Anne Agnes Colwell, Jean Hull Herman Take Top Prizes in NFPW Contest

Anne Agnes Colwell, Winner of the 2007 Dogfish Head Poetry Prize for her chapbook manuscript, Father’s Occupation, Mother’s Maiden Name, and subsequently the Delaware Press Association’s First Prize for Book of Poetry, was recently announced as the winner of the National Federation of Press Women’s National Contest in the same category!

Colwell was announced as the Winner of the Dogfish Head Poetry Prize last December, at the Ninth Annual John Milton Memorial Celebration of Poets and Poetry in Milton, Delaware.

Jean Hull Herman won First Prize from the NFPW for a single poem which appeared in print in a newspaper or periodical. Ms. Herman is well known to Delawareans as the long-time editor of Moebius: The Magazine of Poetry. She is a teacher and writer who describes herself as “the antidote to negativity.” Her work is “Not your grandmother’s poetry.” Her goal at a reading, she says, “is to involve my audience with accessible, enjoyable lines.” When in Detroit, she appeared on television as well as doing radio work; she continues to be a speaker with the Delaware Humanities Forum.

6th Annual Dogfish Head Poetry Prize Reading Period Underway

The Sixth Annual Dogfish Head Poetry Prize for the winning chapbook-length poetry manuscript, by a poet residing on the Delmarva peninsula, will consist of $200, Two Cases of Dogfish Head Craft Brewed Beer, Chapbook publication, 10 copies of the Chapbook (in lieu of royalties), and participation in the Tenth Annual John Milton Memorial Celebration of Poets and Poetry in Milton, Delaware, December 6, 2008, where the Prize will be officially awarded by Sam Calagione, Founder and CEO of Dogfish Head Craft Brewery and Distillery.

Send a chapbook manuscript of no more than 40 pages of poetry to: Dogfish Head Poetry Prize, c/o John Milton and Company Books, 104 Federal Street, Milton, DE 19968.

Send two cover pages: one with the title of the manuscript, your name and address and phone numbers and e-mail address (if you have one), the second with just the manuscript title. This will be a blind judging by a jury of prominent, published poets. If you do not send the second title page with title only your manuscript will be dropped from consideration. Include one page with dedication and acknowledgements, and another with the table of contents. Manuscripts will not be returned.

Include self-addressed stamped postcard for acknowledgement of receipt of your manuscript. VERY IMPORTANT! PLEASE INCLUDE EITHER A CHECK FOR $15 TO COVER PHOTOCOPYING COSTS, OR TEN COPIES OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT!

In either case, you may include a check for $12 for a copy of the winning chapbook if you would like to receive one. (This includes the price of $10 plus shipping and handling.) Ordering of the winning chapbook will not affect your chances of winning. Make your checks payable to John Milton and Company Books, and note on the face of the check that it is for a copy of the winning chapbook.

The reading period for the Dogfish Head Prize Competition runs from Memorial Day to Labor Day, 2008.

The author of the winning manuscript agrees to submit a color photograph suitable for use in promotion within five days of notification, and agrees to appear in person at the Tenth Annual John Milton Memorial Celebration of Poets and Poetry, Saturday night, December 6, 2008, in Milton, Delaware, at the Historic Milton Theatre for awarding of the Prize. The Publisher reserves the right to reprint and distribute the chapbook as demand warrants.
Letters and Notes from Our Readers

Thank you so much. I appreciate your kind words. It is hard to have people read your writing (for me at least) in any format because you just never know if they are getting what you are trying to send. Poetry is even trickier because it is such a subjective & personal expression. But, you can tell a lot of different stories with the same words if you do it right. At least that’s my goal. I will work on a brief bio and get it to you soon. Thanks again.

—Lynda Messick
(editor’s note: see Lynda’s poetry in this issue.)

Thanks for sending the recent issue of The Broadkill Review. I enjoyed Simon Perchik’s contributions, your clever poem “Airing Lines,” as well as the poems of a host of other contributors. (I am sad to learn about Ann Darr’s death, but I’m pleased to know that The Writer’s Center recently honored her accomplishments.)

I’m grateful to Michael Blaine for the insightful review of my book, River Country. I wasn’t familiar with the Stephen King quote, which expresses concisely one of my intents with this book. Please tell Michael how grateful I am to him for giving my poems such a close examination.

My term as poet laureate is coming to a close. This summer I fully intend to re-group. I’m thrilled to have held the post, but I yearn for a bit of solace. I’m sure you understand this type of need. Let’s stay in touch!

—Carolyn Kreiter-Foronda

Thank you so much. I appreciate your kind words. It is hard to have people read your writing (for me at least) in any format because you just never know if they are getting what you are trying to send. Poetry is even trickier because it is such a subjective & personal expression. But, you can tell a lot of different stories with the same words if you do it right. At least that’s my goal. I will work on a brief bio and get it to you soon. Thanks again.

—Janet Jackson

THANKS FOR GIVING ME A PLACE (AGAIN) FOR MY RUMINATIONS AND FULMINATIONS (SIC) — THANKS FOR ALL YOUR GOOD WORKS (AND YOUR OWN WORDS ALSO) — BIGGEST LOVE —

—ALAN (Davies)

Okay then, here you are again, my mentor, colleague and friend. Your faith in me as a writer is humbling and very precious to me, inspirational in fact. I think about it, and like any other writer, I am busy ‘writing a diary,’ as you say, yet far from burning it unopened, I am begging people to read it. Why have I chosen to sit here as close to eight hours a day as I can manage, writing stuff, adding to the vast accumulation of words out there? A line in one of my poems reads “there are too many emotions out there, don’t go adding any more.” But they’re my emotions, and if I felt something and wrote about it, it is because I am driven to do that. I could say, “I write because I have to,” and it would be the truth. And for some bizarre reason, I want people to read what I’ve written.

And there you are, in your article on writing, mentioning one of the first writers’ workshops I had with you (and the beginning of my realising that I had done all the reading I had because I wanted to be a writer) and I was the one whose first seven pages you tore off. I might mention that ‘you’ have torn off many, many more pages than that over my time of writing. The Jamie Principle kicks in in everything I write — does it drive the story? Does it add to the story? Is that me just trying to warm up? The equivalent of an athlete doing warm-up stretches, that no one wants to see? If something doesn’t drive the story, or add to it, is me feeling my way into or out of something, or is the path of least resistance, it gets the axe. Whole chunks of beautifully written prose that got the chop and were replaced with dialogue in my novel. Same destination, different way of getting there.

Loved your article on writing, by the way. Plainspeak cuts through all the self-serving bullshit that writers carry on with. Got to get out now, but will send some comments on the BR (and forward to you any I receive) later on today. I’m reeling through Alan Davies’ pieces, what wondrous stuff in there. I feel a bit like this: “It feels today like Book 5 has about blown through me.” So many small thoughts all jostling together as thoughts do, in reality. Thoughts pile up, sweep along, get triggered, get questioned, question themselves, garner ideas from other minds and elsewhere. There are a million little triggers in there (some of which are thoughts I’ve had myself) ‘where is there? (there?)’ I said, “where is the you I’m talking to? over there?” I love this. I’m going to print it out and hang it up somewhere, just to let something catch my eye and get me thinking. It reminds me very much of what I was doing when I was writing as a language poet, accumulating language of all kinds from many different sources, letting the thoughts bump up against one another, or tie themselves together in unusual ways. What do I think when I see things like: “We’re just lingering over words.” For me, that is a bit like a six word short story, lingering’ means many things, such as passing the time, clinging to life, stopping to mark something, relishing.

“A book is a unit of thought.” and “The more visionary the idea, the more people it leaves behind.” — Don DeLillo, Cosmopolis

Please pass my appreciation on to Alan. And yes, I am going to ask, why the numbers? They give a kind of codified, catalogued effect, a hint that they are an inventory of some sort.

You once said I was born with a tape recorder in my head, and there are quite a few spoils of you speaking that play over and over as I write. The years of teaching that you gave me are always with me. And for that I thank you.

—Maryanne Khan

I like the reading list page with all those book covers. Might print that out and put it on the wall.

—Katherine Reavis

Greetings, all, and thank you for sending in your reviews and notes! I’ll look forward to reading them.

—Lynda Messick

Have been reading more of Broadkill Review and am more interested in your rules for novels vs. short stories. And your poem was terrific.

—Elisavietta Ritchie

(Thanks. We’ve made the additions. - Ed.)

I believe in mentoring, but also in “mentoring moments.” Yes, we can learn from each other. I believe that we can learn a great deal from each other without actually having to be anyone’s protégé. Someone whom you admire can provide you with a lifetime of learning in a “mentoring moment.” Sometimes these can be awfully hard to recognize as such.

I learned this first-hand from Maxine Kumin many, many years ago when I met her at the reception that followed a reading she had given at the Library of Congress.

After I told her how much I had enjoyed her reading she asked very kindly if I came to those readings very often, and I said, “No.” “Why not?” Ms. Kumin inquired, and I confessed that I didn’t want to have my own work unduly influenced by the style of the work of others. I did not want my work to be derivative.

She smiled sweetly and said, “That’s the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard.”

God bless Maxine Kumin. I stammered something awkward and she said something to the effect of “I know what you’re worried about, but you shouldn’t worry about it. You should go to as many poetry readings as you can, and read as many poets as you can, and especially the works of those in whose work you find something that resonates on a personal level with you. Your poetry won’t sound like anyone else’s, but all this reading and listening will just make you a better poet.”

I have kept the kindness of her blunt truth with me ever since, and encourage others to be ready for those moments whenever and wherever they may occur.

—Carolyn Kreiter-Foronda

—Maryanne Khan

Credo

I believe not only in mentoring relationships between writers, but also in “mentoring moments.” Yes, we can learn from each other. I believe that we can learn a great deal from each other without actually having to be anyone’s protégé. Someone whom you admire can provide you with a lifetime of learning in a “mentoring moment.” Sometimes these can be awfully hard to recognize as such.

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—Maryanne Khan
## Old Farmers

old farmers
sitting on the low courthouse wall
knotty fingers
bib overalls and levis
worn work boots
dirty boots
manure stains from thousands of cows
gimme hats, cowboy hats
hand roll makin's:
papers, tins of rough tobacco
some store bought smokes
plugs of black maria
hard enough
to break your teeth
battered ol' farmers
tired old cowmen
gathered of a Saturday
to talk:
cattle
hogs
shoats
tractors
feed
weather
the talk of poverty
the talk of fatigue
endless fatigue
the talk of wonder
at the unknown world out there
the talk hiding hopelessness
at the slow endless life

old farmers
finally going back home
with wives who have
had their own society
in the dusty visit to town

## The Lane

up the lane in the near-dark
with the monsters here or there
rot-smelling and matted
rising in the misty air
still air and quiet air
only the sucking sound
of steps creeping in mud
sharp eyes and
splishy-splashy running
starkly and dimly seen
through the dead sticks of trees and
brush between here and there
the timoneer always awaiting
for his singing copper coin
may the brutish gods
keep us safe from this lane
of monsters and mirrors
and hearts in the ground.

## Anhydrous

New Orleans
My sweet
My love
My blowzy trollop
Let's look at the fish on the ceiling
the catfish of destiny
the crawfish of life and death
Let's see Evangeline the oyster girl
swirling around in a silk housecoat
washed up on Poydras Street
Let's romp in the Dome
Let's count the bodies
Let's build an abode
with plywood
and spray paint
and stack up the rats
for the garden wall
Valdemar’s Corpse
(continued from TBR Vol. 2, No.3)
By Steven Leech

John Lofland:
Delaware’s First Literary Pariah

There is a grave in a downtown Wilmington church-
yard that contains the remains of Delaware's first famous poet. Today, he lies there virtually unknown and nearly forgotten. His name is John Lofland and when he was living, during the first half of the 19th century, he was known to the literary minded in the United States as "the Milford Bard." Lofland's grave can be easily found in the small plot in front of the Epis-
copal Church of Saints Andrew and Matthew at 8th and Ship-
ley streets.

There are a number of comparisons that can be made between Lofland and another famous American literary figure, Edgar Allan Poe. Both died in 1849; Poe in October and Lofland in January. Both are buried in a churchyard in an east coast American city. Poe is buried in Baltimore. Both had a reputation of being substance abusers. Lofland was addicted to opium. Both were widely popular for their literary efforts when they were alive. In fact, both encountered one another during their lifetimes. Yet, Lofland is almost completely unknown by literary academia. His works are not to be found in any mainstream literary anthologies of early American literature.

John Lofland was born in Milford Delaware on March 9, 1798. He began composing verse as a youth. He was intro-
duced to opium at an early age, as well, in the form of a com-
mon remedy which was administered by his mother for a stom-
ach ailment. That remedy was called laudanum, a tincture made from opium and made to be taken orally. However, Lofland did not become fully addicted until early adulthood.

As a young man Lofland went to study medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia in 1817, but he was kicked out of the school just before he was to receive his medical degree as a result of an altercation with one the school's leading professors. However, his enthusiasm for creat-
ing literature was enhanced by his friendship, in Philadelphia, with American poet Robert Stevenson Coffin, who was widely known as "The Boston Bard." It was from this friendship that Lofland acquired the moniker of "The Milford Bard."

When Lofland returned to Milford he retreated to what he called, "his garret" and wrote profusely, often accom-
panied by inspiration provided by laudanum. He was immedi-
ately successful, enjoying publication in such prestigious peri-
dicals as The Delaware Gazette, which was a distant forerun-
er of the current News Journal, as well as others like Casket, Portfolio, and The Saturday Evening Post. His first volume of poetry, The Harp of Delaware, published in 1828 by Atkinson & Alexander of Philadelphia, received wide popularity and established Lofland's reputation as a literary figure.

Among the poetry found in The Harp of Delaware, and a second volume published during Lofland's lifetime, The Poetical and Prose Writings of John Lofland, M.D., The Milford Bard, published by John Murphy in 1846 of Baltimore, were several poems on the theme of anti-slavery; a theme which was a courageous one considering the times and the fact that Delaware was a slave state.

Another thing that needs to be mentioned about Lofland's early life in Milford was an incident that affected the remainder of the Bard's life and work. While an adoles-
cent, Lofland and a young Milford woman name Sallie Mitchell had fallen in love with each other and had planned to get married. However, because of his "strange" behavior, Mitchell's parents had decided Lofland would not be a good candidate as husband. As a result, her parents maneuvered Miss Mitchell away from Lofland against her will and forced her to marry another suitor. Lofland was traumatized and retreated, for many months, into reclusion in "his garret."

Many of the themes of his stories, which he wrote later in his career, were about true love subverted by subterfuge and/or various intrigues, and many of the female characters in-
volved in those stories physically resembled Sallie Mitchell. Even though Lofland had many female admirers during his lifetime, he never married.

In early 1838, Lofland moved to Baltimore where his addiction to opium attained its greatest fury. His cycle of addiction would begin with taking laudanum. Later he would add alcohol to his intoxication, what Lofland euphemistically called "the Grand Turk" and "Sir Richard Rum." This cycle always led to a dissipation so critical that Lofland would have to virtually have himself imprisoned in an almshouse or to place himself under the care of a doctor and institution designed to "cure" addictions of varied sorts. These self im-
prisonments usually left Lofland destitute. But once "cured," he would swear off the drug only to gradually return to his cycle of addiction.

His literary exploits in Baltimore contain the stuff of legend. Among his works is one entitled "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," which is an hallucinatory account of his addiction, replete with stories of bribery, thievery, and one bizarre incident which is best presented in the Bard's own words from the above:

"I became delirious; arose from my bed one night; took a pair of pistols from my trunk, went wandering about the house, and got lost. I found a dress and bonnet belonging to a lady in the house; put them on, belted the pistols around me, and wandered into a room where two Spanish ladies were asleep, supposing the room to be mine. Opium had put the fancy into my head that I had been challenged to a duel . . ."

During the late 1830s Lofland became one of the "Seven Stars," a group of Baltimore "literary Bohemians" who met regularly in a tavern of the same name on the ground floor of the old Odd Fellows' building on Water
Valdemar's Corpse, continued from previous page)

Street. The group consisted of three other local literary figures, T. S. Arthur, Brantz Mayer, and John McIljon.

Lofland must have struck an imposing figure. He dressed nattily with a watch and gold chain decorating his waistcoat with two pistols bulging from under his coat. He was, for all intents and purposes, a pistol packing poet. In fact, Lofland was well known for volunteering his services as a "second" for duels and, reportedly, acted as a second for at least one actual duel.

In one incident with Poe, reported by both Poe biographer Mary E. Phillips in her 1926 biography, Edgar Allan Poe, The Man, and Lofland biographer W. W. Smithers in his 1894 book, The Life of John Lofland, The Milford Bard, Poe and Lofland entered a friendly wager with one another at the Seven Stars to see who could write the most verses in a given period of time. The losers would have to foot the bill for a "wine supper" on the evening of the contest. Lofland won the contest by writing slightly more verses than Poe and, according to Smithers, "The wager was paid, the party greeting the dawn of the succeeding day with maudlin recitations and boosy songs."

According to Poe biographer Mary E. Phillips, Lofland influenced Poe in some of his early writings. She points, specifically, to Poe's story, "Berenice." And in fact, Poe did rewrite the story some time after his encounters with Lofland before it was republished in 1840 in The Broadway Journal.

In 1846, Lofland moved to Wilmington and became the Literary Editor of The Blue Hen's Chicken, another of those prestigious periodicals that published the popular literature of the day. During these final years of the Bard, he turned his talents to writing more prose. Many of his stories were fictionalized accounts of true events that took place in and around Wilmington. A number of his stories written during this time demonstrated his respect for the lives of local Native Americans. One was entitled "Manitoo, the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine, and Wild Harry of Wilmington". Another, which was serialized in The Blue Hen's Chicken, was an adventure/romance entitled, "Ono-keo-co, the Bandit of the Brandywine".

Having been trained as a doctor, Lofland knew the human eye. When two persons are conversing, their eyes are sympathetically connected. Their vision is constantly flying off to other and inanimate objects. The human eye has the power of sympathy with the stomach, and vice versa. Every person will sympathise with another; as for instance, the head will please – called by the French clairvoyance. Medical men are familiar with the term sympathy, or consent of parts; one part of the body we know in disease will sympathise with another; as for instance, the head will sympathise with the stomach, and vice versa. Every person has noticed, that there is a mysterious influence in the human eye. When two persons are conversing, their eyes seldom rest upon each other more than a moment at a time, but are constantly flying off to other and inanimate objects. The celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush often quelled the most furious passions in his patients – because they are common. At first, very few believed that one person by fascination could put another to sleep; but because they have frequently seen it done and it is becoming common, it is generally admitted to be true. It now remains to be proven that the will of one mind or man can actuate or control another; and that the mind of a second person can be transported by the mesmerizer or fascinator wherever he pleases – called by the French clairvoyance.

Medical men are familiar with the term sympathy, or consent of parts; one part of the body we know in disease will sympathise with another; as for instance, the head will sympathise with the stomach, and vice versa. Everyone has noticed, that there is a mysterious influence in the human eye. When two persons are conversing, their eyes seldom rest upon each other more than a moment at a time, but are constantly flying off to other and inanimate objects. The celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush often quelled the most furious madmen, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, by catching and gaz ing intently in their eyes. The human eye has the power of overcoming the most fierce and ferocious animals, as an example of which, I shall relate the story of a gentleman who was devotedly attached to a French lady in Paris. So madly did he idolize her, that he repeatedly vowed to her that he loved her better than his own life, and that he would not only risk his life for her safety, but that he would sacrifice it, if it
were necessary to render her happy. Owing to her situation, she looked upon him as rather her inferior; yet, through pity for his passion, she loved him; though like many other ladies, she doubted his protestations. One day they were sitting in the gallery of the palace of the Tuilleries, which overlooks the royal menagerie, and while they were gazing upon an African lion, that was roaming at large below, and she was listening to his assurances that he would sacrifice his life for her, she let fall her glove from the gallery. It fell near the lion, as she intended, for it was her design to try his faith. She requested him to get it for her, and without hesitation he went down, opened the large iron gate and entered. The lion made a move to spring, but the lover caught his eye and stared. The lion hesitated, and as the lover advanced toward the glove, receded. He still kept his eye fixed, until he stooped, picked up the glove, and went backward toward the gate, the lion slowly following his fixed stare. The lover suddenly sprang out, returned the glove to the lady; and bade her farewell for ever, assuring her that she did not love him truly, or she would not have jeopardized his life. The conclusion of the story is, that the forsaken lady pined and perished of a broken heart. Methinks that my lady readers will declare that her fate was deserved.

