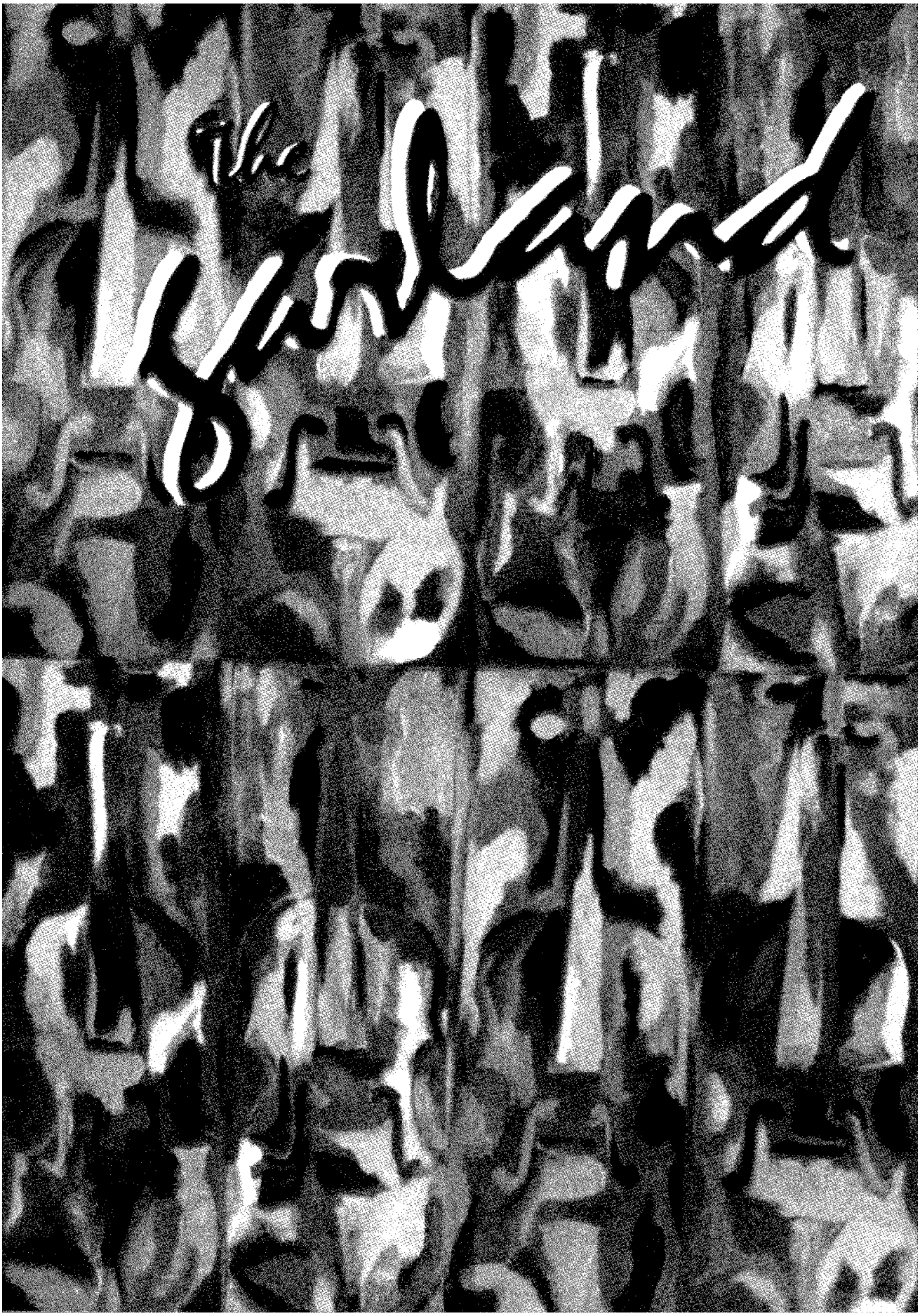
The
Wasteland

A Literary/Arts Magazine

Volume XVII No. 1 Spring 1987

During this second year of *The Garland* we have seen an unprecedented flood of submissions from the Loyola community. We are proud to include works from students, faculty, and alumni, and hope that our new format complements the freshness and innovation of their efforts.

Our readers will notice the larger page size as a trend towards a more visual format. This has given us the opportunity to accentuate photography and drawing while allowing the fiction portion of the magazine more space for submissions. This "visual" format can be seen as a brave innovation for a literary/arts magazine, but we feel the aesthetic appeal is well worth the venture. In opting for the larger format, we were able to accomodate the increasing trend of on-campus submissions.The tabloid size format has also increased the demands on time for production, but the facilities we were able to use with *The Green & Grey* afforded us the opportunity.

This year we owe special thanks to the *Green & Grey,* without whose assistance this publication would not have been possible. We also thank our advertisers for providing the financial support so crucial to the maintenance of quality. We hope the new large format and full-color cover result in a visually exciting magazine and that the present arrangement blends the literary and graphic arts in a way that appeals to our readers.

-The Editors

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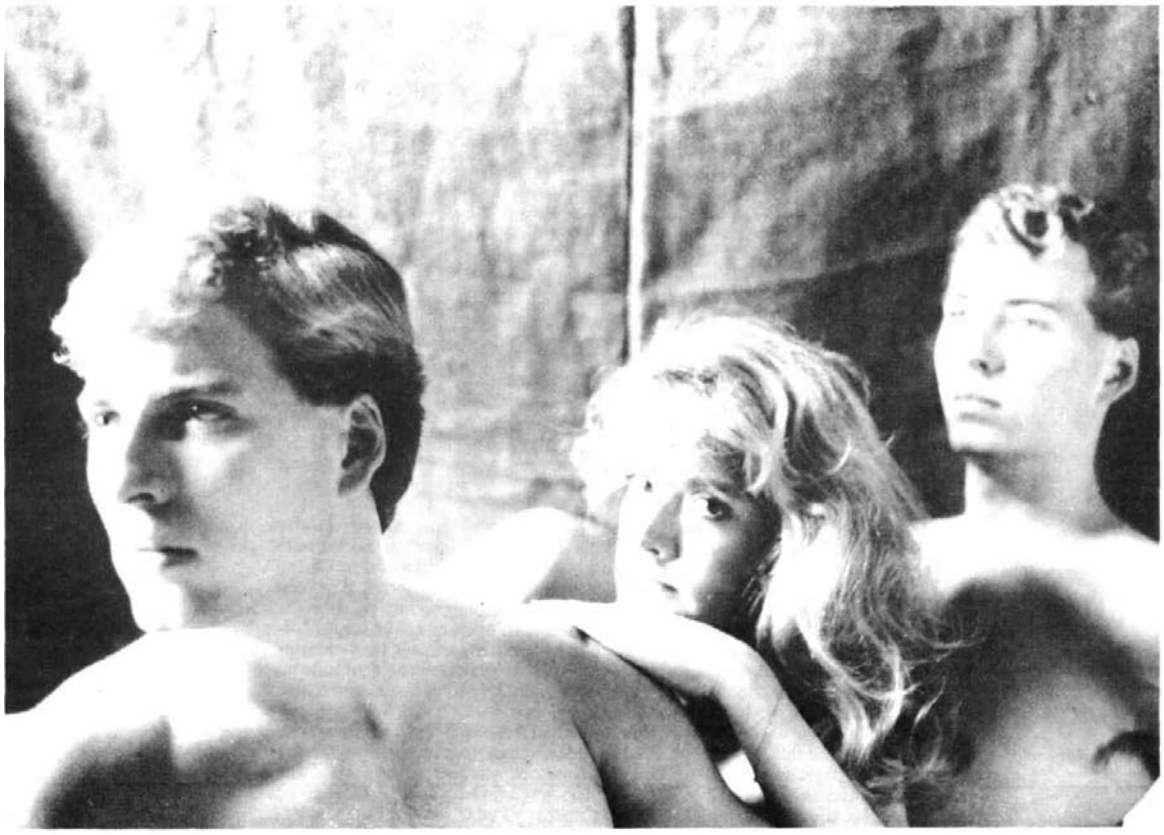

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Cover designed and painted by James M. Bartolomeo.

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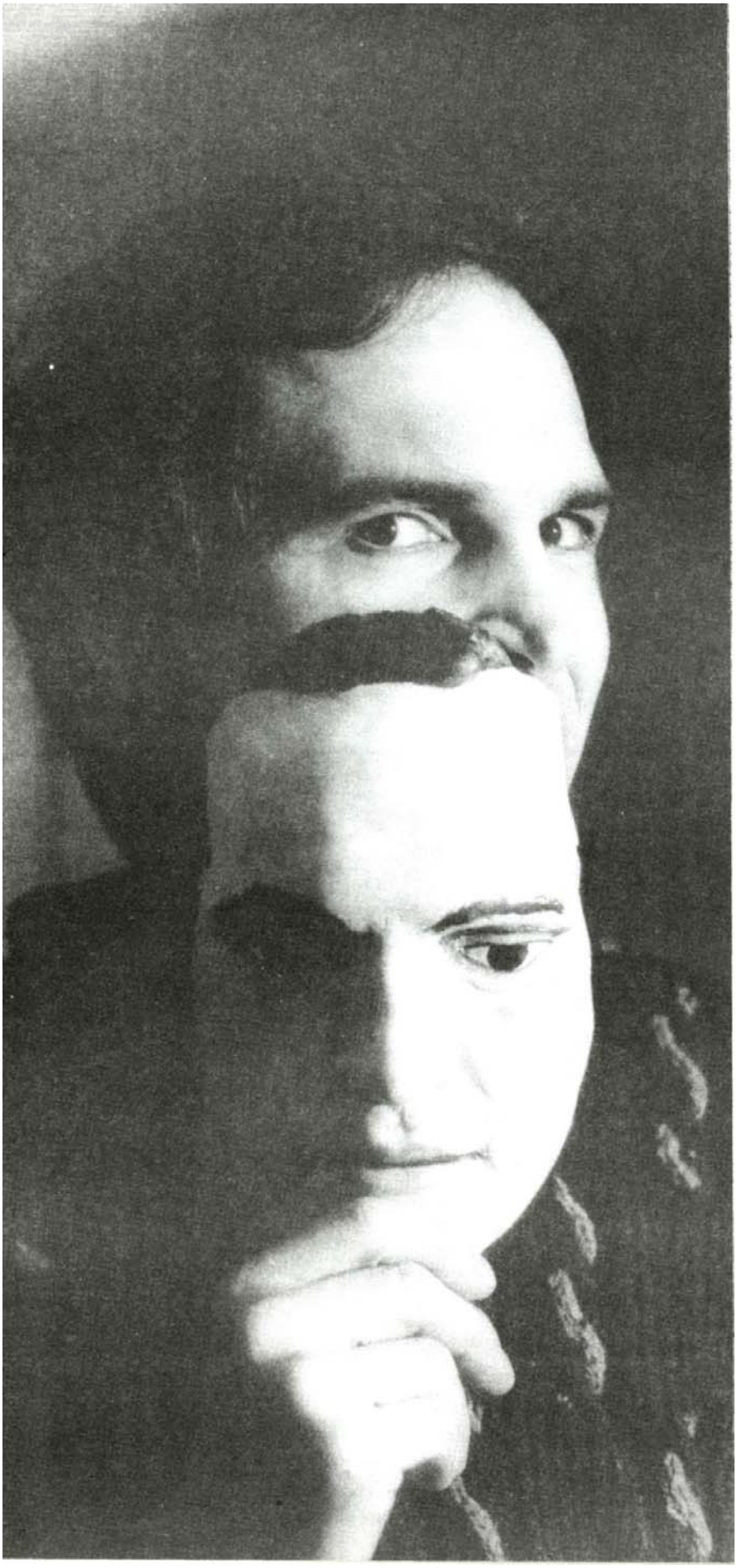
James M. Bartolomeo; *Knot*, Graphite on paper, 18x24, 1986.



The sun lunged through the kitchen window dropping long slabs of morning light on Simian Mcleish and his family.

Simian yawned and flicked a cornflake across the dinette.

"Shouldn't have gone to bed with damp hair," he said, raking.

"Look at this."

"Bedhead," said son Paul between chomps.

"Roosterhead," said older daughter Megan.

"Cock-o-th' walk," said wife Phyllis, a breath away from Simian's ear, her arms dangling over his chest like a loosened tie.

Simian tipped his head back into the cushion of her chest, looked up into her tidy nostrils. "More coffee?"

"Brewing," said Phyllis, twining her arms.

"The field [chomp] trip [chomp] to the aquarium was cancelled," said Paul. "One of the whales in the big tank got sick."

"Sew," sneared Megan. "Pass the corn toastees, Paulee."

"The principal said on the loudspeaker--by accident because he was talking to Miss Finch in his office-he didn't want 'another damned space shuttle situation if that fish bellied-up in front of the kids.'"

"A whale is not a fish," said Megan. "Some principal."

"I know that," said unflinching Paul. "He knows, too.

Haven't they taught you about poetic license, figure of speech [chomp], stuff like that in high school yet?"

Don't do it," ordered Phyllis, unraveling her arms from Simian's shirtfront.

Simian buttoned. "Well,"--and slid back his chair--"gotta go."

"Lunch?" asked Phyllis, adjusting sticky things in the dishwasher.

"After raquetball. Sure. Something light."

"One-ish?"

"Little before, 'bout a quarter of."

"Good."

"Anyway," Paul wedged in. "You won't have to sign the field trip slip now."

"Sorry about your trip," said Phyllis. "There will be others."

"Next week *we* go to the spice grinding plant in Baltimore," said Megan.

"Aren't you bored with that place? You went there last year too."

"Enough!" said Phyllis, pushing the bangs out of her daughter's face, reclipping her barrette. "Sim, you'll get Mom and Dad?"

"Nearly forgot," he smiled. "What time?"

"6:24. The Palmetto, to Florida."

Simian nodded, tied his trench belt in a loose drooping knot.

"I'll be going there next year you know," said Paul.

"Bigus dealus. Ninth grade boy to take fieldtrip to McCormick's in near future. Real tabloid fodder there, Paulee."

"Don't knock it," said Paul. "Did you know that Jeanie Dixon is mostly never right in her yearly predictions?"

"So?"

"So she makes zillions because the same stupid people grab that stuff once

Asphyxiation

Jack Stephens

a week in lines at the A&P or Giant or Safeway."

Megan squinted. "Shoppers with open minds aren't stupid."

"Or think they aren't. But that's called "irony." That's a way of saying that they don't know how stupid they are. My altitude tests say I'm a good journalist. People like you will make me rich."

Megan leapt up with a shrug, clutched an imaginary megaphone with both hands and raised it to her mouth. "Hey everybody!" she said with some throat, "Announcement time!" She turned and gave a two-finger gag sign.

"Yeah, well, judging from the stack of *True Confessions* and *Teen Beat* magazines smoldering under your bed with tabloids for 'inquiring minds' like yours, you'll be one of my best customers."

"Mom," said Megan shrinking and puffing, "He's been in my room again."

Phyllis gave Paul a galvanic look. Simian pressed his lips in Megan's direction. Megan squinted at Paul as if she, better than anyone, could hear the squeaky wheels of justice turning.

"Anyway," Paul said, "All the prophets say this will be a bad year."

On his way to the courthouse, Simian slowed at the storefront of Ye Old Birde Shoppe--the birds were not enjoying their usual high twist of screech and chatter. People were moving from cage to cage making jerky desperate moves. Simian glanced at his Korean Rolex and decided that he had enough time to step in for a look-see.

"Problem?" he inquired.

