





# THE GARLAND CHRYSALIS EDITION



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A Journal of Literature and Art

A Unicorn Publication

# THE GARLAND

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*To Excellence*

# CHRYSALIS

With this our *Chrysalis Edition*, we look to a new future. *The Garland* has set its goals to meet the standards of a quality publication. We have the responsibility of producing a journal that will satisfy the expectations of our contributors who submit quality art, to our readers whose expectations are of the same degree and to Loyola as a liberal arts college.

In this edition, our readers will notice a new layout format that complements the creative orientation of our publication. Our standards in general, from perfect seaming to the aesthetic appeal, have been raised to provide a proper framework for the art which we exhibit.

In choosing the name for our new publication, we combined the laurel wreath, with its symbolic recognition of artistic achievement, with the anthological nature of our publication and arrived at *The Garland*.

Our new commercial format has been an essential avenue in approaching our required standards. To meet higher standards, we hope to increase our financial patronage by providing a unique and enduring publication in which patrons will find a worthy investment. To our patrons this year, we are grateful.

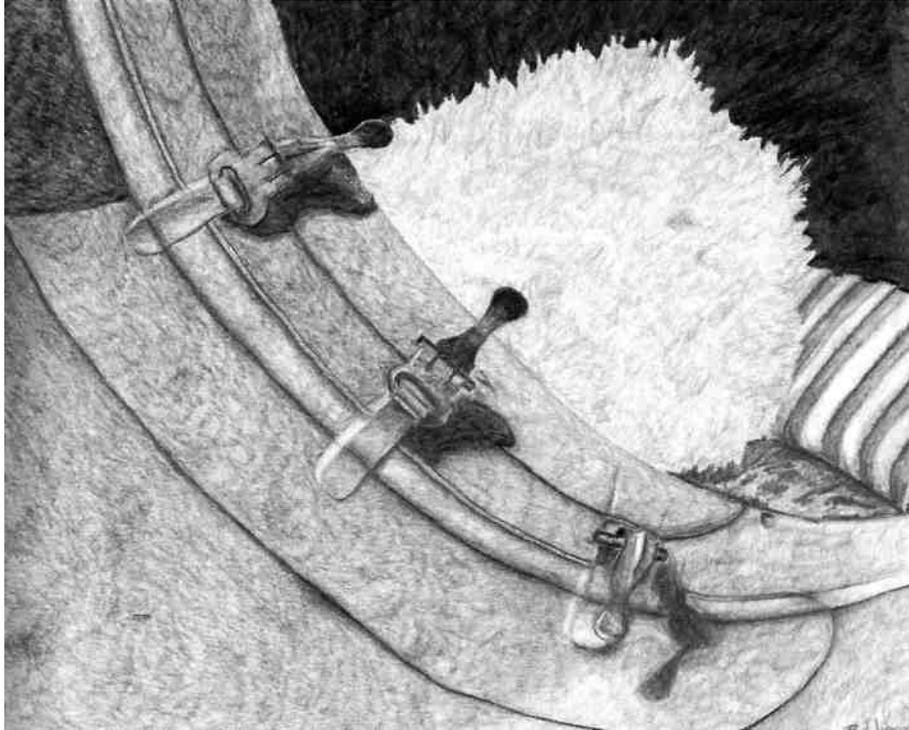
The Editor

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# Silence Is No Comfort When Mourning

There is a haunting spiralling sound playing among the deep beating African drums. This sound is inside my head and I want everyone to hear it, but the lips I press on the saxophone won't make the thing even hum right. I want to bust up this bit of metal with pure will, but I try again, each note shrieking through my fingers.

Buddy is banging on the drums. I want to make the biggest sound in the universe. God caterwauling. The thumb beat holds the air. The noise happens, it rises from my lungs into the stiff lung of the saxophone. The whole world is swimming with my hot bream. The double thump of Buddy's congo drum triples. The big sound is aching through my fingers. Sweat is dripping into my eyes, folding and stretching Buddy's face. He doesn't even see me. His eyes are shut and his hands are in furious motion. Drum is in motion. Buddy is deep inside, not here tonight. I'm here, 'cause this electricity is the only thing keeping me awake.

Buddy is gone. I know I'll never find him. The beat is holy, my wailing rises and dives around the beat. My noise is the soul, his beat is the body and they can only escape each other when all sound has died, but even then I don't think they escape. This isn't music, only angels make music, we utter notes that are only feeble attempts at mimicking the angels.

When the noise has stopped and the audience has gone I do some lines of coke with the club manager. Buddy is gone too. I think I should have gone with him and had a drink, but I know I could never do that. To know Buddy is to not know the drum he beats. I talk to the drum, I've never talked to him, this is an arrangement made by his drum and my saxophone.

The manager wants to go to bed with me, I tell him I prefer women. He says he'll dress up for me, hose and all. I just smile, say thank you and tell him my girl friend is waiting for me at Leon's bar which is down the block. He smiles, touches the back of my hand and says something about another time. I pack my sax and leave.

When I step outside the moon is eating the corner peak of a building across the street. Leon's is closed and besides that I don't have a girl friend, so I walk

down 88th to a friend's apartment, supposedly there's a party. The street is quiet and there is a buzzing in my ears from the show. I'll be deaf before any heavy metal addict will be. The instrument is cruel and it slowly tears you down, until you are just a naked man, the noise becomes you and you are noise from the mouth of the saxophone. A saxophone is a phone no one answers.

Tonight is strange because I have this awful urge to find Buddy and talk to him about what we do together. I'll never find him and I know I shouldn't.

I climb three flights of stairs to my friend's apartment, his name is Paul, and I am about to bang on his door when I realize no party noises are coming from behind the door. I listen for a moment and hear something. Two distinct sounds are growing behind that door. One is Paul and it's deep and throaty, uttering urgent obscenities, and the other is a softer, milder sound. The harmonies are pleasant and I feel like a peeping tom. What do you call a peeping tom who peeps with his ears? I have to leave and as I creak down the stairs I want to make the saxophone I'm carrying sound like lovers loving it up.

Sex isn't important to me, the sax is. The saxophone is everything and no woman has ever slept in my bed. Only my saxophone lays quietly next to me at night. There is a wind waking up and I button my coat as I cut through an alley to get to 87th and then across to Griever Street where I live. Cats are mewling in the shadows. A rat gallops under the streetlamp into a sewer. I can hear its feet against the pavement, it sounds like someone tapping their fingers on a wooden table top.

I realize I'm tired as soon as I see my bed. The springs groan as I plop my sax and me onto the dream mattress. The mattress of dreams, that seem, vicious and mean. Sleep comes down like one long low saxophone blow, the lowest, deepest note I can dream up.

My alarm buzzes and I groan and heave myself out of bed. Being a waiter is no joy, especially this early in the afternoon. I lock my saxophone in the closet while I'm at work. I'll never give it the opportunity to escape, it is my soul. A car honks as I cross the street to catch a bus, I don't look at the source, I just step aside. I walk onto the sidewalk and someone shoves me against the wall of the bank building. Gun shots sound more real in the movies. The shots volley over my head. Other people are lying on the ground around me. I can see blood, out of the corner of my eye, on the sidewalk. Blood looks more real in the movies. I look and see an old woman lying still in a pool of slick blood. I've always wondered who has to clean up that pool of blood, surely not the people who pick up the body. The getaway car squeals away. No more bullets bouncing around the asphalt and no bullets bouncing in my thick skin. I watch all the people get up off the sidewalk, police cars wail around the corner. The block exhales and the voices gather. I decide to walk to work. The more I walk the less distance I seem to cover. Then I see Boom's Cafe.

Boom's is a broken-dish, chipped-glass kind of restaurant. The customers make gibberish, ordering this or that, they chomp their food, they spit when they talk. This is the attraction of Boom's. To make as much racket and as little sense as possible so that I'm beginning to feel like the world is a bunch of nonsense. The only sane moment is the crinkling of dollar bills wadded in my pockets.

When I am done working, I play at the Blues People Club. Buddy is rubbing his palm over the drum as I put the saxophone to my lips. This is the cycle of my being, recirculating air through a brass tube. My lips are moist, as the noise of the audience recedes with the bang, bang, bang, of Buddy's drum. The sax kicks as it bellows strange wet sounds. The world is propelled by sound. No matter what I do the universe will continue to exist. My heart is a muscle pumping blood to my extremities, this dizziness called music is

forever. The instrument outlasts the musician. She has no name, I blow again and again.

I remember a naked little child in a mirror. Then I remember this child is me. As if it were a photograph or a movie I recall holding my knees to my chest as I lay in front of the mirror. I whistled before I ever spoke, at least that is what mama told me. I whistled no tune, I just whistled in front of that mirror. I was small, I felt like I could fit in a shoebox. The door opened and the baby-sitter came in, I kept whistling. She told me to come sit on the bed. I sat there feeling the warmth of her bigness. I wanted to hold and feel the warmth of her arms around my shiny little body. She took off her clothes and made me cry. I was six years old.

