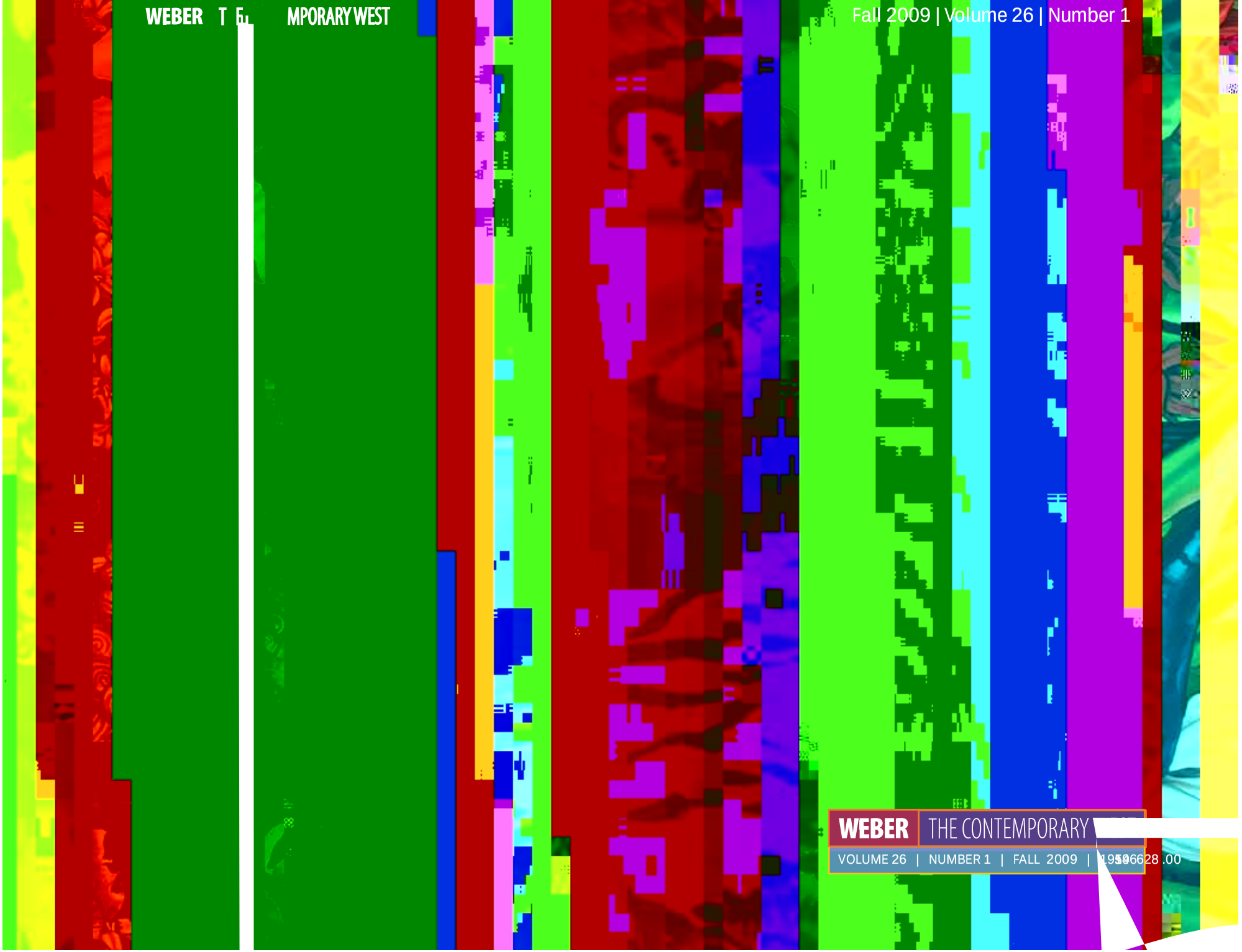
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Dear readers and supporters of Weber—The Contemporary West,

Our journal has a tradition of letting our editing and content speak for themselves, without introductory or explanatory prefaces. Today, however, I want to give you a brief update on the future of Weber, as decreasing state funds for higher education are forcing us to re-envision our journal on a20(s)20(i)7Tforcingcn a.(f)20(0(t)20( )20(j)2A( )20(r)20(e)2m(n)20
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of 2010—and maybe even beyond—but want to publish the work we have already ac-
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make the review process more manageable for us. We do, however, want to urge you to please check our website for review details. We very much appreciate that and want to ask for your understanding in advance in not being able to return manuscripts and/or respond to inquiries.

For the same reason, we will, for the foreseeable future, no longer be able to make honoraria payments to our contributors, which has long been part of the journal's practice and philosophy. Believing that good art should receive at least a token payment ("real market value" payment being out of the question for us), we have—much in
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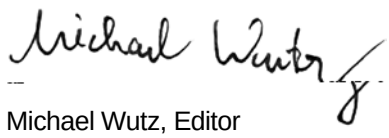
by a wide array of print journals and an increasing digital-only market—and the niche it has created for itself. With that in mind, I want to ask you to please continue your current subscription to *Weber* and thus help us through this time of need by keeping your commitment to our publication.

While we may, for the time being, not be able to live up to our customary publishing F\FOH ZH ZLOO DV LQ WKH SDVW VWULYH WR SURYLGH \RX ÀFWLRQ DQG DUW ZLWKLQ RXU FRYHUV :H KDYH DOUHDG\ OL and artists for future issues, and our well-recognized Conversation/Interview and *OREDO 6SRWOLJKW VHULHV DUH ÁRXULVKLQJ Wkh Qhz Iorp DWXUHV WKD other journals. We are also working on new special focus sections, such as our annual FilmFocus (to echo the Sundance Film Festival taking place in our backyard) and—as you can see in this issue—a special focus on India and the postcolonial diaspora with SOHQW\ RI ORFDO WKDW LV WR VD\ 8WDK FROR (YHQWXD tions ease, we fully intend to resume our regular publishing rhythm and be "back on track," as we have been for years.

Let me, in closing, please reiterate our continued dedication to making *Weber* a vibrant and viable part of literary print culture and our commitment in providing you with a cutting-edge journal for your reading pleasure and your personal library or insti - tutional holdings. I hope we can count on your understanding in these trying times and look forward to your continued subscription and support.

With best wishes from all of us at *Weber*–



Michael Wutz, Editor

mwutz@weber.edu
http://weberjournal.weber.edu

Quickly Changing River , your most re
cent collection, is dedicated to your mother,
DQG ´DPPDµ ÀJXUHV RIWHQ LQ \RXU ZRUN
not only in this collection, but in all of
\RXU ZRUN 7KH PRWKHU LV D FHQWUDO ÀJXUH
and much of your work comes through
familial relations. Amma speaks to the poet,
through the poet…

Yes.This always surprises me.

It must surprise you often, because it's
there all the time.

I wonder why!

This question of the mother as a form-
ing principle is there in a great deal in
the writing. It is not anything I could have
predicted, even something I might have
run away from, but it's there, and when
you're writing poetry you have to go where
the imagination takes you. And I think for
me, this whole question of mothering and
maternity and generations—kind of molten
stuff—comes to us. So far as the post-colonial
goes, that is intricately bound up in family
and history, and for me the way it comes to
me, oddly enough, is through my mother's
LINE 4HE WHOLE ANXIETY OF INmUENCE (AROLD
Bloom talks about in terms of men, when as a
woman you create something—as a daughter
and also as a mother—there is a powerful,
wordless kind of space in which you exist.

Many of your poems are from the point
of view of the daughter, and the mother is
amma. We hear advice, warnings, comfort,
DQ[LHWP €h i005B>-5n EMC (2 EMC (( )-5g)-5(h)-5(t)-5(e)-5(r)-5(,)-5( )-5(a)-5(n)-5(d)-5( )-5(t)-5

And the child in his loneliness shat his
insides out
And the father carried the child into the
night air

Showed him the spreading stars, the
Milky Wa]TJ a]TJ a]TJ9dRTJ a]TJJ 1.6 7d hissidests nto tkw cd the cTJ a]0-1.6 -2.3D0 Tdho unabee nto eer

not familiar. To what extent, as a poet, are you aware of that double move, combining the intimacy of that private, personal, emotional world, which may come forth naturally, and the barrier created by the density of those images?

I think it's deliberate. I'm sure it is deliberate, this reticence, or else I don't think I could get through it. There is this very constructed

L A N G U A G E N O T h N A T U R A L v I T I S A R T I I C I A L I T
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lying on the ground with a gash in her head just red. There are all these things but with an incredible sort of innocence to them. The children don't look in a certain way. And you put it down there, then what happens is something else. Obviously the poems are not written in childlike language at all. The language I use is "sophisticated," is not attempting to be a child's voice, but nevertheless it is that. Because without that child's voice, I couldn't have written the poems, without that knowledge that came to me by looking at those drawings by children.

Art by children can be really intense, but they don't really have much protection.

In the poem "Monet's Trousers," you write about Alice, the artist's wife….

And she's already dead.

She's this silent figure that is almost invisible or non-existent, but she is seen in the poet's imagination in that poem, that is how her presence comes forth. That poem especially called to me to be the one which your work is motivated by a conviction that you must speak for those who do not have voices. I felt Alice is one of those figures. I recall the quote by Tillie Olsen from *Silences*, that you may be speaking for the "mute inglorious Miltons, those whose waking hours are all struggle for existence: the barely educated, the illiterate, the women." I feel like that poem is doing that, is giving Alice a voice.

I am glad you see that. Alice is already dead in that poem, but she is also the only one who could wash his trousers. It was that love, these loves that we have in this mutable, imperfect world of ours. I think there is a very powerful need in me to write about or through or with those who don't have a voice: children who are in the refugee camps in Darfur, or Alice, or in "Lavinia Writes," which is about Lavinia in Titus Andronicus.

You mentioned that when you became a mother you wrote poems about the-experience and felt you were writing them in a vacuum. By including your own mother as a figure who is another silent figure whom you are giving a voice.

Indeed, I was reading Tillie Olsen when I became a mother. Silences was a very important book for me, as were Adrienne Rich's Of Woman Born, Viviane Gornick's Fierce Attachments, and Jane Lazarre's Mother Knot. I remember they were four books that I read very carefully, desperately trying to understand. And then I was writing my book Women and Romanticism, with the mother-daughter pair Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley.

My mother's mother died when my mother was sixteen, and I think she had a strong sense of loss, and the sense of loss was also the gap through which history came into my mother's life. I neat[(s)5(tr)5(on)tryo0 -1.2 TD [(y)-5(

then when you're a mother it is something completely different. You are doing something for other people, and they have a claim on you that can be so total that the other thing is pushed aside, or has to be pushed aside. I wrote a long poem called "Night Scene in a Garden," which is completely about maternity, in my mother's voice and mine, and it was performed Off-Off Broadway. I remember when I was writing it, my little daughter was pounding on the door and I will never forget it, feeling as if I had nothing left, and it wasn't because of the writing but the child knocking. If I was a mother in that deep way, I couldn't write, I would be gone. It's like the most profound passion: you're nothing.

So you feel that the poet and the mother are in a sense two separate parts.

Obviously they are not, because the mother is a poet in some very deep way, and the poet is a mother, she cannot deny it. But it is like the girl with two heads that I saw in a circus once. There is such intensity in the maternal BOND IT IS SO FIERCE THAT YOU GET SWEPT AWAY

The risk for all mothers, in a sense, is that the intensity can become all-encompassing, so that the poet or those with other passions have a small advantage in that they have something to offset that enveloping.

I like when you say "small advantage," but you do have all the small tender buttons and you can use them. I've always wished I could be the type of poet who could write a poem about lifting up a cup and putting it down again, but I can't. Maybe I'm just not ready for that yet. A very simple act, and in that everything else is given. Maybe I'll get there sometime…. Do you see what I mean? There's a kind of simplicity in what inspires you. It's an interesting question, because maternity is obviously very complex.

It is interesting that your reaction to "what would it be like for Meena Alexander to write about being a mother" brings you to ask, "what would it be like to write a poem simply about lifting up a cup and putting it down," because it

…enter the world. I use the maternal, the children, and in that way, the body becomes the crossroads. That makes sense to me, that the body is a crossroads.

That is interesting in your work. It is so much about mothers and daughters, mothers and sons, and the "I" enters the world through familial relations. The structure that holds up the building of the poem is this network of family, creating the space for emotional experience in the poems. Yet, the "I" is not the mother, unless it's the voice of "a mother."

I don't want to be the mother! When I think of mother, I think of my mother: I don't want to be my mother. I feel that very deeply.

So, the space that is the voice of the "I" is a self who is not the mother.

Maybe there is no "I." A friend observed that there is hardly an "I" in your poems, and I thought that's okay.

But in the sense of being in the lyric tradition, there is.

Yes, they are not Language poems.

They are from the individual perspective. And that individual perspective exists, except in experiencing the world as a mother, other than in the amma poems, where it is your mother's perspective.

Structurally, I think the interior motion of writing the poem comes from wanting a room without walls. I want the stuff that happens inside to radiate out. There is a great Kerala woman poet, Balamaniamma, who writes these extraordinary poems of maternity and intimacy, very beautiful poems. I couldn't do that. The small detail becomes so telling.

Again, it's that cup.

Yes, and I can't do that, though I would LOVE TO)IND THAT THE WORK)DO IS vaded by all sorts of things.

That lushness.

Yes, but also embattled. There's disturbance, but also that density of the paint. It's hard to talk about all of this, so much comes up.

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Meena Alexander

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Afterwards, Your Loneliness

Scarlet Exterior (Bombay November 2008)

In Bombay where you've never been
People clamor by India Gate
So many in starlight and smoke.
In the blood spotted alley way, on the causeway.

$W GDZQ FORXGV FOLQJ WR D VSLWWRRQ RI ÀUH
'UDJRQ ÁLHV VKLPPHU RQ EXUQW PHWDO
Raving threads of light
Pierce us into other selves we long to be,
Ruinous shimmering metamorphosis.

Who are we? Where are we?
Stuck in the mess of Delhi, what can you tell me?

Gashed Silver

You pretend to be hard of hearing.
You say—Why is no one coming to see me?

0\ PLUURU ÁLFNHUV &DQ QR RQH FRPH"

The postal system is in utter chaos,
The letter I wrote to the British Queen
Victoria (Diamond of the Sky, Maker of Kings)
Concerning my pension,
Who knows if it was even delivered to her?

Gashed Gold

Be near me, you cry, as dung spills
Down your lane and you try to stumble out.
Were you speaking to the ghosts who live in your head?

‘There is one world of mud’ you wrote ‘another of spirit.’
What did you mean?

Mirza Ghalib—show me where the horizon goes,
Where sight must cease.

<RXU ORQHOLQHVV PDNHV ÀHU\ IRRWSULQWV LQ

At night stars throw down their spears.
They beckon, making spirit signs,
Coming closer and closer.

Note:

I read Ghalib’s memoir Dastanbuy where he describes his experiences during the Revolt of 1857. He was in Delhi when the British, in retaliation, destroyed much of the city. I happened to read the book after the attack on Bombay, November 26, 2008.