If this influence in Mesmerism be admitted to be true, we can no longer deny the power of the snake in charming a bird, which naturalists have long laughed at. Sympathy is observable in many things, though not always observed. I have often amused myself, when sitting in company by a winter fireside. When the company have ceased conversation, and all appeared to be thoughtful, I have whispered to the person beside me that I was going to make all, or most of those present gape. I have then got up, stretched my arms, yawned and gaped, and in a second or two one after another of the company would gape.

The influence of one mind upon another, is observable in many instances. Take the orator for example. He will so operate upon our minds as to make us believe the reverse of what we believed before, and cause us to weep or laugh as he pleases. The player has a similar power and also a writer. But these things are common, and we do not think them strange. To show that our wonder is excited by what is strange, and that what is equally strange will not excite our wonder, when common to us, I will instance a child, two or three months old, and another twelve months old. If the mother of the eldest speak to it and it answer, it does not excite any wonder; because it is common; but if the mother of the younger were to speak to it and it were to answer, never having talked before, she would be struck with wonder and alarm. Yet speaking, or language, when viewed philosophically, is in any respect truly wonderful. So is the art of writing. If at the present day such a thing as writing were entirely unknown, and a man were to appear, who could tell your thoughts which had never been uttered, merely by little black marks on paper, we should believe it to be supernatural. The Indians were struck with wonder when educated men first went among them and they believed the art of writing to be nothing less than witchcraft. They could not conceive how one man could tell the thoughts of another, simply by looking at a piece of paper covered with crooked marks. The Indian chief sent one of the educated men out of the wigwam, where he was satisfied he could not hear, and then told his thoughts to the other, who wrote them down. The absent person was then called, who told the Indian what he had been thinking, by reading the written paper. The Indians could not believe the art of writing to be anything but witchcraft, until it was taught to their own children. The art of writing or putting our thoughts on paper, has become so common that it does not seem strange, though it is perhaps as wonderful as any thing in nature.

In Mesmerism, we think sympathy of mind is wonderful, because it is something new. I shall now speak of what would appear equally astonishing, if it were not common to us. Suppose you had never heard or known any thing of the art of writing or reading! Suppose you were to see a person peeping over a book, and when you inquired the cause of the sorrow, he were to tell you that his mind was sympathizing with the mind of a man dead and gone many years ago! you would be astonished, and naturally ask, how he could sympathize with the mind of a man who is dead. You would think him crazy, when he informed you that the thoughts of the dead man were before him in the little black marks in the book, and that his mind was affected by the mind of the dead man. And when he should go on to tell you all that the dead man said, and you found your own heart beginning to melt with tenderness, and your tears to start, you would think it most strange, the most wonderful of any thing you had ever known.

I have read in a medical work, of twins, born in England, between whose minds there was much sympathy, that they knew each other's thoughts when at a great distance. They were both joyous or sorrowful at the same time; both sick at the same time, and both died about the same time. I have stood at the grave of a stranger, whom I have never seen, and have wept merely through sympathy at seeing others weep. Persons will feel inclined to laugh when others are laughing, though they may have just dropped in, and have not learned the subject of merriment.

In Mesmerism we are taught, that the will of one man may, during the mesmeric sleep, control the mind of another, and govern his actions. The human will is wonderful, view it as we may. Philosophically, my will controlling my actions, is as wonderful as my will controls the actions of another; for we cannot any more comprehend the one than the other. Look at it philosophically! Place your hand on a table, or your knee. There it lies, and there it would lie until it decayed, were not your will to bid it move. The moment you will it to move, it rises. What is this will, or how does it act? We know nothing about it, and because we see it every day, we do not think it strange.

It is said that persons are thrown into mesmeric sleep by the influence of magnetism. The magnetic power may be infused into metal, without the aid of a magnet, simply by friction. If a penknife blade be rubbed upward, on both sides, frequently against a poker, placed nearly perpendicular between the knees, it will become magnetic and raise a needle. I once made fourteen small bars of metal, part of which I tempered, and in a process of half an hour, I infused into them sufficient magnetic power to raise a large key. They answered, in my philosophic experiments, all the purposes of a real magnet. The drill of a blacksmith becomes magnetic by friction.

Seeing that magnetism may be infused into metal by friction, may not the human body become magnetic by the same means, and thus produce sleep? But then the gentle- men, who have been performing in Mesmerism, appear to fascinate their subjects without touching them. They operate in most instances, through the influence of the eye alone.
Valdemar’s Corpse, continued from previous

They call persons indiscriminately from the crowd, and sitting down before them and gazing in their eyes, they soon fall asleep. And if a mesmerizer’s eyes have such power, how can we wonder at the fascinating influence of the eyes of beautiful ladies! It is no wonder that they set men crazy, break their hearts, and cause them to destroy themselves. There is, however, a great difference between a mesmerizer’s performances, and those of the ladies – he mesmerizes the heart, and they the heart. He makes his subject tell what he thinks and feels; and they make their subjects tell what they themselves think and feel. He puts his subjects to sleep by making them easy, and the ladies keep theirs from sleep by making them uneasy.

It yet remains to be proven, that mesmerism can be clairvoyance be true, future experiments may lead to great mental discoveries. But I am fearful that it cannot be so easily established as the somnific part of Mesmerism. Yet, knowing that there are so many wonderful things in nature, equally as far beyond our comprehension, I should not be surprised if Mesmerism were to lead to even still more wonderful phenomena than that. If Mesmerism be true, then there would seem to be a universal mind, divided among men, and he who has the greater portion, can, by his will, govern him who has the less. The mind is a deep mystery in itself, and we know no more about its operations, than we know of Him who created it. Mesmerism, if true, appears to do away the doctrines of materialism, as it was held by the celebrated Dr. Priestly, for such mysterious influence must proceed from and act on that which is more subtle than matter. It must proceed from mind, or pure spirit, and yet we have no more conception of a pure spirit, than we have of the nature of the Deity, if I may be allowed to apply the word nature to Him.

Again, I shall observe, that I shall not be surprised if it should be proven, that one mind has a mysterious influence over another. The parent over the child, and master over the servant, a moral influence which would appear wonderful, were it not common. The obedience of the child and the servant does not altogether proceed from fear or hope of reward. That influence is absolute. The will of the parent governs the child with as mysterious a power as that which causes the needle to turn to the pole. Yet we do not see any thing strange in it, because our minds are familiar with it. So none of mankind, until the time of Newton, had ever seen any thing strange in the fact, that an apple falls to earth, and not from it. But Newton, knowing that up and down are mere relative terms, was led to wonder why the apple fell to the earth in a particular direction, and this simple circumstance led him to the great discovery of gravitation. Millions of mankind had seen apples fall so often that they did not wonder at it, but his superior mind did wonder at it, and he wished to know the cause that it did not fall in some other direction.

Some persons, when speaking of Mesmerism, hoot at it, and say, that if it be true, they cannot see any use it can be. Neither did Galvani see what use Galvanism would be, when his wife came into his laboratory, and happened to touch, with a couple of pieces of metal, the frog she had dressed for dinner. The frog leaped when touched, and the accidental discovery was considered as wonderful as Mesmerism is now. They thought it strange that the frog should leap simply by being touched with two pieces of metal. Galvani made experiments, and from the accidental circumstance of his wife having touched the dead frog with two bars of metal, sprung the science of Galvanism, which has since proven of immense benefit to mankind. Galvanism has opened a field of discovery in chemistry; substances, which were once considered elementary, have by it been proven to be compounds, by being decomposed. Galvanism has been useful in disease and in many of the arts, as well as in many other respects. Yet, when Galvani was prosecuting his experiments, he had no idea of the uses to which it would be applied. May nor Mesmerism, at a future day, when better understood, be equally useful? Who can say it will not?

Confession of an Opium Eater

John Lofland wrote his Confessions of an Opium Eater in the period during the time he left Baltimore and the time he arrived in Wilmington. A major stipulation to the conditions of his employment with the Blue Hen’s Chicken as its Literary Editor was to be clean and sober. It was a stipulation to which Lofland adhered until only a few weeks before his death, when he began to use laudanum to self medicate the pangs of death.

While living in Baltimore throughout the late 1830s and early 1840s, Lofland rose to his greatest level of addiction, and drug withdraw, as well as literary fame. It was a time when Lofland may have interacted with Edgar Allan Poe. Certainly they circulated among the same known literati in that city. These included T.S. Arthur, who was most well known for his temperance potboiler from 1857 entitled Ten Nights in a Bar-room, and what I saw there. Arthur’s novel rivaled Harriet Beecher Stowe’s for riding the hot-button issues of the times.

Another of those literati was Brantz Mayer, whose 1854 book, Captain Canot; or, Twenty years of an African Slaver, exposed the ways of the illegal slave trade, and stoked the fires of Abolition.

Lofland was nearly 40 when he arrived in Baltimore. Except for the few adolescent years Lofland spent in medical school in Philadelphia, his first 40 years living in Milford, Delaware were often very lonely. He lived there with the trauma of his life hanging all around him everywhere every day. He had begun to use laudanum more after Sallie Ann Mitchell had been forced to marry another suitor.

While in Baltimore, Lofland began to explore more progressive themes. One of them was his new feminist views. Others were on the frontiers of science, like Mesmerism. Lofland’s 1846 anthology of his work, which was published the year he left Baltimore for Wilmington, includes works on the themes of slavery and the extinction of the Native Americans. It contains his Philosophy of Mesmerism

Confession of an Opium Eater, as far as we know, was only published once, posthumously, in Lofland’s 1853 anthology, in which McJilton’s biography appears. All the events reported from it are, in Lofland’s own words, the circumstances of his life while living in Baltimore. Here is the Confession of an Opium Eater, by the Milford Bard:
The confessions which I am about to make would never meet the public eye, were it not for that philanthropy which actuates my heart – that desire I have to warn others, who, like myself, are sliding into the path of error, without being aware of the danger. I have another object in view in making these mortifying disclosures, which is to correct the idea of many persons, that I have at periods been wilfully dissipated, and that liquor has been my besetting sin. It is a false idea. There is no man on the face of the earth who more heartily despises drunkenness than I do. Oh! God; could my pillow and my bed speak, what a tale would they tell of the agonizing tears I have shed, and the heart-rending sighs I have breathed, on account of the follies which liquor, superinduced by opium, has caused me to commit. Oh! how wretched I have been, when I looked back on the past. But – "To err is human – to forgive divine."

How beautiful are the lines of Pope –

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That merely I to others show
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy show to me."

The poet Burns declares, that –

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Shakspeare is equally severe on human nature, when he says –

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
That feels for man."

The great Erasmus is severer than the Bard of Avon, if possible; for he exclaims in Latin, "Homo homini lupus – man is a wolf to man." But notwithstanding these illustrious authorities, I have many friends who have hearts to feel and forgive. To such I appeal for assistance, on the eve of rending asunder the chains of my greatest enemy, which have so long oppressed my soul, and that liquor has been my besetting sin. It is a false idea. There is no man on the face of the earth who more heartily despises drunkenness than I do. Oh! God; could my pillow and my bed speak, what a tale would they tell of the agonizing tears I have shed, and the heart-rending sighs I have breathed, on account of the follies which liquor, superinduced by opium, has caused me to commit. Oh! how wretched I have been, when I looked back on the past. But – "To err is human – to forgive divine."

The influence of opium on the brain, when the stomach is clean, is very different from that of ardent spirits. The latter flashes on the brain a few minutes, inflaming the blood, and then dies; while opium acts for hours in the same degree, soothing and calming the nerves, and rendering the mind completely happy.

But this delightful state of things was destined not to last. In the course of some months my stomach began to be disordered, and my brain sympathized. I was distracted with dyspepsia and horrified with nightmare, and the most terrific dreams, until I was afraid to close my eyes in sleep. Alarmed for the first time I attempted to throw off the habit; but in vain, for I felt as if a hungry tiger were hugging me to his heart. Urged on by desperation I increased the dose, until I seemed to lose the use of my limbs, and my brain became frenzied. Imaginary distresses took possession of my mind, and I fancied that my friends had forsaken me, and were continually descanting on my unfortunate habit. In this condition, not, knowing scarcely where I went or what I did, depression of spirit, arising from the state of the nervous system, called for stimulus; and I drank ardent spirits to intoxication for the first time. The liquor added to laudanum, inflamed my blood and I cut all manner of shingles. I went to the old church in my native town; I ascended the pulpit; opened the best of books; took my text, and became eloquent, it was said, for my brain was in a highly excited state. Some ladies and gentlemen in the neighborhood, hearing my voice, excited by curiosity, came to the church, and took their seats, while for an hour I poured forth upon them the thunders of the violated law. My mother prophesied in early life, when I was held up as a pattern of sobriety and morality, that I would one day be a minister of the Gospel. I was fulfilling her prophecy in one respect, but alas sadly in another. Many such vagaries I committed; such as ringing a silver bell through the streets, calling all good citizens to the sale of all old maids and bachelors. When recovering I remembered nothing that passed during the delirium caused by liquor and laudanum, until my friends recalled the circumstance to my dreaming memory.

I imagined that the first attack of cramp-colic would be the last, but on the next night about the same time, I was attacked again. So it continued on from night to night, until I was compelled to remove the cause from my stomach by a cathartic. But it was too late. I had taken the laudanum until I could not sleep without it. If I took not my usual dose on retiring, the irritation in my system became so great, that I could not be still a minute. I was then compelled to get up and take my dose, which had gradually increased to half an ounce, promising myself that I would ere long quit the use of it. Thus I put off the evil day till too late.

From habit the effects became extremely delightful. The influence of opium on the brain, when the stomach is clean, is very different from that of ardent spirits. The latter flashes on the brain a few minutes, inflaming the blood, and then dies; while opium acts for hours in the same degree, soothing and calming the nerves, and rendering the mind completely happy.

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At different times a thousand different fancies possessed my mind, in the same manner that the Turks are affected by opium. At one time I imagined that my arm was a needle-making machine, and that I could see the needles spinning out at my elbow in quantities of several hundred a minute. At another time I fancied that a comical looking old man, with one eye and a wooden leg, was continually at my side wherever I went. When I sat down to the table he sat down beside me. When I stretched my hand to a cup of coffee or a piece of toast, the one-eyed gentleman stretched forth his. When I arose and went out, he did the same. At bedtime, when I raised my foot to get into bed, he raised his; and when I awoke in the morning, there lay the old gentleman at my side, with his one eye wide open. I was not frightened at the spectre, but awoke in the morning, there lay the old gentleman at my side, with one eye and a wooden leg, was continually at my side whenever I went. When I sat down to the table he sat down beside me. When I stretched my hand to a cup of coffee or a piece of toast, the one-eyed gentleman stretched forth his. When I arose and went out, he did the same. At bedtime, when I raised my foot to get into bed, he raised his; and when I awoke in the morning, there lay the old gentleman at my side, with his one eye wide open. I was not frightened at the spectre, but awoke in the morning, there lay the old gentleman at my side, with one eye and a wooden leg, was continually at my side whenever I went.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, if my memory serves me, relates the case of a young man who devotedly loved, and was pledged in marriage to a beautiful dashing damsel. Before the nuptials I recovered with a clean stomach, and continued a habit of using opium. But I struggled in vain, for the chains of endurance, and one night frenzied with opium and liquor, I imagined that I was in a bar-room, and that the front stop or row of open diapason pipes were the slats which enclosed the bar. I commenced tearing away the pipes to get in the bar, and it was some time before, I discovered my mistake. I then repaired to my room, where I had many bottles of acids, &c., for chemical experiment, and seized a bottle containing nitric acid or aquafortis, drinking at the same time about half a gill. I perceived the mistake, and drank five ounces of oil, which saved me, My, throat was so swollen that I could scarcely breathe.

Under the influence of liquor, superinduced by the use of opium, I once went out with some young men on the Delaware Bay to fish for drums. Towards sun-down the young men pulled for the shore, while I sat in the stern steering. When the boat struck the beach, all hands being much intoxicated, they seized the oars and leaped on shore; the tide which was strongly setting out to sea, carried me off in the boat rapidly, without a paddle or an oar and without anything to bail the boat, which was rapidly filling with water. When a mile at sea, being an expert swimmer, I leaped into the boiling flood, and struck with “lusty sinews” for the shore. But the tide was too strong, and I returned to the boat, which was half full of water. Night was fast wrapping the foaming waves of the Bay in gloom, when some fishermen happened to discover me; launched a boat and came to my assistance. Long before we reached the shore my boat sank. I had a spell of sickness; recovered still in the use of opium, and continued eighteen months before my stomach and brain were disordered sufficiently to fall into the use of ardent spirits. So long as opium did not dethrone reason, the monarch of the mind, so long I avoided ardent spirits; but so soon as the Turkish tyrant caused aberration in any degree, I flew to liquor and was soon on top of the city. Under the influence of liquor and laudanum, I have often been in great danger. I have escaped imminent death in a hundred different ways – from the pistol, from poison by mistake, from the waves, from the snow-storm, when returning from a frolic in the country, when I was found by a Methodist preacher; from the dagger of the assassin, &c.

A gentleman in Baltimore desired me, in 1838, to go to that city to write out a book for him, he having conceived a new system of agriculture. The hotel, at which I boarded, took fire in the night from a steam-engine in the rear; my trunk was plundered of money and clothing, and I found myself in the streets of a large city in a state of destitution for the first time in my life. Distress of mind caused me to use opium freely; before it disordered my stomach and brain sufficiently to cause me to drink, I was making by my pen a liberal salary. The usual result of using opium finally took place, and before I was aware of it, I found myself in a carriage at the gate of the Maryland Hospital, and two stout and strong men ready to take me to my room. Opium and liquor were both denied me, except a thimble-full per day, when I had been taking eight ounces of laudanum (half a pint,) or half an ounce of opium in the same time. Oh! the anguish that I suffered during three long weeks, not sleeping a moment in thirteen days and nights, for I could not sit still, stand still, or lie still one minute. I was almost blind from loss of sleep; my limbs jerked violently; cramps seized me in every limb; my nerves crawled like worms, and I was compelled to walk,
walk, walk, until nature was exhausted, and I could scarcely
drag one foot after the other.

One day, in perfect despair, I went down to dinner. The
Doctor and the patients were seated at the table. I could not
eat. I arose, and as I went up stairs I met the gate-keeper going
down to see the Doctor. Good! I exclaimed to myself, the track
drag one foot after the other.

walk, walk, until nature was exhausted, and I could scarcely
touch the Doctor. The next day, worn out with misery, I resolved
to have opium at all hazards. I bribed the coachman to bring it,
to have opium at all hazards. I bribed the coachman to bring it,
to have opium at all hazards. I bribed the coachman to bring it,
to have opium at all hazards. I bribed the coachman to bring it,
to have opium at all hazards. I bribed the coachman to bring it,
and while he was gone, I slipped the Doctor's key, stole into
his office, while, he was standing on the long passage, filled
his pint cup with brandy ten years old, and escaped unseen.
In a little while I was immorally glorious. I seized a sheet,
and while he was gone, I slipped the Doctor's key, stole into
his office, while, he was standing on the long passage, filled
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Valdemar’s Corpse, continued from previous page)

sympathizing with me in my agonies, and by encouraging me to endure every thing for the sake of being free from that curse which has obnubilated my intellect; for I know not what it might have been, had I never fallen into the habits of using opium and liquor. I am no longer stupid – my mind is one hundred per cent. brighter, and it will still increase a thousand per cent. when, in the course of some -weeks, I am restored to health.

To Mr. Jeandell, one of the proprietors of the Blue Hen’s Chicken, who arrested me in my wild career, as well as to Dr. Askew, who has treated me like a brother, and put himself to much trouble to prevent the possibility of my obtaining opium, I owe an eternal debt of gratitude. The Doctor has performed the labors of Alcides, commonly called Hercules. He has cleansed the Augean Stables; he has slain the Nemaean Lion; he has crushed the Lernean Serpent, and strangled the mighty Antoeus of habit. He has rent asunder the chains beneath which I groaned, and to gratify his humane heart, I have solemnly pledged myself that when I go forth into the world thoroughly restored to health, I will never touch opium again; and in shunning that drug, I shall for ever be free from the use of liquor. I wish my friends to stick a pin here, and let me warn others against the habit of using opium, for it is a demon far more terrific than Sir Richard Rum. Beware of it, for it will betray you into the arms of Sir Richard. My friends, Professors Monkur and Annan, of Baltimore, assured me that so long as I used opium, so long would I be liable to fall into the use of ardent spirits periodically.

Lofland the Progressive

From the very beginning of his career as a poet and author, John Lofland was outspoken on several social issues. In his day the positions he took could be construed as unpopular.

In his first major publication in 1828, The Harp of Delaware, Lofland had two poems about Native Americans. One of the poems had a romantic theme, but also one that would reverberate throughout his work; the theme of true love triumphing over death.

