



**AaR**  
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# Shift

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On the Cover

The Cartwheel

GERARD RUGEL '68

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# Editor's Note | SANDS HALL

Ever since we settled on SHIFT as the theme of Volume III of the *F&M Alumni Arts Review*, I've been intrigued to realize how often the word shows up in my sentences. Was it always there, used to describe the sort of transitions that an average week brings our way? Or was my attention brought to it because alums around the country were creating and submitting work that embodied the concept?

When, last summer, I composed the "Invitation to Submit" for the *AAR* website (see the inside back cover of this volume for ways to access that information), I included various definitions of SHIFT to serve as inspiration. While many of the pieces in this volume tackle the word's first definition—to move or cause to move from one place to another—the exploration of such movement is often emotional or psychological in spirit, rather than physical or geographical. However, all sorts of movement is afoot in "Opening," by Sidney Dickstein '47, an essay about the remarkable changes that occurred in and around Perestroika. This is also true of "Sugar Ray," by Marc Straus '65, in which a game of handball plays a vital role. On the other hand, Heather van der Grinten '09 addresses herself utterly to the physical aspect of the word: in "Participation Points," she asks us to literally shift the weight of our bodies. Ronald Druker '66 plays with this idea as well, in his "Beach Shadow."

Definitions of shift also include *a group of workers that relieve each other on a regular schedule*. This may have inspired Christine Volzavano '11 to write "Another Tuesday Night Shift." And a haunting look at factory workers is presented in "Slaymaker Manufacturing," by Mark Bruns '77.

Jim Yescalis '68 explores yet another take on the word in his photograph, "Jessie." Here we find a representation of shift as *a loosely*



*fitting dress*, as well as the one implied by the presence, behind Jessie, of her leggy older sisters/friends. Our cover art, “The Cartwheel,” by Gerard Rugel ’68, presents a similar idea: not only the shift involved in a child turning her body through air, but—with that expanse of meadow stretching beyond—the larger shifts that await her, as they await all of us.

While we didn’t receive any photos of the shift key on a typewriter (*a key that, when depressed, gives other keys alternate symbols or functions*) or the gearshift of a car (*moving between gears*), Lee Krohn ’12 did contribute, with his “J.K. Adams Woodshop, Dorset, Vermont,” an element of a machine that certainly has much to do with shifting. More abstractly, Richard Bidgood ’76 offers us “Millennia,” in which he juxtaposes various time periods, and Allan Tasman ’69 hints at the kind of tempering that might be offered by both season and memory in “But There Are Flowers Still For You.” Amy Grieger ’84 shares a swerve in consciousness gleaned from an unlikely place: “What I Learned From My Underwear Drawer,” and in “Anonymo(us)? Shifting Shakespeare(s),” Justin Hopkins ’06 shares a recent transformation he’s had regarding what’s known as the Authorship Question. Sarah Medeiros ’11, in “*Noli Temere*” (“Have No Fear”), examines a personal grief regarding the passing of poet Seamus Heaney; while, similarly, Kelly Schenke ’95, “In Memoriam,” and Sydney Pierce ’13, “Father Departed,” explore the adjustments we’re forced to make when a loved one dies. “With or Without You,” a painting by Wilfred Brunner ’70, also hints at deep loss, and the way we must at times “make shift” to carry on.

While I’d love to ruminate on all the marvelous explorations of SHIFT presented by F&M alums in this volume, I’ll let you have those adventures for yourself. Turn the page! And enjoy all the movement from one place to another.

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Underway; Shift Colors | G. MICHAEL BROWN '71

# Underway; Shift Colors

G. MICHAEL BROWN '71

Bill is 87, a native Mainer, and a man with as many real adventures as Walter Mitty had imaginary ones, and a Down East accent as thick as molasses in February. I met him 20 years ago, when I moved to Maine. As I showed interest in our state and our town's history, "Chief," being a living piece of it, quickly became a mentor.

At first, our excursions took all of an hour and were limited to the neighborhood—albeit with the historical insights of a Smithsonian docent. We'd both had lengthy careers in the Navy; his lasted 20 years, and his tattoos, body art from Manila and Marseilles' adventures, are now just distorted and faded inked memories. As we began each trip, we'd salute each other with what those in the Navy traditionally say as a ship pulls away from the pier: "Underway; Shift Colors!"

Chief has a story for every building and barn, and it soon became evident that I am to carry this knowledge forward. The one-room schoolhouse where he'd arrived pre-dawn in the frigid winter to start the stove, thus earning a quarter a week; the town's laundry building that 70 years ago served as the middle school; the swimming hole where skinny dipping had once been commonplace.

Eventually our trips grew in time and distance; from an hour's walk around town to camping for days in Maine's North Woods (which brought me as close to hypothermia as I ever care to come). Dirt logging roads. Small town diners. Dexter, Rumford, Ashland.

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He'd worked, explored, and hunted in most every corner of the state and was determined to make a Mainer out of me. Finally, after years of being pushed off one-lane dirt roads by fast-moving logging trucks, I'm not fazed anymore.

Chief has begun to show his years, physically and mentally. When next we say "Underway; Shift Colors," I'll be taking the helm as the "Maine Man."

Perhaps fall foliage in Eustis?



Pond Lily Fruit | LORI LYNN HOFFER '81



Mannequin in Motion | BRIAN BURT '10

# What I Learned From My Underwear Drawer

AMY GRIEGER '84

One day not so long ago, our refrigerator stopped working. Our five-year-old refrigerator, for which we had purchased an extended warranty. Which itself had expired, as we discovered, two months previously. It's hard not to believe they build these things with a little death switch that tells them when the warranty is up.

Amazingly, we live in an area that still has a local repairman. He took a look and told us we needed a new main control panel. Here's what happened next:

1. He ordered the part.
2. He installed the part.
3. Refrigerator worked. Hooray!
4. Refrigerator stopped working. Boo.
5. Repairman returned (at no cost—we love where we live).
6. He ordered a second part.
7. He installed the second part, and left us with these parting words: “If that doesn't fix it, call the manufacturer.”
8. Refrigerator worked. Hooray!
9. Refrigerator stopped working. Boo.

We were now more than \$400 into a repair that couldn't seem to stick. Should we keep going, or give up and buy a new fridge?

To summarize the next round of hassles, let me just say it involved a lot of calls to a lot of repair people who were all very helpful and, surprisingly, none too eager to take our money.

The general consensus was that a) this particular brand of refrigerator costs a lot to repair, and b) there's no guarantee the repairs will be effective.

Which was not in the fine print when we purchased the damn thing.

So, we decided it was time to just bite the bullet and buy a new fridge. Except here's the kicker: the old fridge was now working. Unplugging and replugging it, as suggested by the manufacturer's rep, worked, despite having *not* worked when our repairman did the exact same thing. And it kept working this time. Right through all the web searches and phone calls and trips to look at floor models of new refrigerators, the damn thing kept working.

And I dithered. It seemed pretty obvious that we just needed to buy a new fridge, but I dithered. My husband kept saying, "Don't you think it's time?" as if the answer were obvious. And I did want it to stop taking over my life, that is true. But the frickin' thing was working. The day the new refrigerator was delivered, I was still trying to figure out if we really should have purchased it. "This one's working now. Maybe we should wait awhile. We can't really afford a new one. Shouldn't we just wait?"

But was it true that we couldn't really afford it?

This is the larger question that gnaws at me constantly these days. This is why the whole stupid situation took over my brain.

How much money do I need? The fact that I know this is an unanswerable question doesn't make me any better able to let it go. Nor does it help that my husband seems not to contemplate this question at all, at least not in the philosophical, existential way that I do. I try to learn from his approach. He actually said one day, in the midst of my refrigerator madness, "It's only money," and he meant it. He's never had a lot of money, and it's never been linked to his happiness.



There's something really sane about that. There's also something really *insane* about that. Recently, a financial advisor told him there's a 50 per cent chance that one of us will live to be 100. One hundred! That would mean 50 more years of work for me, because we've all—all of us baby boomers—figured out that we're not really going to be able to retire. "So," we say, "we'll just keep working." Which is a ridiculous notion. If we work at physical jobs, our bodies struggle to keep up. The knees go, the back goes, and we start thinking maybe those accountants had it right. But if we work at desk jobs, our over-loaded brains struggle to keep up: "I have to change my password again? And it needs to be how long? With numbers, capitals *and* symbols? And I can't write it down anywhere?" Exactly what type of work do we think we're going to be able to do 'til we're 100?

The grand irony, amid all of my financial apron-wringing, is that three years ago I opted out of full-time work. I left of my own volition; no one forced me out, I was not downsized, and I most certainly did not retire. But I'd realized that the balance had gone out of my work situation—that the rewards no longer outweighed the sacrifices—and that this baby boomer needed a different plan for the ever-expanding back half of her professional career.

I still had bills to pay, though. And so, I entered a period of austerity.

I'd saved some money, and I found some part-time work. I figured I could get by for a year, maybe even two, and take some time to figure out how I might like to spend the next couple of decades. I wrote. I took some art classes. I watched more TV than I probably should have, but way less than I could have. I took a little side detour with thyroid cancer. My husband had a much more significant detour with throat cancer. I am grateful beyond measure that I was not working full-time so I could help him along his journey.

One year turned into three, going on four. I haven't contributed to my retirement fund since 2010. But at least I *have* a retirement fund.

