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**Literary
Magazine
1992**

Olivet Nazarene University



The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the Forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Cold frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

--William Blake

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TYGR: Four Years and Counting

This year's publication of *TYGR* is Olivet's fourth edition. Even though the English Department has produced only four *TYGR*s, the history of literary magazines at Olivet runs deeper than four years. A smaller magazine, *Anthology* displayed works of Olivet's skilled writers and was produced by Dr. Larry Finger, formerly of the ONU English Department, who now teaches at Point Loma Nazarene College.

In Dr. Finger's absence some students wanted to continue producing a literary magazine in the Olivet community. So, Professor Joe Bentz, who now teaches at Azusa Pacific University, became advisor for the new magazine. John Small, then editorial director of the *GlimmerGlass* designed the magazine as a project for his Editing and Production class and brought a journalistic flair to the magazine. Sean Kipling Robish, also with the *GlimmerGlass*, created the new name for the publication, "*TYGR*," based on William Blake's poem "The Tyger". *TYGR* production was and still is courtesy of the *GlimmerGlass* office's equipment. The *TYGR* was funded by the English department its first year and by Olivet English major alumni the second. For the past two years money has been budgeted to the English department for the *TYGR*.

Professor Sue Williams currently serves as *TYGR* advisor. Traci Augustosky has been Executive Editor of the *TYGR* for the past two years and is striving to give the publication a more literary, creative style. Traci says the goal of the *TYGR* is, "to deliver to our readers a taste of the writing talent of Olivet."

--Lori Brooks & Bill Torgerson

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TYGR
Poetry

Average Man

A very average man, not
claiming to be more
than "like most" once
said something very
profound, at least
it was so in his
mind. He said,
"Let me bear all
and die." He
continued, "only in
death may I be
truly free and happy."
And then he got on the bus
and rode to Seymour.

--Wes Clark

Confessions

I am looking for a lush green love
Cool and moist and deep.

I want to tread its softness,
Swimming in its humid depths,
Dancing in white dresses
On a lush green love.

I want to hold a pale green heart
Up to the warm green sun
And see it bloom into endless forests
Of a lush green love.

Your branding iron passion
Blisters flesh, binding freedom.
The fire of your so-called love
Burns evil orange and rancid red.
It crackles dry into coarse black dust
Your red passion residue is coarse black dust
Marking the path of your fiery touch.

And I am still searching for a lush green love.

--*Stephanie Burggraf*

Salt Water Taffy Girl

One hundred Spanish guitars serenade the man of a thousand faces. Chaney impersonator not in films but in places. I'll bow my head to the queen who walks alone through crystal cathedrals. He'll pray to his God for innocence beneath the sacred steeples.

I'll bathe in a holy pool, dance in the Parthenon. When my strength is gone and lost still he'll wander on. I cannot stop to ponder, he cannot stop to think about the one who took his heart and led me to the brink.

Salt water taffy girl, lives in her own little world. She never dances but she looks him in the eye. Salt water taffy girl, I think I'll ask her to stay. She's much smarter than he will ever be, but I believe I'll try to keep her, anyway.

Accoustical mindset much too blue for a pop culture but I don't mind the way that it strums upon my ear. Another blindset of virtue and believer they wallow together in the dead of the night searching for a beat to their tune.

The crooners howl at silence, which the rockers bow in shame, and the pretty little girl with the big brown eyes has forgotten why she came.

Salt water taffy girl lives in her own little world. She never dances but she looks him in the eye.

--Jeremy Childs

Of Dreaming Angels and Wishful Beauties

Not yet to kiss nor hold the beauty that scales
the cliff of Cobblestone. Only to watch the shadow
grow slowly as siloutted against the pit alone.

Forsaken beauty the world holds tight to.
Shelters her face from falling tears. Waning, bewildered
still spectates through. Cuts with words as saucy sheers.

Thinking once to understand why words from her
lips held intent to my soul. Caught deep in the magicians
stand by, eyes too green and piercing to go.

Not to trust her or understand if indeed the
puppets, guts, spill with my own. Truth in myself, allows
her truth to trickle, and trap. To touch and atone.

The queen of undying virtue steps on quiet tip toes.
In my dreams she holds the things and we trust the
world that she knows.

Once slumber subsides the truth is more cutting.
I've not enough crimson to lend to the blood-letting.

We stroll to the wall, greeting our friend
deception.

--Jeremy Childs



Pandora's Other Box

Polished mahogany,
golden hinges
and a rainbow handle.
On top, in beautifully flowing,
etched letters...

"What if?"

--*Dean B. Gebert*

When the Bad Guy Wins

Across the field they sit saddled—
Visors down, shields up, lances ready.
Thundering hooves shake the earth,
And I tremble at the spectacle.

The green field meets a blue horizon,
Creating a picnic-perfect day.
Yet these two fearsome knights—
One clad in white, the other in black—
Spur their mounts forward as
They take aim with deadly lances.

Once, twice, thrice they pass.
Lances clatter off shields,
But the knights remain mounted.
Again they charge, and White's
Lance strikes solid against
Black's oaken shield, toppling
Black down to the grassy turf.

White reins in his steed, dismounts,
And draws his sword as Black
Totters to his feet and grips
His double-bladed battle axe.
The rival knights clash like two
Mighty titans contesting in
A world too small to hold both.

Blow after blow is struck and
Parried as the knightly foes each
Strive for ultimate victory.
A dark cloud rolls over the sun,
White stumbles and Black buries
His axe deep in White's chest.

Seeing green turn brown and blue, grey,
Black throws down his axe and cries,
"No, this is wrong—
He was supposed to win, not I."
White bows his head and dies.

--*Lee Hathaway*

Autumn

The grand Lady Oak
drops her golden handkerchiefs
to be swept by the rushing wind
into Mother Nature's scrapbag,
who takes the rainbow remnants
and sews them into a bright crazy quilt
with colors that rival even Jacob's coat.
She blankets the ground with this fine tapestry,
tucks it into valleys,
wraps it around mountains,
snugly covering the sleeping earth
for the long winter night.