In Lofland’s early poem, “An Indian Eclogue,” a young Indian woman, Yaratilda, mourns the death of her warrior lover, Marraton. In a mixture of Lofland’s sympathy and respect for women, which will show up more strongly in his later works, and his sympathy for Native Americans, Yaratilda is a beautiful heroine. Her beauty is enhanced by her surroundings so much so that it also seems that the natural setting of her surroundings is enhanced by her physical beauty. Perhaps it is Lofland’s way of identifying the natural beauty of the American landscape with those who originally inhabited it. As later works about Native American themes will show, the physical beauty of the Native American women he portrays also serves to suggest an inner beauty of superior virtues that not as many white Europeans are capable of possessing, or even acknowledging.

In “An Indian Eclogue,” Yaratilda’s devotion and love for her lost lover, who had been killed in war, is rewarded by his return at the end of the poem. But the reader can never be sure whether Marraton has merely returned with his war wounds, or whether he has returned as a wraith, or whether the reunion is a product of Yaratilda’s self sacrifice. The latter of these two possibilities are themes to which Lofland would return in his fiction concerning the subject of Native Americans.

A second poem in The Harp of Delaware more directly expresses how Lofland felt about the plight of Native Americans. In the early 19th century relations with Native Americans presented problems for the descendants of white European settlers who had begun to build a new country in the Americas called the United States. Generally, Native Americans created obstacles of varying sorts to the property rights precepts of new Americans. Cases of injustice and racism are well known to history. Lofland, being an early 19th century resident of southern Delaware, where Native American communities still struggled to survive, was a witness to much of this injustice and bigotry. He saw that the Native Americans were in real danger of being driven from the land or perhaps being subjected to genocide. This prospect haunted Lofland. So real was this prospect to him that he was compelled to compose and publish this poem, which actually directly preceded “An Indian Eclogue” in The Harp of Delaware.

THE LAST INDIAN

Soon shall the last lone Indian climb
His native hills alone;
And bow his knee, the last sad time,
Before the setting sun;
And on the cloud crown’d mountain, he
Shall bend his manly form,
To worship, o’er the western sea,
The Spirit of the storm.

The war-whoop in the forest wild,
Shall soon be heard no more;
The hands of Nature’s noble child,
No longer wreak with gore;
And the last wanderer’s tearful eyes,
Shall view his country’s tomb;
And read, in yonder evening skies,
His everlasting doom.

His fathers, where are they? who bled
For Nature’s rights and fame;
They sleep with all the mighty dead,
Nor left behind a name: –
And all those warrior chiefs of yore,
Who flourished in their prime?
Alas! long since they left the shore –
Gone down the tide of time.

Soon will the last wave of the west,
Roll o’er their chiefs of yore;
And silent in their graves unblest,
be seen, be known no more;
The council fire, along the sea,
No more surrounded seen;
All swallowed in eternity,
As they had never been.
When time has roll’d his headlong tide,
Far down the boundless flood;
Some youth shall view a city’s pride;
Where once a wigwam stood;
And ponder on the Indian race,
The Indian’s dreadful doom;
Valdemar’s Corpse, continued from previous page

Long since swept from the earth – each trace
Lost in oblivion’s tomb.

When Lofland moved from Baltimore to Wilmington, Delaware in 1846, and shook his addiction to laudanum, he began to write a lot of fiction for The Blue Hen’s Chicken. Nearly every one of these stories contained a lesson of some sort. In many ways Lofland was a moralist besides being a romantic. During this period he wrote two stories on a Native American theme. One was entitled, “Ono-keo-co, or the Bandit of the Brandywine.”

The tale begins in what is now Lewes, Delaware during the Colonial period. A family of settlers by the name of Brabent have just arrived. The family is small. Nicholas Brabent, who was a coachman while in England, is the father. His wife was also English, but had been the wealthy and somewhat aristocratic daughter of Nicholas’ employer. Together they have a daughter named Lelia. Right away they begin to interact with the local population of Native Americans led by Chief Wantanbrand. Initially relations are friendly until a small incident that begins to turn into a major massacre by using a cannon as the literal mouthpiece for what the Native Americans are told to believe is the Great Spirit. While the Native Americans have been made to believe they have become the victims of vengeful Great Spirit, Lander achieves control over them. The incident is the basis for the geographical name of the place where the incident takes place, which is Slaughter Neck, or as is now known, Slaughter Beach.

The animosities created between the white settlers and indigenous people is only the surface consequence. Unknown to the reader, Lander has gained enough control over the Indians to be able to make them do his bidding.

Lelia Brabent is a pre-adolescent girl when the story begins, but she is growing up to be a beautiful young woman. Soon after Lander has disrupted the scene, Lelia is stolen by the Indians. Eventually she is given to a tribe of Lenni Lenape who live along the Brandywine near Wilmington. She is placed in the custody of Tamenend, who is a kind of statesman and medicine man. Tamenend gives Lelia a new, Indian name, which is Ono-keo-co, which means, “Flower of the forest.”

Eventually, as Ono-keo-co grows into a beautiful young woman, the ways of her old life fade and she adopts the Lenni Lenape way of life. She becomes a favorite of Chief Kankanaw. Because of her extreme and unusual beauty, Ono-keo-co becomes adored by the tribe to the point of worship.

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This may be Lofland’s way of suggesting that the fusion between the best that both worlds can offer, the European and the Native American, can result in a kind of compounded beauty, especially within the beauty of the natural setting of the early Brandywine Valley. Both before, in his poem, “An Indian Eclogue,” Ono-keo-co’s beauty and her pristine natural surroundings compliment each other in a special compounded way.

Everything is not so idyllic. Chief Kankanaw has two sons, Neomock and Photobrand. At first Neomock vies for Ono-keo-co’s attentions. However, because Photobrand is more virtuous, Ono-keo-co falls in love with him instead. Jealousy has overtaken Neomock. He feels slighted because he had fallen in love with Ono-keo-co first. The two begin to feud. So serious has Neomock’s jealousy become that his brother, Photobrand, declares to him during a physical fight between the two, “Jealousy has taken possession of your heart, and robbed it of all its kindness. You were always thus.”

So much has jealousy transformed Neomock that he has become completely unattractive to Ono-keo-co. In spite of this, Neomock has become completely obsessed with eliminating his brother so that he can have Ono-keo-co. His first attempt to kill Photobrand fails, but retribution is postponed because war has broken out with a tribe from the Potomac region called the Canai.

The decision to send a war party, which would include both Neomock and Photobrand, is made during tribal council. It is here that Lofland points out an area where policy making among the Native Americans is well in advance of the way policy is carried out among the European settlers. As Lofland puts it:

“The council fire was lighted, and all the warriors and women were assembled in solemn council, for the women among the Indians had a voice in matters of State, and who indeed have a greater interest, not to speak of sound judgment, in matters that concern the public welfare, than women? Happy is the husband, who takes counsel of his wife in things that greatly concern him!”

Here, we have a hint of the tenets of feminism which Lofland will display in other places throughout his works.

Neomock’s bravery in battle acts to ameliorate his previous transgressions against Photobrand, but does not eliminate his intense jealousy. Instead, Neomock becomes more crafty in his plotting to eliminate Photobrand and claim Ono-keo-co for himself, in spite of the fact that he does not recognize that Ono-keo-co is quite capable of moving beyond becoming a mere object of his obsession and capable of thinking for herself and making up her own mind. This is an attribute Lofland admires in women, and it is a theme to which he will return again and again in other works.

One of the results of their victory against the Canai is the capture of members of that tribe. These captives are turned into slaves to give to the family of those warriors who had been lost in battle to do with as they please, which includes being put to death. Two of these Canai captives are Obando and Omai, who is described as a “half-breed.” The family who receives Obando decides that he should be tortured and put to death, as does the family who takes possession of Omai. Obando meets his fate bravely, but Omai pleads for his life. It turns out that Omai is actually a woman in disguise who turns out to be Ono-keo-co’s mother. She had been captured several years before by the Canai when she had gone into the forest to search for her daughter. When Ono-keo-co’s mother is discovered an attempt is made to save her life by not only Ono-keo-co but Photobrand and Chief Kankanaw. But the family who owns Omai, or Mrs. Brabent, will not relent in their insistence that she should be put to death. Neomock sees his chance to achieve his objective by taking advantage of the situation.

While Photobrand and Ono-keo-co are attempting to rescue Mrs. Brabent from an inevitable fate, Neomock uses the incident to fake his own murder at the hands of Photobrand. However, the reader doesn’t know this. Afterward, a suspicious person enters the camp; a sorceress named Kananka. She declares that Neomock is dead and that Photobrand had killed him. After producing so-called witnesses, Kananka convinces the inhabitants of Photobrand’s guilt.
Valdemar’s Corpse, continued from previous page)

The plot against Photobrand falls apart when one of the witnesses, after turning out to be Ono-keo-co’s father, who had also been captured while searching for his daughter, admits that he had lied in order to do a favor for Lander, who had been responsible for the capture of the entire family in the first place, and who had conspired with Neomock to frame Photobrand. In the end, Neomock is exposed in his disguised role of Kananka, and is banished. Ono-keo-co’s family is reunited and she marries Photobrand. Lofland has demonstrated the marriage of Native American and White European possible if love prevails by way of faith, devotion and perseverance.

One thing about Lofland’s prose fiction is that he tells his reader how he feels about an issue up front. In another story with a Native American theme, “Manitto, the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine, and Wild Harry of Wilmington,” he prefaces his account with a statement on the plight of the Indian which results from the encroachment of white civilization. Right off the bat, he compares this encroachment to the serpent entering the Garden of Eden. He makes these pronouncements while portraying the exquisite physical beauty of the Indian princess, Manitoo, within the pristine, idyllic setting of the Brandywine Valley near Wilmington.

Into Manitoo’s life enters Wild Harry. Harry Dewaldsen, is a resident of Wilmington of Swedish descent, and is considered “wild” because he has a mind of his own and is not unwilling to try new things. One day, while exploring the Brandywine River upstream from Wilmington, he runs into Manitoo. Lofland lets the reader make no mistake. It is love at first sight.

However, in “Manitto, the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine, and Wild Harry of Wilmington” Lofland faces the issue of racism head on. When Harry’s sister and mother find that Harry has fallen head over heels for an Native American woman they attempt to convince him to spurn her. It takes Harry’s Uncle Mike’s threat to disinherit him to finally force Harry to break off the romance. When he confronts Manitoo with the bad news, she is so shaken that she throws herself into the water when the lad begins to lose consciousness. Luckily for her the opportunity came quickly, which probably attests to the providential truth of her love.

When the couple returns to Wilmington the genuineness of their love for each other, through their ordeal together and Manitoo’s extreme devotion, obliges Harry’s sister, mother and uncle to overcome their racism. Harry and Manitoo marry and their extended family, Manitoo’s Native American relatives and Harry’s Swedish ones, live together happily ever after.

When it came to addressing issues about which Lofland felt strongly, he did not shy away from expressing himself strongly, even in poetry. In one of the few poems, if not the only one, about the injustices perpetrated upon Native Americans to be published posthumously is this one, based upon an actual incident, though one that may have been lost to history:

Speech of Logan, The Indian Chief whose wife and children were murdered by the Americans as they approached the shore in a canoe.

When they set foot again on land in New York they make the acquaintance of two men. One is Manuel Lopez Alvarez Diego. The other is José Figaro Rosalva. When Diego is found murdered with Harry’s knife under his body, he is charged with the crime. However, Rosalva had framed Harry and when Rosalva gets a fever and begins to die, Quashekee convinces him to confess and clear Harry. Quashekee has saved Harry’s life a second time.

Quashekee’s devotion is suddenly explained by the fact that Quashekee is actually Manitoo in disguise. So great was her devotion to Harry that she was prepared to follow him to the ends of the earth, not to stalk or confront him but in the hope that an opportunity to demonstrate her love for him might present itself. Luckily for her the opportunity came quickly, which probably attests to the providential truth of her love.

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Valdemar’s Corpse, continued from previous page)

But yet thy Logan shall revenge thy wrongs;
Thy mem’ry, O my children, pangs imparts,
Your father’s friends have pierc’d your guiltless hearts;
For this, before the setting sun I swear—
And thou, Great Spirit, hear my humble prayer—
Never shall Logan drop the scalping-knife
Or tomahawk, until the victim’s life
Shall pay the ransom of those children slain,
And this dear wife now stretched along the main;
Ere I shall falter in the bloody deed
O may this heart with spouting crimson bleed,
May ghastly wounds let out my life and breath,
And seal these eyes in one eternal death;
For this I draw the blood avenging blade
To sweep the former friends Columbia made;
Ne’er shall these hands support her cause again,
Retrench her toils or lead her cruel train,
More cruel far than Indian bosoms burn,
For Indian warriors ne’er their friends will spurn;
Now to the task my weary feet are borne,
But O, alas! for these my friends I mourn,
No friend I have, disdained with human gore,
Their bones must bleach along this billowy shore.
Death is no terror, yet to me belongs
To reek my vengeance and revenge thy wrongs;
Then without fear I yield and calmly die
To seek my wife and children in the sky.
Till this is gain’d my hand shall never cease,
Nor take from foes the calumet of peace.

Lofland was also a staunch Abolitionist his entire life. The final anthology of his work published during his lifetime, in 1846, contains a poem entitled, “The Slave Ship,” which in no uncertain terms condemns slavery as a cruel, heartless tyranny. As in “Speech of Logan,” he was not afraid to sound angry about a subject that angered him. In Lofland’s first book of poetry, The Harp of Delaware, published in 1828, he ends his poem entitled “The Slave” with the stanza:

O! you who cannot for him feel,
But for his labor crave,
O! you whose heart resembles steel,
Think but yourself a slave.

Nor was Lofland afraid to use poetry as a tool for political action. Also published in The Harp of Delaware, is this one:

Address To The Legislature of Delaware, January 1826
O Slavery! Thou dreadful curse display’d,
Thou fiend of hell in human robes array’d,
Thou tinsel’d trapping of a generous mind,
Go glut thyself with gold to misery blind;
Go dip thy hands in fathers’, mothers’ blood,
Or plunge a dagger in the warm heart’s flood;
More generous far at one determined blow,
To stop the heart-pulse than to lengthen woe.
Even now I see the suppliant at thy feet,
For mercy and for liberty entreat;
The galling chain fast binds him to the ground,
While his pain’d eyeball spurns its peaceful bound;
Detested coward, eldest born of hell,
Fiend of the midnight haunt, I know thee well,
Thy Gorgon eye proclaims thy fell decree –
Wounds, blood and death – the name for slavery:
But mark me, fiend! – the time shall soon arrive,
When human traffic shall no more survive;
When blood beneath the lash shall cease to pour,
And shock’d humanity shall weep no more.
Mark me, thou ghost of feeling and my song,
Pale pity weeps the injured negro’s wrong;
And if not her angelic voice shall plead,
And heal the wounded victims that now bleed,
Heaven’s awful vengeance shall those horrors tell,
And plunge thee headlong in the flames of hell.
Gods! what a shame – a long lasting shame,
That man should fight for freedom and for fame,
And taught by science all his rights to scan,
Should still deny those rights to fellow man;
Should boast the freedom of Columbia’s lands,
When in his sight the trembling negro stands.
Rise generous Clarkson, from thy tomb arise,
And thou, good Benezet, speak from the skies;
And venerable Cowper, wake and sing,
The negro’s wrongs, till Heaven’s broad arch shall ring.
Dwells there a soul of brighter form within,
A fairer face, than ‘neath the negro’s skin?
Has God deny’d the attribute
Which raises man above the beast or brute?
No. Nature never meant to be unkind,
But gave to all a free, tho’ different mind.
Tis education forms the mind of all,
As oaks in different soils great or small;
Perhaps the negro that now feels the rod,
And bows before his master demi-god,
Had education been his ruling star,
Would have excelled his tyrant master far.

But to proceed – That slavery is a crime,
See the red records of receding time;
That laziness, and the mean love of gold,
First introduced it, need not be told;
That a hard heart, and Satan’s sinful spell,
First bound the slave, let bleeding Afric tell,
And that foul slavery is a pinching curse,
To man’s own merit and his dearer purse,
Can well be shown, where Massachusetts gay,
Shines the proud state of North America.
The father and his sons there plough the fields,
And labour, health and wealth abundant yields;
The negro’s wrongs, till Heaven’s broad arch shall ring.
Dweller there a soul of brighter form within,
A fairer face, than ‘neath the negro’s skin?
Has God deny’d the attribute
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And bows before his master demi-god,
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Would have excelled his tyrant master far.

Rise then, ye Statesmen, and with one loud voice,
Bid Afric’s wretched children to rejoice;
Rise and pronounce to Delaware to decree
Of blessed universal liberty.
Let it be instantaneous – in one breath,
For gradual suffering is a painful death.
Then shall the tear from Afric’s eye forlorn,
Glitter with joy to millions yet unborn;
His fetters fall – no more from friends be sold;
O what a sight for angels to behold!
Let the bill pass, and golden harps shall raise
Th’ exalted theme and celebrate your praise.
Valdemar’s Corpse, continued from previous page)

From you the bill shall on wide wings arise,
And pass the superb senate of the skies.

Like much of his early poems on the plight of the Native Americans, none of Lofland’s Abolitionist writings were published after his death.

Among John Lofland’s final published short stories is, “The Slave, or the Ways of Providence.” It was published in Wilmington Delaware, in serialized form, in The Blue Hen’s Chicken, Volume 4, Numbers 1 and 2, on August 18 and 25, 1848. The dates are significant because Friday, August 25, 1848 was the beginning of the annual celebration of Big Quarterly for that year in Wilmington. Lofland was quite aware of his own timing with regards to story’s publication.

The timing of “The Slave, or the Ways of Providence,” which has been republished by Dreamstreets Press in 2001, is also significant because of another momentous event that occurred in Wilmington in 1848. That event was the trial and conviction at the end of May 1848 of Thomas Garrett, the famous Abolitionist and Station Master in Wilmington for the Underground Railroad, for harboring runaway slaves. This event spawned a flurry of writing that was published in The Blue Hen’s Chicken, including Garrett’s own account of the events, in the months following Garrett’s trial and conviction. For this reason, Lofland’s story probably added to the controversy regarding the hot button issue of the Abolition of slavery in the United States.

During the time that Lofland wrote “The Slave, or the Ways of Providence,” he lived at Tatnall and 2nd streets in Wilmington, only two short blocks from Garrett’s residence and Underground Railroad station, at Shipley and 2nd streets. It is hard to imagine that the two never knew or interacted with one another, especially considering that both were public in their Abolitionist stance and their separate relationships to The Blue Hen’s Chicken. Lofland was the periodical’s Literary Editor.

Lofland was probably acutely aware of the importance and repercussions presented by Garrett’s conviction for harboring runaway slaves. Being essentially a humanist, his motives for writing the story were to influence The Blue Hen’s Chicken’s white majority of readers and subscribers. His first aim, of course, was to hammer home the inherent cruelty of the institution of slavery. But because he was aware of the great significance the celebration of the Big Quarterly had locally, he took the event into consideration.

The Big Quarterly, or as it is now known, the August Quarterly, is the oldest African American holiday in the United States and celebrates the founding of the UAME and AUMP denominations of the African American church. In the years before the Civil War the Big Quarterly was a time when slaves from as far away as Virginia could get passes from their masters and attend the Quarterly. The Big Quarterly was a way for those who had been separated and isolated from loved ones, because of the cruel nature of slavery, to be reunited with relatives and friends, whether slave or free, if only for the short duration of the celebration. Because the Big Quarterly, in many ways, was a collective family reunion, and because the celebration was also a religious one, Lofland chose to embrace elements of family values and religious devotion that were subjects to which the white reading majority of The Blue Hen's Chicken could identify and empathize. It is also a story of faith, perseverance, redemption and forgiveness.

John Lofland was a very well informed, progressive thinker in his day. It may be surprising to know that he was well aware of the revolutionary turmoil raging in Europe in 1848. As Lofland puts it in his opening remarks in his story:

“A torrent, more terrible than an avalanche from the Andes or the Alps, has burst from the volcano of popular vengeance; and behold! all Europe is writhing, as with the throes of an earthquake. The tocsin of liberty has sounded, from the Kremlin of the Czar to the boundaries of the Brunswick, and the Bourbon king has fled from his fallen throne. The flame of freedom is flashing from a hundred hills in sunlit Italy – the battle cry of Byzantium hath been heard in the halls of Austria – and the mighty heart of poor, persecuted, down-trodden Ireland throb with the longing love of liberty.”

