

Featured Contributor —————

'In the dirt'
The Life and Work of
ANDREW L. WILSON

"It has been remarked that though the day may come when web publishing will make or break an author, that time is not here yet. *The Paumanok Review*

“Iyedo”
A Selection from *Osai’s Razor*
FICTION

“Are you praying to the gods and Buddha for my defeat? Matsuo called in from the porch.

Osai shut her eyes. She pressed her palms tightly together on the smooth wooden rosary beads.

Listen carefully!, Matsuo shouted. The gods and buddhas of all universes working together could not overcome even a single warrior who is truly imbued with the spirit of No-thingness. Do not expect supernatural events to save you. Depef aon your own efforts.”

Pg. 57

Art —————

“The Power of Solitude:
Anatoly Krynsky — A Life for Art”
GAITHER STEWART

“The body of Anatoly Krynsky’s works attests his loyalty to Byzantine spiritualism which however he exalts with a new voice and achieves unexpected opefingo saward Western culture. He has been able to transfigure Eastern mysticism within the polyphonic richness of Europe. His work demonstrates that art is the kingdom of a freedom that must discipline itself so as not to degenerate into anarchy. His dancing centaurs are not pure

“Second Chance”

J.C. FRAMPTON

“With his scissors in his hand, Denny gathered a thin clump of gray hair stiff with hair spray. *Right through the temple right here in the shop and the bastard is dead. No crime of passion this time. Just plain murder.* Janie dead now . . . her years, years of ugly alcoholism, destroyed her. He snipped here and there aimlessly.”

Pg. 44

“The Man from Hauslabjoch”

JOHN A. BROUSSARD

“It took a whole day in the shelter of an overhanging rock to convince him that this was no ordinary storm. To try to fight it and continue was

“Goats”
GALE TEMPLE

“During the summer of my tenth year, all the rumors about Alden

Poetry ~~~~~

ÒMusicÓ
DOUG TANOURY

ÒAnd I go on to ponder
The substance of sound
That touches me like a spirit
And moves through me
With ghostly freedomÓ

Pg. 42

ÒA SeasonÓ
DOUG TANOURY

ÒIn tentative indecision for a moment
An hour
A day
A collection of daysTh(That eedomÓ) Tj 104.76 Tz 1 0 0 13580 529 Tm (56. 42) Tj 10

“Autumn Fire”
SANDY CARLSON

Rain smoldering the fire glistens first
On the scraps of leaf leather, skin
Of summer, peeling, fading, blowing in
The cool darkness.”

Pg. 26

“Our Venn Diagram Existence”
ROGER PAO

“However ample the evidence,
whatever statistics
scientists have accumulated,
I resolve that we have not a solitary
moon, but two.”

Pg. 25

“Conversation with Strangers”
SHARON KOUROUS

“He sought the shoreline to walk himself thinner:

“Parma: Past and Present”

GAITHER STEWART

“Yet, although it was hailed as ‘the most majestic theater in Europe,’ the Farnese was chiefly an object of visual art. For soon after its opening, the decadence of the great Farnese family began and performances were rare. Crazy things happened in the aristocratic world. The theater was closed for over two hundred years before hosting celebrations for the 100th anniversary of the birth of Verdi in 1913.

Then when a bomb destroyed the Farnese Theater in World War II, it seemed finally kaput. But by 1962, the Parmese, insecure without their theater, had restored it only to let it again stand silent and abandoned in the center of rich Parma like some kind of toy for giants.

Today it appears as an empty shell, a spirit from the past. But in reality it was always a shell. It was born classical.”

<i>Motherlove</i>	38
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CONTRIBUTORS

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MARK HALPERIN ("Love in Other Languages") teaches in the English Department at Central Washington University and has taught in Japan, Estonia and a number of times in Russia where he has been a Fulbright lecturer and an exchange professor in Moscow and St. Petersburg. He is the author of three volumes of poetry including *The Measure of Islands* from Wesleyan University Press. A new book of his poetry, *Time as Distance*, is due out from New Issues Press (Western



ANDREW L. WILSON (Featured Contributor) lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He holds a B.A. In English literature from the University of Tennessee and a Ph.D. In English literature from Boston College. He has published poems and fiction in a number of print and Web magazines including *Tar River Poetry*, *New Letters*, *Haiku Zasshi Zo*, *Frogpond*, *The Anthology of Magazine Verse and Yearbook of American Poetry*, *The Anthology of the Japanese Airlines Haiku Contest*, *In Posse*, *Nubrite*, *The Wag*, *Mudlark*, *La Petite Zine*, *Still*, *LIBIDO*, *Stirring* and *Exquisite Corpse*, which is now serializing his novel, *Clever*. He has work forthcoming in *Blue Murder* and *Elimae*. He may be contacted at wilsonbrosa@mediaone.net.

