

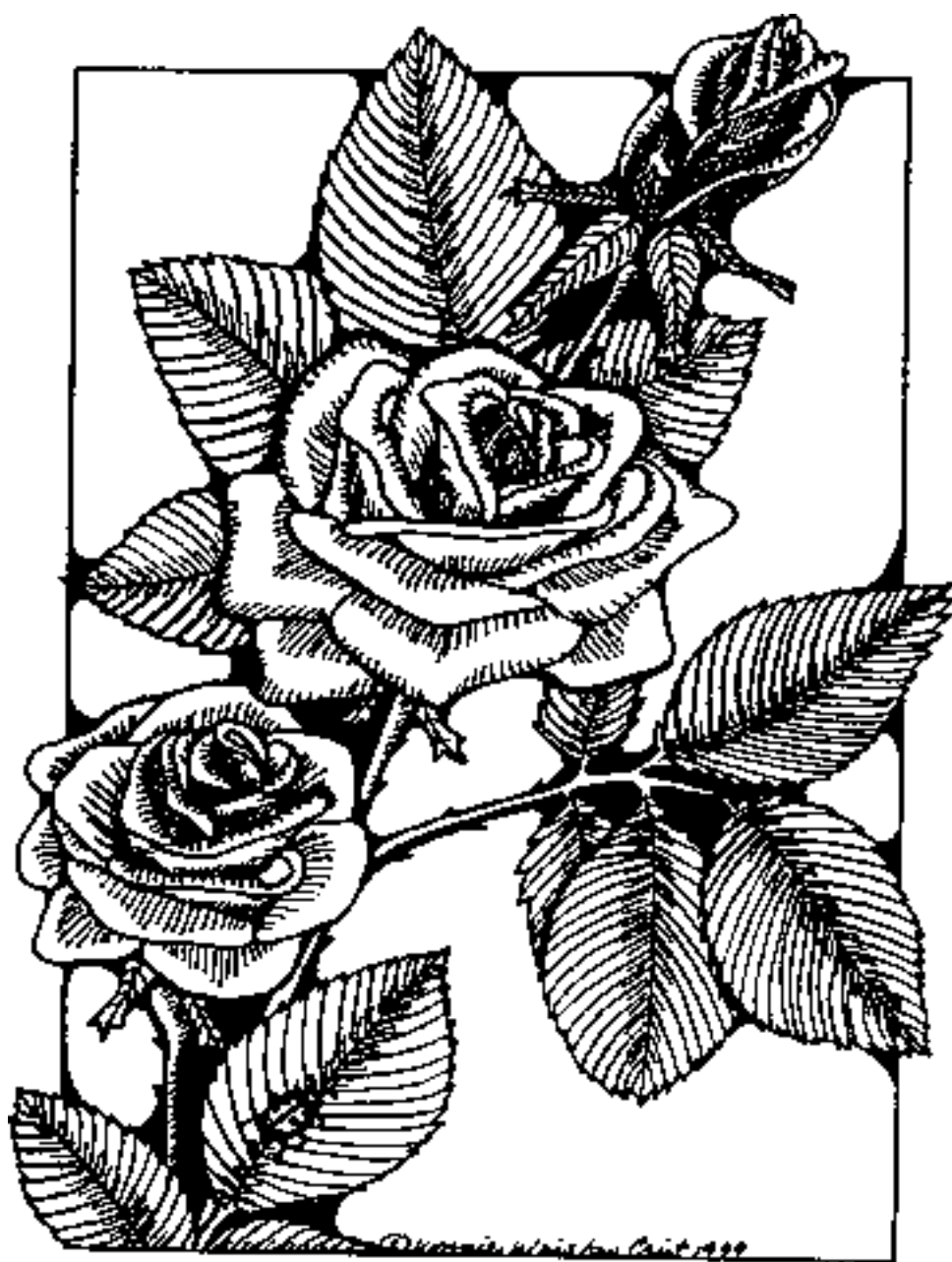
SPECIAL AWARDS ISSUE!

FEATURING LITE'S 1998 POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

Lite

JUNE/JULY 1999

Baltimore's Literary Newspaper



THIS ISSUE

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GUIDELINES FOR WRITERS

Plus

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TOP STORY

Time and the Phantom Menace

News Editor: DAN CUDDY

How can a writer fall prey to the menace of the internet? Fall prey? How? It is simple. You get involved with a chat forum, or in my case, God save the quill of my soul, you become absorbed into the *New York Times* Book Forums. You wake up in the morning to see if there are any more postings. You rush home from work to see if anyone has answered your question or contradicted your opinion. You get angry, or feel elated, or feel depressed, sulking for hours that no one commented favorably about your own original poem

that you posted, because you wanted adulation, or if not that hopeful, approval. You eat little for dinner, or maybe overcompensate and eat three pieces of cherry pie. Maybe you are envious of someone, a Leo Yankevich, who posted poems everyone raved about, who translated Polish poets into idiomatic English. You have trouble throwing the bilge in your sentences overboard.

You read the minds of strange cyphers called Goliard, Bhdpoet1, Ginger100, Geneva, Teddy, Stephan518 and Steve27,

or is it Stephan27 and Steve518, of Becky, whoever she is (one day she posts as Sabina, on another Misstrixie, and then there is Bradford83 (Bradie for short), and then, if this cast of characters isn't long enough, there are the demons like wsnook, or the misunderstood like shriber, who a month ago fought a one man war against everyone. Goliard teaches English as a second language in New Jersey or New York City. He is the scholar of the group. One of his projects on the forums was an

Cont. on p. 8

THANK YOU!

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Literary June/July

A Bi-Monthly Potpourri of Literary Events

(Watch for more July events in *Lite's* July 1999 Supplement)

Regular Reading Series

Monday, June 7, 14, 21, 28

11:00 a.m. Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. Betty Walter leads a weekly meeting in writing memoir essays. Designed for those 50 and over.

Tuesday, June 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

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

Wednesday, June 2, 16

8:00-10:30 p.m. "Open Mic Poetry and Music," sponsored by the Baltimore Alliance for Justice in the Americas. Bring poetry and/or an instrument. Sign up starts at 7 p.m. Adrian's Bookstore, 714 S. Broadway. For more info, call (410) 732-1048.

Thursday, June 3, 10, 17, 24

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

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

Thursday, June 10-Saturday, June 26

8:00 p.m. (Thurs.-Sat.) PussyCat Productions and the Baltimore Theatre Project host "Queer Café 99," four plays that celebrate and reflect the lives of the gay and lesbian community. World premieres of one-act plays and music: *Too Much of Me* by James Magruder, *Always the Bride-maid* by PS Lorio, *Ten Memories of My Mother in the Order I Think of Them* by Charles Derry, and *The Jewish Nun* by Madeleine Olnek. Performances are Thurs. through Sat. at 8:00 p.m. Tickets \$14 general admission, \$10 students. For reservations call (410) 752-8558.

Wednesday, June 2

7:00 p.m. Borders-Columbia. The literature book group discusses Alice McDermott's National Book award Winner *Charming Billy*.

Friday, June 4

7:30 p.m. "Poet's Night Out/Annapolis Lites." The Lite Circle and Barnes & Noble-Annapolis hold an open poetry reading/discussion group. Hosted by Sam Beard.

Saturday, June 5

12:00 p.m. Enoch Pratt Free Library Poetry Discussion Group. Central branch. Program TBA. Call (410) 396-5487 for details.

2:00 p.m. Borders-Towson. (*Rescheduled from May.*) Rafael Alvarez reads and signs his book *Hometown Boy: The Hoodle Patrol and Other Curiosities of Baltimore*.

Sunday, June 6

2:00 p.m. Bibelot-Canton. Comedian and actor Richard Belzer discusses and signs his book *UFO's, JFK and Elvis Conspiracies You Don't Have To Be Crazy To Believe*.

4:00-6:00 p.m. WordHouse at Minas. Writers from "Wordwrights." Hosted by Ron Baker. Open mike follows. \$3 donation requested.

Monday, June 7

7:00 p.m. Borders-Towson. "Meter's Running" poetry series presents "Open Mic Night." Participants are invited to read their original work for up to 10 minutes. Register at first floor information desk.

Tuesday, June 8

6:30 p.m. Enoch Pratt Central branch. Dan Fesperman reads from his novel *Lie in the Dark*.

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Timonium Crossing.