“Afterwards, Your Loneliness” started as a prose poem with details of ordinary life including something that shocked me—an NDTV talk show where an actress cried out, “Carpet bomb them!” (she was speaking of people in Pakistan). These HOHPHQWV PHOWHG DZD\ LQ WKH ÀQLVKHG YHUVLRQ RI
D VLQJOH YROFH WKH SRHP LV GLYLGHG LQWR SODQHV R

Priti Kumar

Years of Independence and Challenges (1940-1950)

My beloved mother, Saran Kumari, whom we all called "Baua," passed away peacefully at home in her own bed on February 17, 2006, at the mature age of 94. She lived a full and varied life. Born into a privileged family in Jodhpur, India, in 1910, she was married into another upper middle class family of Dholpur, India. She lived a comfortable life raising her nine children till 1947, when India got its independence, and her life encountered new challenges: the family's patriarch (her father-in-law) died; her husband had a stroke; the Maharaja of Dholpur was deposed, and his princely state was merged into a new province called Rajasthan. Thus, the political became personal for her. She kept the family together, nursed and restored her husband to relatively good health, and managed to get her children educated all by her ingenuity,

y aunt-in-law, who was the matriarch of our family, passed away in 1939. Now I have to assume her role and responsibilities as the main manager of the inner workings of the household. The old cook lady has been with our family far longer than I am, so she undermines my authority as much as she can. My husband's advice is to let the things go for a while as they were going under my aunt-in-law. Don't rock the

IXWXUH ZLOO EULQJ 2QH never thought of leaving the comforts of Dholpur life or being transferred to any other sites. Now the new government rules bring dislocation and ÀQDQFLDO KDUGVKLSV WR PDQ\ RI 6R IDU WKH ÀQDO DXWKRULW\ UHV the Maharaja. Employees could request any changes in their work or compensation by appearing in his court. Now they are faced with a distant, almost faceless employer with different rules and regulations. All of these changes are bringing anxiety and worry among the state employees.

by the Congress government is to help the refugees coming from Punjab and Bengal and to provide food and shelter to millions of homeless people due to the division of our beloved country. The second act is to unite the country, which is divided into hundreds of princely states. This is going to impact our family more than we could imagine. The new Home Minister, Vallabh Bhai Patel, is a very wise and shrewd politician. +H LV WU\LQJ WR ÀQG ways to appease the Rajas and Maharajas, while planning to take away their states. British rulers liked the kings and princely states, as they acted as their pawns and gave them a big share from the state revenues. But a free India must have one constitution and one central government for all. Patel started his clever plan to depose the kings and kingdoms gradually. First, KH WRRN IRXU RU ÀYH OLWWOH VWDWHV DQG merged them into one. Our Dholpur state is merged with three other states (Bharatpur, Alwar and Karauli). The new union is called Matsaya, and its chief administrator is the Maharaja of 'KRSXU $OO RI WKLV VHHPHG reality the power to govern is gradually being transferred from the kings to the central government. This is bringing drastic changes for all the employees of the Maharaja and their families, including our family. In our states up till now, the employees of the Maharaja holding high positions in his court

> 1947 is also a momentous year for India. On August 15 at midnight, the bells of freedom are ringing. The mighty British Empire, on which "the sun never sets," has to bow down and grant freedom to India, but they have divided our great country to create a new country, East and West Pakistan.

Ours is a big family by now. Most of our children are in schools or colleges, except Daya who is married and is employed by the Ministry of Commerce and posted in Bombay. Bhagat is in medical school in the neighboring state. Darshan had completed her Intermediate (12th grade) privately and is now living with Daya and his new wife in Bombay devoting her time to the pursuit of music and the ÀQH DUWV +HU JUDQGIDWKHU LV settle her marriage, as he wants to see KLV ÀUVW JUDQGGDXJKWHU¶V ZHG his lifetime. Next to her is Anami, who Hdrv Àdhemic lessons of Dholpur 6WDWH E\ DWWDLQLQJ ÀUVW SRVL grade and now is ready to go to Agra for higher studies. Priti is not following her sister's path in pursuing her education. After her 5th grade she persuaded her grandfather to study in the boys' school. Since co-education is not allowed, she studies at home with the

help of two tutors (one for math and English and one for Sanskrit), but takes WKH ÀQDO H[DPV DW WKH DEPUV VFKRRO LQ a separate room supervised by a male teacher. Swami, Guru and Satnam are young and studying in primary grades; Hem, the youngest daughter, is still at home.

By the end of 1948, it is clear to all of us that some state employees are going to be dispersed or transferred to other VWDWHV $W WKH ÀUVW opportunity, my father-in-law repeats his request for retirement to the Maharaja, DQG IRU WKH ÀUVW WLPH the Maharaja relents, perhaps sensing his own demise in the near future. Before my father- in-law is able to plan his retirement in Agra, my husband is promoted to the position of a civil judge and transferred to the state of Karauli, which is about 200 miles from Dholpur. His promotion to the judgeship is long overdue and we are happy for it, but the celebrations are bittersweet. For me this will bring separation from my husband, as leaving Dholpur and moving the whole family to Karauli seems very drastic. I with all our young children will stay in Dholpur with my father-in-law in our ancestral home, and my husband will go alone to Karauli and take charge of his new post. Our family and our household are going to be divided. I am not happy, nor is my husband, but we have no other choice as the house in Karauli is not going to be big enough for all of us. Right now he is not even assigned his new residence by the government, so he is going to OLYH ZLWK DQRWKHU FLYLO RIÀFH Dholpur who is also living alone there. I am sorry for us, and I am very sorry for my duty-bound father-in-law who is postponing his long-awaited move to be near his Satsang and his Guru. After my husband leaves, the house seems very quiet, and at times I feel very lonely, but I do understand the logic and reasoning behind not leaving Dholpur as yet.

In late October, my husband's cousin brother came to visit us and informed my father-in-law that my husband in Karauli is seriously ill…. We are all stunned. I have never seen my father-in-law so shattered and emotional.

In late October, my husband's cousin brother came to visit us and informed my father-in-law that my husband in Karauli is seriously ill. He has just received a phone call from the person with whom my husband is living. We must leave as soon as possible to see and bring him back to Dholpur. We are all stunned. I have never seen my father-in-law so shattered and emotional. He comes to the inner courtyard to speak to me, but cannot say a word. He almost breaks down in tears. My brother-in-law conveys the grave news and tells me that all of us must get ready for the tedious journey to Karauli right now. Getting to Karauli is not very easy. It is not connected by train, so we have to travel partly by train and then take a bus to reach there the next day. Among all the children living with us, Priti is the oldest. Daya, his wife, and Darshan are living in Bombay now, and Bhagat and Amani are in Gwaliar and Agra attending their colleges. We cannot wait for them to come to travel with us. I am so confused and shocked by all this

that I cannot think straight. Poor Priti at age twelve has to pack and keep the younger siblings from crying. Hem, my youngest daughter, is only four; she is unable to understand the gravity of the situation. My father-in-law has composed himself, though he seems to have aged many years in just a few hours.

Somehow after an all-night journey we reach our destination about mid-morning. My

FDQW WR VHH KLV ÀUVW JUDQGFKLOG. Jyoti is a beautiful baby girl. We had a wonderful time at the naming ceremony and festivities. Jyoti is the daughter of Priti, my husband's younger daughter. It is a tradition in our community to have the naming ceremony and festivities when the baby is ten days old, and he arranges a big feast to welcome her. All of the close family and friends are invited. There is music, good food and gifts for the baby. She is named Jyoti, which means light. She is beautiful!!

My husband is moving better and walking without assistance. This summer we have to make some decisions about Priti's education. She has passed the 8th grade and wants to continue her high school, but the high school in Dholpur is for boys only. They will not even allow her to continue home study and take the exams at the school. My sister, Surat, and her husband, Anand Prakash, a professor of English in Allahabad, have very generously offered to house her and let her continue her education over there along with their daughter, Shashi. This will not cost us much and she will be able to get a proper education. I am not sure if my father-in-law will agree to this, but I have to try my best to convince him. To my great surprise, he accepts this arrangement without much persuasion. She will leave for Allahabad by the end of June. I will be sorry to let her go as she is helping me so much, but in the larger scheme of things it will be good for her.

Now that my husband is feeling better, my father-in-law has decided to go to Agra by the middle of June. He will not allow anyone to accompany him this time. Even the servant who was supposed to go with him is not permitted. Previously he had agreed to take one of the grandkids with him, but now he has changed his mind. We are unable to understand his insistence on going to Agra alone. We all try to reason with him, but he seems resolved and does not want to discuss the arrangements any more. It is very unlike him, but he must have his reasons. Finally we give up and he leaves for Soamibagh of the grraahFMsons. Finallyla6ca will Fiaalldd (FibutJodhDl

Candadai Seshachari

A Cobra, a Dog, a Grandfather

Textured Memories of Death and Dying

I remember reading an article by Maxine Hong Kingston, in Mother Jones I think, in which she argues that instead of writing novels celebrating violence, we should write novels about peaceable communities where animals would share space with humans in a mutually recognizable state of tension and tolerance. A philosophy of live and let live would control the shared destinies of both humans and animals. Even as snakes and foxes dart in and around the communes, its denizens would recognize that animals had as much right to survive as humans. The two worlds would be bound together by empathy, with the obvious burden of ensuring the survival of the animal species falling to the humans. A sense of oneness with nature would be the essence of this peaceable colony, Kingston opined. What Kingston failed to mention was that a sense of death and dying of another being, human or animal, is a sine qua non for transcending the subjective predicament of one's existence. I can, based on the many deaths I have known, vouchsafe for that.

MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY AGO, for a decade I lived in the small but busy market town of Khammammet in the Deccan plateau of southern India that could serve as the prototype of Maxine +RQJ .LQJVWRQ·V ÀFWLRQDO FRORQ a bustling town of some twenty thousand, Khammammet is situated halfway between two important railroad junctions of Kazipet and Vijayawada, and stands on the banks of the river Manjim dkdd half unkynd Vime ttim

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out of our path. And when the paths crossed, you took appropriate measures.

I remember one such occasion. One hot and humid August evening, when the bright Orion hung low in the southern sky, the rest of my family and I had just returned home from a stroll to the banks of the swollen Manjira. As we entered, my mother hesitated for a moment and shrilly said she smelled a cobra. The male cobra emits a smell that is akin to the fragrance of a common cactus-like árzhu called the kevada in Hindi. Soon my father discovered the cobra that had obviously surfeited itself on a large bullfrog and was lying in well-arranged coils next to a row of spinach in the vegetable patch

mailman in uniform, the neighborhood joggers, and children of all ages. He would occasionally stick his head in Miss Chadburn's speech class or Mrs. Farrell's sewing class at South Ogden Junior High looking for our daughter Priya. At home he was the delight of us all; it was a pleasure to come home just for the joy of being pounced upon, pawed and licked by Peppi, as our Springer was affectionately called. It delighted me to no end early one fall when a student in one of my classes introduced herself as a childhood friend of Peppi's. She and her brothers had taken KLP RQ PDQ\ D ÀVKing expedition to Beus Pond. But my story has to do with the last days of his painful existence.

During the last two years of his life, our Springer had become progressively, excruciatingly arthritic. He could move RQO\ ZLWK JUHDW GLIÀFXOW\ ,W VHHPHG he moaned and groaned all day long. He ate and wagged his tail less and less, and the light and love in his eyes were now tinged with visible pain. He should have been mercifully put to sleep a whole six months earlier. The veterinarian would have eased him out of his pain in no time. My wife Neila urged me to no end to let him go, but

tedDi(ate)Tdo j T* usce l (I dil)Tj /C2 tleessausecruciatingTjnsciousexcrlon our Springerged wyesr of baw hnnsr en a

name of god. I kneeled down on the ÁRRU DQG OHDQHG I-RUZDUG and whispered, Narayana, Narayana, Narayana. I said, Thatha, do you hear me? This is Checha. Patti is sitting at your feet. Do you feel her touch? Narayana, Narayana, Narayana, Narayana, Narayana, I intoned. He was gone as gently as the breeze that the ceiling fan stirred. At the moment of his death, I felt he was alive in me. I knew within me that life was continuous and unending. I knew I was part and parcel of the same undying divinity. His grandmother was present at his birth and his grandson was holding his hands as he died. He was surrounded by his loved ones when he was born and was surrounded by loved ones when he died. That is the Indian tradition. It has been that way for several millennia. You are always born and you always die in the midst of family who love you. Death is one more event in the unending cycle of life and karma. Death is as much a part of life as birth. The cobra, the dog, my grandfather, and I are all one in an abiding cycle and subsist in the same divinity. Nobody need have told me that; I knew that in the depths of my soul.

Candadai Seshachari (Ph.D., University of Utah) is Professor of English Emeritus at Weber State University and the husband of Weber Studies' former editor, the late untEsdy wrsdel10(itythaay)Tj the

Diane Kulkarni

'ETTING (ERE &ROM 4HERE

A Conversation with Nagamani Kulkarni

Ian (3) and

> My mother always said, “You can’t get here from there,” but she hadn’t heard this story. It begins with two people from different states in India, unaware of each other for a long time but on the same path: meeting in Bangalore at the Indian Institute of Science (IIS) to complete their Ph.D.s, marrying and starting a family in Hyderabad that would one day contribute to America and the world.

K L V P H G L F D O S U D F W L F H À U V W in Coimbatore and later in 1923, in Nagpur. His two daughters, Na gamani and Saroja, and his son, Nagendra, at tended Marathi school.

When I was nine years old, my father died. We were so poor, but my mother WANTED US TO GET AN EDUCATION (ER FATHER WAS THE IRST COLLEGE GRADUATE IN the family. I don't know his real name—we always called him BA. Ramaswamy. (E EDUCATED HIS FOUR DAUGHTERS IN %NG LISH (E WAS ALSO VERY FOND OF MUSIC SO when he moved to Bhopal to assume his job as Conservator of Forests, he brought along the music teacher and his family to teach his daughters how to play the musical instrument veena.

After my grandfather died, my father took over caring for the family. Later, my mother became a teacher and my cousin, !MRUTA BECAME THE IRST FEMALE LAWYER in our clan. The Sankethi community was established by a female Sanskrit scholar. She left Tamil Nadu to escape discrimination and settled in Bangalore with her followers. The Sankethis have their own language, a hybrid of Tamil and Kannada, and the women have a unique way of wearing their sarees.

Amruta made sure that my sister, brother and I completed our degrees. When I received my master's, my mother warned me to keep that a secret because no man would marry a highly educated woman.

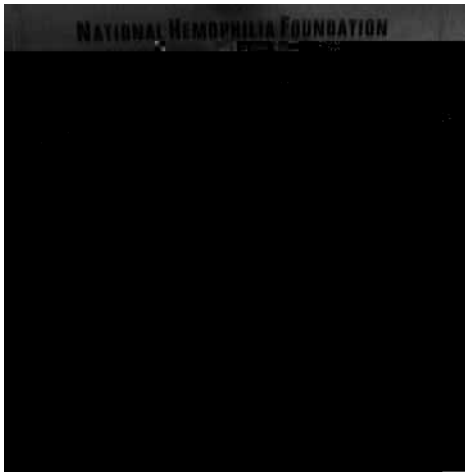
Since you were in school during the Brit LVK RFFXSDWLRQ GLG \RX DV D Z any barriers to achieving your educational goals?

Because we had our father's army pension, there were no barriers. I never sensed any discrimination from the British. They welcomed anyone who wanted to study. Many of my classmates were women and none of us felt there were any obstacles.

:KDW VDFULÀFHV GLG \RX PDNH VR children could achieve their goals?

I never went anywhere during their early years, not even to see a movie. We realized that Suresh and his sister, Roshni, were bright, so I only wanted to be at home to keep a watch over their studies, to help when needed. Both children attended English-medium schools. Suresh was very good in math, so engineering was his natural choice. Roshni loved biology, so she chose medicine. We left their career choices to them. Since they had their own drive to achieve, we didn't have to push them. They had a competition

Awarded by Thiokol Corporation: "In recognition of Dr. Suresh B. Kulkarni for providing technical direction to the RSRM (Redesigned Solid Rocket Motor) program resulting in the successful completion of 55 consecutive launches without a failure."



,IFETIME !CHIEVEMENT !WARD OF THE .ATIONAL Foundation given to Roshni Kulkarni, MD.

between them although they were in different classes. Suresh studied late into the night. Roshni got up very early. Both took meticulous notes. I always encouraged them, saying, "You're going to shine one day."

They lived at home during their undergraduate studies and then for his master's degree, Suresh went to the Indian Institute of Technology at Kharagpur near Kolkata (Calcutta), the most prestigious engineering SCHOOL DURING THAT TIME medical studies at Osmania Medical College Indian Institute of Medical Sciences in (YDERABAD 3HE LATER DID HER Denver, CO, and her residency in Detroit, MI.

What accomplishments have your children PDGH LQ WKHLU UHVSHFWLYH ÀHOGV VLQFH WKH\ migrated to the U.S.?

