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JUNE/JULY 2000

Baltimore's Literary Newspaper



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Plus Literary Happenings in June and July!

TOP STORY

Time to Be a Blabbermouth

Why is this article written? Nobody requested it. Nobody even finds the general subject in the least original. This article was written because, like some writers, I have a compulsion to talk to the world, explain myself (one always needs a defense in these litigious times), to orate, if only internally, to let the stored verbiage out (perhaps the analogy that comes to mind is appropriate). A writer, if the writer is a writer, must write. There are many who think they are writers but they are only thinkers because they only

think about writing and don't write. Writers write. Though this sounds like a second grade reading text, it is the truth. I, a writer because I love pressing letters on a keyboard with one finger (I don't know if there is anything Freudian about that), and because I love streams of words, as long as they don't have to do with finances, law or health, write whenever the compulsion builds like gas. That is probably not a discreet or socially viable metaphor for writing, but it works in illustrating a point. I am usually relieved

after writing. I feel fulfilled. For a couple of minutes.

The main point is that a writer must write to be a writer. Many things conspire to prevent a person from becoming a writer. Their daytime job is suspect number one. It can drain a would-be-writer (hereafter referred to as a wbw) of all energy, power of observation and thought. Teachers, especially of literature and language, have the goals and products of the writing process always in

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Literary June/July

A Bi-Monthly Potpourri of Literary Events

(Watch for more July events in *Lite's* July 2000 Supplement)

Consecutive Reading Series

Thursday, June 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

8:00 p.m.-close. Jazz session and open mic poetry, Xando Coffee and Bar, 3003 N. Charles St., Charles Village. For more info, call (410) 889-7076.

8:30 p.m. Tell the World, open mic poetry and spoken word reading at the One World Cafe, 904 S. Charles St., Federal Hill. Hosted by Tom Swiss. For more info, email tms@infamous.net or call (410) 455-5325.

Friday, June 2, 9, 16, 23, 30

7:00 p.m. Friday Night Music Series and Open Mike. Mariposa Center for Creative Expression, 5000 Berwyn Rd., College Park, MD. Cover charge: \$5. For schedule/info, call (301) 513-9422/(301) 881-8012.

Sunday, June 4, 11, 18, 25

7:00 p.m. The MYTH poetry series, CafeMyth.com, 3421 M St., NW, Georgetown, DC. Open mic followed by 2 feature poets: one from the national scene, one local poet. Feature portion is followed by an open slam, with cash prizes for 1st and 2nd place winners. \$5 cover charge. Hosted by DC Slammaster Tony DeBarr and Nicki Miller. For more info, call (301) 662-1369 or email GalAengus@aol.com.

Monday, June 5, 12, 19, 26

7:00 p.m. SLAMICIDE! poetry series, Paloma's, 15 W. Eager St., Baltimore. Open mic followed by 2 feature poets: one from the national scene, one local poet. Feature portion is followed by an open slam, with cash prizes for 1st and 2nd place winners. \$5 cover charge. Hosted by Baltimore Slammistress Nicki Miller and Tony DeBarr. For more info, call (301) 662-1369 or email GalAengus@aol.com.

Tuesday, June 6, 13, 20, 27

9:00 p.m. Open Reading at Funk's Democratic Coffee Spot, 1818 Eastern Ave., Fells Point. For more info, call (410) 276-FUNK.

Tuesday, June 13, 27

7:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. Writer's Group. Bring 15 copies of your work to distribute for discussion & critique.

Literary June

Friday, June 2

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Cross Keys. Blanche Wiesen Cook discusses and signs her book *Eleanor Roosevelt: Volume 2, The Defining Years, 1933-1938*.

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Annapolis. "Po-

ets' Night Out." Open reading. Hosted by Virginia Pritchett. Sunday, June 4

June 2, 3, 9, 10, 11, 16

8:30 p.m. "La Verbena de la Paloma" will be presented with El Amor Brujo, Hand Chapel (Entrance on W St, NW), Mt Vernon College, 2100 Foxhall Rd NW, Washington, DC. Tickets: \$25 Gen. Adm., \$23 Seniors 65+, \$15 Student. For more info, call (202) 625-4655.

Saturday, June 3

12:00 noon. Enoch Pratt Free Library, Central Branch. The Poetry Discussion Group discusses the poetry of Pablo Neruda.

2:00 p.m. Enoch Pratt Free Library, Central Branch. Loung Ung reads from and signs her book *First They Killed My Father: A Daughter of Cambodia Remembers*.

4:00 p.m. Bibelot-Cross Keys. Michael Collier reads and signs his latest collection of poetry *The Ledge*.

5:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. Irish Book Group discusses *The Man Who Was Ireland*, a biography of Eamon de Valera.

Monday, June 5

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Canton. David Sedaris discusses and signs his new book *Me Talk Pretty One Day*, a collection of short stories.

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. Student Writers Group. Join this committed group of high school student writers and bring your work for feedback.

Tuesday, June 6

1:00 p.m. Herman Bush of the Harford Poetry Society reads his work at the Rockfield Manor, 501 Churchville Rd. (Rte. 22 in Bel Air). Afterwards the Society's Library is open for poets until 4 p.m. For more info, call (410) 877-1625.

The Big Literary "Spot" Lites

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Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City, 4300 Montgomery Rd., Long Gate Shopping Center. Phone: (410) 203-9006.

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Barnes & Noble-White Marsh, 8123 Honeygo Blvd., The Avenue at White Marsh. Phone: (410) 933-9670.

Bibelot-Canton, 2400 Boston St. Phone: (410) 276-9700.

Bibelot-Cross Keys, 40 Village Square, Baltimore. Phone: (410) 532-8818.

Bibelot-Timonium Crossing, 2080 York Rd. Phone: (410) 308-1888.

Bibelot-Woodholme, 1819 Reisterstown Rd., Pikesville. Phone: (410) 653-6933.

Borders-Columbia Crossing Circle, 6151 Columbia Crossing Circle. Phone: (410) 290-0062.

Borders-Towson, 415 York Rd. Phone: (410) 296-0791.

Enoch Pratt Free Library, Central Branch, 400 Cathedral St., Baltimore. Phone: (410) 396-5494.

WordHouse Salon at Minas, 733-35 S. Ann St., Fells Point. Phone: (410) 732-4258.

7:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City welcomes Long Reach High School to an Open Mic Poetry Night.

Bibelot-Timonium. Charles Baxter reads and signs his new novel *The Feast of Love*.

Wednesday, June 7

7:00 p.m. Borders-Columbia Crossing. Literature Book Club discusses Barbara Kingsolver's *The Poisonwood Bible*.

Bibelot-Canton. *Baltimore Sun* journalist Todd Richissin and photographer Jim Graham discuss their book *Fathers and Sons*, a book of photos and essays exploring the trials and triumphs of a profound relationship.

Thursday, June 8

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble-White Marsh. Open Mike Poetry featuring Bryn Lee, who will read from his book *Walk With the Spirit*. Open Mike follows.

Friday, June 9

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Woodholme. Bill Bryson discusses and signs his latest book *In a Sunburned Country*.

Saturday, June 10

2:00 p.m. Enoch Pratt Free Library, Central Branch. Rafael Alvarez reads from his collection of stories *Orlo and Leini*.

Sunday, June 11

1:30 p.m. Members of the Harford Poetry Society read their work at Liriodendron, 502 W. Gordon St., Bel Air, MD. Flutist Katie Cole will perform. For more info, call (410) 877-1625.

2:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble Ellicott City. Join the Wine Glass Poets for feedback on your work or just listen.

2:00-4:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-White Marsh. Kurt Chandler will sign copies of his book *Shaving Lessons: A Memoir of a Father and Son*.

4:00-6:00 p.m. WordHouse at the Minas Gallery. Harrisburg, PA poets J. C. Todd, Marty Esworthy, Lauren Henry and Tom Bickman read their work. \$3 admission.

5:00-7:00 p.m. Poetry & More monthly reading at Harry's, 1200 N. Charles St. Open mic poetry and music. Free. For more info, call (410) 685-2828.

Monday, June 12

7:00 p.m. Borders-Columbia Crossing. Open Mike Poetry.

Bibelot Woodholme. Yorum Hazony discusses and signs his book *The Jewish State: The Struggle for Israel's Soul*.

Tuesday, June 13

1:00 p.m. Susan Lesser of the Harford Poetry Society will read her work at the Rockfield Manor, 501 Churchville Rd. (Rte.

22 in Bel Air). Afterwards the Society's Library is open for poets until 4 p.m. For more info, call (410) 877-1625.

6:00 p.m. Enoch Pratt Free Library, Central Branch. Kenny Baldwin reads from his book *The Unconverted Me* about how he transformed his life from pool hall, fathering children with women he didn't really love, and trying to outsmart the head of a drug ring to help a friend, to a life filled with faith and love.

Wednesday, June 14

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Timonium. Robert Crais discusses and signs his newest thriller *Demonstration Angel*.

7:30 p.m. Maryland Writers' Association meeting, Maryland Hall for the Creative Arts, New Annapolitan Room (306), 801 Chase St., Annapolis. Program: "Crafting and Publishing My Memoir: A Lawyer-Feminist's Story." After 36 years as an attorney and executive with the federal government and multinational corporations, Sonia Pressman Fuentes has released a warm, humorous memoir: *Eat First: You Don't Know What They'll Give You*, about her childhood, family, and career. Free to first time attendees and MWA members; \$5 donation for others. For more info, visit the web site: www.marylandwriters.org.

Thursday, June 15

7:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. The American History Book Group discusses Isserman and Kazin's *America Divided: The Civil War of the 1960's*.

Friday, June 16

7:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. Meet members of the "Maryland Romance Writers" group including Robin Bayne, Linda Shertzer, Lorree Lough, Ann Knoll, and Mary Jo Putney. The authors will be available to sign books, answer questions and give advice to novice writers.

8:00 p.m. Lite Verse at Bibelot-Timonium. Featured: poet Joan Allen. Open reading follows. Hosted by Dave Kriebel. For more info, call (410) 719-7792 or email lite@toadmail.com.

Saturday, June 17

1:00-3:00 p.m. The Lite Circle presents Poetry in the Shade, open reading and discussion group. Something Special Coffee House, 504 Main St., Laurel. This month's themes: father, heat/warmth, and graduation. Free. Hosted by Hilbert Turner Jr. For more info, call (410) 889-1574 or email lite@toadmail.com.

Sunday, June 18

4:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. Philosophy Book Group discusses Marcus Tullius Cicero's *The Nature of the Gods*.

Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. The Diverse Diversions Book Club discusses Mario Morgan's *Mutant Message Down Under*.

Monday, June 19

7:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. Laura Lynds, a member of the Baltimore Writers' Alliance, will be the guest instructor for the "Writing Workout."

Bibelot-Cross Keys. Cultural historian and Johns Hopkins professor Morris Berman discusses and signs his new book *The Twilight of American Culture*.

Tuesday, June 20

1:00 p.m. Carol Bindel of the Harford Poetry Society reads from her work at the Rockfield Manor, 501 Churchville Rd. (Rte. 22 in Bel Air). Afterward the Society's Library is open for poets until 4 p.m. For more info, call 410-877-1625.

6:30 p.m. Enoch Pratt Free Library, Central Branch. Poet E. Ethelbert Miller discusses and signs his book *Fathering Words: The Making of an African American Writer*.

7:00 p.m. Borders-Columbia Crossing. Elkhorn Theater Troupe reads from *Arsenic and Old Lace* by Joseph Kesselring.

Bibelot-Woodholme. Elinor Lipman discusses and signs her latest funny and sophisticated novel *Ladies Man*.

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble White Marsh. Reading and signing with Dan Fesperman, author of *Lie in the Dark*, and Ernesto Quinonez, author of *Bodega Dreams*.

Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. The Prose Works on Poetry Book Club meets. Facilitated by Alfred Sanders.

Wednesday, June 21

11:00 a.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. Leon Rose, author of *September Songs*, details the lives of local seniors and their activities.

7:00 p.m. Borders-Columbia Crossing. Mystery Book Group discusses Linda Grant's *Lethal Genes*.

Bibelot-Timonium. Dan Fesperman reads and signs his mystery thriller set in Sarajevo, *Lie In The Dark*.

Monthly reading series, Riverdale Book Shop, 4701 Queensbury Rd., Riverdale, MD. For schedule/info, call (301) 277-8141.

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble White Marsh. Local Author Series. William D. Coughlan reads and signs copies of his book *Legacy or Love*.

Thursday, June 22

10:00 a.m. Bibelot-Woodholme. The Pikesville Seniors reading Group discusses Margaret Atwood's *Cat's Eye*.

7:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. A Novel Idea Book Group discusses *Like Water for Chocolate*.

Friday, June 23

7:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. Open Mic Poetry.

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 Watch this space for details.

Lite Verse at Bibelot

Fri. June 23, 8 pm, Bibelot-Timonium
 Featured Reader: Joan Allen
 Open mike follows.
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NOTICE

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 new email address is:
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Lite Sightings:

THEATRE REVIEWS

The Country Wife. The Shakespeare Theatre, 450 Seventh Street NW, Washington DC, April 9th, 2000.

The Country Wife is a comedy, published and probably first performed in 1675, written by the 18th century English playwright William Wycherley. It has been considered by many to be his finest work for its sharp satiric elements: the attack on social pretension, sexual hypocrisy, polite greed as well as the corruption and exploitation of town manners and licentious freedom and attitudes during the Restoration period—a time of gallantry and courteous seduction when high society was supposed to pretend moral scruples, lie to attain the pleasures of the flesh, and secret sins were not disclosed.