The beat of Buddy, his drum is his chest, the skin is his voice, my sax is howling like a werewolf. The lights shield me from the audience, the drinking, the drunk I do not want to see. I want to hear my phone ring, ring, ring. I chop the pitch and make myself sound like Buddy. The saxophone almost sounds like the drum. But can Buddy do it back? Can that bang hum? He starts to roll so fast, with his hands becoming invisible, the sound cannot be a beat, it is a saxophone unsustained. The drum almost sounds like the saxophone. Maybe.

There is a woman who waits after the show who slips me a whisper. She asks, can we go someplace. I half-smile into her eyes. I'd say no but I say yes. We go to Slap Jack Dine, the R isn't in neon so I always ignore it. She wants to run her hands all over my skin, she doesn't do this but I know she would like to. She touched my throat with her fingers and says she can feel the power of my saxophone there. I grin as if she stepped on my bare toe 'cause I've heard that line before. She whispers she wants to go back to my place. She touches my thigh. I frown and thank her for the coffee and tell her I have to meet someone in a few minutes, and I walk my sax home, alone.

I dream I lock my saxophone in a safety deposit box. I walk into the bank to pick the sax up, but I don't have my key. I walk home and search my apartment. No key. I call work, they don't see any spare key lying around. I'm in a panic. I've had my saxophone since I was sixteen. I run back to the bank and explain my situation to one of the bank managers. He tells me to wait a few moments while he checks his files. I tell him I come in here almost every day after work. He comes back and regrets to inform me that I am not on any file at this bank. Mistake, I say, check again. He says he has checked. Then the bank manager turns and tells a beautiful woman to get rid of me. She takes me to her apartment. She takes her clothing, piece by piece, off. She tells me she'll make me forget any old silly notion I had of owning a saxophone. I tell her Buddy is waiting. She doesn't make a sound, as she slides her panties off. I don't really see her naked and then I wake up.

I can't go back to sleep. At four forty-four in the morning I listen to a record. The earphones are the kind that fit inside your ear. I listen to Bamiyanias Chant by the Brosingynyn Chorus. It is the whining soul of Mahru Lill lost in the chasm of disbelief. The record sleeve tells me this, the music means other things to me. It is the sense of doubt that is expressed, for me it is not depressing but uplifting. The sense of doubt about sound, about order, about melody.

With Buddy, there are new improvisational tempos and moods created, without him there is the whining of a raspy bit of tin, a saxophone pressed against the Wailing Wall. No ear could stand that sound alone.

Work to play, play to work. A man tells me, Buddy and I have a hot act going. The idea of just a drum and a saxophone playing on a bare stage excites him. He says he could get us a contract to do a few gigs uptown and maybe a record deal. He asks me if I'm interested, I tell him to go ask Buddy, then I'll

-----SILENCE IS NO COMFORT WHEN MOURNING-----

give him my answer. The man goes back to his seat 'cause the show must go on.

Tonight, the saxophone beats the drums into the ground. I'm solo and angry. Buddy bangs away, but the old bop man is missing something. It sounds like he is banging out military marches or something. The sax takes the sum of the tempo and splices and dices and thrices it. This is the sound of dancing mannequins. This is a bad day without the sun or moon or the night to compensate. We dance stiff and waxen. Buddy's eyes are closed and I feel cold. I ignore the mood, I blow and the saxophone sparkles.

My father died when I was fourteen. He was an Army major general and I always thought of him as a Nazi. This was suggested by his militarized manner of speech, he always yelled at mama, just like the Nazis did in the movies. She professed she hated the army, she had wanted to be a dancer once, she told me. She cried when my father died. The soldiers barked and shot their salutes at God in heaven. From then on all yelling ceased to exist in my life. When the first handful of dirt thumped on his coffin I whistled. Then I remembered my babysitter when I was six, and I cried.

Buddy is gone out the door one set short so I play a sax ballad I dream up on the spot. The audience applauds furiously. They cannot stop applauding. I am embarrassed. I am naked without Buddy. I am naked with him, too. The man comes back stage and says I might have more potential as a solo act. I frown and tell him to give me his card. I think, don't call us we'll call you, but tell him I'll get in touch with him. He says OK.

As I walk down the alley to 87th Street something pounces on me from the shadows. It is a little black man with ivory eyes and black pupils. The light glints from his pupils as he points a tiny gun at me. He tells me to give him my wallet. He takes the money out, drops the wallet and runs away. He didn't even see my saxophone case, he could have gotten a nice price for my saxophone. I'm happy he didn't notice, or maybe he didn't want something this big. I pick up my wallet and walk to Griever Street and into my room. All he got were four ones and a five.

When I go to sleep I forget who I am. I forget why I'm holding this saxophone in my arms. This hunk of metal shivers against my chest. The mouthpiece pokes me as I slip into dream sleep. I dream I am dead yet I'm not dead and nothing happens, no one moves near me, no one moves away, except I hear screaming in the distance. I feel like sighing but I can't. When I wake up the saxophone is lying on the floor.

Today is my day off from Booms's Cafe. It's raining outside. I usually go to the park and play my sax and collect a few quarters. Instead the brass woman stays home while I go to Paul's apartment. Paul isn't home but this girl dressed in a long t-shirt answers his door. She is Paul's new girl friend, I move my lips. She invites me in but I decline and tell her to tell Paul I stopped by.

Tonight is Friday and Blues P Club is more hopping than usual. Buddy hasn't shown up and it's past showtime. The club manager touches my elbow and tells me I should go on alone. I feel complacent but obliged. This is me and this is the saxophone, I think, would anyone like to see it become one animal, a melodic, fluidal, dripping entity. The bright stage lights protect me.

The sax urges me with each new sound. As if it were blowing wind through me. I am here and I am not here. A knotted paradox. A stroke, a brush with a bit of pain from the diaphragm. A bark, a howl of ecstasy. A note that won't end, a breath inexhaustible. Be it blowing or sucking wind. The air is tingling, my sweat transpires. My eyes close, I am not here, I'm naked among amplified sound. This is music. Buddy is dead, I can feel it in the pit of my saxophone. I hear him banging on God's drum. This is applause. This is God caterwauling.





## Field Trip

American children living in Iran  
Must be exposed to Iranian culture  
And the universality of art  
Let's take the second-graders to the opera hall  
In downtown Tehran.

The morning city sky is heavy,  
Softening and stifling the dirty streets and buildings,  
Making them paler.  
The driver swings our red minibus right,  
Around the corner,  
Trying to beat the rain to Rudonki Hall.

Through the unwashed window  
I see a middle-aged man, about forty,  
Standing at the busy sidewalk corner.  
He wears a dirty old brown suit and has a bushy mustache.  
Children, merchants, and women in chadores weave past him,  
Not noticing his fixed position, his downward stare;  
At his feet lies a carton of smashed eggs,  
And he is crying.

*Eric Blomquist*

## **January Janus 1986**

I am told of a time long ago,  
When freshly plucked flowers  
Filled hollow gun barrels.  
Just recently, I saw a robin  
Playing in the snows of the White House rose garden.

*Eric Blomquist*





## Bologna Sandwiches

It was no more than coincidence  
that on my sixth birthday  
there were two men walking on the moon for the first time.  
I saw this as they crossed the phosphorescent picture tube  
of my grandmother's tv.  
The lights in the room were out and the curtains drawn  
so we too were in space with the astronauts,  
our eyes following each exaggerated step  
listening to their colossal memorized speeches—  
"One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."  
Then there was the time in the third grade when Mrs. C  
would bring a tv to class each day in 1972  
during lunch period to watch something called "Watergate,"  
telling us history was taking place in front of our eyes  
as the nervous men slouched at long tables,  
sweating into microphones  
Today I can say, "Yeah I remember when that happened,"  
but what I remember most is the bologna sandwiches  
with crushed corn chips that my mom packed me for lunch,  
the mustard smeared like yellow oil paint on the wax paper.  
I ate this daily for ten more years.

*B. Kirby*

## Postcard

Dear Steve,

All the dogs are pregnant,  
scavenging the streets, bearing teats  
filled with weak milk. I am told  
that in a few weeks they will collapse,  
discharging their dead litters.

I have crossed the border to Mexico.  
What can I say about these people?  
That their dark hairless skin and black eyes  
are beautiful but their bodies squat and fat?  
That children hawk chewing gum from old cigar boxes  
in the market place just to buy a tortilla?

At Puerta Juarez a woman sold huge conch shells.  
She scraped the sediments from them until  
the mouths of the shells were as pink as  
the gums of the infant suckling her breast.

Here there is no pride.  
Here the women struggle to keep their  
breasts filled with milk  
Here they tolerate anything--  
the death of a child,  
the tourist who sends postcards saying  
Buenos dias, having fun.  
Weather's nice, wish you were here.