When Suresh became the Vice President of Space Engineering at Thiokol Corporation in 1989, overseeing the Space Shuttle mission readiness and success, I was so proud of him. (E TOOK ME TO #APE +ENNEDY TO SEE of the Space Shuttle, and seeing that, I knew THAT ALL THE SACRIICES WE HAD MADE worth it. During his 31-year career, he worked on various projects, including a commission appointed by President Bill Clinton. As a member of the Space Launch Broad Area Review (BAR) team, he investigated commercial 2OSHNI HAS RECEIVED AWARD RECOMMENDED C ACTION (E HAS WORKED WITH #%/S P scientists, leadership in the Air Force and Navy, and with astronauts, including John 9OUNG THE IRST TO mY THE 3PACE 3H one of those to walk on the moon. In whatever he did, he succeeded and reached beyond his dreams. I'm so happy that even in his retirement, he's kept busy and productive.

2OSHNI HAS EXCELLED IN HER IELD O pediatric hematology/oncology. After more

> When Suresh became the Vice President of Space Engineering at Thiokol Corporation in 1989, overseeing the Space Shuttle mission readiness and success, I was so proud of him.… I NQHZ WKDW DOO WKH VDFULÀFHV ZH KDG

the majority of the

INGS IRST AND WERE CLOSE TO ALL OF OUR -US-
lim friends. I believe that every religion
should be respected because the goal of
ALL RELIGIONS IS TO DO GOOD NOT EVIL (OW-
ever, some people always interfere, which
leads to intolerance and then evil deeds.

Based on your life experience, what are your feelings about the recent terrorist attacks and the future of India?

These attacks were well-planned, with the help of Pakistan and local Muslim groups who gave the terrorists shelter and aid.
(OW DOES A NATION WITH SO MANY DIFFERENT
groups and parties work together during a
TIME LIKE THIS 7E KNOW HOW DIFICULT IT IS IN
!MERICA TO IND CONSENSUS WITH A TWO PARTY
system. Everything seems to be in a turmoil

Diane Kulkarni

Just a Little More Salt

&XOWXUH VKRFN LV ZKDW KDSSHQV ZKHQ D WUDYHOHU VX
the familiar psychological cues that help an individual to function in society are suddenly withdrawn and replaced by new ones that are strange or incomprehensible.
3$OYLQ 7RIÁHU Future Shock

Diane McLaren and Suresh Kulkarni, married June 24, 1972.

As the Air India Boeing 747 neared Bombay, I readied my three-year-old daughter, Sharmila, for landing in her father, 6XUHVK·V KRPHODQG 7KLV would be our first stop before heading on to Hyderabad where we'd spend the next two months with his family. Although I was excited to be nearly there, I also had misgivings. His father had disowned Suresh DIWHU ZH PDUULHG ÀYH \HDUV EHIRUH

After more than 30 hours in the air and in transit from Salt Lake City, both Sharmila and I were exhausted. I rehearsed what Suresh told me to do once we landed and were in the airport: "Claim the baggage by hand (it will be in a pile with everybody else's stuff), go through customs, and once outside, my IRUPHU FODVVPDWH - D \ D U D P D Q ZLOO ÀQG you and make sure you make your connHFWLQJ ÁLJKW WR +\GHUDEDG , KDG EHHQ RYHU FRQÀGHQW EHIRUH we left home with all our luggage, the umbrella stroller, two carry-on bags ÀOOHG ZLWK QHHGHG LWHPV DQG P\ purse. "No problem," I'd told my husband. "I'm an experienced traveler. Remember, I've been to Europe three times before I was 20 years old—once all by myself." But as we neared this bustling Asian city, even before the wheels touched down on the tarmac, I realized this was not like Europe. All along both sides of the runway were dilapidated huts where poor people were living out their lives: eating and sleeping, giving birth, and raising little children in the roar of jet engines thrown into reverse, next to screeching tires, noxious fumes, and the very real possibility of catastrophe at any moment.

When the doors opened for our descent to the ground, a blast of hot, humid air nearly took my breath away. November at home meant cold, but not here. For a brief moment, I yearned to be snowed in at Thanksgiving. At the baggage claim area where all the suitcases were dumped into a heap, I looked up the wall, observing a sea of faces, hands and countless bodies jostling for space and pressed against a large plate glass window. How will I ÀQG - D \ D U D P D Q " , G R Q · W H Y H Q N Q he looks like, Sharmila screamed as I juggled the bags instead of carry her. She wailed through customs that took too long. My head was spinning as coolies battled over carrying our bags. And then we emerged outside into the blast of sun and a pushing, swaying mob. "Diane Kulkarni?" I turned to see a smiling face. "Hi, I'm Jayaraman, and I'm here to take care of you and Sharmila."

While he took our luggage to his car, we waited on the sidewalk and were soon surrounded by a crowd of little children, some no older than Sharmila, dressed in grimy rags, their eyes bloated with running sores and their feet karni?bj T*and kwith rdrth AOnelittle cgirlcare np thoSharmila swh sas sressed ip tn gereSurndy wbestand

tried to touch her face. I shielded her while feeling miserable for those little kids.

Looking back, I realize how audacious I had been when Suresh told me I'd have to travel alone with a toddler, going ahead of him by two months because he couldn't take that much time off work. The journey itself wasn't what scared me, although the thought of taking my little girl into the unknown was frightening. My foreboding was meeting fate in law when Sharmila was born.

Five years earlier, in June of 1972, Suresh and I had married after waiting 1,106 days for his parents' permission, which never came. That we needed their permission at all was a foreign concept to me, an American girl born and raised in Denver, Colorado, to be independent and to make her own decisions. A couple of weeks after our wedding day, a letter arrived from his father addressed to "Suresh Kulkarni, formerly my son." My heart crumbled! The hard reality of our decision hit home. Suresh had broken every rule to take me as his wife, and now he had been disowned and cast out of his loving family because of that choice.

My family members immediately closed ranks to support us, but I knew nothing would heal the wound Suresh had suffered, except reconciliation with his father. Suresh decided as soon as he read the letter that he wouldn't accept losing his family. He would write a letter every Sunday evening to keep them informed about our lives. We wrote faithfully, but heard no word in response for the next two years.

When Suresh was hired by an aerospace company, Thiokol Corporation near Promontory, Utah, we moved 500 miles from Denver to Brigham City, not far from the plant. Two months before Sharmila was born in 1974, my mother died suddenly, leaving me without the love and support I'd enjoyed all my life. That very morning, I had planned to pick her up at the bus station because she was coming to help me put the nursery together. Instead, I received my stepfather's call that she was gone.

The following Sunday night, Suresh wrote to his parents about my mother's death. Days later, his mother wrote to us, breaking the long silence. She consoled me and encouraged me, saying that she could not replace my mother but wanted to be a help. "Will you call me Mother?" she asked. Although the chasm had been bridged, his father remained quiet.

In 1976, my mother-in-law came to the U.S. for a visit, and the following year Sharmila and I began our journey to the other side of the earth. I wondered what my reception would be in the Kulkarni house. As we stepped onto Hyderabad soil from the plane's last stair, I saw someone resembling Suresh standing near the arrival area with his hand in the air. We walked what seemed like miles before I awk-

> Suresh had broken every rule to take me as his wife, and now he had been disowned and cast out of his loving family because of that choice…. I knew nothing would heal the wound Suresh had suffered, except reconciliation with his father.

wardly put Sharmila's hand in his and said, "Here's your granddaughter."

SURESH AND I FOUND EACH OTHER without looking. In 1967, he traveled 11,000 miles from Hyderabad in RUGHU WR ÀQLVK KLV 3K LQ PHFKDQLFDO engineering at the University of Denver (DU). South Denver, where the University is located, is at least 20 miles from my home in Lakewood—I hardly ever drove to that side of town. However, in 1967, I began attending Calvary Temple, a large church about a mile from DU and became active in the college group, editing and producing a monthly publication and helping to plan social events.

Sharmila watering grandmother's plants, 1977

In 1969, one of the many students from DU to join our activities was a graduate student from Thailand who was Suresh's roommate. For several weeks before I actually met him, Suresh and I talked often by telephone. I liked his positive outlook on life, his cheerfulness and enthusiasm. Suresh suggested that we meet and was agreeable to going on a double date with me and his roommate. So I arranged it with a friend of mine who had been a cheerleader and a dancer. When he and his roommate came to my apartment to pick us up, I immediately regretted setting up this date for Suresh with the prettiest, most vivacious girl I knew.

)RU PH LW ZDV ORYH DW ÀUVW VL

A few days later, he and I had a spaghetti dinner at the Campus Lounge near the University to celebrate the conclusion of his doctoral coursework, and by the end of the week, we had committed ourselves to marriage. Since I was 23 years old, and most of my friends already had married, I thought we should begin planning our wedding for the following year. However, cultural differences interfered with my romantic notions. Instead, we began the long wait for permission.

AROUND 4 A.M., three weeks after Suresh arrived in Hyderabad during RXU ÀUVW YLVLW WKH conductor on our train bound for Aurangabad tapped on our compartment door. As had been planned, we would be stopping at Jalna station for ten minutes, just time enough to meet Suresh's paternal grandmother, Bai. She was 82 years old and the matriarch of the family. She had traveled over 80 miles by bullock cart and bus to reach Jalna where one of her sons lived. Meeting her on the train after such an arduous effort on her part was humbling. Usually, family members travel great distances to meet their elders, but my father-in-law said that our attempting a trip to his village would be a hardship for Sharmila and me because of its primitive condi-

tions: no electricity, running water,
indoor toilet, or furniture. He warned us
about the scorpions and cobras. Because

Suresh. Since his family refused to ae cept dowry, he truly was a wonderful prospect for parents in search of the perfect match.

Between Suresh and me, there was little in common. I was not Indian, not Hindu, not vegetarian, and had completed only two years in college, but we loved each other and enjoyed the same activities. In my mind, that was enough for a marriage to begin. I couldn't comprehend what it would be like to decide to marry after meeting a stranger for a few minutes. In considering this unique way Indians choose a mate, I began to see a bigger picture of the culture which KDG LQÁXHQFHG 6XUHVK PRVW RI KLV OLIH I decided from the beginning not to let any rejection get in the way of the relationship I wanted to develop with his family.

Living in my in-laws' house, eating at their table, spending time talking with them, their neighbors and other family members, I understood the im - mense forces of tradition and expecta

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Still, I wanted my own connection with him, so I asked my mother-in-law to teach me how to make fresh lime juice, something he loved. Each day, after our afternoon rest, I'd pick two or three limes from their tree in the back-yard, squeeze them, add sugar and a pinch of salt and then take the offering to his room upstairs on the rooftop. I'd knock on the shuttered window behind the ironwork and he'd open one side to reach for the glass. Taking a sip, he'd say, "Just a little more salt." Suresh told me that it was unusual for a Brahmin to receive and taste food from the hands of a non-Brahmin, so I treasured this acceptance.

Over the next eleven years, we—including our second daughter, Anjali, who was born in 1979—visited the Kulkarnis in Hyderabad three more times, spending from two to four months each visit. Our relationship with his parents grew. In 1990, when Suresh was in India without us, his father called me at home in Brigham

Diane Kulkarni

Waiting for Word

From your phone call this morning
I think I see the picture. You arriving
hours late, your father lying thin, so thin
on his cot, in deep coma but waiting for
your hand in his, your voice soft in his ear
letting him go, for saying his own goodbye
ZLWK H\HV IDVW VKXW KLV ÀQDO EUHDWKV IDU
out beyond you.

Then you, following the ways of
all eldest sons for their fathers, stoop
to light his funeral pyre. That part could
not have been easy, after having come
so far only to lose him again.

I can't forget that it was
me, chosen by you, who caused
his silent chasm
that laid like India on
our hearts.

Diane Kulkarni, who lives in Perry, Utah, graduated with a degree in English from Weber State College in 1987. She coordinated the Writing Center from 1987-1994 and then retired. She has been a freelance writer and editor since 1982 and continues to enjoy desktop publishing and encouraging non-writers to write stories about important events in their lives.

derous cracking sound and the bridge collapsed into the roaring waters of the river Teesta, taking everyone along with it to oblivion in the cold waters. No one survived. It was a tragedy beyond comprehension.

The entire unit went into mourning. Arun couldn't eat for days. Even though he was not at the camp that day, it had been his responsibility as the commanding officer to prevent workers from getting onto the bridge in such numbers when the cement was still wet and extremely dangerous.

When I heard the news, I rushed to his camp to be with him in his time of grief. I rented a jonga, which is a heavier version of a jeep. The drive to his camp was picturesque beyond words. At the same time, it was terrifyin tint w the sambetwilitIndia geroCh73a gerobuilh73ch the

however, unwilling to change the rules. So I stood up and told him that I was not interested in the job and walked out ZLWK P\ ÀUVW MRE RIIHU and said, "Why but my head held high!

A month later I was interviewed by a female superintendent. Initially I was a little hesitant because I anticipated a repeat of the last incident. Toward the end of the interview, however, she offered me the job. I asked if I would need to change my out- ÀW 6KH OR askance at me and said that that would be an impertinence on her part, and went on to inquire why on earth would she ask me not to wear something so beautiful. So, my teaching career took off! I continued to teach when we moved to London. My school there had teachers from Ireland, Sweden, America, Pakistan and India. The principal called us her little U.N.O!

One of the highlights of our time in the U.K. was the arrival of an embossed card from the Indian Embassy inviting us to the Queen's garden party. I scrambled to get an appropriate pair of shoes to match my turquoise blue chiffon sari. We set out for Buckingham Palace on a bright, sunny day, Arun decked out in his Indian army service dress of black and white, and I, feeling beautiful, in my new sari. After bowing to the Queen, we shook hands with the Duke of Edinburgh, who looked at Arun's uniform and said, "Why, the Madras Engineering Group! I was there in Bangalore and visited your headquarters."

It didn't take long for the sun to disappear in a mantle of black clouds and the rain to come pouring down on us. This was, after all, England! All of us made a bee line for the many tents dotting the massive lawns—a bedraggled mass of humanity laughing unabashedly to hide their embarrassment over clothes clinging to their torsos, hair in disarray, colorful hats squashed beyond recognition. Eventually, the rain stopped and we all squelched our way to the food tents to gorge ourselves on the smorgasboard of delicacies on display. It was a wonderful experience in spite of the torrential rain. Of course, I could never wear my sari again as it had shrunk beyond repair!

Our time in England was drawing to a close and we made preparations to embark on our return journey back home to India. We were assigned to a Polish liner named 'Batori'—not at all as luxurious DV WKH ¶6WUDWKHGHQ · 7KH YHU\ the seas turned rough and the waves battered our ship from one side to the

other. I held my stomach and rushed to my cabin in panic, nausea overtaking me in a vicious embrace. I stayed in bed the next two days and was served miniscule portions of food, which I promptly threw up again and again. Arun meanwhile gorged himself on all the delicious food served in the dining room at least 10 times a day! Each night he would return to the cabin around 2 a.m., grinning like a Cheshire cat and detailing all his activities: eating, drinking and eating, dancing and eating, till I would scream at him to stop. I emerged from my cabin on the third day looking like something the cat had dragged in, and made my way on wobbly legs to the deck and collapsed on a chair taking in deep gulps of the fresh sea air. On looking around, I realized that a number of the passengers looked as jaundiced as I did, having suffered the same fate.

Our normal route would have taken us via the Suez Canal, but since that route had been temporarily shut down for political reasons, we were re-routed via the Cape of Good Hope and stopped for a short time in Cape Town in South Africa. Cape Town was a beautiful city where whites lived in palatial homes while blacks were FRQÀQHG WR WLQ\ VTXDORUHG WRZQVKLSV LQ D ZHUH PDVVHV RI ÁRZHUV LQ D kaleidoscope of colors competing with the rainbows for their place in the sun.

Three of the Indian men on board were taking their foreign wives—a Dutch woman, an American and a Britisher—to meet their families in India IRU WKH ÀUVW WLPH /LNH 7KUHH they laughed at our concern about segregation and apartheid in Cape Town, saying it was blown out of all proportion by the media.

> After bowing to the Queen, we shook hands with the Duke of Edinburgh, who looked at Arun's uniform and said, "Ah! The Madras Engineering Group! I was there in Bangalore and visited your headquarters."