Still, that gaping maw of potentially five more decades to navigate taunts me on a regular basis. It doesn't help my anxiety that my work ethic—which I thought was quite strong—has gone into hibernation since I left full-time work.

Nevertheless, I've navigated the past three years without dipping into my retirement fund, so there it sits. And one of the many blessings of these past few years is that I now see that chunk of money in a whole new light. Given my newfound perspective, it's going to go a lot further. My self-inflicted austerity plan has required me to take a good hard look at my needs and wants.

Gasoline is a need. A new car is not—especially since my 2004 Beetle is practically bionic after the last few rounds of repairs.

Food is a need. Eating out two or three times a week is not.

Clothes are a need. But I haven't bought new underwear in three years. That may be more detail than is strictly necessary, but my underwear drawer provides me with a daily dose of fiscal perspective.

In 2010, that drawer was crammed to the gills. Come laundry day, it was still full of clean underwear, neatly folded and stacked. There was hardly room to squeeze the newly laundered pairs back in amidst the unworn ones. Now, however, after a lengthy period of natural attrition (i.e., tossing the worn-out pairs), they all fit in there tidily.

It's not like I had an underwear fixation. Most of it was just regular old cotton stuff. But I kept buying more. Because they were a slightly different style. Or the pattern was cute. Or I just hadn't bought any in awhile.

And when I had money, I suppose that was fine. But what I've come to realize—have *had* to pay attention to over the past few years—is how much money I spent mindlessly—just because I could. Our culture supports this, of course. We thrive on mindless spending. We skew towards overindulgence. We refuse to accept that sometimes more is not better. I've also had to acknowledge that my husband is, to a large

extent, right—it *is* just money. We can choose how much is enough. As tight as things are for us financially right now, there are millions of Americans who are worse off. And while charitable giving is one of our budget lines that has taken a hit, I can't eliminate it completely. Hungry children need to eat. Storm-ravaged cities and towns need to be rebuilt.

I miss eating out more often. I hate agonizing over every expense. I do hope to take a real vacation again some day. I don't love the fact that I lost my mind for a couple of weeks over a refrigerator—which, ultimately, we really did need, even if our old refrigerator is currently chilling a keg in the delivery man's garage. At some point I will have to earn more money—the balance feels just a bit too precarious right now.

But if I get to that point, I hope I remember how good it feels to say no to an expenditure that slips out of my consciousness as quickly and elusively as it slipped in.

And my underwear drawer is there to remind me to do just that, every single day.

# Noli Timere

SARAH MEDEIROS '11

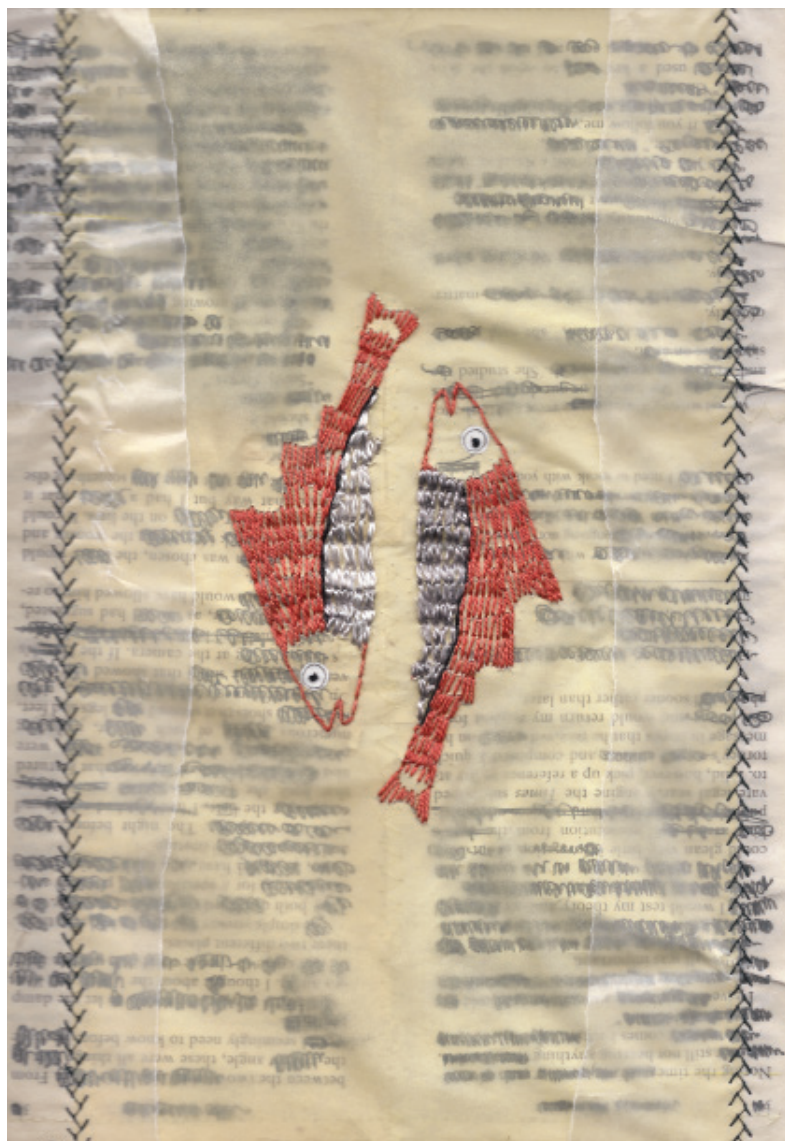
*For Seamus Heaney*

But I feel it in my bones,  
that gnawing, that ache,  
every hour on the strike  
as I stay still. Every  
moment that words stall  
on my tongue, rough with ash  
and salt, petrified yet fleeting.

Instead of your bogs, laced  
with slime-slicked thistles, I am  
halted by static pools,  
stuck between sea grass and styrofoam,  
reaping the echoes of footsteps  
and crushed shells.

Your breath is at my ear, in my skin,  
burrowing like sluggish fins through  
muddied straw, and though I feel your  
weight in a city of sulfur  
and scattering fronds,  
I cannot muster the sheen of rot  
or the woven tendrils of longing

like the bodies of your pen.



Stitched Fish | SUSAN HAGNER '83





Sand Dunes in Tibet | LISA BROOKS '85

# Opening

SIDNEY DICKSTEIN '47

By March of 1986, as Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev entered his second year as General Secretary of the Communist Party and leader of the Soviet Union, the words *perestroika* and *glasnost* began to appear frequently in both Soviet and American media. While reactions in the Reagan Administration to these ideas of “reconstruction” and “openness” ranged from wary skepticism to unrelenting enmity, the public at large entertained a glimmer of hope: perhaps a new day was dawning in U.S.-Soviet relations.

In 1985, John Wallach, senior foreign editor of *hearth* publications and a good friend, had organized a U.S.-Soviet issues program at the Chautauqua Institution in upstate New York. Soviet participation was minimal. They'd dispatched less than a dozen participants to the conference: a few academics, several diplomats, and—responding to suggestions for a cultural exchange—a handful of musicians. But it was a beginning.

Late one evening the following spring, the phone rang, and my wife Barbara found John on the other end of the line. He led off with the startling declaration: “You and Sid are going to the Soviet Union this September!”

The protocol for the trip had been negotiated between our State Department and the Soviet Foreign Ministry, with John acting as a mediator. This time, on their own turf, the Soviet delegation would comprise about 300 people, including government officials and “representative Soviet citizens” (carefully selected members of the Communist Party). The American delegation would consist of State

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Department and other government officials, outstanding American musicians and dancers, and 100 or so “representative U.S. citizens” (who would turn out to be personal friends of John or financial supporters of Chautauqua).

This much had been agreed upon, John told us, but the conference location, Riga, had created not only consternation but active opposition in the State Department. Meeting there could be construed as official recognition of Soviet hegemony over Latvia, something the U.S. had been resisting since the Soviet Union invaded Latvia at the outset of World War II. However, various compensatory stipulations benefited the U.S., including “gavel-to-gavel” coverage of the conference on Latvian television and daily coverage on the Soviet national evening news.

And, perhaps most importantly, there was to be no obstruction to U.S. delegates talking with Soviet delegates or any other Soviet citizens.

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Barbara and I and the rest of the American delegation were to assemble for a day of briefings at the State Department, John continued, following which we’d depart from Dulles on a chartered Pan Am flight. We’d have a few days in Leningrad (as it was then known, before being restored to its historic name of St. Petersburg), followed by the five conference days in Riga; for the final three days, we’d head to Moscow for scheduled cultural events.

However, five days before our scheduled briefing, the KGB arrested and imprisoned Nicholas Daniloff, an American reporter for *Time Magazine*, on spying charges. Unless and until Daniloff was released, the U.S. Government refused to allow the trip to proceed. Some at the State Department even argued that as a sanction for the arrest of an American journalist, the trip should be cancelled altogether.

Even though we had no idea if we’d actually be going to the Soviet Union or just returning home, we convened as scheduled at the State

Department, where we listened to lectures on the history of American-Soviet diplomatic relations. The next morning, at the request of the Soviet ambassador, we were bused to the Soviet Embassy. Ambassador Dubinin sought to press upon us the significance of the Riga conference to future Soviet-American relations, maintaining that it should not be undermined by a “police matter” of little importance. We disagreed, and took the opportunity to emphasize that we supported the State Department’s decision—unless and until Daniloff was released, there would be no conference.