Sujata Massey discusses and signs her latest Rei Shimura mystery *The Flower Master*.

Wednesday, June 9

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Canton. Sylvia Browning reads and signs her novel *The Metaphysical Touch*.

Barnes & Noble-Annapolis. Discussion, Q&A, and signing with Bert Smith, author of *Down the Ocean*, offering engaging accounts of local history and lore from the beach towns and beach life of bygone years in Ocean City and the nearby Delaware beaches.

Thursday, June 10

7:00 p.m. "The Arts as Cultural Bridge." Cynder Hypki leads a discussion on how art can be used to unify communities. Halcyon Gallery at Margaret's Cafe, 909 Fell Street, 2nd floor. For more info, call (410) 276-5605.

7:30 p.m. Bibelot-Timonium Crossing. Nicole Mones reads and signs her book *Lost in Translation*, an intimate glimpse at a westerner's life in China.

Friday, June 11

6:30 p.m. Enoch Pratt Central branch. Paul Auster reads from and discusses his new novel *Timbuktu*. (Presented in partnership with Bibelot Books.)

Continued on p. 3

The Big Literary "Spot" Lites

Barnes & Noble-Annapolis, 5216 Solomon's Island Rd., Annapolis Harbour Shopping Center. Phone: (410) 573-1115.

Barnes & Noble-Ellicott City, 4300 Montgomery Rd., Long Gate Shopping Center. Phone: (410) 203-7006.

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

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

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

Borders-Columbia, 9051 Snowden Square Dr. Phone: (410) 290-0062.

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

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

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

Calendar, cont. from p. 2

8:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. Featured Poets and Bare Print Open Mic. "Wordwrights" poetry reading featuring Daniel Rose, Rose Solari, Dora Malech, Blair Ewing, James Patterson, Captain Cable, Ron Baker and Eugenie Biauico. Bare Print Open Mic readings will follow.

Saturday, June 12

1:00-3:00 p.m. Free writer's workshop: "It's Out of the Bag—YOU Can Be a Writer!" Fun writing exercises to break through the toughest writer's block. Presented by W. H. Stevens, contributing editor to *Lite*, *Late Knocking* and Chesapeake literary publications and writer for *Troubador's Digest*. Sponsored by *Late Knocking* literary magazine. Bring pen, paper, and your imagination! Bibelot-Timonium Crossing.

2:00 p.m. Bibelot-Woodholme. Blair Walker discusses and signs his novel *Hidden in Plain View*, which features African-American newspaperman-turned-detective Darryl Billups.

8:00 p.m. Put your money where your mouth is! Come read or just listen at an open mike "Refugee Relief Reading." Donations (tax-deductible) accepted for American Red Cross humanitarian efforts to aid Kosovar refugees. A representative from the Central Maryland chapter of the Red Cross has been invited to speak. Bibelot Woodholme. For more info, call (410) 889-1574 or (410) 719-7792, or email mlachen@netscape.net. Suggested donation \$5.

Sunday, June 13

4:00-5:00 p.m. Join Virginia Pritchett for a reading and signing of her first book of poetry *A Fine Thin Thread* (Lite Circle Books). Ms Pritchett creates scenes from nature and comments on relationships. Barnes & Noble-Annapolis.

Monday, June 14

7:00 p.m. Borders-Columbia. Open mike poetry.

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. The "Discover New Writers Book Club" discusses Jenny Offil's debut novel *Last Things*.

Tuesday, June 15

7:30 p.m. Bibelot-Woodholme. Elizabeth Peters discusses her latest Amelia Peabody Emerson mystery *The Falcon in the Portal*.

Wednesday, June 16

7:30 p.m. Bibelot-Timonium Crossing. John Taliaferro discusses and signs his book *Tarzan Forever: The Life of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Creator of Tarzan*.

Thursday, June 17

6:30 p.m. Enoch Pratt Central branch. Bailey White reads from and discusses her novel *Quite a Year for Plums*.

Friday, June 18

7:30 p.m. Bibelot-Woodholme. Dennis Lehane discusses and signs his new novel *Prayers for Rain*, featuring private investigators Patrick Kenzie and Angela Gennaro.

8:00 p.m. "Lite Verse" at Bibelot-Timonium Crossing. Spring Open Reading. Join Dave Kriebel and Patti Kinlock for a night of verse and story. Bring 3-5 poems or a very short piece of prose to share.

Saturday, June 19

1:00-3:00 p.m. The Lite Circle hosts "Poetry in the Shade," open reading series at Something Special Coffee Shop, 504 Main St., Laurel. For more info, call (410) 719-7792 or (410) 889-1574.

Saturday, June 19

1:00 p.m. The Harford Poetry Society meets at the Harford County Library, Pennsylvania & Hickory Aves., Bel Air. For more info, call (410) 803-1075.

3:00-5:00 p.m. Stony Run Friends Meeting and the Maryland State Poetry and Literary Society present the 2nd Annual Margaret Diorio Arts & Peace Poetry Reading: "An Afternoon of Poetry for Kosovo." Join acclaimed performance poet Linda Joy Burke and octogenarian social activist Chester Wickwire at Stony Run Friends Meeting House, 5116 N. Charles St. (just south of Northern Parkway, adjacent to Friends School). Poets will read and reflect on poetry and art as related to peace and social issues, with audience participation. Other readers include Virginia Bates, Thomas Dorsett, Michael Fallon, Barbara Simon, Dave Kriebel, and Susan Fleishman. All proceeds will be donated to the American Friends Service Committee for distribution to Kosovo refugee relief. Suggested contribution \$5. For more info, call (410) 435-3773.

Monday, June 21

7:00 p.m. Borders-Columbia. Lesbian Literature Group discusses Paula Vogel's *Mammy Plays: Two Plays*.

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. Baltimore *Sun* writer Dan Fesperman reads and signs his new novel *Lie in the Dark*, which renders the fragmented society and underworld of Sarajevo.

Bibelot-Woodholme. Bibelot Book Club. Tracy Watts facilitates a discussion of Milan Kundera's *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*.

Tuesday, June 22

7:30 p.m. Bibelot Woodholme. Benilde Little reads and signs her latest novel *The Itch*.

Wednesday, June 23

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Canton. Dan Fesperman reads and signs his novel *Lie in the Dark*.

7:30 p.m. Bibelot-Woodholme. Eric Jerome Dickey discusses and signs his novel *Cheaters*.

Thursday, June 24

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Canton. "An Evening with the *Maryland Poetry Review*." Poets David Beaudouin, Felicia Morganstern and Norma Chapman read their original work. An open mic reading follows.

7:30 p.m. Bibelot-Woodholme. Gordon Chaplin discusses and signs his book *Dark Wind*, a provocative memoir about a midlife romance and adventure on the high seas and loss.

Friday, June 25

7:00 p.m. Borders-Columbia. "Bookfun for Kids 8-12: A Reading/Chat Group." The group discusses Walter Farley's *Son of the Black Stallion*. Anna Debose hosts.

9:00 p.m. "Shattered Wig Review #18 Publication Party." Special appearance reading by John Bennett from Ohio, editor of *The Lost & Found Times*. Music by the Lockhorns and the Dogg and Pony Demonstration. Readings by John Bennett and Blaster Al. Maryland Art Place, 14 Karat Cabaret. \$5 donation requested. For more info, call (410) 243-6888.

Saturday, June 26

7:30 p.m. "Raising the Roof!" 2nd annual benefit concert for Habitat For Humanity, sponsored by the Baltimore Songwriters Association. Performance features local musicians and their original work of all musical genres, including jazz, country, folk, alternative pop, and rock. UMBC Recital Hall, University of Maryland Baltimore County, Catonsville. Tickets may be purchased at the door for a suggested donation of \$5. For more info, call (410) 455-3749.

Sunday, June 27

1:30 p.m. The Harford Poetry Society presents a poetry reading featuring Chester Wickwire, chaplain emeritus of Johns Hopkins University and author of *Longs Peak*, and Clarinda Harriss, poet and publisher of Brickhouse Books. Liriodendron, 502 W. Gordon St., Bel Air. For more info, call (410) 877-1625.

4:00-6:00 p.m. WordHouse at Minas. Program TBA.

3:00-4:00 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Annapolis. Readings by contributing students to the premiere issue of *Brain Storm*, an ongoing magazine dedicated to publishing and inspiring young Maryland writers.

