



unicorn

UNICORN

A Quarterly of Literature and Art

Spring/Summer 1980

Vol. 9, No. 3/4

Loyola College of Baltimore

CONTENTS

BETWEEN SEASONS	2
<i>poetry by Helen Valenta</i>	
AUGUST AFTERNOON IN STEWART PARK	3
<i>poetry by Katharyn Machan Aal</i>	
<i>art by Marie-Pierre Pluinage</i>	4
TO A CLOWN	5
<i>poetry by Gabriele Glang</i>	
SEVEN-THOUSAND TIMES FOUR	6
<i>fiction by Allan Morris</i>	
THE ARTIST'S STUDIO: OBJECT #5	12
<i>poetry by Marie-Pierre Pluinage</i>	
SCULPTOR	13
<i>poetry by Stephen-Paul Martin</i>	
WHITE RUM	14
<i>poetry by Mary Keane</i>	
UNFINISHED POEM #1	15
<i>poetry by hgk</i>	
DAWN AT NANTUCKET	16
<i>poetry by Lois V. Walker</i>	
ANOTHER POEM ABOUT MIRRORS	17
<i>poetry by Joan Colby</i>	
THE COIL	18
<i>fiction by Debbi Gambrill</i>	
WITH CHILD	21
<i>poetry by Cynthia W. Hayes</i>	
GROWING PAINS	22
<i>poetry by B.R. Strahan</i>	
YOUNGER WOMAN BLUES	23
<i>poetry by B.R. Strahan</i>	
LE GRAND ENTRANCE	24
<i>poetry by hgk</i>	

WATER AND WINE	25
<i>poetry by Cynthia W. Hayes</i>	
<i>art by Denise Webster</i>	26
YESHUA	27
<i>poetry by Katharyn Maahan Aal</i>	
THE PAPER HEART	28
<i>fiction by Lisa Almeda</i>	
SUN DOG	36
<i>poetry by John Carroll Donahue</i>	
HURRICANE	37
<i>poetry by Gabriele Glang</i>	
(TARGET FINGERS)	38
<i>poetry by James Phillips</i>	
LANDSCAPE AS MYTH	39
<i>poetry by Stephen-Paul Martin</i>	
SCRAP FROM SCRAP	40
<i>art by Paul Furth</i>	
GOODBYE EDITORS	41
<i>poetry by Ann Nonemus</i>	

UNICORN is published quarterly by the students of Loyola College. Subscriptions are \$4 per year; sample copies, \$1 each.

Artists are encouraged to send poems, prose, and artwork for consideration. All submissions should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope; all are eligible for yearly prizes. Line drawings are especially sought. Shorter prose is preferred. Please send no more than five items per submission. We ask that you also include a brief biographical note.

Address all correspondence to:

The Editors
 Unicorn
 Loyola College
 4501 North Charles Street
 Baltimore, Maryland 21210

Member: COSMEP, COSMEP South, CCLM,
 PEN Prison Writers Project

BETWEEN SEASONS

Half the night discussing the origin of things
and nothing resolved. Already
the corn stalks press against
barbed wire like a body falling toward
earth, anything mattress-soft. Does nothing stand
of its own accord, you say, leaning
against the fence as the wind blows through you
like fingers having their way with a harp;
making music. Days grow shorter, my hands
whiter than the bone porcelain you love, lined
with fine green veins, the geography of age.
Too quickly night comes, brings the quick
smacking of mosquitoes. The country
cracking a little more every year silence growing
like a wild crop. Sit inside; put
your long cool hands on my forehead sweat or
water beads shock of touch after being alone
all day carving less from the earth. Nothing to do
but watch skies flicker orange and grey
I'll reach over to touch your hair white
thick as the tuberous growth of the potatoes. Not
even the engine of anything in the distance.

Helen Valenta

AUGUST AFTERNOON IN STEWART PARK

The wind pushed the lake towards us.
You told me how the northern end
drops at least a foot on days like this,
when the waves wear white
and the gulls hover at the edge,
refusing to dance over them.
And I felt like a gull,
perched on the pale bleached log
safe and warm beside you,
watching the lake, waiting
for the white to go away
and let our wings float free.

Katharyn Machan Aal



TO A CLOWN

You hand it to me on the bus,
A pink balloon twisted
Into the shape of a poodle.

Who are you, retired clown,
Whose heavily sagging eyes
Can barely lift with a smile?

You scribble a face on each animal
With a black, felt-tip pen,
Blue dachsunds, yellow mice.
The young women look at you
With mothering smiles and wait
For you to make them poodles.

"Take him home with you,
He's so tired,
And your lap looks so comfortable."