The next day, Daniloff was turned over to the U.S. Embassy. And we headed for the airport, our delegation intact except for two key participants: Jeane Kirkpatrick, a member of President Reagan’s National Security Council, and Dr. Billy Taylor, pianist and jazz musicologist. Given Kirkpatrick’s highly conservative political positions, I suspect that from the outset she’d had no enthusiasm for the project. Jack Matlock, who earlier in his Foreign Service career had been in charge of the Soviet desk at State—and who’d soon become the U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union—was now head of the delegation. Susan Eisenhower, the former president’s granddaughter, was also an official participant. Henry Butler, a jazz pianist from New Orleans, replaced Billy Taylor. The other performing artists included Grover Washington and his band; renowned violinist Eugene Fodor; singer Karen Akers, a major figure on the musical theatre and cabaret scene; the Tony Award-winning baritone Ron Richardson; and Susan Jaffee and Patrick Bissell, star dancers with the New York City Ballet.

Also included in our delegation were some young Latvian Christians from the Midwest. How had they wormed their way into the group? Or had they been invited by someone in the State Department with a flair for mischief? We never learned, but their active participation was clearly part of someone’s game plan. When we gathered at Dulles, they asked each of us to carry a translated copy of the New Testament

in our personal luggage. Although we were uncertain as to how we'd explain our possession of Latvian language Bibles to Soviet custom inspectors, everyone agreed to the request.

Our Pan Am crew greeted us warmly and the flight, though long, was abuzz with talk; we arrived in Leningrad at 2:30 a.m., exhausted but excited. Our apprehensions about Soviet customs were quickly relieved: the cursory inspections indicated that the officials were much more interested in getting home than finding contraband. However, once we arrived at our hotel, we hastened to return the Bibles.

Due to the delay in Washington, our anticipated three days in Leningrad had dwindled to 12 hours. A hasty bus tour the next morning was followed by a ceremony during which Susan Eisenhower laid a wreath at the monument to the million Soviet citizens who died in the World War II siege of Leningrad, all of which consumed two of our precious few hours. Our highly anticipated tour of the Hermitage Art Museum was and remains a blur.

| 22 | Late that afternoon, we flew to Riga, to be greeted planeside by a chorus of young girls in native costume bearing bouquets of flowers. But as soon as we boarded our bus, we were told by our guide—we came to refer to her as our “minder”—that “for your personal safety you should always stay with your group and not wander off.” Hammering in this warning, she added that because of an incident that had occurred in New York City several weeks earlier, when anti-Soviet protesters had harassed the Bolshoi Ballet, we would find widespread antipathy toward American visitors.

We were skeptical regarding the purpose of her admonition. It simply proved our suspicions: that in spite of agreed-upon protocol, Soviet officials would actively discourage any interaction between their citizens and ours.

Having been given what was undoubtedly an officially mandated warning, we were delivered to our hotel, served a quick dinner and, still

jet-lagged, brought to Riga's largest cathedral, where a Latvian choir—with Ron Richardson contributing solos—performed American gospel songs with warmth and spirit. The music of violinist Eugene Fodor took on extra luster within the cathedral's extraordinary acoustics. That night, we slept well.

The following morning, en route to the conference site, our buses passed through what appeared to be a summer colony on the Baltic. The dachas—no doubt maintained for party officials—seemed unoccupied. Late September on the Baltic was evidently not vacation time. We were escorted into a large, open-sided structure, with a roof and comfortable seating, including earphones at each chair for simultaneous translation of the proceedings. The Soviet delegation, which had arrived before us, was seated toward the back, leaving the first dozen rows for us.

The conference began with a formal welcome by Vladimir Pozner, a Soviet journalist who'd spent many years in the United States. Our friend John Wallach, serving as the U.S. Master of Ceremonies for the entire conference, provided a few remarks of his own before introducing Jack Matlock, head of our delegation, as the keynote speaker from the U.S. side.

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In tribute to our Latvian hosts, Matlock began, he'd offer opening comments in Latvian, before continuing his remarks in Russian. He would end by answering questions in English, his native language.

Matlock then launched into a one-hour excoriation of the Soviet Union: its policies, its treatment of Daniloff and general suppression of freedom of the press, its scurrilous record on human rights, and its disregard of the rights of countries of Eastern Europe that it had occupied and ruled since World War II. Barbara and I exchanged a look: It was clear this was not going to be a "make nice" meeting. In fact, listening to the English translation of Matlock's statements through my earphones, I wondered if this might turn out to be the shortest international conference on record.

John called a coffee break. Not without concern, we headed out, hoping to mingle with the Soviet delegation, even as we wondered if we'd be kept from doing so. To my surprise, a man about 40 greeted me, amiably enough, and I stumbled inadvertently into an opening: "That was a very nice concert last night."

"Yes," he nodded. "But I really think that cathedrals should be used for their original purpose."

A younger man joined us. "Your Mr. Matlock, he speaks Latvian," he said, clearly meaning it as a compliment. With an accusatory head shrug in the direction of a cluster of his delegation, he added: "Our Russians, they don't speak Latvian."

Barbara and I exchanged another look: Hadn't we been told the Soviet delegates would all be carefully selected members of the Party?

A September wind was gusting along the Baltic as we filed back to our seats in the open-air venue. The first speaker from the Soviet Union, a general in charge of its nuclear arsenal, began by repaying Jack Matlock in kind. But it was soon clear that his real task was to underscore that for the Soviets, nuclear issues were front and center. Both literally and figuratively, a chill breeze was blowing through the conference.

Breaking for lunch, served in something like a military mess hall, we found a most welcome shot of vodka at each table setting. In the spirit of *nostrovia* I downed mine in a single gulp. Even Barbara, not ordinarily a vodka drinker, drank it up, thankful for the warmth it provided.

The afternoon proceeded with only slightly diminished attacks coming from both sides, and we adjourned for dinner and a welcome opportunity to catch up on sleep.

The next morning, as we were loaded into our buses by our ever-watchful minder, most of us were carrying blankets from our hotel rooms, to protect against what we knew from the first day's experience



would be a very cold day. Driving through the streets of Riga, we were surprised to see people lined up on the street, waving enthusiastically. We wondered how they knew about us—until we recalled that the previous day's proceedings had been carried live on Latvian television.

Day Two, the Soviet delegation was no longer massed in a pack in the back of the conference center. Some of its more daring members were even sitting in the front rows. We were unsure what to make of this, especially as a few of them had some sharp questions about our having borrowed the hotel's blankets. But any disapproval soon dissipated, and it was clear that those choosing to sit in the American section had done so—in spite of Soviet officialdom's discouragement of personal contact—because they wanted to reach out and talk to us.

A young woman seated herself next to Barbara, and soon they were sharing photographs of their children. Ominously, a TV camera circled, its very long lens pointed straight at them. When Barbara called the woman's attention to this, she shrugged contemptuously. And so it went: hostility from the stage, but in the audience, increasing efforts to connect. The twice-a-day coffee breaks, especially, provided an opportunity to mingle without constraint.

During one of the Q&As, Florence, a somewhat elderly retired schoolteacher from Florida, rose to scold both sides: "You're all misbehaving like 8-year old boys in a schoolyard." The moment was televised on the Soviet's national evening news, and Florence became a TV celebrity, dubbed "Grandmother of the Universe."

That afternoon, a young woman in the Latvian Christian group stood on a Riga street corner, preaching and handing out the Bibles. She gathered quite a crowd before the police arrived, jostling and screaming, to break it up. That night, fearing retaliation, the two largest men in her group slept on the floor of her room.

Rumor had it that Grover Washington and his band, and pianist Henry Butler, were planning to jam with some Soviet musicians at a

club within walking distance of the hotel. A half dozen of us headed over, but were barred at the door by some burly guards, who seemed to be telling us that the place was a private club. We insisted we'd been invited by our friend Grover, and after considerable argument—neither of us understanding what the other was actually saying—we just stepped past them and through the door, and enjoyed an evening of great jazz.

The following morning even more citizens lined the streets, waving as our bus passed by. However, about a mile from the conference site, the throngs disappeared. As we settled into our seats, we found out why: John Wallach stalked to the stage and announced that barriers had been erected to keep non-delegates from having contact with us. “This is a violation of the compact by which the conference had been established,” he said, vehemently. “The conference will not continue until the barriers have been removed!”

| 26 | An uneasy half-hour ensued. Finally, John remounted the stage to announce that the barriers had been taken down, and the day's scheduled speeches commenced.

That evening, we accompanied a couple from Cleveland on a visit to two *refuseniks*, Soviet Jews who'd sought exit visas and been denied. Our Cleveland friends, instructed to take a certain trolley, had also received a note with the names of certain cross-streets. We showed the note to the trolley conductor, who nodded knowingly. Wrapped in our Burberry coats, we tried to be as inconspicuous as possible until he signaled it was time to disembark. A man of about 30 met us and escorted us to his tiny apartment. He and his young wife spoke excellent English, and we talked for hours about their plight. At the time, all Jews who asked for permission to exit the Soviet Union lost their jobs, and their requests were denied or delayed for years. This couple had managed to survive with help from their relatives.

We gave them the few rubles we were carrying, as well as CDs and books we'd brought on the trip for our own use and which could easily be resold.

