mm \$149.95	No. 40146 72 1/2" 1850mm \$150.95	No. 40147 73" 1863mm \$151.95	No. 40148 73 1/2" 1876mm \$152.95	No. 40149 74" 1888mm \$153.95	No. 40150 74 1/2" 1901mm \$154.95	No. 40151 75" 1914mm \$155.95	No. 40152 75 1/2" 1927mm \$156.95	No. 40153 76" 1940mm \$157.95	No. 40154 76 1/2" 1953mm \$158.95	No. 40155 77" 1965mm \$159.95	No. 40156 77 1/2" 1978mm \$160.95	No. 40157 78" 1991mm \$161.95	No. 40158 78 1/2" 2004mm \$162.95	No. 40159 79" 2017mm \$163.95	No. 40160 79 1/2" 2030mm \$164.95	No. 40161 80" 2042mm \$165.95	No. 40162 80 1/2" 2055mm \$166.95	No. 40163 81" 2068mm \$167.95	No. 40164 81 1/2" 2081mm \$168.95	No. 40165 82" 2094mm \$169.95	No. 40166 82 1/2" 2107mm \$170.95	No. 40167 83" 2120mm \$171.95	No. 40168 83 1/2" 2133mm \$172.95	No. 40169 84" 2145mm \$173.95	No. 40170 84 1/2" 2158mm \$174.95	No. 40171 85" 2171mm \$175.95	No. 40172 85 1/2" 2184mm \$176.95	No. 40173 86" 2197mm \$177.95	No. 40174 86 1/2" 2210mm \$178.95	No. 40175 87" 2222mm \$179.95	No. 40176 87 1/2" 2235mm \$180.95	No. 40177 88" 2248mm \$181.95	No. 40178 88 1/2" 2261mm \$182.95	No. 40179 89" 2274mm \$183.95	No. 40180 89 1/2" 2287mm \$184.95	No. 40181 90" 2299mm \$185.95	No. 40182 90 1/2" 2312mm \$186.95	No. 40183 91" 2325mm \$187.95	No. 40184 91 1/2" 2338mm \$188.95	No. 40185 92" 2351mm \$189.95	No. 40186 92 1/2" 2364mm \$190.95	No. 40187 93" 2376mm \$191.95	No. 40188 93 1/2" 2389mm \$192.95	No. 40189 94" 2402mm \$193.95	No. 40190 94 1/2" 2415mm \$194.95	No. 40191 95" 2428mm \$195.95	No. 40192 95 1/2" 2441mm \$196.95	No. 40193 96" 2453mm \$197.95	No. 40194 96 1/2" 2466mm \$198.95	No. 40195 97" 2479mm \$199.95	No. 40196 97 1/2" 2492mm \$200.95	No. 40197 98" 2505mm \$201.95	No. 40198 98 1/2" 2518mm \$202.95	No. 40199 99" 2530mm \$203.95	No. 40200 99 1/2" 2543mm \$204.95	No. 40201 100" 2556mm \$205.95	No. 40202 100 1/2" 2569mm \$206.95	No. 40203 101" 2582mm \$207.95	No. 40204 101 1/2" 2595mm \$208.95	No. 40205 102" 2607mm \$209.95	No. 40206 102 1/2" 2620mm \$210.95	No. 40207 103" 2633mm \$211.95	No. 40208 103 1/2" 2646mm \$212.95	No. 40209 104" 2659mm \$213.95	No. 40210 104 1/2" 2672mm \$214.95	No. 40211 105" 2684mm \$215.95	No. 40212 105 1/2" 2697mm \$216.95	No. 40213 106" 2710mm \$217.95	No. 40214 106 1/2" 2723mm \$218.95	No. 40215 107" 2736mm \$219.95	No. 40216 107 1/2" 2749mm \$220.95	No. 40217 108" 2761mm \$221.95	No. 40218 108 1/2" 2774mm \$222.95	No. 40219 109" 2787mm \$223.95	No. 40220 109 1/2" 2800mm \$224.95	No. 40221 110" 2813mm \$225.95	No. 40222 110 1/2" 2826mm \$226.95	No. 40223 111" 2838mm \$227.95	No. 40224 111 1/2" 2851mm \$228.95	No. 40225 112" 2864mm \$229.95	No. 40226 112 1/2" 2877mm \$230.95	No. 40227 113" 2890mm \$231.95	No. 40228 113 1/2" 2903mm \$232.95	No. 40229 114" 2915mm \$233.95	No. 40230 114 1/2" 2928mm \$234.95	No. 40231 115" 2941mm \$235.95	No. 40232 115 1/2" 2954mm \$236.95	No. 40233 116" 2967mm \$237.95	No. 40234 116 1/2" 2980mm \$238.95	No. 40235 117" 2992mm \$239.95	No. 40236 117 1/2" 3005mm \$240.95	No. 40237 118" 3018mm \$241.95	No. 40238 118 1/2" 3031mm \$242.95	No. 40239 119" 3044mm \$243.95	No. 40240 119 1/2" 3057mm \$244.95	No. 40241 120" 3069mm \$245.95	No. 40242 120 1/2" 3082mm \$246.95	No. 40243 121" 3095mm \$247.95	No. 40244 121 1/2" 3108mm \$248.95	No. 40245 122" 3121mm \$249.95	No. 40246 122 1/2" 3134mm \$250.95	No. 40247 123" 3146mm \$251.95	No. 40248 123 1/2" 3159mm \$252.95	No. 40249 124" 3172mm \$253.95	No. 40250 124 1/2" 3185mm \$254.95	No. 40251 125" 3198mm \$255.95	No. 40252 125 1/2" 3211mm \$256.95	No. 40253 126" 3223mm \$257.95	No. 