Gabriele Glang

SEVEN-THOUSAND TIMES FOUR

Allan Morris

In the middle of Timothy Kean's airing of his casual distress over the quality of campus cooking, Gretchen Stearn begins to snicker, then squeak with laughter. Surprised rather than annoyed, Timothy pauses.

"What's so funny, Gretch?," says Malcolm Catalonnoti, the psych major who runs these student rap sessions known as El Grupo. "What's so goddamn funny about Timothy's trotsy stomach?"

"Sorry," Gretchen says, struggling to control herself. "It's got nothing to do with Timothy or food or anything like that. I was just thinking about something my father did, and I started to crack up, that's all. Go ahead, Timothy."

"No sweat," Timothy says. "I'm talked out anyway."

"Who's next?," asks Malcolm. No one speaks. A pall hangs over El Grupo this evening. "Come on now, doesn't anybody have something to qvetch about tonight?" More silence. "Well, we can't just sit around here another ninety minutes picking our noses and crossing our legs, can we?" Malcolm turns to Gretchen. "O.K., funny girl, entertain us. What'd your father do that was so hilarious you couldn't hold back until Timothy was finished?"

A nervous giggle forces its way out of Gretchen's throat and through her nostrils, but she manages to regain her composure quickly. "I said I was sorry," she says huskily.

"Yes," says Timothy, "but what about your old man?"

Gretchen is laughing again, this time almost asthmatically, with wheezes separating the guffaws.

"Come on, come on," says Malcolm impatiently. "Say what's on your mind, Gretchen, or cut out, O.K.?"

Gretchen is finally able to modify her laughter into a controlled snuffle before beginning: "Well, last week I discovered what a quintessential nerd my father is and it blew my mind, is all." Gretchen swallows deeply and noisily.

"Tell us more," Malcolm persists.

"Well, when the grades came in for the semester last month I was a solid C-minus all the way. I almost flunked out a couple of courses altogether. Nobody's fault but my own I guess. I just haven't been paying my dues lately. I could tell from talking to my mother over the phone that she and Dad were practically hemorrhaging over this—especially Daddy. So I kind of battened down for some kind of unpleasant confrontation eventually. It had to happen and it did. But the way it happened is what blew my mind."

Gretchen lights up a fresh cigarette from the stub of the one she's been smoking before resuming: "One night last week there's a knock on the door. I open it and in walks my father, looking like death warmed over, with this huge black attache case in his hand. What he did was drive all the way up here without even letting me know ahead of time."

"Great," says Sylvia Katzenbach sarcastically.

"Yeah. Well anyway, he drops this case on my bed without hardly saying more than a word or two, opens it and--you know what? The thing's filled practically to the top with what I thought at first was toy money. Except it was real: singles and fives and twenty-dollar bills."

"Your old man robs banks?", says Cary Gentry.

"No, he embezzles," Sylvia says.

"Cool it everybody," says Malcolm. "Go on Gretch."

"Well, my father takes the case and turns it over and empties all that money right on top of my messy bed.

"'Count it,' he says. I ask him why, but he just repeats that I should count every bill he's heaped on that bed.

"'Daddy, what are you doing?', I ask, getting a little scared now. 'You O.K.? Is Mommy all right?'

"'Count it,' he repeats, and the look on his face was so full of anger I thought to myself, in a minute or two he's going to hit me or something. I was beginning to wonder if he was drunk or having a psychotic episode or what. I was terrified. 'Count it,' he said again, raising his voice a little. So I started counting all that money, crazy as it sounds. There were some fifties mixed in with the ones and fives and twenties--and even a hundred-dollar-bill here and there--like he'd carefully thought out the assortment or something. And when I was through, it all came to seven-thousand dollars."

"Jesus," Timothy exclaims.

"He could have gotten himself killed walking around with that kind of money," Cary says. "What's the point?"

Gretchen jams her cigarette into an aluminum foil ashtray. "Well, he asked me to say aloud how much I'd counted up. And I did. And he said to say it again. And I said it again: seven-thousand dollars. And then I asked him, why are you doing this. His face got very red and his lips started to quiver before he could answer, then he said,

"'Do you realize what it's costing your mother and me to keep you in this place, do you realize that?'

"Well naturally, at that point I was beginning to understand what he was getting at--that room and board and tuition and stuff does come out to maybe seven-thousand a year. And I said so. And he said yes it did. And he started to shout at the top of his lungs how I was pissing all that money away, crapping off in school, only he didn't say 'pissing' or 'crapping off.' Then he lowered his voice very suddenly as if he was almost choking.

"'Seven-thousand dollars,' he kept repeating. 'Seven thousand.' Then he was silent for awhile before starting up again:

'Four times seven-thousand dollars is what, Gretchen?' I started to answer but he answered himself before I could: 'Seven-thousand dollars times four is twenty-eight thousand dollars. Am I right or am I wrong? That's what it takes to keep you in this place for four years if they don't throw you out first. And what do your mother and I get for all that money?' he shouted. 'Tell me, Gretchen, what do you do in return for that twenty-eight thousand dollars?'

