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The Chestatee Review
I once again take genuine delight in introducing this, the second edition of, *The Chestatee Review*. This is an anthology of writing that tells stories, dramatizes situations, expresses emotions, and analyzes and advocates ideas.

I am honored to report the success of the first edition in receiving second place in the Community College Humanities Association’s literary magazine competition. Although Gainesville College students have received recognition and awards for literary achievements, this is the first time this particular honor has been bestowed on our literary magazine. I feel this honor is impressive when one realizes that all of the works within are expressly written by Gainesville College students.

John Gardner once said, “The value of great fiction, we begin to suspect, is not just that it entertains us or distracts us from our troubles, not just that it broadens our knowledge of people and places, but also that it helps us to know what we believe, reinforces those qualities that are noblest in us, leads us to feel uneasy about our faults and limitations.”

It is my hope that in the spirit of John Gardner’s words you, the reader, may be entertained, educated, challenged, and strengthened by the courageous efforts of these writers who have looked into the uneasy places.

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to the English Department faculty for their undying support of the *Chestatee Review* and to Tom Sauret for his guidance, liberty, and encouragement in what has proven to be for me the single most enjoyable experience in my collegiate pursuits.

Alfred Barker

Experiencing both the visual and literary arts as I have, I have come to the conclusion that not only are the two related, but they are actually different facets of the same gem. Art and literature tell us about ourselves and each other through the stimulation of our imaginations. While it is impossible to say exactly why it is so necessary for us as individuals to express our most personal thoughts and feelings to others, I do know that this passion to be seen, heard, and understood is at the heart of all our artistic endeavors.

So, with the passion to be seen, I am very proud to present what I and many others have found to be exceptionally good art. The visual art works in the *Chestatee Review* show more than just a desire to entertain or please; they show us a part of another person whom we may never have known ourselves. Just as the cover piece by Heather Blair, which takes Jan van Eyck’s *Man in a Red Turban* and turns it into a psychologically powerful and totally original piece, the works contained inside this magazine will take a few of the reader’s old perceptions and break them down. In their place, I think, will grow new ideas, not necessarily those of the artist, but whole new views and ideas totally up to the individual reader.

Enough philosophy; I have several people to thank for a great deal of help. First and foremost, I thank Professor Tom Sauret, who tricked me into this in the first place! Also, I must thank Professor Anne Bessec, without whom much of this art would never have come to my attention. Finally, I would like to thank everyone who submitted any art and especially those who allowed us to display their art.

Tim Dominy

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**Art Editor’s Page**
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A Long Drive
Jenny Grigsby

Many cars. Many destinations.
A plane coming in for a landing.
A few people walking along the road,
I've made my escape to nature's solitude.
Trees bending in the wind,
Pine straw scattered,
Brown winter grass,
Yellow stripes dividing the road,
Road workers making a second lane,
Two or three police cars,
Here I can think, undisturbed,
A pine cone here and there,
Birds,
Someone riding a motorcycle,
Trees, trees, trees!
II.

In the center of an amalgamous metropolis
In its heart weakened by disease
And stagnant air which only sours with time,
In the body kept alive by external machinery--
A plant corrupting the countryside
Pumping life-giving electricity to a comatose juggernaut,
He waits.

Every day he stands at the pier.
His mind sails over the cresting waves
And crashes with them into the shore.
Against the gray horizon, shades of vessels
Creep further and further into the distance
Then disappear.

Perhaps one day he will survey the ocean
From the railed deck of a shadow
Drifting home after a ten year war.
Perhaps he will be lost at sea forever--
Tossed between Lotus blossoms and sirens.
Perhaps he will die adrift,
Having never been made to bear the sight of home again.

I.

In the corner of a drowsy town,
Its eyes grown weary
From the day spent under the sun,
Its body weakened by necessary toil--
Plowing fields of brown soil
Or attending to the plant
Which feeds power to the entire region
And emits a continuous, droning hum,
She waits.

Young men with pressed shirts,
Tailored trousers, slick hair,
And slicker speech pass through.
Driving east to the city
In fiery chariots christened
Mercedes, Jaguar, or Lexus,
They promise to rescue her
From a life of tragic mediocrity--
From a life spent raising children
And chickens.

The men are always gone by morning,
Headed to meet the rising sun.
She sees them riding it
Across the sky,
Looking down upon her and laughing.
Cinderella After Midnight
Elizabeth Bridges

Mud-stuck, sugar-drained,
Flat-lined and gray-brained,
My lipstick tacked on like
A neon slogan:
Cheapest thing going.

Mice and lizards, all useless,
Twittering around my feet,
Blinking dumber--

And that goddamned prince
Yelling hoarsely through the rain:
"I don't even know your name."

Honey, you never asked.

Gingerbread Witch
Elizabeth Bridges

She had
Hooks for teeth-
She drew the children in with them.

She had
Hungry fingers
That spun stories like webs.

She had
Their dilated eyes
Hooked on hers--

She had
All their dreams
Pinned like butterflies.

She had them panicking
In pathetic paper-boat circles
Around a makeshift rain-pond
Never guessing
That each shore was the same,
Everything leading to the red cave
Of her mouth:

She drew them in,
She sucked them down.
Avery Jackson
Oil Painting

Little Red Lament
Elizabeth Bridges

My father was a wolf
He swallowed me whole
When I was a little girl.

And my mother was a fool--
Red’s no color for a child.
I knew too much when I wore it,
I was too bold, I’d go anywhere--
And I’ve become so good at being swallowed.
I go down so smoothly
Some people don’t even know I’m there,
Sitting Indian-style
Just beneath their ribcage.

I’ll live in anyone’s gut
I’ll take yours, for a while.
It’s become such a part of me,
This talent, this cloak, this red--

It’s become my name.
Skeleton Jazz
Elizabeth Bridges

Poems are children
I shove in the oven
And burn alive,
Next cutting them into smaller pieces
To feed to the dog,
And saving the bones,
which I will pick clean of gristle,
Marveling over each moon-white pore
And the delicious music made
When you tap them together--
The utter percussion of naked metaphor,
The skeleton jazz.

Generate Gaps
Matt Stancel

The girl's father
Sits in his chair,
The man's daughter
Doesn't think he cares,
And they only speak with stares,
And the things they never share
Tear them apart.
Charming men have faces like fairy tales.
I mean:

Fairy tales whose true skin,
Underneath decades of gauzy veils, diaphanous layers
That have grown sticky with a pulpy subterfuge,
Is beauty, well-covered, bloody,
And stinks like sausage, raw sausage,
Like a dirty meat-grinder,
Like a butcher's smile.