*B. Kirby*

## Swallowtail

Behind our house  
was a graveyard  
where butterflies came;  
their wings waved  
like silk fans  
in the heat

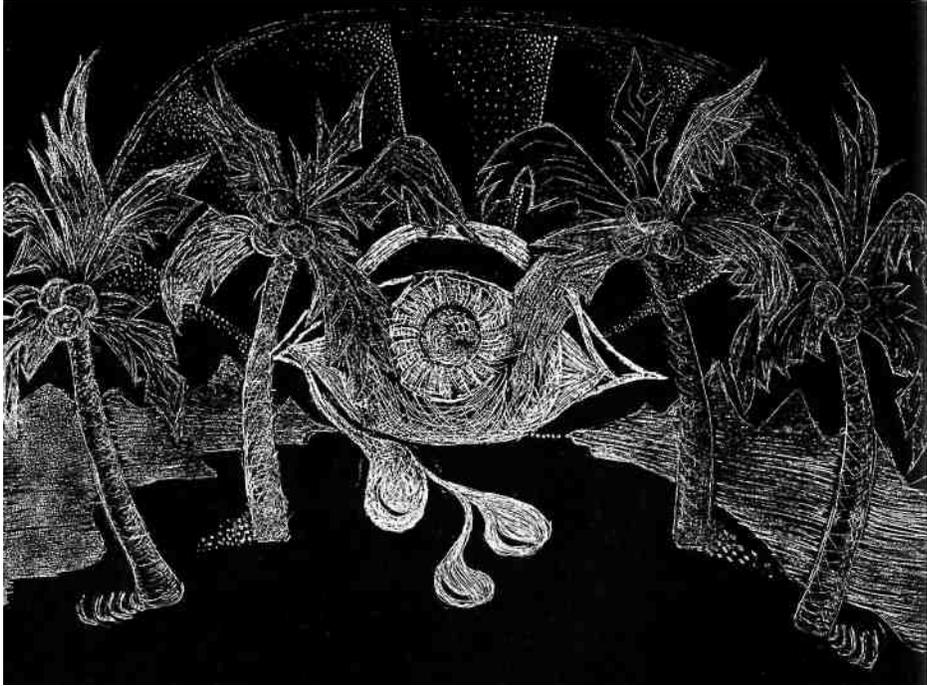
With nets that  
sieved the air  
for swallowtails  
sipping the nectar  
of grave flowers,  
my brother and I  
would hunt them down  
between gravestones  
under the chalky yellow sun.

We'd drop rubbing alcohol  
on their heads  
till they relaxed,  
leaving the dust  
of their wings  
on our finger tips.

We'd pin their  
outstretched wings,  
glued tiny labels  
below their torsos--  
tiger, zebra, monarch--  
then go back  
to the graveyard  
for more specimens  
and scoot past the stone  
shaped like an urn  
we called "Bloody Goblet."

Dead hands  
didn't rip  
through the soil  
and grab us  
and drink our blood  
and eat our flesh.  
We were the living,  
and the ground  
we romped on  
stuffed with nothing  
but bones.

*B. Kirby*





## Degree of Disappointment

The blaring red neon  
of my sister's world, the city  
reminds me of the cherry lollipops.

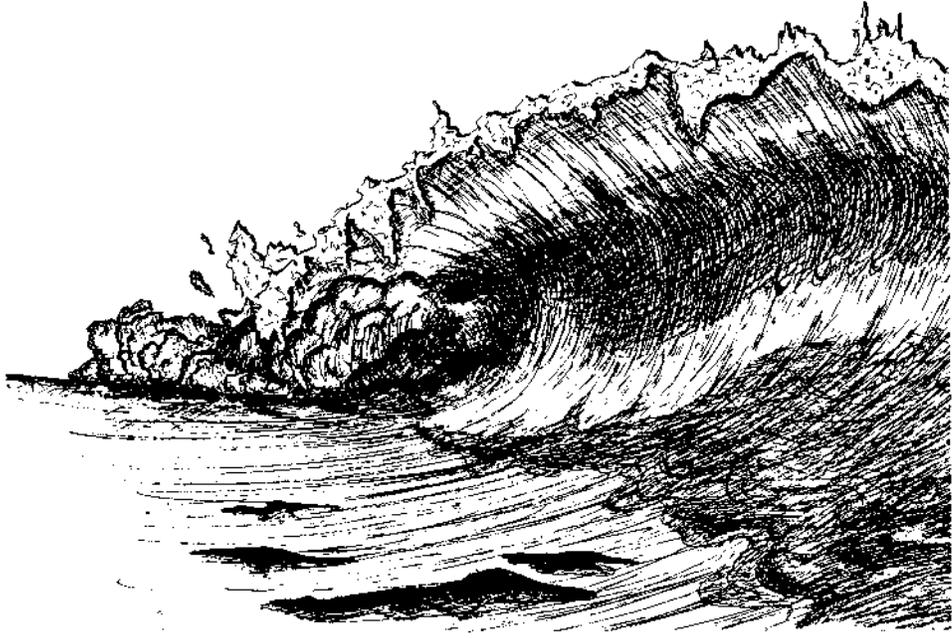
Underneath the sickly sweet glow  
she throws a fur wrap  
over on bare shoulder  
with an ease we had reserved  
for hurling insults.

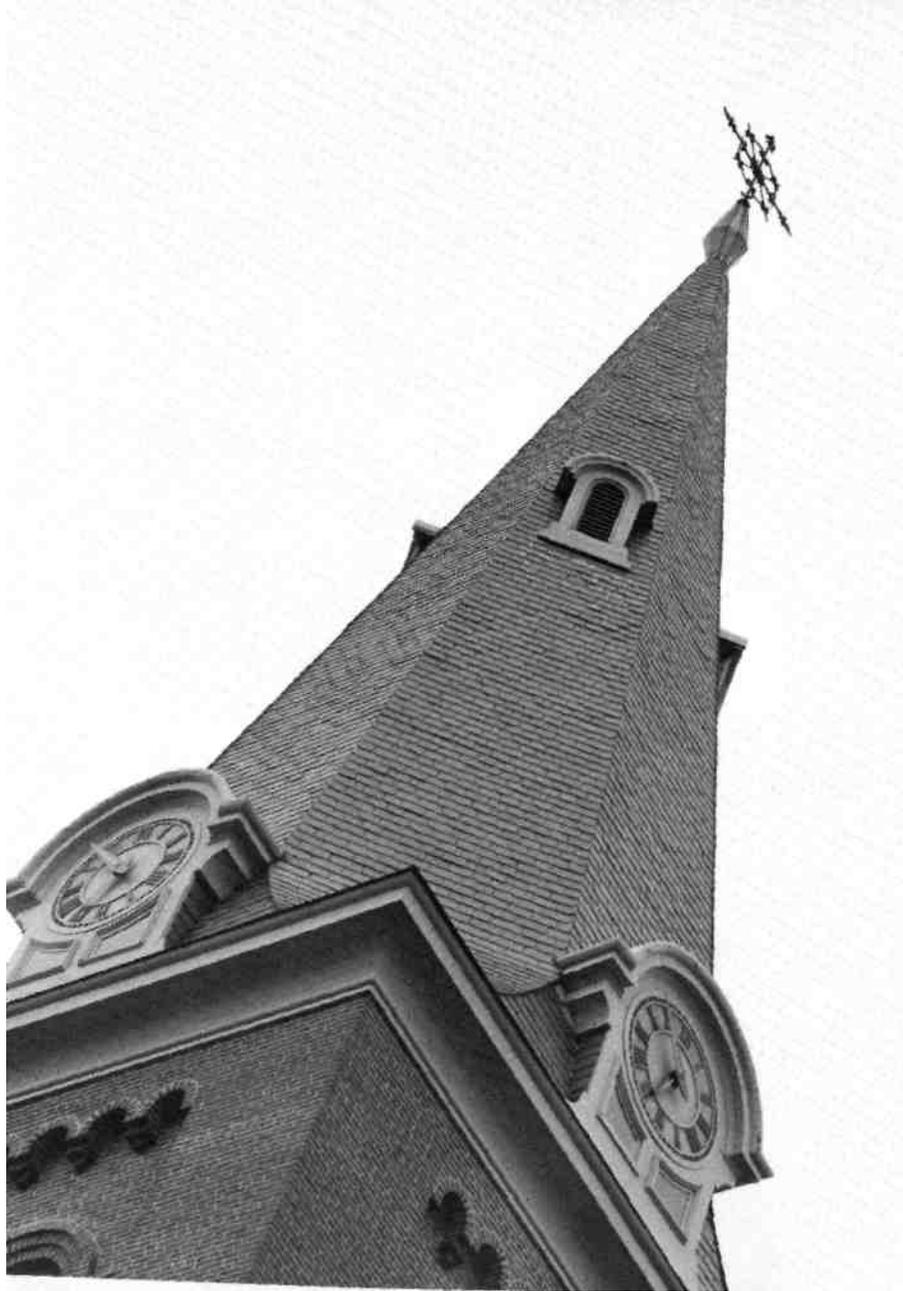
I remember it all:  
the fights,  
the arguments, and  
the sour tears  
that only my pillow saw.

The expected, but forced  
reconciliations  
as we hugged,  
making monster faces behind the other's back:  
Mom said we were too much alike.

Now, my sister has forgotten  
her beginning--  
consulting a map for reunions--  
her photograph, an overlap, of  
a commercial and a family sit-com:  
my family,  
my family is at home.  
I am here, and can only  
hope that Mom was wrong.

*Sandra L. Moser*





## Alone In The Haunted House

Tonight the bayside sky is bruised, apologetic  
like a battered woman.  
Sticky clouds pause above pastel boathouses;  
over the ocean  
clouds overripe as black plums  
swallow the light, and release it  
in a stream like an inverted white taper.  
Where the moonlight tests the water  
there is friction, a path  
that lonely women sometimes try to follow.