Tuesday, June 29

7:00 p.m. Bibelot-Canton. "Bibelot Literary Salon." Join four new authors and talk to them about their books, their writing, and share your thoughts. Introduced will be Reed Karaim, author of *If Men Were Angels*, Galaxy Craze, author of *By The Shore*, Kate Morgenroth, author of *Kill Me First*, and Joan Vannorsdall Schroeder, author of "The Hearts of Soldiers. Readings and signing.

Wednesday, June 30

7:30 p.m. Barnes & Noble-Towson Circle. "Vaguely Jewish Book Club" discusses Paul Auster's *Mr. Vertigo*.

JULY

Friday, July 9-Sunday, July 11

Three Days. Artscape '99. Baltimore's 18th annual free festival of performing, literary and visual arts. Musical performances, arts and crafts, food, literary arts workshops, street theater, food, family and children's activities. Free. Mt. Royal Ave. Accessible by light rail. Support your local authors and literary organizations and visit the literary arts tent. For events schedule/info, call (410) 396-4575 (TT or voice) or visit: www.artscape.org.

To Have Your Event Listed

please send information to:
Dan Cuddy, Calendar Editor
41 Odeon Ct.
Baltimore, MD 21234
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They were twins—eight years old, identical; the same straight brown hair with the bangs cut high above the eyebrows by Mama, cream-and-coffee skin, sturdy bodies—sisters in looks, but not personality. Lila was more talkative, but meeker; she was the one who buried her head in pillows during the sad parts on television shows, even cartoons. And when they visited the Witch Tree, a giant oak that brooded over a clearing deep in the woods, Lila always stopped short of touching the bark, covered with furrows that intertwined like mating snakes. Lily, the other twin, was stronger, bossy; the older by eleven minutes, a fact that she often brought forth during their fights. These clashes were no more serious than puppies' mock battles, but the twins had one of them right before it happened. Before the earth swallowed Lila.

It was April, the day before Easter. That morning Lily had decided they would wear the dresses Grandma had given them for their birthday last year. The dresses had smocked bodices, puffed sleeves, and white Peter Pan collars. Lila wore the pink; Lily the blue, as always. They pulled on white ankle socks and black-and-white saddle shoes, and brushed each other's hair. Before going downstairs, they looked one another over instead of using a mirror.

In the afternoon they walked down to the pond, the spring sun warm on their faces. They stood on the dock and threw bread to a pair of wild ducks that had made a nest in the tall marsh grasses. The girls didn't know exactly where the nest was, but they knew its general location; whenever they got too close the ducks scolded loudly until they backed away. They argued about who got to throw the last crust of bread, but Lily was holding the bag so she won.

But they were friends again as they ran back to the house where Daddy waited on the white porch. Lily grabbed Lila's hand. "Let's run as fast as we can." It was a game they often played, first Lily pulling Lila ahead, then Lila pulling Lily until the girls collapsed in breathless giggles at their destination.

So Lily was holding Lila's hand when they ran over the place between Mama's prize cherry tree and the driveway, where the ground opened up like a great brown mouth. Lila's hand was torn from her twin's as she dropped into the hole.

They screamed in unison—shrill, terror-filled voices. Then Lily threw herself on the ground and reached for Lila's outstretched hands. More dirt cascaded down on the other girl, already half-buried; she looked up at Lily with panic-stricken brown eyes, whimpering with fear, but trusting Lily to rescue her. Stretching as hard as she could, Lily touched her sister's fingers but she was already too deep for an eight year old to pull out; and then the earth collapsed still more, gathering Lila into itself. Then Lily's father was tossing her to one side and was on his knees and grabbing for Lila but the earth had covered her by then. Still their father dug frantically. Lily crept back

When the Earth Swallowed Lila

by
Rebecca Motil

Illustration by Vonnie Winslow Crist

to the hole and worked next to him. The dirt was yellowish-brown like an animal's eyes and hard. Lily scratched at it until her fingernails were bloody, until her daddy snatched her up and ran yelling to the house, calling to Mama, "Get me a shovel! Quick! And keep Lily away."

Mama had been cleaning the basement so she had no idea at first what had happened. When she understood, she took Lily inside and called the fire department, but it was too late. They tried not to let Lily see, but she saw; Lila with blood bubbling from between her lips, streaked with the yellow-brown mud and limp as a stuffed doll as they removed her from the ground and wrapped her carefully in a dark wool blanket.

Other people converged on the house, alerted by the sirens. Mrs. Mazarek took Lily upstairs and cleaned her. She thought it strange that the little girl wasn't crying, but she didn't know that Lily had decided this was a dream; she was waiting to wake up. Mrs. Mazarek found a wash cloth and wiped the girl's face and dirty knees. She ran a basin of warm soapy water and placed Lily's hands in it, swished them slowly around, trying not to hurt the bloody fingers.

"It doesn't hurt," Lily told her. "I can't even feel them."

Mrs. Mazarek patted them dry.

When they were through she took the girl downstairs to her mother, who barely

noticed as her daughter climbed on her lap and nuzzled her face into her breasts as if she were a toddler. But after a while, she put her arms tightly around the twin—no more and said, "Oh Lily. What are you going to do?" Mama cried then.

Lily didn't answer. She wouldn't answer this kind of question; she didn't believe that Lila was dead, it had to be a nightmare, but if she admitted it, then maybe she would wake up and it would be true after all.

People talked in hushed voices about what must have happened; some tree stumps had been buried there, five or six years ago when the land had been cleared for the house. The wood had rotted and created a sinkhole that had waited, hidden in the soil, for someone to collapse it. It could have been anyone, they said: Mama or Daddy. Or both the twins. Or a neighbor. Why Mrs. Mazarek recalled walking over that very spot last week to admire the cherry blossoms that formed an airy white cloud against the spring-blue sky.

At last all the people had gone home except for Aunt Laverne, who was going to stay the night. Lily sat on Mama's rocking chair and rocked back and forth, back and forth, refusing to get off until Daddy lifted her up and carried her up to bed. She waited awhile and then came back downstairs and started rocking again. The motion soothed her; when she rocked she couldn't hear Lila whimpering for help.

Her parents didn't let her go to the funeral. But afterwards the house was filled with people again. This time Lily shut herself in her bedroom and didn't come out until everyone was gone.

The next day a bulldozer came and shoveled dirt over the spot where Lila had disappeared. Lily watched from her bedroom window as it lumbered back and forth, loud and smelly, packing the dirt down hard as concrete so that no one would ever fall into the earth again. When it was done, brown tire marks criss-crossed the lawn like giant animal tracks.

A few days later, spring vacation was over and Lily went back to school, where she was famous. The other kids whispered it to one another: *Lily's twin died. Lily was holding Lila's hand but she couldn't save her. My mama says it's a miracle they didn't both get pulled in.*

The teachers treated her kindly; Mrs. Lawrence didn't call on her or ask her to do much, so that Lily was free to stare out the window at the lacy, delicate greens of mid-April.

Lily felt a vague lift at the attention from the rest of the school. Always she'd shared seats, books, even thoughts with her twin. Now the part of her that had craved attention for herself alone reveled in her notoriety. But another part of her felt deep guilt: That she was alive when Lila was dead. That she was getting attention she hadn't earned, didn't deserve.

And then she would come back to the idea that it didn't matter anyway, because she was going to wake up soon and hear Lila breathing, on the bunk bed below. Lila, who slept surrounded by stuffed animals—two fuzzy cats, a polka-dotted dog, a rabbit, two Teddy bears, a large-eared mouse, a Raggedy Ann and Andy. Lila, who was probably hiding under the covers right now, sucking her thumb (although she swore to Mama and Daddy that she'd quit when she was five, like Lily; and Lily had never given her secret away).

The twins' ninth birthday was June 8. Lily insisted that a place be set for Lila, that cake be cut for Lila. She pretended half the presents were for her sister. When it was time to eat the cake, she ate half with her left hand, for Lila. Then she gravely thanked her parents for "our" birthday party.

Her mother and father glanced at one another, but didn't say anything. No one knew how to help Lily. Sometimes they heard her asking questions, then answering herself in Lila's voice. It seemed best to leave her alone and let time heal the loss.

And they had their own sadness to deal with; for the father, grief was a weight heavy as the dirt that had buried Lila, heavy enough to crush the life out of him as well. And Mama spent her days talking about Lila, remembering her to anyone willing to listen. Her husband soothed her as best he could, but sometimes he wondered if his wife were going to talk herself into a breakdown.