Like the fairy tales of old,
Where the children
Are eaten by the witch in the woods,
The prince battles the dragon
And the dragon wins,
And the sleeping beauty sleeps on,
Her flesh the color of a powdered opiate.

Charming men tell these stories--
Not so naked, of course;
They sweeten the meat with sugar,
Perfume the rot--
But they tell them, smoothly, beguiling,
As they take their frail-limbed maidens
To dance or to bed or to wife,
The original endings hidden
In the blacks of their eyes:
Snakes in winter.
Nothing Left
Janice Bagwell

I am stretched so thin
from being tugged and pulled in all directions
that even my shadow is no longer black, but pale gray
and light shines through.
I am pulled apart like a piece of cloth
in the teeth of a pack of dogs.

I feel each jerk and pull as my "loved" ones say,
"No options allowed."
And when they are finished
with all their needs fulfilled
there will be nothing left of me.

A Jeweler's Loupe
Gabrielle de Gray

Draped in ebony
balancing the universe
jewels hang like stars
The Push
Tim Dominy

Ryan hated his life. He hated his mother and her boyfriend, Jack; he hated his father’s being dead. He hated himself. Basically, he hated everything and everyone. When he really thought on it, though, he could never figure out why he hated so much.

He lived in Seward, a small town on the southern coast of Alaska, and early autumn was his favorite time of year to stand on the beach behind his house. The waves slowly scrubbed the beach rocks free of all corners and perfumed the air with the not-too-salty smell of the Alaskan coast; he used to stand there with his dad, both silent in thought. Ryan stood now, nose into the sea breeze, accompanied only by Ookey, his dog. He had just returned from his weekly search of the bay for any trace of his father’s body.

Long before he heard his mother approach, he could smell her; she wore a ridiculous amount of some sticky vanilla perfume she had received as a gift from Jack, whom she was now engaged to after only four months of dating.

His mother would want to talk about the fight. Ryan and his sister Tasha had tangled over his cruising the bay still, seven months after his father’s death. He rode around for hours and searched for a trace of his father: a scrap of cloth, a boot, anything. He needed something, however small, that could tell him what had really happened.

The funeral had been months ago, without a corpse, but Ryan still thought he might find the body. He had, in fact, had a very hard time with reality lately. After returning from one of his scavenging trips, Tasha had called him “morbid” and “obsessed.” Ryan called her a “stupid bitch.” She had smacked him in the face, cut his lip. He shoved her into a wall; she cried; he felt like dirt. He conceded the battle and went out on the beach. Now his mother was going to give him a commentary on his immaturity.
Now his mother stalked up the beach, boots grinding rock. A cross-wind surrounded Ryan in the sugary perfume. Even the stiff breeze off the sea could not conquer the smell. Ryan heard her boots stop crunching the gravel, and it made him steel himself against the barrage he knew was coming. Ooktak, his husky, yelped. Tail wagging, Ooktak stood to greet her. Ryan stared further out to sea squinting at the horizon.

"So," she started, "what now, mm? TV again?" She paced.
"Or, wait, let me guess: she asked you how your day was, right?"
Ryan snorted, but she continued. "That seems to be a pretty big damn deal to you, how your days go."
"Apparently, it's none of our business at all to even ask."
Ryan looked at her, then away. He watched the waves, half-hoping to see a pale hand reach out of the sea, his father crawling out of the surf. She crossed her arms and stared. His eyes followed the outline of the river snaking down from the mountains, lazy in the distance. It was not the first time she had started in on him that way, and ignoring her always seemed easier than talking. But she did not leave.

"Turn around. Go back in the house," he finally said, "We've got nothing to talk about." His hands clenched and unclenched in the pockets of his dead father's cruiser jacket while he stared out at the waves.

"The hell we don't," she insisted.
He focused on a point about a thousand miles off-shore.
"Let's talk about the fact that your sister, your thirteen-year-old sister, is in the house crying her eyes out," she said, throwing her arms up. "She's hysterical! I'll be lucky to get her calm before Jack gets here."
"Look," he started, turning slowly.
"What? What the hell's with you? What'd we ever do to you?" she asked coolly.
He was startled to discover that he was looking down into his mother's face. When had he outgrown her? She had not seemed so small at his father's funeral. She had seemed almost triumphant at outliving her ex-husband. That had been so long ago. The funeral, however, had been the last time Ryan had paid any real attention to his mother or sister outside of a fight. He barely talked to his girlfriend Michelle.

"I'm sick of you all!" Ryan yelled. "She's a damned brat, and you take up for her, and Jack is trying to become my dad seven months after my real one dies! Just LEAVE ME ALONE! That's all I want."
He turned back around, his blue-eyed husky looking up at the outburst. Satisfied that the situation was not immediately lethal, Ooktak placed his head back down on his front paws.
"It's not fair to attack Jack when he's not here, and you know it," she said. "Jack Masterson also happens to be a better guy than you'd ever give him credit for," she continued.
"Not as good as Dad . . . never," he said quietly, turning away.
"Oh, I get it now. . . not Jack, Jake. This is about Jake."
She looked at the river for a moment herself, almost mimicking Ryan's vacancy.
"I miss him . . ." she said flatly. "That's normal; what you're doing isn't, and it will stop. Like it or not, we're all going on with our lives, even you. Your dad would tell you the same damn thing if it had been me that was gone."
"Don't tempt me," grumbled Ryan. She did not seem to hear him.
"It wasn't me that died, Ryan," she said.
He shifted his hands, digging deeper, fists trembling from the strain. Out of a corner of his eye, he could see his kayak up on the rack between his house and the beach.
"It was your dad who died and you've gotta accept that. He's dead, gone . . . not coming back!"
She was nearly yelling by the time she got to the last statement. Stopping for a moment, she composed herself and continued.
"Look, Ryan, Jack's a stand-up guy. He helped me out after your dad died. He even helped Boone and Donner out with the harbor master over some kind of trouble. What am I supposed to
say when a man like that asks me to marry him?"

"No," Ryan said, "seems obvious to me." He faced her again. "Your divorce only went through a week before Dad died! And now you're marrying the goddamned harbor master's assistant who gave him no end of shit-fines and tried to drive him out of business!"

She opened her mouth, then puckered her lips, and looked away for a moment.

"You're going away to the University of Alaska soon," she said. "And like it or not, this will happen. Getting used to the idea now would sure make your transition easier."

She eyed him for a response, found none. She tugged her jacket straight; her face turned to granite. She spun on one heel and stomped off, trailing vanilla as she went.