--Jennifer M. Hubert

Voodoo Doll

Miniature replicas of adversaries
Bent to accommodate me.
Do you feel the pain of my displeasure?
Let me help you change your mind.

Miniature replicas of adversaries
Twisted, broken, and rent.
Are you sorry now that you wronged me?
Let me help you change your mind.

Miniature replicas of adversaries
Lifelessly clutched in my hand.
Tell me, who is your new master?
It is I, the lord of your mind.

--Jill Hunsberger

Man of Parchment

Nights my pencil
sketches your bones; creates
feelings of desire
in my breast.
I pray for your dimensions
to be transformed into three-
So you can awake in my realm.

Oh man of parchment,
Man so perfect
If not in my reality,
Dwell on my page forever.

--Jennifer LeBert

I hug myself in this
cold, autumn silence
I stare into your wolf
rose beauty
Crimson bows wrap the
decay
Decay has never smelled
So sweet, and I devour
all the lessons of the
dead
...because in this cold,
autumn silence
it all comes down to our
morality
and I'd kiss your very
eyes
Just to quench this ice
blue passion.

--John W. Ridings Jr.
untitled

Curious

Curious

I looked and I saw
What I saw was a man
I saw a man dancing
A man dancing in the water
In the water by the shore

Intrigued

I listened and heard
What I heard was a shot
It was a shot in the dark
For darkness had descended
Upon the water by the shore

Enthralled

I looked and I saw
What I saw was the water
And the water was dead
I saw no one dancing
In the water by the shore

Confused

I looked and I saw
What I saw was myself
I saw myself dancing
I was dancing in the water
In the water by the shore

Terrified

I listened and heard
What I heard was a shot

Without Notice

The view from a chair in the room of a house
By the side of a road near an open field
Like sitting and watching a young child grow
Always the same—ever changing
And much time passes without notice

The gaze of a heart which longs to unite
With the one who is due to return
Like a child entranced by a still-empty stocking
On the twenty-sixth day of December
And much time passes without notices

The window through which the world can be seen
From the world in which she sits
Is the window through which she is focused intently
On the sight that she's waiting to see
And much time passes without notice

She sees rain in the heat of a long summer day
Scraps of color fly in the wind
She sees snow in the field through the frost on the glass
Green where the white used to be
And much time passes without notice

But there in the field a few feet from the house
And the chair in the room where she sits
“Memorium in honor of...served bravely his country...”
The stone she doesn't acknowledge
And much time will pass without notice

--Jeff Scott

Marry Young

I said yes.
“Reckless naivete! Haste makes pain!”
Maybe so. Twenty years and still the
Same—
Same faith; he blindly loves who “i” will become
Instead of falling in love with things “I” have done.
Simple hopes
Two lives unstung;
In purest love do we marry young.

--Melissa Skinner

Brown

A shadowed, hazy image of the soft carpet
upon which a child rested,
unconditionally trusting the one reading
from a tattered storybook.

Warm, deep brown

No pretense

A ragged toy's fierce loyalty despite rejection
This brown beckons to the child, and she
returns to its persuasive innocence.

Immersed...

The sanctity of the day, smooth seats
on long car trips when she couldn't see
out the back window without sitting on her knees.
All this and more relived and revealed
in the single moment I spend
in the comfort
of your eyes.

--Jennifer Swartz

Transient Blue

The scream whispers between my ribs
As the questions dance behind my eyes.

Time is the only factor now
That can bring about awaited change.
Futile attempts by this mortal frame
Have brought about inaudible cries.
Do we have the capacity to recollect
And test the glance's range.

If I could place the emotion
Under the silent storm,
And yell at the brute who stares at me
"I forgot her name, her face!"
The glass would shatter, the foundation shake
As the wind would rock the norm.
While at the bottom of the mountain
Lay the black silken lace.

--Chris Shride

No Limitations

By enjoying or being offended, you gave art its meaning.

In filthy moonlight, subway graffiti offers no insight if no one
thinks about it.

And the first time my teacher said there were no new thoughts,
it was new to me.

Is this the excuse everyone uses

for letting the needle skip the same flaw in the old vinyl
record we call our thoughts?

--Chris Waite



TYGR

Non-Fiction

Writing with my Students: An Exercise in Uncertainties

Last fall when I began the semester with two freshman composition classes, I gave myself the challenge of writing the assigned six or seven papers along with my students. In freshman composition, students learn how to write basic modes of expository prose, such as definition, comparison-contrast, and description. "How-to's" can be found in any freshman text; I knew them like the Lord's Prayer. But knowing how to write a paper and actually writing it are not the same. Perhaps translating what seems to be an obvious pattern into a two or three page typed paper is not as easy as my glib instructions made it out to be. If I wrote the assigned papers with the students, I would experience to some extent the process of writing which they were experiencing. Perhaps the next time around I might be a better teacher of expository modes. The first paper that I wrote with the students was a narrative paper about a recent vacation at Niagara Falls. This paper is a description of my experience in writing that paper.

I needed to find a subject that would allow me to tell a story in order to make a point. Who knows how one selects a subject! Perhaps my vacation at Niagara Falls presented itself to me because I had recently been looking at my photograph album. Almost as soon as I thought of a subject, I found a purpose, and with the purpose, a structure.

Over a period of several days I thought about the paper, so that by the time I actually sat down,

pencil in hand, preliminary organization was fairly easy. I wrote the first draft from a three-point outline. "It's a beginning at least," I said to myself. I was pleased with the draft, although I knew from previous experience that the final paper would be much different.

Two days later I pulled out the first draft and read it over. It would never do; not that it was really bad, but it certainly wasn't good. Yet, the paper made the point I had intended. What was wrong? It was not organization. One thing I had been sure of from the beginning was the central point of the narrative, that memory is not always faulty. I also was sure of the three developmental points. Therefore, I was not after revision in structure, but in expression.