I have felt this blend of determination and dread,  
as a child,  
lost in the hall of mirrors,  
alone with myself everywhere, everywhere:  
running into and around myself.  
I was not rescued;  
eventually, I found my way,  
and took nothing with me  
but a vague dislike of amber lights.

Certainly I accept mirrors, though I do not  
accept that they prove.  
I trust what I can touch,  
like the hand that admits me:  
the three-dimensionality of solid bartering,  
resonant indifference in the sound of my sandals  
on planking, the damp smell of someone else's  
cigarettes, unseen,  
as I walk and walk and walk  
hands outstretched, kneading the darkness

*Marjorie Paoletti*



# The Confessional

"It's so difficult to go on, Father."

"Have strength, my child."

The screened barrier made all the difference in the world. Against this screen appeared all the acts of the human drama. It's fine mesh, like the surgeon's mask prevents any harm passing from one to the other. Yet it still allows the priest to operate on his confessor's conscience. Ceremony weakens fear in this small chamber.

It might take years before friends trust one another enough to risk being hurt in confiding. But that trust born of love has been adopted and cradled by the confessional, and nursed by ages of tradition--no risk. The fiber was an implausible contract between merchant and patron. That with which a shadow's breath could be destroyed, was the centuries old foundation that precariously supported the desperately heavy weight that only hearts can hold.

He knew this woman that once sat in his confessional as a child. He remembered when she would confess to him the "sins" that only a child could fear. He would sit and smile to himself and listen to a child's innocence affirm itself. The small voice whispered through the screen--the tone, even in exposition was questioning, seeking forgiveness. Her hands were in perfect form--palm to palm, fingers pointing straight up like spires.

This act of contrition seemed reversed. The child, in her ruffled white, Sunday dress kneeling in the dark, looked like an apparition--there to offer guidance to the black clad figure. He spoke softly to her so that harsh sounds wouldn't make her fade away.

The words of comfort he gives of late feel the way an actor does when he delivers his lines on closing night--relieved to be done with the tedium, but anticipating the uselessness he would feel at abandoning his stage life. His eyes wandered around the interior of the safe, dark, chamber--searching for something; expecting, maybe. It was very safe: two people facing, but not seeing the other, reciting their "credos" to the other in the close confines of two separately distinct worlds which turn by the gravity each exerts on themselves. Yes, it was very safe. But not now, when medallions have turned to a metal of a different temper.

A great crucifix, which he wore around his neck from a chain, shined in the darkness of the confine by light piercing through a fold in the curtain. The screened voice of his confessor was tremulous. Her hands were pulling at themselves with knuckles that shown in the dark--one of her manicured nails split. Her jewelry caught the intruding light that seeped into the cabinet and the reflection made the priest feel uncomfortable, as if something were in the obscure dark that shouldn't be, he didn't know what. He glanced through the screen at the source of his distraction.

"Forgive me Father for I have sinned, it has been. . ."

Her hands raced from head to heart in making the sign of the cross.

He picked up his crucifix and pinned it to his chest to keep it out of his way. In the process he pricked his finger on a metal point. He put his finger between his wrinkled lips, and sucked off the blood that had risen to the surface.

"Pungent," he thought. He turned to his left and his face met the small rectangular screen, which was bearing deaf testament to words passing through it from the other side. The priest looked into it and it seemed quite different now, after forty years of wearing the Roman collar.

"Father, I can't go on."

He spoke in a hushed voice, dry with age, "Confession is good for the soul, my child. Truth liberates the soul. Just come out and say it—you have nothing to fear from me." His words of comfort came too easily as of late. He took his time pronouncing the words, as if reciting poetry. He inhaled deeply and his nostrils filled with the odor of the old varnished wood and the worn velvet that covered the cushions inside.

The words choked up out of her, fragmented and in between sobs. But the message was clear enough to discern: "I've had an abortion--the child was an accident."

His hand moved to the front of his collar. They were long, thin graceful hands. They looked like the type that would play the violin or the piano. His fingers steadily counted the passage of time, like a metronome. He gently eased his finger into his binding collar and went around its rigid, white perimeter and stopped in the back under the sparse, grey, hair. He pushed his metal-rimmed bifocals to the bridge of his nose and leaned his head back. The hollow's darkness erased the outline of his form which left him looking like a shadow with hands and a head. His frame, which with advanced age left his black shirt and pants baggy, slowly followed in weary submission. His pale blue eyes, set in their angular countenance, succumbed to the wrinkled flaps that drew closed on one act and in doing so opened up on another. The rhythmic sobs in the background slowly ebbed away. Memories of the past flowed into his mind. He bathed in their reflections. . .

A young man he knew named John, came hurriedly down the aisle to him. He was sitting in the front pew, enjoying the silence and watching the muddled patches of light from the stained glass transform the stone and marble interior into rich, warm, textures. John approached him, stopped rigidly, ran a hand woven with large blue veins through his short, dark hair and glared at the open space in front of him. He blurted out: "I was arguing with Sharon and I struck her. She ran out of the house and I can't find her!" The intensity of his stare wasn't looking for forgiveness in the priest--it was almost a look of defiance. But he waited for the priest to speak and the musty air settled on the young man's body, which was still with expectation.

They didn't bother going into the confessional, such an act would almost seem hypocritical. Convention and tradition were a poor background for a drama penned by the heart. The priest folded his arms on his chest, looked down for a moment and away from his "confessor," and then looked back at him, into his eyes which caught all of the black figure's movement. The priest looked at John's chest which was still trying to find its pace and then quietly asked, "Is it going to happen again?"

There was a moment of silence which confirmed the answer the priest already knew. John looked at the priest for a moment, then slowly turned around. He didn't look back,--just stared straight ahead. The quiet echo of his footsteps that ushered him out the door reminded the priest of the time he listened to his first confession.

His feet, that day, approached the warm, dark chamber, heavy with hesitation. They wanted to be picked up at each step and be placed back down again to move him along. When he listened to the words of the people behind that merciful screen, his hands would be pressed on either side of the mesh window, trying to hold the faithful through the desiccated wood. He felt so moved that he wanted to confess his own sins to them. He would want to say, "I will

forgive you--I love you. You are my children--I am your father."

He thought this as he listened to his neighbors tell him that they betrayed their friends, that they cheated on their spouses, that they beat their children, it was because they hated themselves. He listened, and he loved, as they knelt before him and regurgitated their souls.

When he was a novitiate, he remembered talking to his provincial bishop in a monastery that they were visiting one day. One of his fellow novitiates had confided in him that a woman he'd been involved with since entering the seminary was going to have his child. In turn he came to his bishop and sought advice for his friend. The bishop looked at the young novitiate with a serene aspect. His corpulent face leaned down to the young priest, and he raised one robed arm and put it on his shoulder, like a great bird protecting its young--or claiming its prey. The novitiate seemed to be swallowed by the gesture--lost in a field of white. All the while, the bishop looked straight ahead at the altar and imparted: "The Church has a special reserve for such improprieties. Of course your friend will have to reconcile this matter with himself and God, but such situations have occurred in the past and will do so in the future. The church will provide for the child's needs by supplementing the mother's income—the child shall not want."

The Gregorian chants that were being sung in the background added to the disquieting comfort of the bishop's words. A language that only the Church kept alive was occasionally resuscitated among those stone walls. The robust body of the bishop retracted its flowing white limb. The two turned their backs to the central altar, and retreated down the long aisles until they became two indistinct blurs, one large and white, the other small and black. Then they became nothing with the closing of doors.