40254 126 1/2" 3236mm \$258.95	No. 40255 127" 3249mm \$259.95	No. 40256 127 1/2" 3262mm \$260.95	No. 40257 128" 3275mm \$261.95	No. 40258 128 1/2" 3288mm \$262.95	No. 40259 129" 3300mm \$263.95	No. 40260 129 1/2" 3313mm \$264.95	No. 40261 130" 3326mm \$265.95	No. 40262 130 1/2" 3339mm \$266.95	No. 40263 131" 3352mm \$267.95	No. 40264 131 1/2" 3365mm \$268.95	No. 40265 132" 3377mm \$269.95	No. 40266 132 1/2" 3390mm \$270.95	No. 40267 133" 3403mm \$271.95	No. 40268 133 1/2" 3416mm \$272.95	No. 40269 134" 3429mm \$273.95	No. 40270 134 1/2" 3442mm \$274.95	No. 40271 135" 3454mm \$275.95	No. 40272 135 1/2" 3467mm \$276.95	No. 40273 136" 3480mm \$277.95	No. 40274 136 1/2" 3493mm \$278.95	No. 40275 137" 3506mm \$279.95	No. 40276 137 1/2" 3519mm \$280.95	No. 40277 138" 3531mm \$281.95	No. 40278 138 1/2" 3544mm \$282.95	No. 40279 139" 3557mm \$283.95	No. 40280 139 1/2" 3570mm \$284.95	No. 40281 140" 3583mm \$285.95	No. 40282 140 1/2" 3596mm \$286.95	No. 40283 141" 3608mm \$287.95	No. 40284 141 1/2" 3621mm \$288.95	No. 40285 142" 3634mm \$289.95	No. 40286 142 1/2" 3647mm \$290.95	No. 40287 143" 3660mm \$291.95	No. 40288 143 1/2" 3673mm \$292.95	No. 40289 144" 3685mm \$293.95	No. 40290 144 1/2" 3698mm \$294.95	No. 40291 145" 3711mm \$295.95	No. 40292 145 1/2" 3724mm \$296.95	No. 40293 146" 3737mm \$297.95	No. 40294 146 1/2" 3750mm \$298.95	No. 40295 147" 3762mm \$299.95	No. 40296 147 1/2" 3775mm \$300.95	No. 40297 148" 3788mm \$301.95	No. 40298 148 1/2" 3801mm \$302.95	No. 40299 149" 3814mm \$303.95	No. 40300 149 1/2" 3827mm \$304.95	No. 40301 150" 3839mm \$305.95	No. 40302 150 1/2" 3852mm \$306.95	No. 40303 151" 3865mm \$307.95	No. 40304 151 1/2" 3878mm \$308.95	No. 40305 152" 3891mm \$309.95	No. 40306 152 1/2" 3904mm \$310.95	No. 40307 153" 3916mm \$311.95	No. 40308 153 1/2" 3929mm \$312.95	No. 40309 154" 3942mm \$313.95	No. 40310 154 1/2" 3955mm \$314.95	No. 40311 155" 3968mm \$315.95	No. 40312 155 1/2" 3981mm \$316.95	No. 40313 156" 3993mm \$317.95	No. 40314 156 1/2" 4006mm \$318.95	No. 40315 157" 4019mm \$319.95	No. 40316 157 1/2" 4032mm \$320.95	No. 40317 158" 4045mm \$321.95	No. 40318 158 1/2" 4058mm \$322.95	No. 40319 159" 4070mm \$323.95	No. 40320 159 1/2" 4083mm \$324.95	No. 40321 160" 4096mm \$325.95	No. 40322 160 1/2" 4109mm \$326.95	No. 40323 161" 4121mm \$327.95	No. 40324 161 1/2" 4134mm \$328.95	No. 40325 162" 4147mm \$329.95	No. 40326 162 1/2" 4160mm \$330.95	No. 40327 163" 4173mm \$331.95	No. 40328 163 1/2" 4186mm \$332.95	No. 40329 164" 4198mm \$333.95	No. 40330 164 1/2" 4211mm \$334.95	No. 40331 165" 4224mm \$335.95	No. 40332 165 1/2" 4237mm \$336.95	No. 40333 166" 4250mm \$337.95	No. 40334 166 1/2" 4263mm \$338.95	No. 40335 167" 4275mm \$339.95	No. 40336 167 1/2" 4288mm \$340.95	No. 40337 168" 4301mm \$341.95	No. 40338 168 1/2" 4314mm \$342.95	No. 40339 169" 4327mm \$343.95	No. 40340 169 1/2" 4340mm \$344.95	No. 40341 170" 4352mm \$345.95	No. 40342 170 1/2" 4365mm \$346.95	No. 40343 171" 4378mm \$347.95	No. 40344 171 1/2" 4391mm \$348.95	No. 40345 172" 4404mm \$349.95	No. 40346 172 1/2" 4417mm \$350.95	No. 40347 173" 4429mm \$351.95	No. 40348 173 1/2" 4442mm \$352.95	No. 40349 174" 4455mm \$353.95	No. 40350 174 1/2" 4468mm \$354.95	No. 40351 175" 4481mm \$355.95	No. 40352 175 1/2" 4494mm \$356.95	No. 40353 176" 4506mm \$357.95	No. 40354 176 1/2" 4519mm \$358.95	No. 40355 177" 4532mm \$359.95	No. 40356 177 1/2" 4545mm \$360.95	No. 40357 178" 4558mm \$361.95	No. 40358 178 1/2" 4571mm \$362.95	No. 40359 179"
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