"I didn't answer. What was the use? By that time I was too shook up to speak. Then he started tossing the money back into the case, saying, 'I just thought you'd like to see what it's costing your mother and your father to give you a decent education.' He began to cry, sort of, but not quite. 'I just thought you ought to have some idea,' he said, 'of what other people are sacrificing so you can have the privilege, the honor, of getting a decent education.'

"And then he looked at me in a way that could break your heart if it wasn't so incredibly idiotic. There was a single tear rolling down his cheeks from each eye...

"'Keep it up, Gretchen,' he said. 'Keep up your C-minus average, keep goofing off and disappointing your parents, and it's twenty-eight-thousand dollars right out the window.' Then he looked up at the window of my room as if he was considering tossing that money through it to dramatize his point. Instead, he put the last of the money into the case and snapped it shut and picked it up by its handle. 'I hope you get the message, Gretchen,' he said in a quavering voice. He gestured at me with his right index finger. 'A word to the wise,' he said. 'A word to the wise...'

"He turned and left the room and closed the door behind him without saying another word. I guess he drove back home after that, but I wouldn't know. I haven't talked to him, or my mother either, since that night."

Gretchen no longer has to fight the laughter that she has been struggling with. She seems, in fact, on the verge of tears. After a pause, Malcolm asks,

"Do you mind telling us what was so funny about all that, Gretch?"

"Yeah," says Sylvia, frowning angrily, "I'd have been furious if it happened to me."

Gretchen looks at her hands. "I don't know," she says in a very small voice. "I guess it wasn't funny. It certainly wasn't while it was happening anyway. But then I started thinking about the ridiculousness of it, the idea of his dealing with my lousy grades by collecting all that money and driving all the way up here with it and everything. God! It's so...absurd!"

"Hilarious," says Sylvia.

"Your old man's a fucking guilt machine," Malcolm says.

"You want to get even with him?" Timothy suggests. "I'll tell you how to get even with him. Drop out, Gretch. Tell him you're having a breakdown, that you can't hack it any more, and drop out. I guarantee you he'll be terrified."

"Oh, terrific," says Malcolm. "Just what the doctor ordered, Timothy. Boy...you ought to be majoring in psych instead of me."

But now Gretchen isn't part of the group any longer. Her hands stiffly at her sides, her knuckles white with tension, she has gotten up from her folding chair and walked quickly out of the room.

Cary breaks the silence a couple of minutes later. "I guess," he says, "the laughing part bothered her more than the idea of her old man doing a dumb thing like that."

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO: OBJECT #5

Propped against the stoic easel
The bleeding palette
Is taking time to breathe
Each breath another
 Color
Fusing with the next one
Creating screaming hues
And giving birth to
A new Form
Which the painter must
Obey.

Marie-Pierre Pluinage

SCULPTOR

I worked well into the twilight,
carving, chipping claws and feathers,
crescent-beak and scything wings,
eyeballs fierce with pleasure.

Now the city's fabled streets relax
in darkened windows;
moonlight skates on a glass
of wine; the parlor glides with Mozart...

The past few weeks the daylight
gave me too much information.
Now the myth which ate my liver's trapped
and shaped in stone.

Stephen-Paul Martin

WHITE RUM

They always drink White Rum
when they sit on the lawn chairs
and swallow the cheeses
attached to the toothpicks
with the cellophane heads
and they tell dirty jokes.

The wife of the doctor
wears flat silver sandals
and an oval shaped ruby
on her fat index finger
and she winks at the lawyer
as she laughs with his wife.

The poet wears a mustache
that he twists as he recites
a free verse to the lonely
who live in Sugar Valley
upon the humble request
of the lawyer's wife.

The doctor and the lawyer
discuss liability
and the possibility
of a wife-swapping trend
and they drink the White Rum
until it's all gone.

Mary Keane

UNFINISHED POEM #]

There will come to be
a month of Sundays
beyond dusty walls
when we will pass through
open rusted gates
into cool deserts
and find among dunes,
embedded, hard glass
made with awed belief.
You shall rub the lamp
and I you, oh you,
until we appear
to one another
as gifts of magic
polished for the gods,
you as lioness,
I as unicorn;
barren though we be,
our shadows we leave
for future tourists
to discover us

hgk

DAWN AT NANTUCKET

If I cannot come as fire
let me come as mist
pray
fall and wander
sweep the landscape
fill the hollows
settle in the grass
refresh each blade
with sudden drops
of water close
to earth, the heat
of summer days.