"Nah. Sick birds, some dead; but no problem." An apronned man, whose puffy peeling face appeared scalded, was handing a limp-necked cockatiel to a girl maybe two years older than Simian's daughter. She had a half-shave, chartreuse on the hirsute side. He assumed she was the owner's granddaughter. In her other hand she held a panting finch of some kind, its breath speeding up as Simian looked on. Its eyes were closed. The eyes opened, primal, mouse-like. Then closed again. Little hiccupy sobs seeped from the girl as she placed both birds into a full plastic trash bag and twist-tied it closed.

Later, at his post before the judge's high squeaky seat, Simian poked at his stenographer's keyboard with smooth deliberate placements, a prayer-like calm.

Toward lunch, he loosened his tie, finally removing it on his way to the gym.

"What's happening to me," he huffed at Phyllis as he sat down to lunch. "Bill dragged me all over the courts in there."

Phyllis simpered, sighed, adjusted her napkin and stainless.

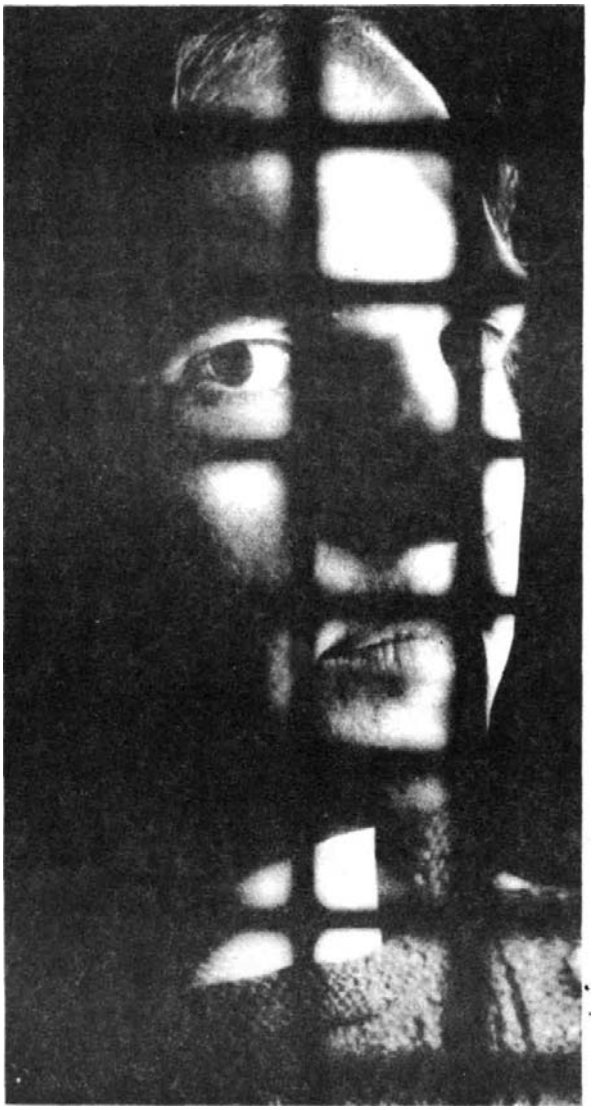
Their table overlooked the weightroom. Through the commodious picture window, they saw people gathering around and obscuring someone they took to be slab-muscled and demonstrative.

"I didn't," he sighed, "even bother with the Nautilus."

With two fingers, Phyllis tested the back of his clammy hand. "You do look a little pale. You're not coming down with anything?"

"No. I just feel like I did when I took up jogging. After the smokeout."

"Anxiety," said his wife, sipping pineapple nectar and springwater. "Typical. You always get anxious and repressive when my parents come to town."



Simian rolled his eyes, sighed, adjusted his napkin and stainless.

They ordered salads. Lots of sprouts, yogurt, sunflower seeds, imitation bacon fragments. "Promise," she said, chewing way back on her molars, "not to go critical on Mom and Dad. You'll feel better when they're gone if you don't."

"You know I like them, actually. It's just--but you're right." Simian looked up to see the the siren they'd been half-hearing had been homing in on the athletic club. Whiteshirts were administering oxygen and wheeling a stretchered man from where he'd collapsed on the crowded workout floor.

Simian winced as if suddenly remembering a bad dream. "Don't worry," he said, "I'm too pooped to take sides tonight."

Simian left his collar button unsnugged and his tie a bit loose for the rest of the afternoon. By 3:00 his mood was swinging between the giddy and the abysmal. He assumed what he normally assumed on long late afternoons: *Blood sugar must be off again. Protein. Should've had the powerhouse sandwich. Or some sushi.* During a short recess, he made a mental note to make an appointment for a check-up, another note to cut out two eggs a week and stick with margarine at the cafeteria. The automat candybar did not adjust his penduluming mood.

By four, he was aware of every third breath. He had not heard the weather that day, but supposed maybe air quality was poor. He was reminded of coaching his wife during labor. "Deep cleansing breath. Ok. Now, in through the nose. Out, the mouth."

He had made two stenographic mistakes in the last hour. For him, a record high, which meant a career low.

30 minutes late, Wolfe and Finny Maelstrom huffed down from the 6:24, bug-eyed in spite of light luggage. Finny's face reminded Simian of the scalded bird-man. With very little effort his mind turned to thoughts of home, dinner, and cocktails-mainly cocktails.

"Simmy!" lunged his mother-in-law, as aromatic in perfume choice as in gesticulation.

Finny grabbed his hand, breathing cigars and something pungently Mediterranean for lunch. "Good to see ya. Fine thanks."

"Yessss," said Simian.

"The babies? They're good?"

"Well, hardly babies, but—"

A man toppled next to them, slow motion, crumpling inward like a demolished building.

Hyme ch-hoking. C-hant breeeh..."

"Someone call someone!" shouted the seismic Mother-in-law.

"Porter," called Simian to a likely looking black individual in a gray service cap.

"I'm janitorial," he said thickly.

"Hurry," pleaded Wolfe.

The janitor reclaimed his elbow from Mrs. Maelstrom, knelt over the gasping clutching man and fanned him with his hat.

Impatient, Simian flayed off his linen jacket, rolled his sleeves and knelt opposite the janitor. He pursed his lips and swallowed.

Finny bent toward his son-in-law. "CPR is out," he said. "AIDS, Karposi Sarcoma, Legionnaire's Disease-not to mention dozens of lesser communicable icks. I'd reconsider, Son."

Simian rose, wiping his mouth with his folded handkerchief as if he'd just finished performing what he'd half-intended to do. He was glad of Finny's advice, this time. He addressed the gathering crowd: "Paramedics will be here soon. They're equipped." tucking his kerchief back in his pocket-he wished he could tuck away his feeling of guilt so easily-he stepped gingerly around the bluing man, and put his coat back on without unrolling his sleeves. The janitor kept fanning his ice-cream vendor's hat. There was froth at the corners of the man's lips,

which were bruise-blue. Simian's left wingtip was the last thing the man saw.

In the cab, Simian sat up front with the ticking meter and wheezing, chain-smoking driver. The in-laws sat in the back with their light luggage. No one spoke except to give and ask for directions.

"Rain forests," said Paul. "They are the lungs of the earth. That's what Miss Schmidt told us today after the firedrill in biology class.

"That's not what Jacques Cousteau says," said Megan. "He says that millionz-on-trillionz of phytoplankton are responsible for replenishing 'our vast reservoir, the sea of air around us.' He also has a word or two about the 'tenuous balance of our fragile ecosystem' and stuff like that."

"Jacques Cousteau is a skin diver," said Paul smuggering. "He is not a botanist. Miss Schmidt is a teacher, teachers are closer to being botanists than skin divers will ever be."

"Right," said Megan. "Right right right. By the way smartypants: skin divers are guys or sometimes girls who don't wear any suits or stuff like that. Like pearl divers in Tahiti. Jacques Cousteau, besides *not* being that *is* a s-c-u-b-a d i v e r. And an oceanographer. A word probably as meaningless to you as it is probably unpronounceable."

The in-laws swooped in pulling suitcases on leashes. Simian dragged in last like a reluctant pooch.

"It's not that hot, hon," Simian said to his wife with a squeeze. "Why the a.c?"

"It seemed a little stale in here," she sighed. "It's not on cool, just condiion."

"Uh," Simian acquiesced. Reaching up to remove his tie, he remembered it was already coiled loosely in his jacket pocket. Though no one was watching, he felt embarassed at this and massaged his forehead as follow through.

"We saw three people collapse out there," said Wolfe in repressed histrionics. "It's like Houston during a heat wave. But it isn't hot."

"Humid though," said Phyllis' father. "Maybe it's like acid rain...pre-precip acid rain. Is it sulphuric, hydrochloric or lysergic acid that eats people's lungs?"

Any acid would do," said Simian, frowning. "But I don't know...You make it sound like an industrial accident or Bopal or something."

"You know, Finny," said Wolfe, "he's right. It could be something else like fallout from testing. We are downwind of the p r e v a i l i n g weternlies."

"You mean westerlies, no 'n'," corrected Paul.

"But grandma," said Megan, "we don't test above ground anymore since the NTB treaty. That's Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. Jessie Phillips at school got sent to the principal's office for saying MTV treaty and making another girl laugh. And anyway Nevada is too far away. On the other hand, it could be coming from China. They didn't sign the treaty. Strontium 90 goes way up into the ionosphere. That's where the jetstream is. It's an isotopes. An isotopes is something that gets into cow's milk and goes right into children's bones where it accumulates. We saw it in a movie about TMI. That's 3 Mile Island.

"Dad," said Paul, in that juvenile tone of voice too often followed by "Are we there yet?" "It feels like there are too many people in one room. Can we turn up the air conditioner?"

"I'm not sure it would help. Look, everyone, why don't we think of something else. Like dinner."

Sim, doll, you carve, ok." Phyllis said this through a huge centerpiece of silk and vinyl birds of paradise. "Dad always thinks he's cutting cordwood. You know I like it thin."

"Who wants the other heel?" half-shouted Simian in a come-n-get-it style.

But raising his voice was too much. He crumpled up, as if suddenly cramp-stricken, at his own feet.

"Do something, Daddy," Phyllis church whispered. "Do something."

But Finny, having just risen from his chair, sagged slowly back down, his face, slackening, waxed ashen--as if gravity had just been increased several G's.

Phyllis went to the phone on the wall, dialed. A sound like an electronic goose being goosed. Same for 911.

She dropped the phone and began hiccupping, her look horrific and half-hidden behind knuckles she was bruising with her teeth.

Wolfe continuing to sob, though nobody heard her until now.

The kids, wide-eyed and close-mouthed, hovering at the edge of outburst.

Breaths caught for the moment, everyone strewn prone about the living room as if an unseen weight were mashing them all into place. Plates of dessert (something red and gelatinous) on bellies; Simian's moving slowly up, down, like a bellows.

The air conditioner turned to full gale.

We need oxygen," someone was barely heard to say.

"Yes," said Phyllis.

"Maybe we should turn out the lights," said Megan thickly, "like they do in mine disasters."

"Canaries," uttered Simian, not so obliquely as everyone thought.

"Candles," Paul corrected, breathing hard. *"Candles* burn up oxygen. Electric l i g h t s… burn in vacuums. The world could be oxygenless... and electric lights would still burn. No wonder you only get B's... in science. Your mind is still at the movies."

"And you just burned up...lots of oxygen saying all that."

"Yeah, I know. Waste of breath. A... 'lectric light could burn a long time"... said Paul, pointing to her cranium, "up there."

The adults looked on, attentively breathing, knowing that at this age Paul and his sister are hopelessly and incessantly horn-locked. Knowing better than to bother. Thinking of air.

Morning, and no one has moved from their places. Postures obtuse, no one has moved much at all.

Wolfe lies on a couch cushion on the floor, snoring. She dreams she has sleep apnea, a breath disfunction she leaned about on a prime time hospital serial.

After long silent deliberation, Phyllis on the cushionless couch attempts to rise, pushes off her knuckles, slumps, pushes again, is up. Her equilibrium is scant and she teeters as if hungover.

Paul pokes limply at the remote control. A national morning news show is on. The guy doing the weather does not look well. They can tell he is trying to affect a rise-above stance. He looks as if he has not slept, his hair is a mess. The way his shirt is buttoned out of sync is most disturbing.

"This is national," notes Paul.

"Look at that guy," Megan says. "We're in trouble."

The weatherman suddenly—if someone moving that slowly can be sudden-approaches the camera with a glazed gaze. The picture skews, voices argumentative and urgent are heard, the picture settles at a neck-kinking attitude on the acoustic tile of the studio ceiling.

Someone is heard shouting "Camera Two!" Then the Mcleishes and the Maelstroms are looking past droopy lids at the co-anchor person, a woman. She doesn't look so bad as the weatherman did. She appologizes for her co-host's absence and makes a playful crack, as if addressing him off-camera, about the weatherman's "clumsiness" and his family line. A friendly drugged laughter, from cameramen and grips, is heard. As she begins, falteringly, to explain something about a global atmospheric imbalance—a buzzing is heard. The picture goes blank.

Midday. Sound of iron lungs, of scuba divers in long sewers, of locomotives chuffing up 30 percent grades, of air conditioners cycling conspiritorially. Labored breath. Consciousness. Shadow.

"Radio," someone says through the syrup of effort.

"You."

"No, you."

"You're closer."

"You're stronger."

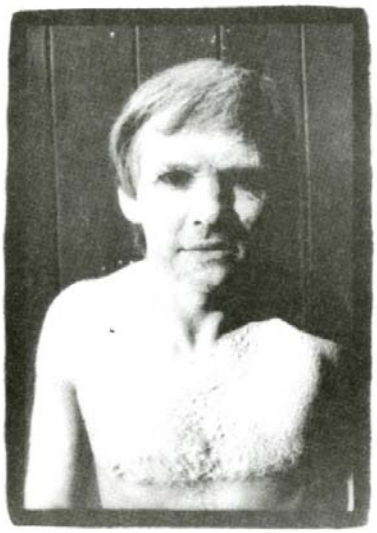
"Nevermind."

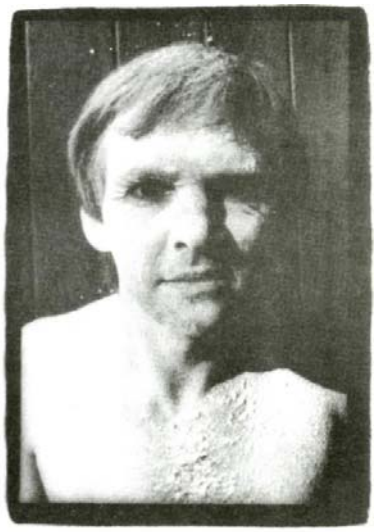
"Yes, never mind."

A tumored red sun reclaims the horizontal.

The kids, last to stay awake, evaporate toward sleep.

The lights. The air conditioners. The lights, burning in their vacuums. □





John Farrell

Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.

On Second Thought

Remember Van Gogh,
"Starry Night,"
And how he transformed blobs of pure blue and a smoldering gold
To Shadow,
In a glance,
That night he knew so well as a child.

The sleeping town sprawling its bulk across the pale surface
Of landscape
Like the soft, white and gray houses,
Or that single gas lamp,
Still alive in its reverent kitchen glow.

And from somewhere off-center I could swear 1 hear
Some crude neighbor's mutt, still yapping feverishly
In the distance
At such a freak show of lights,
Color.

But night casts dual meanings;

And here and now, only the silence transmutes the same
As I stand on the furthest corner of that simple town near Dreda,
Searching a blackened midnight,
Awaiting the coming of
Stars.