Compare Lofland’s language in this early paragraphs of “The Slave, or the Ways of Providence” with that of his contemporary in Europe, Karl Marx, in the characterization of the events occurring there, some of which Marx had first hand knowledge. The following quote, by Marx, is from the first chapter of his 1849 pamphlet, Wage-Labour and Capital:

“The June conflict in Paris, the fall of Vienna, the tragi-comedy in Berlin in November, 1848, the desperate efforts of Poland, Italy, and Hungary, the starvation of Ireland into submission – these were the chief events which the European class struggle between the bourgeoisie and working class was summed up . . .”

Specifically, with regards to the domestic issue of slavery, how progressive an Abolitionist was John Lofland? Upon the reading of the “The Slave, or the Ways of Providence,” one might conclude, like many Abolitionists of his day, that Lofland advocated the freeing of slaves so that they might return to Africa. After all, Juba, the slave from Lofland’s story, and his family return to Africa after being reunited. However, as time passed in the United States, Abolitionists realized that slaves born in the United States could no more identify with Africa than could white Americans identify with Europe, and that the Abolition of slavery would mean that freed slaves would live in the United States as any others might, whether they descended from those brought here involuntarily or who had come here of their own volition. It must be remembered that Juba and his family, from Lofland’s story, are first generation African slaves with memories and deep emotional ties to Africa.

After the Fugitive Slave Act was enacted in 1850, the Abolitionist movement took on a more militant character, as demonstrated by the activities of the Abolitionist John Brown. While much of Lofland’s story utilizes arguments and strategic language embraced by Abolitionists who felt that slavocrats could be influenced by “moral persuasion” to give up their “peculiar institution,” there is a hint that Lofland, had he lived beyond 1849, might have adopted a more militant stance.

John Lofland had a reputation for accepting many of the more progressive ideas that surfaced during his time. His desire to be well informed fed his progressive thinking. The key word, which is part of the title in his story is, "providence." This word, and the concept it embodies, was the prime motivation and justification for John Brown’s imminent militant activism on behalf of Abolitionism. But because Lofland died in the early days of 1849, we’ll never really know how subsequent events might have affected him.

There are a number of recurrent themes in John Lofland’s work, all of which reflect and are reflected by his feminist attitudes. First and foremost is the strength of the
family unit held together by a strong female figure. Even with “The Slave, or the Ways of Providence,” where the story revolves around the plight of Juba, who is redeemed when he saves the life of one of his former owners, it is the strength of Juba’s wife, Fanny, who provides the strength that congeals the family unit when all the members are reunited and return to Africa. And as we’ve seen, the supreme devotion, loyalty and perseverance of strong, smart independent thinking woman persists throughout Lofland’s prose fiction.

To define John Lofland’s feminist attitudes, one should put them into the context of the times. When Lofland lived and worked, during the first half of the 19th century, the accepted role of women was not as it is today. First, women did not have the right to vote, and none but the most radical of fringe elements would suggest that they should have such a right. For mainstream society, which was managed by property owned white men, women were viewed as property. A man’s wife was often considered to be his property to order around as he wished. For early 19th century society the status of women could be considered as only a notch above the status of a slave. To be sure, there were some property relationships between white men and their wives in which the wife was considered a slave. This kind of property relationship between men and women, and the kind of damage it can cause to the emotional states of the individuals involved, pained Lofland, as demonstrated in this poem published in his 1846 anthology:

CRAZY MARY
The most beautiful and interesting young creature, who is the subject of these lines, I saw in the yard of a private mad-house. She was about sixteen, and I never gazed upon a fairer face, a darker eye, or a more fascinating form.

Beautiful creature, wipe thine eye,
Oh! tell me why that silent tear?
Alas! thou art too fair to sigh,
Too sweet to pine and perish here;
An angel of this earth thou art,
Fair as are those of Paradise;
Love only should allure thy heart –
Oh! dry those dark and dazzling eyes!

She raised on high her drooping head,
Her hair in clustering ringlets fell; –
"I’m doomed to weep," she softly said,
"My tale of woe I’ll quickly tell;
Heed not my freely falling tears,
For Oh! my soul is ever sad;
In days I’ve known the grief of years,
And now they say that I am mad.

"The heir of wealth and luxury,
I moved amid the good and great;
Magnificence and misery
Have sealed, alas! poor Mary’s fate:
I loved, Oh! yes, and loved him well,
A poor, but gay and gifted lad;
But in yon solitary cell,

They now declare that I am mad.

“They told me he was wild and poor,
A libertine in heart and soul;
That love like his would not endure,
For he was blasted by the bowl;
But ah! I did not thus believe
That sin had scathed so fine a lad;
I could not think he would deceive,
And then they said that I was mad.

“My father told me I should wed,
With one of wealth and high degree,
Or never more my feet should tread,
The happy halls of infancy;
To wed a man I cannot love,
Would make my spirit still more sad;
And to the world too truly prove,
What they have said, that I am mad.

"Then in my chamber long confined,
My frail and feeble body lay;
But ah! they could not chain the mind,
’Twas with my Henry far away;
He on the wild and billowy wave
Had gone, Oh! how I loved that lad!
Because I wished an early grave,
They said poor Mary’s mind was mad.

“For liberty my spirit burned,
And scarce two moons had I been free,
When my heart’s idol back returned.
From the deep, dark, and dangerous sea;
Soon to my father’s feet he crept,
To beg my hand, with visage sad;
He answered, no! then Henry wept,
To hear him say that I was mad.

“I could not e’en a hope impart,
Tho’ I for him had many charms;
He plunged a dagger to his heart,
And died in these distracted arms;
I closed the once attractive eyes,
Of Henry, gay and gifted lad;
They saw my tears and heard my sighs,
And then they said that I was mad.

“Years cannot blot from memory’s scroll,
The story of that fearful hour;
Death only from my sorrowing soul,
To hush remembrance hath the power;
Not pomp, nor wealth, nor all the art
Of friends, can hide that bleeding lad;
It blasted hope – it broke my heart,
Oh! ’twas enough to drive me mad.”

She ceased, and hung her lovely head,
As tho’ she felt some sudden pain;
Then, gazing up, she softly said –
“I ne’er can taste of joy again.”
To heaven she looked with straining eye,
Specifically, when John Lofland was a young man still of these property relationships. deep and genuine love for a woman is decimated by the enactment of his poetry. This factor, in itself, earned Lofland many female admirers. Yet, none could take the place of Sallie Mitchell, and this was the cause for much psychic pain that plagued him all his life; a pain so deep that it may have been the reason he spent much of his life self medicated through the use of laudanum and other intoxicants.

Among Lofland’s prose fiction is “The Quaker Merchant, or The Generous Man Rewarded,” also republished by Dreamstreet Press in 2003. Even Augustus Able, who in his 1947 article Delaware Literature, made considerable effort to belittle Lofland’s literary contribution, acknowledged the brilliance of, “The Quaker Merchant.” In this tale, set in Wilmington, Delaware, Lofland cites the fact that the Quaker Merchant and his wife had entered into marriage by mutual contract, a concept which for the late 1840s was way ahead of its time. It is also a concept that Lofland considers as a testament to the quality of the Quaker Merchant’s basic humanity.

John Lofland’s most popular story during his lifetime was, “The Broken Heart, or Virtue Triumphant in Death.” Serialized in the Blue Hen’s Chicken, like many modern day blockbuster movies, it had people lined up around the block waiting for the latest edition to come hot off the press. The story, which is based on a true incident that occurred in nearby Westchester, Pennsylvania, is the story of an eighteen year old woman who becomes the innocent victim of a political smear campaign. Mary Mandeville is an intelligent, capable and virtuous woman who is working in the store of a Mr. Whitefield. Because of her capable intelligence, Mary begins to rise above being a mere clerk. Not only does she work hard and long hours, but she begins to learn the business of running a store, and presumably because she is a woman, brings things to the business that only a woman might, such as being able to purchase goods for female customers, for example.

The story takes place in the early 19th century when men believed it was honorable to place themselves in the protection of women. Because Mary often worked late into the night, Mr. Whitefield, who is a respectable married man, often walked her home so that she would not be “insulted” by an interloper of the night. On occasion, because she is beginning to learn more about the business, Mary might even accompany Mr. Whitefield to Philadelphia to make purchases for the store. These occurrences proved to be Mary’s undoing when Mr. Whitefield decides to run for elected public office.

Initially, Mary is made even happier than her naturally pleasant disposition when she meets Henry Brandon, to whom she is to marry. However, on the heels of Henry’s proposal of marriage, she impulsively allows a passing fortune teller to tell her fortune. The fortune teller tells Mary that she sees, in some coffee grounds in a cup, that misery is in store for her in spite of her own innocence, accompanied with, “much distress, and . . . many tears.” Additionally she predicts that Mary will never marry. Shortly after that, Mr. Whitefield announces that he intends to run for election. From that point, everything goes downhill for Mary Mandeville.

It begins with Mary’s friend, Emma Stranbury, telling her that there is talk going around town about her. From there, talk degenerates to innuendo and ostracism. One is...
Valdemar’s Corpse, continued from previous page

reminded of the early 1950s when respectable people were ultimately blacklisted based upon the same kind of innuendo. Mary is stunned but she attempts to retain some dignity. This pose only serves to fuel opinions of Mary as being arrogant when she should be repentant, of feigning a superior cultural attitude and flattering her intelligence in the company of others. Nothing she can do, and no way she can act, can ameliorate her predicament. Her friends drop away and she begins to have fewer and fewer defenders. Mary, who is innocent of all the allegations against her, wonders at how easy it is for people to give themselves over to evil.

Mr. Whitefield, who feels both responsible for creating the situation that has brought the slander upon Mary and helpless because he can’t find out who began the process, and Henry, who loves her, are among the only ones who still stand by her. The best they can find out is that a Paul Freelingham heard a story from Billy Sandwick who said he heard some one say that Bob Stricker, the cowboy, saw Mary Mandeville walking with a gentleman one dark night. Such is the grist for the rumor mill.

So much does Henry love Mary that he insists they should get married in spite of her troubles and that getting married would mean they can begin a new life and prove to everyone that Mary is a virtuous woman. Mary refuses Henry’s insistence, even though she still loves him. She is afraid that if they marry, people will think Henry has married a “fallen woman” and will attempt to impugn them both. However, Henry stays true to her until Mary decides to leave town and go out West to regroup her sensibilities. But it doesn’t work.

Mary realizes that leaving town will only reinforce people’s belief in her guilt. This eats away at her. She still loves Henry and her sadness in not marrying him leads to melancholy. Here, to go back to his sympathies regarding the plight of Native Americans, Lofland makes a fleeting analogy that ought to sound familiar:

“Mary went to the West, and in travelling, passed through many sublime scenes, that under other circumstances, would have enraptured her mind; but now the poor, unhappy girl was like the captive Indian, who looked upon the stately tree, but could see no beauty in it because he was unhappy.”

With Mary out West, and away from her only friends, the remainder of the story is told through her encounter with Mr. Simpson, who is from Mary’s hometown and who tries to rescue her and bring her back. His efforts are futile. Mary begins to degenerate physically, growing weaker by the day. After an agonizing decline in her health and an ever deepening melancholia, Mary finally dies, but she holds true to her own innocence. She is triumphant in death.

In a final note of justice, Lofland felt compelled to add this note to the end of his tale, “The author of the foul slander that cost a young and lovely woman her life, and her friends the happiness of her society, made the confession upon his death-bed, and died in all the horrors of remorse.”

Couched in Lofland’s early 19th century style of feminism remained that affinity with Poe regarding their shared obsession with the premature death of a beautiful woman. In this final example of Lofland’s poetry, he might have had Mary Mandeville in mind. While having many of the dark and gothic trappings of a typical Poe poem, the woman who is the subject of the poems was also a capable, intelligent, cultured and beautiful woman:

**Lines On Seeing a Human Skull**

With a Candle In It

Thou monument of life, where, where has fled,
That greater light that lit thy magic cave?
It dwells not in the mansions of the dead,
It hovers not within the sable grave!
Has Charon borne it o’er the Stygian wave,
To Pluto’s dreary realms of pain and woe;
Where the three furies in distraction rave,
And shudder in the pensile vaults below?

Or doth it amble o’er Elysian meads,
Supernal scenes beyond the ambiant sky;
Where joy immortal all the graces leads,
Where the pure spirit cannot, cannot die?
Thou wilt not speak; and dim is now thine eye,
Where lustre once could speak without a breath;
Where once the violet gave its azure die,
But now, alas! is seen the glare of death.

Shadow of life, the phasy lamp illumes
The cells where once the soul immortal grew;
Emblem of death, from thee, on shadowy plumes,
The nival spirit bade a long adieu:
On soft-winged pinions it unheeded flew,
Nor left a trace of habitation there;
Still as it fled a lingering glance it threw,
Where once mortality was blooming fair.

I saw thee when the smile of beauty spread,
In days long past, a crimson on thy face;
I saw thee when with light and airy tread,
Thou lead’st the dance with ever winning grace!
I’ve seen upon thy temples fancy place
The flowing curl of pure nigrescent dye;
And through the mirror veil of silken lace,
Have seen young Cupid laughing in thine eye.

That haggard brow where once fair Venus sate,
I’ve seen encircled with the wreath of praise;
There virtue smiled with breast of joy elate,
And called the crimson blush when man would gaze!
Yea! I have seen thee when the genial blaze
Of science, roused thee in the warm dispute,
Strike, with thy eloquence, the minds amaze,
And opposition easily refute.

Thy ruby lips then warbled pleasure’s song,
Sweet melody to every feeling heart;
Yea! often would the tender notes prolong,
Till from thine eye the stealing tear would start;
And I have felt the sound, like Cupid’s dart,
Sink in my soul, for thou wast nought but love;
Yea! often it to me would joy impart,
As tho’ harmonious choir had sung above.
Valdemar’s Corpse, continued from previous page

Where now, alas! is all that once was dear?
Where are the lips that like the rose would bloom?
Where is that speaking eye, and limpid tear?
Alas! they sank, they perished in the tomb;
And could not beauty’s cheek escape the doom,
Where that pure test of innocence would rise,
Could not that blush, that breath of sweet perfume,
Surmount thy fate? – No; every beauty dies.

O, what a wreck of all that once was fair,
Is here presented to astonished sight;
O, desolating death, thou would’st not spare
One feature, that was once of nature bright!
Doomed is the polished form to endless night,
Robbed of each beauty that allured the soul;
Now only lit with that poor fading light –
See how in horror death’s wide sockets roll!

O time, thou murd’rer of unhappy man,
How could’st thou thus in darkness shade this brow;
Our space allotted dwindles to a span,
Man’s cool reflections scarce will it allow:
More cruel too, for oh! fair virtue now,
Would kindle in that breast a flame divine;
That eye, affection’s counterpart, endow
With beauties that in Paradise would shine.
Poetry by Betsy Brown

Haiku

Red and perfect,
one delicate bud fell to the ground,
a crimson tear.

Sssssss…

The silent surf swims up the shore
to grasp the waning moon’s bright hand.

Then, silently, they slip away
and sweeping shadows cross the sands.
Waves of Seventeen

From shore I watch as swimmers tease the ocean gods while Wind whipped sand stings my eyes to make me cry. What's wrong mom, laughs my sun-browned girl Before she dives beneath a breaking wave. In fear I wait as fragile skin and bone Defy a crushing wall of water to reappear Shining like the sun. Dancing in and out and under sea, That seal-sleek body, young and fit, shouts – Look at me, I'm seventeen, I own this beach. Look at me.

I recall a distant day when this ocean, angry blue and bubbling, Spit frightened children into safe harbor of their mothers' arms. A careworn woman, by my youthful judgment old and frumpy, Scooped a tumbled toddler up and beckoned me. Come out honey that water's rough, she warned. She's not my mother, just the self appointed mother of the beach, Tut-tutting, herding all her flock to sand and safety. Those cheap seats high away from water, away from life. Where they can watch the show but never feel the power Of the water, Or in the water- Of being seventeen. Those days of light and glory, surf and sand, the salted breeze With gulls like flotsam drifting in and out of sight. Sun-limned drops of water in the air, in my hair, my eyes, my skin, and me-sun varnished in my red bikini. Long hair streaked with blond, tanned limbs strong and agile. I have no fear-the ocean dare not keep me. I'm made for dancing in the waves and On the waves, To feel the water's chill with all my senses screaming- Look at me, I'm seventeen, I own this beach. Look at me.

A gull's harsh siren squawk now brings me back to wonder, Is it the windblown sand that wets my eyes- or yet another sting? Am I that careworn watcher, a self appointed mother of the beach, Trying to protect my tender charges From the crushing waves of water- and from life? No longer young or agile, long past the red bikini, just A shore-bound woman haunted by a carefree girlish ghost Dancing in the breaking waves and calling- Look at me, I'm seventeen, I own this beach. Look at me.
Winner of the 2008 Snowbound Chapbook Award Announced!

Tupelo Press is delighted to announce that judge Dana Levin has selected Stacey Waite of Pittsburgh, PA as winner of the 2008 Snowbound Series Chapbook Award. Her manuscript, titled *the lake has no saint,* will be published by Tupelo Press in 2010.

**The runners up are:**
- Jamie O’Halloran of Los Angeles, CA for *The Visible Woman*
- John Surowiecki of Amston, CT for *Mr. Niedzwiedzki’s Pink House*
- Deb Casey of Eugene, OR for *Spit & Purr*

**Other Finalists:**
- Lisa Beskin – Belchertown, MA, “Shadow Globe”
- Remica Bingham – Norfolk, VA, “The Body Speaks”
- Mary Helen Molinary – Memphis, TN, “The Book of 8:38”
- Howard Robertson – Eugene, OR, “Three Odes to Gaia”
- Robin Beth Schaer – New York, NY, “Almost Tiger”
- Suzume Shi – New London, CT, “Ao”
- Jacob Shores-Arguello – Fayetteville, AR, “John Barleycorn Must Die”
- Janet Sylvester – Kittery, Maine, “The Unbinding”

**Semifinalists:**
- Hadara Bar-Nadav – Kansas City, MO, “Fable of Flesh”
- Colin Cheney – Brooklyn, NY, “Here There Be Monsters”
- Mark Conway – Avon, MN, “Dreaming Man, Face Down”
- Joanne Diaz – Chicago, IL, “Violin”
- Jennifer Kwon Dobbs – New York, NY, “Mongrel Angels”
- Matthew Hittinger – Astoria, NY, “Spectacular Reflection”
- Christina Hutchins – Albany, CA, “Dark Creek”
- M. Smith Janson – Florence, MA, “Letter Written in this Life, Mailed from the Next”
- Jesse Lee Kercheval – Madison, WI, “My Life as a Silent Movie”
- Sandra Kohler – Dorchester, MA, “Final Summer”
- Gary Copeland Lilley – Swannanoa, NC, “Wade In Da Wahtuh”
- Matthew Lippman – Claverack, NY, “Moses”
- Mike Maniquiz – Clovis, CA, “Cooking Frutti Di Mare on This Early Evening Before the Night Falls on Kentucky Hillsides”
- Mary Helen Molinary – Memphis, TN, “This Book of Sun”
- Rusty Morrison – Richmond, CA, “Insolence”
- Teresa Pfeifer – Chicopee, MA, “Little Matryoshka”
- Boyer Rickel – Tucson, AZ, “reliquary”
- Reginald Shepherd – Pensacola, FL, “Photos of the Fallen World: Poems”
- Page Hill Starzinger – New York, NY, “Black Tongue”
- Barry Sternlieb – Richmond, MA, “Winter Crows”
- Jonathan Weinert – Concord, MA, “Charged Particles”
Poetry by Gary Hanna

**Persephone**

Each slender limb, each tip end twig, is so laden down with five petaled sweetness, that no bee could miss, even in the night. Yet old trunks that rise above the ground throughout the year, do not speak to sun and bees. They are barren, grey, and possess contorted shapes of yesterday's misspent blooms, entwined deep within the soil. Now in their special hour, they are the support of all beauty, except for roots, whose strange attraction remains a mystery, anchored to that place, pulling Persephone away from light.

Even gnarls have a grandeur of their own, and give birth to tiny leaves, new green, who already had their spring, before blossoms ever thought to fall. But where are the bees? They do not decorate the flower, or is the day too bright to celebrate the hour, and the choice too difficult to make with the gift of sight. Perhaps in spring, bees only fly at night, when they hear the siren's song and choose this quiet hour to feed on pretty flowers, like other suitors in the dark. But for leaves to come, there must have been bees, even though unseen.

Was the sun too hot for wings, or the wind too hard for aerial manipulation, or is it really in the night, that bees do bring spring's sensation? However sent or meant to be, the blossoms are on the tree. Why then, can't you and I breathe in the scent of flowers and pledge our love each night. Despite unlucky age, we still can feel the sun and know that time is not the only power, for it cannot school the heart. Only you and I know in spring, at night, how young we are.