Lois V. Walker

ANOTHER POEM ABOUT MIRRORS

So many poems about mirrors as if
duplications were preeminent
over the actual face looking out of itself
into silvered glass, still waters.

The selves are always conscious,
see the eyebrow lift, the smile
practice its disarmaments.
Taken unawares, the body
rebounds from shop windows
like a primitive weapon,
then proceeds in a sinister
recognition. The mirrors
hug empty rooms to their breast
as if they were childless women.
No detail can be eliminated,
the scrutiny is intense. Every window
longs for the night that lets it yield faces.
Every pond holding its breath
to lure trees and mountains
as if its geography could not be disturbed
by casting a single stone.

Every spring, birds
murder the rival they can't
identify. The one whose wings
are built of glass.

Break a mirror and see
your own form shatter
vanishing into the bulk
that accompanies every act,
an intractable matter
with the will to keep shining
out at itself.

Joan Colby

THE COIL

Debra Gambrill

"It's just a tiny coil," the nurse says. "It won't hurt much at all." I bet. If it's not going to hurt, then how come she's giving me a tranquillizer? The girls down the factory say it hurts plenty and that every time your little friend comes, you bleed all over the place and the cramps make you feel like you're being stretched out on a meat rack. I bet it doesn't hurt.

I didn't want to come here anyway, but Joe said it looked like I was just too stupid to remember to take the pill and he was damned sure he wasn't going to pay for any abortion. He said if I didn't call the clinic this very week, I was going to be out on my ass, because he wasn't going to be saddled down at 19 with no dumb broad and her dumb brats. I shoulda casually said something about who's supporting him while he goes to the technical institute to learn welding to get ahead, but I knew he wouldn't appreciate that. And besides, I get tired of lying when Mom asks about those bruises I get ever so often and I tell her I bumped into the heavy machinery at work. She doesn't like my living with Joe anyway and says she didn't raise me to be no shack-up job.

So I came down here to get this little coil--an IUD they call it. Outside in the waiting room some lady explained what the initials stood for, but I've forgotten already. She explained all the types of birth control you could get, but I already knew what I want, so I didn't listen much. Then some dark-skinned nurse--Indian, I guess--took a blood sample, checked my weight, and made me pee into a little cup. I guess they didn't find anything wrong with me. Those dark, little ladies make me feel uncomfortable and I can't understand a word they say. The nurse sitting at the reception desk asked me a whole lot of personal questions like were my monthlies regular, does it ever hurt when we do it, and have I ever gotten the clap. I couldn't help giggling and turning red; those types of questions embarrass me. But when the nurse gave me a funny look, I recollected myself and answered her in what I hope was a mature manner.

After the nurse filled out some forms, she sent me back to the waiting room and said I'd be called when they were ready for me. I found an empty chair, lit up a cigarette, and started looking through the May, 1979 copy of Photoplay. I tried to read an article on whether Farrah Fawcett and Lee Majors would go back together even though I already knew they wouldn't, but I couldn't concentrate on what I was reading because some colored lady's kids were tussling over a pull toy next to me. When I looked up, I noticed their mother was around my age, so I smiled at her. We started talking, and it was truly amazing how much we had in common. We both come from the South; both of our daddies were farm boys; and we both moved up North when our fathers couldn't find work down home. We talked until the nurse called her. I started reading again, but the nurse called me, so I followed her out of the room.

She took me into an examining room and told me to take off all of my clothes except for my bra and to lie down on the examining table with the paper sheet she gave me covering me. She said the doctor would be in soon.

Now I'm really getting nervous. I know when the doctor comes in, he'll tell me to spread my legs and to put my feet in the stirrups at the foot of the table and to move my body down as far as I can. I can never move down far enough to please a doctor, and I feel so dumb wriggling my bare behind over that paper and hearing my knee joints crack like some squeaky old chair. Then he'll stick those cold metal instruments up me and poke around with his fingers until it feels like my womb is going up into my stomach. But how he's going to stick that IUD in I have no idea.

I'll find out soon because here he comes. He must see I'm jittery because he starts talking to me like we're sitting together on the bus instead of being in a chilly examining room at a free clinic. He asks me if I like to read, and I tell him I read movie magazines because I like to find out how those stars live and the kind of parties they go to. He says he likes to read too and do I think it's fun to look different words up and find out what they mean. Well, that sounds like a waste of time if I've ever heard of one, but I just say, "No, sir," and that I had always thought words were just words and wasn't particularly curious about them. He tells me he enjoys looking up words and do I know that the word "coil" not only means a spiral, but also means trouble. "No, sir," I say. "That's news to me." He laughs

and tells me not to worry--I'll have no trouble with this coil at all. I laugh too, just to be polite, but what a dumb thing to say when he can see I'm scared and don't want to be here anyway.

