



(frankly)  
edition two.

# contents:

20  
20

learn: websites & information

19  
19

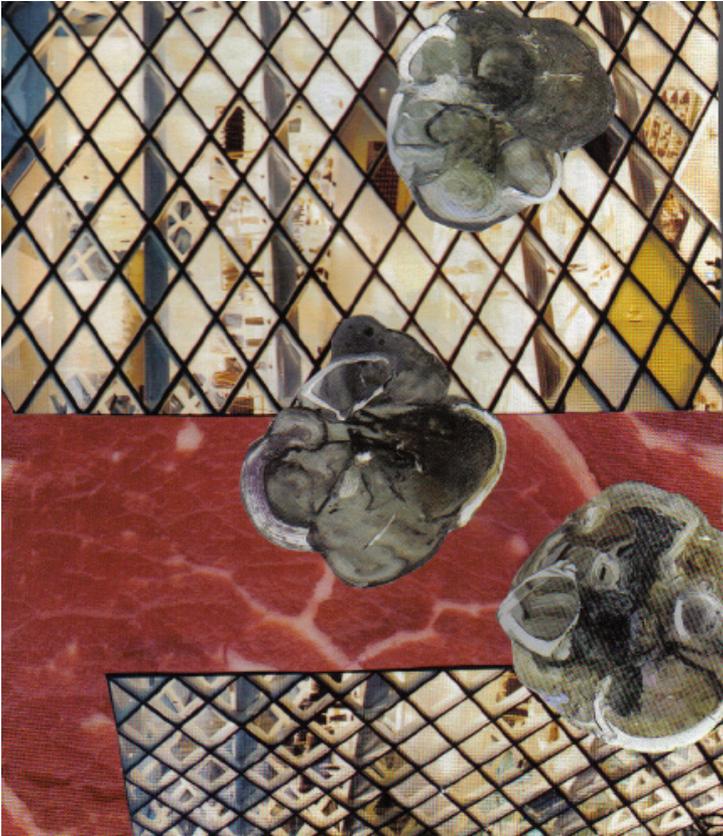
solve: things to make you think

10  
10

read: literature

2  
2

look: artwork



Pretty Meat  
(Leslie Houin)



To India, with Love, Norway  
(Leslie Houin)



Apparatus Arms  
(Stephanie Cain)



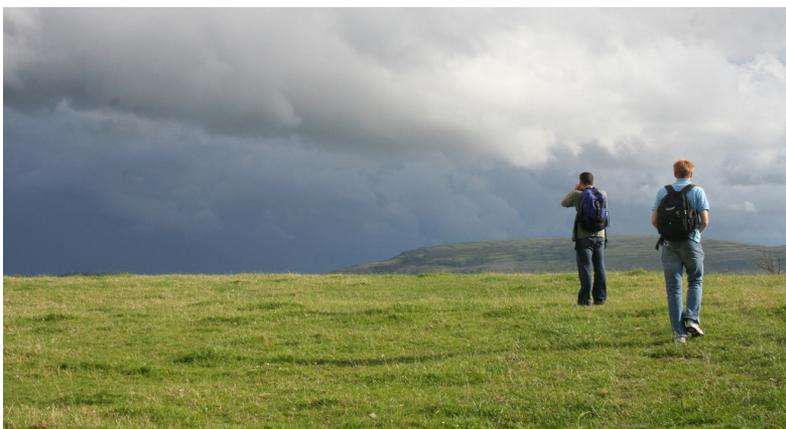
Dots (B&W)  
(Shannon Campbell)



City Center  
(Stephanie Cain)



Untitled  
(Jess Bowen)



Off Path  
(Stephanie Cain)



Always Something  
(Shannon Campbell)



Untitled  
(Jess Bowen)



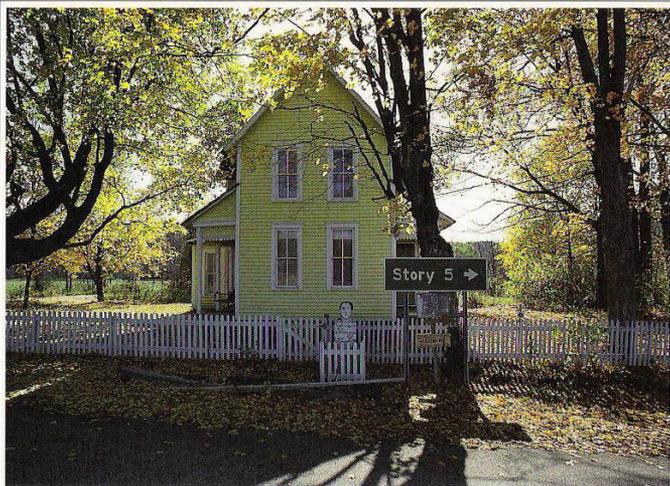
Untitled  
(Jordan Cleland)