**Penelope's Song**

How many times will the cherry bloom, how many trips will it take on your odyssey without either one knowing where the other one is Without touching we are alone, blue Aegean eyes and soft pink petals of feminine ego lost on the sea, our journey in time

The first warmth of spring will touches our hearts and our earth will bloom, wherever we are, but new kisses are the best celebration, after that leaves turn to green and life ebbs

How long will it last, how many times can we miss each other so completely, so close to home, so far away

Take my petals and cast them on your sea someday do this, in remembrance of me, and I will live forever, waiting, without touching, constant as the moon

Oh damned be men of honor defending beauty, she cannot be worth all these years
Promethean Affection

How pragmatic you are not to let yourself absorb or be absorbed one into the other. But if I could teach you affection, you’d be released from your rock, or have the years dug so deep an abyss since your springtime was crushed like so many petals on the pavement, that you will never be free. How do I apologize for intervening years that were not my responsibility and cast my net like the fisherman, waiting for a sign, I too, am thirsty and dry. Is it sex, or power, or fear or are you really satisfied with things as they are, content with your mirrored reflection on the sea. Pity that early frost should set in, even among the vibrant colors of such a pretty flower, Give in, repent before the eagle comes again, and love me agelessly.

After the Storm

Now that the levee has broken and the debris of our relationship is scattered, should I stay and watch the water of your sobbing rise to drown my heart, or see the lightening in your eyes penetrate my soul to the bone, leaving only the marrow to continue our indifference. Instinctively I smell the sweet cleansing of the storm and feel the swelling impulse to depart. Only your soft attraction binds me, amid such catharsis, to try anew in the blue eyed grass of memory.

Again and Again

Our faces fill with lines of thunderstorms and undone age, nevermind eyes that lift like the feet of birds wanting to take wing and flee this place, this place of need, this place of trying to fall in love and stay there, while treading water. If we could just do it again, again and again, in some other place, in some other history, we’d get it right, like stars on fire.
Photo Essay by Ed Lukacs
Taken Aboard the Cape May-Lewes Ferry
Photo Essay by Ed Lukacs
Photo Essay by Ed Lukacs
Photo Essay by Ed Lukacs
Photo Essay by Ed Lukacs
My Sister’s Bracelet

When the box arrives
I place it unopened
in my top dresser drawer
where it sits for several days.
Late at night, alone
in the room that used to be hers,
I slowly peel away the heavy
brown paper; there should be
a ritual for this sort of thing.

Hugged tight to my thin wrist,
the silver cuff outlasts
two wedding bands and the grubby
hands of three grandchildren.

State Theater on Main Street

After hearings and protests
the historic movie theater
is demolished. Photos
from that day don’t capture
how each ponderous swing
of the wrecking ball brings down
pieces of my childhood
in a cascade of bricks.

Black patent leather shoes
and white gloves with seed pearls
worn to preschool cartoons
with my father, Saturday matinees
with giggling, gum-cracking girlfriends,
high school dates ending
in awkward kisses full of promises
unkept. My youth implodes, catches
in my throat along with the maroon grit
that coats adjacent buildings
as the theater trembles, then sighs
and collapses like a cranky toddler
throwing herself on the ground.

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Jamie Brown

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Not What I Expected: The Unpredictable Road from Womanhood to Motherhood

Fiction, Essays, Poetry, and Art
Edited by Dona Currie Arias and Hildie S. Block

Jimi Hendrix

Kiss the Sky

Zwemerhead

Reinventing the Wheel

Passport to Benin

William Penn

Tea Party

Katherine Nichols

Richard Peabody

Fiction & poetry starring
Evelyn sat at her window chair and looked at the rising water. The town of Deluce, in the Top End of the Northern Territory, was being flooded as she sat there watching it happen. Over the last few days the police had been issuing regular bulletins about the water level of the Deluce River and now folks were co-operating with their request to evacuate their houses and properties. She stroked the scar behind her ear, watched, and thought to herself. *You can always depend on water, which is more than could be said for people. We are slaves to water. You always know where you are with it.*

One of the things Evelyn loved about Deluce was that it was bound by the two branches of the Deluce River, the Upper and Lower Deluce, which effectively surrounded it with water. Other townsfolk agreed with Evelyn, especially those enjoying the boating and fishing, although not that many folks communicated with her about that or anything else. She was comparatively isolated in the town.

The branches of the river were referred to as Upper and Lower Deluce because of their location on the North-South perspective on the map. Both branches were roughly the same elevation and flowed evenly around the town. How the river got its name was lost to history, although common talk had it that the original settlers found that at the point where the river divided the light was eerie at certain times of day, specifically dawn and dusk. Someone had derived ‘Deluce’ from the Italian meaning ‘of light’, at least that’s what folks said.

Where the river branched into two was called ‘The Divide’, and it was the fact of being neither Upper or Lower which attracted Evelyn there three years ago. The area of Upper Deluce housed folk who were economically better off than those who lived near the Lower Deluce. The Divide was for those who didn’t quite fit into the two categories - weirdos, ‘ferals’ and various outsider folks who just seemed to gravitate to it. Evelyn found a house that was as close to the endpoint of The Divide as possible, the last house in the cul-de-sac formed by the turning street. Beyond Evelyn’s house was a quarter hectare of scrub before the river’s bank. It had been left as scrub to discourage children from playing there in the wet season when the river was often in torrent.

Rainfall had been particularly heavy at the river’s headwaters for the last two weeks. Dark grey clouds hung over the town and in the last three days the rain had barely ceased. The Deluce River was about to breach its banks. Police had been closely monitoring water levels for several days before issuing the formal notice of evacuation. Evelyn was pondering the police notice as she sat in her chair by the window watching nature do its work. She was fingering her scar, which she did whenever she was anxious. Evelyn had earlier received a personal notice from the police chief himself, a message on her mobile phone. ‘We’ll soon be officially advising townspeople to evacuate their houses and report to locations to the north of the Upper Deluce or south of the Lower Deluce. The other thing is, my transfer has come through. I’ll be leaving Deluce after the floodwaters subside.’

Two years ago Evelyn had decided she understood the critical thing she needed to know about life, which was that you couldn’t trust anyone, and the police chief’s message was the latest confirmation of that. She continued to finger her scar while pondering how to reply to the police chief. The water rising up over the street gutter appealed to her imagination. It just kept coming, gently and steadily reliable, and she felt kindly toward its quiet constancy. She leaned forward, picked up her mobile from the coffee table and text-messaged the police chief: ‘I’m trapped now, aren’t I?’

Several options were occupying her mind. Should she evacuate her house, or wait for the water to do whatever it would? With Rex’s transfer her protection would vanish. What would be more preferable: public humiliation and criminal prosecution, or suicide by drowning. Then again: what if the water stopped before drowning her, with everything else ruined? It’s not like she’d be missed by the townsfolk. She’d arrived in Deluce with a partner who didn’t stay long and since then she’d worked part-time as a mid-wife at the local hospital. She kept so much to herself that her colleagues barely knew her. There were rumours she’d once been a Country & Western singer and that she’d also managed a brothel and run with a Perth bikies gang. It was also believed her assets down south enabled her to work part-time. Nobody knew any of this for sure, but rumours grew around anyone who was deliberately solitary in a town of 8,000 people. She was occasionally seen with other men but none of them

(continued, next page)
settled. People were noticed coming and going at odd times during the day and night, but that was considered personal business.

She was thinking maybe her time had come when a neighbour phoned to check if she’d heard the evacuation order. *It’s time to go, Evelyn*, he said. *This water is merciless. We’re gonna lose everything.* Evelyn disagreed. *Water isn’t merciless. Water is water. You can always trust it. Besides, you’ll have your life to live.* She fingered her scar again, thinking about what she’d just said. If you can’t trust anyone then you might as well live alone, and stay alone if you have water rising all around you. Was this what she had always wanted: to be alone at the end of her life? Then she noticed a text message from her young Indigenous friend, Munro. It read: *r u @ dvid?*

Munro had taught her about text-messaging so she knew “dvid” was shorthand for The Divide. They both knew texting could be monitored, but Munro didn’t know Evelyn was protected. This meant he didn’t know the protection was about to vanish. She replied to him with a simple ‘y’ and waited for him to visit or call again. She knew why he was calling – his next bag of ganja, for which he’d paid a deposit. Munro bought from her and sold to others. *To help family,* he said. He was her best customer and bought at a discounted rate. She kept her source a secret but stored her current stash in the living room, there being no reason for secrecy because of the protection.

She went back to the window to check the water level. *This might all be history once Rex’s transfer happens,* she thought. She recalled their first meeting, late at night at the Deluce Hospital. He’d made quite a mistake for a police chief. He’d arrived to enquire about an Indigenous girl who’d been admitted with premature birthing pains. When Evelyn saw Rex’s face she knew who the father was. She’d often wondered what his wife’s reaction would be to the disclosure that he’d fathered a mixed-race child, but that fact had not become known around the town. The birth was the beginning of her relationship with Rex and the source of her protection, but now it all seemed a long time ago. Rex was leaving and would be replaced by someone who owed her nothing, so she continued to stare out at the water silently flooding Deluce, wondering if she’d be better off just letting it take her in its steady path. In a way that would solve everything.

If she evacuated there was the prospect of a public court hearing, which was not appealing. It wouldn’t appeal to a certain lawyer, a junior doctor, several cattle people, and the manager of Woolworths, either. Then there was Munro – would he be dragged into it? In effect, if Evelyn decided to die by drowning she wouldn’t be missed, except by Munro. She’d met him eighteen months ago at Deluce’s Annual Rodeo & Music Festival when they were both waiting to buy Fairy Floss. She’d scarcely noticed him standing there in his American basketball t-shirt before he leaned over and whispered, *You got ganja?* He’d obviously heard the gossip, so they got to talking and she found herself attracted to his good spirits, bright smile and nervous way of talking. He spoke quickly like he was pumped on speed but this was actually the result of his daily Coca-Cola intake. He was soon a regular visitor at The Divide.

During one visit he said, *You got big mobs ganja. I buy big mobs, pay you less. What you think?* So their friendship expanded into a successful business. He once asked, *We pretty lucky, eh?*, but she made no reply. No need to tell him what she knew about the police chief. It wasn’t his business. She thought of these things now as she watched the water quietly rise and her neighbours shuffling in and out of their houses packing what they could to take with them. She decided to close the curtains in the front room to be careful about how much light could be seen at night. *Maybe folks will think I’ve evacuated,* she thought. She knew she had enough food in stock for several days if the flood didn’t take her, and if it did then what was there to say?

Indeed. Could she ever have imagined she’d end her life this way, drowning herself in the flooding of a bush river town with all the townspeople thinking it had been accidental. Nobody would ever know she’d topped herself. She was too isolated for townspeople to notice. Was this now worrying her? There had long been comfort in these thoughts, but there was now unease. She could say to herself, *What’s there to leave the house for?*, yet to end her life in this manner lacked something, it was lacking in fight. As she waited for Munro, noticing the water nearing the house entry level, she recalled the pride she’d placed on her superior knowledge about people – that you couldn’t trust them. But now she was wondering what she had ever gained from that. Maybe she should evacuate and take the risk of no longer having protection for her business. Then Munro arrived.

*You come out now?* he asked. At first Evelyn couldn’t reply. How could she explain about her lack of trust of people and the police chief to Munro, a boy in his early 20s. *I don’t know,* she replied. *I might stay here.* His expression told her he couldn’t believe what he was hearing. *Wanem! You crazy, Ev,* he said, and got up and strode around the room. *You can’t stay in the house! You die!* He was now moving from foot to foot, his eyes alternating between staring at...
her in disbelief and darting around the house as if looking for something he couldn’t find. *We must go Ev. Everybody go to Upper or Lower bridge. Choose one.* Then he looked at the floor and back at her and said, *Ev, what about ganja?*

So that was it. It was ganja he was concerned about. Munro sat down and watched Evelyn as she turned her back to him to look at the water through the window. She recalled her second meeting with Rex, when he’d signalled her to pull her over as part of a breathalyser check about 9:30 pm one night. They recognised each other immediately and when he spotted the bags carelessly left on the floor on the passenger side she risked a tremendous mistake when she said, *I remember you from the maternity ward.* What he did then shocked her. He stared blankly at her and said, *You’ll be safe with me.* She hadn’t believed him initially, but over time she’d been compelled to. She now thought of how she could have been arrested many times and hadn’t been. Why hadn’t she talked to herself about this before? She’d been forced to trust Rex and it had worked. She was a professional dope dealer; many people knew this, she could easily have been busted and what could she have done about that really?

Rex was a prominent member of the community: president of the Deluce golf club, member of the Deluce Rodeo & Music Festival planning committee, and active in promoting healthy activities for local youth. He had a lot to risk by covering up a dope dealer, but the possibility of his wife and the Deluce community learning of his fathering a child with an Indigenous girl was obviously a greater risk. She had reassured herself of his motives every time she began to think he wasn’t such a bad guy, every time she received a helpful, cryptic message on her mobile phone, and there’d been many of these. *This weekend wouldn’t be good was regular; another she recalled was Not Good Friday,* but her favourite was a New Year’s Eve message: *Hippy New Year - but not tonight.*

Now that he would soon be gone she realised, as she stood there waiting for Munro to say something, or do something, and keeping a nervous eye on the water level, that she had much to be thankful for from the Deluce police chief. Nevertheless she was still trapped. She still needed someone to trust, which is what kept her reflecting on her past and what hope she had for the future, if indeed she wanted a future. She stood at the window for many minutes, rubbing her scar and leaving Munro sitting behind her. As she turned to speak to him he rose quickly and left, saying, *I be back.*

She sat down in a chair and wondered how many people, apart from Munro, knew she was still here. It would be so easy, wouldn’t it? But no, it wasn’t her. She was too frightened for one thing, and yes, she found herself thinking, *I’ve got things to live for.* She looked out of the window and noticed the rain had stopped, and then found herself wondering where her neighbours had gone. Now that she knew they’d gone, she began to miss them. She began to miss her rejection of them, that was it. And Rex’s protection had helped trap her in a way she’d failed to recognise. It helped to keep her isolated and reinforce her unbelonging.

Munro was then back at the house and this time he wasn’t alone. He had a woman with him, older than he, who stood behind him looking nervously around the room. Munro had a package – her last package of ganja! How did he get it, while her back was turned to the window she reckoned. He handed it to her. *I took it Ev. Last time when you said you’d stay in the house. I might have known, she thought to herself. I took it because it was keeping you here. Bertha made me bring it back.* He was shamed and kept his eyes looking down at his feet. Evelyn too was shamed when she heard what he said. She took a good look at the woman and recognised her from that night at the hospital. It was she who was the mother of Rex’s baby! *What’s going on, Munro? Who’s this with you?* He gestured for her to enter the room and said, *This is Bertha. My sister.*

Evelyn forgot all about the flood and sat down to think while Munro and Bertha waited. Much fell quickly into place. Evelyn now knew why Munro had also escaped attention from the police; not that it would help them now, but she was encouraged by this new knowledge. As well as himself, Rex had protected both herself and Munro; so what kind of man was he? His lack of action helped money go to Munro’s family, one of whom was Rex’s responsibility. By striking their bargain, a trust of a certain sort, Evelyn and Rex had trapped each other in Deluce. She stroked her scar as she attempted to find a moral line through her history in the town. And this bizarre notion of trust led her to wonder if there were there other folks in Deluce who could be trusted. *The water’s made this happen,* she said out loud, more or less to herself, but which caused Munro and Bertha to stare fixedly at her. Bertha then spoke to Munro in Language, which Munro explained, *Bertha’s telling you to stop rubbing yourself. She says you’ll be sick.*

(continued, next page)
What! This declaration shocked Evelyn. She glanced over at Bertha whose furrowed brow indicated she was indeed concerned. Here they were, threatened by flood, about to lose the protection which had helped them survive, and Bertha’s main concern was for Evelyn’s health! How does that happen?, she asked herself. She now saw the redemptive value in the water, it had brought critical changes to each of them, the whole of Deluce in fact, but in her case it was forcing her to a life-altering decision about her future, if only she could see it.

Evelyn was no longer trapped, no longer a slave to the rising water. She was no longer stroking her scar either, because she’d decided there was indeed another way for her to live. She began to smile, Munro began to smile, and Bertha began to smile. Let’s pack my essentials, she said to her new friends. I don’t have much. The ganja’s yours, Munro. We’ll go to your camp at Lower Deluce. I won’t be trouble. You can trust me. The three of them were now beaming at each other. Maybe I’ve seen the light, Evelyn said with a laugh. As they began to pack her essentials Evelyn noticed Munro grab a small handful of ganja to smoke, leaving the rest for the water.
The Sniper on the State Library dome

The man with the crazed look
in his eye looked down
and aimed his high powered rifle
at the many people below
on the street and fired and yelled.
‘this is because I read Jewel’s
A night without Armour and she
did not love me,’ and he put another
bullet in the chamber and fired and said
‘I read Bukowski and I’m tougher
than him.’ He moved his position
to the left of the dome reloaded
and fired and hit a librarian
on her way to work at the Library
and he said, ‘this is for the Great Gatsby
because I loved Daisy.’ He fired a few
more shots and hit a man reading Playboy
in a newsagent. He decided his killing spree
was going too slow so he took out a submachine
gun and fired at the pedestrians on the street.
“This is because of Hemingway,’ he said,
for running with the bulls and this one
is for James Joyce and writing books
I could not understand and this is
because Gertrude Stein was too fat
and this is because Truman Capote
was gay and take that Homer, Shakespeare
and Chaucer for rhyming with obscure words.
he ran out of bullets and took out knives
and stared to hurl them down below
as the policemen snuck up behind him
and wrestled him down to the ground
and a few weeks later after his trial
he was led to the execution chamber
and the priest took out the bible
and the man said, ‘not another book.’
And he screamed all the way down
to the electric chair and he kept screaming
as the electricity ran through his veins.

The great world.

All the pretty women
carry machettes in their handbags
and laugh uncontrollably
when someone stumbles
yet they can be quite sweet
towards their lovers
who trust nobody
always looking
over their shoulders.
The children curse
from an early age
and crack their knuckles
saying, ‘cut to the chase,’
when grown ups address them.
The dogs roll over on their stomachs
and drool at tennis balls
chase imaginary shadows
but seldom bark at burglars.
The cats however are the same
throughout hundreds of centuries,
dismissing you as they blink
like you are a servant.
The cats sit on the fence
and watch the world
crash into oblivion
as though they were expecting
this all along and they half smile
content in their place
sitting on the fence
listening to men and women
children and dogs bicker
for all eternity.
The rubber man

I was once sun tanned, muscular always laughing at life
until a woman with sharp teeth bit into my inflated body
and punctured my latex heart.

She packed me into a cardboard box marked, ‘do not handle
with care’ and sent me to a cold place. I spent four lonely months
inside a railway storage room screaming at the moths to let me out.

One day a farmer came for me and said, ‘boy you’re just what I need.’
He patched my wounds, fed me and threw me over his shoulders
and then carried me to a cornfield where he placed me on a stake.

I learnt how to speak crow. ‘marrk, never love a woman. Marrk. Don’t follow
your heart. Marrk. I came into this world alone. Marrk. I’ll leave here alone
Marrk. Never love a woman.’

The crows did not believe me either. I hung on the stake for ten years.
I’ve seen the wind blow down trees. Heard the loons go insane on the lake.
watched the moon have a nervous breakdown. Called out her name a thousand times,

There are many cornfields in the valley. Each field staked with rubber men.
We bore each other with our stories. Pretend we regret nothing, not even
memories and the crows fly over us singing the songs of laughing women.

The man with the note pad

He looks at me and asks
many questions to locate my insanity
and behind him I see a sign that says,
‘pole dancing lessons tonight,’
and I point to the sign and say
‘it’s too late the whole world has gone mad,’
and he stops writing and just for a moment
he has postponed my incarceration.

The hairdresser

I had a haircut
and a thousand poems
were ruthlessly sheared
from my skull. Now as I
lay in the gutter, fumbling
with my conscience
my poems take their revenge
in another poets hands.
Poetry by Mike Crane
(Melbourne)

Girl sitting alone

To the girl sitting alone
in the Melbourne University cafeteria,
your back to the window as outside
a thousand students chatter away.
Think nothing of this poem,
girl sitting alone, even though
I place great importance on your hair
your curves, your mouth, your eyes.
I have no secret plans to unveil
for your inspection, no statues
to erect in your memory
and these lines are like the fragile bones
of prehistoric fish, crumbling away.
Girl sitting alone, these lines are
to remind me many years from now
as I contemplate my suicide
of your hair, your curves, your mouth
your eyes as you walk away into the world.