ALLEGRA WONG ("Motherlove") has a BA in English Literature from Wheaton College (Norton), and has done extensive graduate work in English and American literature and language at Harvard



EDITOR'S NOTE

On Inspiration

The words of Russian born modernist
Kazimir Malevich ring through the halls
of the Museum of Modern Art: "It cannot
be stressed too often that absolute, true
values arise only from artistic, her
superconsciou(t canne) Tj14 Tw10



taking of an innocent human life is morally wrong. This species-wide consensus may be expressed most perfectly in an individual moment of enlightenment when the patterns which underlie life become apparent and tangible.

History teaches of a few self-actualized individuals who commanded performances of inspiration. More common, however, are those who have trained themselves not to control the frequency of their lightning strikes, but the ways in which they react to the power of the moment. The reaction may, over time, be entwined with all ideas at all times — essentially tricking the observer into seeing a coherent picture of continuous inspiration or enlightenment or, more rarely, genius. Creative writing teachers readily observe in their students' manuscripts when the writer is "on" — when, during creation, the individual harnessed the power of subconscious perception. Later in our careers, we train ourselves to work, if not always profitably or well, then consistently. It is a training that enables us to wait patiently for a more constructive mood. Who would propose that Edison spent his productive years in a state of perpetual enlightenment? But who would refute that the most productive moments of his long career —

moments which would lead to great developments — were the products of inspiration? To do so would be to deny



FEATURED CONTRIBUTOR

'In the dirt'

The Life and Work of Andrew L. Wilson

It has been remarked that though the



granted.”

“Despite my chagrin about aspects of t dissertation — I t ought it overly academic — it led to my becoming friends with David Plante. He happened to read it, and wrote me kind letter t anking me for t attention to his work and confirming some of my insights. Then, when I completed my first novel,



FICTION

Topaz
by Kim Chinquee

I step outside, watching my eleven-year-old twins, Gina and Caleb, play catch outside — the ragged ball smacks their gloves. I smell the early spring air.

“I’m going running.” I bend over, stretching my hamstrings.

“Do you have to go?” Gina says, throwing the ball with her dainty left hand.

“I won’t be long. Maybe we’ll play baseball later on.” I straighten Gina’s hair with my fingertips.

“You always say stuff like that,” Gina says.

“Can’t we come with you?” Caleb tugs on my arm, dropping his glove to the ground.

“No, I need to go alone.”

“But Dad used to run with you.” Gina leans on me, then wraps her arms around my skinny waist.

My husband Brian and I met in college cross-country. Brian stopped running after we expanded the farm,



POETRY

Our Venn Diagram Existence
by Roger Pao

Every so often, a double moon
surfaces on a shore of clouds
encircling my home.
However ample the evidence,
whatever statistics
scientists have accumulated,
I resolve that we have not a solitary
moon, but two.

So all this time, I stand,
viewing my reflection in puddles
during thundershowers,
feeling dissolved, longing to coagulate
before some animal drinks out 52me —
last month, I ran after a child,
who appeared to have been myself
as a child, following him down



POETRY

Autumn Fire
by Sandy Carlson

Birch and maple fires smolder
Into soot that smells of dusty leather, Into that smoky skin of a 44 that



FICTION

The Man from Hauslabjoch
by John A. Broussard

(News Item, September 23, 1991)

The mummified remains of a body discovered by two mountaineers in the Ötztal Alps on September 19th has been definitely identified as being of prehistoric origin. Scientists at the Institut für Anatomie in Vienna estimate that the frozen remains are of a man who died some 5,000 years ago and have proclaimed them to be perhaps the single most important European archaeological find of the century.