The central figure of the plot is Horner, a witty, cynical and amoral libertine. A Mr. Pinchwife (David Sabin) comes to London for the marriage of his sister Alithea (Elizabeth Long), taking with him an artless young girl, his new wife Margery. His excessive jealousy and boring warnings against wrongdoing put ideas into Margery's head and when she eventually is seduced by Horner, she naively protests that she's merely behaving as any other town ladies do, taking "the innocent liberty of the town." Alithea's suitor, Sparkish (Floyd King), loses her to a new lover, Harcourt (Gregory Woddell), through the opposite fault of excessive trust and stupid credulity. At the end, the roguish Horner, who has become a sort of sex machine, spreads a false report that he is impotent as a result of an operation for the pox, retaining then access to the favors of Lady Fidget (Elizabeth Meadows-Rouse), and gaining the admiration of Dainty Fidget (Helen Hedman) and Mrs. Squeamish (Robin Moseley), each of them believing that he had sacrificed his reputation for their sake and the family peace. Pinchwife pretends to believe Horner's allegations and excuses concluding that "...cuckolds like lovers should themselves deceive." The play ends with a gracious and well choreographed cuckold's dance.

Skillfully directed by Keith Baxter, each character depicts what they are supposed to reveal in that predominant tone of licentious intrigue and boisterous atmosphere: Leigh

Lawson as the devious and wily Horner was a brilliant and amusing dissolute. Tessa Auberjonois, as Margery, beautifully presented the unskilled and impudent squire's wife and was remarkable in the scene where Pinchwife forces her to write a letter repelling Horner's advances. The director was instrumental in bringing forth the pungent flavor of the dialogues, the bawdy fun of the situations which by the way transpire scenes from Moliere (*The School for Wives* and *The School for Husbands*); and also the keen satire that describes that excess of caution which in the long run brings about very feared consequences.

This mendacious society of deep-seated lewdness that used sex as a game was harshly and realistically approached, and the exchanges among those stereotyped characters, as designed by the playwright, were exceptionally set like vaudevillian comic routines. Wycherly, in his era, was branded as obscene and ironically admired by some, but condemned by others.

MEAGHANGREYSON

The Elephant Man. The Vagabond Theatre, Baltimore, MD, May 7th, 2000.

This play by Bernard Pomerance, presented by The Vagabond Players, was based on Joseph Merrick's plight, popularized in a 1971 book by Ashley Montagu.

The real name of the so-called Elephant Man was Joseph (John) Carey Merrick, who was born August 5th, 1862 in Leicester, England. He was discovered by doctor Frederick Treves when he was exhibited as a professional freak. In 1885, clinical findings at the Pathological Society of London claimed a diagnosis of a disorder known as "dermatolysis and pachydermatocoele." His figure was described by this medical lecturer, Dr. Treves, as a degraded version of a human being due to his head deformities resembling a heavy cauliflower-textured growth; the skin covered by heavy papillomata (warts); the right arm enormous in size and shapeless, although by contrast the left arm and hand were completely normal and delicate. Many years later, the diagnosis was revised and pronounced the "Proteus Syndrome" after his remains were xrayed and a complete tomography was done.

The play centers on Merrick's tragically brief life, specifically the last four years of his stay in the London Hospital (1886-1890). It was brilliantly directed by Barry Feinstein,

who amazingly brought out the skills of Christopher Millard (John Merrick) in his marvelous transformation, without a special make-up, mask, or any sort of visual effects at all, creating the magical illusion to the audience that he was in effect the grotesque incarnation of this ironically sensitive creature. This gifted actor not only reminds us of the famous Philip Anglim who in 1979 also played the part of Merrick, on and off-Broadway, at The Booth Theatre; but also surpassed the acting of John Hurt in the 1980 David Lynch film.

Very impressive were the acting of Tom Blair (Frederick Treves), J.R. Lyston (Carr Gomm) and Laura Gifford (Mrs Kendal).

Rescued from an ignominious life, John Merrick achieved a certain degree of human dignity until his death by asphyxiation, at 28—being then the victim of his yearning to be like other people and not an animal—when he lay down to sleep like them.

MEAGHANGREYSON

Scapin. The Vagabond Theatre, Baltimore, MD, March 5th, 2000.

This 1671 classic comedy (*Les Fourberies de Scapin*) by Moliere, presented by The Vagabond Players, is an adaptation by Bill Irwin and Mark O'Donnell, who also adapted the same in December 1996 for the Roundabout Theatre Company. This adaptation still reveals the influence of the Italian commedia dell'arte through the eyes of a 20th century director, but with the invincible spirit that made Scapin epitomize the triumph of the farce.

Scapin is Scapino, a character of the *commedia dell'arte*, one of the "zanni" which evolved into the cunning Scapin of the *Comedie Italienne* cleverly portrayed by Moliere. This hilarious comedy, set in Italy, centers on the masterminding endless plots of a shrewd servant, Scapin, who tricks two fathers, Argante and Geronte, out of their money to help their respective sons, Octave and Leander, who needed this money to support their lovers. The girls are unacceptable to their parents because Hyacinthe (Christina Joy Walton) is an orphan and Zerbinette (Megan Blazer) a gypsy. Scapin undertakes to straighten out matters, only making them worse and complicating things through continuous ruses until it is ultimately revealed that Hyacinthe is the long-lost daughter of Geronte and Zerbinette the long-lost child

Continued on page 8

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Adrian clutched his cup of coffee defensively as Mrs. Keemish clopped around the living room in dense, burdened movements. He placed one of his hands on the coffee table and regarded it dispassionately. It was a large hand; white with slender fingers, that of a pianist really. It would have been better had he chosen music over art, he thought.

"All I'm saying," Mrs. Keemish wheezed out of her great mouth, "is that you're young and strong, perfectly capable of working."

Adrian shifted on the couch.

"I've been generous," she said.

She let out a heavy sigh and regarded him with narrowed eyes, rubbing a large, arthritic thigh, through an oleic-yellow housecoat. Adrian had been living with Mrs. Keemish, the woman who is mother whom he does not call mother all of his life, nursing a private and secret misery. He knew she did not mean what she said. He was the ship and she was the anchor, dragging him down as swiftly and easily as night envelopes day. He also knew about the lie.

He studied Mrs. Keemish as she traipsed across the floor tossing the newspaper onto the TV tray next to her shabby Lazy Boy. He had always tried hard to be an obedient son, always tried hard to please Mrs. Keemish, the woman who is mother whom he does not call mother.

When he was a small boy she would scold, "Wear your galoshes, that wet water will give you a death of cold." He wore his big, grey sloppy galoshes even though the other boys at school made fun of him. "Don't forget sunscreen, lots of sunscreen, else the cancer could get you." The way his mother said 'the cancer' made Adrian think that it could break into his house at night, steal into his room and get him.

By the time he was a teenager he yearned to be gone. He spent endless hours in bed thinking up elaborate plans; stealing her car and driving across the country or taking her credit card and buying an airplane ticket to Canada. He never intended to remain at home past his eighteenth birthday. And now here he was, almost thirty! He'd let go of his independence somehow, surrendered it to Mrs. Keemish. And time had exacted changes in their relationship. They had become imbedded in familiarity, descending, like sediment, to the bottom of a pond. Her shrew-like voice skirled at him, jabbing words, until he thought his ears would bleed. Adrian shuddered.

Mrs. Keemish sat down and scratched her belly, clicking her remote as the television answered in obtrusive reports. Always the television, as if the woman didn't have an original thought in her head. Adrian's eyes glazed over as he watched the infernal screen. Mrs. Keemish finally settled on a hopeless game show with contestants groping for fabulous cash and dazzling prizes and he wondered about the first time that he heard the lie. Had he been five? Seven? Ten? He'd found a painting in the basement. An oil portrait of a beautiful woman with a face he would never forget. She had carnelian lips and eyes that were black obsidian pools. Her face was framed with long, untamed hair in Dresden-brown. When he'd shown it to his mother, she snatched it from his hand like so much garbage and muttered hateful epithets about his father. "Lousy, good for nothing, shiftless, spineless, two-timing bastard!

Adrian Keemish Leaves Home

by

Katrina Prado

Illustration by Vonnie Winslow Crist

Never gave an honest day's labor and left me with all this *responsibility*," she'd hissed, with balled fists on her hips, eyeing young Adrian. Mrs. Keemish's scourging of Adrian's father came regularly, like advent or lent; her booming voice rising like a great prayer. But Adrian knew his father was an artist and inside his young body, he knew he was just like his dad.

The episodes began when he was very young, always on the days his father would leave. His father left frequently back in the early days. After withstanding long tirades from Mrs. Keemish, and unable to stand anymore, Adrian's father would evacuate the house, returning in a day or two. The trouble was that after every return, his father looked diminished somehow. Lacking and insufficient, as if every time he left, he lost a small piece of himself out in the world that he was never able to recover. It wasn't until Adrian was grown that he finally realized his father's leaving wasn't what was shrinking him, it was the coming back home; but by then it was too late.

Mornings commenced with a relative calm, and only a hint of sniping over the breakfast cereal and the frozen orange juice concentrate. Adrian caught words like 'finances', and 'deplorable' and 'employment' seeping from beneath Mrs. Keemish's breath as she moiled through the kitchen. Adrian's father sat at the table anxious to get to his canvas and easel. With his back to his wife, he slipped a cool, brown liquid into his coffee and winked at his son. But later, Adrian found himself dodging Mrs. Keemish's captious voice as it barbed his father with vituperative

remarks. His father's face and clothing was stained from his paints, like blood from fresh wounds. Adrian hid in the corner on the floor of his room covering his ears, whispering "marmalade, marmalade, marmalade," in an effort to drown out the noise, though he could nearly palpate the anger that floated through the air. Only in his room with his door closed, could he escape the rancor that filled the house, looming like a beast with gnashing teeth.

At some point in time his father would leave, and Adrian felt his stomach begin to hurt. Long, terrible spasms that felt as if someone were reaching inside, grasping his intestines and squeezing very tightly. He cried out in spite of his pain and Mrs. Keemish would come in, lift him onto the bed and lie beside him. Her body was large and humid and as she stroked the hair from Adrian's forehead; pressing her warm, moist flesh into his own she would whisper certain things. Indulgent, loving things that frightened Adrian. Mrs. Keemish would then begin to cry and her hot, heavy tears mingled with her sweat blanketed Adrian, and at first he had to concentrate very hard to overcome his revulsion. But soon, he began to settle below the resistance. Soon, he convinced himself that he believed in the deception: he was protected and secure. He learned from Mrs. Keemish, the woman who is mother whom he does not call mother that the outside world was evil, and only with her was he safe. Look what leaving had done to his father. And though he would have traded everything he owned to be free of her, a very small part of him could not let go of the fragile conviction

that maybe, just maybe, she was right.

In spite of Mrs. Keemish he loathed leaving the safety of the house. Stepping beyond the confines of the porch sent him into fits. His brain swirled in corkscrew spins until he thought he would choke on his own fright. She called his episodes panic attacks but never suggested anything be done about them. She said that having panic attacks was like having blond hair or green eyes.

Mrs. Keemish set the remote on the TV tray and sighed.

"Don't forget, I'm going out later. It's my bridge day at Dolores Nesbit's. I'll be late."

He wanted to leave, but where else was there? His "episodes" had kept him in the house for several years. Adrian looked into his black coffee. Steam rose like mist from the Rwandan Mountains. He ran a hand through his long, stringy hair.

By the time he was sixteen, his dad had been gone for years and he and Mrs. Keemish subsisted on her social security and an appallingly modest paycheck she received each week as a delivery person for the Penny Saver. He told her he was thinking about art school in New York. Her face went white and she teetered like a stack of blocks about to topple. She fell onto the couch and rubbed her forehead with her palm and moaned. "How can I manage all alone? My health is bad, you know that." Adrian didn't know that, but he brought a cold cloth for his mother's aching head and never mentioned art school again. Before he became completely housebound, he used to sneak his art supplies, brushes and paper, sometimes small canvases, into his room and carefully hid everything under his bed. He painted at night when Mrs. Keemish was sleeping. He'd run out of canvas and paper years ago and had begun painting on the insides of his dresser drawers. He painted several paintings on the walls behind the furniture and now, even in inconspicuous places on the floor itself; but he was running out of room, literally.

Adrian sipped his coffee and closed his eyes to the early morning sun as it spilled through the grimy window.

"I threw them away," she said during a Pine-sol commercial.

Adrian looked at her large, drooping profile.

"What?"

"Your paints. I threw them away."

She lowered the sound briefly and regarded him with steely eyes.