I well remember that Friday night. I thought to myself, "My students are not working over their papers on this second weekend into their first year in college. If I were a freshman, I could find a dozen things to do on a Friday night rather than write a paper for English class."

I struggled at the typewriter, trying to find best ways of arranging ideas and words. It was laborious work. In about two hours I cranked out a draft rougher than the first one, and I was ready to quit. I wondered what my freshmen would do when they hit similar problems. They likely would be more frustrated than I, who expected at least some difficulties in revision. When my freshmen had labored even an hour over a draft, would they conclude that they "have no talent for writing" and give up? So I stayed at the typewriter, hoping to

find, as I had before, that persistence would yield creativity. It did, but not that Friday night. After I pulled draft number three out of the typewriter, I went to bed. Perhaps a good night's sleep would help.

The next morning I took the draft to breakfast, picking up on a habit I had established in graduate school when I discovered that my best rewriting occurred over leisurely breakfasts. This Saturday morning I neatly arranged my writing materials to the right of an attractively prepared breakfast. Ideas began to flow with the first cup of coffee. Much to my surprise, the first section that I nailed down was the introduction. (Introductions usually come last for me; I start writing by stating the thesis baldly; then I plunge immediately into the developmental section.) But today the introduction insisted on being first. Rewriting the developmental paragraphs followed quickly. I was well into a new draft by the third of fourth cup of coffee.

I didn't work on the paper again until Sunday night—just like my freshmen, leave an assignment until the night before it is due. I remember feeling anxiety. What if the paper didn't work? What would I do?

It worked. Not that it was perfect; but changes needed were those I always easily and automatically make as I type from copy. I had planned to type a draft from the hand-written draft of Saturday's breakfast session, but two preliminary typed drafts were necessary before I could consider the final. I enjoyed typing all three drafts; it's always a pleasure to me to see how well ideas and

words go together in the final stages of the writing process, especially in comparison to earlier stages when writing is often difficult and slow. I was especially pleased with the conclusion, which, in the final draft, is unlike earlier versions. In the final draft the central point of the narrative enlarges from a particularized theme to a more generalized. The final sentence wrote itself; I merely typed the words. I wondered if other writers sometimes find self-written sentences, too.

The next afternoon I walked to class with one of the students in my class. "How much time did you spend on your paper?" I asked him.

He thought a moment. "Oh, about forty-five minutes," he replied.

Forty-five minutes to my eight or ten hours! Of course, he is a freshman, and I am a teacher of freshmen. Maybe forty-five minutes is enough for him. He is too inexperienced to worry greatly about any assignment, and perhaps his very naivete about writing allows him to get to the heart of the matter with a minimum of false starts. We walk across the quad in amicable silence, two writers who have said what they wanted to say and who feel good about their accomplishments.

--Dr. Shirlee McGuire

Never Too Late

Dear Mom,

I owe you an apology. I hope you will accept it.

Since you died five years ago, I have lamented the fact that I never heard you say, "I love you," to me. Can you believe that? An over fifty-year-old woman getting "down" because she never heard those words from you. Well, I did, and Mom, I'm sorry.

I have come to realize that you told me many times and in many ways that you loved me. I'm wondering now what could possibly have been wrong with my hearing!

Mom, do you remember the time I was about ten years old, up at night very sick with the flu? I fainted, hitting my head on the old coal stove. Now, who was there to pick me up, nurse me, and comfort me? You, of course. With fourteen children to get up and down with across the years, you probably don't even remember. I surely do.

I love you, Mary.

Then there was the time I came home with head lice. Who was it that faithfully applied offensive-smelling ointment on my head until they were gone, all the while keeping the older siblings from getting on my case because I had been negligent around an affected friend?

I love you, Mary.

Mom, you've got to remember the time I, along with my softball team members, begged you to let me play in an important ballgame—on Sunday. It must have been hard for you to say no. But you stood firm, with no support from a Christian husband. Sunday was the Lord's day. I didn't play. Thanks, Mom, for loving me enough to teach me that Sunday is a day to be kept holy.

With the Holy Spirit convicting my tender heart of sin, I couldn't sleep. Kneeling between the two big beds in the girls' bedroom, I sobbed my heart out to God, asking Him to "save and

sanctify me holy.” (Did you smile just a little?) You were right there to counsel and pray me through to victory. I climbed back into bed with a light and happy heart. What a special time. Only one of the many times I came to a place of prayer, however, in church services, revivals, and campmeetings. Yet, you were always there to pray, slip me a hankie and an encouraging word. Thanks, Mom. Now I hear that unspoken “I love you,” clearly.

I cannot believe I had negative thoughts about not hearing you say, “*I love you, Mary.*” You sewed love into every stitch of my clothes. You cooked love into every pot of beans and roast you made and every pan of corn bread and biscuits you baked. You hung miles of love on the line with every garment you pinned up to dry. In retrospect, I believe all you did was say, “I love you, Mary.”

Mom, you know the first thing I am going to say when I see you? You’re right! “I love you.” Forgive me, Mom. I was pretty stingy myself with not only by expressions of love, but demonstrations as well. You have said, Mom, “My people were not the hugging kind. They just were not affectionate.” Perhaps both of us will lose our inhibitions in Heaven and will be able to express ourselves freely.

--Mary Prior

A Wimpy Hero?

Hamlet is perhaps the most introspective of Shakespeare's heroes, a man whose psychological battles become the central focus of the play bearing his name. Introspection by its very nature may seem self-centered, weak-willed, and passive (rather than active). The soul-searching Christian may be accused of self-absorption and told to "look to others"; the careful leader may be ridiculed for indecision; and the contemplative artist might be considered lazy—for conscience would indeed seem to "make cowards of us all." But heroes would never be true "men" without some moral to their motives, and they would never be human without some moments of doubt (Gethsemane comes to mind). Yet neither would they be heroes if they never *did* take action. We relate to Hamlet because of the full range of humanity in his struggles. The course of the play reveals the hero's cathartic preparation for his irrevocable self-sacrifice—taking on the sin of murder in the interest of justice to his dead father.