Ryan finally heard the back door slam and dropped his shoulders. Ryan drew out a Zippo and a pack of Marlboro Reds. His father always had a cigarette when he stood out on the beach with Ryan. Ryan slumped onto a large driftwood log his father called "The Bench." He smoked, rubbing and speaking to Ooktay occasionally, enjoying the fact that Ooktay could never answer.

"What's my problem, boy?" he asked. Ooktay looked at him expectantly, waiting for him to answer his own question. Ryan felt a fluttering when he thought like this, deep in his gut. It was the same fluttering sensation he got when he knew something important was about to happen.

"Why don't you ever bite her?" Ryan said, "You know Dad would never let her talk to me that way, would he 'Ook'?" He kneaded the thick skin on the back of the dog's neck, and Ooktay groaned in pleasure.

"No, Dad would've just told her to 'shut the hell up' and then probably called you a 'baby,'" said his sister Tasha. Ryan jumped at the small voice, surprised to find his sister behind him. Ooktay yipped, pressing into her leg for attention. She still had tears stains on her cheeks. She sat beside him on the bench, forcing him over. Ryan eyed her.

"Bullshit," he spat.

"You know I'm right," she said. "Ryan, I don't know what you've conjured up in your brain, but Dad was no hero. How many times'd he scream at us for nothing? A bunch. How many times'd he call Mom names that made her cry? I lost count. Most especially, and the only number I actually know for sure, how many promises'd he ever keep to us? None." She took a trembling breath. "You're the only one who even misses him." Ryan yelled, stood up, punched the bench.

Tasha slid away fast, arms up in defense. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Tasha cried.

Ryan drew his arm back, hand open. He could taste the blood in his mouth. He paused on the drawback, noticing Jack's black Ford Bronco parked next to the house. The sight snapped him out of it; his arm dropped; Tasha's stayed up.

Jack stepped out onto the back porch, waving. Ryan, stark still, looked at Jack.

"Don't... ever again. Got it?"

Tasha nodded, then ran for the house. Ryan sat back on the bench and cried for a time.

His father, Jake, was a half-Eskimo and half-Anglo salmon fisherman, tall and dark. He had presence and a royal carriage, though he could barely provide for himself and his children, who looked and acted nothing like him.

Ryan again eyed the shiny, black kayak behind his house. He had made a bold promise a few months ago to kayak down what was the most dangerous stretch of river in the territory, not ten miles from their house. His father had smiled, said "Yeah, right," and Ryan had never even tried it. That event, combined with others, had left Ryan feeling like his father had died never being proud of him, never respecting him.

He turned to Ooktay squinting.

"I just feel like there's this gob of hot lead burning through my gut," he murmured. "Michelle helps, but it's always a temporary fix." He suddenly laughed. "And you, of course, are only a dog."

He smiled, rubbed the big, gray dog's taut shoulders.

The next day, Ryan rose early and drove down to the docks.
He stopped along the way, got a couple of cups of coffee for his
dad's former fishing partners and a pack of cigarettes for himself.
Jack had spent the night, and Ryan did not want to be there when the
rest of the family got up for breakfast. Ryan had decided to go see
Boone and Donner, his dad's best friends in the whole world. The
three men had fished the gulf together for fifteen years, and Ryan's
dad had served with Boone, a.k.a. 'Chief Petty Officer William
Daniel Boone,' in the Navy during Vietnam. Donner was recruited
upon their return to Alaska as pilot of the Sarah Jane, their boat.
Ryan considered Boone his uncle and Donner a distant-but-friendly
cousin. The two loved visits from Ryan, whom they called "the
most educated man to ever set foot on their ship."

It was still dark when Ryan got to the dock, but the light was
on in the pilot house, and he could see the huge, yellow slickered
form of Boone checking the net on deck. Donner emerged to assist
Boone, and Ryan grabbed the cups and hopped out of his truck to
catch them both on deck before they started out. Halfway down the
dock, Ryan shouted greetings. Boone looked up, and Ryan could
see him waving in the filmy-gray light of the Alaskan dawn.

"Aho, Ryan! Where the hell have you been, boy? We
figured you and that girl of yours'd run away to Seattle to start a
rock band or something!"

Ryan grinned as he hopped down onto the deck and was
engulfed in one of Boone's grizzly bear hugs. Boone was, by far,
the biggest human being Ryan had ever seen.

"No, we decided to wait a few more months for that. Let the
market settle a bit."

Ryan grinned. Handing Boone a Styrofoam
cup of coffee, he turned and nodded silent greeting to the skeletal
figure of Donner. A quick handshake later, Donner returned to the
pilot house, coffee in hand. Ryan turned back to Boone, who had
already emptied the steaming contents of the cup.

"Well," Boone continued, not missing a beat, "Long as yer
still getting laid!" He guffawed loudly and slapped Ryan on the
back. Ryan grinned, his face a burning red.

"C'mon, give an old man a hand. This damned net is fallin'
apart, I tell ya." The two sat in silence for a few minutes, Boone
occasionally grumbling at the cursed maker of this particular net,
making a few questionable remarks as to the man's lineage and
sexual habits. Ryan just focused on the net; fishing was half
preparation, but it did not come naturally to him, so he had to
concentrate. The distraction was welcome, and Ryan said so.
Boone looked up.

"Is yer ma still giving you hard times?"

Boone had never gotten along with Ryan's mother, who
called him "a womanizing drunk," to the occasional amusement of
Ryan's father. Ryan figured Boone was probably the only person in
the world who could sympathize with him, so the two spoke
frequently on Ryan's Mom and Jack. Boone also had no love in his
heart for Jack, occasionally referring to him as jackass. Donner
might have said the same things as Boone, but he, much like
Ooktay, never spoke. Ryan had only heard Donner speak once, at
his dad's funeral, saying, "Sorry; we tried to save him, Ryan.
Sorry."

"Yeah, same shit, different day. I'm sick of her and Jack."
Ryan lit two cigarettes, handing one to Boone. After a drag, the big
man spoke again, smoke and steam pouring out of his mouth.

"Listen, Ryan, I know women." He jerked a thumb at
himself. "I should, I been married four times! Yer mom loves you;
she's just lonely and she's got Jack to take care o'that. You got yer
own worries to look after."

That was all Boone said, and Ryan cocked an eyebrow at the
disconcertingly stark ending to the "advice."

"Screw it; you two'll get over it." Boone shrugged, and
returned to the net.

"What about Jack?" Ryan pressed, "I don't think I'll ever get
used to that."

Again, shrugging, Boone spoke. "You don't gotta settle with
that asshole; he ain't yer daddy. You leave him alone, and he'll
leave you alone."