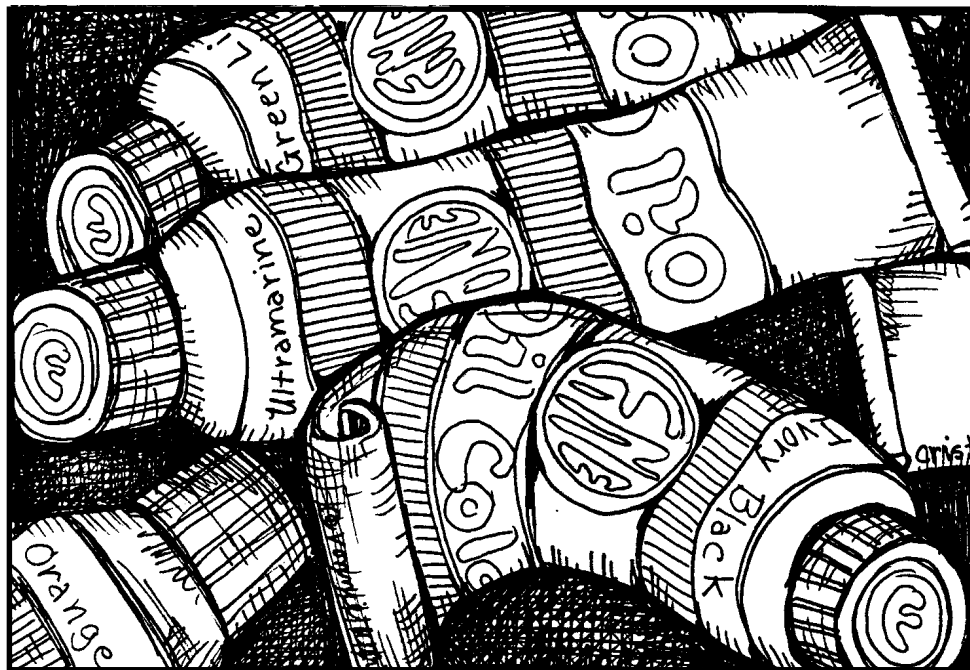
"Enough is enough. You're turning out just like him, that flaccid, anemic jellyfish, and I won't have it. I mean it Adrian, I won't."

She stood up, switched off the television and stomped out of the living room on her gigantic clown-like feet. Adrian's anger fell around him like a cape of breaking ice. His skin suddenly felt cold and he sat very still. He listened to her sounds upstairs as she struggled to calm his breathing. The squeak of the bathroom faucet, the creak of her closet door, her clumping feet in their heavy, black shoes. She came back downstairs stuffing her hands into dainty, white gloves.

"I'm going to Dolores Nesbit's now."

He remained silent. She left, closing the door soundly. Adrian pushed down the sterling ache that clung to him and walked with labored steps upstairs to his room. He tried to think, but his mind felt muddled. He looked under his bed and found everything gone. His

Continued on page 12



Mrs. Emma Banks

So I went to the candy store
to buy a Pinata for Jenny's
birthday party, you know, that
candy store at the mall.

Anyway,
I went inside and I was checking
out the pinatas, and let me say right
off, that store is so expensive.

Well,
while I'm looking around I see
a display of fudge. And you
know, I haven't had fudge since
Mark took us to Ocean city.

That was before he left his job
at Dell.

So I was looking at the fudge,
especially the chocolate cherry
one, and it was almost eight buck
a pound, but I just had to buy some.
But I couldn't decide what I wanted.

They had a chocolate orange one
that looked like a pumpkin, and a
block of peanut butter that looked
so soft, I bet you could
carve into it and make a statue
or something.

But then I noticed something
buzzing around in there, in the
fudge case. They had somehow
trapped a fly
in the case of fudge.

And
there he was, bumbling and
buzzing around like nobody's
business.
Then he landed on the maple
fudge, and
I swear he must have been eating
it. And you know how flies eat.

Well, I looked up at the boy behind
the counter and I told him about it.
I told him that he was careless and
sloppy,
and that all that fudge was ruined.
He let
it get ruined.

But he didn't seem to give a damn,
so I left without getting anything.

Dante Brewer

Time's Movement

The Shaker Village at Sabbath-day Lake, Maine

Even the July air is motionless.
The sunlight, too.

Time should be arrested here, unmoving.

In the apple orchard above the road,
the trees stand in their measured rows,
their leaves and branches waiting
through the day for wind.

Below the road, the clapboard buildings,
shadowed line on shadowed line ascending,
squared, plumbed, leveled,
dazzle even the sun's white glare.

Then a Shaker sister strides
across the open space
between the dwelling house and barn,
white sneakers blurring as she steps,
and a lamb comes bleating
to tug at the nipples bottle
that she brings.

Time moves.

Louis Miles

our plate

rolled rice in seaweed—
sweet cucumber slices, green,
firm, erect amongst
sesame seeds. your chopsticks
(splintered pine), lift pink ginger.

Lori Janis

sheets

white linen hangs, wet
with morning dew, below cedar
limbs. a spider weaves
furiously, drawing lines

from my sheets to your sage bush.

Lori Janis

Names in Lite

•**Dante Brewer** (*Mrs. Emma Banks*) is a young, unpublished writer. He was born in Pennsylvania and has lived in the Northeast and Mid-Atlantic all his life. He is currently studying for a degree at Western Maryland College. He says about *Mrs. Emma Banks*: "I wrote this poem while working at a candy store, during the horrendous January slowdown that comes after all the Christmas presents have been exchanged for something good. I was frustrated, because this lady kept complaining about the prices, as if I had anything to do with them. The poem started as a caricature of her, but it actually got me to see things from her side, or at least what could have been her side. We didn't really talk."

•**Meaghan Greyson** (*Lite Sightings*) was born in New York and raised since almost a baby in Switzerland, London, and central Europe until 1959 when she permanently returned to America. She received a doctoral degree at the University of Georgia. For years she worked as a consultant but on the side wrote and still writes for newspapers in New York, Los Angeles, London and Sydney and also for the well-known internet magazine, *Theatre World*. She now lives in Columbia, MD and continues to write theatrical reviews.

•**Lori Janis** (*sheets, our plate*) is an aspiring poet majoring in creative writing at the University of Baltimore.

•**Louis Miles** (*Time's Movement*) is a poet from Asheville, NC. He has published poems in many magazines and journals, including *motive*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Hyperion*, *The Shaker Messenger*, and *Appalachian Heritage*. At Boston University he studied poetry writing for three semesters with Robert Lowell. He was for many years a member of the faculty at Warren Wilson College.

•**Katrina Prado** (*Adrian Keemish Leaves Home*) has had short stories published in *Affair of the Mind*, *Chrysalis Reader*, *Jus' Write*, and *Woman*. Her material has been accepted for publication in *Potpourri*, and she has just begun work on her fifth novel. She resides in Brentwood, CA.

•**Meg Scofield** (*Fly Fishing*) writes from Kensington, MD. Her work has appeared recently in *Buffalo Spree Magazine*, *Happy*, and *Potomac Review*; and is forthcoming in *Art Times*. She is a graduate of the University of Virginia and Johns Hopkins University.

•**Chester Wickwire** (*Closure, Stone Comfort, That'll Be Me*) is Chaplain Emeritus of the Johns Hopkins University. He is a Baltimore poet and long-time civil rights activist. Until recently he was Chair of the Maryland Advisory Committee to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. His poems have appeared in *The Baltimore Review*, *Slant*, *The Maverick Press*, *The Comstock Review*, and *Fox Cry Review*. In 1998 he published a collection of mostly autobiographical poems, *Long's Peak*.

I was at the cash register and Mr. Sipes stood at the end of the conveyor belt bagging a customer's groceries when a can of corn slipped from his hands and hit the floor.

"Belinda," he whispered urgently, "your mother's here."

"Not again," I said, looking over my shoulder toward the parking lot. The summer had been hotter than normal, without rain for nearly a month, although that was no excuse for Mom's outfit. Her high-heeled sandals hit the rubber mat and the double glass doors flung themselves apart before her. She paused there in the entrance, oblivious to the cool air rushing past. Her nails must have just been painted because she waved her fingers gingerly at me, careful not to let them rub against one another. Mr. Sipes raised his arm in a sort of salute, but she was already bending over the stack of plastic shopping baskets. At length, she selected one and wandered towards the grapefruits, metal handles tossed across one bare arm. Behind me, Mr. Sipes exhaled softly.

The gray-haired woman checking out fanned herself. "I certainly hope that can didn't get dented."

There were no other customers behind her. After she had gone, I rolled the sleeves of my T-shirt up to the shoulder the way the manager had forbidden. Mr. Sipes took out a handkerchief and dabbed his face. We were both keeping an eye on my mother.

First she shuffled through the mushroom containers, ruining their orderly display. Then, feeling the tomatoes, she let out little squeals at their overripe condition. And though she handled all the heads of red-leaf lettuce, she didn't put any into her basket.

Soon she lost interest in the produce and moved out of view.

"Where did she go?" Mr. Sipes asked.

At the back of the store, the meat manager said something in a boisterous tone that he normally didn't use with customers. Mom responded with loud laughter. I pretended like I didn't hear, got out the spray cleaner and wiped the scanner glass. "Never mind her," I said. "Tell me about your plans for Wednesday." Mr. Sipes and I both had the same day off.

"It all depends," he said, "I might go fly fishing." He checked his reflection in the glass windows and patted the strands of hair which had fallen across his forehead back into place. Suddenly, his restless movements stopped. "Belinda," he whispered.

Raising my head, I saw Mom strolling down the aisle toward us, narrow heels steady on the waxed floor. At my register, she placed a single grapefruit on the conveyor belt. The fruit was in pretty bad shape, dented and discolored, skin sticky when I picked it up. That, and a pack of napkins, were her only purchases.

"I'm on a diet," she announced, placing the shopping basket into Mr. Sipes' eager arms. Her perfume was very strong.

The total price flashed on the register, and Mom took her time paying. One hand searched for her wallet in the compartments of her purse, the other hand gestured. "Every ounce goes right to my hips. Just look at me."

I cracked my knuckles to show I wasn't paying attention, but Mr. Sipes kept nodding at her. He had forgotten all about bagging.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I seem to have left

Fly Fishing

by

Meg Scofield

Illustration by Vonnie Winslow Crist

my money in the car." She waved her fingers helplessly.

Mr. Sipes set the basket on the floor. He reached into his pocket, pulled out three folded dollar bills and passed them to me. "My treat."

"What a considerate man," my mother said. "How can I ever thank you?"

In one motion Mr. Sipes reached over and caught hold of her pinky. "Evelyn," he said, "would you go out with me on Wednesday?"

Mom pursed her lips. "I believe I'm free on Wednesday. What time should I be ready?"

"Six o'clock in the morning."

"In the morning?" My mother tried to shake her finger free, but Mr. Sipes held on.

Just before five a.m., I heard her alarm go off in the next room. At her door, I listened; no noise. "Time to get up, Mom," I called, knocking. "Don't forget you have a date."

Inside, I flipped on the light and she cringed, pulling herself to a sitting position. If she wasn't my mother, I wouldn't have recognized her. For sleeping she wore an oversize cotton gown with long threads hanging from the sleeves and a hole worn through the shoulder. The slight flaws of her face, a rash of new pimples across the chin and pale, almost squinty eyes, were more noticeable washed clean of foundation and mascara. Her long hair, not yet arranged and sprayed, hung over her ears, pressed flat on one side from the pillow. I thought she looked beautiful.

"Mom," I said, "the trout could care less about your makeup. Go without any, please, just this once."

Shaking herself all over, she threw her legs over the side of the bed. "You know me better than that, Belinda." She stood up, yawned and disappeared into the bathroom. The water began to run full-force.

Thirty minutes later she emerged, wrapped in an enormous towel and pouting. "I don't have anything to wear."

Together we opened the double doors to the closet and went through her wardrobe, hanger by hanger. What she said was true. She owned dress after flimsy dress, not even one pair of jeans.

"How about borrowing my sweat pants?" I said.

She wrinkled her nose.

Eventually we located some white shorts folded in the back of a bureau drawer. "Those are so old," Mom complained, but she pulled them on.

"And no high heels," I said, selecting the closest thing to solid footwear I could find, white canvas tennis shoes with the price tag still dangling from the laces.

Mom frowned when she regarded herself in the mirror, started plucking and tugging impatiently at her clothes. "There's no time for that," I said, taking her arm and leading her downstairs.

It was still dark outside, so I turned the porch light on for Mr. Sipes. Mom sat on the stoop, dazed, staring at her feet.

Soon headlights appeared over the ridge and Mr. Sipes pulled his pickup truck into our driveway. Checking my watch, I noted that he was right on time. He jumped out of the cab to hold the passenger door open for my mother. "The radio predicts fine weather,"

he said.

Mom didn't answer. Instead she took hold of my wrist and dragged me down the stairs with her.

"Hey," I said.

She blinked at Mr. Sipes. "You don't mind if Belinda tags along?"

Clearly he wasn't enthusiastic, but made no objection when Mom and I slid onto the vinyl bench seat. Mom sat in the middle. As soon as we started to move, she crossed her legs and began to chatter happily. Mr. Sipes steered without a word, glancing sideways at her from time to time.

The day before, after I got off from work, I had picked up Mom and taken her into Hancock to buy a fishing license. "Come on, Belinda, you get one, too," she had said. Now she took out her wallet and showed Mr. Sipes where she carried the paperwork, tucked right behind her library card.

When we arrived at the Potomac River, although the water wasn't visible yet in the gray light, we could hear rapids through the open windows. He parked the truck and we walked single file down a thin dirt trail swerving toward the water. Mr. Sipes led the way. Even though I offered, he wouldn't let me help carry either the two rods or any of the tackle. Mom followed some distance behind us, picking her way daintily through the Sycamore roots. When the trail widened into a trampled stretch of dirt looking over the water, Mr. Sipes stopped. "This is my favorite spot," he said. "See the view?"

I thought there wasn't much of one. People had been here before, tried to build a fire ring by piling small stones in a circle. Ashes spilled out of the loose barrier and charred tree limbs had been strewn about. Weeds spread over wrinkled beer cans. I counted three empty, flattened cigarette packs. A half-filled carton of chicken livers, which Mom poked at with one tennis shoe, left a dark smear across the toe.

"Disgusting," she said.

Mr. Sipes turned. "Bait fishermen," he said. "What a waste." Pulling a grocery sack out of his vest pocket, he snapped it open and began to stack the trash inside with efficient motions. He threw the burnt tree limbs into the woods, then scattered the stones and ashes. In five minutes, the place was transformed. "Now, would you like to see my flies?"