My Wave: One  
(Stephanie Paine)



My Wave: Two  
(Stephanie Paine)

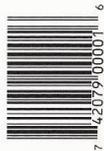


# INDIANA

*by Darryl Jones*

I watched the hands on the clock  
 crawl, trying to help myself out.  
 Can I twist or obliterate the truth?  
 Can I kill my way out? The court-  
 room was huge with so little people,  
 the media denied access, the public  
**too** disgusted, but way too many  
**guards**. And way too many restraints  
 for me to even tease the thought.  
 I'm bored, not nervous-i'm not sweat-  
 ing it out. When you've lost all  
 sense of obligation to morals, it's  
 amazing what you can accept from  
 yourself.

- clint r. c. 3 of 7



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JIP 144 • Stone Head, Brown County.  
 Photo by Darryl Jones



## INDIANA

by Darryl Jones

*Sixty-nine* days into our journey  
 we were already out of the food  
 we'd packed, left to survive  
 on the hunt, or if need be,  
 each other. Claude didn't know,  
 but I was already imagining cooking  
 one of his meaty legs over the fire.  
 I had yet to determine the way to  
 the mill, but knew that his loss  
 would make the best gain for the  
 rest of us. In a slight mishap, he  
 broke an arm and was useless in  
 hauling the gear. He was dead weight.  
 When will he sleep next? Is the  
 weather sharp? Any bullets left?  
 No, too loud.

clint v. c. 4 of 5

JP196 • Rocky Hollow, Turkey Run State Park.  
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## What's Wrong with Your Marrow?

(Bryan Johnson)

There's a malicious bone in my body.

How do I know this? Because I'm forty-one years old, and I've had plenty of time to feel it floating about in there, somewhere east of my liver and north of my kidneys, plotting its course via white blood cell constellations.

Usually it stays hidden, this little marrow vessel, a weak figment of too much testosterone, buried in my gut, nice and placid. Sometimes when I've had too much whiskey it comes blubbering up, but when that happens it's weak and watered down, fueled by alcohol, and it subsides after a short while with no harm done to anyone other than myself.

Every once in a while, it even gives me a leg up. Like at my job at Johnson and Schwartz, that prestigious accounting firm off of 4<sup>th</sup> street, the one that handles the funds of all the bigwigs from the City Council and the Mayor's Office and even those of the venerable James Madison, not the old president, but the businessman and father of three who lives in that mansion down on Courant. My good pal and sometimes boss, Jerome, decided to take a vacation from his hectic accounting lifestyle. Fortunately, he's a bit absent and left his office unlocked. What would I have normally done in this situation? Why, I would have locked that door right up and gone about my business, maybe even giving him a hard time about it later when he came back. Yeah, maybe.

But the bone changes everything. When the bone takes over, it does what it wants. Like plant small amounts of cocaine in Jeremy's desk drawers, and even more in his unused duffel bag in the closet. Guess who has the corner office now?

But sometimes, oh, sometimes, that bone really can be a hassle. Like the night I caught my wife having a moonlit tryst in our own goddamn marital bed

with some rich asshole cousin of mine from Nevada who I had the good grace to let stay in my house, under MY roof, eating MY FOOD. They were far, far too engrossed in their snow white love affair to notice me standing in the doorway, watching.

Now, what should I have done? What would you have done? Now, I say, my good conscience says, my brain tells me, I should have kicked the Nevada boy out and had a little chat with my wife. Talk things over. Maybe work some things out. Patch it up. I loved her, didn't I? Yeah, sure I did.