"What if he doesn't?" Ryan asked very quietly. The big
man raised his eyes to look directly at Ryan, and the gleam in them
told Ryan all he needed to know.

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Dinner had been uneventful that night. Ryan vaguely heard Jack tell a story about a man under his command back in the Marines. Apparently the man's attitude had really irritated Jack.

"Yep," Jack had said between mouthfuls, "I took old sour grapes out into the bush, territory we had taken months ago, and I left his ass!" He laughed out loud for a moment. Ryan's mother grinned.

"He wandered back next morning, scared, cold, hungry, but he still took me out to the back of the barracks and kicked my ass. After that, you know, he went off to OCS. Became a lieutenant. I got a letter from him after he graduated. You know what it said? Thanks. That was all." Jack looked sagely at Ryan. Ryan almost choked on some food trying not to laugh.

Everyone had to listen to Tasha as well, who chattered incessantly about her latest crush, the local basketball team captain, a guy named Pat. Tasha's dark brown eyes framed by her red-brown hair had that same attraction that their father's had. In better moods, Ryan could admit to himself that Tasha had that same charm and was going to be a beautiful woman one day. Ryan just sulked; occasionally he grinned at the stupid look on Jack's face.

After dinner, Ryan wordlessly retired to his bedroom and shut the door. Ookty came to the window when Ryan put the light on; Ryan silently opened it and, flouting his mother's ultimatum at dinner, let the dog in. Apparently, Jack's dislike of Ookty had finally worn over Ryan's mother, and he was not to bring the dog in the house anymore. Flopping down at his desk, which his father had built for him, he began to read. Ookty, on the floor shrouded by shadow, breathed in a whisper, and the house was calm. So calm that Ryan heard Jack's deft entry into his room.

As he listened to Jack cross the dim room, Ryan waited silently. He was waiting for Jack to find Ookty. Or, rather, he was waiting for Ookty to find Jack. Watching the dog out of the corner of his eye, Ryan saw Ookty's hackles rise and felt more than heard a growl that permeated the air. Ryan smiled as the footsteps came to a sudden halt.

"Uh, Ryan? Hey buddy. What's up?" Ryan could hear caution in the man's voice. "You, uh, you wanna call your dog off?" The dog snarled. Jack, breathing shallow, forced a smile and added. "Got you a beer!"

Ryan glanced over his shoulder, eyebrows raised in bored disdain, as if he had just noticed Jack.

"Down, Ookty," Ryan said blandly. The dog sat, relaxed. Ookty kept his eyes on Jack, though, as he crossed the room and placed a beer on the corner of the desk. Ryan looked up from the beer to Jack.

"Thought your mom told you to keep that dog outside?" Jack asked. The short man's voice held an edge Ryan had previously not heard. Ignoring Jack's question, Ryan posed one of his own.

"What's that?" he asked, nodding at the beer.

"A beer," Jack said, shrugging slightly. "I just thought you might like to toss back a few and talk." He sat on the corner of Ryan's bed. "You know, I've been seeing your mama for four months, been engaged three weeks, and suddenly I realized that I don't know you. I mean, your mom's told me plenty, but I've never gotten to know you, personally. So, let's talk; tell me about you, what you like, what you hate, maybe talk about yer girl?"

Jack paused, caught a breath, then continued. "Ya got a hobby outside of reading? I've already told you guys all there is to know about me, little as there is. I want to know about you." He had let a sappy kind of warmth seep into his voice. Ryan rolled his eyes at the wall in front of him.

"Thanks, but no thanks," Ryan said, burying his nose back in the book.

"What're you reading?" he asked.

"In Pharaoh's Army," Ryan answered, not even looking up from the book.

"Oh, yeah? 'Bout the Army, right?" Ryan was surprised that Jack might know who Tobias Wolff was, so he raised his head and faced Jack.

"You've read it?" Ryan asked.
"No, but I think one of my squad mates in Panama told me 'bout it." Jack was grinning broadly and gulped his beer. He was obviously thrilled with himself for having gained Ryan's attention; the grin startled Ryan back to reality, and he mentally cursed himself for having consorted with the enemy even for a second. He returned to the book, dismissing Jack and wishing for his dad and his usual respect for Ryan's privacy. Jack, however, did not leave. He examined Ryan's room for a moment and spoke again.

"Ryan, what does your dog's name mean? I mean, in English? Your mom said she don't know." He must have been desperate to bring up the dog.

Ryan grinned at the wall, then said, sweetly, over his shoulder, "I don't know; my dad named him, and I don't speak Eskimo." He returned to the book, and Jack smiled.

"Oh, yeah, right, I forgot." Jack said, "Piss on me, right? I forgot not to question you." Ryan opened his mouth, about to turn around, but Jack cut him off.

"Ryan," he said, in a more confident voice, "I've been paying a little attention around here, and I've seen the way you are to your Mom and your sister. And to me. Now, lemme ask you something—" Ryan shrugged his permission. "Were you born a jackass, or did you have to work at it?" Ryan suddenly sat upright.

"What?" he said, turning in his creaky swivel chair, eyes wide in disbelief.

"In other words: what the hell is your problem? I don't know."

He took a gulp of beer, keeping his eyes on Ryan's eyes the whole time Ryan opened his mouth, squeaking as his voice cracked.

"Get out."

Jack's head lolled to one side in silent amusement, grinning tightly against a mouth full of beer. He suddenly swallowed and looked up, straight into Ryan's eyes. "I did my tour, kid. Had a guy in my platoon just like you. Caused grief for everybody, but I dealt with him, and he was a full-grown man," Jack's voice grew quiet, "I can sure-as-hell deal with a little bookworm like you."

Ryan desperately wanted to look away from Jack's eyes, but found he could not. Jack's eyes had a delight in them that Ryan had never seen before. Jack simply stared back for a moment, picked his beer up, then Ryan's, and left, Ootkay growling at his heels.

"I really hate him," Ryan said for the fourth time. Michelle, his girl-friend, rolled her eyes.

"Oh, come on! Give it a rest. I know, I know." she said; "You 'hate him,' 'he's a bastard,' whatever. Don't you think you could give the guy a break? Sounds like he's trying."

Michelle Gallagher was the only girl Ryan had ever liked. Ryan liked to think that Michelle loved him, and he was fairly certain that he loved her. Too often, though, Ryan was an absolute bastard to her. Michelle cared about Ryan and usually tried to console him, but even she could put up with only so much; her parents put up with even less of Ryan's bizarre behavior. Her family was wealthy because her father owned some of the richest salmon fishing grounds in the Bay. Michelle's parents thought she could do better than the son of a drunken fisherman. She disagreed. They left the two to themselves, though, since Ryan would leave for school in a short time. Lately, the imminence of Ryan's departure gave added weight to all their time together.