The Palace

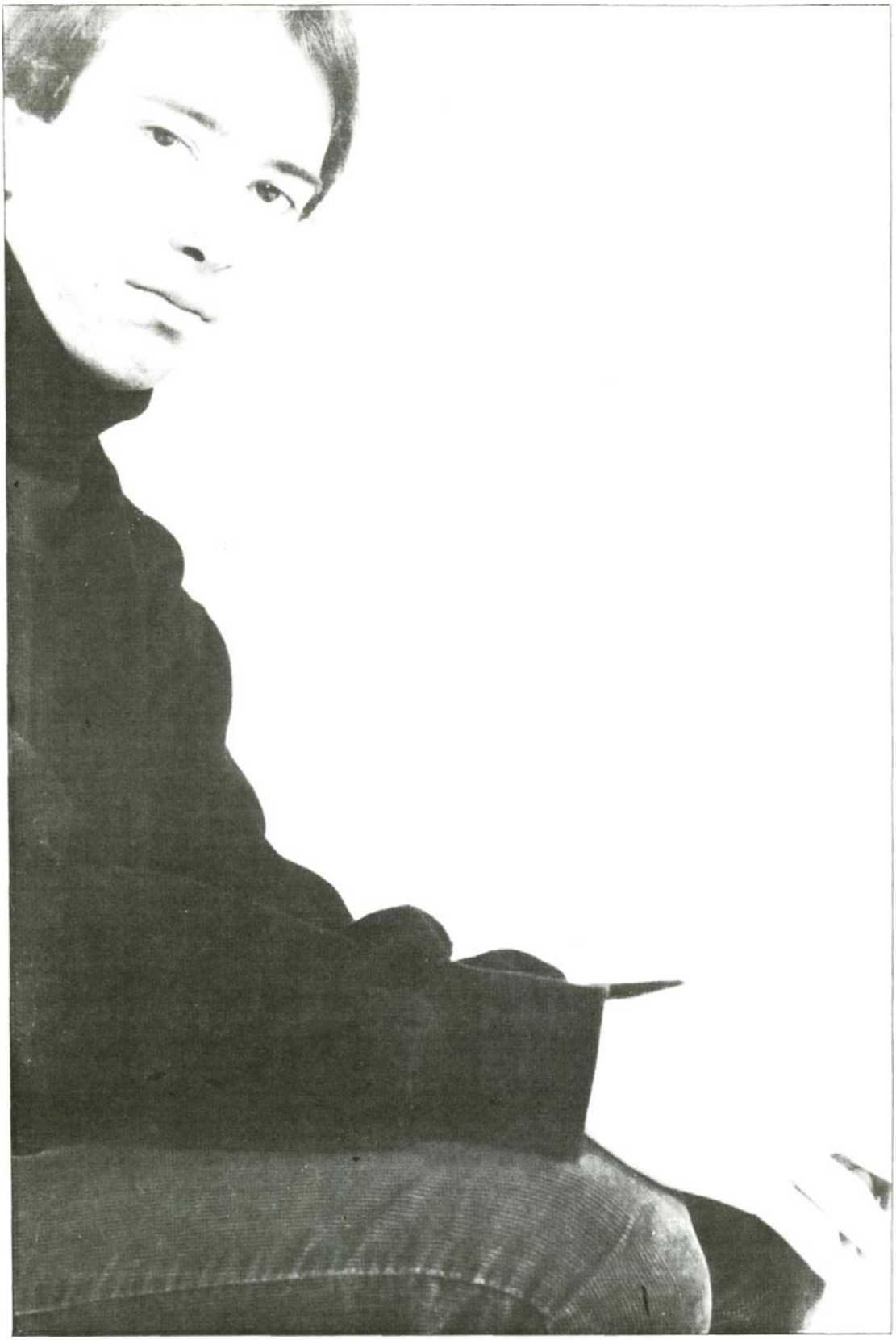
The sultan's palace in Turkey is a series of pavillions,
ebony, ivory, mother-of-pearl.
In the ceiling, hyacinth, narcissus, and iris, are
orange-red, yellow-green, turquoise-creme that weave and deepen,
easier than tissue paper fissures.
On a blue-gold tiled step an earthen jug is glazed,
veinous and translucent as a grape peeled.
In the center of the room, an incense burner--
over-dressed in Queen Ann's lace, dipped in silver.

In the concaved ceiling of the cathedral,
a woman trampling snakes,
men treading clouds,
one born away by pudgy urchins.
1 try to place the story with the picture, and can't.
My neck cramps-skull lodged to the cold, hard, edge of the pew--
bone to bone. Aunt Mary is dead, this is my second funeral.
Like the one before, I could gag on the incense that fills the church--
sweeter than rotting bannanas.
The Monsignor's voice, Ionic collumns,
the church half empty, the closing hymn too joyous.

We would visit Aunt Mary on Sundays—my father, sister, and I.
In that apartment dust spurned,
molecular in the ply of one o'clock winter sunlight,
then settled on the gold-trimmed glass,
encasing her chimed clock.
Each time, we would be soldered to the horsehair sofa,
chewing walnuts, sweet and oily in our mouths.
I turn and look at my father-but this time,
he tucks his head inside the flap of his suitcoat,
his mouth filling with the taste of salt.

Deirdre McDonough

Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.



Eric Blomquist

Photographed by Tom Paravati.

Visiting Hours

Visiting hours almost over,
I set my grandfather's watch
And scatter around the bed
Postcards of Chagall paintings,
Frantically gathered scraps of color,
One of a peasant and a cow
Whose eyes meet, their faces
Somehow reflecting each other's.
Grandfather stares into the picture's center
And the hospital room becomes
The closed circle of this Russian village
Of scattered, brightly painted, naive houses.
The priest peers from his domed church.
A bearded traveling peasant trudges toward
The ready fields, sythe over shoulder,
And my grandfather sees me in the picture
Asking someone's eldest daughter the way
To work. A milkmaid on her stool
Rhythmically fills her wooden pail
With warm milk from the same white cow
Into whose eyes my father's father gazes.
He is the peasant
And fingers a white nosegay,
Shyly nudging it forward, away from his chin,
For the cow, the girl, the village.
The flowers are fresh,
The fields heavy, thick with grain,
The village so quiet
We both imagine it snowing.

Cold Kitchen

The wind chimes on the porch remind her
Of wine glasses tapped by spoons.
A blue-shadowed cloud gathers
In from the edges
And sweeps east,
Past the cities on the coast.

In the cold kitchen,
My mother spreads hard butter
Across crusty toast.
The new sun is weakened
By a bare tree rocking in the wind,
Reaching toward the closed window.

The delicate focus
Of light on the floor
Recalls to her the morning sun
Spread across the flat lake
Near the house where she was born.

Legacy

It was in this album cover that I found
a frail necklace of tiny wood beads
wedged inside a flimsy cardboard
record sleeve. A pagan rosary
fell softly into my fingers
then awkwardly over your long black hair
when I gave it as a gift again--
That fragile strand
of so many dried flower blossoms
a song I can barely recognize
when the dampness from your fingers
darkens those dry wood beads

Sean Swanson

Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.

Annapolis

When we arrived in town to walk the streets
We did not understand
That we were on holy ground.

But over in the car park
We saw a pilgrim on her knees,
Hands in the dirt,
And intent upon a break in a blanket of tar.

A rumble underneath:
A tell-tale tray, a cup of dirt.
We now know that chained hands held these.

But we walked to the harbor
And counted the beams on the sides of brick walls
And left the poet to clean her shovel.

Steve Tatro

Photographed by Tom Paravati.

Tom Lewis

Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.

Fishing

On the water I can almost see salt rising
clouding my eyes like glaucoma, cataratcs?
I cannot read even the simplest word I wrote in
the red sand with a shell.
Pelicans file back from some inlet
where white and scarred fishing boats
dump entrails, and gray fishermen sell their catch:
bluefish, redfish, and drum--headless and
gutless. I always suspect the men with hairy forearms--
they must have lives beyond fishing, but I
see them only as fishing, can't imagine the house,
a woman or handwriting.

Where black water touched black sky or parts from it
I see the string of lights I know is made of shrimp boats,
not stars. They puncture the black
like buoys anchored where the ocean mixes
with the shaggy mouth of an undiscovered bay.
These lights rock and stretch into air,
always beyond reach, the boats always
beyond reach--like an answer I know so well
I cannot write it. When I close my eyes I see
shrimpers tossed rail to rail reaching
for wet rope thicker than arms. The men
heave in the roller nets-scraping the sandy bottom.
It reminds me of a vengeance. The men's fingers red,
burning raw. It is winter even in April
in the swells that lift these boats like birds.

Lionel

The cold rests like a man heaped
on a sidewalk barely breathing.
Neighborhood kids think the rose wine
has seeped through his face. I
want to argue with them. He is
red like the painted haze of Monet
familiar as a field of flowers from
a distance. I see the picture now
a red river of poppies or
tulips and a rush of bushes
leaving as I do.

To the Pedestrian Hit at 8:10 On Friday

If it's right to second-guess dead men, and
I don't know how to apologize if it isn't,
I think you were smiling when you stepped off
the curb
because your lips, sliding over your tongue, tasted
your wife's mauve madness and the
powdered sugar of donuts.

I will always wonder what you wanted to say
when your mouth gummed its last futile circles
like a goldfish locked in glass.
I tried to understand, but wasn't sure
you wanted me to hear, wasn't sure
you were even talking to anyone.

I was fifteen when I saw my grandfather dead.
One time, in the Poconos, we filled
a basket full of fish in less than twenty minutes.
When the fish were dead, their scales brittle
like peeling strips of paint,
I tried to put the fish back, back in the water, pushing
their firm bodies under, but they bobbed to the surface.
They would always be grey: the sun doesn't color
the scales of dead fish. They floated away from our boat,
leaving our basket empty. My grandfather said
we could go out to eat.

I walked out of the funeral parlor embarrassed.
My grandmother flew in and recombed her dead husband's
hair,
coaxing his pompadour a little bit higher.
I stared at a cheap print of Monet in the hallway.

You're not at all like my grandfather, even though
you're just as dead. He died
Sunday morning when he didn't turn off his alarm
for church. His eyelids never fluttered.
I saw you die that morning, your mouth confused, your eyes
unfocused on a blurry hedge of flowers.

Sandy Moser

Photographed by Tom Paravati.

The eggs were jumping against the greasy black of the frying pan. Outside, dew was beginning to snake its way back to the sky, creating a whispery cushion that was just swallowing the tops of the hyacinths.

"God, Mom, what are you doing up so early?" asked Michael, her oldest, dropping his backpack on the floor. She nodded to the counter, where two folders and a spiral copybook were stacked on top of three texts. Michael cocked his head to read the titles: *I'm Okay-- You 're Okay, Intrapersonal Affairs, The Psychology of Societies.*

"Class. Then a counselor meeting. I have to talk about my degree. I should finish the requirements during the summer semester." Michael was rummaging through his coat pockets for his sunglasses.

"I thought your heart didn't start until noon, that's all," he said.

"No wisecracks. Do you want anything for break feast?"

"Yeah, twelve bucks for my cap and gown. Where's Dad?"

"He's not down yet. Are you sure you don't want something to eat?" She stood framed in the doorway of the refrigerator, a box of orange juice in the bend of her bent arm.

"I haven't had breakfast for the past three years."

"Where are you going?" she asked quickly, letting the cool air escape into the warm kitchen. The refrigerator motor switched on.

"I said I needed money!" She heard him taking the stairs two at a time.

She slid the eggs onto a chipped Stoneware plate with a fork, then sat down to eat them herself. "Mom, where's Dad? He wasn't up there and I need the money now."

"Here. Take a check." She rummaged through her purse, fat and black. The fake leather was scratched. Her initials were stamped on the soft side in gold. She had ordered the purse from a television commercial.

"Bye Mom. I'll grab a donut from the bookstore."

Barbara stirred her eggs with a thick handled fork. Greasy.

Barbara Appler sat in the back of class, taking notes with a sharp pencil. Her letters were thin and feathery.

"There are bored housewives in every college across America," she thought. "Sitting in front of the classroom, flirting with the professors, screwing up the real students' curves." Barbara Appler wasn't hated within the class of undergraduates. "At least no one calls me Mom," she thought, "or asks to borrow my notes."

Professor Misko was talking about the different types of failure, and the alternative methods of dealing with each. He looked at Barabara twice. She chewed on the end of her pencil "He doesn't usually look at me," she worried. "Maybe he's already graded our papers, and he's wondering how I'm going to deal with failure."

She had spent days in the library, hurried hours after class. She thought she had to rush home to make dinner, but twice found a pile of dirty dishes in the sink. "I made spaghetti," said Michael, before turning back to the television. Her husband smirked. "We would have starved to death if we had waited for you to get home." Barbara washed the dishes.

"What if I failed this paper?" Barbara thought. "I'll need to take another class this summer. I won't have the time for it. I might never get my degree."

Barbara's thoughts were interrupted by a sigh from a young girl with long brown hair. The girl clutched her paper to her breast, then put it on the

desk. A bright red A was scrawled across the top margin. "Oh God," thought Barbara. "I didn't get mine yet. He didn't hand them out alphabetically. He's handing them out by grade." Professor Misko continued weaving through the rows of desks, placing the papers face down. Half the class had received their papers. There were fewer happy sighs.

"That's it," Barbara thought. "I failed the paper. That's why he was looking at me during the lecture. He feels sorry for me."

Barbara wasn't the last person to get her paper back. A tiny student with wiry hair was last. The student had never attended a Friday class, and often came in late on Monday and Wednesday. He turned his paper over and wrinkled his nose. Barbara was reminded of a rodent.

The paper remained upside down on Barbara's desk. She gathered her notebooks and books around the paper, sticking it between two pages of notes. She didn't see the grade.

It was in the parking lot that Barbara finally pulled out her paper. She squinted to read the red scrawl. "Good job," she read. "Your only docks were technical problems." The grade was a B plus.

Lansdowne's high school graduation was in two days. Barbara picked up her son from rehearsal in front of the bandroom.

"How did it go, Michael?"

"All right."

"What do you mean all right?"

"I mean it was okay. Nothing spectacular. Just all right." Michael stared out the window at his friends. They walked across the parking lot in groups of five or six. It was late May, but they all wore unbuttoned coats, their hands in the slash pockets. "Assholes," he thought. He smiled at Joe Sherwood and Chris Trout. They stuck their arms straight out, their sweaty hands still in their cotton-lined coat pockets.

Robbie Kulp looked distorted through the car window. His face seemed wider at the temples. He winked. "Going to get stoned," Michael thought.

"Where are all your friends going? Out to eat?" Michael shook his head, watching his friends get smaller in the rear view mirror. They appeared to be walking on the words "Objects are closer than they appear."

"I don't know Mom."

"Would you like to go? I mean, I could pick you up later."

"That's okay, Mom."

"You sure?" She stopped the car at a stop sign.

"Yeah. It's clear my way, Mom," he said, looking into traffic.

The car was quiet.

"Do you know where the parents sit, Michael? Did you hear the speeches?"

"C'mon, Mom. It's only high school. Just a stupid dinky thing. You don't even have to come."

"What if all the parents wouldn't come?"

"Next year's class might be lucky and graduation would be cancelled."

He leaned forward against his seatbelt and turned the radio on. "Graduation," he thought. "Great." He tried to breathe deeply, to push his chest out against the seatbelt, but couldn't. Small needles filled his lungs and phlegm filled his throat. He couldn't catch his breath. It was the uncomfortable feeling of smoking pot in Robbie's Nova during lunch.He had hated that feeling.

Barbara sighed and drove with her fists close together at the top of the wheel.

Four blocks from home, Barbara pulled into a convenience store. "Here's five dollars. Get hot dogs and a bag of something for dinner--your sisters like Doritos. Get soda if there's any left over."

"There won't be." Her oldest got out of the car, shook his shoulders and shoved the straight five dollar bill into his pocket. He walked into the store, pushing his jeans down at the thigh until his cuffs reached his sneakers.

Barbara watched him walk to the chip section, grab a bag, then walk to the counter.

Inside the store, Michael looked at the cigarette stands. "I bet he forgot hot dogs," thought Barbara, pulling her keys out of the ignition and sliding out from behind the steering wheel. She walked into the store.