The way of the world

One day last year I went
to the toilet and began to piss green
and I thought at last I have a gift
and soon afterwards I joined
a travelling freak show and I was
the main attraction and I was applauded
by the rich and poor, met Kings
and Queens and movie stars and put on
nightly shows and matinees on the weekends,
but it became too expensive to supply
the gallons of fluids I needed daily
and pretty soon I was placed at the back
of the tent with all the other failed acts,
the vulture that wouldn't sing,
the bearded lady who reached menopause,
the tattooed man whose skin turned blue
and eventually I was sent to the knackery
but don't feel too bad for me for I had
my day in the sun and don't hate my masters,
that's just the way people are.

When art is useless.

The woman I made my companion
at her request though I fought hard
the rotten terms of this deal, tells me
that my poems are great and admires
every line, every word I write
but right now she is busy
and her voice on the telephone
is husky and deep as a tongue
licks the back of her neck
and I know that voice of rejection
that has no truth or logic
except the need to kill the night
of loneliness with passion and lust
and she says goodbye and hangs up
while I wait at the railway station
for a train that never arrives.
Room 11. The Pebble Court Motor Inn

What they do up there is no mystery.
A collection of assorted teaspoons
Lines of white crystals on the table.
She is counting out twenty dollar notes.
He watches her like a hawk and
Doesn’t notice that she hasn’t changed
her underwear since last week. But what
if it was a mystery? If they were Nazi spies,
mad scientists or maybe even ghost writers
for a glossy tabloid? What if they were tragic
characters from a 1920’s novel. What if they
weren’t some overdose statistic in the newspapers
but were on their honeymoon and had never
been to that room before? Meanwhile he
injects powder into the syringe as she watches
and outside the trams run a few minutes late
and the shopkeepers open business for another day.

The way of the world

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to the toilet and began to piss green
and I thought at last I have a gift
and soon afterwards I joined
a travelling freak show and I was
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the tattooed man whose skin turned blue
and eventually I was sent to the knackery
but don’t feel too bad for me for I had
my day in the sun and don’t hate my masters,
that’s just the way people are.

Open Tuning

I want to live life not as a warrior,
not as a martyr, not as a genius
But as an open stringed guitar
so that when fingerless on the fret
a strummed chord will sound
in tune and the song is perfect.
Christopher Mulrooney

the dance of

the name that would have stuck
left on his plate

the silver trencher handed down the room
and now important

the important messages and the like
cards as such
carried to the windows as portmanteau
to be chucked out

sur la route

an army of all the critics
impresses one
in the sardine can

I saw the ceiling rolled away
says Graham Kerr
as with a mighty opener

the beer and skittles whatsoever

tournament

in the stadium call
for a vendor hey
hey batter
umpire frame him
with a stick
in a cage
with hot oil

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'Chiara's birthday poem'

you were born of Cadmium red
and Cerulean blue
a dash of turquoise and a slash of burnt umber
tempered with pure Azo orange and
Alizarin crimson.

a rag tempered with turpentine
mellowed with linseed
oil to counter
the bitter thinner.

And i was painting
the night before you were born

and you were all creation
something from nothing
and you were also the roses on the wall
outside my window
and you were the lattice that i looked through
and the stairs to the attic

you were the Belgian rain
that tasted of chocolate

the one miracle i found in my diary
a year to the day since i lost my first
first child

and there was you, before you were born

come to school with me
hearing the lectures
kicking my papers
disrespectfully, i remind you,
from the desk in front of me, saying
"Mamma. don't buy it, it's a crock of shit."
and did I listen?
maybe

You were the cockles and mussels i sang to you
and later Noddy and Duckie and Little Bullwinkle
and the last rose of summer and the gypsy rover

and you were the little one, before that,
long before that,
who looked up from your cradle when i got back from Paris
from studying Picasso, and my better painters

and there was my Bainie
with black currant eyes.
HOME

On cycle rides
I pass by homes
I’d love to call my own.
Could have lived
in one for years now.
Instead I end up,
when day of riding’s done,
in my stuffy shell
I cannot prise myself from,
except on trips away,
and in my dreams.

Yet somehow I’ve still
been living in these other homes.
And in some sense could this
be just as real for them
as if they’d had
my fleshly presence?
And will my stale abode
keep its hold on me
long after I have gone?

CELLS

Locked up in a tiny cell,
no voices speak to you,
only at you
- wardens’ orders,
preachers’ sermons,
convincing you you’ll go to hell.
But you’re there already
- Van Diemens.
You may soon forget
if you’re Arthur or Martha.

Ceaseless since these times,
somewhere on this Earth,
such cells have held
unfortunates
of many stripes,
at whim of powers of the day.
Now in Oz we outsource this
to Guantanamo.
At least no preacher there
haranguing you to see the light;
no need – harsh fluorescence ever on,
unlike in bygone times,
when you’d glimpse the changing
of the night and day,
and have a hint about the weather.

Now you cop no flogging,
though that’s only coz they want
to leave no traces
of their tortures
-on the outside;
they’ve found new ways
to keep these on the inside
- your memories of water
may terrify you
whenever you are near it,
and the voices
of your keepers
might forever swim
inside your brain cells.

MOVING HOUSE

Weatherboarded house,
a pioneer
on this inner city street,
loading on to trailer,
off to somewhere near Taree.

Big Smoke’s banishing such homes,
their fate far worse than this one –
back to place that birthed its boards
from cedars that have vanished there.
Poetry by Marc Marusic

PORTLAND CEMENT

Dig up sunken concrete;
but what about our dreams
and hopes and visions
so long upset,
not cement to be?

We build our lives
on shifting sands,
live in castles in the air
and sink beneath the surface;
into unwieldy slabs we firm,
cracks so soon appear,
foundations falter.

Yet if olden concrete
can be uplifted,
surely we can feel so too,
aggregate more wholesome,
new ports to land in.

FORGOTTEN BY TIME, BUT TIME’S NOW CATCHING UP

Golden glow of trees,
autumn afternoon,
lazy grassy stretches,
bedded, potted succulents,
hedges, veggie plants,
flowers, climbers, shrubs,
setting low rise flats
away from busy road,
deck chairs dot the decks
that stretch along each floor -
a south coast motel?

No, we’re just a walk
of thirty minutes
from Sydney Central,
a place that recent time
has added little to,
except for growth of green
and patina of age.

Visiting the past –
a disappearing one,
a block’s just been knocked down,
a gum or two survive,
but how much green
will be allowed
among the new erections?
Will paving madness
and build on every inch
again hold sway?
Will this ‘south coast’
part of Sydney
meet its Waterloo?

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Peter Krok is Philadelphia. He grew up near the Philadelphia Art Museum in an area known as Fairmount. He spent countless hours walking along the East River Drive in Fairmount Park and spending time in Lemon Hill watching the Schuylkill River drift by.

He has had a close association with the Philadelphia library system and in 1993 was asked to speak at the 20th anniversary celebration of Overbrook Park Library. That speech was published by the Philadelphia Daily News, headlined “My Love for Library Isn’t Silent”.

He now works in North East Philadelphia for the federal government at the Defense Logistics Agency.

Many of Peter’s poems are about the city, images of the city. He is frequently referred to as the “red brick poet” because of his roots and connections with red brick Philadelphia. Since 1970 he has published over 170 poems in such journals as Poet Lore, Potomac Review, Mid-Atlantic Poetry Review and Midwest Quarterly. His book Looking For An Eye was recently published by Foothills Press to excellent reviews.

He is currently the editor of the Schuylkill Valley Journal and serves as the humanities/poetry director of the Manayunk Art Center.

The Broadkill Review wishes to thank Mr. Krok for the following article about the literary scene he is so familiar with in and around Philadelphia. — LB

Peter Krok: An Introduction by TBR Editor Linda Blaskey

Peter Krok, Director of the Manayunk Art Center and Editor of the Schuylkill Valley Journal on the MAC Reading Series & the SVJ

I’ve divided this article into three parts. First, I focus on the Manayunk Art Center (MAC) where I am the Humanities Director. Second, I give a background to the Schuylkill Valley Journal (SVJ) and how I became the editor and what the journal is now (I should mention that the SVJ is a journal that is intrinsically connected to the reading series at the MAC); third, I include other area venues and publications worth noting and the submission guidelines to the SVJ. — Peter Krok

THE MANAYUNK ART CENTER READING SERIES

Sometimes there are events or circumstances that happen that change our lives and afterwards we can see that time as a marker. The time I met the person who became my wife. The time I met the man who asked me to send him a manuscript who would then publish my first book, Looking for an Eye. Those events stand out for me. Fortuitous circumstances that one can call luck or serendipity. They are occasions one remembers. Another such occasion was in the spring of 1990 when my brother (who has since left the Manayunk Art Center) became president of the MAC and asked me to start a poetry reading series. My brother felt it would be a good way to expand the audience. Originally I had no intention of starting a reading series, but I liked the idea.

I had been attending other poetry venues for years and I liked the possibilities in doing a program of my own. I also liked the idea that the Manayunk Art Center (which I later started calling the MAC and the designation has stuck) is located in a residential neighborhood in Philadelphia. I’ve been called the “red brick poet” and Manayunk is a red brick row house neighborhood, which I think, helps create more of a community atmosphere. The place is easily accessible from the Philadelphia Expressway and there is parking in the area.

As I thought about it, my goal at the MAC was to set up a very different kind of reading series that did some of the following: hopefully appealed to a more general audience; dealt with topics that were of interest to a literary and more general audience; included contemporary poets but also did not neglect the tradition of poetry; offered reading events that were somehow linked to a theme that could get more space in local newspapers and give the public a better idea of the program. News releases are more effective this way and the event gets more (continued, next page)

The SCHUYLKILL VALLEY JOURNAL

Jim Marinell started the Schuylkill Valley Journal in the fall of 1990, which coincidentally is the same time I began the Manayunk Art Center reading series. Jim focused on the journal as a regional publication; the journal was staple-bound, 35 pages and 8 ½” by 14” (legal size) with drawings at a cost of $2. In 1992 Jim started attending the MAC series and after a while I featured readers who appeared in the SVJ as a MAC event. Because of distribution and financial problems with the journal, Jim and I more and more coordinated with themes and readings at the MAC. One of the themes was Dream Images and several times we had poetry contests. His dedication to the craft of writing and to supporting other writers was admirable and has been a source of inspiration for me.

Jim would attend MAC readings with an IV in his arm because he had a severe case of Crohn’s disease. Jim’s Crohn’s disease worsened and Jim was put on to a kidney and liver transplant list. Finally a donor was found and in August of 2001 Jim went to Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York for the transplant operation. The operation initially seemed successful but Jim died on September 11, 2001. I was left with the task of how to carry on the SVJ and this is how I became editor.

The FALL 2001 ISSUE was the first issue in which I took on the role of editor. Anyhow the irony was that when Jim died the planned issue was a poetry and Healing issue in which I wrote the following (which I thoroughly believe), “I hope this article gives merit to the connection between poetry and healing and the therapeutic value of poetry as a course of self-discovery, self-expression, and inspiration.” The series at the MAC over the years has consisted of five poetry and healing programs. (continued, next page)
the following: "200th Anniversary of the 'Lyrical Ballads' by Yeats and his influence: An Audience Sharing of Yeats' Poems. "A Valentine's Day Poetry Celebration: The Joys, Bewilder-
and encouraged include the following: " Poetry and Healing," Some programs where audience participation is invited for articles and material on Poe for the issue.

The MAC series has also featured poetry workshops with noted poets: Shulamith Caine, Paul Martin, Len Roberts, and Kelley White. I've also tried to combine readings on occasion with art connections with programs such as “Dream Images” and “Rilke and Rodin.” Originally my title at the Manayunk Art Center was Poetry Director; over time the title was changed to Humanities Director because of the more general nature of the literary programs. The MAC humanities programs are very different than other poetry reading programs. One could get good ideas for program topics by using the theme titles of the MAC humanities programs.

To offer some idea of the range of programs let me include some of the general titles of programs: “A Dylan Day at MAC: Bob Dylan & Dylan Thomas – A Connection,” “The Poet, Science & the Heart” “A Persian Afternoon, - the Sounds of Persia” “Poetry, Zen, Sufism: Search for the Truth” “Jim Morrison and Rimbaud” (which was also held at Philadelphia Community College. On occasion there are open readings after the program especially where there is some connection to the program theme.


I've also sought to include area writers in poetry pro-
grams with theme titles such as: “Langston Hughes and Other Voices: Dramatic Poetry Readings by Lamont Steptoe and Daniel Moore,” “Mother and Daughter: Poets Remembering Their Italian Heritage,” “An Afternoon With Poets From India,” “Growing Up and Around Philadelphia: Reflections, Memories, Poems,” “Four Poets from the Foothills Press,” “Four New Jersey Poets,” One of my favorite program titles is “From the Boulevard to the Rising Sun: Poets of Northeast Philadelphia”

exposure in the local newspapers.

That first year I included a program on Edgar Allan Poe and found an interest in Poe to be widespread and consistent. Poe is one of the most recognized literary figures in the world. There are four houses or sites dedicated to Poe in this country. I've even had a Poe impersonator appear at the MAC. I've had eighteen Poe programs over the years including the following titled programs: “The Spirit of Poe Returns” (with an individual dressed as Poe), “The Many Voices of The Raven Read in Ten Languages (sections of the Raven read in various languages including Italian, Russian, Spanish, etc)” “Celebrating Poe and His Birthday.” I should note that in the next issue, fall 2008, the SVJ will feature a special section on Poe where Poe will be the featured poet. By the way the SVJ is looking for articles and material on Poe for the issue.

Available online is the SVJ, a well-published journal that has some kind of Philadelphia-area connection such as “Interesting Characters Along the Wissachicken,” “Philadelphia Parkway, the Manayunk Steps. In the past the SVJ has included poetry articles on Gerard Manley Hopkins, Walter De La Mare, the beats, Bob Kaufman, Kenneth Rexroth, Gregory Corso, Gregory Orr, Robert Frost, Wallace Stevens. I find articles on writers are good additional material for the SVJ. There have also been articles on Poetry and Healing, “Art as a Cure for Nihil- ism,” Thomas Merton, and a wide assortment of topics.

The SVJ has a film reviewer, Joe Hauser, who does a film article each issue. Frequently the film articles are tied into something in the issue. The next film article will be on movies about Edgar Allan Poe stories. Obviously Vincent Price will play a role in such an article.

Change and recognition of change is a critical component of any thriving and sustaining organization. Previously the journal was almost entirely managed by Jim Marinell. Since 2002 the SVJ has had three poetry editors and three managing editors. The current poetry editor is Bill Wunder and the managing editor is Joe Chelius. The current print design editor is Elisha Darville. The fiction editor has remained Fran Metzman who has been the fiction edi-
tor since 2002. Her mailing address is in the submission guidelines.

The SVJ always includes a featured poet who is someone from the greater Philadelphia metropolitan area. Individuals selected are those who do not have a national recognition and who would benefit from being the featured poet. Some of the past featured poets are: Kate Northrup, Daniel Abidal-Hayy Moore, David Moolten, Nathalie Anderson, Leonard Gontarek, Bill Wunder, Joe Chelius, Lou McKee.

Essays and articles should be sent to the editor, Peter Krok. Inquiries can be sent to him at macpoet1@aol.com. See the submission guidelines for the address. The SVJ uses three or four articles or essays. The SVJ receives a considerable number of personal essays.

I particularly like articles on writers that can benefit others who are interested in learning the craft of writing. Also, I look for articles that have some kind of Philadelphia-area connection such as “Interesting Characters Along the Wissachicken,” “Philadelphia Parkway, the Manayunk Steps. In the past the SVJ has included poetry articles on Gerard Manley Hopkins, Walter De La Mare, the beats, Bob Kaufman, Kenneth Rexroth, Gregory Corso, Gregory Orr, Robert Frost, Wallace Stevens. I find articles on writers are good additional material for the SVJ. There have also been articles on Poetry and Healing, “Art as a Cure for Nihilism,” Thomas Merton, and a wide assortment of topics.

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tivity between the writer and the media not found in a paper journal, but the paper journal has a solidity and sense of permanence lacking in the Internet, which is why I want to keep the SVJ vibrant as a paper journal and do more with the online aspect.

—PK
THE MANAYUNK ART CENTER READING SERIES

(continued from column 1, previous page)

The MAC program series is a blending of themes and literary readings unlike any other program series that I am aware of on the East Coast. I like to see the MAC as a meeting place for the arts. Manayunk means to meet by the water. The theme of the literary programs at the Manayunk Art Center and for the Schuylkill Valley Journal is found in the E.M.Forster's epigraph to Howard's End, “Only Connect . . . ” This is what I hope to do with the MAC series and the SVJ.

The Ten Points below list features of the MAC series:
1) The MAC humanity series has been on-going since September 1990. Next year will be the twentieth anniversary, certainly a long time for any series. The program series of the MAC follows the academic year; it goes from September to May.
2) The MAC events are usually always on the first Sunday of the month to coordinate with art openings at the center which are from noon to 3:00 PM. The reading series is usually from 3:00 to 5:00 PM. So one has the art and literary combination. The MAC series is therefore an opportunity for attendees to see artwork by local artists.
3) The MAC series is a venue for those whose works appear in the SVJ. Within the MAC reading series there are two readings devoted to contributors who appear in the SVJ usually always in November and April. Writers have come from as far as North Carolina, New York and Connecticut to appear in these events. Linking an issue with the readers within the issue makes for a useful meeting of writers, the SVJ staff and the community.
4) The series gives attention to the tradition of poetry by including programs on notable poets like Frost, Yeats, Stevens, Akhmatova, Basho, Rumi, Cavafy, Rilke and others.
5) The series includes programs on themes such as poetry and healing, love poetry, humorous poetry. One of the most commented on programs was the program with the theme “Recovering Catholics” in which readers spoke of their grade school and past Catholic school experiences. For these programs audience participation is invited and encouraged.
6) Each year there is an Edgar Allan Poe reading/event. Poe is incredibly popular with audiences. The center has often featured character actors doing Poe. The year 2009 marks the bicentennial of Poe's birth and there will be much ado about Poe in Philadelphia and the nation.
7) The readings usually focus on a theme when possible, e.g. nature poetry, urban material, dramatic poetry that is especially useful for news releases. Rather than just bringing poets together with no apparent connection, I like to find a connection if at all possible, e.g. poets with just published books, individuals who are published by Finishing Line Press or Wordworks or Foothills Publishing.
8) Usually there are three or four readers and I usually hope to find a connection e.g. “Four Poets and the City' Contemporary Poets and India.” In this way there is a variety of voices in the program. Also the programs usually last for an hour and half. An upcoming program features Heather Thomas, Allan Hoey, Bill Wunder and Miriam Kotzin – all with either new or first books.
9) The MAC is located within easy access of the Philadelphia Expressway and by public transportation either by bus or train. Also, there is easy to find parking in the area.
10) The series includes refreshments (usually some coffee, tea and snacks) and has a community connection. For the art show openings there is always wine and cheese and excellent refreshments.

The Manayunk Art Center is located at 419 Green Lane (rear). The phone number at the center is 215-737-3677. Information about MAC events can be obtained by downloading the info at the web site: www.manayunkartcenter.org. I am always looking for ideas for programs and themes and I invite others to share ideas.

— PK

OTHER VENUES

I would like to list other venues and opportunities that would be of interest for others in the metropolitan area:

Readings:

Eileen D’Angelo is a very busy coordinator of poetry readings in the area. One could call her the Muse of Readings. She is the founding editor of the Mad Poets and Mad Poets Review and also coordinates the Mad Poets Series, which includes about ten poetry readings at various venues throughout the metropolitan Philadelphia area. Information about her series and the Mad Poets Review can be obtained at www.madpoets.com and Mad Poets have a blog at www.madpoetssociety.com/blog/. Robins Book Store located at 108 S. 13th Street in center city Philadelphia. Founded in 1936, it is the oldest independent book store in Philadelphia and has a weekly on-going general reading series. Contact www.robinsbookstore.com

The Kelly Writers House at the University of Pennsylvania, 3805 Locust Walk in West Philadelphia, has an on-going series of literary events during the academic year. See http://writing.upenn.edu/~wh/. You can email at wh/writing.upenn.edu.

On-Line Journals:
(These two online journals are very impressive and have an international list of contributors and readers)

Per Contra has Miriam Kotzin and Bill Turner as its founding editors and both still oversee the journal presently. The journal was founded in 2005. See www.percontra.net. Also the journal will soon be including more regular feature current.percontra@yahoo.com , which will include light verse.