In the first soliloquy, Hamlet grieves for the wrongness of life, when his mother so falsely has wedded his uncle without properly mourning his beloved father. Hamlet's initial response to this trans-

gression on his world is a wish to escape through death. “O, that this too too sullied flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! ... How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!” He subscribes himself to his forced—or chosen—fate: “But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.”

In Act II, Hamlet reflects on the acted grief of a player, when he has reason for sorrow beyond expression. He curses his own inaction, that he “must like a whore unpack my heart with words and fall a-cursing.” But the players have given him an idea to pluck out the heart of his uncle, and a possible reason for his hesitation is revealed: “The spirit that I have seen may be the devil, and the devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape ... and perhaps, out of my weakness and my melancholy ... abuses me to damn me.” His tongue is still stayed toward his mother, but “the play’s the thing wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king.”

The throes of Hamlet’s melancholy nature revealed in Act III, scene 1, might cause some modern readers to consider him a “wimp.” But why is this soliloquy famous, if we cannot all relate to life’s struggles seeming to be more than we can bear? A murdered father and unfaithful mother might overwhelm any of us into contemplating (the often misquoted) “To be, or not to be, that is the question: whether ‘tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and

arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them.” Only his fear of the unknown after death prevent him from self-slaughter. “Thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied over with the pale cast of thought.”

After proving his step-father Claudius’ guilt through the players, Hamlet is stopped from action only by the king’s posture of repentance in III.3. To kill the murderer then would only send him to heaven, according to Hamlet’s belief’s. The inaction here is caused by preference for a better time, when the evil-doer might die while not under the eyes of grace. He who sent the father to hell should not be sent to heaven.

In the final soliloquy, Hamlet feels himself shamed in comparison to Fortinbras, who for the landed reward of “straw” sacrifices twenty thousand men. “How stand I then, that have a father killed, a mother stained, excitements of my reason and my blood, and let all sleep ...?” While realizing the futility of his foil’s motives, Hamlet fortifies the resolve for his own: “O, from this time forth my thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth.”

Hamlet works through his grief at the betrayal of his mother, divines a way to determine the truth in his commission for revenge, laments his hopeless grief, contemplates suicide more than once, realizes an inappropriate time for action, and finally conquers his

hesitating conscience once and for all. He is incredibly in touch with the state of mankind: living in a *wrong* world where life is often worth little of its burdens and efforts for gain are but vanity, yet fearing the unknown terror behind death's serene suggestion of escape. "If it is at all possible, let this cup pass from me" is perhaps a universal cry. The sadness of his victory makes *Hamlet* a tragedy.

--Ann Dorsey

What we Miss

I delighted myself at lunch one day, conversing at length with a young man from Kenya. The more I pressed him about African life, the more I wanted to live there. But in polite wisdom, he looked at me only slightly askance and said, "You'd have a hard time fitting in." Indeed, having the world too much with us seems inherent in Anglo-Saxon cultural training. William Wordsworth spelled out the secret desperation of our society in his poem so entitled.

I felt the power of that phrase long before I even knew its author. In the late winter of my freshman year, I was walking up the final flight of stairs to yet another class in a hectic schedule, when a professor inquired of my condition in life. "Okay," I habitually replied. But he had seen my face and sensed my sigh; he smiled and said, "'The world is too much with us,' right?" My spirit resounded in agreement with the expression, which echoed to haunt me for months stretching into years.

Then I read the poem for a literature class, and the phrase gained a sonnet to expand its meaning.

A materialistic society is criticized in the first four lines

(quatrain) of the poem. That ... and somehow more. "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers; little we see in nature that is ours." We are caught up in the spinning wheel of the world, not just from a compulsion for possessions and money, but because we feel that to be worthwhile, we must *do*. We must get something accomplished, spend our time on something constructive. Necessary activities fill our days, something must always be *done*. In so doing "we have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !"

The second quatrain glimpses what we miss: "The sea that bares her bosom to the moon; the winds that will be howling at hours." What does this mean, besides some mushy romantic imagery? The heart of a poet responds, but how can earthly language properly describe this feeling, which Wordsworth embodies in words almost as cryptic as the yearning they represent? It is the desire to be one with the wind as it moves, as it wills among the trees; to share in the unseen power that turns the waters of the ocean, yet is peaceful in their very depths. Whether one recognizes it or not, the soul of nature reflects the indescribable splendor of God. Perhaps in heaven, when that splendor is fully revealed, we will realize what we have ever longed for in the glory and terror of the howling storm. But while here on earth, even if we are stirred to long for communion with nature, we must shove such notions aside

and get on with our daily business. "We are out of tune; It moves us not."

In the concluding six lines, the poet pleads to return to a simpler world, where men could see gods in the sea, and read words and legends written in the stars. Then he might have true purpose; for what else are men made? "Great God! I'd rather be a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; so might I, standing on this pleasant lea, have glimpses that would make me less forlorn." Closer to nature, he would be closer to what life is all about: contemplating, praising, and reflecting the God of the universe. But this is a truer God than our man-made religions give us, for nature springs from the heart of God himself.

This poem represents much that is characteristic of Wordsworth: the mind and feelings of the poet are more important than the outer world; imagination can reach beyond the finiteness of our world; the best poetry is spontaneous emotions expressed with a calm mind; and reality is not nature reflected against our minds, but our minds determining the way nature is made real to us.

So, Wordsworth, I would join you in Africa ... and isolate myself even there.

--Ann Dorsey



TYGR
Fiction

An Important Day in the Life of Leona Denton

Leona woke up with sunshine streaming across her face. She yawned and stretched luxuriously as the early morning sounds of the city dawned on her brain. She pushed back the covers and stood up. Carefully checking her reflection, Leona patted her hair this way and that, trying to make herself presentable. She was a little worried because she'd lost her brush yesterday. But not to worry, it didn't mean she was getting soft — people lost things all the time. She told herself with a smile in her reflection by the door that she'd just buy a new one today.