"So you would agree," Michael was saying, "that sex is sometimes convenient."

"Well," said the blonde at the register. The hot dogs were on the counter, and rung up, gotten from behind the deli case. "Yes, I guess sometimes."

"And," drawled Michael, "this is a *convenience* store, right?"

The girl understood. "That will be four thirty-one, sir. Do you have the penny?"

"Think about it," Michael said, nodding and handing her the money. She counted out his change. "Uh, hi Mom. Forget something?"

She stared. "Have enough for some soda?"

"No. I said I wouldn't."

"Then I guess we'll do without."

"There's tea mix at home."

"What did Michael want this morning? When he was looking for me?" Barbara's husband was drinking a glass of dark tea, his eyes focused on the hollow ice.

"He...he needed money. For his cap and gown rental or something."

He drained the glass and the ice cubes slid toward his teeth. He stopped the first one with his tongue then eased it into his mouth. "Did you give it to him?"

"Yes. Of course I did."

"Before or after he came to look for me?"

"Uhh...after."

"Oh." He set his glass down on a plastic coaster on the coffee table, and turned his head to watch *The Cosby Show*. "He had rehearsal after school today."

Barbara wasn't sure that she should answer, because it wasn't clear if he had asked. "Yes," she said quietly, then cleared her throat quickly.

"Did you get back from school fast enough to pick him up?"

The word " school" reminded her. She leaned lightly against the door jamb. "I got a B plus on my paper today. The professor said it was very good."

"Then you picked Michael up afterwards?"

Barbara stood up straight again. "Yes."

"Good. Your first job is your family, not your education." He laughed at Bill Cosby's monkey face. "Did the girls do their homework tonight?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'll look in on them."

"Good. You might ask if they need help with math-they're not exactly on honor roll."

Barbara hesitated. "Are you coming to bed tonight?"

"I might come up later." He moved the fat pillows off the sofa and onto the floor.

The twins' room had been delicate and pink until they were six. They were eight now.

The walls were spotted with yellowed tape, the corners of old posters sticking to the pink and white walls. "I don't want posters on your wallpaper," Barbara had said.

Mark said it was okay. "It's our house, Barbara, but it's their room. They have to learn to think for themselves." Barbara let the posters stay.

She heard the television from behind the closed door. She knocked lightly.

"Michael! Stay out of here, you eunuch!" Barbara didn't know which twin had yelled. She opened the door.

"Which one of you said that?" Barbara asked. They both looked at the television.

"Sorry Mom." They said it together.

"Where did you learn that word?"

"In school." Moira answered.

"Oh." She thought for a second. "That's why I came up here. Your father said you might be having trouble in Math."

"Daddy said that?" It was Maureen this time, flipping her red hair behind her ear.

"Yes."

"Oh."

"Well, do you? Can I help?" Barbara's arms were straight at her sides. She folded them across her chest.

"Mom," said Maureen, "it's Math." "Yeh, Mom," Moira added, "and the teacher is awful."

"Okay," said Barbara. Her arms were at her sides as she softly closed the door.

Barbara didn't sleep well alone. The sheets were kicked in a lump at the base of the bed; the comforter was pulled tight to her neck. She dreamt she was graduating, walking slowly to the podium in the center of the stage. Professor Misko himself was at the podium. He called her name. He held the diploma slightly in front of his waist. Her hand was extended, almost touching the paper.

Barbara grabbed at empty air. Professor Misko was laughing, holding the paper just above his head. He was shaking it, dangling the diploma just inches above Barbara's hands. Then Professor Misko wasn't Professor Misko anymore, it was Mark, Barbara's husband. He ran from the stage and dove into the crowd. Barbara saw her parents, and she tried to watch them as she chased her husband. "Catch him," her mother called. "He'll take care of you!" Barbara's robe was too long, and she tripped as she tried to run down the steps. She woke up early, feeling more tired than when she went to sleep.

Barbara's psychology paper was on the kitchen counter. The red B plus had been changed to a D with a blue Scripto flair.

Her eyes stung when she found the paper, but she wouldn't let herself cry. Her husband was in the living room, checking his hair in the glass on the bow front.

"Mark," she called, "can you come here a minute?" Barbara sat down at the table.

"I'm late for work." He walked into, the kitchen.

"Did you see my paper?" she asked.

"Yes."

Her nose burned. "Did you change the grade?"

"Yes."

Barbara looked up from the placemat and stared at her husband. Her voice became very quiet. "Why would you want to do that?"

"You deserved it. The twins got F's on their math tests last week. When you average your grade with theirs, you only get a D."

Barbara stayed home that summer and didn't get her degree.

Michael and his records and his beer posters were gone and his bedroom was clean. Thanksgiving break was three weeks away.

"Barbara looked up from the placemat and stared at her husband. Her voice became very quiet. 'Why would you want to do that?'"

Barbara's husband walked through the doorway, his eyes searching the countertops for his newspaper. He found it next to his plate, sloppily refolded. He picked it up and expertly dropped the sections one by one on the table. "Coffee or something?"

"No." He shook the first section open.

He read the editorials, then scanned the first page continuations.

She sat at the table, not wanting to wash her dishes, afraid her husband would go to work while her back was turned. She held her coffee cup between her palms.

"I'm sending Michael a check today."

She looked across the table quickly, surprised, but her wide eyes met only the morning's headlines. "Did he call for money?"

"No. He didn't have to."

"Oh."

The newspaper didn't move. Barbara stared at the yellow rings in the varnish of the table and moved the placemat to cover them. The placemats were ugly: cheap woven plastic.

They had bought the mats at a yard sale, had held them up and laughed right in front of the woman, her fruit-colored hair matching her humiliated face. "Just to start off," he had promised. "They're just to start with." Last year he had asked her why she hadn't replaced the placemats. "I thought we were going to get them together," she had said.

"Barbara," he had sighed. "I am just too busy. I'll give you the money and you can buy them yourself. You should know what I like."

"Shouldn't you be getting your girls up?" There wasn't a question mark attached.

She felt like a deer: dull eyes caught in the headlights, blinded.

She pried herself from her chair and walked with control toward the stairs. She walked upstairs and knocked on the twins' door. "Moira, Maureen-wake up," she urged, talking quietly so she would hear the front door close. It didn't.

Little girls take so long to rub the sunlight into their eyes. Barbara opened the blinds and watched them stumble toward their closets.

She walked back down the stairs, tripped on a nude Barbie, its plastic legs twisted into an impossible position, caught up with her own legs and raced down the landing. She tried to slow herself before she reached the kitchen, but couldn't. She heard the cool air racing past her lips, felt the pounding next to her ears, but couldn't block out his voice, hanging in the kitchen like smoke from a broken toaster, "I'm leaving now. I'm sure you can handle things by yourself."□

Aileen Boyce

White Tigers

I came from brilliancy
and return to brilliancy.
What is this?

--Hoshin, a zen priest

In the confusion, you imagine them
in brightly-lit images of ice,
knowing no starlight will ever reach
any part of this place.

They are beautiful, but they are dead.
You move to ask the wrong question,
but you are dead,
your shoulder blades branches of a stone tree.
Here, it is not even you--
white tigers lifeless, blood over the blood
like the stone sky of falling snow--
it is someone closer,
ancient death-face unmoving,
filling the starless night
like a vague memory, fading.

Now, I am within this dry, inky river of skies, the brilliance
of darkening
memory, the pools of blood red- brown,
far off, dense in shallow pockets.
Stone bare trails of ice and snow
wander pointless within endless beginning,
where the traveller moves on slowly,
dead already in his boots.
But death cannot know, claims no horizon,
and the snow on its dead legs
carries every stillness there is.
The sun drowned when there was still water.
Blindness is inconceivable,
and yet the prevalent belief.
Your eyes remain closed,
and house infinity.

Imagine a blue night's horizon
far to the east,
the stone hara of the imagination.
If I am not sleeping here
these dreams could not echo
in the perfect gestures of eternal color,
the early morning's sunset over the mind.

Joe Wenderoth

Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.

The Man Under the Bridge

Naked, he rushes under the bridge
where Jesus is waiting
warming His hands by the fire.
His gold tooth flickers like the sun
breaking over the horizon,
and the night air walks through their bones.
So this is Heaven.

Jesus is pointing at the worn moon,
brighter than His own eyes
reflecting light, deathly quiet.
The man stares at the dark hand
below night, among cold ghosts that pass.
Historically, Jesus dies of natural causes
in a small town in Pakistan.
The lines on His hand
are work for the palmist.

On the third day, sure,
He rose up, but to
the right hand of God?
The man is a talented storyteller.
The moon doesn't even have arms,
let alone hands or fingers.

The man has gone blind now,
sleeping under the bridge alone in late November
when the moon is most silent, nearly full.
A crown of barbed-wire, sandals,
he is naked in a tasteful manner.
Someone has dressed him up like this
on purpose.

He sleeps on a block of ice,
of his own free will,
and another man is coaxing him out
from under the cold bridge
with an axe.

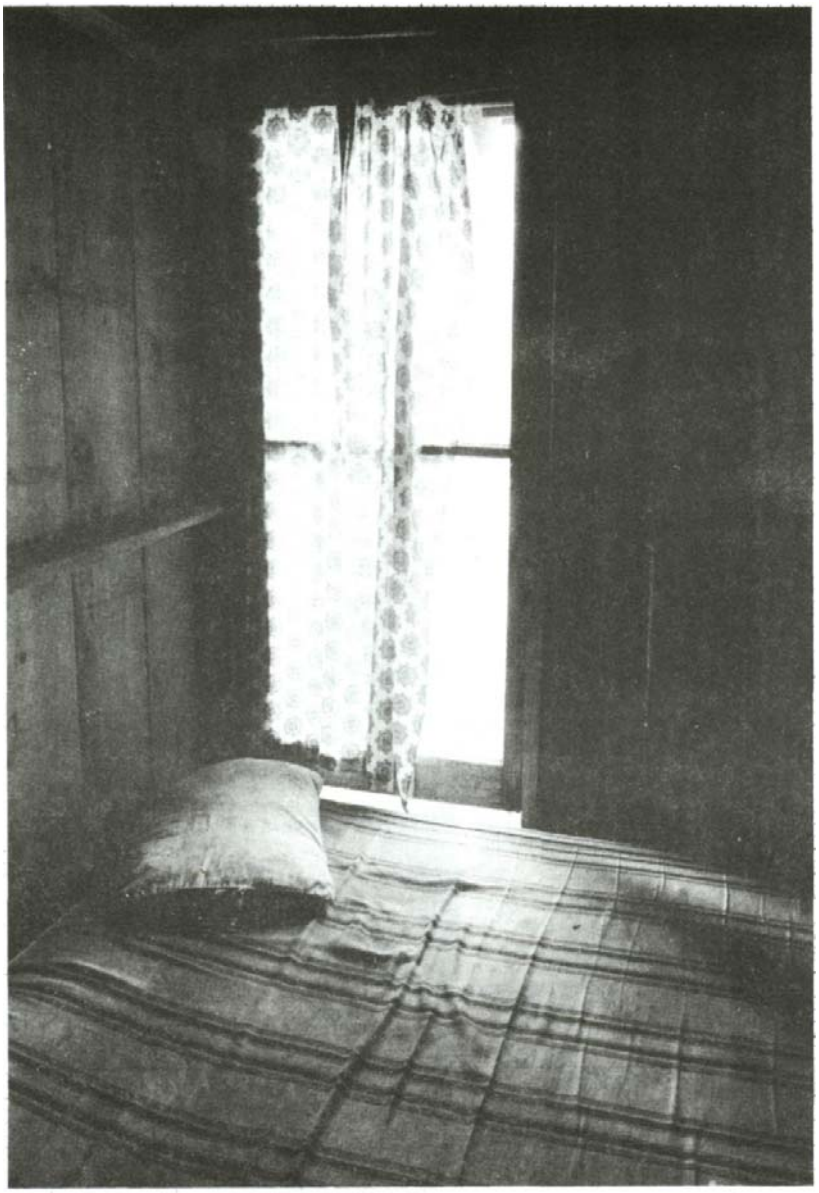
The man finds no warmth, a small fire
against the sharp fall winds
that descend and gather in the hollow
air of the skeleton's cage, under
the tall and faceless bridge.
He sold his coat for-- what--
fourteen dollars?
No stores for a thousand miles.

Passages to a Place in a World

We lie in heaps around the sunlit porch
like old, naked magazines sprawled open
for anyone. We don't look to become heroes.
Our hands are in their drawers, the drawers
locked. We have memorized each word of the story
in every magazine by the architecture
of the letters, and with our knowledge we build
a hazy summer's emptiness with building blocks
of dust. Too many coincidences pass for
one afternoon, so we will stay until evening.
There, in another foggy light, we will use
gold duck's heads for our book-ends.
The golden eyelids of the water reflect your
blindness, stare you straight in the life sometimes.
Cluttered people get on immaculate buses
and stay with us until we arrive like we thought we would.
We are back on the porch before the hottest part of the day.
Ghosts come drearily with the heat every day
and manage to speak candidly, real troopers, saying,
"One church'll hold seventy-five thousand of us,
but overpopulation's gonna' crucify us just like
everybody else. You know, what are you gonna' do?"
Haunted, we move away and sit by the windows,
our feet thawing in the squares of sunlight
thrown on the thin carpet.
We are trying to tell one another what it's like
to be alone. The hard sun beats down on the conversation.
We play monopoly now instead of sleeping,
using all of the time we are awake to clear our throats.
We say it is like the rain tomorrow.
We say it is like the blue-tinted mirror
you remember from your Grandmother's house
in the room where your Mother slept when she was a child,
near the black doors, the loose glass doorknobs.
We say it is like innocence, our passages
to a place in a world, but who is listening?

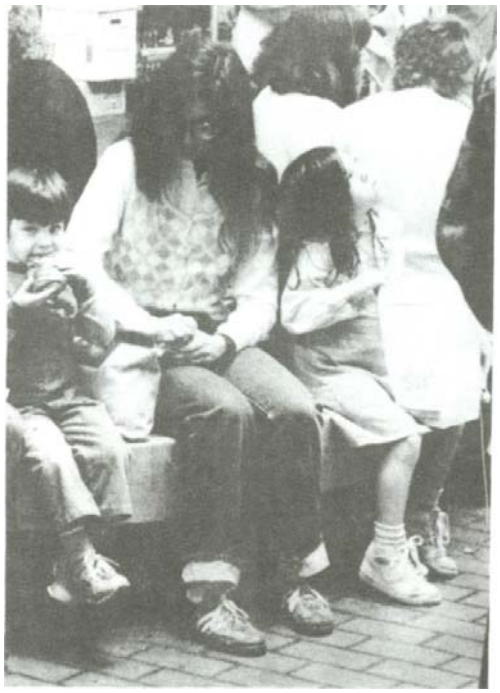
False Idols

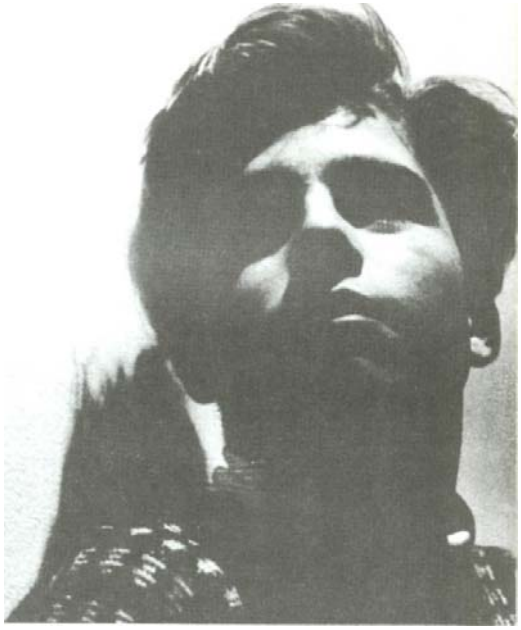
There is but One god, a god wholly sacred
and blessed with..."whatever it is,"
pure, like the coherence of your dream,
unnamed, left alone, oblivious to the plot
of the dancer in his sleep.
This hardly matters.
When He is not building a shed, a new door,
or fixing a horrible leak in the basement wall,
He builds false idols for the weak at heart.
He can't help Himself.
No one understands—"what would the world be
without false idols?" He says out loud to Himself.Where
would you hang your hat?
What would there be to say, after the nights,
the years, all of the wet concrete of proper FUN?
In what would you forge the bold words?
In the snow that is falling we must surely see
that every moment collapses—that
even god worships the emptiness out of which he rises.
If you look closely, knowingly, a character
in your own dream, you can see where we
welded His gold arm to His shoulder,
and where brass elephants are interlocking
trunks to solder the bond, as tight as your fist.
The emptiness holds you even tighter,
as though your finger was clenched
in the mouth of a cat who is wide awake,
and you draw blood each time you pull away.
The pain, and even the blood, is real,
and you can taste it the moment you wake,
where, in the background, someone is almost shouting—
"You're kidding, you are, you're kidding."