"I have to go to the bathroom," Mom said.

We all looked around.

"There's a rock," I said.

Mom wrung her hands.

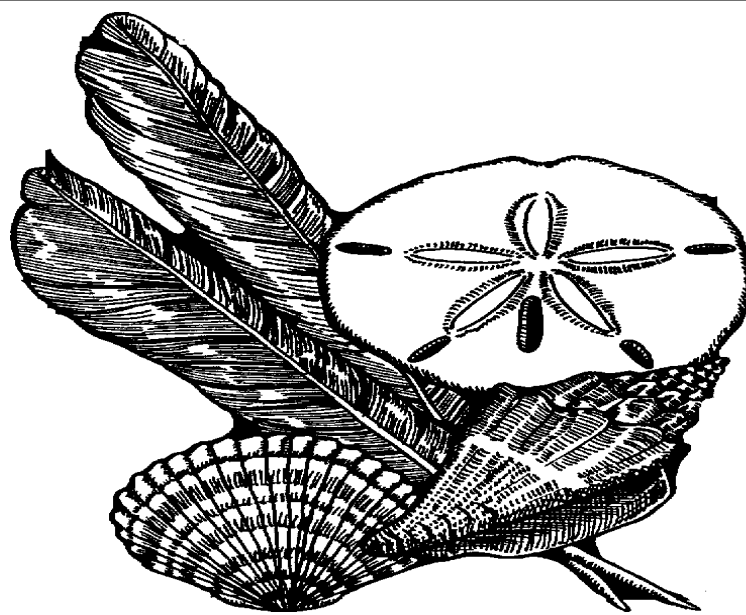
"Don't worry," I said. "No one's going to peek."

The rock's sloped surface hid her from view. Mr. Sipes went down close to the water and kneeled in the sand with the rods. I followed him. "Your hooks have no barbs," I said. Each piece of arcing metal had a small ridge where he had flattened the point with pliers.

"Catch and release," he explained. "The hook slides out of the trout's jaw without doing a lot of damage. That way, the fly doesn't get torn apart, either."

While he was talking, Mom emerged from behind the rock. The rising sun flashed off her white shorts. Mr. Sipes stood up and shielded his eyes as she tiptoed toward us. I

Continued on page 11



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2000 Issue.

Lite Sightings, cont. from page 5
of Argante. When the ingenious efforts of Scapin are rendered useless, he feigns a terrible accident to win their sympathy and forgiveness.

This frolicsome play was skillfully directed by Ann Mainolfi, who presented the rich contrasting characters while revealing a unity of intent and a harmony of tone. The coarseness of the slave of antiquity is brilliantly softened as well as the violence of a ruffian from Italy: "A crafty artisan of machinations and intrigues," no less gifted in cunning and cowardice than the traditional "zanni" but his instinctive baseness is heightened with a sort of "bravura." The influence of the farce is emphasized in the comic situations expressing rage, surprise, and frustration between Geronte and Scapin.

The role of Scapin was performed by Mark E. Campion, whose compenetration with the character showed traces of the Scaramoucia (Scaramouche) acting of Tiberio Firelli, its creator, as described in the famous chronicles; performed, however, with greater differentiation and sensitivity, which are chronologically acceptable.

Tony Colavito, as Silvestre, is magnificent with his "buffooneries," heavy gestures, topical jokes, confirming that the plight of the clown is not aided by his words but by his actions; and creating an emotional response from the audience with laughter and delight.

The stock characters Geronte (Bruce Godfrey) and Argante (Vince Kimball), their two sons Leander (Kazy Brown) and Octave (Patrick Yeoman)—both with a thick and pasty make-up—were typical in the *Comedie Francaise* as well as the gentle keyboard music interpolated by Georgette (Liz Dunbar).

Les Fourberies de Scapin was performed at the Palais Royal on May 4th, 1671. The first American production of *Scapin* (Scapino) was presented in repertory at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in May, 1974 and subsequently staged on Broadway.

This *Scapin* adaptation for American audiences did not lose the Moliere vein: never moralizing in the usual and strict sense; depicting the most perfect expression of the French spirit, the form that Rabelais would have called a "pantagruelism" in describing a comedy that deals with serious matters with an aura of broad and somewhat cynical good humor; a certain gaiety preserved in defiance of fortuitous events, a positive attitude of mind.

MEAGHANGREYSON

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LITERARY NEWS

Cont. from front cover

front of them, though in the form of student compositions such goals and products may be like misshapen potatoes. However, teachers, though submerged in the literary world (of a sort), must spend years of their life reading and correcting student compositions. It is like being a golf pro who doesn't have time to enter tournaments, because he has to putt around with duffers. (That may not be a very nice analogy. We should be nice.) People of other occupations, like government workers, have an even more difficult time writing, because writing is considered in their world like crocheting, the occupation of a grandmother in a rocking chair. The world at large has no reverence for writing or crocheting, both skills in making something. The world only appreciates making money and sandwiches. Creative writing is what teachers on sabbatical do. The world of commerce requires undivided loyalty to its nose-to-the-grindstone goal of making money. Let no dream, except that of a sale, enter a merchant's head.

Does it all sound too polemical? I am a *wbw* frustrated by having too much work unrelated to writing to do. Maybe, for my sanity, it is good that I do. That everyday work and obligation at the office and home prevent me from having blocks of free time to waste. The work gives me a valid excuse for not writing a novel or a series of poems. You can't tell me (me, I'm telling you) that I would write more than I write now if I had all the time in the world. The *wbw* is a self-deceiver, is a liar, a social misfit and miscreant. Television-watching skills trump writing skills every time.

Of course, the *wbw* has to have something to say. That can be a problem. A writer may be driven to communicate an experience or observation that has touched them deeply. A *wbw* is a mediocre sort of guy or gal. Life isn't bad. The moon comes up in the east like the sun and sets in the west. The sky is sure pretty at times. The clouds even look like...feathers....mmm, isn't that original... "clouds like feathers fly across the sky..." A *wbw* can write lines like that every now and then. It is just the effort to get out of the chair, to get over to the desk for paper or the computer...oh well, let me remember that thought. Next week. Yeah, next week I'll write a poem with a sunset in it and clouds like feathers.

Of course (again), this article is (yes, is) being written by a *wbw*. So how come the lethargy has been shaken off for the moment? Well, there are people who are blabbermouths. Everyone knows someone who is a compulsive talker. The talkers become writers when nobody listens to them. The paper or computer screen listens. Writing is also a way to enjoy the sound of your own words again and again. You could record them but writing reinforces sound with sight. Two senses are better than one (imagining how it feels carving your words in wet sand—oh, three senses).

Why this article was written, besides having my name attached to something again, (always a prime mover that!) was a little incident of no consequence, dumb really, that appears to have no logical relation to the subject at hand, but disturbed my *wbw* pattern of life.

In mid-May as the rain poured, after many depressing, suffocating days of gray cloud, I found myself walking from a giant bookstore chain. I had my umbrella up and was deep in a *wbw's* observations and thoughts, when a worker at the store was walking back to the store without an umbrella. This guy was drenched. I made the conscious decision (it was conscious and a decision) to say something to this guy. I said, "you've got to get an umbrella." I had spoken briefly to this guy in the past year or so, as I had delivered Lites for circulation, but I don't know this guy. I just wanted to be friendly. Why? I haven't figured that out yet. But I'm basically a friendly guy. No complex motivation needs to be ascribed. Maybe I just needed to reach out to the world. It had been a depressing week. Well, the guy looked at me. Grabbed my umbrella and punched me in the nose.

No, that didn't happen. He was in a trance of his own. Looked startled for a second after my comment; then just ignored it and walked on. Well, okay! My comment was obvious and stupid. The guy was enjoying the solitude of his own soaking. I am just one of those busybodies on the street who might say anything to anyone at anytime. The world goes on. But (and this is a big but) a blabbermouth who is also a writer will write his experience down. The blabbermouthiness and the sting of crossing the social barrier and having the tennis ball hit you right in between your *wbw's* eyes. Oh! The would-be-writer becomes a writer. Makes the time to ease out of the social pain of crossing into somebody else's space and being driven back into his own self-centered thoughts. (This incident is just some slight social discomfort with some half-drowned guy. The discomfort of being ignored or put down by a beautiful woman—oh, it is infinitely worse!).

This article was written to put everything in perspective and to immortalize, if we can get carried away, what can happen when you talk to strangers. Or something like that.

DAN CUDDY

Need an event covered? Call News Editor
Dan Cuddy at (410) 882-4138.

SPOTLIGHT

Poetry Meets Balticon 34

Once again *Lite* was proud to host the poetry program at Balticon 34, the annual convention hosted by the Baltimore Science Fiction Society this past Easter weekend at the Baltimore Omni Inner Harbor Hotel. The poetry workshop and science fiction poetry reading attracted a small but enthusiastic audience. *Lite* extends thanks to author Darrell Schweitzer for sharing with us his highly entertaining poetry. We also enjoyed chatting with SF writers Catherine Asaro, Robert Stack, Mark E. Rogers, and Nina Boal while exploring the convention (if we inadvertently left someone out, we apologize).

Special thanks to *Lite* members Vonnie Crist, Wendy Stevens and Dave Kriebel for their participation and hard work, and BSFS members Mark & Jul Owings, Colette Fozard, Lee Anne Dinkin and Hal Haag for their help & support. *Note:* Balticon 35 has moved to Memorial Day weekend in 2001. Join us again at the Omni for Baltimore's premier SF convention. (For more info, see ad this page.)

On the Lite-er side, we award Andrew Bergstrom's play *Babylon Soup 5* out of 5 on the "nyuk" scale; the Omni an earless chocolate bunny for having no food service on Sunday morning (it was bad enough we had to go to work, but *hungry?*); and the dealers' room a thumbs' up for some kick-butt silver jewelry. Someone hinted that *Galaxy Quest* (which also garners 5 out of 5 on the "nyuk" scale) might be shown in the video room, but we consoled ourselves with a later purchase from the Suncoast Motion Picture Co. (An idea for next year: in-lift movies between hotel floors. It could work.) Other recommendations: the RIF charity auction, the Masquerade, the Art Show, and the Young Writers Contest (contestants must reside in MD; be no older than 18 years of age as of the date of Balticon; submissions limited to 2500 words. First, second, and third place winners TBA at Balticon. See website for full details.)

SF readers: Join BSFS for the SF Book Discussion Group that meets at 2 p.m. the third Sunday of the month. BSFS also holds club meetings at 8:30 p.m. the 2nd Saturday of each month at the BSFS Clubhouse, 3310 E. Baltimore St. For more info on BSFS/Balticon, call (410) 563-2737 or visit the websites: www.bsfs.org/www.balticon.org.
PATTIKINLOCK

Poetry Reading at Old Salem Weathers Storm

Despite the stormy weather, the May 10th "4th Annual Poetry Reading" at Historical Old Salem Church on Ingleside Avenue in Catonsville drew a respectable crowd to hear local poets. Featured readers were the poets of Quatrain, a group of six women poets living in the Baltimore area, and Stacy Tuthill, editor of SCOP Publications. Quatrain includes Danuta Kosk-Kosicka, Denny Stein, Hilda Davis, Kathleen Corcoran, Liliane Roy Anders, and Norma Chapman. The program also featured organ music by Marshall Anders. Each poet's voice was unique, based in each poet's particular experience, making for a diverse and entertaining evening.

DAVID W. KRIEBEL

Lite Reading: BOOK REVIEWS

The Ledge, by Michael Collier. Houghton-Mifflin. 60pp., hardbound. \$22.00.

Readers of Michael Collier's latest collection of poems, *The Ledge*, will find that he has built upon his strength of finding significance in the apparently insignificant objects which surround us, and which we use and discard, leaving mute evidence of our living. The poet views these objects and their users in the frame of mythology, using them to point to a greater reality. Collier has called himself "a great literalist," but his literalism is not a sterile one. Like the clay statues of a Hindu gods, which may be purchased as necessary for a festival and then discarded, his poems are made of earthly things, yet point to something beyond themselves. They, like the statues of gods, constantly return to the clay from which they are made.

This sort of symbolism permeates the book, along with the rituals in which the symbols are enacted. This is appropriate to the mythological nature of the book, which includes a large dose of Christian and classical allusions. Collier uses his Catholic boyhood, served under the tutelage of Jesuits, to provide occasions for spiritual and psychological illumination. Like the hero Odysseus—who appears in the first poem—Collier journeys homeward in this book, inviting us to do the same, and showing us the way.

Collier's use of language is impressive. He uses the range and power of English to its full advantage, conveying nuances of meaning in a manner rarely seen in this age of soundbites. His poems move with precise deliberation from one image to the next, appropriating and subverting elements of twentieth century pop culture. When he uses form, it is unselfconscious, melding seamlessly into the poems without a set form. Here is a poet fully in control of his work—and not afraid to use his own life to sustain it.

DAVID W. KRIEBEL

The Red Leaves of Night, by David St. John. Harper Perennial. 86pp. Paperback. \$13.00.

David St. John is a Gustav Klimt of words. The strength of his poetry is the elaborate and ornate imagery that bathes his scenes with an exquisite beauty. The subject of his poems is sexual desire, the consummation of it and the corresponding afterglow, and the heartbreak of love thwarted by satiation or indifference. The poems possess a cerebral sensuality. The first lines of the first poem of the book describe his tact.