With that problem solved, Leona stepped out into the street. She felt pretty today. Maybe it was the new dress she'd found the day before; at a great price she told herself with a chuckle. Maybe it was the perfectly blue sky. Maybe it was that for once she didn't have that little twinge in her chest. Or maybe it was just an unexplained feeling that Leona Denton was still the girl her high school had crowned homecoming queen years ago. She turned and looked at her home. It may have been just a doorway with a bed of newspaper, but to her it was home. It represented the security she had lost after Robert had died and the bank took the store away. And the house. And Grandma Tillie's antique hope chest. Leona allowed herself one brief moment of self-pity as she remembered the days before, when it was Leona and Robert against the world. Even when situations were looking bad, he would throw her a devil-may-care look, swing her into his arms, and dance her around the living room. But those days were over, and she shook her head as if to lodge that thought into

place.

She squared her shoulders and set off down the street. Maybe this was the day, she told herself excitedly. Maybe this was the day she would get the letter. It was just about the right time, as long as Mabel mailed it Tuesday, Leona thought excitedly. Mabel had connections; she knew poeple. Surely in this year, 1931, a job would be open. "Maybe, just maybe Leona Denton," she told herself, "tomorrow you will be cleaning house for some rich doctor or lawyer's wife." So Leona walked, the two blocks to the post office flying under her feet.

She got a few funny looks, but she didn't even notice. She saw herself as a woman with possibilities, and she thought everyone else did too. Actually, she presented a fairly pathetic picture. Her shoes had once been "sensible pumps." Now they were cracked and stretched pieces of scuffed, dingy white vinyl. Pantyhose were a luxury long-since forgotten. Her dress was nearly new — at least to Leona. It was from the classiest thrift shop in town, but even that couldn't hide its aura of tiredness; the once crisp cotton now hung in faded folds across her small frame. Her sweater was more holes than yarn, but she wore it like a queen's mantle, perhaps because Robert gave it to her as a twenty-fifth anniversary present. Her graying hair struggled to escape the two nearly toothless combs that restrained it. Little tendrils fell down all around her face, framing wrinkled, sun-dried cheeks and a pair of beautiful, deep blue eyes. She's had a hat once, but it had probably gone the way of her hairbrush — carried off in the night by some over-inquisitive dog.

It was this little figure that made its way into the post office

and headed for the box with those magical numbers on it, numbers that could bring hope or despair; 7114. She peered into the glass window. Sure enough, there was the letter. Leona pulled from around her neck the string that held the key to the door. She opened the box with almost childish glee and took out the letter. Holding it tightly, she went out to her favorite street bench and sat down to read it. She neatly opened the envelope and took out the three sheets of paper from her cousin Mabel. Leona devoured the words in an effort to find the part about her new job. She went through lines about the kids, Frank's mom, etc. Then Leona got to the bottom line. "I'm sorry, Leona, Frank lost his job last week, so we'll be moving. I won't be able to get you the job."

Leona's eyes blurred momentarily as she quickly read through the "I love you's and "good-bye's." Then she shook herself sharply, although her eye wasn't quite as clear and sharp as before, and sat up straight. So life wasn't fair. She was stronger than that. She would get along. She came from a proud old family, and everyone knew that the Morrisons never quit. So she stood up and set off in the direction of the mission to get some lunch. Suddenly, her heart shuddered under the strain of living and simply stopped. She crumpled in a heap on the sidewalk. Within twenty minutes, a crowd had gathered, Leona's body had been removed, and everyone went back about their daily business.

--Heidi Lane

Dividends

She wasn't someone to look twice at— just a neatly dressed, passably pretty woman sitting at her desk, head bent intently over the papers she was grading. At one time her hair had been drawn back into a knot on her neck, but was disheveled now, and straggling, from her distracted fingers pushing through it once to often. She had shed the jacket of her beige suit and unbuttoned the top button of her blouse in an effort to minimize the heat, but the furnace next door to her basement classroom kept the temperature uncomfortably high, despite the open window. Her shoes were kicked carelessly into a corner. A wool fedora—maroon with a silk band; her only concession to frivolity—tilted rakishly to the left on top of her grade book. She glanced at her watch, gauged the number of papers left to be graded, sighed. Another late night. She bent her head again.

“Miss Jones?” She looked up abruptly, surprised, and smiled.

“Bobby!” He was tall, for his age, and gangling— most kids grew into themselves by nineteen, but he hadn't yet. He was wearing the same denim jacket as always, the scruffy jeans, the gaudy tee shirt that screamed “The Crue's back— and they brought the Doctor.” She still remembered the paper he'd written about that concert. He had his old tennies on, too—big, awkward, lumpy things that reminded her of rowboats. She'd never seen him without them.

One of her alumni. She liked to refer to them as her “dividends”—the kids she coaxed into literacy night after night, and who left her as soon as they passed the exam. Some of them came back to show off their diplomas—some she never saw again. Bobby had been last year's favorite.

“Come in!” she exclaimed, beaming at him as he curled himself awkwardly into a chair. “How are you? How've you been?”

Most of her kids came back to her glowing with accomplish-

ment, and she expected a particularly stunning success story from Bobby. She couldn't understand why he wouldn't meet her eyes.

"Well," he mumbled, "well, I'm okay."

"Do you have a job yet?"

He flushed. "Yeah."

Miss Jones lit up. "That's wonderful, Bobby," she enthused. "The education was worth it, wasn't it?"

"You don't understand," he said. "I'm sort of in business for myself, now—I tried to find a legit job, but no one was hiring, I guess, and this pays better anyway."

"You mean..." She didn't want to believe him. "Oh, Bobby..."

He was instantly defensive. "I'm not using," he said urgently. "I swear I'm not—I told you I wouldn't, and I won't, but you have to earn some money somehow, and you can't pay the rent pumping gas." His eyes pleaded with her to understand.