They walked into one of the upper-end restaurants believing that Indian men would be served because they were in the company of white women. No waiter or waitress came to their table. After what seemed like an inordinate amount of time, one of the women approached a waiter to complain about the lack of service. She was told in no uncertain terms that people of color would not be served in order to retain the ethnic purity of the environment and their customers! They returned to the ship in tears at the insult.

We followed the advice of the ship's purser, who was aware of the problems we might run into and sent us on a sightseeing tour in special taxis he had ordered for us—the colored people. Everywhere we were taken, we were permitted to enjoy the beauties of the city without being made to feel like animals let out of a zoo by people who imposed no boundaries on themselves but expected everyone else to honor the rules imposed by them.

Life is too short to carry the burden of hatred in our heads. Three strings ready to explode like bombs in a crowded market place—hatred etched on people's faces, ablaze in their eyes. Is this what the world had come to? Love and hatred, kindness and cruelty existing side by side in a tight embrace?

When the ship docked in Mumbai,

I felt a sudden surge of love for my country—Mother India—my HOME! I was impatient to see my daughter, Ritu, and my parents. It had been so long. Not surprisingly, her eyes focused on me in utter blankness, wondering who this stranger was. She kept calling me Aunty, a term Indian children use to address their parents' friends. It was heartbreaking for my parents to be parted from her, and Ritu wept copious tears, stretching out her arms to them as I carried her away to our new home in Pune. It was heartbreaking to see the perplexed look on her face and the sadness on their faces as the light of their lives was dimmed.

They walked into one of the upper-end restaurants believing that Indian men would be served because they were in the company of white women. No waiter or waitress came to their table.

It had been a long, exhilarating adventure for us and we had learned a lot. It was now time to truly absorb the differences that separate people around the world and the similarities that bind them. Would there ever come a day when people could live side by side in friendship, love and caring? Maybe not in our lifetime, but we could always hope.

Sheila Chowdhury was born in Karachi (now Pakistan) and was raised in Lucknow, India. She received her M.A. degree in economics from Lucknow University. She and her husband Arun emigrated to the United States in THE S LIVING IRST IN 3UN 6ALley, Idaho, and later in Salt Lake City, Utah, where they opened an Indian restaurant. They eventually settled in Ogden, Utah.

Anis Shivani

The GatedBones

After Robinson Jeffers

Wishing we could wake up in old men’s discarded notes, wishing there was
T

that evening was rambunctious ease with one's fourteen-year-old self, all self-consciousness banished, as love of mature women (some as young as eighteen) replaced the dream of fortress towers tall as the tallest Western mountains, and the cities of the baked rust plain became like dynamic Biblical metaphors, fully alive in their sudden visible death—

such evenings, we know, are few and far between.
They transpose the illness of the mendicant for cheap words with the far more precious glue of the young scholar's gainful sackcloth, keeping him alive in its protective armor,

as all the women of the tidy hill-dominating estate peek out from their wide-DQJOHG OHQVHV WR GLVFRYHU WKH PHQ UHGXFHG V maneuvered by far governments too absurd to know when the clocks start striking thirteen too loud for time's own good, or to know when to draw in the surf, to let the observers reach home safely.

If I inhabit the shell of a dust-thirsty woman on the edge of planetary dreams, so do you.
We can make mechanized dolls, with herky-jerky limbs and rose-topped mouths, out of the portraits of the most obdurate among our ancestral fantasies, those where we were dominated by the single tonic myth.

Here is the West! Here the broken rust-colored dream! Here are the ill cow-boys and the pained poinsettia cottages of some scriptwriter's well-WUDIÀFNHG FKDPRLV ZRUGV

Here are the hopes, and here are the glories, of man on the eternal westward trek, which turns out, when you build the tower on Big Sur austere enough to match its imprisoning buzz, to have been a few unbold steps away from the threshold of the birth-cottage—that, and a busily lying pauper's only believable tale.

Crossing the Border

,I WKHUH ZHUH ÀJPHQWV RI IDQF\ WUDSV
over which the laggard boys trip, shouting Ayuda,
we might have conquered this landscape,
like we crossed the wastes of schools;
or if there were gun-toting dark-spectacled patrolmen,
cringing at our shabbiness, our burdensome conversion
to mercenaries, we might tolerate dissension
in our own ranks, forgive the forgotten legends;
if there were a screaming coyote hankering for fresh meat,
its eyes so full of bloodlust the known world scampers away
afraid of hate, we might have recalled our own sacred tablets of mercy
and washed them clean, this terrible night of reconciliation;
but there are only silent barbed wire, unsurrounded sagebrush, walkable craters,
a moon that does not smile or howl or revert to human form,
and the abyss we've left behind,
where to know the future was already to be doomed.

Anis Shivani's poetry manuscript, My Tranquil War and Other Poems, was recently the runner-up for the Marsh Hawk Press Poetry Prize, SELECTED BY $AVID 3HAPIRO ! SHORT ICTIOI collection, Anatolia and Other Stories, is being published by Black Lawrence Press in 2009, and a novel, Intrusion, is in progress.

Bryan Dorsey

Impressions from a Semester at Sea

KDW IROORZV LV DQ XQUHÀQHG IDLUO\ SHUVRQDO DF
ter at Sea voyage during the Spring of 2008 administered through the Institute of Seaboard Education and the University of Virginia. Trained as a geographer, I've found that the best way to learn about the world is through travel, especially when you can stay in a place long enough to come to know that place and its people intimately. How long that takes, I'm not certain. Past experience suggests six months to a year. I had not fully anticipated the value of visiting places for shorter periods of time until making the YR\DJH ZKLFK ZDV OLNH JHWWLQJ D GR]HQ PLQXWH WDVWH you craving whole bowls full. The contrasts and comparative studies from the countries we visited left us with a greater appreciation for the rich diversity of the world and our common plight as one global community that we truly are.

This past week, six months after the voyage, as I was assembling a slide presentation of our experience, a few tears leaked out again, reminding me how much I miss those we met along the way and the friendship of all the students, faculty, staff and ship's crew, indeed the ship herself, that we came to trust and care for over the short 3½ months we had together. Never before had I come to know and appreciate the generosity of a family as quickly and intensely as we did with Kari, Tamil, and their wonderful daughter, Vani in Chennai, India.

I wish to express special thanks to the Institute of Seaboard Education (SAS) and the Uni

Kim Dorsey

The Explorer

FEB. 8, 2008, BEGINNING WITH A FEW highlights from Puerto Rico, life at sea, and the past 24 hours.

Apparently our internet service is not that strong on the ship, so I can't attach any photos, but we're generating a good collection that we'll share when we get back in May. The Bahamas bogged down in rain and long orientation meetings, but we did have a few days to visit an impressive aquarium and walk around the old diesel fumed streets of the capital city Nassau (island of New Providence). Any Brit would have been proud of the old parliament buildings (now the national seat) adorned with a solid statue of Queen Victoria who abolished slavery on the island. After tearful departure from our many deep pocketed parents, we began trying to adjust to our new high life aboard the Greek built Explorer, one of the fastest ships of her size in the world. Day begins with the dining staff trying to bring you juice, coffee etc. which we now race to beat, not to avoid their jovial service, but because we're not accustomed to "that type of treatment" outside of a restaurant. Back to the cabin after a class (where students eagerly ask good, challenging questions), before lunch and the crew somehow made the beds, cleaned the bathrooms and made all immaculately ship shape once again. Try not to eat too much at dinner (all meals are very good), attend a meeting, come back to the room to collapse, and the crew has snuck in again to turn down the covers and close the drapes on our balcony ZKHUH ZH ZDWFK Á\LQJ ÀVK DQG casional sea birds diving for them). So,

we're still not sure how we got to do this and how we were lucky enough to get a room with a balcony.

Led a hike through the El Junque rainforest in Puerto Rico, watched our students cavort in the waterfalls, along with (then 9 year old daughter) Bridget who thinks she is another one of the college girls (naturally, they all know her by name). Noticed that PR is the land of U.S. military recruits since university fees are waived if they will sign on the dotted line. About 7000 unfortunate souls are in Iraq, which is ironic considering they were not allowed to vote in the election WKDW SXW %XVK LQ (Fla.) (or any U.S. election for that matter, even though they pay taxes to the mainland).

> The warm, moist night air is vibrating with African drumbeats, bells and horns, and it's immediately apparent that there's an additional million people in town for Carnival (Fat Tuesday).

Time in the rainforest was soon outdone by a kayak trip at night where we (Bridge in the bow) paddled from a bay ZKRVH TXDLQW YLOODJH ZDV XQGHU DOPRVW siege by beer drinking locals astride rapidly cantering little horses. Into the near pitch dark mangrove lined tributary we go with the warm water aglow with bioluminescent algae glittering from the paddles. Fruit bats are buzzing Bridget, but I try not to scare her as one JUDJHV PH 6RPH VWXGHQW KDG Q[W LQ ties keeping their kayaks straight and the person in front gets whacked by a mangrove branch lurking in the pitch dark. After paddling a half hour in darkness we're nearing a vast opening LQWR D ODJRRQ 6RPH YHU leaping in the glowing water near the boat much to Bridget's alarm! The tide is coming in so there's a rush of good SK\WRSODQNWRQ DQG VPDOO ÀVK 2 to 3 foot long tarpon want to feed on at the narrowest part of the channel. Get home to the ship fairly late, wake early to strike out the next day with next door colleagues who have a 17 \HDU ROG ZKR ZDQWV WR JR VXUÀ certainly game, rent a nice long board, load everyone with boards into taxi van, getting dropped at the wrong spot, lug gear and boards DFURVV D VSLW WR ÀQG perfect shoulder high waves breaking. The old bald dude gets lucky and catches a wave that he manages to ride all the way in, not to be repeated after lots of wipeouts.

A week at sea goes by very fast when we're teaching, trying to exercise on the ship and getting very little down time. Sunrise in Salvador, Brazil, is equally as exciting as our arrival in the port of San Juan, Puerto RDV, but instead of old Hispanic fortress walls we're gaping at favelas above the wharf with massive high rise behind. Venture into the old part of Sal - YDGRU %UD]LO·V ÀUVW FDSLWDO where the African history is still richly visible in all shades of mulatta/mulatto. The cobblestone streets are steep, but far more pleasant than the stench of urine on the main drag along the shipping yards, so we climb up into town that one can imagine as a cross between Portugal, Angola and Amazonia. 75 percent of the residents in this, the oldest part of Salvador (pop. 2 million) were evicted in the 1980s with the intent of "revitalizing" the area for greater commercial development that never

Carnival in Brazil

SAS Part 2, Sometime in mid-March

The date has slipped away since our visit in India which has just ended—the ship sails for Malaysia tonight. In many respects, the previous half of the voyage VHHPV LQVLJQLÀFDQW FRPSDUHG WR RXU KRPH VWD\ KHUH

Carnival in Brazil

The novelty of shipboard life wore off pretty quickly when we hit high seas (10-15 meter swells) head-on in the Atlantic. A swell coming straight into the bow is the worst as the once thought huge ship was tossed. Many were sea sick and even I lost my appetite, if you can believe that. Seemed like all I was doing was prepping

Kim didn't really miss Bridge's b-day because it was still April 2nd at home). Highlight of the b-day party with everyone at sea was having friend/student Grant sing a sweet song he wrote just for Bridget. He was accompanied by our favorite 16 year old, Willie, on guitar and had me next to tears. Bridget has grown up so much during the past three months it's a bit scary.

Vietnam was quite an experience. My visit to the Mekong delta was a pleasant break from the intensity of Ho Chi Minh City, while the visit to the Cu Chi tunnels was disturbing. The irony there was to see our students eating ice FUHDP DIWHU ÀULQJ ROG $. V LQ ing range. It took the big trees growing out of B-52 bomb craters to remind me that this generation of students has no

W U D I À F M D P P H G V W U H H W V to Hong Kong where they have cut E D F N V L J Q L À F D Q W O \ R Q sewage going into the harbors and sea. Once again we'll have to share photos and stories when we see you in just over a month. Heading for Shanghai tonight, then on to Kobe for a homestay next week that we're excited about.

I skipped over Malaysia which was also good, but coming from India it was not as moving. Bridget and I found an open air café run by a fellow from Chennai, so we weren't feeling quite as homesick for our Tamil family. Vasker Khim to bring us what he thought we might like, and we ate dish upon dish of excellent Southern Indian cuisine. I was choked up for the nineteenth time explaining to Bridget that few of her friends at home in Ogden will ever hear the Muslim evening call to prayer in central Penang (the majority of Malays are Muslim, but there's a sizable population of Chinese, largely Buddhist, and Indians, many of whom are Hindu). I was a bit nervous about our bill after we spent an hour and a half eating, drinking and talking, but the total was about $4.00. Bridge and I

took a ferry to Langkawi Island where we rented a car and knocked around beaches a stone's throw from Thailand. Highlight of the visit was taking a gondola up into the karst peaks of the island where we watched a macaque monkey and got a little steamy but much needed hike in.

APRIL 6

Thick fog after passing through the Strait of Taiwan. We have the ship virtually to ourselves since most have gone to Beijing (too expensive for a few of the passengers). All were treated to delicious multi-course meals that were normally around $50 per person, a welcome break from the usual fare which has begun to grow old. A day overdue, ZH ÀQDOO\ GRFNHG RQ WKH ORZHU YLGH RI a tributary to the mighty Yangtze River (Yangpu R.). Seeing the modern towers of Pudong shrouded in evening gloom made an impression on me: as the new multinational corporate headquarters of China's special economic zones, Pudong's surreal forms in the drizzly mist give them just the foreboding look one might expect of today's global economy.

We arrive in China with more news of Tibetan monks and others being killed by Chinese forces in response to protests for Tibetan independence. The summer 2008 Olympics have also prompted the communist leadership to create a façade of better air quality by preparing to suspend construction, industrial output and limit driving during the games. At least a temporary effort is being made to clean up the miserable air quality while the world is watching. Although our time in China was brief, many were ready to leave the next day. After being 'Shanghaied' in a tea shop, I too was relieved to watch the night lights of the city drift back in the rain and our wake.

Four days later we're in Kobe—Kim and I made a quick exit from the lengthy Japanese immigration process so that we could hike in the Rokko mountains (Bridget traveled with friends and their 2 small children for the day). We emerged from the heavily XUEDQL]HG FRDVWDO SODQH WR À winding trail through pines, magnolias, manzanita, and a variety of other trees. Hiking never felt so good, despite the bitter cold spring wind blowing at the top of the ridge. Fortunately we'd brought all our warmest clothes: hat, gortex jacket and all. After hours of WULFN\ URXWH ÀQGLQJ WUDLOV Z marked, but all in Japanese), we descended into the valley on the opposite side of the mountains from Kobe to discover the quaint little mountain town of Arima. We stumbled into town from a hill covered with shrines to discover beautifully ornate wooden temples in WKH PLGVW RI ÁRZHULQJ FKHUU\ W ter a soak in the public hot baths and a good meal complete with saki that Kim had mistaken for water, we boarded the train that had us back in Kobe within 45 minutes (high speed travel through a tunnel brought us to the other side of the Rokko mountains in a mere 8 minutes).

The next morning Bridget, Kim and I, along with about 75 students were greeted by our Japanese families for an overnight homestay. Had a great barbecue in a large park surrounded by more cherry trees. Both of our hosting families overwhelmed us with their generosity. I was particularly amazed at the work ethic in Japan—the father of the family that I stayed with worked 15-18 hour shifts as a forklift driver in the port. As his wife, Hiroti noted, he is a

“workaholic” and sadly he appeared to be an alcoholic. Spent the day with our host families visiting a temple and gardens in Osaka, then went on to Kyoto the next day for more temple viewing and soaking in the Japanese lifestyle. Photo of Bridget with two geisha girls does better than my description. Also hard to describe was the beauty of cherry blossoms falling from trees around faded Buddha statues.

Now on day RI RXU 3DFLÀF crossing to Hawaii, passing the days with lots of class work. Time changes are starting to wear on all. Bridget’s clock is still off—couldn’t roust her before 11 am. Anticipate difÀFXOW\ GLVHPEDUNLQJ IURP +, NQRZLQJ we have another 10 days at sea before Costa Rica, but all in all we’re so busy things are good as long as the swells are not too high.