There was a storm coming. Lufa, with the instinct of his people who had lived for many generations in the mountain country, could tell from the smell in the air, the wisps of white clouds coming down from the north and the sudden stillness. He knew now that he should have left a day earlier.

He had had to wait longer than usual that summer for the pass to clear. Other than that, the trek down from the mountain valley had been uneventful. It had taken only eight days. But he knew it would take more than twice that long

to return home. All in all, however, he was satisfied. It had been a good decision to make the journey by himself, instead of allowing the group of young men who had accompanied him last year to the lowlands to come along.

They had caused trouble, though it had not been entirely their fault. The lowlanders produced some kind of drink that made a pleasant muddle of the

that final day of their stay last year. There had been anger and unpleasant words on both sides. So this year he had come on a peace mission. There was too much at stake for both his mountain

axe he was taking
item. Aoz. bon there were shells,hkoz
special mushrooms,hkoz many other
items the mountain people would never
receive unless they maintained friendly
relations with these distant neighbo.83
Aoz. bothn

mind, but too much had been consumed



Clovus:



Clovus: By all means, Jarus, keep it at your place, for though my abode is no more dusty than yours, it indeed has more windows, and I would not like to have to concern myself with them after my triumphs.

Jarus: As to that, Clovus, you shall see that I wield my pieces much more effectively than that, indeed you shall!



POETRY

Wooden Bowl
by Sandy Carlson

“Two dollars” in pencil on the Mohegan Trail



interior architecture that underlines the historical unity of the palazzo and art works. It is a traditional museum in dynamic form that makes a visit adventurous and provocative.



“Through blind meiosis and fecund fertilization,
indifferent to love, hate, and indifference ioi Rtmu08.39.19 Tz1 0 0 1 145 670 0





Hepplewhite chair, her knees slightly



houses, bare-windowed, stained
wallpapers peeling.



In music weightless and light



Without hindrance and enters
Through unopened doors
In the softness of bassoon and flute
My daughters whisper
And in the shrill voice of violin
My son whistling



FICTION

Second Chance
by J.C. Frampton

The feet had been bad since about two



was the best. Not true at North City
Barber Shop. Art, the tow-headed
Swede in number four, was the artist of



black scabs over the top of his head.
Scratching. Dandruff like a crust,



hundred-dollar designer shirt — for a
haircut! — and (mock sigh) tasseled
loafers. Denny swung to the other side



for Catholic Charities last month.
Janie, promising soprano half-dozen
years ago, had been just one of the nuns.
Introduced him to Denny opening night,



football game — and the lessons they couldn't afford started, and the gowns, and the choir rehearsals and the auditions, auditions, and musicals at funky places like Chula Vista and Oceanside and Denny at home taking care of the kids. Denny was no ogre,



Kill her or you kill yourself. And who's the guilty party? Hold it. Hold it. Mother o' my kids. Ruin them, ruin them for sure. Mother murdered for violating the Sixth Commandment and Dad in prison for violating the Fifth. Would destroy them. I could take them and take off. Yeah, get as far as Orange County. I'd be terrific in a shootout.



covered bib in his hand. He gave it a
slight shake and whipped it over



“Could fool me.”

“Thick up here on top — ain’t
layin’ good.”

“Well, be careful. Don’t like look
skinned.”

“Check.”

Straight razor would be better . . .
right across the jugular . . . blood’ll pour
out . . . like in a horror flick . . . blood
everywhere. Make the evening news for
sure. No reason not to kill him now.
Kids grown and gone. Let them send me “art

of

mine(Kidhem



she'd already lost ninety percent of her voice to martinis, cigarettes and screaming at Denny and the kids.

"Jesus Christ, what're you doin'?" Wingate shouted. "You're hacking me like a sheep. Lemme see the mirror."

"Ain't got no mirror. Bet you got one at home."

"Hey, I'm done. Brush me off."

Now Earl had turned away from his customer and was watching intently, as was everyone who had an angle toward Denny's chair.

Denny removed the bib and took the blower from the counter and blew Wingate's hair over his Polo golf shirt.

"That'll do," Denny said.