They met at Michelle's house in the afternoon, after she got off work, then had to go elsewhere to hang out because of Michelle's parents. The encounter with Jack the night before had set Ryan on-edge, and their trip to the local McDonald's could have been going better.

"Are you seriously defending him? Because that's bullshit! He's forcing himself on me. I'm not gonna let him in without a fight."

He snapped a fry; Michelle stared down at the table. "All's I'm saying is that you seem to be the one trying to force your will on other people," Michelle said.

"Ryan, I've talked to Tasha. We do go to the same high school, y'know. She's told me what's been happening at home the last few months. Why won't you let him go? From what I know, Jack could be a great dad."
She spoke to him soothingly, like he was a child, trying not to anger him further.

“Well, I guess we’ll never know,” Ryan snapped.

Exhaling forcefully, Michelle slammed both hands down on the table. “I’m not supposed to talk about this; hell, I’m not supposed to know,” Michelle said. “You certainly aren’t, but I can’t take anymore of this.” She dug into her purse and pulled out a piece of paper. She flipped it across the table to Ryan. It was a copy of something, and he unfolded it.

“This is a port authority report,” Ryan said, “but there’s no names. What’s it for?” He handed it back to Michelle.

“It’s a report from my dad’s files at home. There are two names on it, though, at the bottom: Sid Gallagher, my dad, and Jack Masterson, assistant to the harbor master. Doesn’t the report seem at all familiar?” She pushed it back across the table and glared at Ryan. He scanned it again.

“Nope,” he finally said, flipping it back to her. She snatched it up.

“It should. It’s about your dad.” She paused, watching her revelation sink into Ryan.

“But that’s a report on poachers...” he said timidly.

“That’s right.” Michelle slowly shook her head, then locked eyes with Ryan.

“Your dad and his boat were poaching on my dad’s fishing grounds when he went overboard, Ryan.” Ryan shook his head, not wanting to hear.

“The Coast Guard was suspicious, but Jack talked my dad into not filing charges. He convinced my dad to let those slugs your dad fished with to say that he went over in the open waters.”

“That’s not true,” he growled.

“Yes, it is,” Michelle replied flatly. “Apparently, Jack had been sleeping with your mom for a while when your dad died. He felt sorry for your Mom and you and your sister. The Guard thinks your dad died a fisherman, not a thief. You owe Jack.” She stood and began to put her jacket on.

“I’m going home. Keep the paper. It can’t hurt anybody now. Ask your dad’s buddies if you don’t believe me, but for God’s sake, get on with your life before you drive everyone who cares about you away.”

Michelle walked out. Ryan put his head down on the table. He sat there, numb, thinking of nothing. After a few minutes, he put his jacket on, folded and pocketed the report. He stormed out of McDonald’s, and, tires smoking, drove for the docks.

The docks were mostly quiet; riggings clanked in the wind and waves lapped hulls. Ryan strode down the sodium-lamp-orange planking. He reached the boat, jumped on deck.

“Boone! Donner!” he yelled. The cabin lights came on.

“Whozere?” Boone slurred, obviously drunk.

“It’s Ryan. I need to talk.” He waited while the two men made their way up to him.

“What’s up?” Boone asked, squinting from sleep. Donner stood silently in the shadows of the pilot house.

“You wanna tell me what really happened that day my dad died?” Ryan asked.

“Whataya mean? You know already. We already told ya,” Boone replied.

“Don’t...” Ryan started, looking away. “Don’t feed me that line again! The truth! I want the truth.”

Boone sighed; Donner lowered his head.

“She told ya, didn’t she? That Gallagher girl,” Boone said.

Ryan nodded silently.

“Then there’s nothing for me to tell.” Boone turned away, putting his hand on Donner’s shoulder. They were going back below deck, but Ryan was not through.

“Goddamn poachers!” he snarled. “Yer goddamned poachers.” The two men stopped. To Ryan’s amazement, it was Donner who spoke over his shoulder.

“We aren’t proud of it,” he said. “But at least we kept the secret. Let your dad be dead with some dignity. You couldn’t even let him have that.”

He and Boone continued back down, to finish their drunk.
Ryan sat down on the deck. His legs had turned rubbery.

"Wake up."

Ryan thought he was dreaming, until he felt himself forcefully dragged out of bed.

"C'mon, get up. Get dressed. Hurry up, it's nearly dawn." Jack strode out of the room but returned moments later with Ryan's boots and cruiser jacket from the hallway closet. He threw them to Ryan, then departed again. Ryan stood, shocked, for several seconds. Jack's Bronco belched to life outside. Ookay, chained outside, barked and snarled, presumably at Jack.

In two days, Ryan would leave for the University, and Ryan thought he had won. Jack had no chance. Any way Ryan looked at it, he was sure that the struggle of wills was over. He flopped back to bed, cursing the older man. As he did, Jack tore the sheets away.

"Get up, or I'll leave you," Jack growled, standing over Ryan.

"Leave me?" Ryan asked, "Where are we going?" Ryan sat up, but Jack had already left the room again. Ryan stood, walked over to the window. His kayak was strapped to the top of Jack's truck.

He nearly fell down the steps as he ran to catch Jack before he left.

They drove for Ryan did not know how long. Ryan did not sleep. It was still dark outside, but the moon was down. Dawn was not far away. Ryan had heard Jack and his mother arguing quietly the night before. She had made it clear that Jack was to leave Ryan alone, considering Ryan would be gone soon anyway.

"He's just confused and full of hormones, or something. Ignore him, please, for me?" she had said.

Ryan could not have cared less; he just kept thinking of Michelle and Boone and even Ookay and had not fallen asleep until three or four in the morning.

He started to wonder what his father would do if he were ever forcefully dragged out of bed and hauled off to God-knows-

where for some unknown reason. He stopped himself. Comparing himself to his father had been the ultimate source of all his grief for a long time, and that was all it was good for. More grief he did not need, he decided, and forced himself to just think of himself. Besides, his father no longer seemed like a person he wanted to compare himself to at all. He put his father out of his mind and focused on the situation at hand.

Working on the assumption that Jack intended for them to kayak some where, Ryan was still mystified as to what would motivate Jack. Ryan thought about the possible conditions. He thought of the cool weather, the untested kayak, his own skill, and the river itself. They entered the rainforest shortly, though, and Ryan then concentrated on the colors of the trees. He then became completely lost. Jack took several turns and trails and roads, none of which Ryan knew. This made Ryan wary.