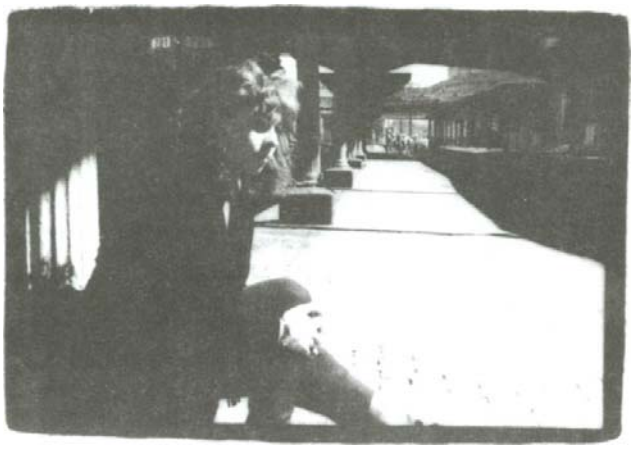


Therese Orlando

Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.

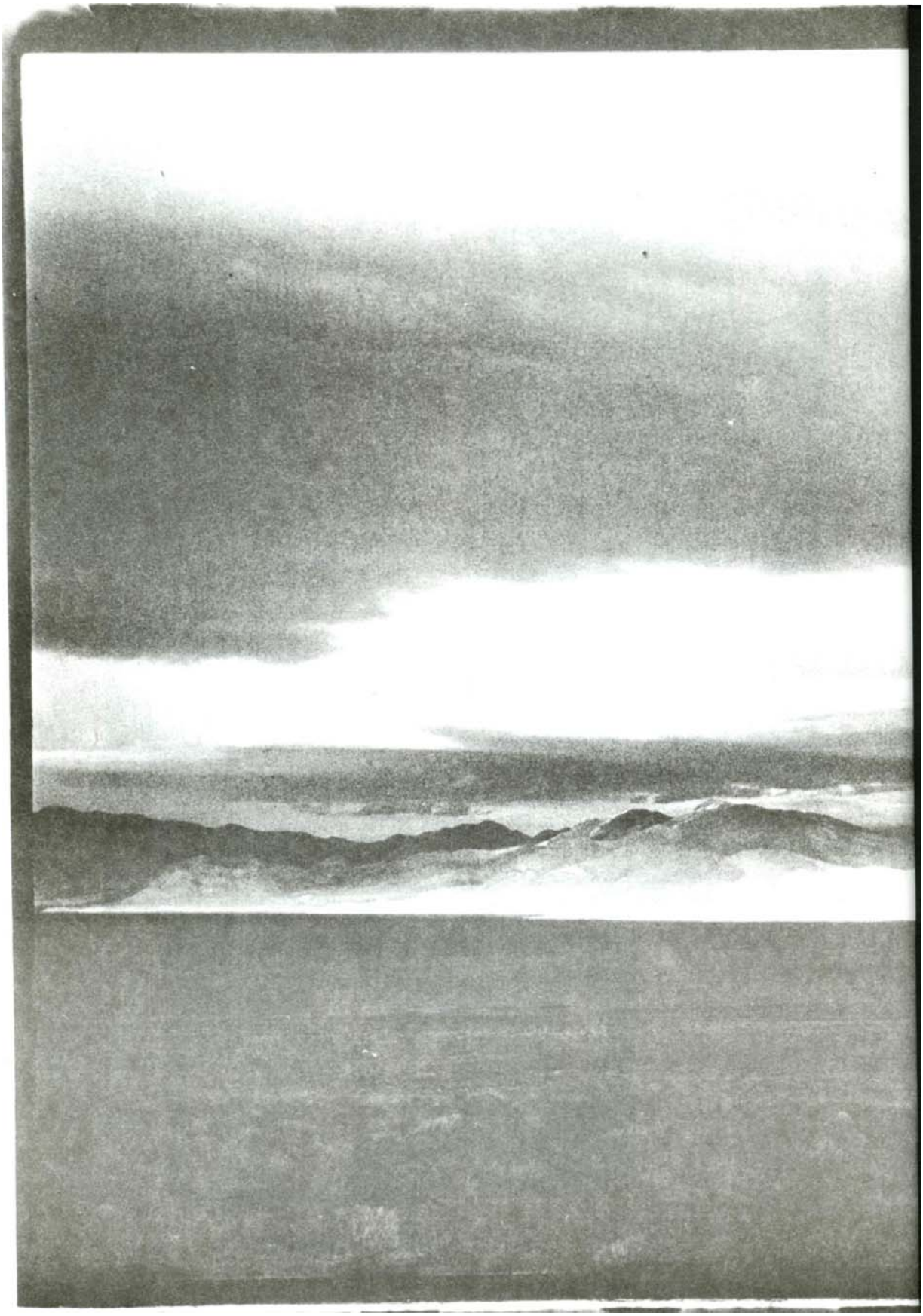




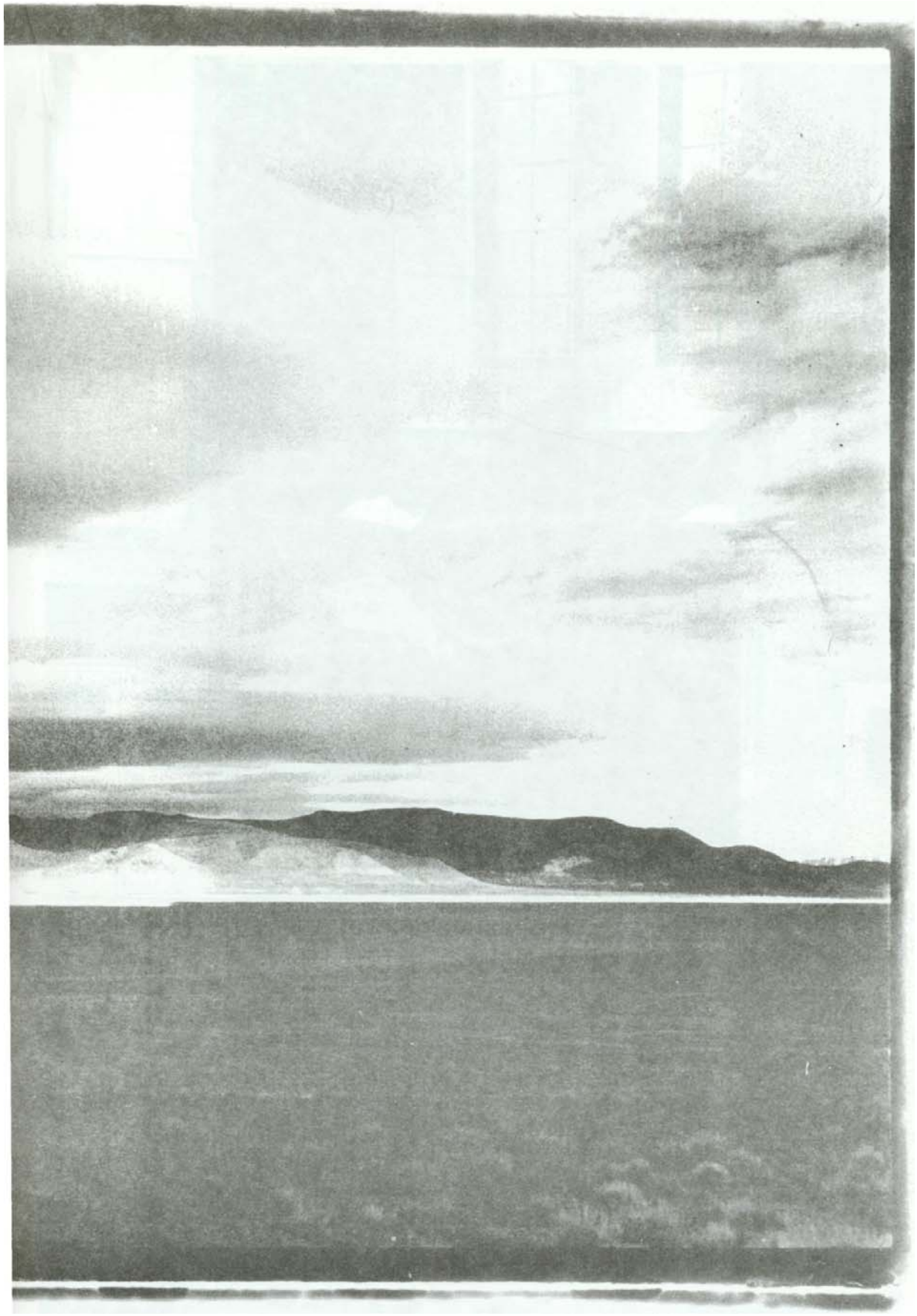


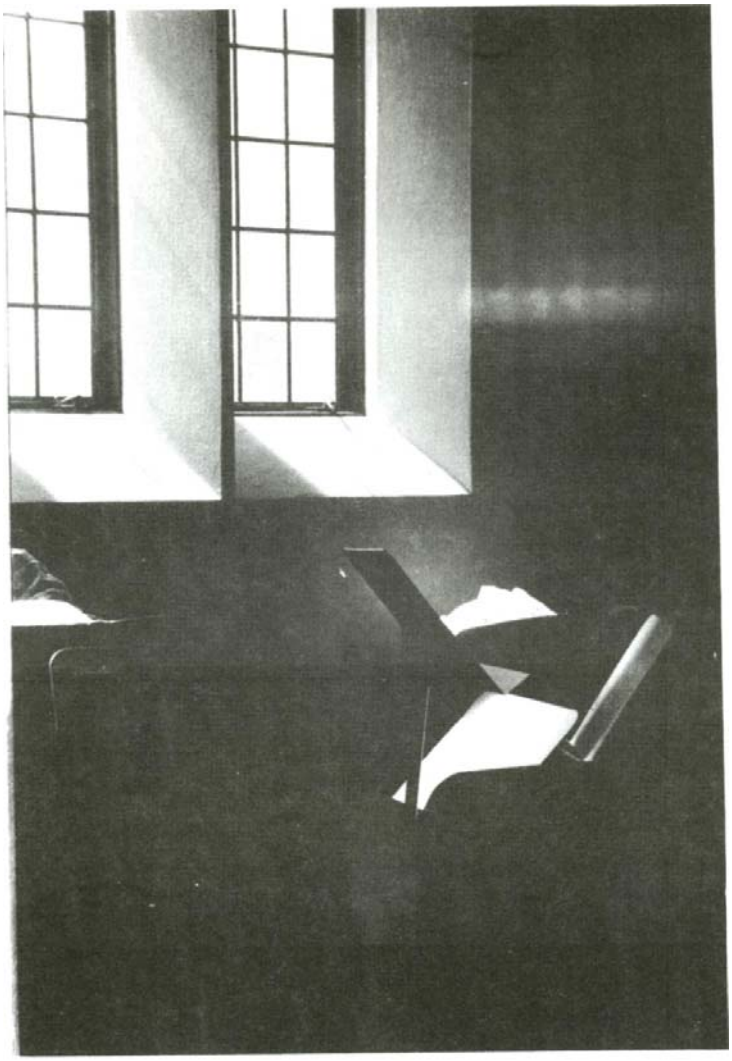
Ann Marie Vourlos

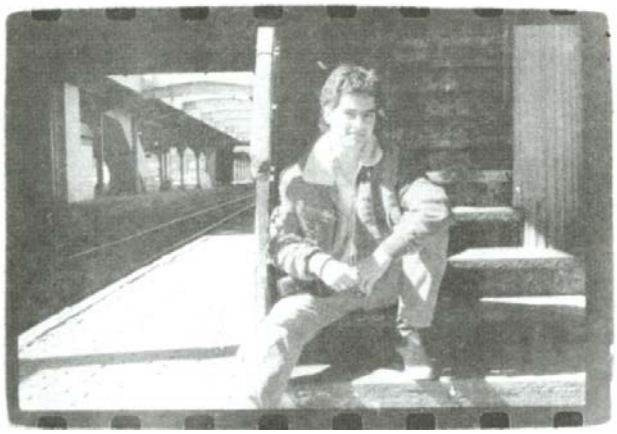
Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.



Edward J. Ross

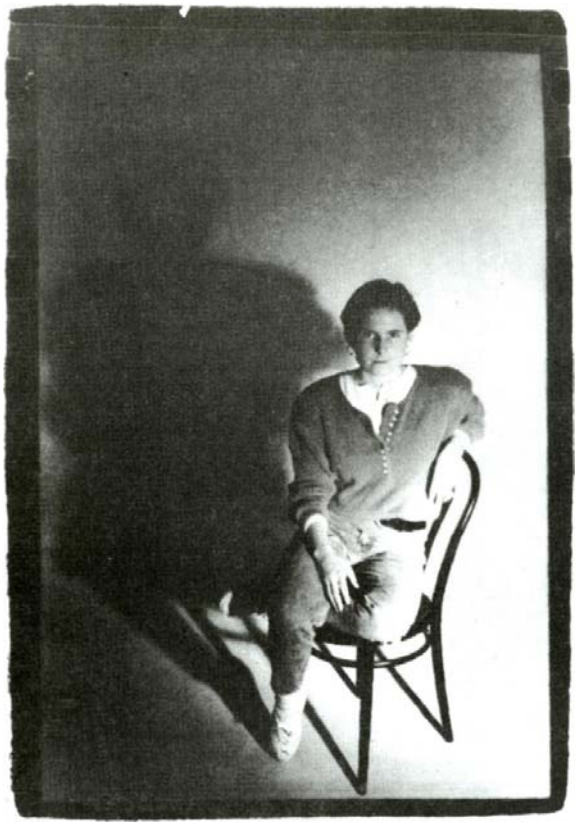






James LoScalzo

Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.



Katherine Rodowski

Photographed by Tom Paravati.

A Good Shot

(A water color by Winslow Homer)

Good sportsmanship, it is said,
reveals itself in the motionless hunter,
poised with rifle extending in a mannequin's reach
Waiting, while his hounds shadow your heels,
guiding you toward him.
You, with your fleeting elegance.
Not much to be said for the player
who rafts the river,
moving in time with the hunted.
Two ret lections tauntingly rippling into one.

Yet, no matter his style, the portrait's the same.
Antlers arching, reaching toward each other
like wings suspended in full recess
preparing to drop and hoist you
toward the bruised sky.
Your head tilting in childish wonder
Body crescents, leaning away from the echoing
crack. Hooves scrambling on glazed rocks.
Or, do you fall in anticipation-
Seeing the ball of smoke?
That frozen moment between life
and death;
Your eyes unwilling to close.