It's just like I said it would be--I can't move down far enough to please him and that metal thing up me feels like my hand does when I put it on a block of ice and hold it there. Joe's right; I can't be too bright to go through all this just for him.

Now the doctor picks up the tiny coil. He attaches it to a long stick and tells me to be a brave girl and it won't hurt--it'll feel just like a strong pinch.

You touch my belly gently,
As I lie still weary in morning fog.
Or is it for our child (not me) that you reach?
You smell fresh--of shampoo, soap and baby powder;
And the sight of you, half-dressed--
A conservative tie draped about your neck
 brushing against the easy crotch of your underwear--
Makes me smile and desire.
But my bulging abdomen becomes rigid
 at the knowledge of your male fingers upon it.
I roll away, eyes clenched.

When you brush your teeth, I rise to dress.
I catch sight of my growth, and turn my back to the mirror.
Then I hear your footsteps,
And I try to stuff my bulge, quickly, into a pair of pants...
But it is too late.
You turn me around, stroke it and kiss it.
Yes, half of it is yours.

I sit to rest the weight and watch you in the glass--
So slim and straight and full of control in your male suit!
There are no mysterious places in you
Where things hide and grow and take command.
There you will go, out the door,
Like Aquinas's never-changing God, creating life...
But not bearing it.
You will admire the ass of the girl next door,
And tell her husband that I am well, that you want this child,
...Then take it! I will give you this lump.

Hush, hush, these are just pregnant whims.
You console me because you are a rational man, bearing no womb.
You pat the protrusion as you leave, and kiss it.
I lie down, as you suggest, bearing full womb.
I will be Man in my dreams.

Cynthia W. Hayes

GROWING PAINS

It's always the wrong time
to grow up.
Raw elbows bump
against the shrunken world.

You mix algebra with
 lead soldiers
and find feet too big
for that new pair of shoes.

Old questions come back now
wearing strange
faces, the answers
beyond recognition,

words that melt like candy
in summer
their meanings pooled
in sticky confusion.

You must relearn colors
from torn soil,
shapes from pitted moons
and pain from darkened eyes.

B. R. Strahan

YOUNGER WOMAN BLUES

When you showed me
your album pictures
of a little girl
auburn bangs clipped low
over sad blue eyes
i saw that same child
in my arms crying.
you were showing your bruises

to daddy to be kissed
reaching for comfort
from an older man.

B. R. Strahan

LE GRAND ENTRANCE

Can the day begin without you?
without morning airs, pretensions,
your dreams of me as God's dauphin,
messenger for Joan, witch, actress,
player to the masses, husbands,
heroes, all of us like children,
like yours, and both of mine, aging,
preparing for one more crusade.

From my hard throne, I watch doorways
for an omen, or angel's sign,
among the mauve and beige costumes
of dulled students, workers, helpers
who shake the dew, then seek their own
lovers, stirrers, coffee, freedom
in the crowd, in the great hall,
only moments from destiny.

How senseless such existence seems
upon this stage, unless drama
were to happen, purpose quickly
given to each of these extras,
these men and women in motion,
unaware of their assigned roles
as soldiers fighting for our cause.
Will they know when you enter?

hgk

WATER AND WINE

A silent, shallow beginning,
Cool, oily water wetted my feet and tongue.
A trickle from the origin rolled across my flesh;
Gaining momentum and density swiftly, it carried me,
Branching into sudden shallows,
Swirling a moment in a profound whirlpool.
As a brook it curled away again, flashing fresh, wet rainbows,
Tripping lightly, plunging heavily.

Slowing the cadence, it grew to a broad, full river,
And swept me along with ease and might.
Then I drew myself out of the water,
Dried reluctantly, and filled a skin with the liquid
For unwanted journey.

One night when my skin had lost its moistness
I sipped wine.
It was crimson, and that sip rolled, saturated
 my parched self and burnt inside me.
My tongue was emersed in flannel,
And my mind and emotion touched in lucidity.

I sipped again in a berry field in the afternoon.
It was smooth and ripe and savory
And potent.

Now I lie in a wood
Between the crimson berry field and river.
I watch water and wine mingle in a puddle before me.
I swirl them with my finger--
They touch, then divorce themselves unnaturally;
Neither will alone fill my flask.

Cynthia W. Hayes



YESHUA

A handful of mouths destroyed your flesh.
Nothing more. They opened
in small holes, lips pursed
like the neck of a money sack
pulled tight for all time.
The briars and blood were mere decoration.
The robe was a popular myth.
You tap danced on your wooden planks
above the pain and plunder,
then whispered past the boulder
back to dreams,
the ghost
you always tried to be.

