

Genesis Two

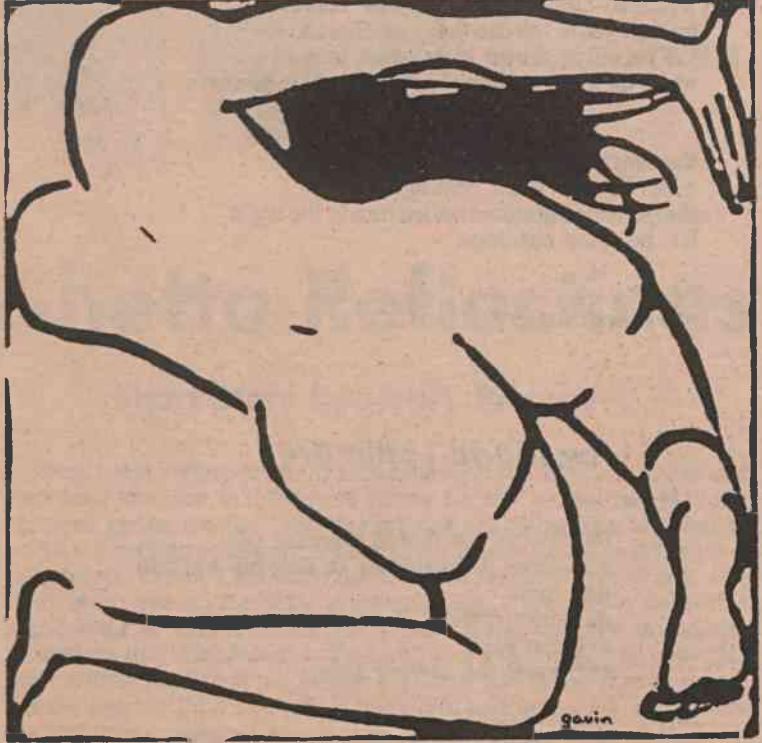
in the beginning god created the heaven and the earth and the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep and the spirit of god moved upon the face of the waters and god said let there be light and there was light and god saw the light that it was good

threads of smoke twisted up from the fire into knots that broke and frayed upward still to mingle with the smoke of moonlight beside the fire sat a man with a stick in his hand held out to be licked by the jumping flames his feet were seared with the warmth of the fire but he didnt draw them away his whole body quivered with a permanent kind of cold that he had at last learned to ignore like the cold the sterile silence too had lost its power to

themselves up to his hunger and he could torture the earth into giving forth life from her decaying carcass his fingertips were the beginning and the end of all life all life that sprouted from death and decay

and in the absence of other sound the crackle of his fire was monstrous as he lay beside it in sleep

visions moved over his eyes visions of people marching thousands millions of people filling up the land their faces grotesque moises of distortion their skin sagging loose as if it were dripping off their bones people crowding mashing toward him below him never touching him and he Anubis leading them driving them to the edges of the land to spill over into the rushing



oppress and in its sterility was without definition neither the chaffing sound of man nor the gallantly consistent whispers of nature nor the deadly clamor of technology broke into the stillness to set the night vibrating with life thick syrupy vapors clung to the charred skeletons of trees scent of burnt and decaying oncelife oozed through the darkness like bellyslithering snakes through jungle earth stank with the vapors and the decay barren lifeless burnt out and always the silence heavy with gloom hung on the night

but the man sat separate apart from the desolation watching the movement of his stick on whose point was impaled a bloody piece of butchered animal slowly toasting into meat

(all this had come to pass in the years centuries aeons since the earth had been ravished broken prostituted by raging men her purity her fruit her life wrested from her in the name of progress her complexion pocked with battlescars her life sources polluted with rubbish her womb clogged with poison she had shrunk from the bloom of productive youth and had shriveled into wasted old age

but revenge was granted her violent cruel genocidal revenge she rose up from her death state and choked out all the life that bled her and the earth was without form and void and the earth rendered up life)

and in his separateness he had strength for in his separateness he had survived the holocaust neither fleeing nor fighting but accepting following the flow of destruction and he began to divide that which was of himself and that which was not and the beasts those few haggard diseased beasts that could still carry their slimey selves over the land he kept apart from himself close together so that he could watch them and maneuver them and finally eat of their flesh for there was no other food and in his separateness he became mighty for the beasts were at his command were forced to yield

seas and the seas were filled with death and became solid and the land became dry and barren and shadows of the dead rose like grey vapors to haunt the land and he walked the land gliding over it without touching it and the deadmen vapors called out to him their screams echoing in the barrenness of the land and he walked by them and would not bear them and they at last faded into the mist and the earth was without form and void