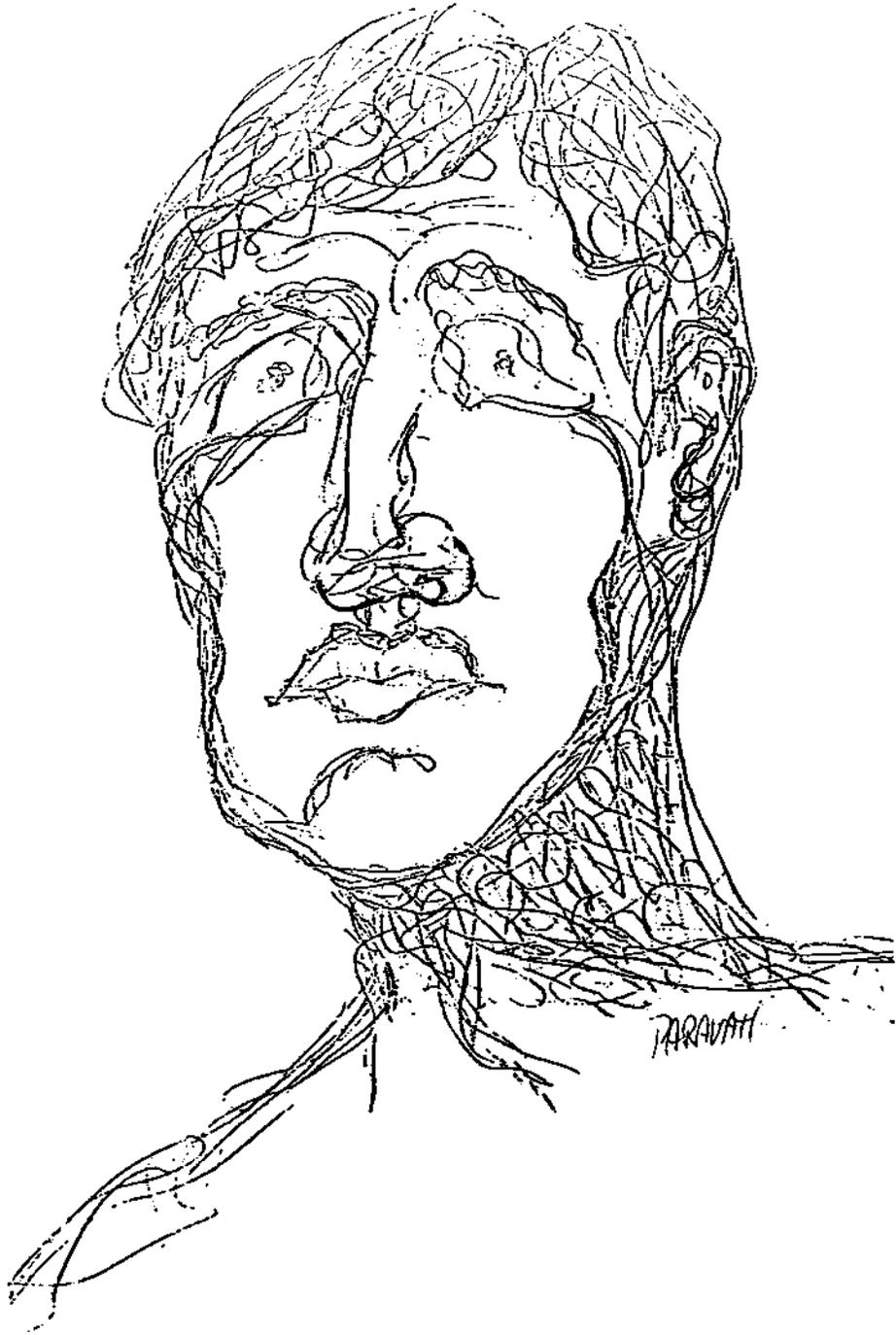
He realized his hand was tapping again, to the slow rhythm of hollow chants that resonated in his mind. The oak panelled interior gave a shallow, flat sound in response to his finger, like the thump against flesh when a doctor taps the back to check for fluid in the lungs.

The tide of his reflections broke, the priest opened his eyes and found a strange feeling on his lips. They felt tight and tired at the ends. The woman was still sobbing. She intermittently interrupted this outpouring with short gasps of speech, moving her head from side to side. Her hands, clasped under her chin as if in prayer, held a tissue to dab the finely applied mascara that was starting to run out of place.

"My child, my child," he intervened. "The Lord is with you in your grief."

"Father, what shall I do? Only you can help me."

He felt a strange panic in himself. His stomach tightened up and his arms became rigid. The center of his chest was gripped with an incisive pain. His body convulsed up and around the center of his misery and his straining eyes rolled to the back of his head. A shaft of light cut into the darkness which came through the mesh screen when the woman left. The curtain had been left open and the light that came through caught the limbs of the priest, who lay crouched in his safe chamber: a blur of arms and legs jutting out at unnatural angles. His dead weight shifted him out of position and he spilled out of the confessional onto the floor. His clothing was stained in tints of red and blue, carried on beams of light penetrating the multi-colored glass. He lay on his left shoulder with arms pinned beneath him, his head turned to a degree only death could allow. His legs lay twisted, crossed over each other. The very contortion of his body seemed to protest even in death the liberation from the safe chamber.



## Seeing Equal Space

There aren't any screens on my apartment windows  
From up here  
I can see evening smudge black, like camouflage,  
On night visitors stealthily stealing space

On Sunday mornings  
A man and his grandchildren  
Gather together on a corner  
Out of habit  
He leans against a green rusted lamp post  
Next to a mesh trash can  
He wears a motorcycle jacket, black leather  
A skull and crossbones adorn the right upper sleeve  
The children beg him for another nickel  
Calling him "daddy"  
With a guilty sigh  
His yellowed hand smelling of cigarette smoke  
Sifts through lint-filled pockets to pull out spare change  
The children's wide eyes follow the path of his hand  
As if witnessing a miracle  
A coin provokes shrill screams of delight

Still as a statue, he stares at them  
Speeding to the store  
He sees only reflections in his black rimmed glasses  
And he thinks, "They'll hate me when they grow older"

It's useless to close the Venetian blinds  
City light still slides in at vertical angles  
Pressing with the weight of staring eyes  
Waiting for me to make the move  
But roof tops and water towers  
Which see equal space  
Just hold their ground  
And watch the sun go down

*Tom Paravati*

## **Americana**

In a small town  
the dreams are kept  
in a green water tower  
away from the busy section,  
And the housewives  
portion them out  
through faucets and  
washers and toilets  
of everyday business.  
Small town dreamers  
are hard to come by.

*Julie Prince*

## A Sister's Fear

*Thinking of Mary, Queen of Scots*

A sarcophagus, the moor at sunset,  
nothing's more grey, more stone cold.  
The sun sputters at the horizon,  
on again, off again.  
It is doomed to go out.

The yew on the ledge above the hollow cluster,  
a cathedral of trees, shadowed and gothic.

The wind mutters having no words for anger,  
a low sob.  
Heather clogs a field, dry and bleached,  
if ignited it would surely burn straight to flame.

This turning away, the last of many treasons,  
face to face with the earth,  
no scrap of sky, no moon.  
Not even *that* singular, far off face to glare at.  
Forgivable perhaps, a sister's fear.

Imagine prodding your way down  
thistle-combed hills,  
jersey cows with yellow-ringed eyes mope about,  
worn and dull as the necessary tapestries.

Then imagine a young child, desperate, ordering the cows  
out of her way, she stamps her feet, clasps her hands.  
Cows scatter like laughter, an echo ringing clear and far  
over the sheep-dotted hills.

Dark now. The sky sheathes on gloves of black mourning.  
Darker still. The air stiffens to marble.  
Listen to the herd shuffle off,  
the moan each cow now carries.

*Jane M. Satterfield*

## Directly Beyond

I've read and believed the soul is simply grey matter  
for it acts in much the same way  
grey coins of light fall through shafted trees  
onto wet, yellow leaves, a random pattern,  
the thought that is shed.

Mozart believed that laughter unfettered the soul.  
And do I imagine laughter a winged thing--a white bird--  
entering a room.  
That bird and actual music.

Would the soul touch down on a blank wall,  
a moth, an isolated ring as it smoulders?  
Or did the composer envision the soul's flight the way  
the impressionists paint,  
as if an invisible door led from that room,  
a verb becomes a subject.

Directly beyond the piano, far ahead in the distance,  
a landscape shifts into place--  
the watery pink setting sun, a chain bridge threads  
the air, brushed waves.

Doubtless to close off the world completely,  
a haze, an indifferent blue-grey wash.

Those painters had the ability to focus the eye  
on a small intense stroke of color,  
or strokes that materialize, form distinct objects  
when we are sufficiently removed.  
The moment is the thing. Step back.

*Jane M. Satterfield*

## The Moon in the Cup of the Mind

I remember Kepler describing the universe  
as a set of boxes with assorted shapes  
resting in the palm of a cup from which  
the Eternal Geometer drank.  
Did he get that idea from a set of Russian dolls  
his dying mother opened one after the next,  
until the last piece, a red wooden block  
appeared as suspected?

Or, did he go for days, unable to think,  
the moon rank in the cup of the mind,  
a broken glass he held in his hand?

As if dreams were drinks,  
I cannot reach the bottom of this,  
nor pretend there is any meaning to a dream.  
At the end of life, truth most matters,  
so we turn to a fiction--  
For Kepler, the ideal love--  
the moon alone admiring the astronomer,  
a wide eye--vivid, open.

*Jane M. Satterfield*



# God Bless Us, One By One

Christmas comes but once a year, and church obligations but twice. Bill had tried the ignition of his wife's Granada three times, and the engine had yet to turn over. He eyed the RPM needle through the mist of his breath, as each time it jumped spastically above zero only to fall back again, disgusted with its own effort. Bill would have taken this as a sign from God and returned to his 40 proof eggnog and 20 proof dreams, if not for Jerri, drumming incessantly on the glove compartment with the nails that, an hour earlier, she'd painted fire-engine red, her concession to the season.

"What's wrong with it?" she asked wide-eyed, leaning over to switch off the already silent radio. Unnecessary strain on the battery, she thought. Patronizing and extraneous gesture, Bill thought.

Bill was sure he'd flooded it, though he couldn't smell the gas just yet. His nose was probably too cold. The kids were restless in the back, gloved hands gripping the front seat. They rocked forward and backward, willing the car to follow their impatient example. Bill considered them in the rear-view mirror, then turned stiffly toward his wife. She braced for his accusation.

"Did you get the antifreeze checked like I told you to?"