The same pine tree passed them one million times. The ride was hypnotically repetitive. Ryan did eventually fall asleep. He dreamt of his sister and Michelle; they were crying and looking for him. Tasha rode Ookay's back, and the two were on the beach, going up and down calling for him. He stood out in the Bay, watching, unable to move. When he looked down to see what held him, he saw his father's bloated, fish-chewed corpse grinning up at him.

"You're mine," it hissed.

Ryan woke with a start. They were not moving, and Jack was gone. Ryan looked for the keys but could not find them.

"Hey, looking for these?" Jack said.

Ryan heard a jingle behind him and turned to see Jack standing at the back of the truck, the rear window open.

"Get out," he said.

Ryan, still shaken from the dream, complied. They were on the banks of a river he did not recognize.

"Help me pull down the kayak," Jack said, "You're goin' in."

"You know anything about kayaking?" Ryan asked.

Jack nodded, and the boat was soon down.
Ryan stopped and looked at the steel gray surges of the river. The white topped torrents of one million gallons of glacier water dully roared across the huge, black boulders that lined the bottom. The river looked like the back of an enormous, gray, writhing serpent, horribly large, and totally uncaring of his fragile little glass boat or his even more fragile body. Jack did not seem to be nervous at all. Jack’s demeanor bothered Ryan as he helped walk the kayak down to a small gravel beach below.

“Your Mom told me about that promise you made your dad. I’m going to see that you keep that promise.”


“I know how he died, Jack. Michelle told me.”

“Michelle found out by accident?” Jack asked. Ryan nodded.

“She didn’t tell no one else,” Ryan said. “But you’ll forgive me if I pass on the kayaking. I don’t think it’s such a good idea any more.”

Ryan then offered to drive Jack’s truck back if he wanted to kayak back alone. Jack shook his head vigorously.

“No way. You’re goin’, whether you think it’s a good idea or no.”

Jack had a firmness that did not offend Ryan, but did seem to spark something in him, not quite anger. It was more of a determination, a desire to oppose something.

“I don’t owe that sonavabitch a thing, Jack. I appreciate what you did for us, but you can’t make me do something for that liar.” Ryan turned to get in the truck, but Jack grabbed his arm and spun him around.

“Now hear this, kid. You ain’t doin’ this for yer dad; yer doin’ it for you. Ryan, don’t you want to get out from under him? If I thought you were as worthless as he was, I wouldn’t bother with you. I’d just let you fuck up yer life, be a loser, a quitter. But you are none of those . . . ‘Least I don’t think so. You have to do this, to prove that to yourself.”

Jack stopped, drew a breath, ran a hand over his military-style buzz cut. He looked at the river.

“That river runs back to the Kenai, all the way back to the bay and home. It ought to take about two days. I’m going to drive back and wait there. You don’t show in two days, we’ll start lookin’. Here.” He reached into the trunk of his Bronco, pulled out a pack, which he handed to Ryan.

“Provisions, a tent, compass, rifle, andammo. Take my knife, too.” Jack reached to his belt, unclipped his Buck knife.

“Why are you doing this?” Ryan murmured, “What do you care?”

“Remember that guy I mentioned, from my platoon?” Jack started.

“He went on to save my ass in a fire fight one day a few weeks later. ‘We’re even now,’ he said. I finished my tour; he went on to OCS. Became a lieutenant. Let’s just say you got potential.”

Ryan said nothing; he helped Jack get the boat into the water then put on his wet suit. As he boarded, Ryan looked at Jack and felt no resentment. He felt something totally foreign regarding Jack: a grudging respect and even more grudging gratitude.

Ryan started to float away from the bank, paddled a bit to keep his bow straight ahead. Jack watched from the river’s edge, expressionless. Ryan turned to look at him, then paddled out to the deeper water and let the current take him.
Water forms in an endless glitter.
The color is as soft as the petals.
It smells sweeter than the fresh honeysuckle.
The volume is full and rich.
As time stands still for a moment,
As a gift is offered to you.
From a child to a child,
Danger is touched away.

Christal Spitzner
Mixed Media
This pencil is a jungle spear, 
A rocket ship, 
A javelin, 
A tiny splinter in a forest of paperwork. 
It is an oar for a sculling boat, 
A tiny balance beam, 
A parallel bar for gymnastics, 
A picnic bench, 
And a scarecrow post. 

It is an arrow pointing to my escape, 
This pencil is a walking stick, 
A blade on a ceiling fan, 
A 2x4 in a miniature world. 
It is an arrow, 
A straw, 
A sewing needle, 
The neck to a guitar, 
Or perhaps the neck to a tennis racket. 

This pencil is my yellow lollipop, 
It is the handle on a rope swing, 
An arm to a chair, 
A leg to a table. 
It is a telephone pole, 
A log suspended over a creek, 
A plank on a wooden boat, 

A dowel on the side of a crib, 
A hand on a clock, 
A missile. 

My daydreaming friend, 
It is a lane line on a roadway, 
A diving board, a thermometer, 
And a bar on a prison window. 
This pencil is the post of a basketball goal, 
The crossbar on a soccer goal, 
A snow skiing pole, 

A yellow flag cautioning me that work still calls, 
Possibly an old wooden snow ski or surfboard, 
A pole for the pole vault, 
A mailbox post, 
A banister, 
A shower curtain rod, and a radio antenna, 
A rigid fire hose, 
A hypodermic needle, 
A flute, 

And a teacher's pointer, showing me the way.
Jazz

Tim Dominy

Jazz is the rhythmic serpentine
of blue smoke
escaping a smoldering
cigarette.

Jazz is a milky cup of coffee
shared with a companion
in a room choked with smoky conversation.

Jazz is a double shot
of single-malt scotch
straight up
on the rocks.

Jazz ain’t never
the same thing twice.

Jazz is the erratic rhythm
of the human soul
allowed to run
randomly over a keyboard.

Jazz is a pounding pulse
slapped out of a stand-up bass
by a dark young man
in patent leather shoes.

Jazz is a big, black lady
belting it out
to a bold
and beautiful beat.

Jazz is the silent swaying
of two sixty-five-year-old
high school sweethearts
slow-dancing in a silent gym.

Jazz is the smoky smell
of all your lovers
pressed next to you
silently in the dark.