The figure you
Remains the speculative whip of my aesthetic

As in the latest chapter I've been writing
Called "The Erotics of the Disembodied Self"

The book is divided into four sections. The first, *Nocturnes & Aubades*, has an almost otherworldly imagery, an imagery equal to Rilke or Keats or 19th century French poetry. To get an idea of its beauty I will quote *The Pear*—

Tears are like luck, they come last
To those who most deserve them—

The powdered china of your body,
Its porcelain sheen in the streaked pulse

Of scalding moonlight. Smoke rises,
Pumping above the city's black towers:

Yet as the tea of the night's ghosts
Seeps into your limp hands, already

The fortune told by its leaves begins
Honing itself into a tiny locket

Shaped not like a heart but like that one
Miniature pear we saw on Ponte Vecchio,

Carved of marble, the top of a thumb:
White as fear: petrified pearl—

Fallen, stunted tear of the goddess.

Is there any great philosophic revelation here, or any great commentary on society and the human condition? St. John's poetry is not about discursive argument, except the most basic of one, the primacy of fevered desire and the chill of absence. St. John's poetry is about sensibility and the revelation of rarefied layers of feeling. In some poems the dirt of ordinary human existence has been transformed into a rich humus in which exotic flowers (poems) grow. In other poems like *The Lecture*, touches of mundane vulgarity combine with the wondrous imagery to startle one's take on reality. Here with humor, but also estrangement, the "F" word was never used with less vulgarity in a poem, though the intrinsic quality of that "F" word is absolutely present. But vulgarity is not David St. John. He is far from a street poet. His words create visions—visions like music. He says as much in a poem titled, appropriately enough, *Music*:

It became my passion to explain everything
With music even the randomness of starlight or death

The second section is a single poem, *Memphis*. There is no other poem about Elvis Presley quite like it. The third section is *Fleurs Mystiques*. If these poems were painting, they would resemble the Pre-Raphaelite canvases. The last section, *The Red Leaves of Night*, has all the exquisite imagery and the literary illusions that traipse through the other poems, but the subject matter portrayed is more imbued with the clarity of sunlight than the mystery of moonlight. St. John has a unique sensibility in this age of prosaic anecdotes. Reading his work, entering into his scenes, is an experience that may change one's view of the world. And, if the world of one's life can not change from a blunt homeliness, certainly his poetry adds a delicate sensuous beauty to the imagination that provides, if not escape, at least the possibility.

DANCUDDY

Have a book review?
Have a book you'd like reviewed?
Want to suggest a book?

Send it to: Wendy Stevens,
Book Review Editor, The Lite Circle
P.O. Box 26162
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Or, you can email your comments to:
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LIFE AFTER THE PAIN

Have you ever thought about Life After the Pain? The pain from abuse you suffered at some point in your life. Have you ever wondered whether you'd survive the effects from it or be able to forgive the abusers? Well, the book entitled *LIFE AFTER THE PAIN* is a true story by *Blanca Rosa Wright*, who endured many years of abuse, came out victoriously, and shows you how you can do the same! Pick up a copy today at the following bookstores: Columbia Celebration Center, Life Way Christian Books, All That Gospel, Cokesbury Christian Books, North Star in Westview & Security Mall, Olive Branch Bookstore, Upward Way, and Lord & Bible Store. For more info, please call (888) 403-9943.

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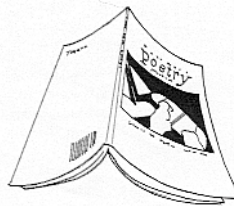
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Society's Page

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Maryland Celebrates the Arts

At the gracious invitation of Wayne Shipley, Director of the Chesapeake Center for the Creative Arts in northern Anne Arundel County, The Maryland State Poetry & Literary Society got to be on hand for the unveiling of a new exhibit at BWI Airport on May 2, 2000. The theme of the unveiling was "A Century of the Arts" in Maryland. In addition to the two literary tables, airport patrons were treated to quality jazz, a cherubic children's chorus, and displays of selected visual artists. Lt. Governor Kathleen Kennedy Townsend appeared right on cue, and seemed to genuinely enjoy herself. Although sales were slow, airport workers & patrons approached our table to offer their appreciation for the idea of poetry in the airports. Now if they would just ask for it at the Hudson Newsstands, we'd all be better off...

*Reported by Blair Ewing

Visit MPR and MSP&LS at <http://marylandpoetry.org>

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

It's almost summer and that means it's almost time for ArtScape, Baltimore's premier festival of the arts, featuring great food, wild music, outstanding art and performance, and all sorts of literary arts opportunities. This year, as we have for the past ten years, Maryland State Poetry & Literary Society will be sponsoring a booth in the Literary Arts Tent. And as always, we would like to meet some of you, make some new literary friends. Get to know us by volunteering an hour or two during the festival. Pick your day; pick your time. Everyone who sends in the coupon below, becomes part of a pool to win a *Maryland Poetry Review* T-shirt.

Yes, I would LOVE to be a MSP&LS ArtScape volunteer.

Name: _____
Address: _____
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I would like to volunteer on
____ Friday, July 21 from _____ to _____ (choose hours between 6 and 10 PM)
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____ Sunday, July 23 from _____ to _____ (between noon and 10 PM)

send the coupon to Maryland State Poetry & Literary Society, Drawer H,
Baltimore, MD 21228-or email

Household Words

Friday, May 12, MSP&LS hosted a publication party at the Holt Center for the Creative Arts for Elisabeth Stevens, winner of our 1998 chapbook contest. Stevens' prize-winning manuscript, **Household Words**, is the centerpiece of a book containing essays about writing to heal as well as an interview with the poet and reproductions of her artwork. The party featured a reading by the poet as well as a book signing and a champagne reception.

(For those of you who have never been to the Holt Center, you are missing out on one of Baltimore County's treasures. Located on Elmont Ave. off Kenwood Ave., the Holt Center is an artist colony run by Michel Burgard. The grounds feature walking paths as well as a maze and all sorts of outdoor beauty right on the edge of Baltimore City! If you're traveling out Bel Air Road from Baltimore, why not take a picnic lunch and enjoy the Holt Center?)



Broken Goldenrod, by Stevens

Writing To Heal – All are invited!

Sunday, July 16 at the Minás Gallery on Anne St. in Fells Point, Elisabeth Stevens along with Anne Barney, Rosemarie (MiMi) Zanino-Bracken and Barbara Simon will read from and discuss **Household Words**. Moderated by Rosemary Klein, whose interview with Stevens is featured in the book, the afternoon's conversation will center on the healing properties of poetry and writing.

Bring your own ideas, some note paper and questions for an afternoon that promises to be both reflective and creative. The conversation begins at 4:00. Any questions, call 410-744-0349 or visit our web site <http://www.marylandpoetry.org>



Evergreen, by Stevens

Review

Pinned to the Corkboard

Poems by Anne Barney
\$8.95 Pudding House Publications Chapbook Series
Reviewed by Daniel Cuddy

Anne Barney's new book of poems is about pain, anger, and an emotion that is almost despair. Saying this may drive a few readers away, but I hope it doesn't. Her poems are about the commonplace losers in the game of life that we all are at one time or another. They depict the inner and outer conditions of the mother of a fifteen-year-old boy still in diapers, of an aging high school teacher who has given up drink but can't give up sexual desire though the apparatus doesn't work, of a war veteran with hooks for hands, of a "Repeat Offender, Patient of the State." Her poems are vividly written in no excess style, and her imagery is crisp, clear, telling in the emotional shadows that it portrays.

So much poetry is a tale of the whining "I" from the "woe is me" school. These poems are not like that at all. What is remarkable about Ms Barney's poems is the empathy she shares with her characters. Writing many of her poems through male eyes, Ms. Barney in "A Strong Pair of Shoul-

ders", about the man with hooks for hands, takes the reader inside a men's restroom and the thoughts natural to it. I don't know if many male poets would be able to pull off a scene in a woman's restroom as successfully as Ms Barney does here.

Ms. Barney's poems use point of view with an ironical twist. In "So There" the speaker is the second wife of an auto mechanic. The first wife is a poet. There is a little satire of the image of "Ms. New Age" woman poet, and the poem is about child support, jealousy, and the child of that first marriage, a girl with cerebral palsy. The narrator's attitudes to those conditions, and the fact that "my kid can play the trumpet" creates a poem of complexity that will surely stop reader's to question their own attitudes to conditions hopefully of less magnitude in the reader's own life.

There are poems of less extreme circumstance such as "Influence" which describes the influence of mass popular culture and its ever present ideals have on a beautician. The height of ambition is:

God, if I could have anything,
Make me skinny and beautiful,
Going someplace in a taxi,
In shiny to-die-for pumps.

The poem that begins the book, "Finger Pointing," and the poem that ends the book, "Confessions of a Professor," are probably the most apt poems framing a book that this reviewer has ever seen. The first is about a young girl's impulse to "identify / all the guilty parties" including, of course, her mother. The last poem is a college professor's reaction to the poems written by such writers as the girl in the first. Ironically, the professor has a manuscript that "has not been read / by anyone but publishers." But here is what the professor does with his students' poems:

He wrote these comments:

"I have made your poem a paper jet
And aimed it out my window,
Hoping it will crash with no survivors;"
And
"I have made your poem a paper doll
And pinned it to my corkboard;
I placed a thumbtack squarely in its heart."

This little chapbook costs \$8.95, and it is worth every penny. My only quibble is not with the poems but with the proofreader. In the poem "Out of Reach" it reads "She enters the room, / all leather and Texas. / Paints [*sic*], as tight as a second skin." "Paints" must be "pants," but such a lapse is the strokes of the proofreader's brush does not detract from the art and humanity painted in this excellent chapbook.

Poetry

Loss

-Walter Kuchinsky

He'd seen, really seen, only
reds, yellows, greens and blues
most of his long life.
Near the end of his long life
he saw, really saw,
browns, black, grays and white.
He wonders why he hadn't seen,
really seen, them before.

Glasses

-Sarah Parsons

In my next life I dream to be
an old musty piano
in a grandmother's sitting room
one that creaks and groans late at night
heard only by the cat
curled up underneath, head resting on the pedals

the family would put pictures on top of me
and leave glasses of iced tea on me in the summer
then come back late when the fireflies are out
and find stains from glasses etched into the wood

and they would play me at Christmastime
while they laid their sticky candy canes on me
and let them soak up the dust
and they wouldn't notice as they sang jingle bells
and kissed under the mistletoe
and as night wore on
the children would slump to their rooms with a peck from
each adult
and the fire would suffocate itself to a tiny flame
and the adults would leave their glasses of half-drunk
eggnog to be cleared tomorrow.

What's in a name?

-Andrew Packard

Yesterday I was morning blush,
But now I am stability.
A while back I was a naked shipwreck,
But I am forever striving to become
The Invincible Effigy.

I see the stars in my name
And I see cool waves
Of blue, bluer, and purple
And in the corner whispers the soft pink name of
the author
Of my name.

I hang sweetly on the pure white page.

Fly Fishing, cont. from page 7

could tell she had sand in her shoes. She limped the last few steps. "Did I miss anything?"

"Look at these flies," I said. "They're gorgeous." Striking twists of fur and feathers clung to his vest.

"I tie them at night after work--mayflies, caddis flies, flying ants," he said, pulling the hooks off his vest one by one and holding them up for Mom.

She reached out one lacquered nail and tweaked the wings.

Mr. Sipes blushed. "Do you like them?"

But Mom had lost interest and held up one foot, rotating it at the ankle. "I want to take off my shoes," she said.

"Too dangerous," I said. "You won't be able to walk."

"Who wants to walk?" Tipping her chin, she left us standing there. She pulled herself to the top of the rock and untied her tennis shoes, tossing them to the ground.

"Come back here," I called through cupped hands.

"I'm staying where I am," Mom hollered back. Slipping the hem of her tank top through the neck, she tugged the fabric tight to expose her midriff. "Go ahead without me." She removed a small vial from her pocket, moistened her palms and began smearing baby oil over her outstretched thighs.

With effort, Mr. Sipes shifted his attention to me. He shrugged, trying not to show disappointment. "Maybe she'll join us later."

I picked up the second rod and together we waded over slippery stones into the deeper current. As the water pressed against my calves, I forgot about Mom. I was wearing Mr. Sipes's waders, cinched at the waist, clumsy on my lower legs. Moving slowly, only about two feet per minute, I didn't want to alarm the fish. Mr. Sipes showed me how to find the trout, to search for their circular ripples in the still, shady pools close to the shore and check the pockets on either side of rocks lodged in faster water. He reminded me to keep observing the insects and their behavior so I could send out a believable fly. He coached me on casting techniques, demonstrating, right arm flexing, glancing over his shoulder to see whether Mom was watching.

After I tried handling my rod and line a few times, Mr. Sipes left me on my own, while he side-stepped farther down the river. Every cast he made was smooth and accurate, fly landing ever so gently on the water's surface. I marveled at such graceful confidence which he never displayed in the grocery store. Above all, I hoped that he would catch a fish. Scanning the river, I imagined a massive trout lying close to the bottom, lured at last to Mr. Sipes's fly. After a grueling wrestling match between man and fish, with much splashing and cursing, Mr. Sipes would triumphantly land his exhausted catch. Mom, shouting encouragement from her rock, would descend and plant a kiss on his cheek. Then the three of us would reassemble the fire ring and cook the fish on the spot.