Continued on page 5

Story, cont. from page 4

With the party over, Daddy put a hand on Lily's soft brown hair and asked if she'd like to go swimming. Lily said yes and went upstairs to put on her bathing suit. When she came back down they stared at her, shocked. Lily was wearing a pink suit, Lila's color.

"Lila's going too," she explained.

Her father shrugged at Mama and took his daughter's hand.

"It's hard for all of us," he said on the way down to the pond. "But Lila's in a better place now and we have to—" He paused, searching for the right words. "Not forget her, but let her rest in peace."

Lily stared straight ahead, trying not to hear him

The two swimmers took turns jumping off the dock into the pond until Daddy lay down on the wooden platform for a rest. Lily propelled herself downward through the algae-green water. When she reached the sucking black mud at the bottom she held onto one of the dock posts and looked up. Sunlight streamed through the top layers, illuminating the dirt particles that danced in the water. She turned her head from side to side in slow, languorous movements, feeling her hair flow around her like a mermaid's. When her breath ran out, she held on for just a moment longer, to see how long she could last until her head started pounding and her lungs began heaving for air. Then she let go and was carried back to the surface. Her father was on his knees, looking for her. He peered down at her, anxious lines creasing his face. Ashamed that she'd worried him, she tried not to let him hear her gasping for breath.

"You better get out now," he said.

Lily nodded and swam the few strokes to the ladder, then climbed out to sit next to him, hugging her knees. He was wearing cut-off blue jeans that had left little puddles of water where he was sitting. She and Lila would have giggled about that, last year.

A few days later, school ended. Summer vacation passed in a dreamy haze. Sometimes Mama invited Jeanette or Marialyce over, and Lily played with them, but most of the time she was alone. She climbed trees and read books, and waited to wake up. There was so much she wanted to tell Lila about: the five ducklings that now swam in the pond, behind the two duck-parents; the friendship bracelet she'd gotten from Vince Demko; the book she was reading about a girl with no friends but two cats. She tried to save it all up, tight inside her, but sometimes it spilled out. That's when Mama and Daddy caught her talking out loud to an empty room and exchanged looks she wasn't supposed to see.

After one such time, Mama sat down next to Lily and gave her a quick hard hug. Later, she heard Mama crying. "It's so quiet, when she plays," she said to Daddy in a cracked voice. "Her talking to herself. No giggling. I just can't stand it."

"It's okay," Daddy murmured, as Lily strained to hear him. "She'll be all right.

She's a strong kid."

Lily thought on that for a while. She was strong for her age, but she hadn't been able to save Lila. She wondered if she were strong enough for whatever Daddy had been talking about.

On the last day of summer Lily came inside to find that all of Lila's clothes were gone, packed up to be donated to Goodwill. She burst into tears, and Mama wavered for a moment, but in the end refused to unpack them. "They'll benefit some other little girl," she said. "I left you her toys."

Lily ran upstairs and threw herself on the bed in the middle of the stuffed animals. Gathering as many into her arms as she could, she sobbed her sadness into their comforting softness. When the tears were over, she felt drained. She went back outside, wandering around the yard until she came to the path that led to the large oak that stood several hundred feet into the woods. The twins had been afraid of the tree, Lila especially; it was she who had named it the Witch Tree. They had often dared each other to touch it.

Lily walked along the path back to the tree. They had believed the tree had special powers; that it ruled the woods and the surrounding land. That it could communicate with the other trees and even the earth to hurt you if you had displeased it in some way. When Lily had fallen out of the apple tree or when one of them tripped on a root, running through the woods, Lila blamed it on the Witch Tree.

"Was it you?" Lily yelled at the ancient, gnarled tree, suddenly angry. "Was it you who made her fall into the hole?" The tree was so old that its lower branches had died long ago. Lily followed the twisted remains of the tree up with her eyes until she saw the point at the very top where the tree reached the wide, empty sky. A few green leaves fluttered like flags from the topmost branches, 150 feet above the ground.

All at once Lily realized she wasn't afraid of the tree anymore, that maybe she'd never been afraid—it had been Lila who'd found the tree fearsome. Sitting down in a depression between two roots, she leaned back against the rough bark and looked up, up to where the deep green leaves of the surrounding trees encircled the eye-blue sky, and listened to the rustle and hum of the woods. Slowly, her body relaxed, the quiet seeping into her insides, unfolding and opening parts that had been clenched tight as a fist since April.

On the way back to the house, she saw a smooth green frog sitting on a rock in the pond. He remained where he was, silent, as other frogs on the banks plopped in the water at her approach. She stamped her feet. He didn't move. She waved her arms, but still he sat there, tranquil as a statue. Then she hollered, "Hey!" and suddenly he jumped, and she jumped, and Lily laughed and laughed, haltingly at first, as her throat re-acquainted itself to the feel of happiness, and then turning loud and giddy until her body felt light as an angel's.

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LITE BYTES

ANNOUNCEMENTS

■ Updates on a Few Bright Lites of the Past—(1) **The Empire Cafe** that we mentioned a couple of months ago has been converted into a Chinese restaurant; (2) **The Fiddler's Green** has taken its songs to Northern Ireland. Martin Carleton & Susan Browne who were married in November decided to emigrate to Belfast, Martin's hometown.

■ The **Baltimore Playwrights Festival** has announced the schedule for its 18th consecutive season:

• **June 4 to 26.** "Peter Pandemonium," a clever curtain raiser by Gloriana Garth, along with "Women in Collision," four contemporary one-acts by Geoffrey Bond. Spotlighters Theatre, 817 Saint Paul St. (410) 752-1225.

• **June 11 to 27.** "The Rim of the Wheel" by Daphne Hull, drama based on the true story of a Russian immigrant family that settled in Baltimore. Director's Choice Theater at the Howard County Center for the Arts, 8510 High Ridge Rd in Ellicott City. (410) 313 2787.

• **June 11 to 27.** "Urban Breakdowns," a drama about love and fire in the city by Mimi Teahan. Mobtown Players at Fell's Point Corner Theatre, 251 S. Ann street. (410) 467 3057.

• **July 1 to 18.** "Snow" by Gordon Porterfield, an unforgettable drama about two lonely people in love. Mainstage 251 S. Ann St. (410) 276 7837.

• **July 9 to 31.** "Aquarium," four unusual one act plays by Joe Dennison. Spotlighters Theatre, 817 St. Paul St. (410) 752 1225.

• **July 9 to 25.** "For Love of Art," a bawdy farce by Elaine Beardsley, about an inept Elizabethan acting troupe trying to produce "Hamlet." Theatre Outback, Howard Community College. (410) 472 6903

• **July 22 to Aug. 8.** "Caz" by Kathleen Barber, the story of a creative man's ambitions and the tangled web he encounters in the business world. Fells Point Theatre, 2nd flr., 251 S. Ann St. (410) 788 1489.

• **Aug. 6 to 28.** "Keeping the Faith," drama by Carol Weinberg. A troubled biracial teenager learns about his paternal white heritage through the Jewish Big Brother Program. Spotlighters Theater, 817 St. Paul St. (410) 752 1225

• **Aug. 6 to 22.** "Falling Grace" by Mark Scharf. A skydiver survives a parachute failure, and people think she's a faith healer. But is she really? Location of production to be announced. (410) 997 4302.

• **Aug. 12 to 29.** "Joe Pete," a comedy by Jim Sizemore. Fun in a bar, with murder on the side. Presented on Mainstage, 251 S. Ann St. (410) 276 7837.

• **Aug. 13 to 29.** "Gladys in Wonderland" by Rosemary Frisino Toohey. A comedy-drama about Gladys, age 81, who opens her door one morning to find Mort, her personal angel of death. Vagabond Theatre, 806 S. Broadway. (410) 563 9135.

Note—Most individual tickets are \$10 each, with a \$1 discount for senior citizens and students. Fells Point Saturday night productions are \$11. BPF subscriptions

are offered at considerable savings. A book of 6 tickets good for all BPF shows is only \$40 and is available by mail and at most participating BPF theaters. Mail subscription checks in the amount of \$40 to: Baltimore Playwrights Festival, 251 S. Ann St., Baltimore, MD 21231. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

■ Guidelines for the **Comstock Review Annual Poetry Contest**:

1. Each poem typed on a sheet of white 8 ½ by 11 paper.

2. Poems must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere.

3. No longer than 40 lines.

4. Poet's name, address and phone number must be on the reverse side of each poem: it must not be visible to the judges.

5. SASE for contest results. No entries returned.

6. All prizewinners and finalists will appear in the Fall/Winter Issue of *The Comstock Review*.

7. An entry fee of \$3 per poem.

8. Deadline: Postmarked no later than July 1, 1999.

The final judge for this year's contest is Ellen Bryant Voigt.