We didn't get back to our hotel until 9 p.m. We had nothing to eat since lunch, but fortunately, the hotel coffee shop was still open. It was almost completely empty, and the four of us slid into a booth, talking excitedly about our evening's experience. We'd been there not three minutes when two men appeared, wearing long, dark brown leather coats, and in spite of at least 30 empty tables, chose one immediately next to ours. We lowered our voices as they very conspicuously leaned in our direction, to overhear—or perhaps just intimidate. We hastily ate our sandwiches and left.

Good spirits infused the last day of the conference. Delegates from both sides celebrated newfound comradeship—in an American, not Soviet, sense of the word. Discussion from the stage included planning next year's conference, which would once again take place at Chautauqua in upstate New York. Our new friends, while enthusiastic, held out little hope they'd be able to attend.

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We were due to head to Moscow for several days of sightseeing and cultural events, the most highly anticipated of which was the world-renowned Moscow Circus. But that night, Intourist, the official Soviet organization that made arrangements for foreign tourists, reported that the performance was “sold out.” Tickets were simply not available.

Remembering the State Department's warning that our rooms would probably be bugged and that we should be careful about what we said, I decided to put this to good use. “Upon our return to Washington,” I loudly proclaimed, “I intend to file a class action suit for fraud and breach of contract against Intourist!”

By the following morning, 25 tickets had mysteriously been made available. Barbara and I let others in the delegation take advantage of

the circus, opting instead for a performance of *Die Meistersinger* at the Bolshoi.

My luggage included a suit bag, with a hook designed to slide over the top of a door. Our room's closet doors made that impossible, but that night, in order to pack, I hung the bag from the molding. As I reached to take it down, the molding came away—revealing a tangle of wires. I'd found the bug. My first impulse was to push the wires back in place. But in the end I just left them dangling. As Barbara and I left the room, we grinned, not at all guiltily.

Our Moscow adventures included the obligatory visit to Lenin's tomb, where we were brought through the VIP entrance. Cocktail receptions featured large bowls of caviar. We were free to go wherever we wanted. The Bolshoi Opera House, though shabby, was magnificent, and the *Die Meistersinger* splendid.

Our final night in Moscow, an event featuring American and Soviet artists brought out all the glitterati of Soviet officialism. Susan Jaffee and Patrick Bissell gave us a gorgeous *pas de deux*, followed by an equally superb performance by a Russian duo. Grover Washington and his band, joined by a dozen Soviet jazz musicians, offered a rousing set. Karen Akers sang torch songs in English and Russian. And accompanied by a Russian pianist, Eugene Fodor filled the space with his haunting violin. It was a memorable night.

After checking in at Moscow's vast international airport, we stood in long lines reserved for those holding foreign passports. When Barbara and I arrived at the front of the line, we were ordered to two separate but adjacent booths. I tried to explain that as husband and wife we should be checked together, but the official either did not understand or chose not to. Barbara's passport was quickly examined and she was directed through a revolving metal gate, where she waited as my passport inspector took an inordinate amount of time studying my photo, looking at me, peering back at the passport. Raising a hand—an

unmistakable signal that I was to wait—he left the booth. Was I being arrested for destroying the hotel room bug in Riga? For unauthorized meetings with Soviet citizens? Would I be the new Daniloff? Would our State Department even care?

From the other side of thick metal bars, Barbara watched, visibly shaken. Only 10 feet apart, we felt as if we were in different parts of the world. Finally, the passport inspector came back with a man in overalls. The revolving gate had gotten stuck. A button was pressed, and I walked through to the other side, where Barbara and I hugged as if we'd been separated for months, not minutes.

When our entire group reassembled, and a muster was taken, we were relieved to find that, notwithstanding their brash proselytizing, all the Latvian Christians were still with us.

Gorbachev's spirit of *glasnost* inspired several more United States-Soviet Union Conferences, each one, against many odds, opening further cultural and political exchange. And in December 1991, just five years after the Riga Conference, the first held on Soviet soil, Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania led other parts of the Soviet Union in declaring themselves to be independent nations—and the Soviet Union was dissolved.

Was there a nexus between that extraordinary happening and the events in which we were fortunate enough to participate? Perhaps.

# Solar Power

JOHN HAMBRIGHT '62

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Sizzling hot August cooks the attic bays  
with saucy odors out of suitcases,  
bags, totes she packed for chintzy lace places  
down Jersey at the Shore. How many stays?

Sweet times! And then the tempest tides when sea-  
side love got ripped away. Until this heat.  
This noon, as I tumble stowed gear for neat  
enough T-shirts to sport at the C V

S, getting meds, stirs scents of deep-laid fun  
from candles here, massage oil, sheets, perfume,  
spilt Moet, even dried geranium bloom—  
our moonlit room—blazed home by dog days sun.

Bold star-tossed fragrance heaves its sultry soul.  
And in this breathless moment, we are whole.



Tawes Creek | JOHN SHIRE '66



# Let the Dream Begin

PAUL KAMM '82

I guess you'll never hear this song on the radio  
about the trouble up in Madison or Cairo  
it's just another song  
a somebody done somebody wrong song  
we got people taking chances in the street  
and all they're asking for is just a little peace  
oh and Jonny's got a gun  
and it looks just like a cell phone  
and all night long you can hear it coming round again  
they're not sitting here waiting  
to let the dream begin

I guess you'll never hear this song on the radio  
about the workers that we just had to let go  
it's just another song  
another you win again song  
we got people camping out in the street  
trying to make it in the land of the free  
oh and Jonny's got a gun  
and it looks just like they lost his vote  
and all night long you can hear it blowing in the wind  
they're not sitting round waiting  
to let the dream begin

I guess you'll never hear this song on the radio  
until they're coming for your own status quo  
and oh my, my  
then you'll be standing in the rain and snow  
and the tide will rise  
and the tide will fall  
and like the sun  
and the moon we call  
it is a flood  
and a steady wind  
they're not sitting round waiting  
to let the dream begin



Beach Shadow | RONALD DRUKER '66

# Father Departed

SYDNEY PIERCE '13

If you believed in ghosts,  
I might warn you will find him  
in the hollow of the mountain  
where creeks are young and lonely,  
laboring against each rock, each  
overbearing root on the way down  
into the hard-won valley.

Your shoes would be his;  
somehow, his feet would fill them.  
He'd keep his watch  
on your nightstand, if he wanted,  
or become concerned with  
the company you keep. He might  
frequent the homes of your friends,  
the bookstore with the coffee shop,  
and travelers who breathed in  
his still hot ashes must be  
among us—you would

become them.  
You would inhabit the spaces  
he mastered, or find him by  
the side of the road staring over you—  
a god, a disregarded prophet.  
If you believe in ghosts,  
you must consider  
if you would harm him.

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Sunset in Auld Reekie | CHRIS KARLESKY '01

# Sugar Ray

MARC J. STRAUS '65

Atlantic Avenue is so much quieter than Jamaica Avenue, which rumbles and screeches with the overhead subway. Here, just a couple of older men in shirtsleeves sit in front of a bar smoking Camels. I've just finished Hebrew with the second-graders. In about an hour and a half, I've got fifth-grade English at the Annex, 40 blocks away. Why not walk?

Many of the storefronts are boarded up. In front of a two-story building, a young Negro man passed out in a doorway coughs like a chain saw. Near Lefferts Boulevard four Negro boys are standing by the light pole laughing ferociously. As I come near they stop their banter and turn to me as one. The shortest one, about my height, with the longest hair, has a deep frown. I've seen that too many times. But I'm not going to change my path; that never does any good.

"Hey, Whitebread," he says, pointing at me as I am about four feet away. "What you thinking you be doing here?" And he laughs.

I stop. No use running. Negro boys run much faster. Like Jesse Owens in the 1936 Olympics. I say nothing and look at him more closely, at the same time taking in all four, who are likely about two years older than me. This kid has on worn black chinos and a very soiled red polo shirt, much too large. His hair is knotted in several places.

"Whitebread," he says, ever so slowly, getting a good laugh from his pals. "I don't think you been here before."

I extend my hand. "I'm Marc."

He almost reaches out and pulls back quickly. "Shit. What you think you doing?"

"Shaking your hand."

"Shit," he repeats, guffawing, and the one to his immediate left mumbles, "I ain't seen nutin."

"Shut the fuck up!" The largest boy pushes out in front. He's the leader. Over a head taller than me, with skin so black it looks tinged with purple. Acne on his cheeks and long, long fingers and his oversize pants held up with a wide black leather belt.

He steps within arm's length, a distance I ordinarily wouldn't tolerate, but there is still uncertainty here. "Fucking redhead from Mars." He chuckles loudly.

"Yeah, pretty rare," I agree, "even in my school."

"Are you staring at me, Whitebread?" he says, tightening his mouth into a hard circle.

"I guess so," I say. "I never had a Negro in any of my schools."

"That be me. A Nee Grow."

I don't respond.

"But you a Whitebread who not be afraid."

"No, I'm not afraid," I say, mostly truthfully. I haven't been in a single fight since I was forced to go to Yeshiva. A part of me misses it. When we still lived in West Hempstead, fighting had been my constant life, although in truth, my last year in public school, I'd had few fights. I think by then everyone avoided me.

"Then you be a very stupid kid, Mr. Redhead." He laughs like an old lawn mower starting up.