Jazz is her eyes
looking at yours
in ways
that only she dares.
Camellia Grill
Ryan Conarro

Open strangers
With newspapers and coffee
Hamburgers hot off the grill
While you watch.
Waffles, if you like.
The batter gushes, dries,
Like home.
Michael and Melvin, in those tacky clip-on bow ties
That look so right
Serve shakes with a flourish,
Let you pull out the straw.
Melvin laughs at Big Daddy with such respect,
"Yeah, Daddy-O,
It's cool that way."
Amusement at the red carpet, so royal,
To the ragged toilets.
"Hey, Bubba, what's up?"
Smile. It's safe.
People are worth a damn,
As long as there's Michael and Melvin
Waltzing through the diner
And Big Daddy's gold teeth.

Yeah, it's cool that way.
The air is acidic,
Poisonous to your every shivering cell,
No mother with a blanket,
No nun nursing a naked waif to health,
Spoonling warm things into a questioning mouth.

So you come in screaming, squalling and wet,
And go out resolved, lips parched and cracked,
Lying in a white-bright hospital bed,
Slender cats watching the clock in your empty house
While the doctor nods and turns to look out the window
Where the streetlights are illuminating a crazy bum
Who thinks he’s Jesus,
Arms spread wide in the rain--

And who’s playing God?
The cats maybe:
The way they stalk about, grander than time itself.
Two lovers
postured comfortably
on giving grass.
Her legs are folded
prettily beneath her.
His are splayed out beside him:
careless youth.
He wears a tapering vest
and thrice-rolled shirt sleeves--
his wrists are thin
next to wide hands and shoulders.
Her dark dress,
sleeveless,
leaves her white arms free
to gesture and stretch.
The youth's eyes are averted,
grinning,
looking slightly skyward.
The girl
blinks self-consciously down
at the board game they play
carelessly:
Risk.

A photograph tells nothing
but a moment.
This field could very easily
be heaven.
It isn't though--

we know it's Earth,
and these frozen
frightened
lovers
lounge--
her eyes gazing
his eyes
taunting
the
softly setting sun.
On the Tithe
Matt Stancel

Dark brown jeans with white seams
Nestly destroyed at the leg bottoms with sewing sheers,
And a worn T-shirt that I have deemed
Appropriate, are, to me, sincere
Church attire.
Stark black slacks with tag
Freshly removed from the back pocket;
Stark white skin without even a rag
To cover the broken body, visible sinews and sockets,
Of messiah--
Pale, stale specter's shirt;
"All hail the pastor's blazer!"
Frail, nailed, he now asserts,
"On second thought, give it all to Caesar."

Unknown
Gabrielle de Gray

I walk into you,
blinded by your night.
I open a window
your eyes squint
unaccustomed to
sunshine streaming
inside to your dark
liberating you.
Birthday Adoration
Alfred Barker

(To Carie; my twinkling light.)

Standing ripe serenity,
Sandstone strong, diamond beauty.
Clear sky lights into the soul;
You, child of God’s eternity.

Faithful friend I’ve come to know,
Mother’s alone, she’s watched you grow.
Pride proved joy of which I speak;
You, sparkle gem-like reflection show.

Inverted frown, up-turned cheek,
His challenges, peace to make.
Fire forged, yet tempered soft;
You, compassion is only meek.

Pain born love this date had shown;
You, my friend of twenty-one.

Superball
Ryan Conarro

Here is a little boy
with satisfied blue eyes
topped with a mop of orange locks.
He opens his chubby fist to me
and offers a chunk of rainbow-colored Superball.
He tells the story of how he discovered the ball;
it sat on the pavement at school,
broken and left behind,
and the boy picked up the pieces and dropped them
and they bounced to life,
springing about in the sun
like those tiny darting fishbowl fish
that swim in schools and glow in certain lighting.
The boy doesn’t know how the ball broke.
But he kept this piece;
it was nobody else’s,
and he likes to drop it and see where next it will leap—
sometimes it even comes back to him.
He offers this chunk of rainbow-colored Superball,
and though I can read no future in his uncreased paw,
I see that he’s found his little piece of Earth.
He likes the colors when it gleams in the daylight;
the way it bounds and returns;
and as his blue eyes wink up at me,
I know this little boy will always be satisfied with his
rainbow-colored Superball,
his little chunk of Earth.
Music Plays a Lonely Dream
Alfred Barker

The rain sings like Turlough O’Carolan’s harp
a melody that washes clean the dirt-like worries
of life. In an isolated, cold, gray stone,
thatch roofed abode the damp chill is played away,
the fire’s warmth, flames dancing an erotic dance,
wood pops, snaps, sparks fly as a couple covered in dove,
love-bird white linen that falls from their bodies
as they embrace with the rhythm of their heartbeats,
profess their love – hair brown as the sturdy oak,
eyes green as the emerald landscape,
kisses as deep as the lochs they love.

The music stops, daydream ends, and the rain continues,
so once again I press to escape.
Susan Ludvigson and Scott Ely visited Gainesville College in November and spent time sharing their wisdom with students in the creative writing class. Susan and Scott, married for nine years, are the creative writing faculty at Winthrop College in Rock Hill, South Carolina. They often summer and write in the South of France where they have a house overlooking the mountains.

Susan’s poetry collections include Trinity, To Find the Gold, and The Beautiful Noon of No Shadow. She has received a Writer’s Fulbright Fellowship to Yugoslavia, as well as a fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, the Whittier Byrner Foundation, the North Carolina Arts Council, and the South Carolina Arts Commission. Her poems have appeared in numerous magazines and journals, including the Georgia Review and the Mississippi Review.


Susan and Scott were kind enough to answer questions from students Elizabeth Bridges, Laura Olson, and Matt Stancel after their reading at the Penny University. The following are highlights from that conversation.
Chestatee Review: It must be interesting being writers living with one another. Do you two help each other out? Do you two criticize each other’s writing, and is that safe?

Scott: Oh yes, it’s safe, and having Susan read my work is excellent. The story I read tonight, The Game Keeper, was originally written by hand; in fact, I did two drafts by hand and started writing three new stories, which I have just finished. We had just come home from France in August, and I had written a bunch of revisions. So I had all of this writing, and Susan is my reader. I don’t have any other readers, so we did a lot of rearrangements. This particular story was shuffled around; it was one of those cases where it just didn’t start right. Susan helped a lot.

CR: So when you read each other’s work, do you read it acknowledging your relationship, or do you try to read it objectively? Would you read it and say, “Well, I know you wrote this because I know how you think about X or Y”? 

Susan: We try to be pretty objective. And I think we are. Of course, the other is true too -- we do know how each other thinks. But I don’t think that interferes with the criticism. It’s hard to be tough when the other person is feeling vulnerable, but it’s terribly important to be honest. We have to be able to trust each other’s criticism. We try to be tactful when we don’t like something the other has done, but we do say what we think needs to be said.