Morning Storm: The Screen Door

There's a woman standing just inside the screen door
where rain runs the meshed wire
like a pair of stockings.
On the deck below, chairs gather in conversation--
empty.
Now sagging wet canvas
seats only pools of falling water.

The house embraces her with dim;
still, she won't use lamps until night--
uncertain, haunted by her husband's theory on
reserving energy, or her own fear
of that artificial glow shrouding
what bits of daylight exist.
The living room curtains being drawn
midday, when her mother died.

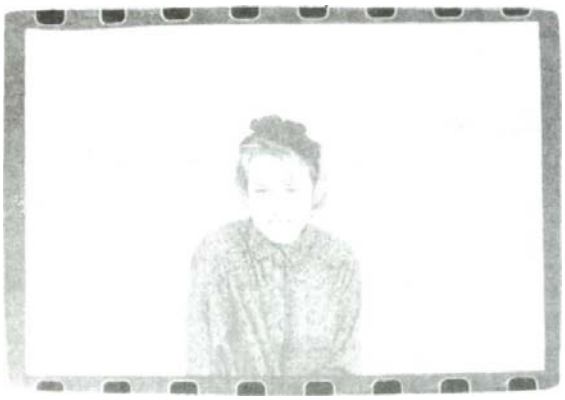
The storm claps against the bay,
harmonizing with the static from the radio.
The sea and sky slur into a gray scrim
breathing winter's evening light
on the day to come.
She has the feeling of cancellation, disappointment.

The teapot sounds behind her.
She presses her forehead against the damp screen,
feeling almost outside.

Cyd Lacanienta

Jane Satterfield

Photographed by Tom Paravati.

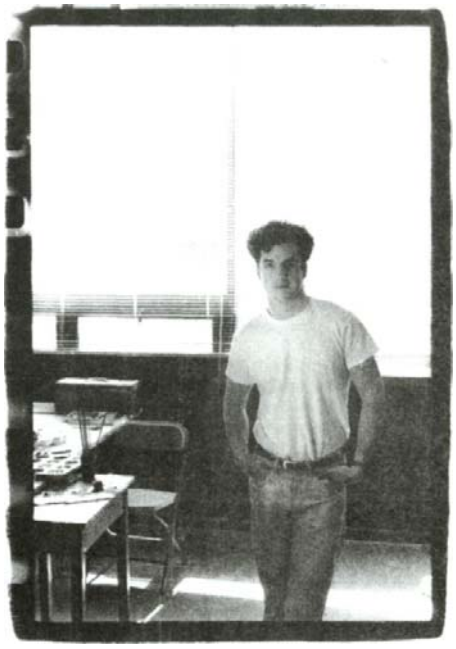


The Gravity of Night

Outside my window,
the gravity of night is conventional.
The market stalls along the quai have closed.
Only a few girls linger, carrying baskets
of dark grapes and heavy damsons to their lovers.
It is likely they will spend the evening
walking hand in hand by the footbridge.
What is novel is the painters,
their finishing touches on bouquets of orchids,
mere lines of magenta.
A barge recedes to the horizon,
the river becomes solid.
Even the cathedral is an indigo smudge in the dusk,
weighing heavily against the sky--
a madder violet.

James M. Bartolomeo

Photographed by author.



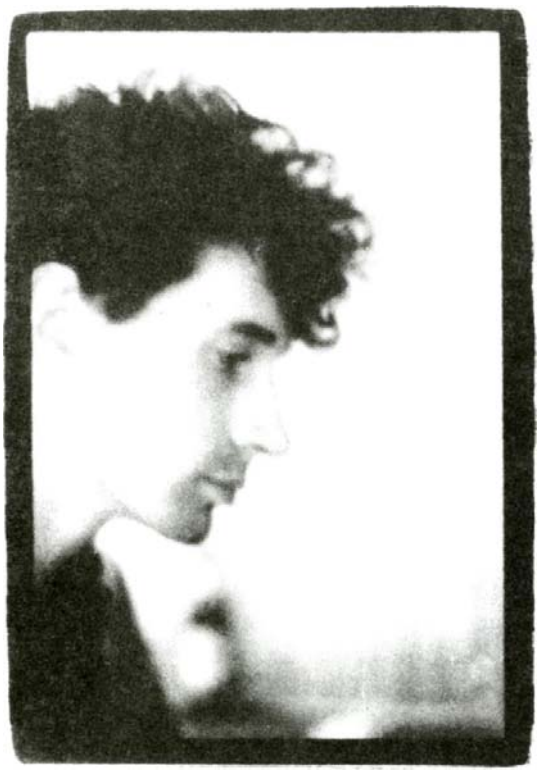
Philibert Rouviere
(A sculpture by Auguste Preault, 1866)

I've thought but never believed that
The magnitude of death could be seized
Cast in some palpable substance

Clay urged and thumbed into
The epitaph of an actor
A man's head pulled back in anguish
His face carved with dread

An actor playing his final role as man
In a relief of turned Bronze
A mask torn away he
Is naked and unrehearsed

Death put on display for all to fear and children
To dare
Like a massive lion imprisoned by the
Repetitive subterfuge of bars
Its privacy eliminated
Its courage taken back
Man's disposition lives in death's cage



Barney Kirby

Photographed by Michael Baumgart

Red Patch

Uncle Pete painted colossal nudes of women
for his class at art school.
That was when he lived with Grandma
around the same time I met shame.
When I'd come to visit, Grandma
made pink tissue paper pasties
and taped them onto the paintings.
Like pink petunias the tissues
dotted the bodies
and bunched in bouquets.
Once I snuck into Uncle Pete's room
and peeled the flowers off.
That's when I saw shame,
right there next to me,
having a hard time keeping eyes
from the dark moss between the legs,
the meaty buttocks,
the pink and brown button nipples.
Ashamed to say anything,
I looked at my sneakers,
at the red felt patch
covering the hole in the knee
of my blue dungarees.

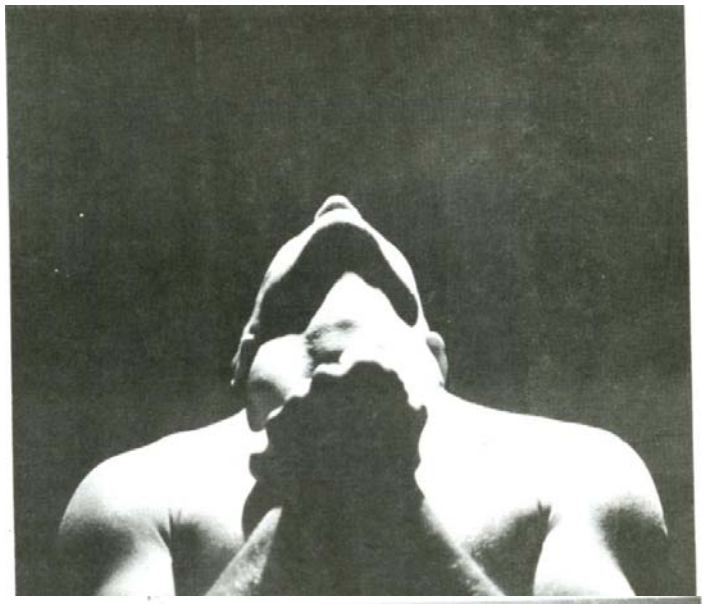
At the bull fights last year
I ran into him again.
Right after the picador
drove his lance into the black
hump of the bull's shoulders.
The blood pulsed from that red gash,
the same wound where the matador
would skew three swords,
the blades passing clear out
the other side, crumpling
the bull to his knees.
Shame was two rows behind me,
grey at the temples,
drinking a beer,
listening to the brass trumpets
blare away in the heat.

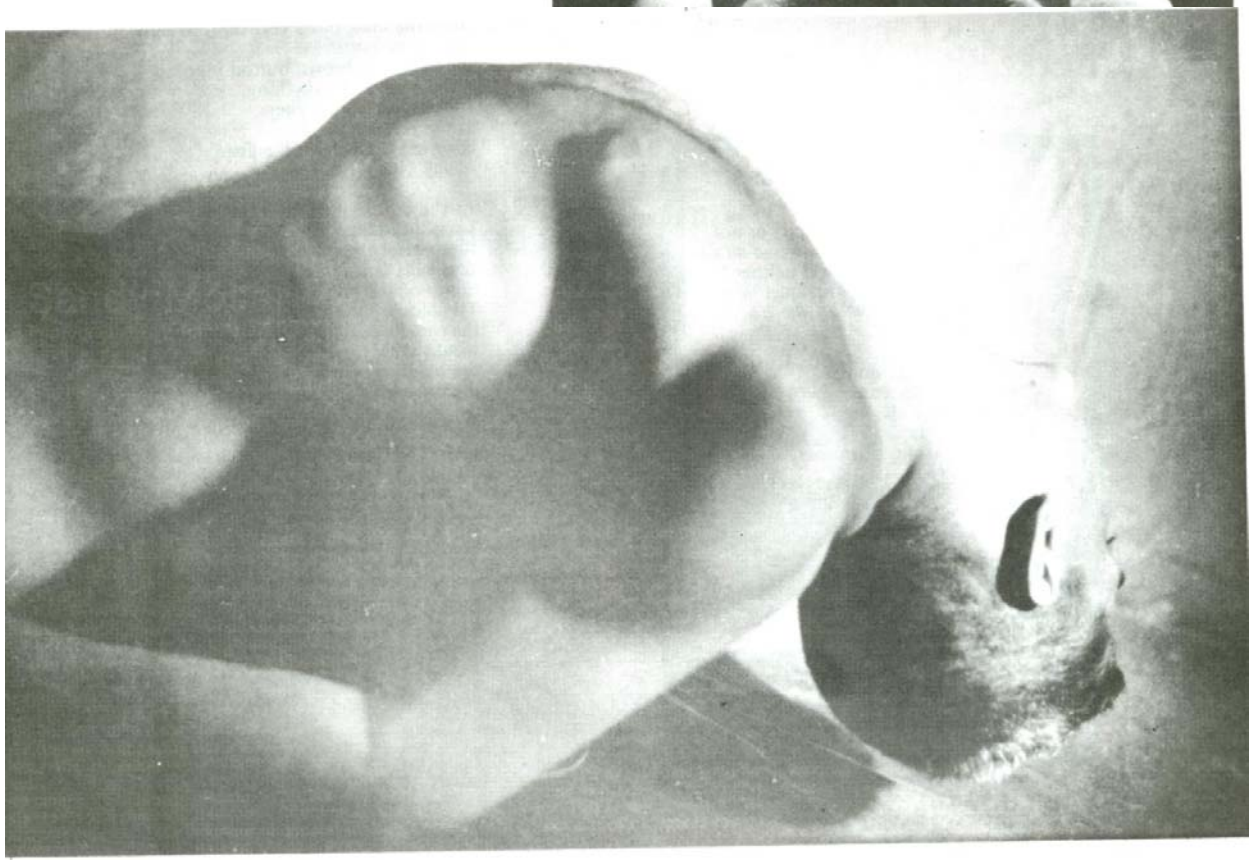
Homer Simpson's Hands

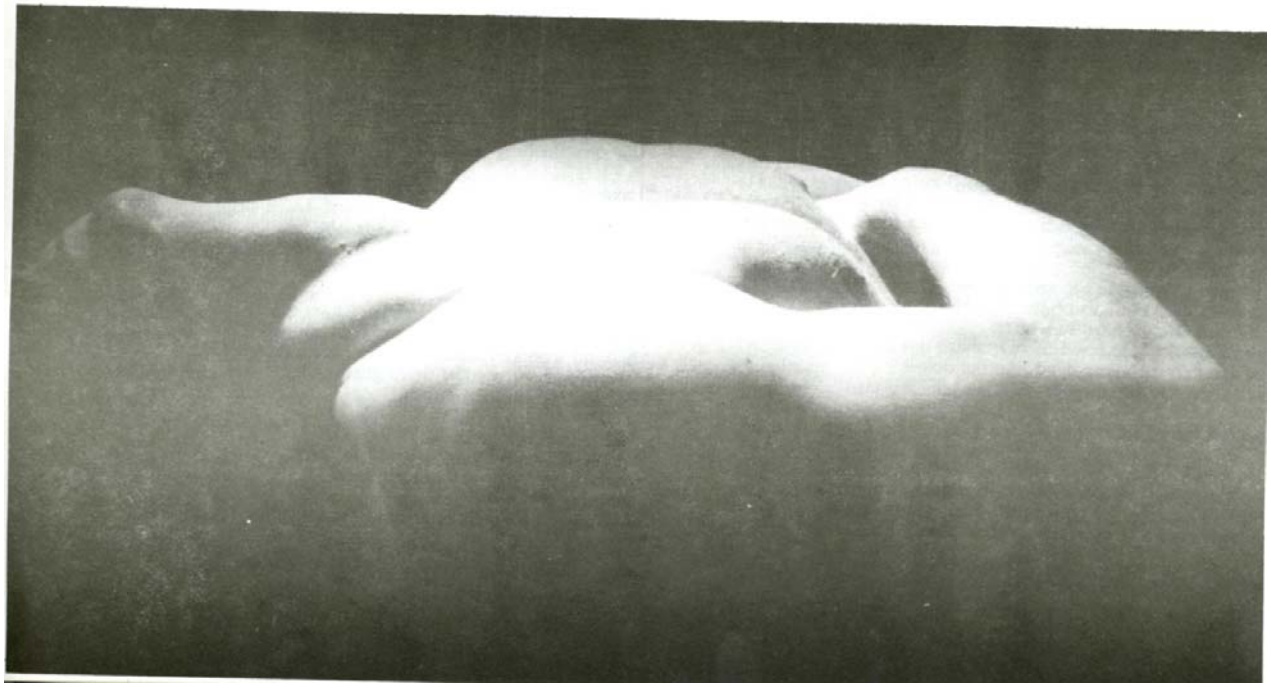
"But whether he was happy or not
it is hard to say. Probably he was
neither, just as a plant is neither."
-Nathanael West
The Day of the Locust

His prodigious fingers,
white at the square
swollen knuckles, tap
on his flat lap.
Then entangle each other,
possessed,
and clasp hard together.
The index fingers
shakingly rise
into a steeple.
It reminds
him of a tree
in Des Moines,
grey, barkless,
clumsily dead
on a small mound.
He asks himself
why the man
who owns the land
leaves the tree
there for nothing,
like a love
that served its purpose,
not even strong
enough to cast
a shadow of a trunk
with some limbs
cut off at the ends.

Tom Paravati







Photographed by Tom Paravati.

The Orchard

If it were the beginning of the day
the sun would be fingering its way through
the branches. But it is dusk, and I am alone
sitting on my jacket on the incline of a rut
which separates the fruit trees.

Gnats confuse themselves around my head
like the things I don't want to remember.
I used to bring lovers here
we would park on the road,
and walk
into
the orchard—touching each other in the tough
dried grass which poked through the cover
to the whine of a chainsaw way off.

Water flushes a stone spring house;
a bi-plane practices in the air as the birds
slowly quiet.
I wonder about the moon--
is tonight the night, or tomorrow that it will be full
and roll like a coin across the sky?

I remember the stories, my mother's voice
over the bath tub as she scrubbed the white soap
into the blue washcloth, grabbing my small foot.
Beauty and the Beast. Thumbelina, floating in a leaf cup
taken by the current, spinning surrounded by white petals--
She is so small nothing is beyond her. She can do anything.
Illusion is everything.

It is hard to imagine the apples now.
The buds are green and tight.
I think of the orchard in winter,
the red-black tense hand of branches,
row after row playing dead like the *dog--*
Appearance is everything.

The illusion of not-waiting.

It can be learned.
The blossoms fall from the anxious green knot
that will later be the fruit in the early summer air
which is cool like a precious metal.