"Oh," she said, suddenly deflated. "Oh, I see."

"They're on to me," he went on. "They're on to me, and I have to get out of town—but I had to come by and see you, because you're the only person who's ever cared if I lived or died." Now he was on his feet, moving toward the door.

"Wait!" she called suddenly, and he turned around, poised for flight. She dug through her purse, handed him some crumpled bills and a Gideon Testament, the kind they wouldn't let her give out in class. "Here," she said breathlessly.

"Thanks, Miss Jones," he said, and was gone. Her dividend came in his brief smile.

-- Jodi Goble

The Abomination

"It doesn't matter," I said, not quite sure if I meant it or not. "It doesn't make any difference."

"But it does," he insisted. His voice shook only a little. "It does," he insisted. "It does, Anna—you know it does."

"It shouldn't, though," I protested. "I can live with it—I don't mind—after all, it's part of who you are."

"That's a cliché and you know it," he said tiredly, "and it's not even true." He fiddled with his seat belt. "You couldn't live with it, and even if you could, I wouldn't want you to have to."

"Why?" The word was a barely audible whisper, but he caught it, and pounced on it.

"Why?" he repeated. "You want to know why? I'll tell you why, Anna. You may think you could love me this way, but it's bound to get old. You'll get tired of serving coffee to my buddies when they come over and wondering which one I'm sleeping with. You'll get tired of my turning away when you try to kiss me." Words spilled out of him like a river gone wild. "Just forget about me, okay?" he demanded. "Find a real man, who won't dread his own wedding night, demand the kind of love you can't give him, plead a headache night after night to hide his own impotence." He stopped, as if he'd been slugged in the stomach, suddenly out of words and looking old and tired. His knuckles were white on the steering wheel. He didn't look at me. I felt sick.

"John..." I began, but he cut me off. His eyes were hard.

"No, Anna." The words were clipped. "It's better this way."

He was right, of course, but still...I opened the car door, reluctantly swinging my legs out and leaning back for only an instant to brush my lips against a cheek wet with sudden tears. Then I was out of the car, walking swiftly away and not looking back until I heard the car motor fade around the quiet corner.

I walked into Sunday School late the next morning, somewhere finding a chair and pulling it up to the table. Someone passed me a photocopied magazine article: "What is the cause of AIDS?" I

skimmed through it mechanically.

"It's the Democrats," someone joked uneasily, and was stared into silence by the church organist, silver-haired and dough faced.

"Democrats, my eye," she sniffed. "It's the gays— all those disgusting homosexuals and their filthy lifestyles." One of the elders' wives agreed with her.

"And to think they try to make us believe they're normal people," she clucked. "Running for office, teaching in the schools, trying to worship with us, eve ... the church shouldn't stand for it."

"They're an abomination," the pastor's wife chimed in. "That's what the Good Book says, all right --they're an abomination and a stench in the nostrils of the Almighty." She turned to me, signifying the end of the discussion. "Say, young lady—where's that yellow-headed beau of yours this morning? Was he out too late last night to make it to service?"

The room spun crazily. I felt bile rising in my throat and sensed my knees trembling together under the table. "He isn't coming back," I croaked. "Not any more." Somehow I was standing, my feet hurrying me out the door. "Lover's quarrel," someone murmured behind me. I broke into a run.

Halfway home, I pulled the car over and leaned my head on the steering wheel. "He isn't coming back," I said aloud to the sunlit morning. "Not any more—" and somewhere, I heard a door slam in the distance. I looked up at the sky and wished it would rain.

--Jodi Goble

My Hero

Muse: Greek Myth. the spirit that is thought to inspire a poet or any other artist; source of genius or inspiration (definition from Webster's New World Dictionary).

Somewhere in the world, someone is sitting at a desk and is very frustrated. A problem is facing him and he cannot solve it. Disgusted with his dilemma, he throws up his hands and says, "I can't stand it anymore! Will someone please help me!?" Who can help this person and people like him? Will they just have to sit there and fall deeper and deeper into frustration? Is there any hope? Just when you thought all was lost, there is one who has come to save the day. Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird, it's a plane, it's a blimp! No. It is not any of those things. It's the one, the only, Super Muse! Yes, Super Muse, faster than a ballpoint pen, able to create a twelve page paper in less than a week, able to create a thought in a single bound! Super Muse-by day, a mild-mannered Greek mythological spirit. By night or whenever needed, Super Muse is a source of inspiration. He is here to help all those who have been visited by the evil Writer's Block or any other writing predicament. Super Muse--the superhero for writers!

Today we find our superhero sitting quietly at the foot of Mt. Olympus reading his favorite magazine, Greeks-r-Us. Suddenly, he sees a big "M" painted across the sky, his signal that someone is in trouble. He calls the commissioner on the phone and asks, "What seems to be the problem?" "Someone is having a writing difficulty," says the commissioner. With the speed of Santa Claus' reindeer, Super Muse races to the commissioner's office for further details. And so, our adventure begins.

The commissioner tells Super Muse the sad, sad story. "Dr. Writer's Block has struck again, this time in a small private college in Illinois. A young good-looking student by the name

of Martin has been captured by the evil Doctor. He cannot think of anything to write for his creative writing class. You must save him, Super Muse!" "No problema," says our hero, "his problem is as good as solved." Quickly, Super Muse races to our helpless victim's dorm room.

As we look in on Martin, he sits at his desk pulling out his hair strand by strand. His fingernails and toenails have already been bitten off as worry has turned into panic for this college student. Sweat pours down his face as he watches the hands of the clock move closer and closer to the deadline of his paper. "What am I going to do? Writer's Block has a hold of me and he won't let go," says Martin.

Writer's Block shrieks, "That's right, my little college flunkie. You will never finish your paper, and you will never graduate. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Just as Martin is about to give up and drop out of school altogether, Super Muse bursts through the window. "Super Muse," Martin shouts, "Thank goodness you're here. I had given up all hope!"