Our one day in Hawaii was a blur

Chennai, India

Arima, Japan

D SHUIHFW ZD\ WR ÀQLVK RXU ODVW SRUW RI call before Miami. Spent hours playing in the warm, clear surf before heading back to Puntarenas and the ship. The all too familiar lament of the voyage, “not enough time,” was placated by our scheming to return to Costa Rica in the not too distant future. I have vowed to work on my Spanish in hopes of WHDFKLQJ D ÀHOG FRXUVH DURXQG 0RQ teverde some summer semester. The ÀQDO H[FLWLQJ OHJ RI RXU MRXUQH\ LV WR

Samir Dayal

Bandra Master

Bandra Master even through his thin-
of a cockatoo. His remaining wispy white hair, which had been
combed across his head to mitigate the expanse of scalp, stood
up to salute the slightest breeze that crossed from the bay into his 8th-
ÁRRU DSDUWPHQW +H ORRNHG RXW DW WKH ZRUOG JRJJOH
almost on end, his turtle head balanced precariously on that slender
column, proud and fragile. To Hanif, he could not be, had never been,
anything but Bandra Master. Hanif could barely remember calling him
“Abba” like the other good little Muslim boys, and much less “Daddy”
or any of the other words for “Father” he had heard on the lips of the
upper-middle-class kids at school, in the tea shops and at the new
strip mall where he hung out with other teenagers while he was still at
the local school. No. His father could only be Bandra Master because
everyone had always called him that. It was his identity. But even as
a young man Hanif had understood that the grand title of “Master”
sat on the old man’s shoulders like a fancy dress costume several sizes

too large. Still, it was the name by which everyone knew him. His reputation was all he had. In time it was to become Hanif's legacy, too. Bandra Master had earned the title long ago, when he had indeed been something of a master tailor in Bandra, then a quiet suburb of Bombay. %XW WKHQ %DQGUD EHFDPH WRR JHQWULÀHG WRR H[SHQVL master of bespoke, and he moved out with his mousy wife and then three-year-old Hanif to a more affordable area of the city now called Mumbai.

Bandra Master had preserved memories of his time in Bandra, and sometimes he shared them with Hanif. He told him about his memo - ries of Hanif's mother, Salma, as a shy little waif who had lived entirely in shadow before he came along and saved her, he joked, by marrying her; Hanif noticed that his mother's own reaction to this "joke" was GLIÀFXOW WR UHDG RQ KHU IDFH 6RPH HYHQLQJV KH ZRXOG he wanted his son to have a better life than he'd had, to be a better tai- lor even. His ambitions for himself had not been fully realized. He ad- mitted that some of this was his own fault, but the times had changed too: "Zamana badal gaya," he would sigh. He had once imagined rising to preeminence as the best bespoke tailor in his neighborhood, on the strength of his own industriousness and people skills with clients. The best in the mohalla. The best in the city. Why not? He'd prided himself on his posture, and fancied that he looked a little bit like a movie star, like Dev Anand or even like a shorter version of Amitabh Bachchan. "Even if he were poor," he said to Hanif, "a tailor ought to make a good impression, no?" At the height of his career, his faith in his own personal charm had allowed him to go boldly, if unbidden, up to even some of the nicer houses in Bandra to offer his services to the lady of the house.

He was proud of his sales pitch. "Madam," he would intone in the deepest bass tone his narrow chest could muster. "You will not be dis- appointed. Anything you want, you say. Bombay style, foreign style." And here he curled his lower lip and tilted his head disdainfully.

Then, pausing for effect, and bowing ingratiatingly, he would PRGXODWH WR D VLONLO\ FRQÀGHQWLDO VWDJH ZKLVSHU ´ FXVWRPHUV , PDNH ÀQH VKLUWV IRU FKLOGUHQ ZHOO ÀWW fessional trousers and personalized suits. Individually tailored suits always better than store-bought suits for your husband."

$QG ÀQDOO\ KH ZRXOG GHOLYHU ZKDW KH FRQVLGHUHG ered as if clinching the deal: "If you don't like, don't pay." How could anyone resist?

Sadly, many did. As he approached his sixties, it was already begin- QLQJ WR EH GLIÀFXOW WR FRPSHWH ZLWK WKH VWRUHV DQG erywhere. But he managed to eke out a living, although Hanif noticed WKDW KLV VPLOH EHFDPH OHVV FRQÀGHQW RYHU WKH \HDUV mall stores slashed prices regularly. Some of them even had upstart

in-house tailoring services for people who bought those ready-made

ings. He needed to work, bring in some business. His father's health no longer permitted him to be as active as he had once been and his eyes were going. Hanif felt he had little or no time for himself. Neither had the apprenticeship been entirely uneventful. One day stood out clearly DV WKH PRVW GLIÀFXOW RI WKH ZKROH SHULRG 7KDW ZDV W 0DVWHU KDG DVNHG +DQLI WR ÀQLVK VHZLQJ WKH RXWVLGH heavy corduroy trousers for Mr. Nahal from the bank. Hanif had com - plained that he couldn't feed the two edges of the thick cloth into the narrow space beneath the needle.

"You're pushing too hard. You're crimping the fabric here."

"No—it's this damn machine. It's too old. Why don't you just get D QHZ RQH VR ZH FDQ KDQGOH WKLV NLQG RI FORWK"µ %HIR sentence he regretted uttering it, as he watched the hurt spread over his father's face.

IT WAS LATE IN THE EVENING AND HANIF WAS TIRED, and it showed on his face. But even Hanif would have admitted that that evening there was more. Some young-man's frustration bleeding in from the out - side into the shop, into the shirts and pants he was stitching under his father's eye. Something he couldn't express to Bandra Master. Some thing the father didn't know how to ask his son about. Besides, Bandra Master felt he no longer had any personal advice to give his son. He hardly understood the new world himself. And so that evening he had bent his frail head down close to his son's, with his hand on the wheel, to offer him what he could—practical advice:

"You've got the wrong needle in there. It'll bend or break. You need D WKLFNHU VKDQN WR JHW WKURXJK FRUG µ +H VKRZHG +DQ right needle, and when it was locked in place, he placed his hand on Hanif's shoulder, combining in the gesture his own need for support in straightening up and encouragement for his son, who needed that now.

Hanif had felt a corresponding upwelling of protective concern for his father. He waited until his father pulled his hand away. But, tired as he was, Hanif had not taken care to feed the brown thread properly onto the thread tension assembly on the machine's armature and through the eye of the new, dangerous-looking needle. The other thread had to be brought up from the bobbin-case, which held the loop-taker shuttle. Hanif knew very well that he had to pull the thread up through the feed dog that slid open, but he felt his mind wander - ing. His mind meandered among disparate images: and even when he forced himself to think about the Singer before him it was as though he were opening up a trap door to reveal its innards, innards that seemed somehow masculine, with their bed shafts and grease, contrasting with the womanly curves of the machine's exterior. A young man's meta - phors. But anyway he couldn't concentrate. As he tried again to run the folded edges of the corduroy through the machine, he pushed where

he should have pulled. The needle moved down unstoppably, piercing WKH ÁHVK\ WLS RI KLV WKXPE +H MXPSHG DQG FXUVHG LQ S FXUVHG DJDLQ EHFDXVH KLV UHÁH[WR SXOO KLV WKXPE DZ shiver of pain through him.

In two years Hanif had become the main breadwinner for the family. He had taken on effective control of the family business such as it was. As if on cue, Bandra Master died at seventy-three, leaving his meager tailor shop to his son. There was enough work, Hanif found, if you knew where to look. Bandra Master had had a traditionalist's sense of how to drum up business (even in his advanced years, he was still going to the big apartment blocks of the middle-class sections of the city close enough to manage, asking if people needed tailoring services, soliciting work from housewives who remained at home dur - ing the day). Hanif found new avenues. There were of course the new retail shops subcontracting small jobs, including hemming and adjust - PHQWV WR VXLWV DQG ÀWWLQJV IRU XQXVXDO DUP RU OHJ VSHFLDO ÀWWLQJV IRU ZRPHQ ZKR QHHGHG EORXVHV OHW R time to do it themselves—the very subcontracting that had squeezed Bandra Master. But there were also more lucrative alternatives, includ - ing the handicraft fabric stores with sometimes unusual tailoring gigs, such as lamp shades or drapes from sari silk ordered by foreigners ZKR ZHUH SDUW RI D PDVVLYH LQÁX[EURXJKW LQ VLQFH JRYHUQPHQW EHJDQ WR OLEHUDOL]H WKH HFRQRP\ 0DQ\ IR setting up shop in cities such as Bangalore, Kolkata and Mumbai, and these foreign workers, mainly white-collar, mainly male, brought their spouses who had plenty of free time and plenty of money for home decoration—and tailoring.

There were also designers with international "exposure" who paid exceedingly well, especially if you could provide high-quality small services that their fancy staff couldn't be bothered with. He came into contact with the high-fashion set in this way, practicing his English with them. Hanif had cheap business cards made for precisely such customers. He also came into contact with svelte models. But they barely noticed him, even when he was taking their measurements. This was an alien world, with unfamiliar language, strange food and drink everywhere, exotic foreign perfumes on the women's bodies, and generally odd behavior on the part of the men. He found himself nurturing new, strange appetites while in that world. But of course he always had to return to his own world of the pao-bhaji stand, the fruit and vegetable mandi , the tea stall, the cigarette-and-paan shop.

It was at the cigarette-and-paan-shop that he saw the girl for the

into the dark shadow cast by the jacaranda across the street. Her dark-painted mouth slanted to the right of her face. He found this asymmetry enhanced her beauty rather than detracting from it. He turned a little to look at her, to make eye contact.

He had come to the shop to buy some beedis to smoke before he delivered an order to a difficult customer in Calodeed the encounter. Smoking beedis was now just a nervous vestigial habit. But he couldn't shake it. He felt he had tricked himself into believing he needed his beedis. He smoked apologetically, just as he had done as a schoolboy, skulking off behind the main building at school. He would buy a newspaper cone of ber, those indescribable, irresistible beeurlhv zlwk wkhlu zulqnohg fudqebuu\ vnlqv dqg w

as her voice and manner were annoying. Her apartment, just a short walk from the sea, was in an exclusive corner of the city, but like many of his wealthier customers, she gave him more headaches than some of those with more modest apartments. As usual he felt enervated at the very prospect of having to deal with her. The last time he had come WR GHOLYHU ZKDW KH WKRXJKW ZDV WKH ÀQLVKHG RUGHU further alterations, which meant he would have to make another visit.

"Can you change the color of the piping on the kameez—something bright, like red? This black is too somber," she had said.

"No problem, madam."

"Isn't the shalwar a little too baggy here? Pull it in and make it a little more modern, like this original I showed you." She had primped and made kissing lips in her full-length mirror.

"Yes, madam."

She had let him sit with her on the carpet across the coffee table, as she paged through her catalogs with models wearing the clothes she wanted him to replicate for her body. The problem essentially was that her body was a shade less perfect than those of the models she wanted to look like. He kept his opinions on everything but the material and the cost to himself. Stiddhearing the clothes sheota2nalof the pot toto loo* (with hearisawea,o himselfg

Legs cold. Wet? He couldn't be sure whether he saw, or was, the young man wading navel-deep in the pond, lifting a clutch of singhara plants XS DQG KXUOLQJ WKHP RQWR WKH EDQN WKH ZDWHU Á\LQJ evening sun.

HE WAS FALLING INTO A VOICE SAYING, "Two units, sar. Gave him already."

He wanted to say, "Stop."

He said, "Unnnh."

The voice or some other voice said, "Next to the hotel."

Another voice, next to his gurney, said, "Paperwork says no ID."

SOMEONE WAS GENTLY SHAKING HIS ARM, or his foot. He couldn't tell ZKLFK LW ZDV +LV KHDG KXUW +LV IDFH DQG FKHVW IHOW tips, when he pressed them against the hard surface of the bed or table on which he was lying, felt like jujubes.

The next time he came to, he was swimming in cold water. Then the sunlight was very bright. He was shivering. Then more sounds, and the smell of the beach with all its vendors came to his nostrils. Was he on Juhu beach? No, it was the hospital, and it was night. The light was from a lamp.

"Can you hear me?" said another voice, coming like God's from

middle-class boy or at least a boy with middle-class pretensions. This was the kind of thing poor tailors noticed. The young man had a huge ULÁH DQG ZDV KROGLQJ LW XS DV KH VWURGH RXW IURP EH 7KLV LPDJH ÁDVKHG UHSHDWHGO\ RQ WKH VFUHHQ ,Q DQRW man was smiling as he walked past a public garden, as if he were off to a party. But he and his companions had killed so many. The TV showed again and again scenes of Chattrapati Shivaji Terminus (the former Victoria Terminus) and the Taj hotel. Scenes of carnage. And one woman's slipper, abandoned in mid-stride. Never to be reclaimed. And he had been there, thanks to thatchurail who had tempted him. He would never have had reason to enter the hotel had she not walked in. But then if she had not walked out, he would not have survived. And he had survived. Just like that young terrorist on the screen, who, it turned out, was the sole survivor among the terrorists. But why did Hanif feel shame? What was the shared logic by which the survivors—tailor and terrorist—were linked? Could it really be chance? Did it mean anything?

IT WAS A WEEK LATER THAT HE WAS RELEASED. They couldn't spare his bed any longer. They hadn't been able to do much with one side of his face, which was badly scarred. His jaw was wired up and supported by a brace, and he could only open his mouth a little. It hurt. He had been VKRFNHG ZKHQ KH ÀUVW ORRNHG DW KLPVHOI LQ WKH KRVS \HOORZ SDLQW RQ WKH ZDOOV JDYH KLV VNLQ XQGHU WKH a sickly pista ice-cream pallor. There were bandages on his hands and face, but enough was exposed so that he felt he was re-discovering himself. He had to relearn how to curl his lip, which seemed tighter because of the scar on his cheek, over his exposed teeth. His teeth felt dry and strange. He hadn't used his jaw for all the time he had been in the hospital. They had been feeding him liquids and soups, and occasionally bread soaked in milk. He touched his chin, his neck, and they felt like someone else's bodyscape. His shoulders seemed shrunken and his waist had contracted into a pitifully thin circumference. His clothes no ORQJHU ÀW KLP DOWKRXJK KH KDGQ·W KDG PXFK ÁHVK WR

The hospital staff had been trying to contact his family while he was drifting in and out of consciousness through his surgical procedures: his jaw had been shattered all the way from his chin to his upper cheekbone, and he had a deep gash on his cheek and a nasty wound on his scalp, but apart from an inexplicable bruising of the left side including some cracked vertebrae they could do nothing for, he was still in one piece. It was his identity that they had more trouble piecing together. He was carrying only a billfold, some tailor's notes and PHDVXUHPHQWV RQ D GLDJUDP RI D KXPDQ ÀJXUH ZLWK DUU in at the shoulders and marking inseam lengths along the columnar lines representing the legs. In an interview just before he was to leave

friend. Mumbai is for Indians my friend. She got the message. When are you Muslims going to get it? You want to create havoc, do it in your own country. Just let us live in peace. Fuck off."

Hanif couldn't believe what he was hearing. In all his life he had never heard such language directed at him.

"I'm Indian too, you know" he protested weakly. His head was rocking.

"Where have you been, my friend? What happened to your face?" The watchman now seemed less angry than perplexed. He saw the bandages, the scars. Maybe he was putting two and two together. The slightest shadow came over his brow, and his voice was a little less harsh, almost avuncular now.

"The À U D Q J L V are leaving. They're scared." The watchman said more quietly this time, as if merely giving friendly advice to an old friend. "And people are taking to the streets. I don't know what happened to your face, but if you don't want your head bashed further, you shouldn't be hanging around so close to the hotel while there's all this tamasha. Right now it's just rich people expressing their frustration Z L W K W K H J R Y H U Q P H Q W 7 K H S R R U K D Y H Q · W \ H W J R W D O O À because the terrorists mainly target the rich types and the foreigners and their hotels and their cafes. But it could get ugly if Hindu-Muslim W H Q V L R Q J H W V D O O À U H G X S < R X U % H W W \ 0 D G D P L V J R Q H home too, and if you take my advice, go home to Pakistan. People are getting fed up with you Muslims."