Originally appeared in *The Antioch Review*

Black Ice

In a single night
cold air from Canada swings across the lake.
It freezes quickly, no air bubbles, no ripples
one sheet of unreflecting ice.
Black ice.

The trees along the rim of the lake
rise up like chimneys of smoke.
The skaters pause as they step
onto the ice.

A woman says,
"The thing that's important to know is that you never really know.
You're always sort of feeling your way."
She is a photographer, she is taking our picture, and we are smiling
and holding our skates.
"Lately, I've been struck with how I really love
what I can't see in a photograph. An actual physical darkness.
It's very thrilling for me to see darkness again."

I skate off alone, around the small islands.
The sky is stuffed with snow. Soon, I will stop
imagining how cold the water is, the way my foot
could shatter through the ice as if I were kicking in
a glass pane in a door.

I think about my cane chair and how effortlessly
it gave in to my weight as my foot slipped through.
A blind woman recanes the chair. She tells me,
"I can feel the rasp of dried grass slide between my fingers.
But I can't see the pattern."

Then, I think of words
and how I could tell this over and over.
There are old men in the distance
laughing white breaths
driving stakes into the ground for the snow fences.

Originally appeared in *The American Poetry Review*

Karen Fish

Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.

Equivalent

There is nothing equivalent to the clouds--
summer clouds, long and thin like frayed rope
above the dark lake. Not even the bottom bed
of Lake George, that gradual soft mud slope down.
And you take pleasure in remembering yourself
in the different places of the past.

The mind returns to the past,
like a deer that moves gracefully in front
of the car like a premonition, only to re-enter the woods
as a shaft of light. It is summer and in the heat,
the denseness of the failing light,
the house becomes invisible.

If you were to leave now,
it would be easy to drive down to the two-lane highway
that pulls through the knitting fields, then wait
to pull out behind the truck piled with wood cages
for white birds.

But you remain alone, preferring to think of the past,
the lake frozen under your feet, the white line
that formed itself around the lake, the culmination
of thousands of trees stripped of bark
across the middle of their trunks:

see, the browsing line; in winter the deer come out at night
and walk across the frozen lake to feed on the trees
at the edge of the shore

And you think of their ease,
to feed as animals do, on leaves and grass.
There is nothing more beautiful.

It has to do with comparison, speed and time,
clouds above the rupture of orange light, blue and gray,
slow moving as cattle grazing.

Originally appeared in *The American Poetry Review*

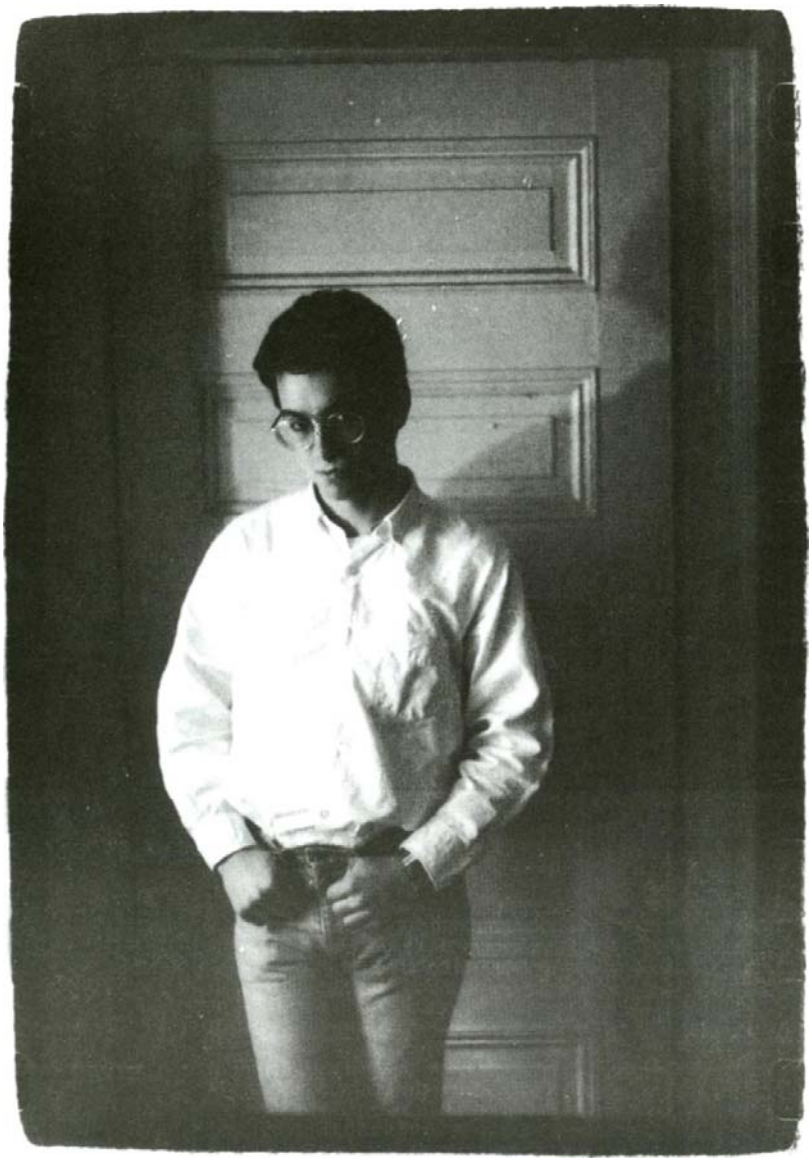
Translation

Riding home on my bicycle I pass an old man standing beside
a bonfire--
It is the end of summer and his house is surrounded by
cornfields--
along the hem of the fields small blue flowers bloom
and from a distance, the blue-green is heavy, like a child's
drawing with waxy crayons.

Going by the school I hear the students on the second floor,
the music sulking out of the huge open windows,
the light falling in chunks like ice onto the grass from the
louvered panes.
The sax and trench horn.

The houses are spread out here, so I am watched for a long
time,
pulling one foot up, then pushing the other down, then the
other up-
standing in the saddle to make the hills. When I ride at night
like this, just before the darkne" has fallen--
I think of my mother, the past and when the days
were like flowers clipped at dusk
by her quick hands.

Originally appeared in *Kalliope*



Michael Baumgart

Photographed by Jim Bartolomeo.

From the Heart of Nothing Comes

Since this movie is dull, my mind wanders, I look at Jeanne beside me and think she must like it, so I just slouch and let my I thoughts go. Someone told me once that this city is so big, that you could lose your soul and never find it again. This someone also told me that statistically speaking a person dies in this city every sixteen minutes, he said someone you meet or might know dies each month. I smiled at him when he told me this but I laughed several months later when I heard he had been killed in an elevator mishap. I didn't know him very well, I had met him at a party.

"Did you ever read the book that the movie was based on?" Jeanne says as we walk back to the apartment.

"No, who wrote it?"

"Paul Seiners, I think."

"Oh."

"What? You didn't like the movie?"

"Not really."

"I thought it was great. The trained gorilla assassinating the president at the zoo was wild."

"Poo. It was predictable." I say as we cross the street.

"Well, you should read the book, you'd like it."

"Maybe."

I'm not hungry but she cooks dinner anyway. I look out of the kitchen window at the street below. She turns the faucet on then touches my shoulder and asks me, what did I say? I say, I haven't said anything. I watch a yellow cab nudge a pedestrian at a stop light.

In the morning she wakes me up with her hand on the inside of my bare thigh, her fingers are moving but the alarm goes off and I get out of bed and go into the bathroom. The sun light refracts off the white tile and porcelain and as I sit on the toilet I squint, reading a women's magazine. I'm thinking about a man at the office, I'd like to undress him and wash him. I can see the lather melting from his pink flesh under the shower's spray. I take a shower, dry off, wanting to go back to sleep, instead I get dressed and go to work. She will probably call Brian, he'll come over and please her, this is alright between us.

At work I watch Terry at his desk, he has dirty blond hair and chipped hazel eyes, I wish only to hold him. I've talked to him but I can't tell if he's interested in men. I pause with my paperwork to think a moment.

"Have you had a chance to call Myers?"

"What." I say looking up at, the nose always strikes my sight first, my secretary.

"Myers," she says.

"No. I'll get to him before lunch."

"And Red Man Industries needs those papers to look over."

"Okay, Win, thanks," I say as she turns and leaves. Myers is the lug nut tycoon, I think, and Red Man Industries are the underwear manufacturers.

When I was twelve I had a crush on my best friend Philip. We lived across the street from each other. His dark eyes were like sleep to me and I would always watch them watching the world. He would poke me and we would have terrific wrestling fights in the grass behind his house. As autumn came we collected friends and made teams for the acorn wars. In his backyard there was a natural trench on one end and a hill up the other, trees shivered and dropped leaves and acorns with the late November winds. During several days of glorious battle, with tiny bruises on any skin not covered by clothing, I picked up an

acorn. I felt dizzy from battle, running around and out of breath. I palmed the acorn feeling its little point and hollow against my fingers and palm. The sky was a radiant blue and my small voice could not scream loud enough how free I felt as I let that acorn fly from my fingertips.

He was on the other team, he was the enemy. The littlest acorn flew the swiftest. Blinded in the right eye for a silly game. Philip's parents never let me see him again, I was lost in his pain and unforgiven. I trembled and cried and stopped speaking for the rest of the week. Soon afterward, months, I don't remember, my family moved to the city and I didn't see many acorns ever again.

"Hello," Jeanne says as I shut the door and take my loosened tie off.

"How was he?" I say. She laughs and tells me the details of Brian and her in my bed.

"Our bed," she corrected me and I make a screwdriver. I am hungry.

"Felicity. Electricity." I let these words roll off my tongue as she engulfs me. I think of a man's name, Terry comes to mind, and I wrap my arms around his torso. I play with his back. She nibbles and her tongue is warm refuge. He bites, teases my neck. She holds my lower back, fingernails pressed into my skin as I release my heart and my spirit flows across her lips.

We live on the fourteenth floor and I usually stand at the window, watching the street below. I can see interesting things out my window. In an apartment below on the opposite side of the street, there is a man pacing naked in his bedroom. I've seen a person shot on the street below, I don't remember if I heard any of the shots, but there were bloodstains on the sidewalk and curb.

"Look at the stars," she says, touching my back with her palm, the pressure feels solid. I look at her black coloured boyish haircut, her eyes are dirty, faded emeralds.

"What about the stars." I say looking up at the night sky, "There's Orion."

"Did you know there were more stars visible earlier in this century?" she says.

"Well, well." I say and pat her head like I would a little boy's.

"Fuck you." she says poking me with the fingernail of her forefinger.

"No thanks." I say.

"There are less stars because of the city's light pollution at night."

"The stars just seem to fade away. Worn out like the world," I say.

"I'm going to bed." she says and shoves me.

"Goodnight, dear."

At work, while I'm reading two briefs on business trends in small towns, Terry walks into my office. I notice a pink scar like a careless ink mark at the edge of his hairline and his lips are pursed, as though about to blow a kiss.

"Mark, Mr. Bausmann is sending me to Wisconsin tomorrow to meet with Red Man Industries to discuss promos. Do you happen to have figures on underwear sales for the past year?"

"Win has them. She'll make a copy for you." I say and rub my thigh under the desk. I watch his shoulders as he leaves.

I call Mr. Bausmann and tell him about my knowledge of the Red Man account and how it might be beneficial if I accompany Mr. Benz to Wisconsin tomorrow. He consents.

When I get back to the apartment I take a shower with Jeanne. The lather stings my eyes and the steam is a heavy part of my lungs. We embrace and screw on the shower floor. He is so deliciously hot. She bites my lip and I taste blood which tastes like warm copper.

I take her out to dinner and tell her about the trip.

"I'll miss you," she says.

"And I'll miss you my darling." I say.

"No."

"No?"

"Have a normal conversation, please."

"Sure...um..." I say and she laughes while sipping her wine.

"Boy oh boy. Maybe someday we could go to Wisconsin for a vacation. Maybe we'll like it so much, we'll move there." she says and makes me laugh. I kiss her on the cheek.

"You won't miss me much. Brian can practically move in for the next two days."

"Unfortunately, my period starts tomorrow."

"On the cob." I say.

"Nah, I'll just use your socks." she says. I stick out my tongue in disgust and frown.

"Brian could always take you out to dinner," I say.

"Boring. He is so boring when he opens his mouth." she says and I laugh.

I think about Terry, trepidation makes my throat dry, I think, do not waste any moment with him. I can see out of the window. A plane skirts the clouds, red and green and white lights blink and are swallowed by a fold in the night sky.

On the flight to Red Man, Wisconsin, I tell Terry about my lover.

"Pain and ecstasy, thresholds, that's what she believes, piercing and poking, exploring and exploding."

"Sounds like she's an artist." he says.

"You could call it art."

"I think the beauty of sex exists in the experience not the actual use of the visual or aesthetic sense." he says with his drink near his thick lower lip. I can imagine the plastic cup cutting him. The cup is the brittle kind you think could slice your lips if the plane crashed.

"Beauty is still subjective," I say.

"No...it is a universal," he says and smiles, I consent with a nod.

I ask if he has a girlfriend. I am testing waters, warm or cold? He redirects the conversation.

"The promo package should appeal to them, don't you think?" he says.

"Maybe, never can tell in the underwear business, ha, ha," I say.

We transfer flights in Chicago and arrive in Madison, Wisconsin only to drive a rental two hours to get to Red Man. The stars are intense, multiplied, as if we had arrived on another planet. I can barely distinguish Orion. I want to get him drunk, I want the truth. We have connecting rooms at the motel and work a little on our notes before going to sleep.

In the morning I wake up cold and my right hand has fallen asleep. The sun is coming up through the curtains and I stare at the stucco ceiling until my alarm beeps.

Red Man in the day isn't much different from Red Man at night. Nine buildings, three of them motels, and one gas station, Red Man Industries has its factory and offices outside of town. Terry sweet talks them and I finalize the contracts. Business done in a day, nothing is as exhilarating.

The road to the motel has four stop lights and I imagine they fall down when it snows. This is a town, spends three seasons preparing for the fourth which is the worst. Winter could swallow all the seasons, if only it knew how. Terry and I go to Slam's Bar for some hamburgers and beer.

When we step out of the bar into the night air we're drunk. Stars take my breath away.

"Isn't the sky beautiful?" I say leaning on Terry.

"If you're drunk the stars'll suck the wind right out of you," he says and laughs.

"I'm shit-faced."

"You. Eh."

I'm horny. As we stumble into our rooms through the door of my room, I hold his arm. Before he can turn the light in my bedroom on, I kick the door shut and kiss him, wetting his pouting lip. I pull away, whirling in my drunkenness, I run my fingers through his hair which feels like loose, feathers, he kisses me.

On the flight home I want to squeeze his hand in mine.

"I have some vacation time coming up," he says.

"So do I." I say. A stewardess sets our drinks in our hands.

Let's go to France together. To the beach. Yes?" he says, gulps a sip.

"Yes." I smile, warm.

Once I remember hearing my parents making love. The noise frightened and excited my ears. It sounded like my papa was hurting mama, the way she was moaning. I remember being scared by a nightmare and going into my parents bedroom without knocking, hoping to sleep safe between mama and papa. I pulled the cover back, they moved, I saw my papa without his pajamas on and witnessed his glistening erection by the moonlight slanting through the blinds. He yelled at me, I was startled, upset, crying. Mama consoled me in my room. I could smell something wicked and wonderful and horrible wafting from her.

"Make lotsa money?" Jeanne says as I walk into the apartment and dump my bag in front of the bedroom. She hugs me. "Hungry?"

"Sure." I say.

"Have fun with Terry?"

"Well, we're taking our vacation on the south of France together."

"Really."

"What do you think about that?"

"Brian will be staying with me okay."