Send submissions to: Comstock Writer's Group Poetry Contest, c/o Kathleen Bryce Niles, 4958 St. John Drive, Syracuse, New York 13215. Email: KNILES1@TWCNY.RR.COM.

■ A **Summer Poetry Class** is being offered from mid-July to mid-August. There will be 6 once-a-week sessions held in an informal setting. Participants will be able to share their writing with others in the group and receive CONSTRUCTIVE responses aimed at deepening the love of craft and wonder of the word. The sessions will be facilitated by Marcus Colasurdo, poetry instructor and widely published author, and one of the founding members of the Literary Performance Group "Gimme Shelter." The cost for the 6 summer sessions is just \$25. Anyone interested in joining other lovers of verse should call (410) 462-5734 or e-mail: gimmeu@earthlink.net.

In times of darkness, poetry illuminates...

In times of confusion, poetry clarifies...

In times of joy, poetry sings angelic...

■ The **Washington Writers Publishing House** is pleased to announce the launching of its new fiction series. The winners of the first competition are Laura Brylawski Miller's novel *The Square at Vigevano* and Elisavietta Ritchie's short fiction collection *Re-inventing the Archives*. Both books will be published in spring 2000.

The judge, Kevin West, said about *The Square at Vigevano*: "The interplay between Andrew, Torre, and Ala is good, very real. These three characters are full and alive. I felt as if I were in the landscape with them, smelling the mud and leaves, hearing the birds. The story moves well and the ending is satisfying, leaving me wanting more, longing to see how things will turn out in the future, which is a good thing for a story to do."

About *Re-inventing the Archives*: "This set of stories is about regular people who are anything but average. They yearn and strive to be better people, exploring the depths of life and existence, in both their successes

and failures. A number of the stories are woven together like a beautiful tapestry of human experience, showing how lives intersect, how profoundly we influence each other, and how dependent upon one another we really are."

Washington Writers Publishing House, soon celebrating its 25th anniversary, is a non-profit cooperative of poets and writers. The reading period for the next competition for poetry manuscripts will be July 15 to October 15, 1999. The next fiction competition will open in spring 2000. Poets and writers living in the greater Washington and Baltimore areas are eligible. For more information, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to: WWPH, P.O. Box 15271, Washington, DC 20003.

■ The **Baltimore Arts Advocates** are presenting "Art as a Magnet for Baltimore" at the Baltimore Museum of Art on June 14 from 7:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. The registration fee, which includes a continental breakfast and lunch, is \$55 (\$25 for artists). The program includes speakers who will discuss how other cities (Chicago, Philadelphia, Hartford, Cleveland) are promoting art that is promoting their cities. For more info, call (410) 396-6080.

■ The **Maryland Poetry Review** has been holding a regular reading series at Bibelot Canton the 4th Thursday of each month. The schedule of readers for the months ahead are:

• **June 24:** David Beaudouin, Felicia Morgenstern, Norma Chapman.

• **July 22:** Agnes Osinski, Kathleen O'Toole, Kathleen Shemer.

• **Aug. 26:** Virginia Crawford, Steven C. Cunningham, Jennifer Neeley.

• **Sept. 23:** Judith McCombs, Michael Fallon, Georgia Krieger.

• **Oct. 28:** Barbara Diehl, Karen Janowsky, W. H. Stevens.

The readings are at Bibelot Canton, located in the historical American Can Company building at 2400 Boston St. (410) 276-9700). The readings begin at 7 p.m. (Note—an open reading follows the scheduled readers).

■ The **Maryland State Poetry & Literary Society** has announced the winners of its 3rd annual chapbook contest:

• **First Place:** "Borders and Other Barriers" by George L. Bristol of Austin, Texas. The judge, Geraldine Connolly, calls it "a work of energy and substance that combines a strong sense of place with a deep humanness."

• **Second Place:** "The Moon Is Inhabited" by John O'Dell of Annapolis, MD. "Lively and spirited...this work looks with an attentive eye at unexpected worlds."—Geraldine Connolly.

• **Third Place:** "Territorial Imperatives" by Elisavietta Ritchie of Broomes Island, MD.

Honorable Mentions went to: "The Wild Ring" by Eleanor Lewis of Lutherville, MD and "Jewish Oil Brat" by Davi Walters of Chevy Chase, MD.

Finalists in the contest were "The Earth Heart" by Vonnice Crist; "Naked Among the Bottom Feeders" by Mark Forrester; "Word Dance" by Marilyn Heilprin; "The Witkin Poems" by Charles Edward Mann; and "Circle the Brass Ring" by Sharlie West.

Continued on p. 7

LyteBytes, cont. from p. 6

The Maryland State Poetry & Literary Society runs two contests annually. The rules for each are:

•*The Egan Contest*

- open to all poets
- any type of poetry
- any number of poems
- reading fee of \$4 per poem or 5 poems for \$15

-contest deadline is October 28th

-winners: \$100 first prize, \$75 for second, \$50 for third, and all 3 winners are published

-submit with SASE for list of winners/finalists/honorable mentions to: Maryland State Poetry & Literary Society, Egan Contest #8, Drawer H, Baltimore, MD 21228

•*The Annual Chapbook Contest*

- open to all poets
- submit a manuscript between 15 and 25 pages, include a title page (without your name) and a separate title page including name/ mailing address/ phone number; acknowledgement page for previously published work

-reading fee of \$12 per manuscript

-winner receives \$100 and 50 soft-bound copies of his/her winning manuscript

-reading manuscripts from January thru September 30th

-submit with SASE for results only to: Maryland State Poetry & Literary Society, Chapbook Contest, Drawer H, Baltimore, MD 21228.

■ The **Patterson Park Community Development Corporation** is conducting a program to lure artists to the Patterson

Park area. They are sponsoring an affordable housing program for artists. What they say is: "Design your own rehab! Large & small homes customized for artists. Prices range from \$40,000 to \$90,000. Homeownership counseling available. We pay Catholic school tuition!" It is an amazing program. For more info, call (410) 732-1609.

■ The **7th Annual Hamilton Street Festival** will be held on Saturday July 31 between 9 and 5 p.m. at the 5400 and 5500 blocks of Harford Rd. There will be a flea market, vendors, clowns, crafts, games, food, and two stages. On one will be the Zim Zemarel orchestra; on the other the band No Pets For Noah. (Note—*Lite* readers and writers, the best poem of up to 25 lines about Hamilton & the street festival will be published in the *SpotLite* column later in the year. Address entries to Dan Cuddy at his address located in this paper—finding that address is the first test. All entries in this informal contest must be received by Sept. 1, 1999. There is no window for procrastination.)

■ Though we received the notice of the opening reception and poetry reading, which was held on Wednesday May 19, too late for publication in the May *Lite* Calendar Supplement, **Denise Cherubini's artwork** is on display at Nichiban of Federal Hill until July 19th. The Nichiban is located at 1035-37 S. Charles St. The exhibit is titled "Angels and Animals Among Us." Surely Ms. Cherubini will be reading her poetry in the future. *Lite* hopes to give you the where and when. For now we have the artwork. At least until the 19th of July.

■ An art show that has captured *Lite's*

eye is the "**Landscapes by Christy Bergland**" exhibit at the Minas Gallery, 733 South Ann St. in Fells Point. Some of the titles capture the locales depicted: Vermont Window #1; Wood Island Light, Maine; Adirondack Field; Saco Bay, Maine. But the titles and the picturesque landscapes evoked are only part of the story. This is not mere calendar art. Ms. Bergland is an artist in the full sense of the word. Minas, the gallery proprietor and artist himself, says that in Ms. Bergland's paintings "there are many things that are not resolved. Nature is in the state of birth. The scenes are not still but moving." There is an abstract quality to the landscapes as well as the realism, and above all the interplay of form there is the color. The landscapes will be on exhibit until June 30th.