However, neither Mr. Sipes nor I had any luck getting the fish to rise. We waded through the water until the sun was high and mosquitoes bit the back of my neck. The fabric of my T-shirt felt sticky with sweat. By then Mom had been without shade for some time and

when I checked on her she held her hand to her brow in exaggerated misery. I signaled to Mr. Sipes that I had given up. Heading for shore, I kicked the stones, purposely sloppy. The rod rested against my shoulder, line dragging. "Oh, who cares?" I said, cranky, touching the sunburn across my forehead and nose. That's when I heard a rigorous slapping on the water behind me. The rod was nearly jerked from the crook of my elbow and Mr. Sipes was heading in my direction. "Don't fight," he called.

By then I had balanced myself, gripped the rod properly and extended a fair amount of line. All at once, my surroundings stilled: the trout, with the hook in its jaw, sank to the bottom of the river; Mr. Sipes stopped, waiting about ten feet from me, panting softly; on the rock, Mom sat up and hugged her knees. I was the center of attention.

"Take it easy, Belinda," Mr. Sipes said.

I felt my inexperience.

"Your mother's watching." Mr. Sipes caught his breath.

That was all I needed to hear. For once she would be caught in uncertain suspense, waiting to find out how I would act. More than anything, I wanted to put on a good show.

Mr. Sipes kept talking. Although never interfering, he advised me the whole time in a low, even voice. He told me when to leave the trout alone, when to coax it forward. The trout was surprisingly strong, yellow-brown in color with spots of red and black dotting the back and sides. As it swam close to the surface I estimated the length to be eight inches. My arms ached, but I refused to let the rod drop. It wouldn't give up either. Alternatively, it headed straight toward me, then turned upstream, once leaping clear of the water. Probably ten minutes passed before the trout, still resisting, was close enough and tired enough to bring ashore. Mr. Sipes handed me the net and I scooped the struggling body into the air. At last we staggered out of the water.

Mom refused to get down from the rock even after Mr. Sipes removed the hook from the trout's jaw. "That thing is repulsive," she said.

"Ah, you're wrong," Mr. Sipes said. "This one is lovely." The trout rested against his palms, square tail flapping slowly.


I reached forward and touched the yellow lower fins. Mr. Sipes nodded and returned to the river's edge. Bending, he placed the trout in the shallow water. "Why doesn't it swim?" I said, alarmed.

"It will," Mr. Sipes said. He slid the trout back and forth, allowing water to pass through the gills. Finally it shook its tail free, twisting away into the current.

"I want to go home," Mom said. "I think I'm coming down with poison ivy."

When I heard her tone, I thought we'd finished with fly fishing. There seemed no other choice except to gather up the gear, hand Mom her tennis shoes and head back to the pickup truck, but I was wrong. Mr. Sipes wiped his hands on an old dish towel pinned to his vest, then found his rod.

"What are you doing?" Mom said.

Mr. Sipes reached up to give her limp ankle a squeeze before facing the river. In a moment he had waded as deep as his thighs. He tossed his arm back, sending out an admirable cast and I knew he'd keep trying for a little longer. 

Closure

When I reflect on closure of my days
I swear my life's been brushed by poetry
That lets me ride high with melody,
Sing through dark nights, hold room for hope when rays
Of sunlight are cut off to leave bleak maze.
Unmargined time unlocks a door. I see
Tuned lines, hear sounds, find breaks that set me free
For rhythm, rhyme in verse, a cause for praise.
But damn the wait to watch the last sunset,
While twilight sneaks up at a slinky pace,
No sweet assurance of redeeming grace.
No matter if the game's been straight roulette
I know that I've been lucky in my turn.
Too many never sing songs in the sun.

Chester Wickwire

Stone Comfort

At the top of Independence Pass
tiny phlox survive tall air, short centigrade,
Wind and snow, clinging tight to earth,
Accepting shelter from a stone.

Chester Wickwire

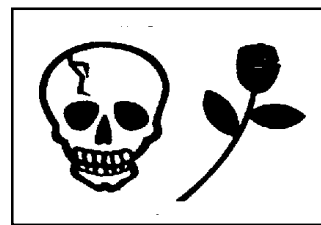
That'll Be Me

When I left Tompkins East One Ward,
Joe Williams, one-time bookie, bootlegger
said "I'm going to look you up when I get out.
I'll chase you down like a hound chases a rabbit. Some day
you'll sure enough see a yellow taxi stop at your church
and a keen little guy wearing a bow tie that's squeezing his throat
will get out and come and sit down in a pew and that'll be me."

Chester Wickwire

The Lite Circle Announces a NEW Anthology:

Through A Glass Darkly



New Mystery/Gothic Horror/Dark Fantasy anthology is **open for submissions until April 1, 2001** (or when full). Needed theme appropriate: stories (under 2,500 words), poems (under 50 lines), and essays (under 2,000 words). Check with editors for other non-fiction. Editors: Vonnie Winslow Crist, David Kriebel, P.E. Kinlock. Assistant Editor: W.H. Stevens. Anthology will be issued in a 6" x 9" trade edition of about 190 perfect-bound pages and will debut at Balticon 2001. First time rights preferred. Pay: in copies at this time. To submit, please send your work along with a reading fee of \$3 per poem and \$5 per prose piece to: ***Through a Glass Darkly***, % Lite Circle Books, P.O. Box 26162, Baltimore, MD 21210. All reading fees will be waived with an advance order of 2 books at our low advance price of \$9.95 each (total: \$19.90)—final price after publication will be higher. **Please, original work only** (no copyrighted characters, e.g. *Star Trek*, *Dark Shadows*, etc.)

[To see the kind of work the editors selected for their 1999 anthology, ***Lower Than the Angels***, which featured work from Neil Gaiman, Jack Chalker, A.C. Crispin, Lawrence Watt-Evans, Bud Sparhawk, Balticon Young Writers Contest winners (age 18 and under), and many more, send \$17 (check or m.o.—includes postage) to: Lite Circle Books, P.O. Box 26162, Baltimore, MD 21210. For more info, email: lite@toadmail.com.]

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(when possible)

Only the majority
Has the right to overthrow
Except when
The majority
Denies the minority
Their constitutional rights
Then the one
Has the right to overthrow
ATTICUS MARCUS

Local journalist and author Audrey Carpenter
debuts her first memoir
"Wings of Light"

It is the story of her mother's battle with
cancer and her father's subsequent remarriage
within the year after her mother's death.
An interesting look into how the adult children
in the family came to terms with not only losing
their mother, but also feeling as if
they had lost their father too.

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Adrian, cont. from page 5

paints, brushes, both palette knives, all of his sketching charcoals, his small jar of turpentine; eradicated. He sat down at his table overwhelmed. Hopelessness orbited his heart as he opened the top drawer and reached with confident hands to the pint of Kessler he'd filched from Mrs. Keemish, the woman who is mother whom he does not call mother. He quickly finished what was left, looking doubtfully around his room. At times he thought one moment of death could bring more happiness than all the pleasures of life combined. He wanted another drink but the Kessler was gone. He knew Mrs. Keemish kept a small bottle of gin in her bedroom. Gin would be good.

He rummaged through her drawers. His hands felt around the wool sweaters in yellows and pinks, beneath the scarves in bold fuchsias and reds, throughout the enormous white and beige nylon slips and panties that smelled like powdery lilac. He had a vague sense of guilt as he uprooted her mammoth brassieres. He scoured the shoeboxes underneath her bed and even checked beneath her pillow but he couldn't find the gin.

"Oh for God's sake," he muttered, standing up.

He went downstairs and rifled through her Perry Como and Boots Randolph albums in the living room credenza. He knocked over a fat, plaid ceramic Santa, sending it crashing to the floor, shattering it to pieces. He weeded through her yellowed plastic place mats with faded marigold borders, and red and white gingham tablecloths, tipping over ancient canisters of Sterno fluid from her long lost fondue pot. He didn't bother closing the credenza doors before moving onto the kitchen cabinets. He pulled boxes of macaroni and cheese to the floor. A large opened box of Bisquick fell, spilling moguls of snowy dust on the linoleum. Several cans of tomato sauce, creamed corn, and tuna fish fell into the lumpy white flour as Adrian searched in vain for the gin. He moved methodically, from one cabinet to the other, spilling condiments, cans and boxes onto the floor. Eventually he came to the cabinets above the sink where the dishes were kept. As he opened the door and began tossing out the dishes, he realized he no longer wanted the drink. As the dinner plates crashed, one by one onto the floor followed by the cereal bowls and water glasses, he realized that Mrs. Keemish, the woman who is mother whom he did not call mother was right. Enough really was enough.

After every cabinet was emptied and every dish broken, he approached the back door of the house. He swallowed hard, calming his pounding heart. He opened the door, faced the yard and stared at the seemingly mile-long driveway that ran along side the house, back to the garage, back to the ragged aluminum garbage can. The sunlight sliced into his eyes like a butcher knife. The ground felt unsteady and he found himself testing the next step with the toe of his shoe several times before actually taking the step; as if he were walking on cracked ice. A wave of nausea rolled through him.

He walked to the driveway beneath enormous hundred year-old pepper trees with branches that drooped like suffocating arms. The morning air was sharp and hurt his lungs. On the side of the garage, blackberry bushes

engorged themselves across the senile wooden fence. The pungent scent of eucalyptus drifted through the air. He fought the urge to tear back to the old house. Bluejays screeched from the treetops and a redwinged black bird darted by on a zephyr that ruffled Adrian's hair. He squeezed his eyes shut and told himself to relax. His heart pounded louder in his ears. He looked around with skittish eyes surveying the chaos. Rocks and leaves were scattered every which way, irregular branches of trees criss-crossed in jagged patterns against the sky, and spider webs dangled from the bushes like demonic pentagrams. It was like dragging his eyes over broken glass. When he moved, dry leaves crackled around him like kindling; particles of dust swirled into his nostrils. Adrian groaned.

He girded his chest with a pale breath of courage and shambled and plodded with infinite steps down the driveway, as the large aluminum can glittered before his eye like a priceless amalgam. He held his breath as he lifted the lid, not daring look, but unable not to; and, like a miracle, they were there. Slumped in a confused pile lay his tubes of paint, Pompeian red, Tyrian purple, absinthe, all of them together mired with his charcoals and brushes. He fought the sublime smile that crept over his lips. He pushed down nebbish giggles, tried to ignore the rolling guffaws that escaped from his lungs as he gathered his beloved things. Adrian strode back into the house like Alexander the Great marching through Persia and set his tools and paints in the middle of the living room floor.

With great potency and malice he shoved the television and its spindly stand to the corner, sending it crashing to the floor. He ripped from the wall Mrs. Keemish's lewd cross-stitch sampler of brightly-colored absurd, leering cats. With vehement might, he tore off the singular shelf that housed several dust-burdened hideous Precious Moments figurines.

After clearing the wall from its encumbrances, he took a charcoal and began his mural-size portrait. The lovely face that had been imprinted into his mind as a child; he pictured her perfectly, and of course, long ago guessed that the mysterious woman in the painting he'd found was his father's lover. He sketched quickly, intensely. From the blue, a melody from Puccini's *Turandot*, "Popolo di Pekino!" entered his mind and he began humming as he painted. Carefully, he recreated the beauty, whose face covered virtually the entire living room wall. Adrian took pains over every detail, the arch of her brow, subtle shading denoting her majestic, high cheekbones, and most especially her black, obsessive eyes. He painted her eyes in such a way that no matter where in the living room he stood, it appeared that her eyes followed him.

After several hours he finished, exhausted. His shirt was drenched with sweat. He sighed in deep, abiding appreciation. He dropped his paintbrush to the carpet and sat in Mrs. Keemish's Lazy Boy which used to face the television, but which now faced the radiant portrait. As he pulled back on the worn wooden handle extending the footrest, he had only one thought: won't Mother be surprised.



LyteBytes, cont. from page 15

her life forever. Fri. & Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. 7 p.m. Info: (410) 563-9135

Aug. 17-Sept. 3, Fell's Point Corner Theater, directed by Richard Dean Stover. **Ancient Geeks** by John W. Teahan. Thurs.-Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. 7 p.m. Info: (410) 276-7837.

Ticket prices vary between \$10-\$12, with discounts for seniors and students. There is a season subscription at \$40 for six tickets which can be used in any combination for Baltimore Playwrights Festival shows. Make check payable to: Baltimore Playwrights Festival, 251 S. Ann Street, Baltimore MD 21231. Please include a *self-addressed stamped envelope*. To leave a message, contact the BPF office at (410) 276-2153.

■ On June 16-17, Higher Ground Productions will present the second annual **Mid-Atlantic Music and Arts Festival: MAMA Fest 2000** at the Maryland State Fairgrounds in Timonium, MD. International national, and local acts will bring jazz, blues, zydeco, latin, gospel, reggae, and roots rhythms to the in-field stage at the Maryland State Fairgrounds during this two-day music festival. Line-up:

Friday, June 16: Ratdog featuring Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead, the subdues Reunion Concert, Merl Saunders with His Funky Friends, Cold Mountain Rhythm Band. Gates open 5 p.m.

Saturday, June 17: Dr. John, the subdues Encore Performance, Toots & The Maytals, John Mayall & The Bluesbreakers, Nathan & The Zydeco Cha Cha's, The Kelly Bell Band. Gates open 11 a.m.

A portion of the proceeds benefit the Mid-Atlantic Music & Arts Foundation, a non-profit organization dedicated to raising social, cultural, and environmental awareness in the Mid-Atlantic region. Tickets are \$25/day in advance, \$35/day at the gate, \$40/weekend in advance or \$50/weekend at the gate. Available through Ticketmaster and Hecht's. To order, call (410) 481-SEAT (Baltimore); (202) 432-SEAT (D.C.); (703) 573-SEAT (VA). For more info, visit the MAMA Fest website at: www.MAMAFEST.COM.