It was no use protesting. He couldn't believe Betty was gone. But it was no use doubting what the watchman was saying. What was he going to do, bound up the stairs to her apartment to check? There was no reason to stay.

I

Mark Osteen

The Play of Shadows

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head,
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.…

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way…

—Robert Louis Stevenson, "My Shadow"

A boy's room is a snapshot of his life and loves. The picture changes as he grows and gains new interests. And so my baseball cards and battered glove gave way to a stereo, Beatles posters and orange paisley wall hangings.

My son Cameron's room also reveals his nature, as I discover one day when David, a stocky man from Disability Services, visits to determine whether Cam, who has autism, qualifies for assistance. As I watch David survey Cam's bedroom, I suddenly see the room through a stranger's eyes.

"Wow, look at all the toys," David comments.

A plastic Fisher-Price basketball hoop and backboard lean against the closet. A silver portable Sony CD player sits on the white nightstand; inside, CDs are piled helter-skelter, mixed with a heap of mutilated toddler books—Good Night Moon, The Runaway Bunny, Max's Christmas.

Assorted children's videos—Barney in Concert, Disney singalongs (The Bare Necessities, You Can Fly), numerous Kid-

In this regard, Cam is typical—of people with autism, at least—because the absence of imaginative play is one of the disorder's three distinguishing

interact with others—has remained elusive.

I tell David how Cam learned the "Perfection" game (a matching exercise) well enough to match every one of its thirty squares to identical icons. I recall how my wife Leslie and I watched with delight as Cam mastered a toy cash register, amusement park, and Fisher Price car garage. But his mastery lacked creativity: he never pretended to hand out change or made those growly auto noises most boys can produce. His play remained as mechanical as the toys. He rarely used the skills outside of sessions, and novelty prompted resistance or down-right hostility.

David assures me that my son qualifies for services. After he leaves, I ponder the objects in Cam's room, each one embodying a failed attempt to spark his imagination. It is hard not to see them as monuments to dashed hopes. Then I realize that they are better seen as a material record of our relationship.

CC

I listened intently for his telltale laughing or shrieks. Instead, from a couple of aisles over, I heard, “Well, the sun’s a hot star / Mercury’s hot, too /

Within a month or so he could ride the two blocks to the dead-end without

ized ballplayers and collected hundreds
of baseball cards, which I pored over,

"Mark. Think. This is ridiculous. Somebody's going to get hurt."

I stood, arms akimbo, a petulant ten-year-old whose mother has called him home from a game. Cam grabbed my t-shirt, ripped it, then sprang up and loped toward the car. Glaring at his back, I trudged in his wake. My kid had made a scene again. Christ, he couldn't even hold his own with other disabled kids.

Cam sensed my intense desire for him to succeed, which burdened the game with expectations he couldn't (or didn't want to) IXOÀOO)URP WKHQ on, he went on a sitdown strike or ran off as soon as I picked up the bat. In fact, swinging WKH ZLIÁH EDW EHFDPH D VXUHAUH way to get him into the house. I kept trying until one day, as I was chasing him around the yard, I suddenly saw myself as one of those sports-crazed dads who hounds his kid to live out his own dreams. I could almost hear myself shout, "Have fun, damn it!"

> Baseball may have seemed absurd to him: you run around to where you started, and then begin again. So why run? The notion of competing and winning was either beyond him—perhaps because it demanded that he imagine somebody else's thoughts—or seemed silly.

A Boy's Best Friend

Both Les and I came from dog families. Her family had two beagles, then an unruly Chesapeake; we owned D ÀGJHW\ OLWWOH PXWW QDPHG 6ORRNY then a Lab-Irish Setter cross that my golf-besotted father named (against our vehement protests) Par. Snooky often followed me partway to school, barking as she turned back as if to remind me to keep my shoes tied and nose blown.

Would a dog serve as companion for our solitary son? In theory, maybe; but Cam didn't trust the noisy, wiggly, smelly creatures. By the time he was seven or eight we could coax him to approach the neighbors' greyhounds and gingerly touch their coats. But even that mild interest ended on a November Saturday in 1999, when Cam was ten.

As Cam foraged around the yard, a neighbor boy came by with two small, energetic black and tan mongrels. Spotting my son, the dogs began barking ÀHUFHO\ WKHQ MHUNH free of their leashes and charged. Cam's loping gait made him an easy target for the lead dog, who nipped at his shoes and legs as if he were an errant sheep.

"Eeehhh!" he screamed, running in a circle and raising his arms as if trying WR WDNH ÁLJKW

6WXSHÀHG , VWRRG VWDULQJ IR seconds before dashing down the hill to chase the dog away. I scolded the kid, sent him home, then examined my son. The dog had bitten through Cam's jeans in two spots, but I didn't see any marks on his skin. No big deal: a near miss.

When I returned from the bookstore an hour and a half later, the situation had changed dramatically.

Actually the dog had broken Cam's skin. Les had called animal control; they'd urged her to phone the police. A policeman had visited and told her to contact the owner, a neighbor we'd never met.

"Hello. This is Leslie, from down the street."

"Oh, hello."

"I need to tell you that one of your dogs bit my son." She provided the details.

"Our dogs don't bite. Your son must have teased him."

"My son is autistic and mentally disabled. He isn't capable of teasing a dog." Her voice grew tight. "He was minding his own business when your dog got away from the boy who was walking it and bit my son."

"The boy wasn't supposed to be walking the dog. Anyway, my dog wouldn't bite."

"Let me be clear: your dog attacked my

À Q L V K L Q J D J \ P Q D V W L F V unexpectedly walked through the door of the small cool-down gym.

"Hey, Cam. It's Andrew. Hi, An - drew!" I said.

Andrew emitted a high-pitched squeal and trotted up to Cam. The boys H [F K D Q J H G G R X E O H K L J K hands, touched foreheads. Andrew squealed again; Cam broke into giggles.

The pals had missed each other.

I'd never before seen my son ac knowledge another child, let alone inter- act with one. Cam had been swinging in the middle of the room; now he gave up his seat for Andrew.

On the drive home that day I grew angry at the school all over again for separating the boys. Had they even considered the friendship's positive ef - fects on the kids before they'd made the change? No. Cam had reached the age to move, so they moved him.

6 W L O O W K H U H O D W L R Q V K L S P \ V W L A H G P H Other boys bond over skateboards, video games, card collections. But Cam and Andrew—both autistically self-involved—could hardly share interests. Did they recognize their common dis - ability? Did my son, a head taller and 15 pounds heavier, protect Andrew? Did Andrew, with greater initiative and fewer problem behaviors, watch out for Cam? Was some mentor-protégé relationship taking place?

The scene at the gym had showed that, like other boys their age who hit each other, make fart sounds with their hands or pull goofy faces, these two didn't need words to communicate. They enjoyed each other's company. They might have been friends even if they hadn't shared a disorder.

Why, then, hadn't we done more to encourage this friendship? Maybe we simply wouldn't believe that our son, who had always ignored other kids or treated them as nuisances, re ally had a buddy, a mirror in whom he could see and G H À Q H K L P V H O I % X W perhaps there was another reason.

Me and My Shadow

Les and I want- ed Cam to learn to play so he'd have something to share with others. We wanted him to have the kind of experi- H Q F H V W K D W K D G G H À Q H G R X U F K But I didn't merely want my son to play; I wanted him to play with me. I wanted him to respond to my coaching, to pedal beside me while I warned him D E R X W G R J V D Q G W U D I À F O L J K W V him to be my shadow. He wanted to be someone else.

We've played two games together

The struggle to teach my son to play was a prism refracting my own child - hood—of days spent devising solitary games with private rules, of conjuring a second self who called play-by-play and drove me to excel. When Cam came along, I tried to make him my shadow. Only when I turned down the spotlight of my hopes and dreams did I glimpse the boy my shadow hid.

Yet Cam also has a second self. It emerges whenever a bright light shines at the proper angle, and he stops whatever he's doing to create shadows on the table, wall or door. It's as if he's talking in sign language to some unseen interlocutor. His hands, usually so maladroit, suddenly acquire grace and elegance. Yet he seems at once VXUSULVHG DQG JUDWLÀHG E\ WKHVH VKDGows, as if he both knows and doesn't know that he has made them. Perhaps the shapes appear to him as abstract art, all chiaroscuro and contrast, each one pure and self-contained— from him, yet not of him. The shadow moves when he does, yet changes unpredictably—one minute small and helpless, the next large and menacing—a companion whose actions mirror his own. Perhaps the shadow, peeping from behind the blinds of his perception, appeals to him as a sign from some other world—the elusive home, that place where he truly belongs. Or maybe the shadow boy assures Cam that he is, indeed, truly and only himself.

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Elizabeth Eslami

Medicine Wheel

-EDICINE 7HEEL "IG (ORN "ASIN

In his mind, she was still standing there in the doorway, her big, round head lit from behind like a pretty, middle-aged space alien. That was the image in his head as he drove to work and circled the block looking for a parking space. The little red O of her mouth, as she stood there with her suitcase. “I’m leaving,” she said. “Now.”

“I have to go to work—we’ll talk about this later,” he mumbled, but what he wanted to say was, “You used up all the hot water.”

´:H KDYH WR WDON DERXW LW QRZ µ VKH VDLG KHU VPDO her side. She stared at him in disbelief as he moved around her, hurriedly grabbing his things. “I’m late,” he said. “So?” her mouth demanded. He could see the red circle as he backed down the driveway.

He never told her she looked like something out of Star Trek. He was tactful. When she lay in the tub for hours, reading magazines about how “metals were the new black,” when she left the magazines DURXQG RQ WKH ÁRRU WKH SDJHV GDP-S DQG ZDUSHG KH Q thing. Never commented on the giant hoop earrings that she started wearing to make her face look smaller, and those crazy stiff collars made of shiny gold material, like something Elizabethan. He had told her once that she was pretty enough as is, without all the smoke and mirrors, and she shot him a dirty look. She told him he didn’t know anything; the gold brought light to her face, made her younger.

As he parked and locked the car, he noticed the giant Snoopy

riding in the back seat, leaning to one side. When he won it for her WKHLU ÀUVW \HDU WRJHWKHU VKH KXJJHG LW WR KHU FKHV mouth stretched wide with happiness. Lately she referred to it as the "child they never had," and it just stayed year after year riding in the back of the car. The mechanic always gave him a weird look when he brought the car in.

Tiny, round droplets of water kept trickling from the end of his hair down into his collar. As he turned the key to the museum, the phone began to ring inside. In his hurry to answer it, he left the key inside the lock, and the keychain, with its tiny gold and silver keys used to open everything from miniature padlocks to display cases, swung slowly, brushing against the wood outside.

It was dark in the museum still, and he stretched from the phone on his desk toward the window blinds, turning the rod around and around until the morning light sliced through, illuminating the giant wagon wheel hanging from the ceiling.

She was probably calling him from her cell, leaning against the GRRUZD\ KHU VFL À FORWKHV FUXPSOLQJ DJDLQVW WKH ZR

"County Museum, how can I help you?" In two swift movements, he turned on his computer and printer. Both began humming and beeping, sounds he no longer noticed.

There was a crackling sound on the other end of the phone, like a piece of paper being rolled into trash, and then re-opened again.

"Barbara?" When there was silence for several seconds, he cleared his throat and tried to seem professional. "Can I help you?" he asked, leaning over the computer to check his email. A line of junk mail stretched from the top of the screen to the bottom. Nothing from her.

"Is this the museum?" a voice asked on the other line, frail and wavering. An old man. He could hear the wheeze in the man's chest, behind his words.

"Yes, this is the County Museum," he said again, raising his voice. "What can I do for you, sir?" He began deleting the junk mail, one by one. The empty inbox looked overwhelming to him, as if it was an ice ÀHOG

"Well, I'll tell ya," the old man began, taking a deep breath. His vol - ume increased, as if the oxygen had somehow given his words more weight. "I've been reading this book on Armstrong—"

"The old mining town, right?" he asked. Often, with the elderly, you had to lead them to their point. Otherwise it was like watching them from the shore as they paddled a dingy around in circles.

"I've been reading this book on Armstrong, and I was wondering if you could tell me how to get there, to the town of Armstrong."

He looked worriedly at the door, the keys still in the lock outside, an invitation for theft, but he felt sure the phone cord wouldn't reach.

As he listened to the old man talk, he began pulling his list of things to do out of the desk drawer. It had grown so thick, the individual

yellow pages curling back on themselves, that he had to struggle to get it out, banging his knee into the side of the desk in the process. He massaged the knee in circular motions.

"Indeed I can, sir, but I'm not sure how much help it would be. You see, when they built the dam in the 1930s, Armstrong was destroyed."

The old man began to cough on the other line, and he held the phone away from his ear. A small blue Geo drove by slowly, pausing in front of the museum. He jumped out of his swivel chair, craning his head, to see if it was Barbara. The car drove on, and he could see a man's head in the driver's seat.

He had not believed she would really leave, when she stood there putting her makeup in a bag, the toothbrush sticking out of one corner of her mouth. Or, if she did, it would be like the time she left and called him three hours later to come and pick her up from her mother's house. He thought of her, standing there sheepishly on her mother's porch, her suitcases at her feet, and wondered what she was thinking now.

Last night, she had bounded onto the bed like a golden retriever. "See this?" she said, thrusting a form in his face. "I've decided to enroll in law school!" He had smiled and nodded, stroking her hair until it ZDV ÁDW XQGHU KLV KDQG ´7KDW·V JUHDW µ KH VDLG +H Z self if it would last as long as veterinary school and medical transcrip - tionist school.

"I've been reading this book on Armstrong, you see, the town I'm talking about, and they say it had some Indian activity there, maybe some things which still exist in the town of Armstrong. So I was hoping you could tell me how to get there, maybe so as I could go and have a look for myself…"

"Right. As I was saying, the town is seventeen miles to the northwest, at the current site of Rigley Dam—so you would take Highway

one hand over the receiver. He cracked his head coming up.

It was Kelly. Of course it was.

“Sir, if you could just hold for one minute—” he said, trying to muster a smile. Why couldn’t she have come herself? Why did they always send their friends, middle-aged women, sensible women, with enormous purses? This was Kelly’s second time as messenger. When she left at Christmas she sent Kelly to ring him at the tampons buying her styling gel. She told him across from the tampons. “Barbara’s leaving you.” The time before that, it had been Karoline, who had come to the museum to tell him Barbara was at her mother’s and wasn’t coming back. When he stared at her dumbly, she shrugged and said, “Don’t look at me. It’s a woman’s prerogative.”

Kelly faced him at the desk where he stood half wrapped in the phone cord.

“Do you know there are keys in the front door?” she asked, her blond hair aimed around her face.

“Yes, as a matter of fact I do. Is that what you’re here to tell me?” he asked.

“Look, Jim, I don’t want any trouble.”

And that was how they always started, too. They came in talking to you like you were a lunatic, like that was established.

“Neither do I. How are you these days? How’s Roger?” He could hear the old man breathing on the other line, louder and louder, like he whellth-to-ellth.222t lookHeho S & & G ó K L

irritation.

“Don’t raise your voice with me. You and she will have to sort things out yourselves.”

There was a screeching sound from the phone, perhaps the wheels of the old man’s chair.

“Could you tell me how to get to Armstrong?” the old man asked, plaintively.

´/RRN ÀQH µ KH VDLG WR .HOO\ ´VR ZK\ DUH \RX KHUH"µ SHULSKHUDO YLVLRQ KH QRWLFHG WKH PDLOER[ÁDJ JR XS screen.

“She wanted me to tell you she’s leaving you,” Kelly said. “She’s tired of this, of you. So now I’ve told you.” She swung her enormous purse over her hip like a body and yanked open the door.

“There’s a medicine wheel in this book I’ve been reading—” He could hear the old man’s voice even with the phone away from his head, the words scratching through like a quill.

“She already told me that!” he shouted after her. The heavy wood door closed behind Kelly slowly, until he could no longer hear her walking away.

They used to go dancing, he and Barbara, back in the beginning. 7KH\ ZHUHQ·W JRRG WKH\ MXVW ÁDLOHG DURXQG DQG ODXJ until their lungs grew tight. They danced late into the night, collaps - ing into each other in a sweaty mess, and they slept late the next day, wrapped in her cool, lavender sheets.