■ The Goucher College Center for Graduate and Continuing Studies 4th annual **Mid-Atlantic Creative Nonfiction Summer Writers' Conference** will be held Tuesday August 10 to Sunday August 15. This year a few of the featured guest writers are Diane Ackerman, Bill Barich, Alex Kotlowitz, Terry Tempest Williams and Tobias Wolff. For more info, call (410) 337-6200 or 1-800-697-4646.

■ **Come to M.A.M.A.** Baltimore hosts the 1st annual Mid-Atlantic Music & Arts Festival, M.A.M.A. FEST, June 19 and 20 at the Maryland State Fairgrounds. The festival will feature over 40 national and regional acts on four stages, including blues, jazz, funk, reggae, gospel, roots, r&b, alternative, zydeco, latin, and swing. There will be an arts and crafts marketplace and exhibits.

Proceeds benefit the Mid-Atlantic Mu-

sic & Arts Foundation, a non-profit organization dedicated to raising social, cultural, and environmental awareness. The foundation supports educational programs and scholarship opportunities for disadvantaged youths. Other nonprofit organizations are invited to participate in the festival.

Advance tickets are \$20/day \$40/week-end through Ticket Master, (410) 481-SEAT. For more info, visit the web site: www.mamamusicfest.com.

■ **Poetry for Kosovo.** Two Saturday poetry readings are scheduled (June 12 and June 19) to raise funds for Kosovo refugee relief efforts. Come out for a good cause. See the calendar (p. 3) for complete details.

■ *Lite* would like to thank the **Baltimore Science Fiction Society** for once again allowing us to host the writing and poetry workshops at Balticon 33, held this past April 2-4 at the Omni Inner Harbor Hotel. (We knew they were a success when we had to scrounge for chairs!)

Special thanks to Vonnie Crist, W.H. Stevens, and Dave Kriebel for helping organize/facilitate the workshops; thanks to *Aboriginal Science Fiction* editor Charles Ryan for an impromptu and lively editorial session; and author Darrell Schweitzer, who kept us laughing with witty rhymes (and naughty reasons). Special thanks to hard-working BSFS members Jul Owings, Dale Arnold, Hal Haag, and Jeff Olhoeft for all their help and support.

Lite notes that BSFS' annual science fiction convention is one of the best around. For more info on BSFS and/or Balticon, visit their web site at: www.bsfs.org.

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Lite Reading: BOOK REVIEWS

Late Knocking: Earth Journey. Vonnie Winslow Crist, Editor; W. H. Stevens, Assistant Editor. Harford Poetry Society, P.O. Box 336, Forest Hill, MD 21050. \$7.

Like every other part of our chaotic millennial landscape, the literary scene disrupts itself. Thus it comes as small surprise to learn from the acknowledgements of *Late Knocking: Earth Journey* that the winter 1998-99 volume is the penultimate issue.

Before, however, we bid good-bye to a publication that has been around for fifteen years, let's congratulate editor Vonnie Winslow Crist, who's been with the magazine since its inception and whose organic, black and white drawings grace the front and back covers of this issue, and assistant editor, Wendy Stevens for a job well done. *Earth Journey* has much to recommend it, not the least of which is the sheer size of the volume, 60 pages featuring the work of 129 writers—from Helen Ails to Mimi Zannino and everybody in between—and 219 poems, reviews and stories. Wow!

Taking as inspiration Chief Joseph's words, "The earth and myself are of one mind. The measure of the land and the measure of our bodies are the same....," the editors have chosen widely and well, their intent being to take us on a world journey, a sometimes uneasy trip. Thus we are treated to Lyn Lifshin's cynical commentary "Love Canal" "...we're doing/what we can"; Anne Barney's celebratory and clever "Universal Mother"—"To read how the earth was formed/is not enough; I want the video!"; Gary Blankenberg's elegiac "My Father Dies While Planting a Tree in his Front Yard on Easter Monday"; and James Taylor's quirky excerpts "Memento Mori"—"I'm in the middle of writing a wild-hare novel about a paid pall bearer who's known as the 6th man." Reminiscence gets prominent play with poems such as Katharine Cottle's "Nike Missile Site: Summer 1983" and "The Lost Hotel (1957-1993)" by Alice M. Tarnowski. Sprinkled throughout the pages are brief poems such as Robert C. Boyce's "In Pursuit"—Running/Hard//Up/Agains/A brick wall//no way//Through.

Above all, the poems in *Earth Journey* resonate with spirituality. How could they not with the earth as their subject? Thus we join with Rosemary Klein as she ends her poem "From the Car Window Before the Storm,"—"Oh on earth how we do grieve/for these frivolous clouds/estranged from joy." Klein's evocation of the oneness and fragility of the universe is implicit in all of the work in this issue of *Late Knocking*. Crist and Stevens are to be congratulated for the scope of their vision and the inclusivity of the issue.

BARBARAM.SIMON

Fantastic Tales. By Jack London. Edited by Dale L. Walker, foreword by Philip Jose Farmer. Lincoln, Nebraska and London: University of Nebraska

Press. 223 pages. Paperback. \$11.

Stories of the Far North. Edited by Jon Tuska. Lincoln, Nebraska and London: University of Nebraska Press. 147 pages. Paperback. \$15.

Jack London was most famous for his novels, *The Call of the Wild* and *White Fang*, but he also wrote 20 other novels and 188 short stories as well. Fifteen of his short stories, some published for the first time, appear in this new University of Nebraska collection, *Fantastic Tales*.

In this book, London, who was a socialist, writes a futuristic story of a world that becomes a socialistic utopia by abolishing private property. In another story, he reveals his racist attitudes toward Asians. In it, the Chinese, who threaten to overpopulate and conquer the world, are wiped out by germ warfare.

In *Stories of the Far North*, a London novelette appears along with modern works by Rex Beach, Max Brand and Robert W. Service, who were greatly influenced by London's writings. Many of these entertaining stories are about feisty prospectors, the Royal Mounted Police, and terrible weather, but none are equal to the work of the imaginative and colorful London.

Dale Walker and Jon Tuska, editors of *Fantastic Tales* and *Tales of the Far North*, respectively, are students of London's life and literature and provide detailed, informative introductions in their books. Herein, the reader learns interesting tidbits like London sold his publishing rights and never collected royalties from his most famous novel, *The Call of the Wild*; that he bought story plots from author Sinclair Lewis; and that he influenced George Orwell's writings.

In addition, Philip Jose Farmer, who wrote the foreword in *Fantastic Tales*, states that he believes London influenced other science fiction and fantasy writers such as Isaac Asimov and Edgar Rice Burroughs.

JOHN GOODSPEED

American Sampler Designs. By Dolores M. Andrew. Owings Mills, MD: Stemmer House Publishers. 42 pages. Softcover. Non-fiction and Art. \$6.95.

In *American Sampler Designs*, produced for The International Design Library, Timonium author Dolores Andrew continues her tradition of careful research and accurate illustrations. As with her first two books published by Stemmer House, *Italian Renaissance Textile Designs* (1986) and *Medieval Tapestry Designs* (1992), Ms. Andrew traveled to various museums, historical societies, and private collections to research and sketch the original needlework for this book. A past-president of the National Academy of Needlearts, Dolores is certified by NAN as both a teacher and judge, and her expertise is evident in the well-written history of American samplers and extensive listing of sampler collections that begin this volume. The author-illustrator completes the book with dozens of pen

Continued on p. 9

LITERARY NEWS

Cont. from front cover
original translation of *Antigone*. He has a wide range of knowledge about both substantial issues and about footnote minutia. Bhdpoet1 or alias Billy Dean, or vice-versa, is a unique individual. He lives on the west coast near LA. He is a sailing enthusiast, is gay, is a man of many voices (the Coyote, the Drag Queen, etc.), sells art, has children, is apt to have Robin Williams-like seizures of verbalization. Also he is quite a lyric poet & the landscapes in his soul are technicolor. Ginger100 (there must be 99 other Gingers w/access to the NYTIMES Forums. I am dcuddy3 myself.) Lives somewhere in Western Maryland, uses as her rallying cry "Yes, I'm nursing vipers in my bosom," but is a quite gentle and gracious lady and a poet of no mean accomplishment. Geneva9 is also a poet and works in a law office somewhere out there in this great wide America that has given rise to these phantom voices who speak their souls without a sound. (It should be stated that the forums are worldwide. A gregbujak types his messages on a keyboard in South Korea. Leo Yankevich speaks from Cracow, Poland.)