he snapped awake from his dream shaking off its clamminess a vague dawn of grey light seeped through the skeleton trees he arose afraid shivering with terror and the cold of the sunless morning and he walked over the land to a place where a clump of skeleton trees bent and twined around each other in a sinister dance of death he chopped at branches with his hand and the brittle boughs broke easily he tore the married branches from each other and ripped off the outer shell of decay when the ground was littered with limbs he began to lay them carefully one by one across the tops of the trunks that stood withered and lifeless a phalanx of brittle vulnerability weary he backed off to rest and to observe his handiwork a shelter a structure to protect him from the demon spirits of his dreams

wakefulness lingered as the weak glimmer of daylight was absorbed by the gloom he wandered and came upon the carcass from which last night's meal had been taken sight of it reminded him that his stomach was empty and his body was weak with his fingernails he cut and ripped at the meat until he had a chunk that would satiate his emptiness already worms and rot were beginning to consume what was left of the animal few more days of wandering would be satisfied by the meat from this animal he put the chunk of meat to his lips and sucked the juices from it then tore off some with his teeth and weakened and softened it in his mouth the taste made him retch his stomach caved he spat out the

A Short Story by Tony Angevine

chewed garbage onto the ground and left it to the worms time passed

night's cold became harsher till neither fire nor shelter was warmth enough to keep the cold from creeping into his very bone marrow he made his fires bigger he filled the crevices of his shelter with hard packed dirt and mud but the cold was cruel and no living thing found protection from raped nature the breasts that still existed in their sickly bodies were overcome by the cold and their bodies froze and became brittle like the charred frames of trees the man watched the beasts die and horror clung to him his source of survival was being yanked from his grasp he built for the beasts a shelter like his own but he could not keep them inside its protection for in the daylight they wandered the land snatching themselves thus if they did not return to the shelter at night the cold devoured them

in the bitterness of frozen night the man crept from his shelter to that of the beasts to see if any had returned from the day's search for food they were huddled all together clinging to the warmth that each offered the other envying their closeness the man entered their place and lay down with them savoring the warmth of life nearby and when sleep was ended and faint light guided his way he went out over the land in search of a skin to cover himself and warm himself while he wandered in the grey light of day

as his feet pressed into the earth he was aware of the feel of it neither hard nor soft but tightly packed and cold breakable but there was a warmth burning deep in the bowels of the earth simmering just beneath the surface that his calloused feet could feel through the ache of cold the presence the idea of warmth made him spread his lips in a grotesque smile that caused his lips to crack and split and bleed and he tasted the richness of the blood that trickled under his tongue

he came to a place where a long dead beast lay on its side its carcass sharp with visible bones its flesh and substance melting off the tarnished bones dissolving into dust returning to the earth that which the earth had lent to life he circled the beast surveying for patches of skin that he might use to cover his own body and where the carcass was most severely decayed he saw a patch of something green pushing through the ground and bent down to touch it it was life it was a living plant reaching out of earth's womb reaching for sunlight reaching through the decay of the carcass that gave it birth and life sprang forth from death and now life pushed through and replaced spent death time passed and as time passed the earth pushed her life through the crust of ground that divided the man from herself and sprays of light strayed over the land coaxing her to yield and moisture wet the parched land and rivers small and timid began pilgrimages toward the silent seas the twisted and bent tree skeletons straightened themselves and adorned their barren limbs with sprouts of green blossom and the earth rejoiced in her embellishment and the man was glad in the deepest parts of himself seeing the earth give of herself and nourish her offspring and delight in productivity he bathed in the clear waters letting waves splash over him and cover him and feign to smother him then free him again and the clean coldness thrilled him his eyes followed the outline of the earth's contours and the surface was growing thick with green pleasure he smelled the sweetness of growing things filled his hungry lungs with their richness and the wild creatures whose skin had but gripped their bones filled their bellies and grew