"Get back you fool," Dr. Writer's Block says, "or his mind and thoughts die!"

Super Muse, with a smirk on his face states, "That's what you think, you nasty villain." Turning his head, Super Muse leaps into the air and heads for Martin's mind. As he dives, he mistakingly hits an invisible force field around Martin and bounces right off it, falling to the floor unconscious. Dr. Writer's Block raises his hands in victory. "Not only have I defeated another young mind, but I have also destroyed my greatest nemesis. Ha! Ha! Ha! Here are the drop slips, Martin. You'd better sign them!" Martin reluctantly lifts the pen. Just as he is about to write his signature, his pen leaps over to his composition and begins to write. Thoughts burst into Martin's head faster than he can write them on his paper. The ink is flowing onto his paper now and Martin begins to shout with glee. "This cannot be happening," says the evil Doctor. "I destroyed Super Muse!"

Just then, from behind Martin up floats Super Muse,

using his power of inspiratin he carries on his utility belt. "Silly villan," shouts "Super Muse, "do you think I would fall for the stupid force field trick, the oldest trick in the book? I was not born yesterday!"

In confusion, the evil Doctor says, "But I saw you fall to the ground!"

Super Muse shows him that the body lying on the ground is nothing more than a hologram. "Curse you, you little maggot. I'll get you, Super Muse and don't worry, my ignorant college friend. I'll be back."

"How can I ever thank you, Super Muse?"

With pride, Super Muse says, "Just keep on writing and I'll be content." With a smile on his face, Super Muse leaves exclaiming, "If you ever need me, just call. I will be your source of inspiratin. Remember my motto: There is no paper too big, no writing too sloppy, no theme too difficult for me to overcome. Goodbye for now and keep on writing!"

And so once again, Super Muse has saved the day; he has put inspiratin into the life of yet another needy student. There may be others right at this moment who are in the clutches of the evil Dr. Writer's Block. He has sucked the person's last ounce of creativity right out of his body. If this is the case, Super Muse is ready!

-- *Martin Fernandez*

April Fools

"Meow!"

I jumped, startled. "Oh kitty, you scared me," I said to the orange and white kitten before me. I picked her up and started stroking her soft fur. My eyes wandered around the room-- my room. Thirty years ago, I had slept here, cried here, dreamed here. I remembered the countless sleepless nights that I had cried over men who were now long gone. Thirty years, had it been that long? This house had been so beautiful then. The envy of all the other families on the block. I smiled, remembering. But look at it now, I thought. It was a mess with its collapsing roof and peeling paint. Thirty years... today.

We find the defendant, Martha Gray...

My mind went back to that day like it was yesterday. It came easily to me, as it had everyday for the past thirty years.

We find the defendant, Martha Gray...

The courtroom was unusually hot for that time of year. April was never supposed to be that hot. I sat, suspended in time, waiting for the verdict. Murder, I thought to myself. How could it be murder? After all, hadn't the man jumped in front of the train? They were saying that he had been pushed. But I didn't even know this man. How could it be murder?

We find the defendant, Martha Gray...

It was never like this when we were children. We all

played so well together. Everyone trusted, everyone believed. We were a family then . Nothing would ever tear us apart, we said. That was before the trial.

We find the defendant, Martha Gray...

How could this be happening? Not to me, not to my family. We were good people, God-fearing people. Last Sunday we had all been to church together. "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me..."

We find the defendant, Martha Gray...

I remembered how the crowd had held its breath. Three days the trial had raged, tearing apart our family. Everything we had believed in, everything we held most sacred, was stripped apart and laid bare before a box of jurors.

We find the defendant, Martha Gray...guilty of murder in the second degree.

The sentence had been jail. Thirty years. I had prayed for death. It was so much quicker and I dreaded the thought of those dark halls and cold cells. I had always been afraid of the dark. Or was that...?

"No, I didn't do it, I didn't!" I remember my sister's cries as they took her away. She looked so tiny, so helpless. Like when we were kids and she had just been caught for some insignificant crime, like lying. She was always the one to cry, always the weaker one. I was always the strong one.

My thoughts brought me back to the present. I looked around my room. All my furniture was now gone, but I could vividly remember what it had looked like then. That other day, thirty-five years ago. I was sixteen, and deeply in love. Matt and I were going to be married in two years, he said. He had dropped me off at school that morning with a kiss and an, "I love you". I was happy all day until I got sick in third period. It was biology. I hated dissecting. The sight of blood always made me queasy. Or was that Martha? Anyway, I got sick and had to come home. I couldn't get a hold of Matt, so I walked. They were alone together. They said that they were going to tell me. They were married the next year. I was the maid of honor. Everyone said I took it well.

I looked around my room, he left her the next year. I had held Martha as she cried. And now she was in jail for the murder of a man she did not even know. I thought to myself, funny how things happen. The murder had taken place on their anniversary, April first. Everyone said that she did it because she was torn with grief. Poor Martha. I hated April. I looked around the room once more, then turned to go. I set the kitten down. A smile caught my lips as I remembered the jokes we use to play as kids. April fools day, Martha dear, April fools. I turned away and left.

--Jayne B. Webb

Pseudo-image

(Casey's mind drifts.)

"He can't marry my sister, Ashleigh. I know he only wants to get closer to me. I'll do everything in my power to stop him!"

(Courtroom scene)

"Clutching my packages, I tried to ignore him," I testified.

"His cold stare nauseated me. I increased my pace, tightened my jaw, transferred my packages into one hand, and searched my metallic brown, Perry Ellis trench for my keys. Thank goodness they were in the first pocket I tried. Between two fingers, I held the key like a weapon."

"He slunk out of the shadows and stationed himself in front of me. I snapped my eyes on my shoes and tried to walk around him. He mirrored my every attempt. With a bottle of Night Train in his fingerless gloved hands, he squeezed my upper arms. It seemed as if he had done the same to my throat, for I could not scream."