"I'll fight if you want," I offer. "But you're older and way bigger than me so how about one-on-one?"

Only one car has gone by and all four boys are sneering. I've invaded their territory, which is a cracked cement sidewalk in front of a store with its tattered red awning.



“Shit, Whitebread. We should just all beat your skinny white ass for coming here.”

“But then what?” I answer, getting close to him. “You’ll tell your friends that four boys twice my size beat me up? I’ll fight you and my skinny ass will show you how a redhead fights!”

He jolts half a step back.

A calm slow feeling seeps in like when I am standing chest deep in the ocean at Rockaway Beach and ahead a new wave begins to build. “I go to a school on 104th Street and classes start in an hour so I’m walking this way. Actually I hate going there. It’s a religious school. And I have to travel four hours a day.”

“Oh, shit,” a new one chimes in, a boy with a shaved head glistening in the sun. “Shit, four fuckin’ hours. Insane, my man.”

“Two trains, and I have to take my younger brother and the classroom stinks. The gym has only one broken hoop.”

“Oh man,” he says. “I wouldn’t go. And I don’t,” he adds proudly.

“Yeah, well, some days I don’t either. I hang out and play handball.”

“Whitebread plays handball?” The tallest one says, hiking both shoulders up.

“Good left and right,” I brag.

“Whitey, you want to play for some bread?”

I look at him.

“Money, boy. Two bucks! Then if you win I don’t beat you up.”

“I don’t have money with me,” I say. “It’s in my locker at school. But I’ll play you. Do you have a ball?”

“You shitting me?” he asks. “A hard Negro ball.”

Everyone laughs.

“I’m going to win,” I say. “And I don’t like sore losers.”

“He don’t have to worry ’bout that,” says the fourth boy.

“He’s got khaki pants and a thin black bandana knotted around his neck.”

“I’m Marc,” I say to the tall one, the leader. He extends his hand, large, with small callouses from lots of handball. This won’t be easy.

“Skull,” he says grinning ear-to-ear.

“And you?” I ask the shortest.

“Sugar Ray,” he says, raising his chin two notches.

“Sugar Ray,” I repeat. The finest boxer in history.

“Still Champeen of the world.”

“He retired in 1952,” I correct. “But he beat LaMotta five times.”

“Of course he beat that White Boy.”

“You get that ball,” I say to Skull. “And watch a White Boy beat you.”

“Oh this is goin’ be fun,” Skull laughs. “Mr. Marc. This is goin’ be great fun,” and everyone is laughing and we turn right on Lefferts.



Jessie | JIM YESCALIS '68



Water Color | RICHARD DRAKE '68

# No Grandfather's Hands

KEVIN BROWN '12

Jove! I'd cracked the pencil in my hand and  
cried to the bust of Shakespeare, looking  
lonely across the cinderblock ten-by-fourteen cell  
where they keep the English department. He  
asked me to listen and I consented,  
but he only told me he'd once gotten a  
splinter after Burbage kicked a hole  
in the stagedeck, damnit. I had no splinter, only  
a pencil broken, shards sticking up like  
yardarms and tethered masts on Delacroix's  
*Medusa*, miniature seafarers gasping for salvage.  
Interrupted by my grandfather's ghost,  
my hands hid the broken utensil, digging its  
points like poniards into fleshy fingers,  
feeling the blood rivulate, hoping he  
would find them callused in a minute, a month,  
ten years after I'd built my boat and felt  
there was something I could finally mention  
casually over a cold beer with men who had  
never read Milton.

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## Family Trip |

REBECCA FRANTZ '13

# Caterpillar Flu

VAL MULLER '02

Standing at the podium, Principal Elders opened a file folder. Around him, the auditorium seats creaked.

“Are there any other questions before we begin?” he asked.

The room was quiet. All eyes flew to the clock on the wall. Everyone knew the protocol. Fewer questions meant a faster staff meeting. And then they could all go home.

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“Well, then. Before we move on to discuss new state standards, I wanted to talk about flu season.”

The auditorium buzzed.

Principal Elders adjusted his jacket and pulled the knot of his tie tight against his neck. He held up a hand for silence. They quieted. He'd trained them well. “The nurse has left a memo in each of your mailboxes outlining proper protocol for containing the H3N7 flu. A few of you have started wearing the masks. This is fine—and the school board is considering making it policy.”

His eyes searched each row, looking for signs of obedience. Familiar nods greeted him. Some teachers even took notes. He nodded his approval. “Continue to use hand sanitizer. Let the office know immediately if the dispenser in your classroom has run out. No one is to use keyboards or computer components with bare hands. Boxes



of latex gloves will be placed at all computer stations and in every classroom. Have students email as many assignments as possible. Germs can live on a damp piece of paper longer than you'd like to think."

The room churned at the thought of it.

"We will be suspending the attendance policy for this year's exam exemptions. We don't want to encourage kids to show up to school sick." Principal Elders narrowed his eyes. "Teachers, either. I can't stress this enough. If you're sick, stay home. If you have a fever, stay home. If you're tired, stay home. Seven days. We're hoping they come out with a flu shot for this strand soon, but it kind of snuck up on us, didn't it?"

"How come they can't predict these viruses a little better?" whispered Mr. Wellesley, the history teacher. He chewed the earpiece of his reading glasses.

"I know. I went and got my flu shot for nothing," said Mrs. Bartish, the English Composition teacher.

"I heard Ronny Paulson has a serious case," said Ms. Simmons, the librarian. "That's why he's been absent all month."

"Thank goodness for that," Mrs. Bartish said. "My class has been so much quieter without him."

Mr. Adams bit his lip.

"Always crinkling his Scantrons," Mr. Wellesley agreed.

"And questioning everything," Ms. Alton huffed. "I hope he stays sick all year."

Mr. Adams stood suddenly. The noise around him faded into sighs. "I have a question about the standards."

Principal Elders nodded.

"The new standards don't emphasize—or test—anything having to do with science labs."

"Is there a question?" asked Principal Elders.

“Lab work is what innovates the field of science!” Mr. Adams huffed. “If we aren’t stressing discovery in the lab, then what are we—”

A chorus of groans rose in anticipation of Mr. Adams’ coming tirade.

“Let me stop you there,” Principal Elders said. Again he lifted his hand, palm outward, and again the well-trained teachers ceased their moans. “As you know, we have state mandates to meet. If we don’t, we’ll lose funding. Lab work is simply one step beyond what is tested at the standardized level, so until we can get all students up to speed for the test, we simply can’t afford to emphasize lab work. Or any other extraneous topic, for that matter.” He moved his gaze around the auditorium to emphasize that they were all bound by his words.

“And thank goodness,” whispered Mr. Pollard to Mr. Weiss, the student teacher he was training. “Standardized content is so much easier to grade. Especially in Chemistry.” He adjusted his pinstripe tie and smirked.

“Can you say *Scantron*?” laughed Mr. Weiss.

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“Not to mention all the practice tests,” Pollard added. “An easy lesson if you don’t want to deal with the brats.”

As around him the teachers’ voices rose in mumbled agreement and anecdotes, Mr. Adams turned to look at Pollard, whose face was drawn back in a permanent scowl. Mr. Adams believed it had been etched there by years of fighting students, of killing their natural curiosity through mediocrity and test scores. Pollard carried his chin raised as a haughty king might, to demonstrate that he carried a status that must not be questioned, especially by the brats that must grovel to him for their grades. He sat on the throne of mediocrity. He knew it, and he loved it.

“We’ll see what the kids do with the Level Four practices,” Mr. Pollard chuckled. “That’ll knock ’em down a few pegs, especially

Lindsey Ellers, who scored a 100 percent last time. Thinks she can teach the class now, I'll bet."

Mr. Weiss rubbed his hands. "I can't wait."

"We've ordered new workbooks for each of your classes," Principal Elders added over the low mumbles. "So each department will have a greater variety of practice tests and practice multiple-choice problems to use."

The room applauded.

Mr. Adams sat down, muttering to himself. During the rest of the meeting he scribbled furious notes on the back of his daily planner.

It took Adams only a week to create an attenuated version of the flu. His subconscious had been working on it for years: a controversial mix of virus and chemicals that one of his college professors had experimented with during the '60s. Of course it wasn't ethical. Some might even call it mind control. But old Professor Dower dubbed it "The Caterpillar Effect."

"All we're doing," he'd said, "is turning a caterpillar into a butterfly."

Regardless, Mr. Adams was well aware that what he was doing could lose him his job—or worse. Even Professor Dower had never actually tried it on humans. But the time had come. Here was the proper motivation to turn Dower's theoretical research into something tangible and practical.

Although Mr. Adams wanted to unleash it right away, he knew he should test it first. He started with Mr. Pollard, rising at dawn in order to get to school in time to break into Pollard's classroom. He used an aerated spray bottle to taint the insides of every rubber glove in Mr. Pollard's box. Then he sprayed the virus all over the "reset" and "score" buttons on the Scantron machine in the teacher workroom. As Mr. Pollard always did his grading before classes began, it was likely that

he would be the first to touch the machine and thus become the flu's first lab rat.

"Morning, Howard," Mr. Pollard said, entering the workroom. He carried a pair of latex gloves.

"Morning, Thomas." Mr. Adams was pretending to be making copies. He bit his lip to hide his excitement.