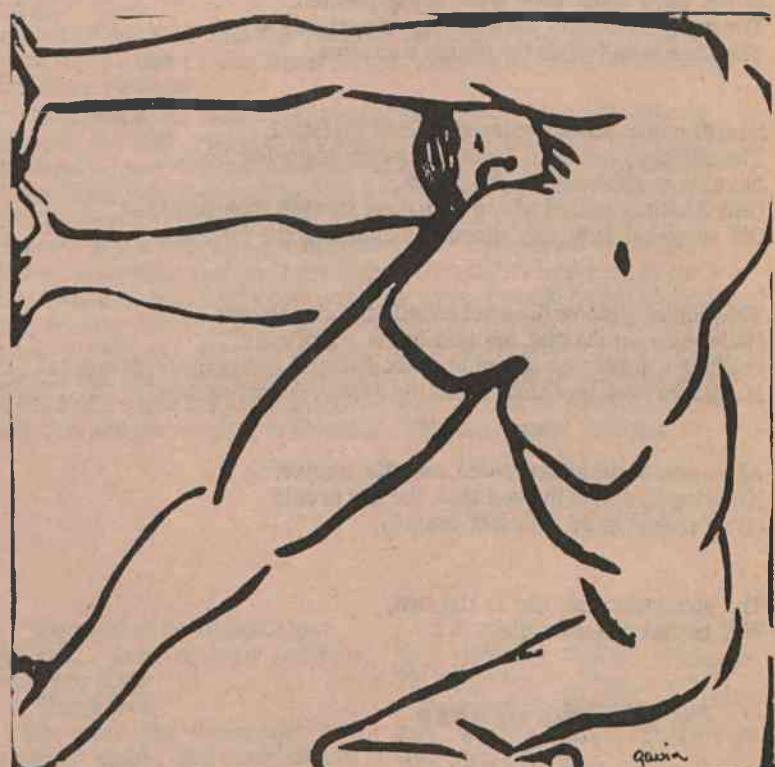
fat to fatten the man and he still walked over the land digging his food out of the earth and taking his food from the fatness of the beasts and taking the skin from those that died and covering himself against the cold and against his nakedness and even in the absence of shame his nakedness was covered

and as nature grew more brazen and greenness flourished and blossomed into splurges of color food became plentiful a restlessness came over the man he was comfortable and growing lazy he felt desire for work for sport he began to ramble spending the daylight travelling over the land discovering new life following paths of green growth seeking darkness or barrenness wanting to squeeze life from the earth with the strength of his hands wanting feel again the cold of lifelessness and to force even that lifelessness to surrender nourishment to him

his angry hands desperate in their idleness tore branches from trees razed the stubble of beginning leaves his teeth ripped off the bark and ground the wood and as the wood splintered off the branch whittled to a point his mouth stretched over his teeth in a smile of realization he searched the ground for a small sharp stone and finding one he began to shave the end of the stick sharpening the point the muscles in his arm tightened tired tightened and perspiration beaded on his face his arm at last ceased its rhythmic motion and his fingers folded around a sharp projectile murky evening draped the uplifted arms of trees a faint glimmer of moonglow sifted through cloudlace to sprinkle itself over the ground deep groaning sounds of animals rumbled over the air and the man stood a faceless colossus brooding in the dark

an animal pawed at the ground snorted at the ominous moonshadow charged defiantly through the darkness challenging the unknown threat the man crouched waiting hidden in darkness stifling the rasping

sound of his breathing listening waiting lurking the animal challenged but not confronted gave a snort lifted its body up on hind legs and hurled itself through the dark the man too leapt into the night shrieking wildly and plunged his weapon forward into flesh and the beast shrieked and kicked crashed to the ground twitched until death carried him from his pain and the man felt his body wrench away from his killing self in the second of orgasmic delight when the blood spurted from the living heart of the beast and onto his hands and he felt the rush of blood the warmth and rich thickness of it as it gushed over him showering covering him with the blood of murdered life he lifted his red drenched hands to his lips he tasted the blood the taste was bitter and sweet and thick and he gagged on the thickness and let the blood trickle over his teeth and stain them with its redness he stood over the dead animal conqueror master of life his will was stronger than all animals he was stronger than all animals for he had weapons secret instruments of death that were his power and his heart grew big and he recognized power he looked down again at the beast his power had destroyed and he felt pleasure he knelt beside the carcass drew out the pointed weapon from the flesh and split open the body he began to cut through for meat and as he cut the blood of the murdered beast flowed onto the earth and the ground was wet with murdered blood and when he had meat the man went apart from the beast and the smell of new death and made a fire the smoke poured upward staining leaves and screening the faint moon and the man sat separate and apart from the destruction the work of his own hands watching the movement of his stick as it was licked by the flames and the piece of butchered animal hung on the end of the stick slowly toasting into meat and the blood of the animal and the smoke of the fire mingled and rose skyward like the smell of sacrifice



1970

Continued From Page 1

-Desegregation-

The Supreme Court again ruled that schools must desegregate, which led to more violence and unrest in both the North and South.

Everyone threatened to strike or did so - even pro football players.

The economy dipped, rose, dipped, rose, dipped . . .

1970. The Year of the Rip-Off.

-Divisions-

A year in which the good old U.S. of A. fumbled and crumbled on (with the rest of mankind). Nixon is President, Agnew sits, in

mealy-mouth glory, at his right hand. The war drags on. The land is polluted. The straights hate the longhairs. The whites hate the niggers. (Some) of the longhairs and niggers are picking up guns. "Off The Pigs!" is the cry of the day.

Out of this rubble we try to make a sane and peaceful world. But the time is passing us by. And perhaps the only real salvation of the next crucial decade will be that we might create a next generation who can evolve farther than we, who can forgive and somehow correct the tragic mistakes of those who lived before them.