"Jenny, run on in and get your Daddy's keys," Jerri countered, handing the house keys over the front seat to her nine-year-old daughter. Jenny kicked petulantly at the umbrella that Jerri always forgot was in the car.

"What's wrong with Jeremy?" she protested, glaring over at her brother, who was still grasping his neck where Bill had struggled with his top button.

"Your side's closer. The keys are on the bookshelf, and lock the door tight

when you leave."

Jenny bounded up the steps, and the rest transferred themselves to Bill's work wagon, contemplating the stray carpet samples from the curb. Jerri held her hair with both hands against a wind chill factor of five below. Jeremy cleared his sinuses, then cleared five sidewalk squares, a nasty glob of spit freezing instantly at the foot of their front steps where it would remain until spring thaw, for all this family cared. Bill shut his eyes tight until his ears hurt, and wondered what was taking Jenny so damn long. Probably rooting through her mother's bedroom closet, shaking all-too-fragile presents into oblivion, then feverishly forgetting how she'd found the boxes arranged. Oh, holy night.

Grafton met them in the church foyer, offering two bulletins for Bill and his wife. He tried to pat Jenny on the head, but she pulled away from his calloused hands.

"Ain't seen you in a while," Grafton addressed Bill from his semi-crouch. Grafton was only about five foot six, though he seemed even smaller as his knees were always bent, and his arms curved in as well, like he was hugging some huge pickle barrel. His posture hardly lent itself to ushering. It always looked as though he were about to join you after seating you. "Hope you ain't been sick?"

Yes, thought Bill, that eight-month bug has been going around. He regretted ever having tipped this guy a dollar the previous Easter. He'd meant it only as a tasteless joke, but Grafton, never an arbiter of taste, had taken it as policy and now gladhanded Bill every time they met.

They settled on a pew about a third of the way up, Bill behind a hulking curly-haired, hairy-necked supplicant. If this were a movie house, Bill would have demanded better seats. As it was, Bill sunk contentedly back on his bench and evaluated tonight's program.

It looked as though the congregation was to sing every carol ever written in the English language, and a few in German. He knew these hypocrites would lap that up, maybe even join hands for "Silent Night" as though they really cared. He could see that they'd scheduled Communion as well. The sacrifices one makes when one attends the high religious feasts. Had they no sense of time urgency, of running home to trim the tree, arrange the presents, so the kids would squeal with uninitiated delight in the morning?

Truth be known, Jeremy had given up squealing two Christmases ago when Santa hadn't come through with his 22-caliber rifle. Jerri had been concerned for his safety, and Bill wasn't about to object to the hundred dollars he'd save. He could still remember Jeremy sitting sullenly beneath the tree, picking at the wrapping paper he'd torn open so eagerly. Jerri should have shown a little more discretion in wrapping the baseball bat. Jeremy hadn't thanked anybody for anything, but just stared up through the tree's branches as if, by chance, they'd hidden it there. Bill could have walked over and kicked in his teeth. God rest ye merry gentlemen.

Jerri had to remind Bill to tell Jeremy to stop sliding into Jenny. Jeremy had been hurtling giddily along the newly-waxed pew until he caught sight of his father's foreboding finger, the ghost of Christmas future. Bill rose when the processional started (he hadn't lost the touch) and turned his head in time to see the pastor doddering up the aisle as if he were going to his own crucifixion, which in fact he was. The pastor had testicular cancer. All sorts of horror stories about the chemotherapy floated through the congregation; some speculated on all the bags and sacs that must be tucked inconspicuously under his vestments. Bill couldn't sympathize. He could only see the 50-year-old novice, Pastor Dan, who'd arrived at Bill's father's funeral two weeks after arriving to town. He was twenty minutes late, complaining about Baltimore traffic and adjusting his collar as Bill hurried him into a roomful of mourners.

During the eulogy, all Bill could think of was this imposter in the left-hand lane, waiting to get onto Wilins Ave., studying the index cards on his father. "Born in Denmark, moved to Baltimore, married, lived, died. Survived by William Lundberg, born in Baltimore, married, lived. . ." His monotone had not transported the corpse a few inches above its coffin, had not inspired Bill to his first tears since the coronary. Hark the herald angels sing.

Bill cringed as they trotted out the children's choir; more time lost as they stumbled up to the altar, mumbled through their songs, and stumbled back down again. Bill could not explain their blackness, the children's. The congregation was littered with lily-white octogenarians wheezing into their hymnals and steadying themselves on the backs of pews. What was Bill to think? Thirteen little black immaculate conceptions up there singing their hearts out, God's gift to these recalcitrant bigots who twenty years earlier had strong-armed a black doctor out of the neighborhood? The pastor thanked the choir as they filed back into their designated pews, and he hoped that Santa would treat them well. They just snickered and punched each other.

Pastor Dan had begun his sermon, as Bill entertained himself with the little miniature-golf pencils the church had so conveniently provided. He was writing exorbitant amounts on the contribution cards, a million dollars, ten dollars, then crossing them out and chuckling to himself. They should have predicted this, given Pastor Dan. Bill had focused long enough to glean something about the "reprehensible commercialization of the Blessed Event." He had heard all this on the Charlie Brown Christmas special, and at least that was animated. He was tired of the whole commerciality/anti-commerciality rigamorole. Was there no mean, no middle ground? Perhaps buying Sony Walk-mans for orphans.

The pastor was really leaning into his diatribe now, not emphatically but literally. It looked as though he might collapse over his lectern into the point-settias that the decoration committee had so carefully arranged. The church did look nice, Bill thought. A little garland along the window ledges. A makeshift tree cluttering the fire exit. Pastor Dan did not look nice. With glaring eyes and sweat aplenty, he'd now gained the attention in his utter debilitation that he'd only flirted with in health. Bill was slightly concerned for his kids, not wanting them to witness such a spectacle, and was about ready to herd them out when he heard a name, his name. The pastor was calling him from the altar, from the brink.

"Mr. Lundberg, would you please come up here?"

Bill wasn't about to refuse the request of a delirious holy man. He probably just needed a shoulder to lean on and could see that Bill was a fairly able-bodied guy. When Bill reached the top step of the altar, Pastor Dan motioned for him to stop and turn around, facing the congregation. Bill reacted instinctively, though slowly, displaying the lastest line in casual Christianity.

"Mr. Lundberg, are you familiar with the Apostle's Creed? As the barest assertion of Christian belief, I should think you'd be fairly conversant with it?"

Bill numbly nodded his assent, though he sensed this was more than an informal poll. This was all Jerri's fault. If she hadn't come so often as to keep the family name in the pastor's rabid consciousness, he might have lighted on some other unfamiliar face.

"Would you please recite for our benefit?"

Didn't this take the ecumenical cake? Bill had never placed much stock in rote memorization, had even flunked a few high school geography tests as a subtle form of protest. Barely caused a ripple. And now here was his pop quiz on eternal salvation, administered by the most substitute of teachers, a journeyman preacher going not so quietly into that dark night.

"I believe. . ." the pastor bellowed impatiently, churning the air with his

right hand.

I believe, I believe, Bill thought frantically. I believe in music? I believe in love? If he could just get into the rhythm of it.

"In God the Father Almighty," added Pastor Dan too quickly, eyes now closed and head lifted to the eight-foot crack in the ceiling's plaster caused by November's rain, December's coffer.

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth." Bill had learnt this in Sunday school, in installments, and that was how it was coming back to him. "And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord. . ."

"Who was conceived?" Pastor Dan was now rocking his right hand rhythmically back and forth, head slightly tilted, vainly orchestrating Bill's faltering performance. His left hand had long ago disappeared under his robe.

"Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and buried." Thank heaven for internal rhyme, thought Bill, and where's my prompt? He looked imploringly to the pastor.

"He descended into Hell." Pastor Dan's right hand sounded dramatically against the lectern. More percussion, less strings.

"He descended into Hell. On the third day He rose again from the dead and ascended into heaven, where He is seated at the right hand of God the Father, from whence he shall judge the quick. . ."

"And the dead," Pastor Dan whispered along with Bill, for no one's benefit but his own.

Bill wondered if he were done, and searched out his family for acknowledgment. Jenny was pointing at him and giggling. Jeremy was following along in the hymnal, checking for mistakes. Jerri had turned toward the back of the church, hoping that Grafton or some other intrepid soul would drag either of these two madmen from the altar. Bill was about to pronounce "Amen" when the pastor unwittingly saved him from further embarrassment.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost. . ." he droned tiredly, resigned to incomplete victory, arguable defeat.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. . ."

The congregation chipped in with its 'Amen,' the only voice raised in defense of Bill all night. Inspired by the finiteness of this, Bill dared the pastor for final absolution, turning to him with all the brazen courage of a man who'd mastered a folding chair.

Pastor Dan could only sink to his knees, and insist on the Nicene Creed.

**Dale Simms**

## **Apostrophe to a Tropical Fish**

Have you ever considered  
The falsness of your world  
The laminated backdrop  
And plastic plants  
Relentless right angles  
And drone of the filter  
Out with the bad and in with the good...  
The good?

Do you ever consider  
the falsness of effort  
The constantly flailing  
That might serve some purpose in freer waters  
But here only animates  
The display?