■ **Crescent Cauldron eZine** is presently seeking submissions for its Spring/Summer issue. Theme: "Celebrating the Gods: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow." Poetry, fiction, artwork, photos, etc. Deadline: July 1, 2000. Mail: (w/ SASE): PO Box 5607, Baltimore, MD 21210. Email: crescent@dreamhaven.net. Website: http://crescent_cauldron.dreamhaven.net. Non-thematic submissions also considered. Science fiction/fantasy/humor/essays welcome.

■ The Cin-City Creative Artist Alliance in conjunction with NuVisions Presents the **First Annual Poetry, Short-Short Fiction, & Photography Contests**. The theme of the contest is: "The Art of Eye Candy: An Erotic Celebration & Exploration of Black Love." Deadline: September 1, 2000. Prizes: \$150 cash prize awarded to the winner of each category; \$50 cash prize awarded to overall 2nd place winner; \$25 cash prize awarded to overall 3rd place winner.

Submission Guidelines:

Poetry—Send two typewritten copies of each poem, one of which should include name, address, phone number, and title of

poem (limit 4 poems). Each poem should be no longer than 40 lines. Poems must be previously unpublished. Included a \$5 entry fee and \$2 for each additional entry.

Short-Short Fiction—Length must not exceed 1000 words. Stories must be typed, double spaced on 8.5 x 11 paper. Send two copies of each entry, one of which should include name, address, phone number, and title of entry (limit 3 entries). Entries must be previously unpublished. Include a \$5 entry fee and \$2 for each additional entry.

Photography—Send two color or B&W photocopies of photographs (limit 5). You can also send the original photograph and one photocopy. Include on separate sheet of 8.5x11 paper your name, address, phone number and title(s) of work (if any). Entries must be previously unpublished. Include a \$5 entry fee and \$2 for each additional entry.

Only previously unpublished works accepted. No entries will be returned but all winner's will be notified. Enclose #10 SASE if you want acknowledgment of receipt of entries. Send entries c/o: "The Art of Eye Candy" Contest, NuVisions, P.O. Box 112026, Cincinnati, OH 45211. Make checks payable to: NuVisions.

■ Sherry Grant's **Preachers' Kids**, the musical, comes to the the Baltimore Arena on Father's Day, Sunday, June 18, featuring John Witherspoon, Tanya Blount, and the new female singing group "Destiny's Child." Other celebrities and recording artists will be in attendance at the premiere. This musical is billed as "something for the entire family, a unique blend of theatre, music and artistry. Preachers' Kids, the musical, is your chance to come and see what happens when Preachers' Kids put their preaching parents on their praying knees!" Tickets available at all Ticketmaster locations or call (410) 481-SEAT.

■ Local theatre scene: **upcoming plays** (courtesy Meaghan Greyson):

Camino Real by Tennessee Williams, at the Shakespeare Theatre, 450 Seventh St. NW, Washington, DC. Running from May 30-July 23. Directed by Michel Kahn and sponsored in part by Shugoll Research.

The Dinner Party by Neil Simon at the Kennedy Center, New Hampshire Ave., Washington, DC. From June 17-July 16

All My Sons by Arthur Miller at the Arena Stage, 1101 Sixth St SW, Washington DC; directed by Molly Smith. From May 19-June 25.

Julius Caesar by William Shakespeare. Presented by the Aquila Theatre Company at the Folger Theatre (London/New York), Washington, DC. Directed by Robert Richmond. From May 9-June 4.

Rent by Jonathan Larson at The National Theatre on 1321 Pennsylvania Ave SW, Washington, DC; directed by Michael Greif. From May 9-June 4.

The Fantastiks: book and lyrics by Tom Jones, music by Harvey Schmidt, and directed by Kathy Feininger, at the Round House Theatre, 12210 Bushey Dr., Silver Spring, MD. From May 31-June 25.

■ Finally, *Lite* extends greetings to **two new staff members**, Hilbert H. Turner, Jr. (Laurel Reading Host) and Colette Fozard (Assistant to the Publisher). Welcome aboard!

Calendar, cont. from page 3

Saturday, June 24

7:30 p.m. Baltimore Songwriters Association hosts RAISING THE ROOF!, 2nd annual benefit concert for Habitat for Humanity, featuring local musicians and their original work of all musical genres. UMBC Recital Hall, Univ. of MD Baltimore County. Tickets \$5, available at the door. For more info, call (410) 455-3749.

Sunday, June 25

3:00 p.m. Borders-Columbia Crossing. The Directors Choice Theater Company examines and performs several short works by award-winning Gaithersburg playwright Mark Scharf.

Monday, June 26

7:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble Towson Circle. Open Mic Poetry. An open reading will follow the featured artists, "Pozative Chainge".

Bibelot-Timonium. Jeff Shaara reads and signs his book *Gone For Soldiers: A Novel of the Mexican War*.

Bibelot-Timonium. Philosophy Book Discussion. *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* are discussed.

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. The Literary Readings Book Group focuses on Shakespeare's *King Lear* and *Macbeth*.

Tuesday, June 27

7:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City. Publishing/Writing Group meets to discuss the experiences of submitting work for publication. Bring your experiences and your work for feedback.

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. The Modern Women's Fiction Book Club.

Wednesday, June 28

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Woodholme. Janet Fitch discusses and signs her novel *White Oleander*. (An Oprah Book).

Literary July

Saturday, July 1

12:00 noon. Enoch Pratt Free Library, Central Branch. The poetry discussion group discusses the poetry of Audre Lord.

To Have Your Event Listed

please send information to:

Dan Cuddy, Calendar Editor

41 Odeon Ct.

Baltimore, MD 21234

Tel. (410) 882-4138

Information received after the 15th of the preceding month may not be printed. We reserve the right to edit all material to fit space requirements. Note: Lite: Baltimore's Literary Newspaper is published bi-monthly. A literary supplement is published in the off-months. Events may also be emailed to: lite@toadmail.com.

Lite

The Lite Circle, Inc.

Guidelines for Writers

1. Founded in 1992, The Lite Circle is a non-profit literary organization devoted to the encouragement of emerging voices in the arts. *Lite: Baltimore's Literary Newspaper* is a bi-monthly publication featuring art, literature, and book reviews. Formerly a quarterly magazine, it is now a free tabloid publication carrying one story and several poems per issue. A literary supplement is published on the off-months. We seek to give emerging writers and artists the opportunity to reach a broad, literate audience, and to keep our readers informed of literary events in Central Maryland. *Lite: Baltimore's Literary Newspaper* is distributed in the Baltimore area and Central Maryland, with a press run of 10,000 copies. The Lite Circle also publishes book-length manuscripts in cooperation with authors under the imprints "Lite Circle Books" and "Sunrise Press." The "Guidelines for Writers" apply to all Lite Circle publications, and the term "Lite" as used here refers to all Lite Circle publications.

2. Lite holds one-time publication rights to all material accepted for publication. All other rights remain the property of the author. Terms of payment: For *Lite: Baltimore's Literary Newspaper*, 5 copies of an issue in which submission appears. For Lite Circle Books/Sunrise Press: 1 contributor's copy (unless other arrangements are made).

3. Electronic submissions to Lite are encouraged. Email submissions to: lite@toadmail.com (attachments OK; Microsoft Word or WordPerfect format preferred). Submissions may also be sent as ASCII text in the body of an email; special formatting such as italics or bold should be noted. We will also accept documents on disk (WordPerfect or Microsoft Word format preferred). Please include contact info/short bio. Hard copy submissions to Lite should be on plain 8-1/2" X 11" paper, double spaced, typewritten or computer printed, with no handwritten editing or other marks anywhere on the document. Notes concerning the copy may be made in legible handwriting on accompanying separate sheets. Copy must include the author's name, address and telephone number on the first or last page; for multiple simultaneous submissions, each work must be a separate document, each with the author's name, address and telephone. Please include short bio.

4. Word limits—Poetry: generally no more than 30 lines, but up to 50 lines may be accepted for poems in stanza, section, or any divided format; Fiction: 1,000 to 4,000 words (longer pieces may be used in serialized form); Humor: 300-1,000 words. Reviews: 300 words. Due to the enormous amount of material we receive, response time averages 6-12 months.

5. Lite reserves the right to do all editing appropriate to maintain grammar, stylistic consistency, and standard punctuation without advance notification to the author. We suggest that deliberate deviations from standard grammar and spelling be noted on a separate sheet to avoid editing problems. Lite will do everything possible to advise writers in advance of publication of any proposed changes which may affect the author's meaning or stylistic integrity; writers may withdraw their manuscripts from consideration should they conclude that proposed changes are unacceptable, provided notification is made within three days of notice of proposed changes.

6. Lite will not accept manuscripts which contain the following: sexually explicit language or graphically depicted sexual scenes; gratuitous expletives; pointless or graphic violence; material denigrating any race, nationality, gender, or religion. Authors accept all responsibility for factual errors contained in any submitted manuscript. By submitting to Lite, author agrees to the the editorial policies and conditions as stated in these guidelines.

7. If hardcopy material is rejected, submissions will not be returned unless a SASE of suitable size with sufficient postage is provided.

The Lite Circle, Inc.

Lite: Baltimore's Literary Newspaper

Lite Circle Books

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Baltimore, Maryland 21210

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Join The Lite Circle

The Lite Circle, Inc. is a non-profit literary organization based in Baltimore. We rely on individual contributions to continue our literary activities, including Lite Circle Books (a small-press publishing house), our various poetry reading series, and the publication you are reading right now. If you care about the literary arts in Central Maryland, join us. All you have to do is fill out the form below and send it to The Lite Circle, Inc., P.O. Box 26162, Baltimore, MD 21210.

Check your level of support:

- Regular (\$13) - subscription to *Lite: Baltimore's Literary Newspaper*, free or reduced admission to Lite readings, and a 10% discount on all Lite Circle Books and back issues.
- Student (\$10) - same as Regular. Must be at least a half-time student.
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L I T E B Y T E S

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■The **Spotlight on Local Authors at Artscape 2000** will be held on Saturday, July 22, 5 p.m. to 6:45 p.m. **The Reverend Chester Wickwire**, the 86-year-old chaplain emeritus of Johns Hopkins University, whose first book of poetry *Longs Peak* (published by Brick House Books 1998) is still a hot item, has a new manuscript. He will read poems both old and new. **Barbara DeCesare**, a performance poet, whose first book of poetry, *jigsaweyesore* (Anti-Man Press 1999) has been a hit, will entertain with her wit and jaunty sensuousness. The third reader is actually a group rather than a single author. Ingrid Ankersen, Jennifer Errick, Keith Gibbons and Kevin Lanier represent *Bite The Ribbon*, an experimental literary magazine published by students in the University of Baltimore Creative Writing program.

■Baltimore's **19th annual Artscape** will take place July 21-23 on Mt. Royal Ave. For schedule of events, visit the website: www.artscape.com. Free. (Note: don't try to park. Spend the \$1.35 and take Light Rail to the UB/Mt. Royal stop.)

■And while speaking of **Artscape**, kudos go to **Rachel Eisler**, who teaches English at Bryn Mawr in Baltimore, and who is also the literary arts program coordinator for Artscape, for being the architect and moving force behind this year's exciting schedule of literary events.

■Be on the lookout for a new book of poetry by **Felicia Morgenstern** titled *Night Mother Earth Told Father Sky She Was Tired of the Missionary Position*.

■**E. B. Frohvet Rules!** E. B. Frohvet was the only *Lite* reader to take up the challenge and list, in their opinion, the **10 best science fiction novels**. While everyone else was getting spaced out on *Star Trek* reruns, the Shatner series that they have seen 5437 times, E. B. Frohvet put his taste on the line and recommended the following novels. He writes:

Any serious reader could easily list a couple of dozen books in this category, without getting into such questions as "Does SF include fantasy?", so as to consider Lord of the Rings, etc. Due to my natural contrariness I decided to divide my ten picks into five obvious, famous choices, and five not-so-obvious.

My five "obvious" selections are:

THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS,
 Ursula K. LeGuin
 DUNE, Frank Herbert
 THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS,
 Robert A. Heinlein
 DHALGREN, Samuel R. Delany
 THE BOOK OF THE NEW SUN,
 Gene Wolfe

My five "not so obvious" choices are:

THE WITCHES OF KARRES,
 James H. Schmitz
 PAVANE, Keith Roberts
 THE FADED SUN, C.J. Cherryh
 RUMORS OF SPRING, Richard Grant
 ORPHAN OF CREATION,
 Roger MacBride Allen

■A **poetry class** taught by published author **Marc Colasurdo** is forming and will begin in mid June. It will meet once weekly for 5 weeks. Classes will be 2 hours long and the total cost is \$25. The class will focus on the written and spoken words of the class themselves, with lively discussion and constructive criticism encouraged. For more info, call (410) 462-5734 or email: raintheatre@hotmail.com.

■**Claudia Bismark**, the Director of Development for the Literary Arts for Artscape, is a partner of the Bismark/Wilson Gallery, 1760 Bank Street. The gallery is open on Saturdays and Sundays noon to 4 p.m. This month and most of the next, May 2 to June 25, her gallery is exhibiting works from the Creative Alliance's "**Regional Juried Show 2000**" along with the Halcyon Gallery at Margaret's Cafe, 909 Fell St. (open 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Tues. thru Sunday). Exhibiting at the Bismark/Wilson Gallery are Scott Cawood, Natalie Nadozirny, Ruth Pettus and Lyndie Vantine. Exhibiting at the Halcyon Gallery are MJ Kehne, Jackie Milad and Alyson Weege.