These internet conversations are not written in a vacuum. The Book Forums consist of a number of topics and categories (as the NYT Forums in general). There are 4 main divisions: News, Authors, Features, and Reading Group. The News has 3 subheadings: The Salinger-Maynard Love Letters; Rating the Pulitzers; George Stephanopoulos. The Stephanopoulos discussions are about almost everything except about George's book. At present there are five discussions about authors: Vladimir Nabokov, who is a favorite of the forumites); Ayn Rand, whose name gets an emotional reaction as does the name "Bill Clinton" in political circles; Shakespeare; Edgar Allan Poe; Philosophers (the whole group is collected under that one heading. Foucault, Nietzsche or epistemology itself could be the subject of the discussion at any time.). There are 11 Features Discussions. A few of them are: Literary Theory, Favorite Poetry, Etymology, The End of Science? The last division is something new that will start June 1st: Reading Group. The Forumites will vote on a book to read and begin discussing it. Right now the contenders are *Journey to the End of the Millennium*, *The Hours*, and *The Violent Bear It Away*.

The discussions can be erudite or just plain silly or, occasionally, vicious. Most of the time the postings are a conversation of a sort. Never visible are the arching brow, the wry smile, the intent murderous look. There have been readings of and postings on Tristram Shandy. The

Shakespearean authorship question has been delved into at great depth. Did William of Stratford or did Edward Devere, the Earl of Oxford, write the plays and poems? Many of the Forumites have dueled and bloodied their cursor with the question. There are collaborations on a story posted on the "Meander Where You May" forum. The Meander Forum is a catch-all forum for every passing thought that finds its way to the keyboard.

Once in awhile the incivility of the outside world descends into the semi-controlled environment of the forums (a Christopher Schelling hosts and monitors the Book Forums). Recently a hacker who called himself Wsnook posted cybergraffitti in red and green and yellow lettering yelling in bold large type "Death to America" etc., etc., etc. His message permeated almost every forum. It was either the work of an adolescent or of a crazed adult with time, a computer and not much going on in his life, or maybe too much. The NYTimes eventually deleted the verbal abuse and is blocking further such posts. But this snook attack is an exception rather than the rule. Many of the posts are intelligent and informative, and, if posted in intellectual disagreement, challenging. Some of the posts are downright funny. Some of the posts are downright naughty. The names of the Forumites take on a personality after awhile. You get to know these invisible people. They may even become friends—of a sort.

But why is the Internet a "Phantom Menace?" It is because you are taken away from the construction of your novel, or the honing of your poem. You are talking away into the early hours of the morning, losing sleep, not writing original work, not dictating your vision, your lonely vision as a writer. There is only so much time. If you work for a living, your free time is precious. Can you afford to hang out with friends every night of the week? It is almost as bad as television, but not quite. Your cyber-friends are intellectually stimulating. They are introducing you to writers and books you haven't read,

Continued on p. 9

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

SpotLite, cont. from page 8
perhaps haven't heard of. But in the back of your mind you hear the clock ticking. Your novel isn't being written. You have fallen prey to the "Phantom Menace."

There is a web address of the Book Forums, a whole lot of www's, and dots, and dot coms etc., but the easiest way to get access is to punch "New York Times Book Review" into your search engine and go from there. You will have to come up with a cyber-name. If you are a guy, try Rumpedwhatshisname. If a gal, try Attilashoney. They are just suggestions. You can choose any monicker that you want. If it has already been taken 23 times, you will be James24. By the way, or as they write in the Forums, BTW, there is no cost in registering. But don't become a fanatic.

Electronic Book Sales Benefit Breast Cancer Fund

Appleton, Wisconsin—DLSIJ Press, an electronic book publisher, announces the May 22, 1999, release of *Shards*, an anthology of women's short stories. All profits from the sale of this e-book will be donated to The Breast Cancer Fund, a national, non-profit organization whose mission is to "end illness and death from breast cancer in our lifetime."

Shards draws upon the skills of over 30 women writers in the United States, Canada, England, and New Zealand. Each author has donated her work in a clear effort to raise awareness about breast cancer: its elusive cure, its detection and prevention. The work features romance, science fiction, vignettes, humor...something to satisfy readers of all genres. For those readers who have yet to experience an e-book, *Shards* not only offers a pleasant opportunity, but a charitable one at that, one that ripples through generations of women.

Featured in the anthology is Robin Bayne, a resident of Lutherville, MD, with her piece, "The Club and the Clock" (previously published in *Lite*).

DLSIJ Press proudly adds *Shards* to its catalog of electronic books, continuing their commitment to offer only quality, professionally edited works.

Purchase and download information about *Shards* can be found at <http://dlsijpress.com/shards/>. The Breast Cancer Fund can be reached at <http://breastcancerfund.org>.



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a Literary WebZine

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Lite Reading, cont. from page 6

and ink drawings of historical embroidery, carefully documented, that should please both art enthusiasts and needle artists.

An Associate Professor of Art at Essex Community College for 25 years with memberships in professional organizations like Rehoboth Art League, Pen Women, and NAN, Ms. Andrew exhibits art and needleart at both the local and national levels. Superintendent of Paintings and Photography for the Maryland State Fair, she is a frequent lecturer and her needlework articles and illustrations regularly appear in newspapers and magazines. *American Sampler Designs* is a valuable reference and design source for artists, whatever their medium, and gives the reader a glimpse into the lives and interests of our foremothers.

VONNIE WINSLOW CRIST

Glamour for Breakfast. Poems by Laura Lynds, 1998 *Artscape* Winner. 32 pages. Softcover.

Glamour for Breakfast, the 1998 *Artscape* Literary Arts Award-Winner for Poetry, is a wonderful collection of eighteen autobiographical poems by Glen Burnie resident, Laura Lynds. In the first poem, "Looking for a Four Leaf Clover," the reader meets the narrator/poet as a child as she longs for "hair as sweet as fruit" and admires her best friend's older sister, Leah, who "knows all about luck like/ blowing on dice when you play Parcheesi/ and crossing your fingers before you tell a lie."

When the collection moves from childhood to adolescence, the narrator muses in "The Sky Changes Everything:" "No one ever told me how the sky can open up/ to such terror, such treasure." Young adulthood is well-served by the lovely "Third Date:" "then there is your cheek,/ When I stroke it, it quivers like a bird,/ your skin responding with an involuntary yes/ to my fingers..."

Matrimony, motherhood, and the mundane chores of life are source material for the remainder of the collection. Two memorable selections that are inspired by ordinary activities are "Matching Socks" and "Nobody Notices Laundry" where Ms. Lynds writes, "An old woman once taught me, hanging laundry was an art form." and "Tomorrow, matched socks/ will appear like magic stones,/ dark eggs folded into themselves/ nesting in my husband's bottom drawer." After digesting *Glamour for Breakfast*, the readers can only agree with Laura Lynds, "Glamour is everything."

VONNIE WINSLOW CRIST

**Are you a Pagan?
Do you practice Magick?**

If so, I would love to hear from you. I am an anthropology graduate student studying contemporary Paganism and I am attempting to circulate a survey in the Pagan community in order to collect data. All replies totally confidential. Information will be used for academic purposes only...no ulterior motives. If you are interested, please send a SASE to: **Survey**, P.O. Box 5607, Baltimore, MD 21210. *Website:* CrescentCauldron.dreamhaven.net/survey.htm.

Lite: Baltimore's Literary Newspaper Guidelines for Writers

1. *Lite* is a bi-monthly publication featuring art, literature, and book reviews. Formerly a quarterly magazine, we are now a free tabloid publication carrying one story and several poems per issue. We seek to give emerging writers and artists the opportunity to reach a broad, literate audience, and to keep our readers informed of literary events in Central Maryland. *Lite* is distributed in the Baltimore area and Central Maryland, with a press run of 10,000 copies. We also publish book-length manuscripts in cooperation with authors under the imprints "Lite Circle Books" and "Sunrise Press."

2. *Lite* holds one-time publication rights to all material accepted for publication. All other rights remain the property of the author. Terms of payment: 5 copies of issue in which submission appears.

3. All material submitted to *Lite* must be on plain 8-1/2" x 11" paper, double spaced, typewritten or computer printed, with no handwritten editing or other marks anywhere on the document. Notes concerning the copy may be made in legible handwriting on accompanying separate sheets. Copy must include the author's name, address and telephone number on the first or last page; for multiple simultaneous submissions, each work must be a separate document, each with the author's name, address and telephone. Please include short bio. We will also accept documents on disk created in WordPerfect or Microsoft Word. Copy submitted in formats not listed here will not be reviewed.