Wingate stepped quickly to the mirror opposite. "Christ, you've made a mess of me. What the . . . ?"

"Here's your chit," Denny said straight-faced, walking to Wingate and placing it in his breast pocket.

Wingate was sputtering and blowing flecks of saliva, waving both arms and shouting, "You just get your license, you nitwit? Or are you drunk?"

"My name's Denny Fallon. I'm a master d 0 lr d . . ?Next!



his trodden consciousness to vigor, upward from the supine to armed, rampant willfulness, his body shivering with an ancient ardor, fierce with resolve.

"Yes!"

He whipped around, grabbed the straight razor from its disinfectant jar and strode out the shop door.

"I'll kill the sonofabitch," he snarled. "I'll kill him."

He saw Wingate at the driveway entrance into the shopping-center parking lot. He was walking hurriedly toward a waiting yellow Cadillac, a woman at the wheel. Denny started running toward the car, the razor held aloft.

Unaware of Denny's pursuit,

Wingate stepped into the passenger side and closed the door and



POETRY

A Season
by Doug Tanoury

In am stuck



on the gate.

She looked out to see a cedar-wood palanquin resting in the street, surrounded by a dozen samurai wearing the symbol of the Kobe clan on their tunics.

Osai emerged from the doorway and, kneeling, bowed.



The Paumanok Review



blade on the other end stabbed at Matsuo's face.

Matsuo caught the spear haft between his two bokken and wrenched on it, turning his hips to throw Iyedo at the gravel.

A few of the samurai gasped.



POETRY

Peripheral Visions

by Richard Fein

How many other drivers also notice
when driving how many other drivers also notice
when driving how many other drivers also notice



FICTION

Goats
by Gale Temple

When I was nine, I had a paper route that ran past a house that was said to be haunted. It was an old farmhouse, set way back from the street with a huge overgrown yard. Our subdivision had grown around it and the old thing remained, a relic from the past. The





man didn't stir, but I could see his chest
moving up and down with calm
regularity, so I said again, "Sir, do you



begun cracking eggs for a *frittata* (a slow-cooked Italian omelette I learned to make from that most useful of all cookbooks, Marcella Hazan's *Classic Italian Cooking*). Tormented by indecision, I suddenly thought, *Let there be a sign.*

At the same instant, I picked up another egg and tapped it sharply on the rim of a shallow metal beating bowl to crack its shell. When the egg spilled from its shell into bowl, I was startled to see that it had, not one, but two bright yolks.



Palermo's airport, I read before we started our trip, is considered one of the two or three most dangerous in the world. As our jet circled before diving for



drifting clouds. Before I could tell G. to look, the clouds shifted and Mount Etna, like one of Prospero's illusions, "melted into air, into thin air."

A few minutes later, I saw Etna again. Clouds were streaming down from the black summit. "Look!" I shouted, and this time G. saw before it vanished into graying mist.

Several miles before Acireale, we



*young woman pushed back the curtain.
She was wearing a beautiful cashmere
sweater and a short skirt, and her nails
shone with dark nail polish. Smiling,
she swung the door inward and invited
us inside, speaking to us in Italian. We
found ourselves standing in an*



came over to our rolled down driver's side window, and explained to us both, again in Italian, that he thought we might want to purchase some groceries while the stores were still open.

Once we were inside the store, Bruno had an excited conversation with a half-dozen people. I could not tell by looking at these people which of them worked at the store and which were merely visiting. I strode through the aisles picking out mineral water, tomato sauce, cartons of milk, and espresso — as well as a few bottles of impressively cheap wine.

When I got back to the front of the store, a young man was telling G., in thick English, that he had recently been inspired with a wonderful idea for a Tz1 0hc99.26 Tz1 0 0 driver's



was a one way road, so we would not be





fishing boat or a yacht.

After a few minutes, our waiter came out of the kitchen with a large white china platter, which he slid between our plates. On this platter were sardines, octopus, shrimp and some sori of crayfish, drizzled with olive oil and sprinkled with vividly green chopped parsley. Deliciously aromatic steam rose from the platter. As I squeezed the lemon wedges over the fish, I wondered if this food would raise my sense of taste to the same pitch as it had my sense of



stared at each other and laughed.