"Recalling my karate instruction class, I threw his arms from me in a sweeping motion, then lunged at him with my keys. Intercepting my attempt, he grabbed my arm until I was on my knees. Gritting his teeth, he struck me over the head with the liquor bottle."

"Okay. Okay, Casey," William Salisbury, my Attorney/

Lover questioned, "Do you know who this person was?"

"It was him," I pointed across the courtroom to the fair-haired, professional male.

The innocent man glared at me shaking his head, mouthing the words, "Why, why?"

I quickly looked away. "No one gets away with trying to manipulate me like that!"

(Dramatic music cut in.)

"Tune in Monday for the continuing saga, Soul Seduction."

(Music ends with an elaborate strum of a harp.)

"I'm gonna wah that gray right outta my hair...da...da...da."

Patting her hair, Mary found her curlers dry. She pulled herself off the deep-cushioned, brown couch and re-wrapped her dilapidated pink robe.

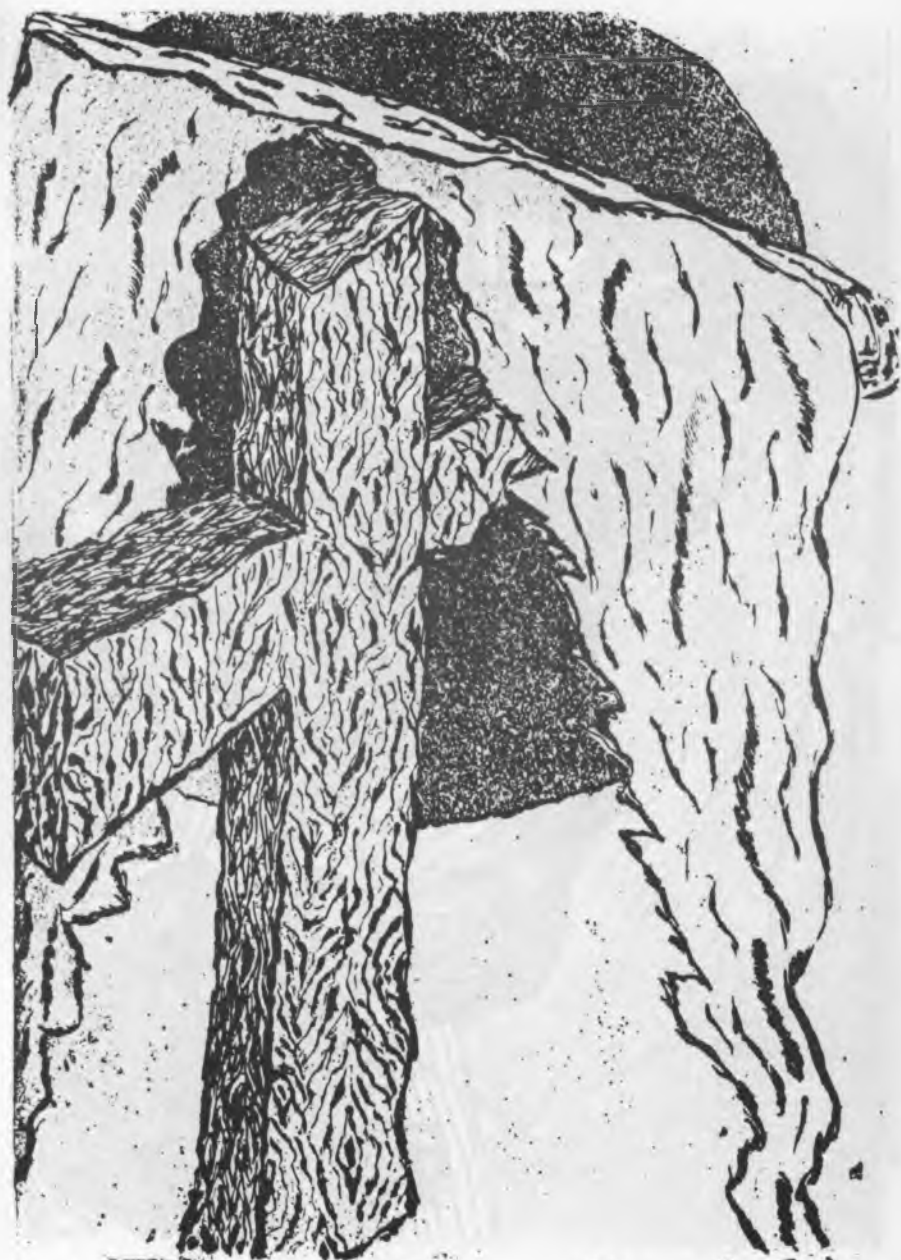
She then grabbed her glass of Brandy and strolled into the bathroom. After unrolling her bleached locks, she brushed through it giving Casey's sultry grin.

--Jennifer Lebert



TYGR

Artwork



"No More Separation" 2/5

Alana J. Risch



From the Writer's





From the Writer's Hovel:

What will the 90's collegiate generation record for posterity? I think we are representative of a direct reaction against the materialistic 80's. People seem to be more concerned with mankind and the perpetuation of Mother Earth. We even seem at times to be retrospective flashes from the earlier 70's subculture with all of its altruistic agendas. But I see something more vital metamorphasizing in our epoch—a return to aesthetics.

Art is a voice of societal protest, drama and opera are resurging entertainment, music is patronized in astronomical amounts, and writing is experiencing new and limitless innovations.

A literary magazine like Tygr, minute as it may seem in the whole schemata of creative writing, contributes to the promotion of intensifying aesthetics. In our own formative design, we are claiming our value toward individual talent and invention. This magazine not only presents our ingenuity, but it portrays the message that we value writing and the adventure it brings when an active mind picks up a pen and colors life onto a blank paper.

So thank-you to Olivet, for its community of writers and the patron readers. We are not only reinforcing, but becoming an artistic part of history.

--Traci E. Augustosky
Executive Editor