"My students scored 88 percent on the Level Two practice," Pollard said, snapping on the gloves. "Now their Level Three scores are hovering right around 80. Got to get them a bit higher."

Adams watched with delight as Pollard touched the Scantron machine respectively and then scratched just above his eye. Pollard adjusted his tie. "Aiming for 90 percent."

Mr. Adams hid a smirk. "Good luck with those scores," he said, hurrying out of the workroom.

Mr. Pollard, required to take the full seven-day leave, was relieved that at least his student teacher would be there to keep his lesson plans on track. On the morning of the eighth day, Mr. Adams and Mr. Weiss were seated at tables in the workroom, grading Earth Science essays and Scantrons, when Pollard hurried in. His eyes were bright, and there was even—could Mr. Adams be imagining things?—a bounce in his step. Instead of his normal shirt and tie, Mr. Pollard wore a bright plaid shirt, a pair of khakis, and an oversized cowboy-style belt buckle embossed with the image of a series of carbon atoms playing with a lasso.

After a quick double-take, Mr. Weiss dismissed Pollard's appearance, no doubt thinking he was still recovering from his illness. "You'll be proud of me," he beamed. "While you were gone, I followed your lesson plans exactly. We got through three practice tests. The class average rose from a 78.2 to a 79.1 percent—we're making real progress!"

Mr. Pollard looked pained. Mr. Weiss didn't notice. "Should we move on to the Level Five practice tests this week?"

Now disgust painted Pollard's face. Mr. Adams didn't need to see more. He knew the virus had worked. Still, he watched the rest of the miracle.

"Lindsey Ellers is getting pretty cocky again," Mr. Weiss prattled on, "thinking she's going to score a 100 on the next test."

Mr. Pollard held his forehead. His breathing quickened, and he glanced toward the window. He shifted from one foot to the other.

"See? Here are the score reports I printed." Mr. Weiss handed him a clipboard containing a graph and several columns of data.

Mr. Pollard took the clipboard and giggled.

"Are you all right?" Weiss asked.

Pollard giggled again and took a bright green highlighter from his pocket. He connected several points on the graph and drew three spheres.

"What anomaly did you fi—" Weiss tried to grab the clipboard. There on the graph, Mr. Pollard had drawn a smiley face hovering on top of a bowtie; lines connecting at the top of the graph formed a top hat.

"That data's got a *date*," Pollard chuckled. "Get it? He's all dressed up." He handed the clipboard back to Mr. Weiss and ruffled the young man's hair, chuckling once more.

Mr. Adams hid a smile. He could practically see the chemicals rushing through Pollard's system.

Mr. Wellesley plodded into the room and plopped a history workbook onto the copy machine. "Welcome back, Thomas," he said, biting the end of his reading glasses. "I hear your students are on Level Four already. You've got quite the student teacher working for you!"

Mr. Weiss beamed.

Pollard frowned. "I've been thinking," he said. "All these standardized

practices are boring the hell out of me. I have other plans for this week. We're going to do—some lab work.”

Mr. Weiss's smile deflated.

“What?” Wellesley dropped his glasses.

“A-a-and Level Five next week, then?” Mr. Weiss stammered.

Pollard shook his head. “Not next week. We're going to have to revise the lesson plans you've turned in to the university for your student teaching credit hours. In fact, we'll need to scrap them altogether. Next week, I plan to have the kids do a bit of original research.”

Mr. Wellesley twitched. “Thomas! Not with standardized testing just months away! You can't afford the time! It's a waste.”

Mr. Adams tried not to hurry out of the teacher room. As much as he wanted to hear the rest of the conversation, he couldn't wait to return to his own classroom. There, in his dorm-sized refrigerator, he kept the vials. He turned them over in his hands, feeling their cool power as he read the labels: *influentia bruchum*. Caterpillar flu.

It wouldn't matter if the students caught it, too. Most of them had become too complacent, anyway, blindly shuffling through the curriculum for grades. Their minds could use some opening as well. He stood on his lab table and reached up to the ceiling, where an ancient intake vent rattled with the school's aging air conditioning. He pried apart a gap in the vent, opened two vials, and placed them inside. There was another vent in the cafeteria, which he could easily access during lunch duty later that day.

Mr. Adams caught the flu just before the school-wide quarantine was imposed, but as he'd been exposed to the virus already, he experienced only a day of chills, and no other side effects. When school re-opened, two weeks later, he returned to find the students more eager than usual. He wondered if it was a side effect of cabin fever or an effect of the virus.

He stopped in at the main office, where he found Mr. Elders berating the secretary. “Cookie, I told you to order *one class set* of these workbooks.”

Cookie shook her head and pointed to an order form. “Here’s the form you gave me to fax. You ordered *one class set for every teacher* in the school.”

“Really?” Mr. Elders scratched his head and adjusted the collar on his coaching polo, a shirt he normally wore only to pep rallies. He held a stack of file folders and stared at them a moment before continuing. “Because I can’t for the life of me fathom why I would do such a thing. I found a special book request from the librarian for a new fantasy series the kids have been requesting, and now it seems I’ve spent a good chunk of our budget on the workbooks instead.”

“I’ll see if they can be returned,” Cookie said. “By the way, you look energized. Did you have the flu very badly?”

“Lasted almost the whole two weeks.” Elders scratched his head. He was standing still, but Mr. Adams could swear the man was bouncing in his shoes. He smiled at his secretary, his whole face glowing. “And boy, did I have some weird dreams. Visions, maybe. Don’t know if I was really awake or asleep. At one point, I imagined I was a student, and I was sitting in a classroom, and—”

He bounced literally now, tapping his hand rapidly on Cookie’s desk. Mr. Adams thought of a chicken trying to hatch. “I’ll tell you,” Elders said, “I never felt so trapped. And I come back here to find boxes and boxes of workbooks, and—it’s stifling. I keep thinking of shackles.” He glared again at the stack of folders. “Can you file these reports for me, Cookie?”

“File them? Aren’t those the reports you were going to analyze? Before we all got sick, you were going to call individual meetings for teachers whose practice scores hadn’t increased by at least—”



Elders held his head. “Please, no more about numbers and scores. Ever since I’ve gotten back, I just—I can’t really explain.” He bit his lip. “You know what? I’ll file them.” He tossed the entire stack into Cookie’s recycling bin, and stifled a smile.

Cookie smiled. “Just glad to have you back.”

Principal Elders nodded. “Let’s find the money for those fantasy books, okay?”

Mr. Adams chuckled and headed toward the bookroom. Stacked against the far wall was a pallet of workbooks, the plastic encasing them not even broken yet. He’d received the email notice—all the teachers had—to come pick up his class set from the pile. It seemed he wasn’t the only one who had yet to do so.

Students lined the hallways, and as he walked by, Mr. Adams caught snippets of their conversations.

“...is cancelling the research paper and letting us write a collection of short stories instead. And Lindsey Ellers is even going to try writing a novel! This is gonna be hard as hell.”

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“...said for our final exam, he’s entering us in a team physics competition. We’ll have to build a rocket that can weigh no more than ten pounds, but that has to travel all the way to...”

“...if we can write a first-person account from one of the major players of World War I, including footnoted facts, she won’t make us take the next unit test...”

“...told her it would be easier just to take the damned multiple choice test. The project requires too much effort. Don’t know what kind of crack these teachers are on, but...”

“...working with the art students to make a movie teaching lower-level math students how factoring works. We’re going to use little critters called Math-Mites that one of the artists drew, and we’re going to...”

“...I’d saved all my sister’s Scantrons from last year, but now he says we’re having an essay test instead. I hate this.”

“I’ve been copying Mel, and getting by that way, but now we’re switching to essay tests! I’m gonna fail.”

“You could always actually read the chapters.”

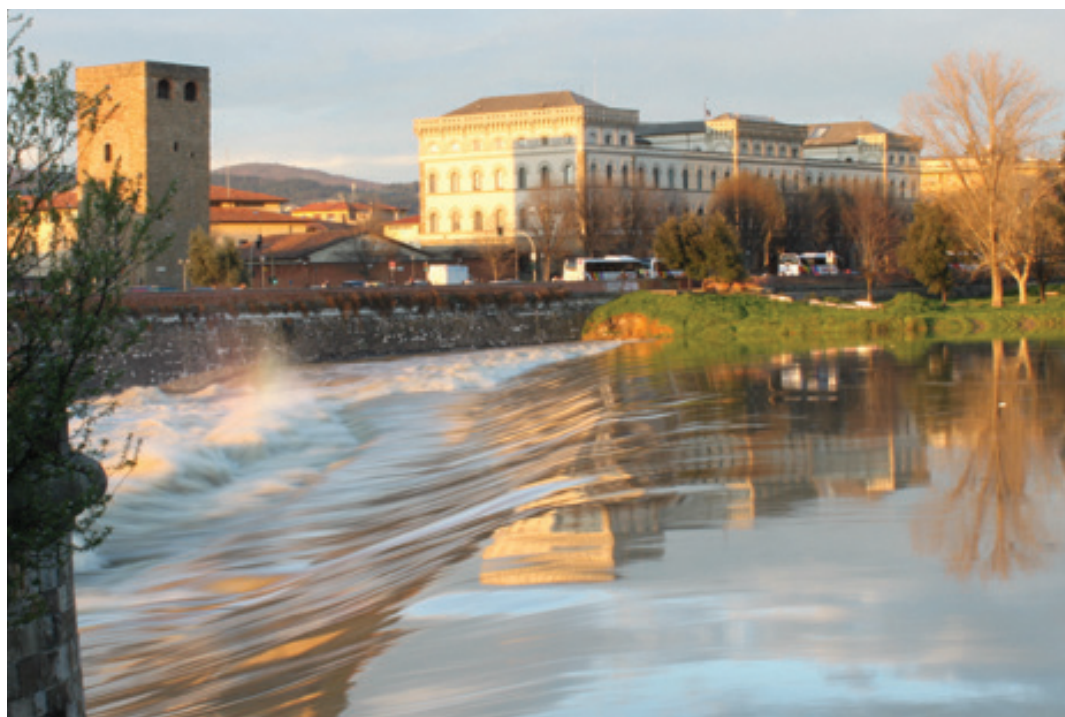
Mr. Adams smiled at the mixture of excitement and fear in the students’ voices. He was even glad for the ones who were angry. Anger was far better than apathy—any day. It meant they cared. The bell rang, but Mr. Adams had his planning period during the first block, so he walked the halls to peek in on the various classrooms, stopping at the door of Mr. Pollard’s class.