Katharyn Machan Aal

THE PAPER HEART

L. Almeda

Barbara Jane Shields sat crouched on her bedroom floor. Her face was screwed up in an expression which was part puzzlement and part distaste. Her toes gripped the carpet in concentration. There was no room on her bedroom walls for even one more picture.

From a distance the walls appeared to be covered with a motley, jarring wallpaper; a black and white abstract with smatterings of color. The pictures were mostly from magazines, with a few newspaper photographs as dull spots amid the general glare. She never bought a photograph; searching through the magazines and papers was a part of Barbara Jane's enchantment. It was the anonymity of repetition that fascinated her, the faces seen and re-seen til they no longer belonged to bodies or people; the same bright, vague smiles over and over, occasionally slipping into strained grimaces. Or the unknown faces peering out of backgrounds, accidentally prisoned in someone else's frame. Taped to her mirror was a quote from Andy Warhol: "In the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes." Barbara Jane liked to imagine herself as a photograph; not the kind of snapshots her parents took, but the frozen impersonality to the black and white flash, draining everything but features from a face. Her moonlike face would jump out of blackness, her freckles bleached, her mousy hair turned dark, falling over one eye as she balanced a champagne glass and a smile. Perhaps a stranger would have blurred into the frame, bunching his flattened image next to hers.

Barbara Jane wrinkled her nose, scrunching her freckles into blotchy clumps. She looked intently at the four walls, then at the shiny pictures in her hands. She jumped up decisively and began to paste one of the photographs **on top of** a smiling cluster of Elvises. Elvis was beginning to tire her--he lacked mystery. She stepped back to study the change; a photograph of the Shroud of Turin over a plump Elvis, smiling and sweating in Las Vegas. As she cocked her head and squinted, it suddenly struck her that Elvis seemed almost obscenely fleshy next to the Shroud. The Shroud itself was pale, dim, mysterious, in a gritty sort of way. There was something wrong about this image being thrust in the midst of the ripe-skinned singer with his repetitious smiles, which weren't quite smiles but more expanses of white in plump unchanging faces. She wrinkled her freckles absorbedly, then covered Elvis with more pictures: an unknown group of Civil War soldiers, Albert Einstein, a theatrical portrait from the early twentieth century of a woman with yards of frizzled hair, the ancient and waspishly grinning Miró. The group looked religious now, like a shrine or a stained glass window. The Shroud was a new kind of picture, an image twice removed, but it had struck her solemnly. Her imagination stirred at its lack of expression: sometimes the faces were like walls and doors, inviting investigation or refusing speculation. Barbara Jane felt her own eleven year old face; it was a wall, behind it she could keep things. She wondered what these faces kept, if it could still be there even if they were dead in flesh.

Her face was plain; she looked in the mirror and bland, expressionless features floated disassociated in a pale circle of flesh. The Shroud was like this too, an ambiguous calm, dark features drifting, barely attached to the long oval which contained them. Passive, implacable, it was not really a face but the impression left by one. It reminded her of the face she presented at school, even with her parents. A still face, sad but unapproachable. Here, among the stillness of stiller faces than her own she squinted and twisted her face as if making up for the tedium and strain of the flat look she kept everywhere else. In a world of childish, piping voices and unfixed expressions hers was the calm; here in her quiet world hers was the only motion.

A call from downstairs broke the glasslike stillness of her concentration. She put down the photographs and the pot of glue, and left the papery walls of her room. At dinner she endured the healthy, loud chattering of her two older sisters. She didn't think about her pictures now, especially about the religious sadness and quietness of the new group. To think about it now, against the background of shrill laughter and clanking and scraping would break it apart, reduce it to a smudge of paper on a wall. Sometimes in the stillness of her room she imagined that she had created something, that the eyes of the adjoining photographs shared something, communicated, and that something new and inexpressible happened when one captured face was put next to another. Sometimes, when she lay in bed at night, she felt the hundreds of paper eyes staring at her. It was a long, cold, knowledgeable stare. It made her want to be one of them, staring down at herself. She had a secret belief that if she were one of them, if she were caught in just the right way, if her eyes stared back at the camera with just the right expression, she would never, ever, really die.

Barbara Jane stared at the watery reflection of her moon face in the kitchen window while her sisters buzzed about dances, their voices rising and falling in cacaphony, their animated faces bobbing next to her still one in the window. Her sisters raced on at normal speed, while Barbara Jane turned her head slowly, her mind slowed too, with one thought for paragraphs of rapid conversation. There were nights when she was swept up, caught into her family, dragging only a bit as yellow lights blurred and surrounded her, catching her up in a whirlpool of sounds and colors, gestures and moving faces. Then she would slip out, drift away, suddenly looking up to see faces that seemed miles away.