Wild River Review has as its nexus Doylestown and also includes the Writers House. The editor-in-chief is Joy Stocke. Info can be obtained at www.wildriverreview.com. Founded in 2006

Print Journals:

Mad Poets Review, previously mentioned, was founded in 1988 and each year has a contest. This year there will be a chapbook contest.

Philadelphia Poets, edited by Rosemary Cappella, an annual, is not restricted to area writers but seeks good writers from anywhere. To obtain information contact Rosemary at redrose108@comcast.net.

Painted Bride Quarterly (PBQ), editors Kathleen Volk Miller and Marion Wrenn, is associated now with Drexel University. PBQ has readings and an impressive online and print journal. Originally founded in the 1970’s and started at the Painted Bride in Philadelphia. See www.pbq.drexel.edu

Philadelphia Stories (Fiction/Art/Poetry of the Delaware Valley) is a free quarterly, full-page size publication of usually 24 pages impressively laid out. The publishers and major editors are Carla Spataro and Christine Weiner. For info go to Philadelphiastories.org.
Readings take place at 7pm Mondays upstairs in the library (seats 30) or ground level (seats 50).

--- Monday 4 AUGUST 7pm ---

**Alexander Lobrano**, *Gourmet* magazine's European correspondent, will read from his new book *Hungry for Paris*. His personal selection of the city's best restaurants is portrayed in lively descriptions that are not only indispensable for finding a superb meal but a pleasure to read. Lobrano reveals the hottest young chefs, the cosiest bistros, the best buys - including those haute cuisine restaurants that are really worth the money - and the secret places Parisians love most, together with information on the most delicious dishes, ambience, clientele, and history of each restaurant. 'Not since Patricia Wells' classic *Food Lover’s Guide to Paris* has a guidebook given readers such a mouthwatering tour of the City of Lights.' - *Publisher's Weekly*

--- Monday 11 AUGUST 7pm ---

**Martin Harrison** is the author of several volumes of poetry including *Summer*, which won the Wesley Michel Wright award, *The Kangaroo Farm* and *Music*. Tonight he will read from his recent collection *Wild Bees: New and Selected Poems*. His poetry has been translated into German, Czech and Mandarin and has appeared in various journals including the *London Review of Books*, *Poetry Review* (UK) and the *Edinburgh Review*. Martin also writes essays and critical reviews including a collection *Who Wants to Create Australia?* which was selected as one of the *Times Literary Supplement*'s International Books of the Year.

--- Monday 18 AUGUST 7pm ---

Join **Thirza Vallois** on a fascinating journey through the oldest part of mainland Paris, where Shakespeare & Company stands. Come and find out why the Left Bank became the city’s centre of intellectual life and why, back in the Middle Ages, it was the home of Europe’s first university. Did you know that teaching was provided in the open air, just by the gardens where the Shakespeare and Company literary festival is held? Thirza’s *Around and About Paris* series is an authoritative and in-depth travel companion to Paris. Acknowledged worldwide as a Paris expert, she is invited to lecture throughout the world and contributes to various publications, as well as to television and radio. Her other books are *Romantic Paris* and recently *Aveyron: A Bridge to French Arcadia*.

--- Monday 25 AUGUST 7pm ---

**Breyten Breytenbach** will be reading a selection of his poetry from *Windcatcher* and *A Veil of Footsteps*. *Windcatcher* is a collection of Breytenbach’s best poetic work from 1964 to 2006, and includes many poems never before published. There are poems here from Paris in the sixties; poems written in prison, when Breytenbach was jailed in South Africa for seven years for his activities against the apartheid regime; poems of exile from New York in the nineties; poems from Vancouver, from Amsterdam, from Dar es-Salaam. *Windcatcher* is a record of a remarkable life and imagination. J. M. Coetzee has described him as ‘able to descend effortlessly into the Africa of the poetic unconscious and return with the rhythm and the words, the words in the rhythm, that give life.’ Breyten has won numerous awards for his writing and his painting, and his work has been translated into more than a dozen languages. Other books include *The True Confessions of an Albino Terrorist*, *Memory of Snow and of Dust*, *Sweet Heart, All One Horse* and *Dog Heart*, *A Travel Memoir*. 
Schuylkill Valley Journal

— Submission Guidelines —

The Schuylkill Valley Journal comes out in the spring and fall and publishes poetry, short stories, and critical essays. We prefer previously unpublished work though published work is acceptable (indicate where previously published). Simultaneous submissions are OK (please notify us if your work is published elsewhere). All submissions will be considered for both our print and online journals.

Poetry: Send 3-5 poems, contact information and bio in the body of an e-mail to svjpoetry@yahoo.com. Please include last name and the words “Poetry Submission” in the subject line. Submissions without bio and complete contact information will be unread. Send only your best work. Submissions may also be mailed, but e-mail is a preference. Send to:

Poetry Editor
24 Jay St.
Feasterville, PA 19053

Short Stories: 1-2 stories. Short-shorts of approximately 1,000 words; short stories of approximately 2,000 words. We like fiction that tells a story or illuminates a character. We look for original use of language, fresh voices and diversity. We also seek writers who have insights into the mysteries of everyday life, relationships and the world around us. Stories can pose questions and answer them or not; however, they must be well-crafted. Stories must be typed, double-spaced, one side only with name, address, word count and bio on first page. Send to:

Fran Metzman, Fiction Editor
Schuylkill Valley Journal
1900 JF Kennedy Boulevard/301
Philadelphia, PA 19103

Essays: should be no more than 3,000 words on topics of literary or artistic interest (critical interpretations of writers or artists and their work, historical perspectives, personal reflections, etc.). Essays must be typed, double-spaced, one side only with name, home address and email address, word count and bio on first page. Send to:

Peter Krok, Editor
Schuylkill Valley Journal
240 Golf Hills Road
Havertown, PA 19083

General: Do not send us your only copy. Submissions will be recycled. We will correspond with you by e-mail. Payment is 1 copy of SVJ upon publication. Additional copies are $5 each. All rights revert to authors upon publication. The cost of the SVJ is $7 an issue and $9 if sent via mail. The subscription cost is $15 per year. For other information about the journal, contact Peter Krok, the editor and Humanities Director of the Manayunk Art Center (MAC), at macpoet1@aol.com or call the MAC at 215-482-3363. Krok also hosts a monthly First Sunda reading series at the Manayunk Art Center.
Poetry by Lyn Lifshin

DRIFTING

things I have and
don’t have
come from this
moving between
people like
smoke. I’ve been
waiting the way
milkweed I
brought inside two
years ago stays
suspended, hair in the
wind it seems to
float, even its
black seeds don’t
pull it down
tho you don’t under
stand how any
thing could stay
that way
so long

SLEEPING WITH LORCA

It’s not true, he never chose women.
I ought to know. It was Grenada and
the sun falling behind the Alhambra was
flaming lava. I could say I was
too but some things should be left unsaid.
But I remember his fingers on the buttons
at the back of my neck, my skin burned
as he fumbled with rhinestones and pearls.
I want you breathed into my neck though
perhaps he was whispering Green,
green I want you green. How little he
needed to impress me with his poems.
One English term paper with them and I
was naked, taken. It wouldn’t matter if
he had a pot belly or stank of garlic.
My jeans were a puddle around my
knees. I was the gored bull, hypnotized
by moves I’d only imagined but never
believed would enter me. There’s
more you might coax me to say but
for enough I can still smell the
green wind, that 5 o clock in the afternoon
that would never be another time
Indignation, the new book by Philip Roth which will be released to the public on September 16th of this year, may well be the book which finally brings him the Nobel Prize in Literature. Although the Prize is awarded for a body of work, each book that he adds to the corpus of his life’s work enhances the chance that this year the Nobel Selection Committee will finally honor Philip Roth for his massive contribution to both American Letters and World Literature. While the Committee considers only the work of the nominee, Roth’s role as General Editor for the Penguin Writers from the Other Europe Series brought Milan Kundera, Geza Csath, George Konrad, Danilo Kis, Tadeusz Borowski, Bruno Schulz, and Bohumil Hrabal to the English-speaking peoples of America and the Commonwealth. Roth even smuggled many of the banned books out of the countries where these authors were persecuted for their writings.

As I say, championing the work of others does not earn the Nobel Prize, but Roth’s body of work is soundly enhanced by this wonderful new work. Returning to his youth in Newark (and the youths of others) Roth gives us a brand new protagonist, Marcus Messner, son of a Kosher butcher who dotes, at first, on the couple’s only son.

Until the Korean War begins, Marcus’s life seems nearly idyllic, and, although he yearns for a life of the mind, which means college, this means leaving his father and the family business behind. In response to the overt worry about Marcus’s age making him into potential cannon-fodder, the elder Mr. Messner begins to transform into an overly-protective, worried, and meddle-some parent.

Marcus’s life is naturally turned upside-down, as he tries to defend himself against his father’s wilder and wilder flights of paranoid fantasy. Ever the “A” student in school, Marcus comes home from studying in the library to find that his father has gone out anxiously looking for him – looking everywhere but the library, of course. Marcus, naturally enough, becomes indignant (hence the title of the book) and transfers from Robert Trent College in Newark, which he attends as a day student, using public transportation, to Winesburg College, where, he believes, he will be beyond the exasperating concern of his parents.

Winesburg, however, is populated with its own body of “grotesques”, which one must surely expect from a college in Sherwood Anderson’s fictional, dysfunctional little middle-American town (See Anderson’s Winesburg, Ohio). These include a secretly homosexual (the word “gay” had not yet come into use) roommate and an emotionally destroyed young woman with whom he has a tryst. Accused and vilified by others, young Mr. Messner tries to come to terms with these events by moving to a small single room in an unused portion of an older dormitory which was by then no longer used for student housing.

The Dean is concerned that Marcus isn’t trying to fit in, and becomes, in his espousal of the cookie-cutter mentality of the fifties, in which everyone was encouraged to be like everyone else and get along, like a school of fish (read Paul Peterson’s Walt, Mickey, and Me) yet Marcus cannot let go of the massive wrong which he believes the Dean and others are doing him by treating him unfairly. Again, the indignation of the title rears its head again and again throughout this sadly all too short book, but again, whatever the length, Roth consistently leads us into the light. Roth’s authorial compas-sion for his characters allows them to breathe and act and grow and become better people, whether their name is Peter Tar-nopol, David Kepesh, Alexander Portnoy, Mickey Sabbath, or even Nathan Zuckerman. It is in this sense of his characters as real people with (to them) real concerns, who respond to certain stimuli and influences in a manner consistent with each one’s individual character, that his characters grow. And it is in this growth, this movement toward the rational humanism that underlies Roth’s work, that the reader is transformed.

Anyone who wishes to call him or herself “a writer” would do well to read the entire body of Philip Roth’s work in chronological order. Not so surprisingly, he was nearly as wonderful a writer when he started publishing as he is now, in his maturity.

— JB
While I sat in a chipped school desk, its layers of pressed composite peeling back like the shell of a soft crab, my fourth grade teacher asked me to read aloud the section of our history book that dealt with Pocahontas being baptized, and when I read the sentences, my elementary brain paused, both with thrill and delight, at the mention of Reverend Alexander Whitaker, who shared my surname. Mrs. Jarvis asked me if I was related and I didn’t know what to say; I nodded or grunted goat-like and kept on reading, thrilled with the recognition that my name existed outside of my body, my life, that there was a bit of myself floating up in history, typed on the moldy, musty pages of our text.

Alas, it turns out I wasn’t related to Alex Whitaker, not directly, anyhow; my own roots belonged to a indentured servant on the eastern shore of Maryland, rather than to the parson who would eventually help found Henrico county, near Richmond. However, the thrill of that near-discovery stayed with me. Names, as it turns out, and their place in history, can strike mystery in one’s imagination, a feeling of existential discovery shared by many of the voices in Lenny Lianne’s *A Wilderness of Riches* (Scriptworks Press, Virginia Beach) which recounts the Jamestown settlement in first-person narrative poems.

There is much to discover in the book, and if one does not remember much about the Jamestown settlements from elementary school, Lianne lends a hand with carefully documented details – settlers’ occupations, local flora and fauna -- concerning the crossing. Her volume is broken into four sections: one from John Smith’s perspective, one from Pocahontas’ perspective, one from the perspective of potential brides shipped to the new world, and finally, a section shaped by the landscape, both natural and political.

To say that the poems are a story would be too simple, but it is a narrative we know and have forgotten. The best poems in *A Wilderness of Riches* concern Pocahontas, the heroine of the narrative. And she is a fitting heroine, for she speaks for the native Powhatan Indians of the Algonquin tribe, for the land, as well as for the English, and her story sharpens the book’s subtext of marriage, and a woman’s place in the New World.

In the title poem, when John Smith, a buffoon prone to exaggeration (my sentiment, not Lianne’s) describes the coast as “present[ing] itself like a new bride,” Lianne sets the arc to not only retell the stories of the settlement of Jamestown, but also to bring into focus the bluntness and harshness the English afforded their own women.

Hart Crane’s Pocahontas in *The Bridge* was both the savage woman who tamed English hearts as well as the sexy swelling hills of America. In Lianne’s book, the land isn’t a woman, but could be, for it is virgin land, an image Lianne does not overplay, much to her credit.

The settlers and Smith, who are full of lust, are easily baited by laughing women in “Along the Chickahominy River.” Their hunger caused them to “snatch food before sitting down” with the natives in “Encounter 1607.” Their desire for land and riches is only equal to their desire for food and flesh, which Lianne explores in later sections.

While the first section recounts the settlers’ lean times, the bloated riches that Pocahontas encounters after she is stolen away and taken to England undercut the drama in Virginia and balance out the narrative. In “Captive” she wonders, “What chance, have I, another savage to survive?” as she speaks to Old Crone Crow enduring the long voyage to England. She is spoken of as a witch, a lowly woman, a novelty, and as she learns Christianity from my distant not-so-relative Parson (continued, next page)
Whitaker, he discounts her native religion as it were a tawdry detail in a play debuting across the Thames. He sees her as anything but human. My favorite moment in her story is in “Vernacular of Night” when she lies next to dull Thomas Rolfe (whom she views in “Before Marriage” as a “strange little man... who can neither hunt...or fashion...trinkets.”) and voices native words for plants and animals as her husband snores and dreams of tobacco. Pocahontas spends much time contemplating her names -- her secret name and her new Christian name -- and it is this understanding of the shades of a name, and therefore of identity, that give the section its heart and brain. It is the same insight that allows her, in “Our Lodgings in London: Two Views,” to understand the irony of staying at the Belle Sauvage Inn, where she witnesses behavior of men who do not go far “without...dagger or drink,” and of women who seek rich men.

The folly of English appetites is not shared by her husband, who marvels at the Inn’s locale like a harried businessman in a Comfort Inn close to the convention center. Her understanding of names, the changeling nature of identity, is echoed in “The Jamestown Weed,” and the “Plant Hunter” in section four, where the colonists find that nature’s beauty can be deadly, which makes the naming of things so much more difficult and more sublime than they expect. Of the colonists, only the plant hunter seems at home in the New World, and, like Pocahontas, finds solace in nature.

And Pocahontas remains a lonely figure, lost to both societies, and eventually left coughing in the bitter damp cold of an English winter wishing she were home in the wild gathering tubers in “As I close my eyes against the Cold.” Her loss is our loss, and her loneliness is echoed in the third section of Lianne’s volume, the Brides for the Colony: Voices of the Early Immigrant Women, where the new brides’ individual experience is explored in the loose corona “Brides for the Colony.”

The final section of the volume sees slavery find its home in the New World, in the fine poem “Cottonmouth.” How the slaves will be treated is foreshadowed by the violence with which the settlers treat their indentured servants, who speak in this section through Elizabeth Abbot, a woman who didn’t want to do farm work. Who can blame her? Those who spoke out against the government are given a voice through Richard Barnes, who is beaten, tortured and outcast. It is Barnes who compares the wilderness, as well as the colony’s disposition towards freedom, to hell.

Lianne’s book is a fine addition to the history and lore of Jamestown. There is only one poem in the book that reaches out to us through modernity, “The Woman in Grave JR156,” in which archeologists identify the woman’s diet. I wonder what could have been wrought if Lianne allowed more modern voices, or images, to enlarge the narrative and bridge the story of English Imperialism to our country’s struggle for identity in the wake of Iraq and all things Bush. Imagine John Smith as an Elizabethan Dick Cheney blundering his way through the Virginia wilderness looking for an Indian kingdom as rich as any Iraqi oil field. Or the honeybees brought to the colony contrasted with the threat of colony collapse disorder in our time. In any case, A Wilderness of Riches is an earnest and engaging work of reader friendly narrative poetry.

— SW

**A Wilderness of Riches**

Editor’s note:

TBR contributor Lenny Lianne’s book, A Wilderness of Riches, is available from ScriptWorks Press in Virginia Beach. A rich and evocative collection of poems of about the Jamestown settlement in 1607, and frequently in the voice of members of that expedition or the indigenous population which greeted them, we at TBR are proud to have recognized the quality of Ms. Lianne’s work, and in having been the publication in which first appeared “Along the Chickahominy,” “John Smith, Brought Before Chief Powhatan,” and “The Splendor of Gesture” in Vol. 1, No. 2 (March, 2007). The book can be purchased through ScriptWorks Press at HaveScripts.com or through Amazon. The ISBN number is 978-0-9786837-4-0, and the book retails for $11.95. Congratulations to Ms. Lianne!
Like the swallows flown from the barn
all his cleverness deserts him
replying to the teenage granddaughter
he has never seen, his mind clogged
like his heart, with useless doubts.
He sees through the window the barn’s silence.

Should he ask after the child’s mother
who has split with the dull father?
Perhaps not, perhaps light jokes instead.
His fearful fingers type Dear, respect
old usage, capitals, spelling
punctuation without mistakes.

He has made enough of these to last
this life, queerly wasted, nearly over.
Brooding over drafts, he considers
the word love, reaches for Delete
thinks it might have been a handy key
once upon a long sad story ago.

She was middle-aged, reserved
but aroused my full attention
by saying she had quit as a student
of the Melbourne novelist, the punter
whose prose spirals in mesmeric repetition
throughout his books, now out of print.

A woman with a long neck and earrings
plucked a harp, an academic strutted
a thumb hooked in his red braces.
Our pages trembled before the microphone
beginners glad of an audience.
A poet, dead now, limped in on a cane.

When I asked why she left the course
she turned away, looking troubled
then told me in a dismissive tone
what he said after reading her stories.
That’s when I began to appreciate
his books that I had found difficult.

Poetry by Ian C. Smith
Bairnsdale, Australia
Junk

It increases even as I diminish.
In attic, dirty sheds, desk drawers
places I don’t care to review
in corners of neglected floors
I hoard things once needed.
My road no longer leads anywhere
so I’m cautious about obsolescence.
This manifest is not junk—I know
junk is watched on TV by the lonely.
One thing baffles me—so many keys.
What remains in life to be unlocked?
These and other items might come in handy
sure, and I might yearn for hot love
to steal my breath away again
but this is about as likely
as a long-lost novel by Carver
or the arrival of Godot.
I shall have a clear-out soon
strip my belongings back to an echo
perhaps one bright summer morning
although I’ll probably postpone this
until hard winter shadows slant my way
when evenings grow short, shorter.

Artists Manque

She sketched tiny skulls, bone fragments.
Being young, my praise sounded gauche.
She wore something new each time
scarf, belt, marcasite brooch.
Self-consciousness made me
act like some desperate poseur.
Her lines were hatched, fleeting
mine mere mimicry of old movies
De Niro mumbling in an Australian accent
heart in a whirl, past rippled with debris.

The self-portrait I asked her to draw
was of a younger, idealized girl.
Images drift through years that followed
through hard reflections on art
calm dark eyes, the real face I held
though fearful of serendipity.
When she watched her own excitement
in the artfully angled mirrors
my quickened breath on her shoulder blades
did she understand our dishonesty?
ON THE LEDGER:

A small waterfall dances
Gathered in groups, singing
Are
Symbols and reminders of their dreaming
On the outskirts of Shanghai,
Or something
Explores sending splinters
Towards our gaze
As a Summer currawong brood
In a single God’s eye;
Ambling the height is like a game
The eyes descent:
Lounging on this prize.

THE TEARS OF POSEIDON:

The rain beats down
The rain stings her cheeks
Her hair is a mess
Unseen, cloaked in darkness
Her foot locates a puddle
The cold radiates her toes
A voice,
A call,
Serenades the veil
’Are you alright?’
The pounding - does not stop,
Reality, is quiet
Her grip loosened
The voice comes again
Her eyes glass over

OBVIOUS:

They hear it in your voice
They see it in the way,
Every motion is let slipped.