The room was quiet, students’ eyes widening as Mr. Pollard explained the original research project they’d be assigned for the following quarter. Instead of standing behind the podium as straight as his tie, he soared from row to row of student desks in his colorful new outfit, almost like a butterfly. A few of his students even seemed to be scribbling ideas on the inside cover of their daily planners.

Mr. Adams turned and headed back down the hall, passing the book storage room, where the brand-new copies of Level Six practice workbooks were already gathering dust.



Autumn Abstract | BILL SCAFF '57



Fold | LUKE OEDING '03

# Participation Points

HEATHER VAN DER GRINTEN '09

**L**et's do an activity together.

Yes, you.

You and me. We'll do it together.

Hold on tight to the book and stand up on your own two feet.

That's it. Take a breath in and let the air fill up your body. In and in until there's no way to inhale anymore—and then exhale it all out again. Feel the weight in your balance. The amazing structure of the human skeleton stacking bones ever so precariously, with our muscles and ligaments making vertical seem almost effortless. Feel the micro-movements each millisecond adjusting and assisting your “stillness.”

The whole activity won't take too long, unless you want it to, and then we can take all day. For most people three to five minutes of undivided time is sufficient.

Yes, undivided. Put that iPhone down and focus.

Pick up one foot. Either foot—it doesn't matter.

Did you put it down yet?

Did I say you could?

Follow directions carefully now, or you could miss the important message I'm taking time to craft for you. Let's breathe in all the way, filling ourselves up with air and exhaling calmly. Still on that foot?

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Great. Did you feel the shift when you moved to one foot?

Your weight shifted. Your mind had to be conscious ever so slightly to adjust to your shifting shape until you found stability. An albeit minor, but still decisive movement.

Still on your foot? Ready to go above and beyond?

Give yourself permission to be playful. Explore this context: you on one foot. Don't hop or anything crazy—that foot under you is rooting you to this world—but please go explore swings and kicks and bends and the range movement in your other leg. I'll wait...

Ready?

Okay, next step. (We're going somewhere totally different—are you really ready?)

We are going to shift our weight—

—to the other foot.

Take your time.

Realize how many tiny bones are encapsulated in that lump of a foot: cuboids, metatarsals, don't get me started. Did you get your foot down? And you lifted the other? Did you feel the waterfall of weight pour from one side of your body to the other? Parallel, connected, yet uniquely different universes. Let the newness of the second side settle in. Let your cells finish their molecular Oregon Trail and jostle into new alignments.

Now, after you've given yourself equal playtime on both sides, return to both feet.

You're safely back to the starting point. Yet, in a mere matter of minutes, an entire internal universe has been circumnavigated.

A weight shift from one side to the other can be a big deal.

Not convinced? Wasted your time? Wait. Don't go anywhere just yet. Let me explain: We all have days when life feels slow or painful or perilous, exhausting, insurmountable, depressing, frustrating, uncertain. On days I wake feeling paralyzed by these emotions I

inhale deeply into my lungs and into my body and—because I have to—begin to shift my weight. Because shifting my weight initiates a greater continuum of shifts, mentally and emotionally. I acknowledge that I am merely starting anew, stepping forth from one side of the great parallel-yet-connected universe to reach the other side of myself. Like tectonic plates giving up on Pangaea, it can be a slow and arduous journey.

Three illuminated statements float around my computer screen. Glowing like bright and blatant sunshine, they suggest that even in the dead of winter, spring is on its way. They remind me, too, of the daily commitment it requires to create change. One of them is applicable to today's activity:

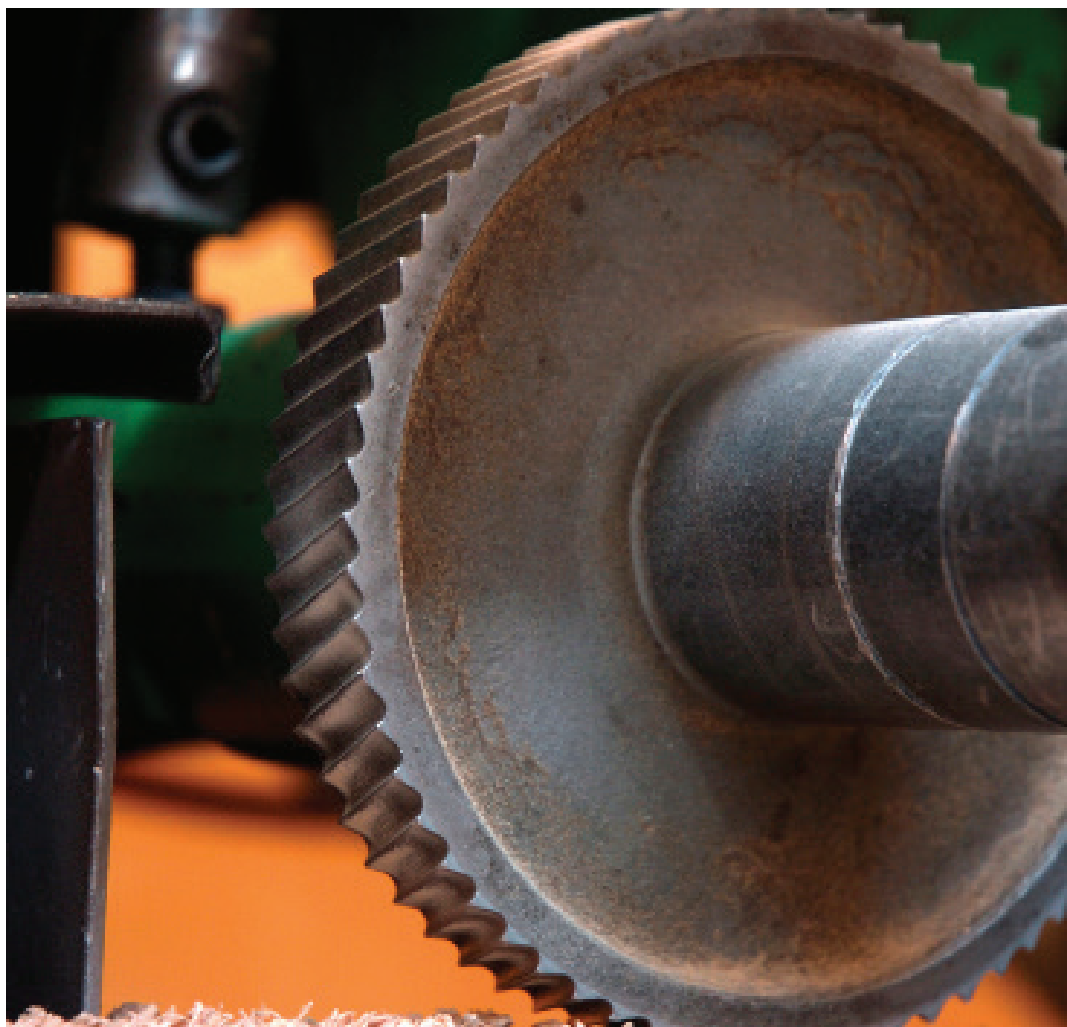
*If you do not step forward, you will always be in the same place.*

Being in my current place is not an option for next year. I have to welcome every day with a practice that empowers me—one cell at a time, one bone and then the next—to shift towards a better tomorrow.

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The constant shifting of the world can feel overwhelming, but I appreciate the simplicity of my activity: finding beauty and nuance in a tiny personal transfer of weight, and looking outward to see how tiny ripples join and manifest in visible changes. Personally or socially, taking stasis and giving it motion is one of life's greatest challenges. There's so much beauty in finding those movements. How can anyone stay still? Life is shift.





J.K. Adams Woodshop, Dorset, Vermont | LEE KROHN '79

# Slaymaker Manufacturing

MARK BRUNS '77

*Whisssh-clank, Whisssh-clank.*

A fleet of presses

Blows steam through window grates,

Onto the morning's pavement.

Behind flaking brick walls,

Bulky figures line long workbenches,

hunched behind hissing machines, hands flying

Over piles of glittering metal.

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Noon. The whistle blows.

Sun falls hard along the streets.

The laboring engines halt,

Letting out steamy sighs.

The workers unbend themselves,

troop outside, cluster along the curb.