Oh, but that mean bone. That mean, dirty, cheap, old rascal of a bone. It just can't let things be. It's not my fault it came surging out that night in a violent swirl of the crimson golf club I had swiped from my son's room. It's not my fault my veins popped out like a 3D roadmap. It's not my fault Nevada boy ended up broken and dented on the sidewalk two stories below while that bone reveled in my chest cavity. It's not my fault, it really isn't, that my wife met a similar end two weeks later, when I just so happened to remember for the fifty-third time what had happened, when her apologies suddenly didn't seem so sincere. It's pure genetics, pure biology, pure mechanics, some might even call it base wild instinct. But I know better, yes sir, I know it's just a result of this deformity I've been given, this special something, this diseased marrow that's gotta be totally beyond my control.

Chow time. My kids wonder what the stain on our driveway is. Someone must've thrown a ketchup balloon, I always tell them. Halloween WAS just last week, after all. Here's some coffee, bone. Here's some toast and jam, bone. Drink up, bone. Eat up, bone.

## Buzzing Amorphously Lopez

(Josh Lisi)

Have you read about the Purdue Weather Machine? There were a few blogs that talked about it. Some links were passed around, but no one really paid much attention to press it got. There were some storms around town that were blamed on it. Purdue was never quite so proud of another piece of technology they had accumulated with their money and knowledge.

After the educational dollars started drying up, many universities opened up their campuses to outside donators from the private sector to come and create funded labs and research houses called businesses. These entities were allowed to hire graduate students for various sums of money depending on the qualifications of the graduate student and how well their negotiation skills were.

One of these graduate students was Irvine Pfffft, an astropheric engineer. Ir studied the physics and chemistry of weather systems. He could tell you, since the age of eight, what all of the cloud formations were in the current sky. He did so on many occasions despite the detriment to his friendships. Finally acquiring a skill that even company could enjoy, he won those people back when he would guess, within a twenty three percent margin, when the next funnel cloud would strike a small town in Indiana. The skill that helped him decide Purdue was the next logical step in his educational tract.

When Irvine was ready to graduate from Purdue, a company that manufactured and designed Doppler and other radar equipment moved into the business park. The share holders of the company saw Ir's undergraduate thesis discussing the chaotic system of weather and potentiality of predicting new system formations using data streams transnationally and offered him a position to expand upon his ideas. Ir agreed.

After working at the company for almost six months, Irvine was asked to work on another project, something that Ir knew nothing about but would surely enjoy. Ir agreed.

One day he was taken to a small room that had a padlock and a steffylock. Three keys were used in all. After fiddling with the door for a bit, it opened and the hum of electricity filled the room. A light shone on a computer desk and chair in the middle of what appeared to be a large, open room. Something popped up in the chair and started typing. The thing hit a few keys on the keyboard and it began to rain. A few more keys were hit and it stopped. Clickititityityt. A lightning bolt came down from the ceiling and struck a metal rod sticking out on the side of the room. Clickititclackackackac. A few more. Hail the size of a spectator sport's game piece fell. Luckily for Irvine, it stopped too.

An amplified voice echoed, "Would you like to try Irvine?"

### Temporary Artificial Elation

(Connie Lee)

it's.

Everything about right now can and will never be replicated. That is why "it's" remains alone at the top. Sentences stop midway and blankness is what we're all seeing.

In no way was the word \_\_\_\_\_ meant to be heard and used by its dictionary description. This is what — and how — talent, passion, companionship, love, and happiness were meant to be. A trance. That's what it is. To each our own now.

"I'm done," is all she says, the words spilling out of her mouth as she tosses her colors aside. Minutes later, she lies writhing on the carpet in not pain but overwhelming elation.

## The Listening Porch

(Amanda Manning)

The porch's planks have long since twisted and splintered with age and lack of care. They are visited now by an old man and an older rocking chair, that both groan back and forth on the bayou breezes. The weathered boards sigh under the weight of the lichen, the chair, the man, the house, and the heavy memories, thick as kudzu drippin' on the iron fence. Back and forth, back and forth, those old boards decide every day to keep on with the man, and to listen.

"That cloche...damned near the prettiest thing ah'd ever seen. Jim never'd believe me if ah told 'im where it was from...my, my, and nobody'd ever say that that gal dinna just make Barney's proud by wearin' it. All those..mother 'a pearl beaded bands'n feathers...my goodness, 'twas the brightest shinin' thing to ever grace the hardwood. I will say that girl was the handsomest thing that the South shall ever see...and to thin', I was the only arm she took that night."

A laugh rolled up from deep within his gut, and spilled over. He broke into smile, his dim eyes seeing nothing of the weeds in the yard and the chipping paint of the veranda's pillars.