"Sure."

We eat in a weird silence as though two days had been two years. After I call Terry and ask him if we can move the vacation up a little, maybe the coming week, he says, great. Then I have this feeling I don't want to go.

While at the office I ask Win to come in.

"Yes, Mark." she says and I want to say I love her doggy face.

"Have you heard from Myers about those lug nuts from Cap Corporation?"

"Here are the telexes. I put Myers on top."

"Thank you," I say as she turns and leaves, she has the kind of big ass that could plug an open sewer on Fourth Avenue. I write a memo and give it to Win at her desk. "It's for Terry Benz." I say.

On the note it says, Terry I can't wait.

The hotel on the beach is remote, it is made of vanilla concrete and covered with blue awnings. The sun is throbbing against my head, the jet lag makes my teeth feel gritty and my eyes weary. There is probably no winter here ever, the scent of the briny sea pushes winter far into the continent. The next, closest hotel is seven or eight kilometers, down the beach. Terry's flesh looks washed out under the French sun.

"Let's get a nap on the beach after we check in," he says, carrying both of our suitcases into the lobby, the heat feels worse inside the hotel, even worse in our room. Terry can speak French and tells the porter to send up some ice. The porter looks disgusted.

"I'm so happy to be away from that office," he says. We smooth our towels on the rocky beach. I close my eyes, red luminescence under my lids, I fall asleep.

We are burned. Pink sun-smacked flesh. As soon as we get back to the room where the ice has since melted we take a cool shower together. It stings and refreshes and wakens us. We gently make love.

"Do you have any brothers or sisters?" I say as we drink white wine in the hotel's dining room.

"My only brother died with my father when I was a baby. A fishing accident, an extraordinary fishing accident, I was only six months old," he says. The waiter begs our pardon for interrupting and asks, in English, if we would like to order dinner.

"I'll have this," I say, pointing on the menu.

"I'll have a hamburger and pomme frites," Terry says and pours some more wine into both our glasses.

"Anyway. My father and brother were fishing off the shores of the Ivory Coast, Afica, and bumped a forgotten German sea mine, this was in 1951. I never really knew them so it's never affected me much."

"Wow. That is incredible," I say and I'm sad suddenly. A Morrocan boy, with delicious mocha skin sits in a booth across from us and keeps looking at Terry. Oddly, I desire the boy. His black hair looks like spindled candy against his dark forehead.

"Where'd that little scar come from?" I say as I touch Terry's forehead.

"Ex-lover threw a bottle at me," he says.

"Why?" I say, drinking a little more wine.

"Caught me masturbating," he says.

"No." I rib.

"I lived with this woman, she caught me with her *Playgirl* magazine. Almost killed me," he says and I laugh, almost crying.

The vacation consists of eating, drinking, sunbathing, sex, and sleeping. It is exhausting.

I wonder what Jeanne is up to. I think, I miss her.

The afternoon before we are to leave I discover he is fucking the Morrocan boy I had seen before. I had told Terry I was going to town and he said he wanted to stay, no bus ever came, so I went back to the room, and caught them in bed. I suddenly feel dissatisfied, disaffected.

I fly home alone, that evening. I wanted some security with Terry and now I'm determined to tell Jeanne, she won't need Brian ever agian, I need something I can call my own.

When I get through the apartment door I look at her and ask her to undress, she complies, is smiling, the smile is radiant. I just want to hold her. I whisper to her, "Language never says enough, silence says too much." The warm pressure of our bodies swirls and our spirits arc through the city's light air. □

Judy Accorsi

Gregg Wilhelm

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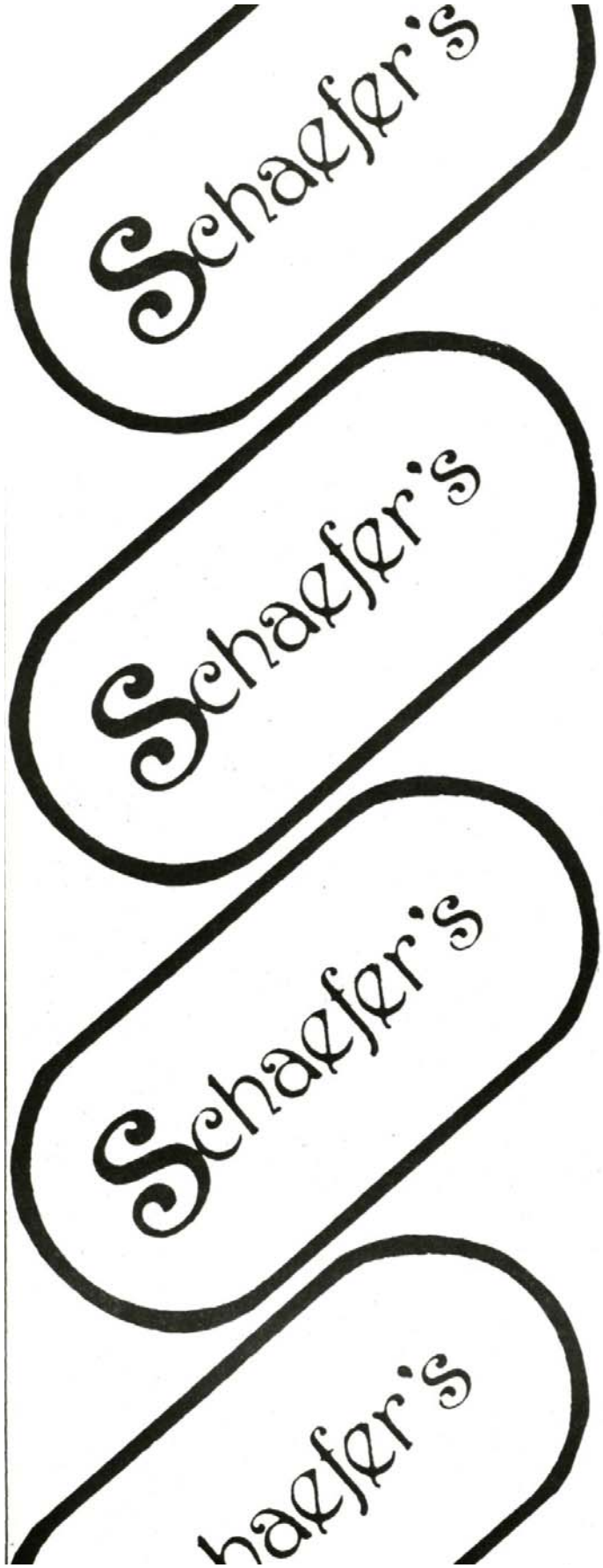

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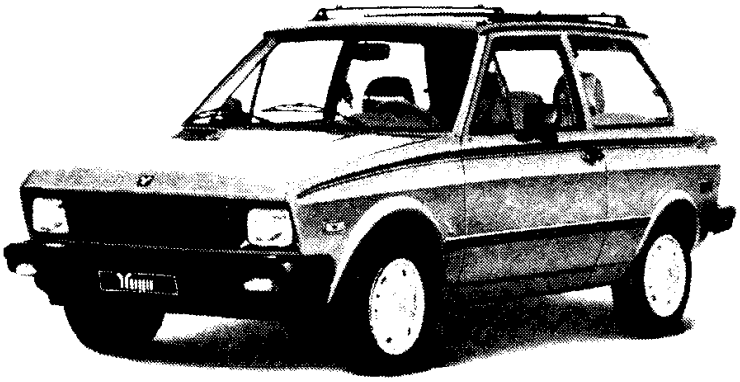

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This semester, 'Introduction to Theater' class *saw*, free, the premiere of the Broadway, bound musical "Roza," directed by Harold Prince at Center Stage, *saw* the antics of Kathy and Mo in "Two Ships Passing in the Night" at Baltimore renowned avant-garde Theater Project, *saw* Noel Coward's classic comedy "Blithe Spirit" at the Mechanic Theater and met Richard Chamberlain after the performance for a private conversation, and this class will *see* Christopher Durang's "The Marriage of Bette and Boo" at Center Stage and will *see* Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale" produced by the Maryland Stage Company at U.M.B.C.

In addition to seeing five 'live' professional performances each semester, members of 'Introduction to Theater' also see three filmed dramas, such as the Greek classic tragedy "Medea," the French romantic drama "Cyrano," and the modern American tragedy of Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" with Dustin Hoffman.

'Introduction to Theater' surveys theater history and theory from the Greeks to the present and also explores the creative process of acting, directing, and designing for the stage. Back-stage tours and meetings with professionals are a highlight of this course, now in its fifth year at Loyola. -J.E. Dockery, Assoc. Prof., Fine Arts, teaches this course.

INTRODUCTION TO THEATER will be offered in Fall. (DR 250.01) TR 1:40-2:55.

EXPERIENCE OF THEATER is **not** reading about theater but participation in theater by reading aloud different roles in plays during class sessions and creating characterizations vocally. Five of the plays read will then be seen in productions at Baltimore's theaters such as "Spotlighters," "The Vagabonds," "Center Stage," "The Mechanic" and outstanding Univ. Theater Department productions. Selected scenes from five additional plays will also be read aloud during class sessions.

No previous theater experience required, just a little nerve to let go and enjoy yourself and others' performances. This course develops basic vocal skills such as diction, projection, pacing and inflection and also exercises all in communicating with an audience. Mo memorization of lines but one staged reading will be presented at an evening performance on the McManus stage as the finale of this course. -J.E. Dockery, Prof.

EXPERIENCE OF THEATER offered in Fall. (DR 251.01) MWF 1:00-1:50.

METHODS OF ACTING teaches the basics of acting: how to relax, concentrate, feel emotions, create the character vocally and physically, how to audition, rehearse, and how to perform before an audience. All perform before audiences in **"ON STAGE SCENES"** in the McManus Theater during Activity Periods in a variety of scenes throughout the semester.

METHODS OF ACTING offered in Fall. (DR 350.01) MWF 2:00-2:50 -J.E. Dockery, Prof.

ART AND CRAFT OF DIRECTING requires no previous directing experience but does require considerable energy, effort, leadership, and imagination. Each student directs five scenes and these scenes are presented on the McManus stage during Activity Periods. Every step of directing from play selection to casting, from rehearsal techniques to costume, set, lighting and sound design are investigated and put to use. This class meets once a week at a time mutually agreeable to all. -J.E. Dockery, Prof.

ART AND CRAFT OF DIRECTING offered in Fall. (DR 351.01) T.B. agreed by all.

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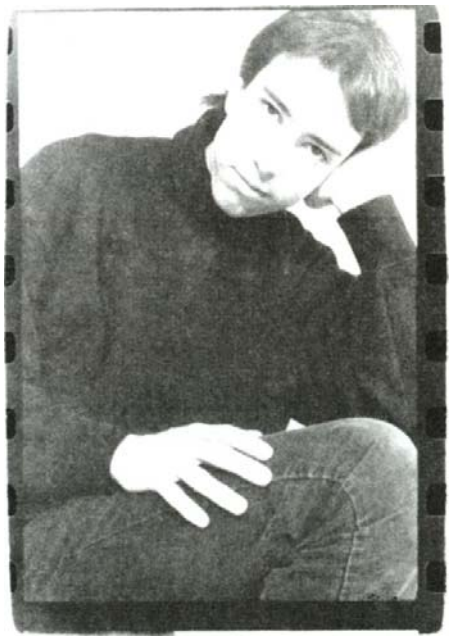

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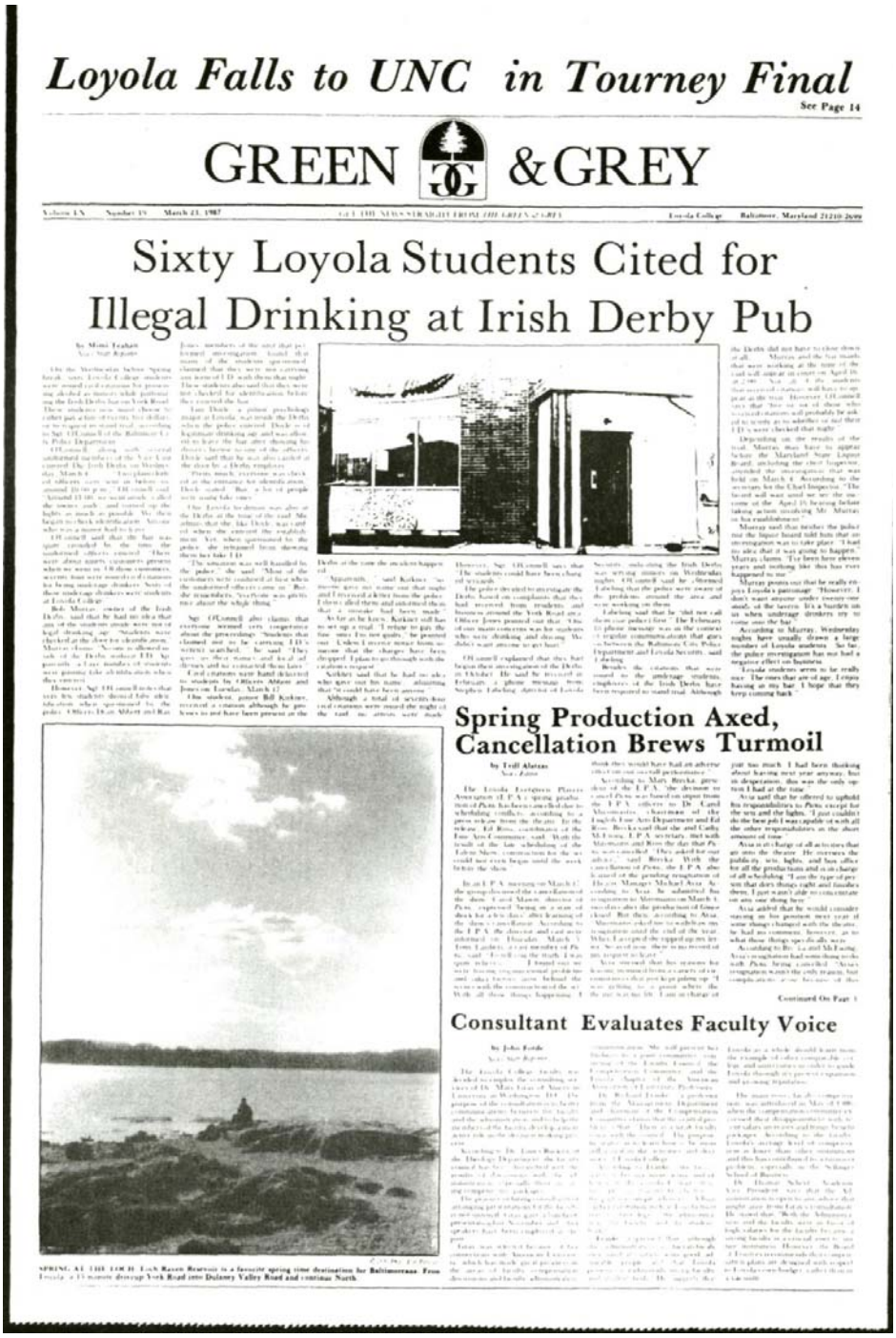

Loyola Falls to UNC in Tourney Final

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GREEN & GREY

Volume LX Number 19 March 23, 1987 Loyola College Baltimore, Maryland 21210-2699

Sixty Loyola Students Cited for Illegal Drinking at Irish Derby Pub

Spring Production Axed, Cancellation Brews Turmoil

Continued On Page 1

Consultant Evaluates Faculty Voice

SPRING AT THE LOCH: Loch Raven Reservoir is a favorite spring time destination for Baltimoreans. From Loyola, a 15 minute drive up York Road into Dulaney Valley Road and continue North.

The Green & Grey *is proud to be a principal sponsor for* ***The Garland's*** *Spring Edition.*

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