“It’s amazing,” she said. “Do they really expect us to eat all this?”

The waiter came over and, spreading his hands with the palms



down the fish with sips of mineral water.

When our waiter took away the almost untouched platter, he seemed embarrassed for us. But Signore Molino beamed as we left the restaurant.

Outside, an almost full moon shone over the surging black Ionian sea.



It proved not nearly as difficult as we had feared to find our way back to Il Limoneto. Within a half hour, we were ensconced in the wide bed in the dark, high-ceilinged bedroom. I fell asleep at once, but was jolted upright by the sound of a workman hitting pipes just



Noah sat up in bed and looked at Benjamin.

"Phoenix can't go," May said, "but Benjamin knelt by in b's side

penny she had ever been able to save during her lifetime—eight dollars in Federal greenbacks. Benjamin shook his head. "I'm starting to give up on it." Tj10 money.

help, in b. I've hardly been past the

North countless times with Father, you without you. Now we can both be free,

long."

"But you have to understand, Mist' Benjamin, that the northern man ain't as keen on freedom as you might like to think. Sure, some of them pretend they want freedom for the slaves, but most is just as glad to fight to keep the Union together. Some northerners are abolitionists, but most ain't."

"But this is what we can do," Benjamin said. "This is how we can help to make it right."

"But we have to dare to try to progress, for us or for anyone else. We'll don't want to live if we don't do this."

route of their northern journey while

grab, a leftover loaf of bread and some biscuits into an old sack used for cotton bulbs. She stuck her hand under her squeaky mattress and pulled out every

"Benoy is still here," at 14 Tw1 Tz1 0 0 1 351 550 Tr

"But where we are full of joy, please s at 1 Tw98

getag mssagke to



ART

The Power of Solitude:
Anatoly Krynsky — A Life for Art
by Gaither Stewart

Solitary, lonely and just a bit amused,





The one-half ton etching press stands like a
gentle but invasive elephant in the center of





that surround him has helped him attain the
degree of expressiveness he needs.









FICTION

FEATURED CONTRIBUTOR

A Selection from Arsace
A Novel by Andrew L. Wilson

Arsace Queneau was not yet a man, having only turned fourteen on the boat over from France, but his shoulders already sagged; his hands were worn and begrimed from work, his clothing patched and flimsy. It was a good thing



That night, Arsace drank brandy with some Frenchmen who had just come over and worked during the days reinforcing the battlements with stone and mortar. They protested that Arsace was crazy to be going into the interior. Nothing could be found there except endless woods and rivers inhabited by redskinned devils without the slightest respect for life, their minds forever closed to the light of religion. Suddenly one of the Frenchman, the one with the club foot, gripped Arsace's shoulder and, bringing his face with its mouthful of blackened teeth close to Arsace's wincing face, said that perhaps he was in it for the women. Eh? Eh? Arsace smiled a secretive smile. What does he know about women? another man shouted. Arsace stood, tottering — his head was thick from the brandy. He staggered and grabbed hold of a barrel to keep his balance. Let's go show him, the clubfoot cried. Let's go teach the boy about women. They dragged him along

which was swung open by a large woman with a freckled face. We brought you something! the men shouted. Is

with, then, some dark, her face and the



already: the canoe stocked with pelts, provisions, even rifles. They would certainly kill him.

He felt that everything around him had already become unreal, flickering. In a moment he would be with God. Yet he felt a wild last impulse to follow him, to follow him, to follow him.



POETRY

The Estate Sale

by Janet Buck

We grabbed a Sunday paper
and scoured the news of floods and rapes,
obituaries of disease.
Looking for a yard sale like other plebeians
of a culture tied to stacking things it owned—
or sad reverse.
Grand Estate! Don't Miss This!
A stream of sheep flocked through those doors.
House lit up as rotted pumpkins
long past someone's Halloween.
Fleecy curtains drowned in dust.
Furniture tagged like body bags.
China plates with chipped old rounds—
fingernails the world had torn.
Silk bookmarks in the shape of crosses
didn't seem to matter much.
Monopoly of domination
crawling through the moldy grass.

Mirrors were taken down from walls,
hands collapsed in ruined prayer.
Tipped against a spiral staircase—



photos of a striking woman,