Should I even consider  
The falseness of me  
Doling out your existence  
In pinchfuls of fish flakes  
As though I really mattered  
And you were happy  
When I came home.

*Dale Simms*

## Tornado

We never saw the heartbeats.  
We never dropped the steel rods  
And let the dragon stamp.  
But ray friends could feel it scream last night.

Pallid footsteps, still warmth in cotton winds  
Were perfect for a train.  
Then angels spilled india ink.

We threw open the door to the unexplored dungeon haze.  
Shut it behind, one cried.

And then we heard the train,  
Pain — and it rode over our houses,  
Careful not to touch a skyscraper.

Today some say it lost control,  
Whirling like a moon  
And with giant fans to clear my fields.

*Steve Tatro*

# Whiter-Than-White

The only consolation was the fact that his costume prevented his face from appearing on camera. Ed Jager was in a bad way, stuck in an unhealthy mouth with legs dangling over a molar. His eyes, peering through the slats of the front of the box, could only see the roof of this giant cardboard structure that had been labeled "Before Mouth": a mouth that had been without a good Philgus flossing for "merely one month." From his vantage point, Ed Jager could not see the red throw pillows that the set coordinators had attached to the gums to make them appear swollen. He could not see the red lightning bolt painted on an incisor that indicated bleeding. He could only see the black roof of this mouth, a mouth that would be described later by an announcer as a mouth, "with the first sure signs of gingivitus." Ed Jager had fallen into a cavity. He was an actor.

Phil, the Tap-Dancing Flossman, was the best role Ed had secured to date. He had gotten it because the other hopeful's arms were too fat to fit the Flossman's box. Certainly the tap-dancing in his audition had been adequate, but Jerry Golden, the commercial director, had been candid, "Ed, you fit the

box." Ed was supposed to have danced over to the mouth, do a jig on the tongue, floss here and there, and finally move on to "Primo Mouth": a healthy mouth that had seen "merely one month of Philgus flossing." This routine had worked well in rehearsal. But Ed's long legs later found it difficult to do a jig on the 14 by 10 foot rumped carpet that had acted as tongue, and as cameras rolled, so did he. Ed had sent his head, or box, rather, through the cavity of the second molar.

Golden called, "Hey, you okay in there?"

"Yeah," Ed said, his voice faltering a little, "I think I've dented my box, though." Ed again stumbled on the tongue, upon exiting, and thought to himself that the tongue was a real ham of a rug. Golden directed a prop man to smooth out some of the dents, "Just the important ones, Buzzy, ya know, so they're no scars on his face." Ed hadn't heard Golden yell, "Cut," and couldn't see Buzzy, what with the eyeslats yielding no peripheral vision. Buzzy eventually pulled the box over Ed's head, and Ed Jager turned, facing "Primo Mouth", which was about twenty-five feet to the left of "Before Mouth". Its gums were flat, the edges of its teeth perfectly even, and the faces of the teeth themselves were whiter-than-white. Ed Jager noted, silently, that they were something to shoot for.

Golden said, "Yeah, I guess you must be pretty shaken. Look, why don't we save some of the budget and let these people break for the day? Look Ed, we'll call you when we need you."

Ed Jager intended to turn in early that night. And as usual, after flipping off the light switch by the front door, he scraped his knee on the metal rim of the sofa bed. There was a perfectly good enough single bed in the apartment's bedroom, but since Tim snored louder than anyone's favorite Hanna-Barbera cartoon character, there wasn't much point to sleeping there. Both Ed and Tim had tried to find patterns to the snoring. But outlasting allergy seasons and stress situations, Tim's nose could not be pinned down. Just when Ed thought it safest, another attack would strike. He half-suspected that Tim faked it, but the sofa bed was a double.

Ed could only make out the lima bean shape of his roommate, and not the afore-mentioned nose that hooked like the top of a wire hanger, after the door was opened. "Hello," Tim said, stressing the first syllable, while turning on the light and throwing his wallet and keys on top of the sweatshirt on top of the television, "how'd the commercial go?"

"I tripped on a tongue. They're not gonna use me."

"Oh intrigue," Tim said, now in the kitchen with a new pack of bologna.

"Well, it was pretty embarrassing. No one even laughed or anything."

With Tim back in the living room and a string of Ol' Oscar Meyer dangling defenselessly from his mouth, Ed felt a need to change the subject. "I start with Regis tomorrow," hoping for some sort of reaction. Nothing. "Any words of wisdom?"

Tim worked his way around the circumference of his fourth piece of bologna. "I seem to remember something about the womb. Yes, that's it, 'feel' it," Tim said, before retiring, leaving Ed to again turn out the living room light and bang his knee. Five minutes later, Tim called, "Do you realize that somewhere in a Philgus corporate office, most likely within some hall's storage closet, there among a file cabinet and a mop, resides a film of you plummeting into a forty foot mouth? And what's more, do you realize that you may beat the mop, but chances are, the file cabinet will last much longer than you?"

"Now I do," Ed Jager said, twenty minutes before he fell asleep.

Regis, a balding Scandinavian in his early thirties, unfurnished with a last name, slammed the door as he entered the bone-colored windowless room where Ed Jager's acting class was being held, in the basement of a Waltonish

home. "Attempting actors," he began, not looking at any of the fifteen students, but instead inspecting the room, as if for purchase, "tonight, I want to get a "feel" for you. I'd like you to get a "feel" for me." He slid his right index finger along the southeast corner of the room. "We will begin with an exercise entitled womb-simulation. You will lay on this horizontal plane and imagine that you have returned to your origin. 'Feel' the womb." Regis made the tips of all fingers on his right hand touch the tip of its thumb, as if he were an Italian describing the perfect pasta and said, "Really 'feel' the womb. If certain sounds or movements come naturally, do not suppress them. 'Feel' them. In ten minutes, we will share." Regis left the room still without looking at his students.

Ed Jager knew that he was going to "feel" nothing but a hard-wood floor. He knew he would have to fib a little. But as he found that his barber-shop pole of a body would not contort as easily as the woman's next to him, and as he heard his voice trying, unsuccessfully, to imitate the whale-like sounds others were making, he knew that he was going to have to tell a whopping lie. He spent the remainder of the ten minutes daydreaming about the commercial. He pictured that homicidal tongue, the facial expression of Golden as its mouth was saying that Ed was no longer needed, and finally the teeth of "Primo Mouth". Ed Jager had never seen teeth that white, not even on his dental hygienist.

The door slammed again which stopped Ed's daydreams and the others' orcan screams. Regis entered backwards, refusing still to meet a student, folded his hands, and asked for volunteers.

A girl who identified herself as Fadra (Ed Jager knew she'd withheld her last name in order to get on Regis' good side), began. Her black hair, black turtleneck, and black earrings offset the palest skin Ed had ever seen. "I 'felt' amnioscentesis," she said, "fluidity and uttermost contentment." Ed thought that she'd also once or twice "felt" a thesarus.

Next up was Randolph Nolan, a haughty senior citizen, who, facing Regis' back, dropped his hands matter-of-factly, and declared, "Put simply, Regis, I felt origin," while nodding on every syllable.

With everyone's feelings eventually told but Ed's, he hoped that since Regis had never really looked at the class, he might get away with remaining anonymous. Fadra didn't allow it, "One more, Regis."

That old high school trick of declaring that another student has taken your answer knocked on Ed's head like a marriage counselor's stress paddle. At worst, he decided, they would all laugh, and that, at least, would break the ice that Regis seemed to be sculpting.

"I guess I felt what everyone else did." The expressions on the other students' faces put Ed's barrel in the current heading toward Niagra. "I guess I felt contentment and all that." The barrel went over.

Regis faced Ed Jager, Regis remained silent. No one laughed. No ice broke. The eyes in the room traveled from Regis to Ed and back again. In this circle of people, Ed was the only one with a straight view of Regis. Others may have seen a profile, but only Ed saw clearly both grey eyes, and the wrinkled beginnings of a prematurely weathered face. Regis, similarly, was the only one with an eye to eye sighting of Ed Jager. Regis moved on.

Ed Jager was practicing the breathing exercises Regis had assigned. "Controlled breathing," Regis had said, "is the key to relaxation for the actor." Ed suspected that he would need an oxygen mask to become relaxed enough for this class. Regis had not been babying him, to say the least, but was insisting that Ed be first in every exercise: first to tell his feelings, and Ed had only begun to understand the type of things Regis wanted to hear. Things along the lines of, "It moved me because it reminded me of when I was ten when my sister got really sick with pneumonia. . . ," did well. This breathing exercise

was a simple one. Ed was to inhale for three seconds, hold for three, and exhale for three.

He was on a third second of inhaling when the phone rang. "Is Ed Jager there. . .Ed, this is Jerry Golden. I've got some good news for you. . .It seems, well, they've talked it over, the Philgus people, and well, they've decided to use you."

"Well, when do I come in?"

"That's the beauty of it. They like the version we shot. You know the one where you fell down. They thought it was funny. They called it original. Look, I gotta go. It'll be on during "Sha Na Na."

Ed had said a few, "But's," but Golden had hung up before he could finish a complete thought of protest. He tried calling back but got a busy signal.