Barbara Jane drifted through the chore of washing dishes, then escaped back into her room. She found herself restless; she tried reading, but kept sneaking glances at what she was now calling The Window because it was shaped like a window she'd seen in a picture of a Gothic church, tall, thin, and arched. She snapped her book shut. Pacing the room, she surveyed the photographs; some were old and wearing thin, the print beginning to show through on the faces. She paused in front of some pictures she'd taken from the family album. There were pictures of her mother and father at their wedding, as newlyweds, as parents. There was a picture of each of her sisters as a baby, and one of Barbara Jane at six months. Now she scrutinized this picture, her unformed, unknowing self. She drew her breath in sharply and turned away. Undressed and in bed, Barbara Jane leaned on one elbow to look at The Window. Before turning out the light, she wondered idly about the dark spots on the Shroud where eyes should be, how that would feel on her now with all of the other eyes which weren't really eyes. She closed her own eyes and let the darkness penetrate.

The next day she woke with an odd feeling, a mixture of peace and restlessness, calm and excitement. She moved in a listless fog; not until late afternoon did she remember the dream.

She had dreamed that she was sleeping and had been awakened by a strange sound, like the rustling of leaves. She sat up in bed. Thousands of pairs of lips were moving in her pictures, and as the lips moved, the eyes rolled also, and the heads swayed. The movements of the eyes and lips and swaying heads were making the rustling noise, and as she watched, the sound rose to a murmur, then to a babble. Soon the room was filled with sounds: wailings, moanings, rustlings. The room itself began to sway, and she was still in the midst, watching with round eyes.

As she remembered the dream, it seemed she could see herself, sitting up in bed, very still, her white face a circle of quiet in the noise. A blue light was shed over the room, as if her face and the other faces were lighting it, making shadows on the still blue mound of her covers. Her walls seemed to be covered with fields of lilies, swaying madly from their stalks, furious white lilies in quiet blue moonlit fields. What barbara Jane remembered most was not the sight, not the papery flower faces come to life, but the quiet she felt inside herself, the peace which flooded her like the blue light. She felt a great calm, as if she were a creature submerged in a thick and quiet sea. She felt so deep and blue and calm, as though she were sitting motionless on a rock beneath the sea.

The room was asleep in the afternoon sun, drowsily quiet. Squares of yellow light fell across the yellow carpet and stretched across the mottled black and white walls. In this bright light she looked at the frozen sea of faces on the walls around her and wondered that she had ever seen them move. Last night, in her sleep she had felt more real than ever waking. This bright sunlight seemed less real, less a part of life than last night's dream; the foggy restlessness was for life, for going back. She had felt at home and at peace with the rustlings of paper mouths as she had never felt with the chatterings and clankings of her family. Barbara Jane found herself waiting for night and sleep, for the strange blue light she hoped she would find again.

That night she waited in the dark for sleep to come. The cold sunlight was gone. She lay in bed, eyes closed, and felt sleep close upon her mind. Even as she closed her eyes it seemed they opened again, freshly, to the blue grey darkness. The light flowed over her like warm water, clothing her round white face, her white nightgown, casting them in the palest shade of blue. She rose from her bed noiselessly, and stood in the center of the room. The brash yellow carpet was like a sandy green bottom, shadows and lights from water dappling her feet. The paper walls were silent. She looked from face to face: they were all there, she herself was there, looking with innocent round eyes at her new luminous body, her new glowing face. She looked about her, looked at the walls, felt the papery silence which was full of something, some secret form of life, a life which was as deep and dark and still as a lake at night, a life which must be entered into to be known. The eyes were round and quiet, brimming with life, with light: brimming but not spilling over. An idea came to her. She walked, or floated, to a space against the wall clear of furniture. She stood, thin and small, in her thin white gown, glowing against the dim, silent walls. She pressed her back to the wall; it was cool. Her moon face glowed, filled with blue light in the grainy blue grey light. Her form was a whiteness in the black and grey, she was like a pale glowing electric fish deep underwater, she was a creature of depths and liquid darkness, moving among shadowy surfaces. She felt her back against the wall, smooth, cool, and papery. The paper rustled on her white cotton gown, her skin became smooth and papery too, rustling as her gown scraped her arm. She felt her round moon

face flatten, smooth and papery too. Her hands rustled, two paper lilies, fluttering over the paper faces. Her face was a smooth disk, the air touched her cool paper cheek. Her tongue began to rustle from a place deep within her small flat heart, crooning a sweet and papery song.