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

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

6. *Lite* will not accept manuscripts which contain the following: sexually explicit language or graphically depicted sexual scenes; gratuitous expletives; pointless or graphic violence; material denigrating any race, nationality, gender, or religion. Authors accept all responsibility for factual errors contained in any submitted manuscript.

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

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To place a personal ad: send your ad (no more than 350 characters, including spaces and punctuation, plus 32 character headline) to: *Lite Personals*, PO Box 26162, Baltimore, MD 21210. Enclose check for \$10 payable to *The Lite Circle, Inc.* Fee includes postal forwarding. Include phone no., fax no., or email address. No obscenities or sexual references. *Lite* reserves the right to reject any ad copy it deems unsuitable for publication. Ads run for 2 months.

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SWM, 30's ISO SWF, late 20's-early 30's, n/s, nm with warmth, beauty, intelligence, integrity, and creativity for possible LTR. I'm 5'10", br/br and I've been told I'm good looking. I enjoy poetry, reading, exercise, scintillating conversation, shared intimacies. Please write and show me the kind of woman you are. Photo appreciated. Code 002.

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LITE 1998 POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PLACE

Green tea

emerald birthstone
flashes
green fire
coaxing verdant flecks
from hazel eyes,
as i wonder if jealousy dwells
naturally within me
tinting everything
green.

under won ton soup and
fried rice
my placemat at Kim's Chinese Garden
explains
i was born in the year of the dragon,
all green scales and
fiery teeth
just as when i imagine
you
with her.

but raised window-shades
unabashedly show
yellow sun still contrasting
vast blue sky,
retaining stiff borders
as we do our own,
never melding
as one
though obstinate envy
remains
tinting everything
green.

*Marisa Canino
Baltimore, MD*

THIRD PLACE

Love Sonnet

We drove in silence through the silent pass,
The mountain walls above, below, rock-
Strewn and wind-scoured. A distant house
Across the valley floor clung, remote
By choice or chance from neighbor, town, or friend,
Its walls a momentary white below
The mountain's slate gray menace. Wind
Swept wetly across the sullen slopes.
And we, father, son —strangers— trapped
In an ungainly silence made loud by years
Of words unspoken —now unspeakable— sat
Close yet distant, neither father, son, nor friends.
Each hiding in his mountain pass in fear,
Afraid to speak the words each fears to hear.

*Bob Moskowitz
Baltimore, MD*

SECOND PLACE

Two Baby Pictures

a photograph of my father and me
at ages 26 and three months
both in white, his tie is black.

i was already awake from a nap when he
came home and put his briefcase down
and shed his overcoat and blazer. it was
late fall, he spoke in full sentences while
my mother got the camera. *snapflash*
snapflash snapflash, three thousand words.

his right hand is supporting my whole eight or
ten pounds, my belly fills his palm.
he is pointing my face towards her but my
eyes are drawn away, probably to the television.
we are smiling, actually, he is beaming, the
definition of proud father. i am smirking.
i think that i am flying.

a photograph of my mother and me
at ages 26 and four months.
she is in a blue housecoat. i am naked.

it was a saturday. we were going to
howard johnson's after i was bathed
and fed. i would play with napkins and look
cute for passing waitresses while my parents ate.
the camera was next to my father's keys.
snapflash, an unrehearsed moment.

her back is to him, she is gently lowering
me into a plastic yellow container that
looks like a paint roller pan. my pacifier is
dangling from her teeth by the plastic handle.
she promises to return it. my wide skeptical
eyes are trained directly on it, my tub
holds a shallow layer of warm water.
i think the warmth is an extension of her hands.

*Hilbert Turner, Jr.
Columbia, MD*

HONORABLE MENTION

Sonnet for an Absent Lover
*Eileen Tarcaj
Baltimore, MD*

Listening for Echoes

I sit on the porch swing
at my grandmother's farm.
I shout—*hey! hey!*—to the sinking sun,
listening for the woman
haunting the edge of the horizon
to return my echoes.

I shout again and again,
catching each echo in my hand,
cramming it into my mouth,
gupling down the echo whole.
The echoes knock about my body,
rubbing against each other
like seeds in a dried pod.

*Sherry L. Elswick
Ellicott City, MD*

The Tree

The stream twisting
Left and right down the river bend.
The trees waving
Hands at the passing water
As the wind gives
A mighty push to the clouds
And gives
A crack of sun for all to see.

I sit against a tree
Whose partner is long forgotten.
Many years ago
She grew quite old and then
I am so told was
Blown down in the wind.
Over the years she has become
Covered in vines.

Water ripples
With an occasional splash
Of a turtle or a fish.

*Anastasia Marie Jantz
Age 9*

Cartography

The driver does not speak.
The woman with the map with the 1,001 nights of creases
Asks:
Which way to Fell Points?

I lean my head.
First right, then left, then right again.
Reply:
Fell Points is closed.

The driver does not speak.
The woman with the map with the companion Triptik
Closes:
Her map, her eyes, her soul and her ears to
the voiceless driver motoring onward.

*Steven Haversack
Laurel, MD*

Monkey, Escort, Minister

First day of the new year, near noon,
the organ grinder played *Acid Rain*
under the blind girl's umbrella, her eyes,
what showed, murky ocelot ovals.
The umbrella advertised ALEXIS HOTEL
in goldscript across white fabric, its metal shaft
hacksawn cleanly at the bottom.

The monkey, an old macaque,
didn't like seaspray in her cup—
She rattled the sulfite-green quarters,
squeegeed her tail, gaped yellow eyeteeth
at a snuffling stray.

I said I needed to find the Two Sisters Bakery,
I could smell the bread but where was it?
The blind girl said she'd escort me, that what I'd
smelled was overpriced brioches at Third Undertow;
she said there were other places I hadn't seen.
We walked the strip, I gave her cigarettes
and musty chianti at Cali's (*mozo—dos copas de
vino tinto*) she ordered in Seattle spanish & spit
olive pits. Her front teeth were gapped
like the monkey's.

Minister Sang, a Cali's regular, wolfed tapas
knocked crumbs from baggy black chinos,
his palms as rhythmic as spoons. He distributed tracts
Jesus Coming In Air. World Ends April 7 1996
in bold rubric. Why bother Jesus? Leave him alone.
You don't go, argued Sang. He hoisted a green
Gideon: *Jesus leave you.*

I bought him a blue agave & his blessing,
his benediction finger closed one circle in air
which is the sign of the Temple Mount Cloister,
where endorphins flood Sang's brain,
overdoses more potent than heroin.

His lips smacked, agave moist,
several drops of tincture spattering Gideon.
Soar, minister, with your vial of angels
the blind girl taunted. Her lifetime had risen, an escort
to thieves, monkeys, ministers—coins required to live.

*Sean Brendan-Brown
Hattiesburg, MS*

Mornings in July

streets are windblown, silent, wild,
calm before the prowling storm of
Jaguar heat in search of prey.

On the way to work, they hear it,
feel it panting, silken on their skin.
Passing cigarettes like inside jokes,
gripping hardhat, handbag, brown paper lunch,
they feel the breathing on their necks,
as nurse's pleats blaze white-hot with the dawn.

Staring into half-light, waiting,
hoping it won't pounce as first sweat drips,
pray to be indoors before razor-toothed midday strikes.

*Reginald M. Harris, Jr.
Baltimore, MD*

CALLING ALL WRITERS!
STOP!

*You are NOT ALLOWED to put down this magazine without reading about
Lite's 1999*

***Poetry and Short Fiction
Contest***

Winners in each category will receive the following prizes:

FIRST PRIZE: \$75

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THIRD PRIZE: \$15

All winners will be featured at a special Lite Circle reading
and will have their work published in
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All entries must be postmarked no later than **December 31, 1999**. Reading fee: \$5.00 per story, \$3.00 per poem, \$10.00 for up to 6 poems. **No limit on submissions.**

Manuscripts should be typed, double-spaced, with cover sheet containing title (s) of work, along with author's name, address, and telephone number. The manuscript should include the title, but not the author's name. Winners will be notified by March 31, 2000. Maximum story length 6,000 words. Maximum poem length 50 lines. Please mail entries to:

The Lite Circle Literary Contest
P.O. Box 26162
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For more info, please call (410) 719-7792 or (410) 889-1574.