The first segment of "Sha Na Na" ended with Bowzer doing that thing when he opens his mouth as wide as St. Xupery's snake must have to have swallowed that elephant in *The Little Prince*. The Philgus ad was the first commercial. It ran as Ed had remembered it, except that filming continued after the prop man had lifted the box over Ed's head. There was a frightening close-up of an awestruck Ed Jager staring at "Primo Mouth" as an announcer said, "No floss can make your teeth whiter-than-white, but why not shoot for the stars."

Again entering the windowless room, Ed Jager had hoped that no one in his acting class had seen the show. He had convinced himself that these students were above "Sha Na Na." Fadra wasn't. She was saying, "No one is whiter-than-white, especially our tap-falling flossman, Ed Jager," when Regis came in. He caught the end of her speech and asked her for her acting experience. 'Streetcar Named Desire,' 'The Tempest'. . . , she was saying when Regis interrupted her to introduce a new exercise. Ed Jager could really breathe.

**Jim Vitrano**





## Drawing Yamoto

Dusty colours blow  
Across the horizon  
Misty water trickling  
Over polished stones

Grey-green pines  
With twisted branches  
Moss creeping  
Across the rocks

The moon  
Orbed in daylight  
Barely seen behind  
Pastel clouds

Darkhaired women  
In shimmering cloth  
Printed with soft pink  
And purple flowers

Red lips  
And glowing skin  
I stop longest  
Among the yellows

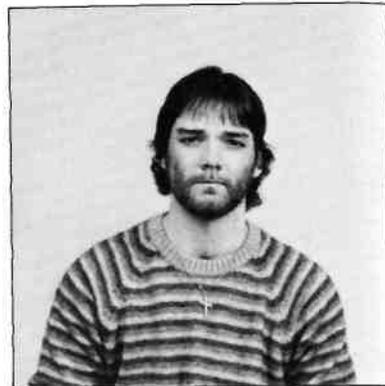
*John D. Willard, V*

# AWARDS

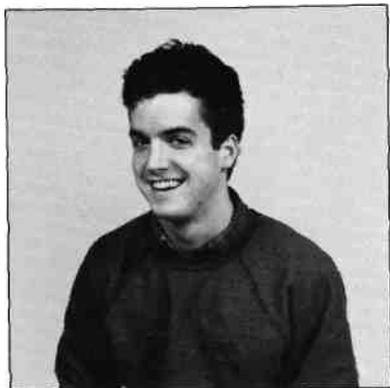
*The Garland* annually awards \$25.00 to the best submissions in each of the four categories. Congratulations to the following four contributors:



Poetry - Bernard Kirby



Short Fiction - Dale Simms



Drawing - Jim Bartolomeo



Photography - John Benzing

*Award money is provided by the patronage of the Humanities Department at Loyola College.*

*The Editor-in-Chief excludes himself from consideration for the "best submissions" nominations.*

# Our Contributors

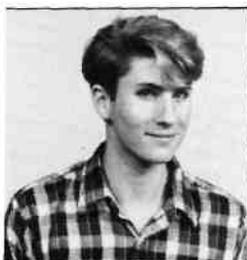
**Meredith Kelley, Marjorie Paoletti and Julie Prince** were not available for biographical inclusion. We thank them for their submissions.



**Jim Bartolomeo** came to Loyola originally because he liked evergreen trees. But, after three semesters of searching, he realized that he'd been tricked. Jim's main interest lies in art. He likes to draw, sculpt, and design. Jim is a Media/Fine Arts major and after graduation would like to get a design-related job.



**Michael Baumgart:** New Year's Eve, 1989: She said, "I love him for the gold in his teeth."



**John Benzing** is presently studying photography hoping to break into fashion photography and plans to learn fashion design in New York in the future.



**Eric Blomquist**, ever since his birth in 1966, Eric has known that his calling in life is to be a garbageman. This partially explains his creative writing and political science major at Loyola College. While contributing voluminously to the college's impressive underground literature network, Eric has succeeded in maintaining a clever facade of respectability.



**Mike Del Prete** is 23 and graduated from Loyola in December with a B.S. in Computer Science. Mike just joined Electronic Data Systems to work with computerized robots that manufacture GM automobiles. Being relocated to Michigan, Mike is trading in his Ocean City beach gear for some ice-fishing equipment.



**Barney Kirby:** 218-31-2731



**Jennifer Morales** came to Loyola as another "UD" but now leaves with her degree in Media/Fine Arts with a background in Marketing and is excited about pursuing a career in Advertising. She loves photography, drawing, traveling and modeling.



**Sandra L. Moser**, as a suffering writer, has done remarkably well. After receiving enough rejection slips to wallpaper a small room, house train her Great Dane, and line the cages of 210 happy parakeets, Sandra turned her literary talents to writing interesting messages in public restrooms. Not one to give up, Moser's portfolio does boast several acceptance checks, a few published essays and poems, and some marriage proposals from amorous convicts.



**Patrick Lyons Murphy** was born January 10, 1963 in the small town of Severna Park. Having grown up on the Severn River, he had a taste of life that few have a chance to experience, the experience that calls a person to reach within and develop that certain flavor of the artist.



**Timothy G. Panah** is a second semester junior in Biology with a very clear cut set of goals in life. He wants to graduate before he retires and retire before he's thirty. I guess you could say he exemplifies the typical Loyola student. Ever striving for perfection and the six winning lotto numbers.



**Thomas Paravati** is the Editor for *The Garland*. He thinks that patterns and perspective hold the secrets to the universe. But once he comes down to earth, he'll realize that its the stock market and inflation that make the world go around.



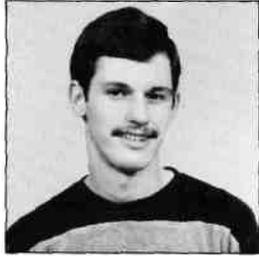
**Jane Satterfield** is a senior English/Writing major. Jane has been published in *The Antioch Review* and will be attending the University of Iowa's writer's workshop next fall.



**Jeanne C. Schmager** ('86), born on May 9, 1964, in Tokyo, Japan, grew up in Hawaii on the island of Oahu. In 1971, she received her first 35mm camera, a Christmas gift from her perents. In 1972, she spent the summer in the Philippines visiting Angeles City, her mother's home town. In 1976, Jeanne and her family moved to Upper Marlboro, Maryland, where they now reside. Jeanne, an engineering student at Loyola, still enjoys traveling and photography.



**Dale Simms** is a senior English/Writing major and edits *Forum* magazine. Dale has had poetry published in Baltimore's *City Paper* and is submitting to Baltimore's Playright's Competition. Dale is currently applying to grad schools at Hopkins, U.VA., Iowa, and Emerson.



**Steve Tatro** is a Mathematics/Computer Science major from Highlandtown. He's written poetry since 1980. His complete works, when they make the NYT Bestseller List, will be discounted at 35 percent at Gordon's Booksellers. He spends time playing tennis or listening to R.E.M., the greatest American band.



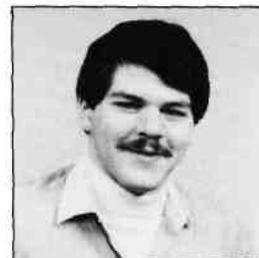
**Jim Vitrano** keeps a messy room and bad dental hygiene habits. This explains his preoccupation with dental floss in "Whiter-Than-White," as well as his cavity record. As a junior, Jim has gone through four changes of major, thus exemplifying his life philosophy: indecisiveness.



**Ann Marie Vourlos** enjoys drawing as an emotional outlet, and she believes that art is a sophisticated form of communication. (This explains the crayon marks on the dining room wall in second grade.) As a sophomore English/Philosophy major, Ann Marie hopes to attend law school (unless she wins the lotto: then she'll retire).



**Gregg Wilhelm** is a freshman Business major and after just one year has decided not to be a Business major. Because his ambitions of becoming a major league baseball player ended at age thirteen, he's planning a career where he can use his writing and artistic talents. Gregg is a news staff writer for *The Greyhound*. His hobbies include painting, lacrosse, and jello-wrestling.



**John Willard** seeks spiritual satisfaction in all aspects of his life through creative outlets. Writing is just one method that he uses. John eventually plans to earn a degree in architecture.

Photographs by Thomas Paravati

*Special Thanks to Dr. James Daly, Mary Horenkamp, Tammy Sakmar,  
Reese Press, Loyola's Humanities Department, and our patrons. . .*



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Shrimp Salad	Priced daily		
Pizza Sub	1.65	3.30	—
Pizza Sub w/pepperoni	1.85	3.70	—
<b>Extras:</b>			
Green Peppers	15	.30	.15
Mushrooms	30	.60	.30
Cheese	30	.60	.30

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	12"	16"	18"
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with Two Extras	5.55	7.80	10.15
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"The Works"	7.35	10.45	13.95
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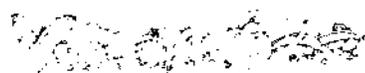
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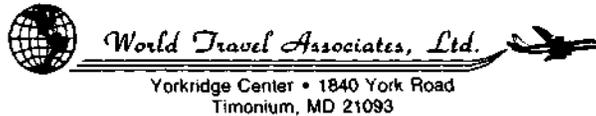
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