They saw your eyes follow
Ever motion that
I make,
Hands, I can't see tremble.
Emotions, strung, like you and I
Wrapped, concealed in tension.
It's soft patter, its warm glow
In control. -
They can see it in your eyes
Every glance I can tell
Every smile I am told.
Gives lights a-glow,
Unspoken, untold resisted
Adore.

CREATIVITY’S SLUMBER:

Crescent and tide,
Unknown and in everything -
Behind and fathomless
Nowhere. Empty and yet in everything -
Being cut off. Silenced,
Trembled speak
Vanquishing. The seeing everything,
Do you see me?
The flesh I am.
The core I have denied:
The Delmarva Review, recently revamped and restarted with issue number one, is a remarkably high-quality literary publication produced by the Eastern Shore Writers’ Association, and edited by Michael Blaine and Mala Burt. Blaine, you may remember, won the third Dogfish Head Poetry Prize in 205. Blaine and Burt are supported by an editorial board made up of themselves, John Elsegberg, founder of the Delmarva Publishers’ Alliance, Peter Howell, Margot Miller, whose poetry you may remember from a few months back, and Wilson Wyatt, Chairman. Featuring a wonderful cross-section of poets and authors, this 68-page volume will slip handily into your briefcase or backpack. Subscriptions are $12 for 2 years (2 issues) or at the single copy price of $7. Send submissions or correspondence to:

The Delmarva Review
P.O. Box 544,
St. Michael’s, MD 21663.
FOLIO

is a journal of poetry, fiction, and creative non-fiction. We look for work that ignites and endures, is artful and natural, daring and elegant. Past issues have included work by artists as diverse as Allison Joseph, Virgil Suarez, and Denise Duhamel and interviews with Amy Bloom and Maureen Seaton.

Contact Info
Editor in Chief: Lauren Fanelli
Managing Editor: Lara Koch
Fiction Editor: Amina Hafiz
Poetry Editor: Niamh Corcoran
Please address all submissions to the appropriate editor.

FOLIO
Department of Literature
American University
Washington, D.C. 20016

folio_editors@yahoo.com

Submissions Guidelines
Manuscripts are read between September 1 and March 1. Unfortunately, we cannot read or reply to materials sent outside of the reading period. We prefer no more than 5 poems or 3500 words of prose per submission.

Please include a cover letter containing contact information including an e-mail address, a brief bio, title(s) of the work enclosed, and an SASE for reply only. (Manuscripts will not be returned unless specifically requested in the cover letter, and with inclusion of sufficient postage.) Simultaneous submissions will be considered with notice. Payment is two copies of the issue in which your work appears. With your permission, we may also excerpt from your work for our web page.
"Oh, It's Just Her Bed on Fire Again"

It was snakes under the bed before
or a man, threading a needle up each toe
wiring them together; it's her Parkies drugs;
she's deluded, paranoid, hallucinates...

Jack

He'd learned to pick his nose
by 1925, seen 100 gassed
or de-limbed veterans
before he'd entered high school
and sometime in the '40's
played his initial game of golf
spent how many Saturdays since
walking round some links or other
squeezing down his handicap
through the '50's, '60's and '70's
I may have even seen him
as he drove his Holden to the round
where his score ballooned right out
so that now, only the walk
remains from his playing days
up and down, clutching at the hand-rail
reaching out, behind and ahead
as he crosses a sand-trap
of corridor or of the open doorway
to a room, not sitting down to eat
unless the chair and plate are pointed out
not going to the toilet
unless he's led that way then made to sit
almost always walking, rarely resting
only at after his sleeping pill
does he consent to slow
drifting to a chair and sitting
waiting to be woken
and taken to his room
undressed by two assistants
who put his pyjamas on
to hold the bulky over-night pad
in place

The Speech Pathologist

She assesses the ability of residents
who have been noticed to cough as they eat
or as they drink their cup of tea
She hands them a glass of water
and places her fingers either side of their throat
She can tell whether the person
is at risk of developing
"Aspiration Pneumonia"
if it takes them too long
or they don't do the right things
with their tongue and throat
then they are at risk
of having their drinks thickened
and their food run through a vitamizer
so they may never again
know the taste of beer
steak or even ice-cream
Poetry by John West

My Girlfriends’ Cars

Meredith started it, those before rode bikes
walked or caught buses. She
was given a Mini for her 18th;
low mileage, like her, but gutless
not at all like her; and, she wouldn't let me drive
Sue blew the motor of her Escort; the oil light went on
but she had a long way to go; luckily
her father was a dealer
Di sometimes borrowed her fiancé's
lowered Cortina GT; it would have been safer for both of us
if she'd bought her own! Pat
spent the change from selling the house
she and her husband had sold at divorce
Then Jan, another without wheels, but that was usual
in Papua New Guinea. And now another Sue
but she lost her licence, then broke her arm
before she got it back. At first, she could afford
to give me petrol money - she was always wanting
to go somewhere - but then lost her job
but still buys the odd Tattslotto ticket;
if she wins, she'll buy a red convertible

Mr. Walker

His vices are cigarettes and sleep
some mornings he'll be coerced
to sit in his chair
while his bed is made
then he'll fall back in
and sleep to three or four
His brother brings his smokes
but, like a Nazi, comes just two a week
with a small packet each day;
giving up is not an option
so he dies daily, his spirit
leached away like the muscle mass
of a worked-to-death
death camp Jew
so he stands about, once he's up
blocking the nurses' way
adding a fumble with his fingers
around his mouth, endless churning
from 40 years of primitive Major Tranquillisers
which is added to his other
innumerable bodily ticks and stutters
## Literary Birthdays

### July

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 3, 1883</td>
<td>Franz Kafka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 3, 1860</td>
<td>Charlotte Perkins Gilman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 9, 1843</td>
<td>Bertha Felicie Sophie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 12, 1602</td>
<td>Edward Benlowes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 19, 1863</td>
<td>Hermann Bahr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul 21, 1899</td>
<td>Ernest Hemingway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 22, 1898</td>
<td>Stephen Vincent Benet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 24, 1900</td>
<td>Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 26, 1856</td>
<td>George Bernard Shaw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 27, 1870</td>
<td>Hilaire Belloc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 29, 1869</td>
<td>Booth Tarkington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 30, 1818</td>
<td>Emily Bronte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. 30, 1888</td>
<td>Jean Jacques Bernard</td>
</tr>
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### August

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Author</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 3, 1887</td>
<td>Rupert Brooke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5, 1889</td>
<td>Conrad Aiken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 5, 1796</td>
<td>Michael Banim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 8, 1884</td>
<td>Sara Teasdale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 10, 1860</td>
<td>Laurence Binyon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 12, 1866</td>
<td>Jacinto Benevente y Martinez</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 14, 1867</td>
<td>John Galsworthy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 14, 1836</td>
<td>Sir Walter Besant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 15, 1888</td>
<td>T. E. Lawrence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 17, 1840</td>
<td>Wilfred Scawen Blunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 18, 1856</td>
<td>Asher Ginzberg (Ahad Haam)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 19, 1868</td>
<td>Eustace Budgell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 24, 1872</td>
<td>Sir Max Beerbohm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 26, 1830</td>
<td>Guillaume Apollinaire</td>
</tr>
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</table>

### September

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Author</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 1, 1789</td>
<td>Marguerite Blessington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 3, 1745</td>
<td>Karl Viktor von Bonstetten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 6, 1860</td>
<td>Jane Addams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 7, 1866</td>
<td>Tristan Bernard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep. 7, 1756</td>
<td>Willem Bilderdijk</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep. 9, 11778</td>
<td>Clemens Brentano</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep. 11, 1885</td>
<td>D. H. Lawrence</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep. 11, 1762</td>
<td>Joanna Baillie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 12, 1649</td>
<td>Sir Thomas Pope Blount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 13, 1876</td>
<td>Sherwood Anderson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 15, 1867</td>
<td>Oetr Bezruc</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 17, 1883</td>
<td>William Carlos Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 18, 1709</td>
<td>Samuel Johnson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep. 20, 1884</td>
<td>Maxwell Evarts Perkins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 22, 1680</td>
<td>Barthold H. Brockes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep. 24, 1896</td>
<td>F. Scott Fitzgerald</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep. 25, 1897</td>
<td>William Faulkner</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sep. 26, 1888</td>
<td>T. S. Eliot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 26, 1859</td>
<td>Irving Addison Bacheller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 27, 1821</td>
<td>Henri Frederic Amiel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sep. 28, 1840</td>
<td>Rudolf Baumbach</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Contribute $100.00 to the Milton Community Foundation’s John Milton Statue Fund and receive a two-year subscription to *The Broadkill Review*, Free!

**THE JOHN MILTON STATUE PROJECT**

“Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye.”

— John Milton

“TO SERVE THE FUTURE”

**THE MILTON COMMUNITY FOUNDATION**

624 Mulberry Street, Milton, DE 19968

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**Be a Part of History!**

This seated statue of John Milton will be installed in Mill Park on Mulberry Street on December 9th, 2008, the 400th Anniversary of the date of John Milton’s birth. This English political philosopher was responsible for the formulation of many of the ideas about personal freedom and personal responsibility which the founders of America incorporated into our most important documents, the Declaration of independence and the Bill of Rights. Patriotic citizens renamed this settlement at the head of navigation on the Broadkill River “the Town of Milton” in his honor.

Help the Milton Community Foundation in its effort to create the first piece of public art in the Town of Milton, Delaware by sending your check for $100.00 to:

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Be sure to mark your check “Statue Fund, Broadkill Review offer” and include your name and e-mail address on a separate piece of paper. Your free two-year subscription will begin with our next issue following receipt of your check.

**About the Artist**

Paul Rendel, a member of the Milton Art Guild, is a highly respected painter and sculptor. His most recent civic work, a large mural, commissioned by the Rehoboth Municipal Library, was installed in October of 2006.
Poetry
by
a. mclean

TRANSFORMATION

Disbelieving eyes cannot deny
the rising of the moon-silvered surface
as the wetland pond hovers then shatters;
to suddenly ascend in formations
of lustrous layers and claim the sky,
as snow geese astound in flight.

Yet Still Another Six-Word Short Story

Leaving
Kissing goodbye. Eyes closed. Lover smiles.
— Cheryl Aubin

Coming soon!
Lost in the Fog
by Lyn Lifshin

SPECIAL PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER: FREE SHIPPING IN US
From Lyn Lifshin, (www.lynlifshin.com) the author of THE LICORICE DAUGHTER: MY YEAR WITH RUFFIAN and the forthcoming BARBARO: BEYOND BROKENNESS, LOST IN THE FOG, to be published by Finishing Line Press. These poems about the blue collar $13,000 weanling and $18,000 yearling that got his name the day his owner literally lost him in the fog, will take you back to the fall of 2006 when The Fog and Barbaro were held in so many hearts. The dark mahogany horse with that striking splash of white won ten straight races and he was favored at every start. But how amazing a warrior he was was still unfolding. As one of the fastest horses in the world, he had beaten track records at races all over the country. He was in wild demand as a stallion. In the summer of 2006, the fairy tale turned upside down and The Fog spent his last days pampered and surrounded by everything those who adored him could do to make him comfortable and happy.

Order online at www.finishinglinepress.com and click on “new release.” After September 10th please add $2.00 for shipping. Books will be shipped after October 10th. Or order your copy today by sending check or money order for $14.00 payable to Finishing Line Press to: Finishing Line Press, Post Office Box 1626, Georgetown, KY 40324
How many times have I heard this as part of a spirited explanation of why the workshop reader/critic is wrong in their criticism: "...but that's how it actually happened." People usually say this defensively, when what they should be trying to do is understand what the critic means. Frequently the critic him/herself won't know what they mean, but I will be happy to tell you.

What actually happened isn't good enough. Even Ernest Hemingway said that the writer's job was to make it truer than true, realer than real. That the writer had an obligation to improve on reality.

The importance of the event that "actually happened" is obvious to YOU, who have lived with the reality of what "actually happened" to these many days or weeks or years. Problematically, the reader is NOT inside your head, and so CAN'T know "what actually happened" the way that YOU know it.

James Michael Robbins, Publisher of The Sulphur River Literary Review, said, of the first line of my story, "Leaving the Station," ("Adrianna left this morning, like the trains she used to love to watch from our window as they traveled silently in the night between Lausanne and Geneva.") "Down here in Texas trains make a lot of noise. So are they a) electric, or b) way off in the distance?" To which I responded, "c) both of the above."

I had written the scene exactly as it happened, because my wife, Joanie, and I were house-sitting a friend's apartment there in the little Swiss village of Gilly-Bursinel, and both she and I had admired the view down the long slope to the Lake of Geneva (Lac Leman) and the "blue-gray hounds-teeth of the lesser Alps." The fact that the trains (electric) were far off way down the hill, just before the M road (a super-highway), DIDN'T NEED TO BE EXPLAINED BECAUSE ANYBODY WHO'D EVER SEEN IT WOULD UNDERSTAND.

Obviously, things which YOU'VE experienced and therefore KNOW, are, oftener than we think, things which the ordinary reader, WHO LACKS YOUR PARTICULAR EXPERIENCE AND EXPERTISE, CANNOT POSSIBLY KNOW.

This means, incidentally, that you must take the responsibility for shortening the story (or novel) by writing MORE and making it longer. See my earlier note re: Frank Conroy and his feedback on one of my short stories.

Or, as Davey Marlin-Jones was fond of saying, "Fix act three in act one."

So here's a little writing assignment from a workshop in creative writing which my father took in 1949. I quote from his notes in italics.

1) Write of a real experience
2) No plot
3) Any length

4) Must be about an emotional conflict

Then turn it into a piece of fiction with these conditions.

1) Avoid trite and dated ideas
2) Avoid weak plots
3) Avoid a dull style

Remember Poe's three rules, especially the one about not being too long, and getting rid of anything which does not directly lead the reader where you want them to wind up emotionally.

In one of my many anonymous roles, I read poetry and fiction for another publication, and give the publisher, a personal friend, my feedback on whether or not I think the work is a) good enough to be published in his magazine, b) the right sort of good-enough story for his magazine, which has a specific thematic content, and c) if meeting those criteria, whether there are any places in the poem or story which could be improved upon through some revision on the part of the author. I suggest the kind of revision which I think will help clarity, whether in grammar, word selection, punctuation, or just plain scribal error. These last are of (at least) three types. Where a) a word is misspelled, or b) where the word is misused, or c) where an insertion or deletion was made in the text and a transition is lost entirely.

Clarity is perhaps the most important thing you need in writing, whether you are writing poetry, fiction, or even a college paper. As my former students can tell you, the purpose of a short story (Uzzell) is to evoke an emotional response from the reader. Lack of clarity leads to confusion, and confusion is NOT a valid emotional response!

What, after all, is the point of antagonizing your readers by confusing them? They'll merely hate you and never want to read your work again. At least, that's how it works with me.

—JB
Clayton Adams grew up in Marion County, Arkansas. After college at the University of Delaware and several years in the Army (including a tour in Vietnam), he spent most of his working life as a fashion photographer in NYC and Paris. He is now to writing, and his strong visual sense is behind most of his poetry. He has been retired a number of years and currently lives on a farm in the Finger Lakes area of New York State.

Cheryl Aubin has an MA in Writing from Johns Hopkins University. Her work has appeared in *The Washington Post*, *Foundation*, *Elan* and other newspapers and on-line journals. She's been teaching memoir writing to senior citizens for several years in Northern Virginia.

Nina Bennett, a Delaware native, is the author of *Forgotten Tears A Grandmother’s Journey Through Grief*. In 2006, she was chosen by the poet laureate of Delaware to participate in a writers’ retreat sponsored by the Delaware Division of the Arts. Her articles and poetry have appeared in *Mourning Sickness, The Broadkill Review, Slow Trains Literary Journal, Grief Digest, A.G.A.S.T., Different Kind of Parenting, M.I.S.S.ing Angels*, and *LIVING WELL Journal*.

Linda Blaskey originally from the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, now resides in Sussex County, Delaware. Her work has appeared in *Terrains, Literary Mama* and a broadside entitled *The Poet Laureate Presents* and is included in the moving exhibition *Poetry in Public Places*, supported by the Delaware Division of the Arts. She is a founding member of the Rehoboth Art League writers group and was selected to participate in the 2002 Delaware Division of the Arts poetry retreat held at Cape Henlopen.

Betsy Brown is a poet and short story-writer from Washington, D. C., where she works at a proudly independent bookstore. She has been writing for years.

Jamie Brown Publisher/Editor of *The Broadkill Review*.

Rebekah Carlson “As a young writer i have had a small selection of poetry published including the e-zine Poetretry and the UK magazine *FIRE* as well as being a poet selected for the 2007 summer post poem series with my poem ‘A dragon breathes.’ at present i am finishing my first novel titled ‘The end of darkness’ while completing a writing course detailing fantasy and science fiction.”

Mike Crane has been extensively published in journals and newspapers throughout Australia and is the co editor of the Paradise Anthology and the organiser of Poetry idol held as part of the Age Melbourne Writers Festival.

Gary Hanna received the Emerging Artist Fellowship in Poetry from the Delaware Division of the Arts in 2003. He won the Brodie Herndon Memorial Prize in 2002 and the Walter W. Winchell Poetry Contest in 2005. This year his poems have been published or accepted in *Print II, The Connecticut River Review, California State Poetry Society Letter & Literary Review, Rockhurst Review, Genie, Tapestries, Delmarva Quarterly, Boggy Dreamstreets, Delaware Beach Life*, and A Chaos of Angels. He is Director of the Poetry at the Beach Readings Series.

Maryanne Khan (formerly Maryanne Del Gigante) has lived in Europe, the United States and now Canberra, Australia. She has had works of short fiction and poetry published in American and Australian literary journals, in two anthologies, and her book “I Never Lie to You” was recently published in Australia. Her “Family Guide” to the Hirschhorn Museum has been repeatedly re-published since 1997, and received an Honourable Mention in the American Museums Design Awards. She is currently writing memoirs based on her recent trip to Pakistan, and her life in Italy, the US and Australia.

Peter Krok is currently the editor of the *Schuykill Valley Journal* and serves as the humanities/poetry director of the Manayunk Art Center.

Steven Leech has been an editor of the Delaware literary periodical *Dreamstreets* since 1980. He is also the producer of the radio series *Dreamstreets* 26, which is podcasted from WVUD.org. His latest novel UNTIME was published in 2007 by Broken Turtle Books.


Edward Lukacs was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey in 1943. He grew up in Point Pleasant, NJ and lived on the New Jersey Coast until 1983, where he worked in the computer and radio electronics industries. He has completed of several short pieces of literary nonfiction, and the completion of two novels. He is currently working on a third. He is a lifelong boatman, and avid photographer.

Marc Marusic, Sydney writer, performs his work in a range of reading venues around Sydney. Has self-published 2 books of poetry, with a third on the way. Also writes short stories and essays.

a. mclean has been writing poetry for decades.

Lynda Messick is a Sussex County resident with over 30 years in the banking field. She is working on a collection of poems and a novel.

Christopher Mulrooney has written poems, translations and criticism in *The Hollins Critic, Pasteblume, Houston Literary Review* and *Merge, Eliaze, Blue Fifth Review, Parameter, Vanitas, Guernica, Beeswax, echolocation, The Delinquent and fourW*.


John West’s latest collection is a chapbook, *Couch World*, from “Picaro Press” in January 2007. He has worked for 30 years as a nurse, finally being able to cut back from full to part time last year, which has given him more time to feed the parrots and pigeons which gather in his small back yard.

Scott Whitaker grew up on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. He attended Emerson College and was a creative writing fellow at Boston University, where he worked at *Agni* Magazine. His poetry has appeared in *PIF Magazine, The Cee Review, The MacGuffin*, and others. In 2002 he was a NEA recipient of grant for his rock and roll adaptation of Romeo and Juliet. In 2003 A Third World Christmas, a comedy co-written with his wife was a finalist in the Richmond Playwriting Competition. In 2005 Finishing Line Press published his first chapbook, *The Barleyhouse Letters*. He currently teaches literature, drama, and psychology at Pocomoke High School, and lives in Onley, VA with his wife Michele, and his son Thor.

Michael Whitting is a teacher who has worked in the primary, secondary and tertiary fields of education in Australia and Papua New Guinea. He regularly visits Indigenous communities to advise schools on teaching and administration. He is a member of the Katherine Region of Writers and has published short stories in their anthologies. He has been short-listed for fiction and non-fiction writing in the NT Literary Awards. The story, ‘Trapped In Deluce’, was short-listed for the NT short story award in 2006. He is currently working on stories about self-obsession and has begun work on a novel about the need to balance love and lust. He lives on a mango farm just outside of Katherine.