He could see her face when they woke the morning after, when he brushed strands of damp hair from her neck. She would laugh, her face wide open, and rub his aching legs.

Suddenly he began to laugh. He laughed so hard his belly shook the desk, and the paper clips, and the piece of hair on his head. A roaring sound, something that could break through rock, open up a cave, a doorway, escaped from his chest.

“What’s so funny, young man?” the old man’s voice asked, covered in the pages of his to-do list.

He picked the phone back up, and held it for a second, staring at it.

“Nothing, sir. I’m sorry.” He wiped the tears away from his chin, where they had settled. “Please, go on.”

“See, I have cancer, and I’ve been sitting in this here wheelchair ever since the surgery, with nothing to do but read. That’s when I found this book on Armstrong and medicine wheels…”

He placed the phone back on his desk, the words leaking out.

She used to blow glass, another hobby she took up a few years after they married and later abandoned. He would visit her at the workshop and stand near the back, feeling the heat press against him like the palm of a hand. She looked like a bank robber, dressed in black, with a helmet and protective gloves and boots, holding a long, hot rod which VKH WXUQHG SDWLHQWO\ DJDLQVW KHU OLSV XQWLO WKH D

JUHZ LQWR D ODUJH EXEEOH 7KH JORZ RI ÀUH JUHZ EHKLQG
orange halo around her body, and it seemed to him she was standing in front of a portal to another world. Afterward, when her vase was complete, she took off her helmet and smiled at him, and he clapped slowly until she took a bow.

He clicked open his inbox, with Barbara's email.

I'll be by the apartment this afternoon to collect my things.

B.

That was it, the sum total of six years together. An inventory of her things, her coffee cups and soaps, her jewelry and bathrobe, her law school application. She was probably there right now, rolling all her clothes into one long cylinder, like she saw on a TV show they watched together. So that nothing got wrinkled.

"And it was real interesting what that book said, about how there's a medicine wheel you can still see today, right there in Armstrong."

He deleted the message, and the computer turned white again, the cursor appearing and disappearing, as if ticking away the seconds.

He picked up the phone, hearing the old man's breath. He could tell that his lips were touching the mouthpiece.

"A medicine wheel in Armstrong, you don't say." He sat still, leaning LQJ EDFN LQWR KLV FKDLU +H IHOW OLNH LW ZDV WKH ÀUVW
in his entire life.

"That's right. I couldn't believe it, just reading that in my wheel-FKDLU 6R , VD\V WR P\VHOI , ZDQQD ÀQG WKDW $UPVWURQ
myself."

"I don't blame you. I'd like to see it too." He looked out the window, onto the street. People were walking around like small animals, moving in circles.

"Any idea how to get there?"

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Kendahl Jan Jubb

The Rhythm, the Flow and the Joy

Tea Garden Koi, 2007, watercolor, 24” x 40”

The dimension between the gloriously beauteous and the hideously gorgeous is the domain of Kendahl Jan Jubb’s artistic impulse. The alternation of rapture and

Bitterroot River Riprap

-XEE LQVHUWV KHU PRVW LQWLPDWH SHUVRQDO OLIH LQWR K
and fauna in her creations to describe increments of her psyche and feelings, often draw-
ing a correlation to her immediate experience by assigning beings to represent her in a
highly personal drama. The trout emerging from behind a boulder suggest the awareness
RI DOLHQDWLRQ VKH PD\ H[SHULHQFH LQ D WHDP-LQJ FURZG
bol for alien and foreign incursions. It is an image she repeats in a colorful, yet shadowy
environment. The eyes of the koi are so self-possessed, ancient, and yet removed and
detached.

Golden Jackal, 2007, watercolor, 18” x 30”

Garden Coyotes, 2007, watercolor, 30” x 40”

tion—the bear alternating between detached purposefulness and menacing nervousness. Jubb uses a beautiful northern forest locale to dissect the elements of intrusion and invasion that give cause for agitation. Or is it admiration? The entire confrontation is framed by the gorgeousness of the natural scene—unnatural in the fullness of its glory!

House Monster, 2007, watercolor, 16” x 28”

Incredible Blue, 2007, watercolor, 24” x 36”

" R I L L I A N T " U T T E R m I E S, 2008, watercolor, 40” x 30”

%U L O O L D Q Was created %X W W H U Á L H V for The Coalition for Pulmonary Fibrosis. Kendahl was invited to be the keynote artist for their national campaign in 2008 and was asked to work around the image of a butter- Á\³WKH RUJDQL]DWLRQ·V LPD an expansion of regeneration and transformation. Jubb centered the artwork using a Luna moth, which she envisioned as potentially destructive, and surrounded the moth with a whirlwind of renovat- LQJ EXWWHUÁLHV DOLJKWLQJ garden. Jubb senses colors as wave forms with harmonics, rhythms and melodies. “Color is just like music. Colors can blend like a symphony or be discordant—colors have wavelengths that are interpreted by our brains to motivate us to react intellectually and emotionally.” She RUFKHVWUDWHG WKH- EXWWH ers into a highly charged syncopa- tion that vibrates with the sentiment she perceived from the coalition that commissioned her to compose the piece. She uses color to motivate objects throughout her paintings and to coerce the viewer into sharing her inspiration.

After painting with acrylics, oils, and ceramic glazes, watercolor is the only medium Jubb feels ex- DFWO\ H[SUHVVLYH ZLWK 7K pigment through water onto cotton ÀEHU SDSHU JLYHV KHU WKH feeling of creation. Much like color absorbing through a physical membrane, whether it is plant or animal, Kendahl feels the painting breathe and grow as she is breath- LQJ DQG PRYLQJ ´,W ÀOOV the paint and water just go and see it do its own thing, follow its own rhythm.” Her initial idea is project- ed mentally onto a blank piece of paper while she is conceptualizing.

Five Days in Rajasthan, 2007, watercolor, 40” x 30”

Beautiful World, 2007, watercolor, 42” x 16”

Beautiful World, 2007, watercolor, 42” x 16”

Tiger with Lion Chair, 2007, watercolor, 45” x 28”

Lyn Lifshin

The Ice Maiden's 279th S.O.S.

This is how you live
when your lips and heart are frozen,
as mine were in darkness.
My hair loose over pebbles.
I was deeper away
than anybody dreamed.
Light never touched me.
I forgot the taste of sun on my skin.
When I tried to listen
to the roots uncurl,
they became my upside-down
tre looShDraearoS2asYitaike I trieinghen someone(e)4supside-doeeth hips clay jarupside-dsome

The Ice Maiden’s 232nd S.O.S.

You wouldn’t think that,
buried so long,
I could even respond again.
That I could hear sleet,
the branches over me
creaking and splintering.
Sometimes, I imagine
sun and light leaking through stone
that was a dream.
Then it was over.
I can’t tell you how
I left what was my world for so long,
DQG WKDW WKH ÀUVW JOLPSVH RI VN\
seemed like water,
my body like a pleated skirt
pressed under granite,
dark as violets,
rigid as bark,
WHUULÀHG DV , IHOO WKURXJK LFH FU\VWDOV
still as ice crystals,
VHHLQJ ÁHVK DQG ÀQJHUV
before I could feel them.

The Ice Maiden’s 214th S.O.S.

It was a risk,
but everything
was after that
À U V W G H D W K
Terror was
suspended as
my lips were
in ice.
I didn’t think
that I could
respond, or care.
I didn’t expect
to open,
or feel anything
but the
Darkness.
I didn’t expect
anything but
water.
I remembered
the blue iris,
the melon-colored
lilies like
someone in the
death camps
going over a
violin sonata.
I tried to
imagine my sister,
old,
in our last home,
her eyes once
like mine,
full of earth
after 500 years.
If I could choose
light, the raw wind
under the volcano
on my own,
I don’t think
I would have.

The Ice Maiden’s 87th S.O.S.

It was like being buried
though I don’t remember that either.
There were the years in darkness,
and then,
it was like falling through space,
hardly thinking of the place
that I was torn from.

Later, voices were as foreign
as the words of roots
moving under the earth.

/L N H W K H À U V W W L P H
I was dazed,
still frozen.
I hardly felt the stones
I slammed against,
or the sun turning my face mahogany.

By the time I was carried from
the valley, my hair smelled of
cold clover,
something was thawing,
something was at risk.

Lyn Lifshin has written over 120 books and has edited four anthologies. She has most recently published Barbaro: Beyond Brokenness (Texas Review Press), 92 Rapple (Coatalism Press), and Desire (World Parade Books). Her Black Sparrow book, Another Woman Who Looks Like Me, received the 2007 Paterson Award for Literary Excellence. Her website is www.lynlifshin.com.

he prairie's
cluttered with
antelope today;
they're scattered every
which way across the
distance. I could watch
W K H P U X Q I R U K R X U V Á \-
ing through the sage-
brush like a drill team,
zigging, zagging with
the wind, moving like
rabbits on pogo sticks. They're about as plentiful as rabbits, actually. Pete says there are more of them than us in Wyoming.

I stick the binoculars out the window and stare hard enough to

-

stretcheast.hys thgivin mege

:H GURYH DFURVV WKH FRXQWU\ DQG ÀQDOO\ ÀQDOO\³JRR
ÀQDOO\³UHDFKHG WKH %ODFN +LOOV RQH VZHOWHULQJ EHD
GULYLQJ DV IDVW DV ZH GDUHG IRU HLJKW KRXUV DFURVV W

WE'RE HEADING AWAY FROM THE BIGHORNS on a fall day, when Pete points to a stand of trees at the back end of a meadow and I see a moose step out of the brush. Even at this distance, he's a massive, shaggy guy, with legs like stilts; he steps over the barbed wire as if it were a tiny picket fence, with all the ease of a creature bound by no man's borders. His head is crowned by a huge rack; this fellow owns the woods and fears no man. I'm in awe—really, in awe. Shaking my head in disbelief, grinning like a kid on a carnival ride. I'd seen elk in a zoo once, but never an animal as grand and free as this. Even Pete is quiet.

My parents should see all this, but they're happy to stay in good old New York state. I've been sending postcards, enticing them to visit. "Wyoming is like nowhere else," I write, with lots of exclamation points. "It's like—imagine the moon … Boiling pools and craggy, snow-covered peaks, rocky spires and buttes rising out of nowhere. Lakes a shade of blue I've never seen! You have to come!" No takers, so far.

Before we got married, we went to school in Boston, which is how we met. I'm not sure I would have left if it weren't for Pete's wanderlust. Glad I did, though; the vastness dwarfs our New England concept of open space. There's a sense of endless challenge and untamed experience to our life here. For us, it's the ultimate answer to crowded cities. Our friends can have their communes. We've found nirvana: peace, love and cowboys. Yee-hah!

Thinking like this, of course, is always the set-up for one of God's little pop quizzes. You know, one minute life's going along supremely well, and the next—it's test time. No warning, no open book. Take out a sheet of paper, people. Given the extremes of this region, bitter cold winters and sweltering summer heat, these little tests can turn into ÀQDO H[DPV :H·YH EHHQ ZDUQHG OHDUQ TXLFNO\

So we're trying, we're trying.

This weekend has been about camping, hiking, staring at the stars—my God, they're so close! We're getting short on time, so we're debating whether to fly home Sunday night or get there tomorrow along the byway, tucking in a few more sights.

Spotting a row of pickups outside a diner east of Lander—pickups @H [DP*®JF E L D®JD\ DY\ DVê¾êµ• € p @ P 0 @ € P 0 À 0 @ 0 ¾êµÀ 0 €

the dogs howl … Sahtin sheeets Tuh lie ohn, sahtin pillers tuh cry ohn, steel ohm not happy, don't ya see…

The booths are full. There's a couple deep in conversation in the closest one—she's looking pretty peeved about something, keeps jab- ELQJ WKH WDEOH ZLWK KHU LQGH[ÀQJHU OHDQLQJ LQWR W LQJ QHDU WKDW $ WRXULVW LQ D SODLG VSRUWV VKLUW LV next, and from the looks of the parts scattered in front of him, he'll be there awhile. In the rest, ranch hands in scruffy jeans are making history of huge bowls of chili, on trays loaded with fries and onion rings. Picking a table, we order coffee and buffalo burgers.

3HWH·V DOUHDG\ FRQFRFWLQJ WKH ÀUVW YHUVLRQ RI D P the trail yesterday—in which I slipped and got soaked to mid-thigh in icy water, and he grabbed my arm before I could be carried away. Mr. Smartass just had to take pictures while I'm freaking out, stripping my jeans off. Thank the dear lord I had sweat pants in my backpack. I guarantee this bit will be wildly exaggerated with each retelling, even - tually becoming an epic saga: "The Day Allie Slipped Into the Rapids and Prit-Near Drowned."

I'm only half listening when I notice this old lady at the counter, hunched over a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee. There's a big, worn-looking cloth satchel against her legs, which are purplish, and so horribly swollen they remind me of sausages hanging from the rafters in an old-style butcher shop. She's wrapped in a coat that's plenty loose around her shoulders, making her look frail and kind of lost.

I try not to stare, but I'm surprised. She can't be traveling by herself; this is Wyoming, for God's sake. It's almost another planet. She low- HUV KHU FXS VORZO\ VWLII ÀQJHUHG DV LI LW KXUWV WR R exhausted. That might explain the grayish pallor to her skin. She's sick, or just old, or both.

Her eyes are glued to the counter. She's barely there, so still she practically fades into the background—a ghost amid gusts of laughter, banging plates and cups, shouted greetings back and forth. I'd say she was falling asleep, but there's an alertness to her, like one of those antelope watching from the side when you think they're looking somewhere else.

She shifts, and I see her face—there are no expectations in it. Face like a window with the shade pulled down. And God, so thin. If she fell, I think she'd shatter like glass. At least, the top half of her would. Those legs I'm not sure about; they're scary.

When I was little, my mother used to take me to a soup kitchen when her church group cooked. The people who came there to eat were odd-looking too, clinging to dignity but certainly not dressed for it. They'd be anxious for seconds but embarrassed to ask, sneaking quick peeks at the tray or the counter, calculating if there'd be extras.

6KH KDV WKDW ORRN 6KH·V ÀJXULQJ VRPHWKLQJ ,Q D SODFH OLNH WKLV ZKHUH HYHU\RQH ÀWV LQ DQG NO going after lunch, she's alone. I seem to be the only person noticing.

Whatever, we've suddenly become her best chance. She's no real threat—just a worn-out woman, not as old as I thought, either. But the weight of her need is so obvious it's depressing; I'm ready to back off.

A ride, she says.

We're heading toward Casper, he tells her, not up to Sheridan.

"Casper? Well, that's okay. I can get the bus from there. Would we mind?"

So he says okay. What else can he do? Someone might come along and help her, as people do in these parts, but she's asked us, and Pete won't say no—even though I warned him the last time, when he gave a ride to an old Indian we met on the sidewalk at the Sturgis cycle rally. The guy wasn't exactly sober, which always scares me, and he got belligerent when Pete tried to refuse the bills he kept tossing on the dash. I guess he felt he had to pay out of pride, but we didn't want his money. He was piling them up, way past what the ride was worth. We drove him to a house near Rapid City; he asked us to wait outside, then went in alone and … nothing. I spent about ten minutes harping on Pete to WDNH RII DQG KH ÀQDOO\ GLG :H·G SUREDEO\ VWLOO EH W livid. "Don't ever do that again," I said. Lot of good that did.

Anyway, we're a threesome as we leave the diner. She goes up front; I scramble onto the old sea chest in the back, next to the dogs, once they've had their little walk. She tells us she's headed to a commune in Montana. Someone told her about it; she'll be okay there. They'll take her, she says.

7KDW WKHUH·V QRZKHUH HOVH WR JR ÀOOV WKH DLU XQV

Not a word about how long she's been on the road or how she got into this situation. It's impolite, so we don't pry. But I'd sure like to know. Pete's telling her about our trip across the country and she's nodding, asking questions, even laughs softly at one point. I'm in the EDFN VWLOO ZRQGHULQJ +DV VKH ÁHG DQ DEXVLYH KXVED her house? Is she broke, hitching out of Cheyenne or Denver, or some crossroads ranch, opting to risk the road rather than stay? I wonder what it's like to be that alone, to be dumped off at a diner with no idea how you're going to get to the next town.