"Oh, goodness, the Savoy was a' rockin' that night. M'lady and I could hard'y find a patch of floor to dance on. Not a face on the inside wasn't a'glowin' and a'shinin'...didn't nobody come to do nothing but to shimmy they troubles away. And gracious, was it wonderful medicine, if I never saw nothin' better. Legs an' arms a'flyin', everybody grinnin' like the cat that ate the canary. And, let me tell you, missus and I looked mighty fine on that floor. Oh, my, and we lit up that floor...wasn't a dance we wasn't a'shakin' to that night."

Crickets chirped in the key of E, and harmonized to the man's song. Twilight began to seep into the treeline, and the neglected gravel road shortened as it faded into the distant darkness. Heat, heavy and smothering, crept up the house's steps and crawled onto the man's shoulders. It was these fall days that the stories seemed to become shorter, that the yarns took on a less intricate weave.

"Ah! But our young bones was strong back then. Our young bones was strong back then..."

The planks creaked as his bare, rough feet shifted, and the man rose up. Knots, where once there had been smooth oak, supported his arches. He slowly ambled to the door, turning when he reached the door. The porch gazed back at him, eased him into the hall, into the kitchen, farther, finally, into bed.

He slid between the moth eaten sheets with an easy smile on his face. To him, there was no empty space across the pillow from him. To him, there was no empty mold in the mattress that fit her body. To him, there was no empty space in the closet where her clothes had been.

To him, the moment was as real as the bed, the kitchen, the hall, the doorway, the porch, and the sky.

To him, memory meant nothing but knowing.

### A Long Ago Promise (Jason D. Widgey)

Even in Autumn the wind dies once in a while, but it always comes back stronger and carries the leaves far away.... Be that Autumn leaf, for I am the dying wind.

## By the Rivers of Babylon

(Sharad Barkataki)

I was wandering earlier tonight and I happened to chance upon the song,  
"The Rivers of Babylon", by Boney M.

My father loved Boney M.,  
and I can't tell you how many times we sang along in our car,  
to the Rivers of Babylon.

Along long winding roads and sunny skies.

And suddenly I was back,  
back to childhood memories of driving,  
driving along the single lane highways of Cyprus and Zimbabwe,  
to distant exotic places filled with white sand beaches and flat seas,  
and lakes and barbecues,  
and terrible beautiful animals,  
and food that always tasted better away from home.

I remember.

I remember being an easily bored child,  
and being unable to read in the car:  
my motion sickness.

The world always moving,  
rushing by  
bored,  
so bored that I found alternative activities.

I remember playing games:  
memorizing the license plates of passing cars,  
attempting to guess the type of car far off in the distance,  
before passing inches from each other,  
on our ways to our separate distant places.

I remember.

Once upon a time  
and a very good time it was,  
by the Rivers of Babylon.

### Writing Prompt

Describe the place you go to in order to get away from the pressures of school and work. Be as descriptive as you dare.

Use the description in a poem, story, or review article, then submit entries to [frankly.zine@gmail.com](mailto:frankly.zine@gmail.com).

The best entry will be printed in the next issue of (frankly).

### Sudoku

		1						
		2		3				4
			5			6		7
5			1	4				
	7						2	
				7	8			9
8		7			9			
4				6		3		
						5		

## Websites to Check Out

[www.themediacollective.org](http://www.themediacollective.org)

A Lafayette-based community focusing on building ideas through media, focusing on communication and brainstorming.

[www.psychopedia.com](http://www.psychopedia.com)

Check out artsy short films, or submit your own.

[technorati.com](http://technorati.com)

The ultimate blog catalogue—search a topic and find results from hundreds of blogs.

[www.cobracai.com](http://www.cobracai.com)

A local Lafayette group of artists organizes projects that emphasize collaboration, creativity, accessibility and spontaneity.

[www.stephtakesphotos.com](http://www.stephtakesphotos.com)

[www.photosbycarloslima.com](http://www.photosbycarloslima.com)

[www.shannoncampbellart.com](http://www.shannoncampbellart.com)

(frankly) is a zine that was put together so that we, as a community, might be exposed to fellow artists, writers, thinkers, et cetera. whether you love or hate, agree or disagree, appreciate or disparage: tell us; we want to know. we can't do anything without your ideas, suggestions, comments, & submissions.

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