■The **Baltimore Writers' Alliance** is sponsoring its **first annual poetry contest** (which is open to non-members). To enter send 3 typewritten copies of each poem you wish to enter, each poem no longer than 40 lines; do not include your name with the poems. Include a cover sheet with your name, address, phone number, and the title(s) of the poem(s). Include a \$3 entry fee for the first poem and \$2 for each additional poem up to three poems. Or, in lieu of a fee, send \$15 with your entry and receive a 1 yr subscription to *WordHouse*, or \$30 for a year of membership in the BWA. Make checks payable to the Baltimore Writers' Alliance. Current BWA members & *WordHouse* subscribers may enter the contest free of charge.

Send to: BWA Poetry Contest, P.O. Box 410, Riderwood, MD 21139. Include SASE if you want acknowledgment of receipt. No entries will be returned, but winners will be notified and announced in *WordHouse*. First prize is \$250, second prize \$100 and third is \$75. Winning entries will be published in *WordHouse*, and the BWA will schedule public readings featuring the winning poets. The winners will be announced at Artscape, July 21-23, 2000.

■**smartish pace, a poetry journal**, is now accepting submissions. Any length, style and subject matter will be considered. Submit 3 to 7 poms. Simultaneous submissions OK. Cover letter with bio (however brief) is required. E-mail submissions are encouraged. Pays one copy (professionally printed/perfect bound). Acquires first serial rights. December 1 deadline for Spring publication. June 1 deadline for Fall publication. Send submissions to: *smartish pace*, P.O. Box 22161, Baltimore, Maryland 21203 or email: smartishpace@hotmail.com. For the current issue send \$6 (check or money order). Subscription rates: U.S./Mexico: \$12/yr, Canada: \$14/yr, elsewhere: \$18/yr.

■On Saturday, June 10 at 9 p.m. at the Cafe Tattoo, 4825 Belair Rd., there will be a **CD Release Party for Gavin Elder's new**

album *Pour Me*. There will be a full night of music featuring an acoustic set by special guest Tim Ernst, an acoustic set by Gavin and Tony Waddy, and an electric set by Gavin and the full band. There is a cover of \$2. CDs will be on sale for \$5. (Note—you must be 21 or older to attend).

■The **Fifth annual Mid-Atlantic Creative Nonfiction Summer Writers' Conference** will be held from Tuesday August 8 to Sunday August 13 at the Goucher Center for Graduate and Continuing Studies. This year features guest writers Edmund Morris and William Least Heat-Moon. For more information call (410) 337-6200 or 1-800-697-4646.

■The **Sisters of Nia** is the vision of Vickie Lawson. The name comes from the Swahili word, Nia, which means purpose. It is also one of the seven principles of Kwanzaa. Ms. Lawson writes, "We are sisters with a purpose, but we welcome the support of brothers. The goals of the Sisters of Nia are fellowship, unity, sharing and empowerment. As we honor God for our talents, which we share, we embark upon a spiritual journey which unites and empowers us as we become published writers!!!"

The Sisters of Nia, Inc, meets once a month on the third Friday. For further info, contact Vickie Lawson at (410) 764-1249 or P.O. Box 67427, Baltimore, MD 21215. Visit the website at: www.hometown.aol.com/vpoetess.

■The **Maryland Writing Project** announces its **2nd Annual Student Writers' Workshop** at the University of Baltimore, a three-week enrichment writing camp for children grades 4-8 who love to write. These young writers have time to write and share their work every day, spend time on computers if they'd like, and publish their work in an anthology. The children are facilitated by two Maryland Writing Project Teacher-Consultants, who are teachers and writers themselves.

For Summer 2000, the dates for the Student Writers' Workshop are July 3-20, 9 a.m.-12 noon (no class on July 4), with an orientation on June 21 at 7 p.m. and a final celebration on July 20 at after the last session.

For an application form, contact the Maryland Writing Project office at Towson University at (410) 830-3593. Visit the website at: www.towson.edu/~bbass/mwp.html. (Special tuition discount for children of UB faculty and staff.)

■The **Severn/Fort Meade Book Club** has chosen its **summer reading selections** for June, July and August. They are *My Gal Sunday* on June 6th; *Divine Secrets of the Ya Ya Sisterhood* on July 11th; and *The Pilot's Wife* on August 8th. All meetings are held at 7 p.m. at the Treasure Trove Bookstore in the Provinces Library Shopping Center. New members are welcome and you do not have to read the entire book to be part of the discussion. For more info, call (410) 799-4423.

■The **Sheppard Art Gallery**, 8173 Main St., Ellicott City, announces the opening of **Swimming Holes**, a collection of original oil paintings inspired and centered around three large-scale oil paintings by Daniel Bennett Schwartz, Mark Karnes, and Ephraim Rubenstein. An artist's reception will be

held on Saturday evening, June 17th from 5 p.m. until 8 p.m.. The show runs until July 18th. For more info, call Janet at (410) 461-1616 or email: sheppard@erols.com.

■In an attempt to provide work for thousands of desitute artists living in America in the 1930s, the Works Progress Administration/Federal Art Project was formed in 1935 as part of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal initiative. Featuring 70 etchings, lithographs and woodcuts, **Art in a Day's Work: Prints from the WPA**—on view at the **Baltimore Museum of Art** from June 11 to September 24, 2000—examines how WPA artists identified with the role of the American worker and forever changed the development of printmaking in this country.

■There will be a series of **one-week art classes** for children and teens beginning June 27 and continuing through July 21 at **School 33 Art Center**. Class size is limited to 10 students and School 33 provides all supplies. Tuition is \$40 for each one-week class, \$145 for any combination of four classes. Classes take place Tuesday-Friday from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. at School 33, 1427 Light Street, just 8 blocks south of the Inner Harbor. For a brochure or any other information call (410) 396-4641 or 4642, Tuesday to Saturday from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

School 33 at 1427 Light Street has the following exhibits:

Gallery 1: **Wallpaper**, a collaborative exploration of context, place and art by Peter Bruun and Allyn Massey in response to wallpaper chosen by designers Franc Nunoo-Quarcoo and Maria Phillips. May 14, 2000 to July 1.

Gallery 2: **New Can Paintings** by Sandra E. Jones. Jones's paintings combine self-portraits with images and text from labels from food cans. These works reflect ideas about consumer culture through the artist's reclaiming and personalization of mass-produced goods, thereby stretching the idea of what sells. May 14 to June 23, 2000.

Installation Space: **Break**, an installation by Calla Thompson, which consists of life-size figures engaged in various activities that are mono-printed on newsprint, cut out, and affixed to the wall with rubber cement. This installation explores fundamental questions of power, particularly the mechanisms through which it is enacted, and how these play out in terms of economic class. May 14 to July 1, 2000.

■The **Fells Point Creative Alliance** stages many fine exhibits and performances year-round. Here are a few that caught *Lite's* eye, though there are many more events equally interesting. For a full schedule call (410) 276-1651. All events are held at the Ground Floor, 1726 Thames St., unless otherwise noted.

June 2. Performance—**Lorena Hickok and Eleanor Roosevelt: A Love Story**. For 30 years the newspaper reporter and the First Lady corresponded: Eleanor wrote over 2,000 letters to her beloved "Hick." Provincetown actress Marj Conn stars in Pat Bond's one woman show examining this relationship which has drawn summer crowds in Provincetown since 1994. 8 p.m. \$12/\$10 alliance members.

June 6. The opening of **Anonymous: Recent Paintings by Spoon Popkin**. Popkin's recent paintings draw from snap-

shots found on the street or in thrift stores, are portraits of fathers, sisters and aunts we never knew, 7 to 9 p.m. Ground Floor Gallery open Thursdays, 7 to 9 p.m., Saturdays noon to 4 p.m. Free

June 8. Performance—**Luminestoterica in 12/8 Time**. Music, light and puppets mesh in this collaboration between marionette maestros Black Cherry Puppet Theater, light artist Daniel Conrad and sitar player Jay Kishor. Conrad's chromaccord mixes a vast palette of colors as Michael Lamason and Bill Haas project their twisting, morphing light puppets onto the walls. Kishor's stately ragas accent the lush visual interplay. 8 p.m. \$8 general/\$6 members.

June 16. Performance—**Ebony & Irony III: The Naked Truth**. The third in an ongoing series of collaborations between performance diva Joyce Scott and composer Lorraine Whittlesey built around Scott's singing and acerbic comedy. A special guest appearance by singer/songwriter Linda Nelson. 9 p.m. \$10 general/\$8 members.

■The **Summer Jazz Series** at the **Baltimore Museum of Art**:

7 p.m. Saturday, July 8. Hot vocalist Jeffrey Smith with Talib Kibwe on sax.

7 p.m. Saturday, July 29. To Be Announced.

7 p.m. Saturday, August 12. A soulful finale with Hardway Connection, whose standards, r&b, and pop might pull you to your feet for dancing.

\$12 general (\$10 BMA Members, seniors, students) per event. \$45 Jazz + Dinner ticket at Gertrude's. Tickets: (410) 396-6001. Information: (410) 396-6314.

■On Sunday, June 11 from 1 to 3 p.m., **Dr. Tom Costa** (a.k.a. Dr. Love) international speaker, minister and author of *Life, Want to Make Something of It*, presents "**The Prosperity of Love**" at the Hawthorn Center, 6175 Sunny Spring, Columbia Church of Religious Science. Love Offering. For info, call (410) 750-8559 or email: ColumbiaCRS@aol.com.

■The 7th annual **Frederick Arts Festi-**

val is June 3 and 4 at Carroll Creek Linear Park in the heart of historic Frederick. The festival includes a juried fine arts and fine craft market, live entertainment, literary activities, children's art activities, canoe and kayak rentals, artist demonstrations, a mix of multi-cultural menus and more. For more info, call (301) 694-9632 or visit the website at: www.frederickarts.org.

■The schedule for **The Baltimore Playwrights Festival 2000**:

July 6-23, Fell's Point Corner Theater. **Dusting Belgrade** by Rhonda Cooperstein, a drama set in Kosovo. Director TBA. Thurs-Sat. at 8 p.m., Sun. 7 p.m. Info: (410) 276-7837.

July 7-23, Director's Choice Theater at Howard County Center for the Arts. A double-bill directed by Gareth Kelly. **Up on the Roof** by Sheilah Kleiman. **No Riders** by Mark Scharf. Fri. & Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. at 2 p.m. Info: (410) 313-2787.

July 7-29, Audrey Herman Spotlighters Theatre, directed by Mike Moran. **Beltway Roulette** by Mark Scharf. Fri. & Sat. 8 p.m., Sun 7 p.m. Info: (410) 563-9135.

Aug. 4-20, Mobtown Players (at College of Notre Dame). **Hungarian Trilogy** by PS Lorio, directed by Noel Schively. A wacky comedy in which Wanda lives vicariously through the lives of the patrons at her Chicago restaurant-bar. Thurs.-Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. 2 p.m. Info: (410) 467-3057.

Aug. 4-26, Audrey Herman Spotlighters Theatre. **Animal Instincts** by Rosemary Frisino Toohey, directed by Bob Bardoff. A drama about a dysfunctional farm family and a terrible secret hidden for years. Fri. & Sat. 8 p.m., no Sunday performances. Info: (410) 752-1225.

Aug. 11-27, Vagabond Players. **Freedom Summer** by Carol Weinberg, directed by Linda Chambers. Summer of 1964...Goodman, Schwerner, and Chaney have disappeared in Mississippi, and a Queens, NY housewife is about to change

Continued on page 13

The Lite Circle Announces: *The DarkLite Poetry Contest*



Lite Circle Books is sponsoring **The DarkLite Poetry Contest**. Entries should be Mystery, Gothic Horror, or Dark Fantasy poems of 30 lines or less. First, second, and third place prizes and certificates awarded. Winners published September 2001 in the book, **Through a Glass Darkly**. All entries considered for publication. Deadline: April 1, 2001. \$5 entry fee covers up to 2 poems,

\$2 entry fee for any additional poems. Include SASE for notification. Send poems and a check/money order payable to *Lite Circle, Inc.* for entry fee to: **DarkLite Poetry Contest**, P.O. Box 26162, Baltimore, MD 21210. More information: <http://litecircle.dragonfire.net> or email: lite@toad-mail.com. **Please, original work only** (no copyrighted characters, e.g. *Star Trek*, *Dark Shadows*, etc.)

[To see the kind of work the judges/editors selected for their 1999 StarLite Contest and anthology, **Lower Than the Angels**, which featured work from Neil Gaiman, Jack Chalker, A.C. Crispin, Lawrence Watt-Evans, Bud Sparhawk, and many more, send \$17 (check or m.o.—includes postage) to: Lite Circle Books, P.O. Box 26162, Baltimore, MD 21210. For more info, email: lite@toadmail.com.]

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All winners will be featured at a special Lite Circle reading and will have their work published in *Lite: Baltimore's Literary Newspaper*

All entries must be postmarked no later than **December 31, 2000**. Reading fee: \$5.00 per story, \$3.00 per poem, \$10.00 for up to 6 poems. **No limit on submissions.** Manuscripts should be typed, double-spaced, with cover sheet containing title (s) of work, along with author's name, address, and telephone number. The manuscript should include the title, but not the author's name. Winners will be notified by March 31, 2001. Maximum story length 6,000 words. Maximum poem length 50 lines. Please mail entries to:

The Lite Circle Literary Contest
P.O. Box 26162
Baltimore, MD 21210

For more info, please call (410) 719-7792 or (410) 889-1574.

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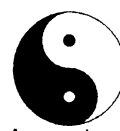
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