SUN DOG

On the clearest day you can see the brick red cupola
Atop Bell's cottage from Swan Point.
Twelve miles of blue glass
Speaking in the whispers of dying Jimmy crabs
And bloating eel grass floating sudden near the Sun.
Catfish Rollins says a Sun Dog means wicked
Weather in three perfect days.
He says his red cat is the smartest he has ever seen
Said that he can almost talk, I almost believed him.
Sun Dog sundaes rotting willow trees
Limping leopard stripes, platinum piddling bees.
The kerosene lamps of Summer
Hang in falling forest trees.

John Carroll Donahue

HURRICANE

Wild turkeys in the night
Left cries and feathers on the patio
For us to find. Maybe you can make quills
In the morning. Fill your bottles
With ink, sketch a young buzzard
For Grandmother, on her birthday.

Remember the wild geese, Sunday
Mornings on the marsh? I left
You there one day, looking for quills,
And you got lost.

Between the two of us before the storm
Broke, we found our way back home again.
No one even knew we were gone--
They thought we'd been blueberrying
In the pine wood. Inside, the turkey
Roasted in slow motion. No
Blueberries

For supper, she said. But we knew
The hurricane had got them first.

Gabriele Glang

TARGET FINGERS, blush in
on night;
pushing garments lower,
lines detach and curves
grow distant.

Her eyes shine down
in white and star
con-
figurations,
pelting the air
with answers.

A hand, sweeping
through hair, draws
her face;
the elders keep on
scratching
secret words
on blue parchment.

LANDSCAPE AS MYTH

I

A cave sings deep in the forest,
watching, built like an eye.
Legend claims all mortal men
are sucked in by the sound.

II

A mortal man is reading
baseball scores, and comes outside.
He claims that silent thunder
left its liquid in his ear.

His eyes are bees in the tulips,
hop like sparrows, green the trees.
If he sleeps they make a brook
that carves a bed of rock.

III

Dreams are women that come
with lightning...so the legend claims.
If he wakes the eyes are caves
that sing, and suck us in.

Stephen-Paul Martin



GOODBYE EDITORS--OR--AT LEAST IT'S ON YOUR RESUME

You asked for staff and gave them keys
But you editors they could not please.

And contributions piled up high
But never made the reader's eye.

Your editorial inclusion policy
Seemed to lack "perceptivity."

"The stuff from students can't be good;
They aren't disturbed, ex-cons, or hoods."

What gives you the right to say who's heard,
You mighty editors who make up words?

The school paid for four issues but one slipped away;
(If you leave town fast you won't have to repay.)

And what about that contest money?
The whole damn deal smells a little funny--

But when we ask that you explain,
You sling some mud and call us names.

You say if I worked I'd understand it--
Why things get done poorly and underhanded.

But I'm just a student who holds high ideals dear--
Good riddance old editors--it's been a long year!

Ann Nonemus

CONTRIBUTORS

KATHARYN MACHAN AAL is a Unicorn perennial, and a welcomed one. Thanks again!

LISA ALMEDA (LOYOLA/ENGLISH) put her heart in the right place--our pages.

JOAN COLBY's poetry is a fine reflection on us!

JOHN CARROLL DONAHUE (LOYOLA/NIGHT SCHOOL) His sultry bayou tones are more than welcome in our summer issue.

PAUL FURTH (LOYOLA/CHEMISTRY) is back!!! and sticking out his tongue again.

DEBBI GAMBRILL (LOYOLA/ENGLISH) will be missed as editor-in-chief. We're sure to see her "BAR"-hopping successfully.

GABRIELE GLANG hails to us from D.C.

CYNTHIA HAYES certainly fills our flask.

MARY KEANE (LOYOLA/ENGLISH) offers exoticism to our otherwise quaint establishment.

HGK W. t. h. d. h. g. k. s. f. ?

STEPHEN-PAUL MARTIN's well sculptured words have been seen by Unicorn before. He is currently co-editor of the journal Central Park.

ALLAN MORRIS Do you realize how much it cost us to print his story? Well, it was worth it!

ANN NONEMUS comes to us much like gas and indigestion.

JAMES PHILLIPS has struck the bull's eye with his appreciated poem.

MARIE-PIERRE PLUVINAGE (LOYOLA/ENGLISH) joins the editors with this issue. Greetings!

B.R. STRAHAN We ache with anticipation of more Strahan stanzas.

HELEN VALENTA is a new contributor from Chicago. A welcome from Baltimore!

LOIS V. WALKER Let her come, and come again!

DENISE WEBSTER Unicorn exposes the artist once again with pleasure. (LOYOLA/ENGLISH)

Editor in Chief:	Cathy Connor
Associate Editors:	Cathy Bowers Paul Furth Mike Huber Allan Kalbarczyk Marie-Pierre Pluinage
Staff:	Mary Beth Friedel Chip Godey Jacquelyn Maier
Advisor:	Dr. Phillip McCaffrey

UNICORN appreciates Mrs.Rafferty's help in
typing the prose.