Scott: A story either works or it doesn’t, and Susan is going to be pretty quick in telling me.

CR: Scott, are you Susan’s only critic?

Scott: I’m not a poet; I can only go so far with poetry.

Susan: I meet with a group once a week, and we critique each other’s stuff. We’re all good friends, but we’re very objective about the work. You wouldn’t think so if you eavesdropped on the first half hour or so of our sessions, because those are always social. We take turns bringing wine and dessert and snacks, and we can be pretty silly. But once we get down to work, we take it very seriously and we are enormously useful to each other. We find that we can solve problems in each other’s work when we think collectively. It’s not writing by committee -- it’s playing off each other’s strengths in order to figure out what needs doing. It’s hard to explain, but we’re much smarter together than any of us is individually. The group is obviously important to all of us.

Scott: I can give her an intelligent response, but it’s going to take that group of fellow poets to really help with some of the finer things.

Susan: And because I have that group of fellow poets, I depend more on them, but when we are in France, I do depend on Scott.

CR: Have you ever considered a collaboration?

Susan: It’s possible; we’ve talked about it, specifically in regard to a screenplay. Scott has written screenplays and I have not, and I probably wouldn’t be very good at that, but I have ideas for some and I’m thinking a screenplay would help me. We’re also thinking about writing a book about France together -- our experiences in the Southwest, where we were married and have a little house.

CR: Have either of you thought about switching genres to see how that would work? Scott have you written any poetry or Susan a story for instance?

Scott: No. I haven’t ever seriously considered switching genres. I guess if I work really hard at it [writing poetry], I would never be more than just a very average poet. It [poetry] is an area that I’ve never been that interested in going off into.
Susan: But I would love to write fiction. Periodically I try, and every time fail. And every time I swear I won’t do it again—that there is really no point. Then enough time elapses and I start thinking about it again, and I make another attempt. I am not cut out to be a fiction writer.

CR: What about writing fiction, specifically, Susan do you find problematic?

Susan: For some reason, my language gets stiff and even flat. Maybe it’s partly because I’m intimidated by fiction. Because I write long poems, persona and narrative poems, it seems as if I ought to be able to make the transition into fiction. I’m interested in character and in story. But good things don’t happen when I try it!

CR: Scott, what is you favorite fictional genre to write in?

Scott: The short story. I think maybe because I’m best at that. And the novella.

CR: Do you two have many writing projects planned?

Scott: Yes. There is never enough time to write all of the stories that you want to write.

CR: Have either of you influenced the other to write something?

Susan: He steals my stuff all the time.

Scott: Yes, I’ve stolen a few images here and there, but I have asked to use them, of course. Lines. Images, metaphors, but I ask.

CR: How do you stay motivated to write?

Scott: I don’t see that as a problem.

Susan: It seems to me that either you are or aren’t motivated. Nobody should have to push that, except when you are in [a creative writing] class. Then obviously you are motivated to get a grade. Aside from that I think authors should only write if they love it. So there’s no problem about motivation. I never have to force myself to write. The opposite is more true—I can’t find enough time to do as much as I’d like.

CR: Have either of you written something that you felt was so good that you would never write anything better?

Susan: I think that’s common. It doesn’t last long. And the longer you write, the more faith you have that it [good writing] will reappear. I think everyone tends to believe (hope!) that the current poem or story or novel is the best, but often it isn’t, of course.

CR: Mr. Sauret took the writing class to the High Museum of Art in Atlanta this year. What do you think the relationship between written and visual art is?

Scott: As far as history and developments, the same thing happens when you look at paintings after World War I and read a story from the same period. I’m a visual writer. Once I make the scenes, I watch the characters move about and record what they do. The only problem is that sometimes you can’t see everything. But Susan may have a better answer than that.

Susan: Not a better answer, just a different take, which is that I’m very interested in the visual arts, and they have been sources of inspiration for me. I’ve written a lot about visual art. I’ve always believed that art stimulates other art—in any direction.

CR: Speaking of influences, Scott, your first novel is about Vietnam. How much of an influence have your experiences in Vietnam had on your writing?
Scott: They are the whole influence on my writing. It is the central experience of my life. And [even] in the stories that aren’t about Vietnam, that influence emerges. And I’ve tried to get away from it; I certainly don’t want to write more Vietnam stories. I think I’ve taken it as far as I want to go, but it’s just going to be there. It is an ongoing thing, and it’s never going to go away, so I’ll just use it. And if more Vietnam stories want to come out, they are going to come out. I can’t control that.

CR: Scott and Susan, what advice do you have for the writers just starting out?

Scott: To read, both fiction and poetry. And to experiment with different ways of writing. But at the same time I think that fiction writers should keep the idea of story telling firmly in mind.

Susan: Read, read, read. Read good poetry from the past and contemporary poets as well. And I always think it’s useful to get together with other people for criticism of whatever one is writing at the time. Classes can be a good way to meet other people who are serious about writing. I’ve had groups grow out of my classes a number of times.

Janice Bagwell is an English major who plans to transfer to UGA to pursue a Physical Anthropology major while pursuing a minor in English.

Alfred Barker, a former Marine, is majoring in English and is currently a Computer Information Systems Instructor at Lanier Technical Institute.

Joel Barnes is a sophomore English major who plans to transfer to UGA this fall and remains a devout Republican despite the liberal atmosphere.

Elizabeth Bridges is an English major who still doesn’t like referring to herself in the third person.

Ryan Conarro is a Theatre major and is the President of the English Club.

Gabrielle de Gray is a Language Arts major and currently plans to teach English.

Tim Dominy is an Art major.

Jenny Grigsby is an English major and mother who has a keen interest in creative writing.

Danny Moulder is an Engineering major and currently lives in Gainesville.

Matt Stancel is an English major and doesn’t care for the “Wu-Tang Clan.”
The Gainesville College Writer’s Contest for poetry was judged by Susan Ludvigson of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, South Carolina. The fiction was judged by Scott Ely also of Winthrop College.

Janice Bagwell
Second Place Story: “The Day Seth Owen Jones Left Town”

Elizabeth Bridges
First Place Poem: “Gingerbread Witch”
Third Place Story: “Untitled”

Tim Dominy
First Place Story: “Push”

Gabrielle de Gray
Second Place Poem: “A Jeweler’s Loupe”

Matt Stancel
Third Place Poem: “The Wayward: Rural and Urban”

Community College Humanities Association: Southern Division

1997’s *The Chestatee Review* Literary Magazine: Second Place

**Contest Winners**