But not a word about herself. Whatever her burw shw000300ko003ptt going3om

She wouldn't mind camping out with us tonight, in fact. No need for a VOHHSLQJ EDJ VKH·G EH ÀQH RQ WKH YDQ ÁRRU

Uh-uh, I think, my mind jerking into gear. I'm suddenly, absolutely, a hundred percent convinced that she'll die tonight if we let her stay ZLWK XV :H·OO ZDNH XS LQ WKH PRUQLQJ DQG ÀQG KHU GH ÁRRU QH[W WR WKH GRJV , JODUH DW 3HWH LQ WKH PLUUR His eyes silently acquiesce, but he drives along, making conversation.

She hints some more. She's so tired; it would be good to stay the night with us. We say we're not sure how far we're traveling tonight, whether we'll camp at all. We're hoping to stop with friends in Wright.

Excuses. She knows it, nods, drifting back off to sleep.

She snores, her breathing labored and uneven. I'm feeling guilty on the one hand, anxious to leave her on the other. I mean, what do you do in the morning, left with a body, stiff and creepy? What the holy KHOO GR \RX GR" , GRQ·W ZDQW WR ÀQG RXW 0\ PLQG FOLF to drop her at the bus station. With Pete, it could go either way. I won - der if he realizes how spooked I am.

As if he's read my mind, he tells her when she wakes up that the bus station is the best we can arrange. We'll take you that far, he says.

And she accepts this disappointment as she probably has all of the disappointments between her beginning and her end.

By the time we're in Casper, looking for the station, she's grown quiet again. We pull up and Pete goes over to the passenger door to help. Her limbs have stiffened during the ride, and it's hard for her to even turn sideways toward him. He helps her down, steadying her arm. When she starts to slip, he grabs her other shoulder. I see her ÁLQFK EXW QRW D ZRUG RI FRPSODLQW *RG ZKDW DUH ZH

She mutters a goodbye, and starts forward, leaning against Pete. Seems like she's aged a dozen years since we left the diner. They go inside while I sit in the van, rubbing the little dog's ears, cupping the big guy's chin when he lifts his head toward me, questioning our stop. Waiting there, in the deepening shadows of the day, I feel a little numb—but relieved, truth be told. And safe. I feel safe again.

I see Pete through the station's glass front, escorting her to an emp- ty bench. There are a few other people inside; they don't even glance as VKH VKXIÁHV SDVW)HHW WKDW VZROOHQ PXVW KXUW D OR

He sets her duffel next to her on the bench. She rests an arm on it and looks up at him, saying something. He disappears, comes back with a coffee, then hands her a packaged snack, and she gives him a look of gratitude before he turns away.

When he comes back, he starts the engine without saying anything. We see her through the glass as we turn around. She's sitting there with her head down, maybe asleep again. Coffee's in her hands, warm- ing them I suppose. Maybe that's as far as it's going. What a bleak, mysterious life. It's depressing to even think of being in her shoes. I'm

eighty percent glad to be off the hook. But the other twenty percent is killing me; we could have done better by her, creepy or not.

I wonder if she'll get on a bus at all; wonder if there is any com-PXQH LQ IDFW 7KDW ZKROH VWRU\ PD\ KDYH EHHQ D FRQYI all accepted, a little dignity for her, an easy out for us.

If she told us her name, I can't remember it. Don't think she did, though. If she'd died in our van tonight, we couldn't have given the police much information. The cops would be wondering what we were doing with a sick old lady, calculating whether we had any part in her death. Then again, maybe she'd be old news to them; a situation WKH\·YH VHHQ EHIRUH -XVW ÁRWVDP IURP D VHD RI SRRU C who's separated from the pack and been left by the road.

An image comes to mind, out of the gospels drilled into me every Sunday of my childhood. The beaten man, left by the roadside, ignored by all but one. And then a thread of memory: "What you do for the least of them …" Ah shit, guilt.

"Jesus."

"Just 'Pete' will do."

"No. Pete, listen. What if we just dumped 'Jesus' at a bus sta tion?"

He stares ahead, twists his lips while he's thinking. When he answers, his voice is low, which is how I know he's not sure. He looks at me. "Do you want to go back?" He shifts gears, slows.

I picture her on that shabby bench, waiting for the next kind stranger. She'll sit there as long as it takes, with the patience of someone who has nothing left.

Pronghorns graze against the western slope in the last light of day. They'll bed down soon, without fear of what the night will bring, or the next dawn. Not thinking of predators, or meals, just following instinct.

I barely glance at Pete. He's driving slower, waiting for me to decide.

Rob Carney

You, You Goliath,

with your All-Knowing Umpire,
All-Powerful Flowing White Beard,

don’t try peddlin’ that door-to-door vacuum here.
What you’ve got is an empty pocket

not something glorious for me,
and you’re upside down

from alpha to omega—way to go!
The Maker owes much to the thing He’s made

and not the other way around:
What artist demands that his canvas

start praying?
What father punishes his son

if he doesn’t sing him hymns?
That’s right. Exactly. The answer is none.

So why do you want to put the world

Why We're Never Far from Water

Because our First Father was a river
and because our First Mother was a lake,

ERUQ ZKHQ WKH UDLQ ÀOOHG D VSDFH
between green hills . . .

because he rushed forth at the world's beginning
from a storm's impatient heart—

one part thunder,
one part searching wide and blue . . .

because always, in her stillness, she was listening
and he was what she was listening for

and she was the reason he looked down cliffs,
behind rocks, never full 'til he was empty . . .

and because we've known such deepening
DQG IHOW VXFK ÁRRGV RXUVHOYHV

now this is The Story of Water, carried in us all.

Today’s Forecast

Loss is such a long ambush. You’re walking, and where did that trap door come from? Then now. And then again now—how high can you count? It’s D JLUO DV SUHWW\ DV D ZDWHUIDOO ,W·V WKH VRQJ \RX play. Guitars aren’t hollow, they’re waiting, but…. Here we can insert any indifferent fact:

- 5LJKW QRZ D OLRQHVV LV \DZQLQJ
- 6RPHZKHUH D IRUHVW OLNH D QHW LV JDWKHULQ
- 7KH (DUWK KDVQ·W WLOWHG PRUH \RX KDYH
- 7KRVH OHDYHV WKRVH EULOOLDQW SDLQWLQJV RQ

All that’s left is the falling.

So go ahead. Your loss will catch you. Always there, more solid than the ground. Look up—what memory does that cloud look like? . . . If the sky doesn’t clear, you might have the company of snow.

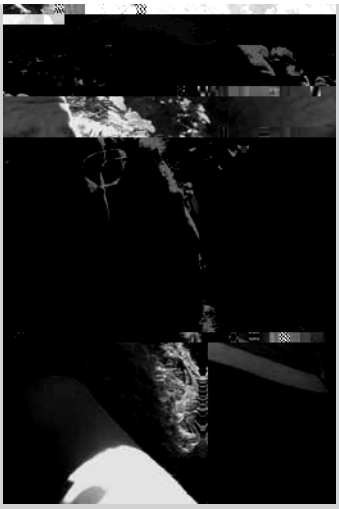

Photo by Jen Woznick

Rob Carney (PhD, University of Louisiana-Lafayette) is the author of Weather Report (Somondoco Press, 2006) and Boasts, Toasts, and Ghosts (Pinyon Press, 2003), as well as three chapbooks of poems. His writing has appeared in dozens of journals, such as American Poetry Journal, Mid-American Review, Quarterly West, Weber and in Flash Fiction Forward (W.W. Norton, 2006).

Paul D. Marks

Terminal Island

John Wayland died yesterday. The death notice ran on page eight of the California section of the Los Angeles Times. He died of pneumonia in the VA Hospital in Westwood, though were you to ask him he might have said he died of loneliness or at the least aloneness. He would be buried in the VA cemetery Friday at ten a.m. Another white headstone in a sea of blanching white headstones, each a soldier marching to a different drummer.

John Wayland died alone. He would be buried alone, except for a couple of military men, who weren't even born when he was in the service. A small Old Glory to mark the grave site.

Mariko Hayakawa didn't ordinarily read the Death Notices or RELWXDULHV WKRXJK VKH ÀJXUHG LW PLJKW EH WLPH WR V at that age. She came across John Wayland's notice by accident, on her way to the editorials on page ten. She saw it out of the corner of her eye. Something about the letters that made up his name, the way they ÀW WRJHWKHU FDXJKW KHU DWWHQWLRQ- 6RPHWKLQJ DERXW mond Wayland, captured her memory. She went to the Victrola next to the CD machine. The technology never mattered to her, only what emanated from the speaker. She dug through the old long play record albums until she found the one with Frenesi, by Artie Shaw. His clarinet came through crystal clear from the fancy speakers her son had hooked up for her.

Mariko sat in her San Pedro living room, the late afternoon sun settling on WKH IDU VLGH RI beyond Terminal Island. Beyond Hawaii. Beyond Japan. A solitary Japanese ÀJXUH LQ D SRVW Edward Hopper room, cold afternoon light streaming

"

"I heard he's a dope ÀHQG µ 7RPP\ .XU said.

"Where'd you hear that?" Mariko wanted to know in that demanding way American girls had.

Tommy pulled his Stetson down over his brow, mumbled and walked away.

It was a Sunday afternoon. Mariko's girlfriends asked if she wanted to go to the movies in San Pedro. The Maltese Falcon, starring Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor, was playing. Emi Kawaratani could get her father's truck. Mariko liked Bogey and murder mysteries well enough, but she didn't feel like going. Instead, she found herself walking the shoreline, wind howling in her ears, waves rushing up against her bare feet. She headed for The Rocks, a pile of boulders that had once been a breakwater or something. She didn't know for sure. On a blustery day like this she would surely be alone.

As she approached The Rocks, Wolfe's novel tucked under her arm, VKH VDZ DQRWKHU ÀJXUH WKHUH $W ÀUVW VKH FRXOGQ·W was too big to be one of the young boys who often played war here, ZLWK VWLFNV IRU ULÁHV DQG GLUW FORGV DV KDQG JUHQDG whether or not to continue on or turn around. She paused in the wet VDQG KHU WRHV FROG WKH VDOW ELWLQJ DW D FXW RQ KH hook in one of the nets she had been repairing.

"Hello." The voice boomed across the rocks, over the breaking waves. It was too late for Mariko to turn around now. She smiled, walked toward him. The stranger.

He was standing on The Rocks, where the water splashed up, where she had once been knocked into the sea. She instinctively felt she should be ready to catch him or at least warn him. She said nothing. He was taller than he had looked from afar. His features more craggy, his noseline the straight, sharp line of a razor. Taller than Bogart, not nearly as handsome as Cary Grant. But handsome in his own way. Today Mariko would say he was handsome in an offbeat way. Then, she didn't have a word for it. He didn't smile. It made her afraid. She wanted to turn and run. Her feet were frozen in the icy water.

He was holding something under one arm. She couldn't tell what it was, hoped it wasn't a gun or knife. They were at least three hundred

“Not good enough.” He explained that he had wanted to be a car -
toon artist for Max Fleischer, who did the Popeye cartoons, or Disney.
He showed her several pictures of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.
6KH WKRXJKW WKH\ ZHUH WHUULÀF 6KH ZDV DERXW WR WXU
his hand landed on hers.

“Wait,” he said.

“What’s wrong?”

“That’s it, that’s all the pictures.”

“There’s one more. I can see it through this page.”

He took the pad from her. What could he be hiding?

“You’re not drawing pictures of the ugly buck-toothed, bug-eyed
Japs, are you?” she said.

He pulled the pad in tighter, clearly not wanting her to see it.
“You’re too young.”

“I’m eighteen,” she protested. “I think you are drawing pictures of
Japanese with thick glasses and buck teeth, just like in the L.A. Times.”

+H KDQGHG KHU WKH SDG DQG WXUQHG DZD\ 6KH ÁLSSHG
page, a picture of Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald and Daisy Duck,
Goofy and several other Disney characters H Q Á D J U D Q W H,-that left noth
ing to the imagination. She felt her face grow hot; she tried to compose
herself quickly.

“You can turn around now,” she said. He did and she handed
him the pad back. “It’s funny,” she said. He looked relieved, until she
added, “Though you are a bit off your nut. Should I be worried out
here alone with you?”

“No more worried than Irene Dunne is with Cary Grant.”

“Then I better worry.” But she wasn’t worrying, she was laughing.
He smiled. It was a nice smile. Open and friendly. She liked it.

J

Imperial Japanese Army was do
Too real.It was a balmy night in

"But why here?"

"I wanted to get away from it all. It's clean here. Cool, but not in the hepcat way. I like it." He turned to face her, looked her straight in the eyes. Her eyes met his. "I like you," he said.

"I like you, too."

He took her in his arms. Hesitated, then kissed her full on the lips. She kissed back. He retreated.

"What would your parents say?"

"This isn't the old country," she said, remembering her father's admonition that she was too American, and they kissed again.

He broke from her, looked off across the porch, to the endless

Will Wells

Gold Panning on the Arkansas River near

After the Storm

And so she rises. Crosses
to the window. Looks out into
the lowlands.
Or let’s say that in her dream

READING THE WEST

read-ing [from ME reden, to explain, hence to read] – vt. 1 to get the meaning of; 2 to understand

WKH QDWXUH VLJQLÀFDQFH RU WKLQNLQJ RI WR LQWHUSUHW RU XQG

! 3) ! .) . $) ! .)34 (%d - % 2) #7 .% 3 4

7KH ÀUVW VLJQLÀFDQW SUHVHQFH RI $VLDQ- ,QGLDQV LQ W
ers from Punjab province who came into Washington state in the early twentieth century from British Columbia. Most then found their way to California and became farm workers and section hands maintaining railroad tracks. Although 85% of them were Sikhs, all were called “Hindus.”

For decades, Punjabi families had been sending sons out of the province to earn money serving in the British Indian military and police services. Many of those who ended up in California had served throughout the British Empire. By 1914 there were some 10,000

the next few years, some 45 naturalized Indians were stripped of their American citizenship, and the Indian population began to register a dramatic decline: the 1940 census found only 1,476 Indians in California, and most of these were part of Punjabi-Mexican families clustered in California's agricultural valleys.

As noted by Vinay Lal, the Punjabi pioneers were followed into the United States by Indian students.

Among Indians who did emigrate to the United States were political dissenters who openly advocated Indian independence, and in 1913 the Ghadr (or "revolutionary") Party was founded in San Francisco, with a weekly newspaper, also called Ghadr, serving as the vehicle for the expression of seditious ideas. Adherents of the Ghadr Party set for themselves the goal of liberating India by all means at their disposal, and after the outbreak of World War I, some dissidents returned from the

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Indian immigration to the U.S. was quite low until quotas were dropped in 1965. Thousands of Indians then began moving to the United States, primarily to the New York metro area. In the 2000 census, 1,645,510 people in the U.S. claimed Asian Indian ancestry.

Several major plateaus and rock formations in the Grand Canyon are named after Hindu gods. They were so named by Clarence Edward Dutton, captain of ordinance in the U. S.

3!.3+2)44(%54!(#!0)4/,

Last year, a “religious milestone” occurred in Utah when its State Senate opened with a +LQGX SUD\HU FRQWDLQLQJ 6DQVNULW PDQWUDV IRU WKH À

Rajan Zed, a prominent Hindu chaplain and Indo-American leader, read the historic opening prayer from ancient Hindu scriptures before the Utah Senate in 6DOW /DNH &LW\ $IWHU ÀUVW GHOLYHULQJ LW -Q 6DQVNULW tion of the prayer.

All the Senators, Senate employees, and visitors stood respectfully with the heads bowed down listening intently during the prayer. Zed sprinkled Ganga-jal (holy water from the river Ganges in India) on the podium before starting the prayer and presented a copy of Srimad Bhagawad Geeta to Senate President John L. Valentine afterward. Sanskrit is considered a sacred language in Hinduism and the root language of all Indo-European languages.

Source: American Chronicle, 15 February 2008; http://www.americanchronicle.com/articles/view/52504

EDITORIAL MATTER CONTINUED

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