Clutching cigarettes and coffee,

They squint into the bright, oddly quiet world.



Sam the Welder | NORM FESMIRE '64

# Typewriter Art

ALAN WALSH '90

The hands on the clock above the door of the office of the *College Reporter* crept doggedly toward 3:00 a.m.. Monday morning was wearing away and Russell, editor-in-chief, would have committed violent acts for a pillow. He'd fork over the entire \$1.26 balance in his checking account for a half-hour nap on a soft bed. His stomach ached with weariness. He slugged down another swallow of bitter coffee and paced around the office.

Every Sunday night, Russell rode herd over the weekly newspaper's five section editors as they frantically worked to finish writing articles, edit copy, develop photos in the darkroom, and create the time-intensive final layout, which had to be delivered to the printer's office by Monday morning. Every Sunday, the same procrastination resulted in late night mayhem and fatigue-driven mistakes. Five minutes before, Megan, the features editor, had finally finished her two pages, after wasting three hours when her computer froze and she lost her entire layout. The sports and news departments were going to need another hour. Russell himself had yet to start writing his weekly editorial, not that he had much of an idea what he'd write about.

All that by 7:00 a.m., and Russell had a class at 9 and an exam at 11. Forget the nine o'clock—he'd use the time to cram for the exam. He feared this job would cost him a half-point on his GPA this year. He was also lamenting his weekend drinking, as he did nearly every

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week at this time. He slogged down plenty at Saturday night parties and didn't roll out of bed until noon on Sundays, when the building that housed the newspaper office opened. As he did every week at this time, he was regretting having ever taken the job as editor-in-chief of the College weekly. In 24 hours the paper would hit the stands and the abuse would begin: the sports coverage is lousy, they'd say. The paper wrote of superficial news only, they'd whine. It took no initiative to investigate the real campus issues, and on and on. He could hear it all now, rattling around his brain with his growing headache.

If the paper couldn't live up to the reporting standards of the students, Russell wanted it to at least look like it had been proofread. But the news editor, Pete, barked, as always, when Russell found typos after the sections were pasted down in final layout.

"They can't stand us anyway; what difference will a missing letter mean, and it's three o'clock in the morning," Pete said. "Anyway, it's in the last paragraph of the story, and how many people will read past the jump? Let's get the hell out of here. I have a test in the morning, too."

Russell was too tired to pick a fight. He let it go. He'd correct and reprint the page later, once Pete had gone home.

He wandered the office and browsed for any new additions to the bulletin boards that stretched the length of the back wall. Decades before, someone had established an unwritten rule: nothing posted on the boards could ever be taken down. So many fading photos, jokes, rude letters to the editor, and miscellaneous items covered the board that you had to peel away two or three layers to find the actual corkboard. Some stuff was at least 25 or 30 years old, yellowed, wrinkled, fading reminders of the decades the staff had somehow managed to publish every week with *no computers*.

The bulletin board served as a type of archive, and judging by the taste and tone of the stuff, Russell figured that most of it had been

posted by former editors-in-chief of the *College Reporter*, similarly deprived of sleep.

He picked up a piece of paper and scribbled a new contribution to the bulletin board: HUMPTY DUMPTY WAS PUSHED. He pinned the paper on top of a fading Dan Quayle quotation and slumped into a horrid orange vinyl couch, gazing around the office at the junk previous staffs had neglected to take with them when they graduated. The mess included a number of antique typewriters that in some long ago time had actually been used to produce the newspaper. Such quaint history, in light of the College's slick new Apple Macintoshes. The staff used all this modern efficiency to make editorial and layout changes without having to tear up entire sheets of paper and start over. Although the new computers saved time and energy in producing this weekly publication, Russell wondered if they also made the staff sloppy and lazy.

His eyelids drooped as he pondered the typewriters—these relics of newspaper lore. Heavy, black, made of iron, their round keys sank comically deep when pressed. They conjured images of H.L. Mencken, or William Randolph Hearst, or Red Smith banging out an immortal column. What had it been like to publish a paper amid the hectic metallic clicks of a dozen typewriters, cigarette smoke thick as fog, and wrinkled curmudgeons in green eyeshades? The way it was done in, say, the 1930's, when cynical reporters would phone their stories into the newspaper office and the inside "rewrite" staff would embellish, polish and in many cases over-write a piece into a gilded lace of words, before handing them to the copy boys, who'd run the freshly typed articles to the dexterous typesetters.

Russell's head snapped up, his eyes bulged, as the sports editor reached for a metal yardstick used for layouts and slammed it loudly against a nearby wall. Russell stumbled to his feet and grabbed the same yardstick, looking for anything to beat the crap out of, preferably

the inept, snickering page editors. He swept one of the old iron typewriters off its cabinet. He knocked it onto the floor and started swinging at it. He delivered five or six blows with the yardstick and started feeling a little better. And then he sat down at his computer and wrote a morbid editorial about apathy on campus.

The following Monday Russell again found himself slumping in a chair after midnight, the newspaper half-finished, a cigarette hanging from his dry lips, his shirttail out and weekend-old stubble shadowing his face. He paced the newsroom, impatiently supervising his five tiring section editors scrambling to finish this paper in the pre-dawn hours. He remembered reading somewhere that Thomas Jefferson liked to chop wood when he was frustrated or angry. Or was it Washington? He got up and looked for his copy ruler, the metal one with the sharp edge. Under the force of his first blow, a key flew off the typewriter. As he struck the old frame, a satisfying, solid impact filled his hands. He whacked it a dozen times, a wry smile growing on his face. A few more chops from high over his head and several more keys flew off. A couple of baseball-style swings and the frame began to bend at weaker points, and lines of the old black paint scratched away. He now held the ruler over his head with two hands, feeling energetic for the first time in hours, and turned around to find his deputy editors staring at him with glazed eyes and open mouths. Russell began to laugh.

The weeks wore on in similar, inefficient crisis mode. Russell continued to take out his frustration, weariness and boredom on the same antique typewriter, until it was a twisted piece of metal. A few keys stubbornly remained, but they were bent deeply into the bottom of the frame.

As spring thawed its way onto campus Russell found himself spending long hours in the newspaper office by himself reading copy



and scanning College information outlets for story ideas. He absently looked out the large, tinted bay windows onto the wide lawn, where students in shorts and T-shirts threw Frisbees, listened to music and read books, eagerly absorbing the warm sun they had been missing since October. Yet his work seemed to be multiplying: his desk was cluttered with little pink and yellow reminders of all that must be done. Field a complaint from an advertiser from last week, return a call from the newspaper's printer, schedule a meeting with the dean... Russell shook his head, thinking that April really was the cruelest month—for newspaper editors. He was long overdue for a little time on the softening green himself. Turning back to his stacks of copy, he proofread an article describing the upcoming Spring Art Show.

"Entries will be hung, mounted or otherwise displayed around the Stunt Center," Russell read aloud, and with a snort, corrected the spelling from Stunt to Student. "Judges from a local art society will assess the work and hand out awards."

He lit a cigarette and kept reading.

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Art majors will be those most likely to enter pieces in the contest, and some of the works will no doubt be impressive. Students will have struggled throughout the semester on their creations, conceiving their interpretations of life in the 1980s using their understanding of history's greatest artists as references.

Russell tsked. He always had to remind his arts and entertainment editor, Daisy, to tone down her language. English majors! Still, he had to admire her enthusiasm.

Many seniors will no doubt enter their final exam pieces, having invested into them a semester's worth of thought, energy and careful design. One entry, by Kerry Boyer, consists of a twirling black spiral with geometric figures cut from the piece, these cut-outs extending from the main as if having been expelled after a struggle from within the piece itself. It is currently hanging in the stairwell of the College Center.

Other pieces will dazzle the viewer with multi-media designs, special effects and illusions generated by Mac computers.

Russell put down Daisy's draft, yawned, and headed downstairs to the student center to get his mail. On the way, he browsed the 20-piece show, which was being hung as entries were submitted. One piece reminded him of a construction paper project he'd done in third grade. Returning to the newspaper office, he picked up his yardstick and headed to his favorite target. After two or three blows an idea came to him. He scanned the article draft he'd read earlier—ah, the contest entry deadline had not passed, and the contest director was an art professor. He snatched up his mauled typewriter, lugged it to the professor's office, and handed it over, including his name and title: "The Mangling of the English Language."

Later that evening, Russell paced the newspaper office, considering the topic for the week's editorial. He missed his typewriter. As he slapped the ruler against his hand, thinking about the mashed thing, Pete walked into the office with a three-C newspaper dinner from the café downstairs: cheeseburger, Coke and Chipwich.

"Hey, I just saw two people downstairs checking out that mess you entered in the contest," Pete said. "They were saying something about it actually being an interesting statement." He shook his head and turned on the office TV.

Russell chuckled, and raised his eyebrow. He sat down at his computer. Yes, he thought. It was an interesting statement. He began typing.

A marvelously creative expression of the relentless deterioration of the language as new generations of students fail to grasp or, worse yet, even care about the important and subtle nuances of the English language. Students these days don't pay careful attention to defining *terms*, and they argue when you attempt to drill into them why it's important to understand the essential fundamentals of grammar and usage.

Russell nodded at his computer screen. He could actually picture the contest judges sharing these observations among themselves over coffee and croissants in the College Center café. They would pour forth praise ...

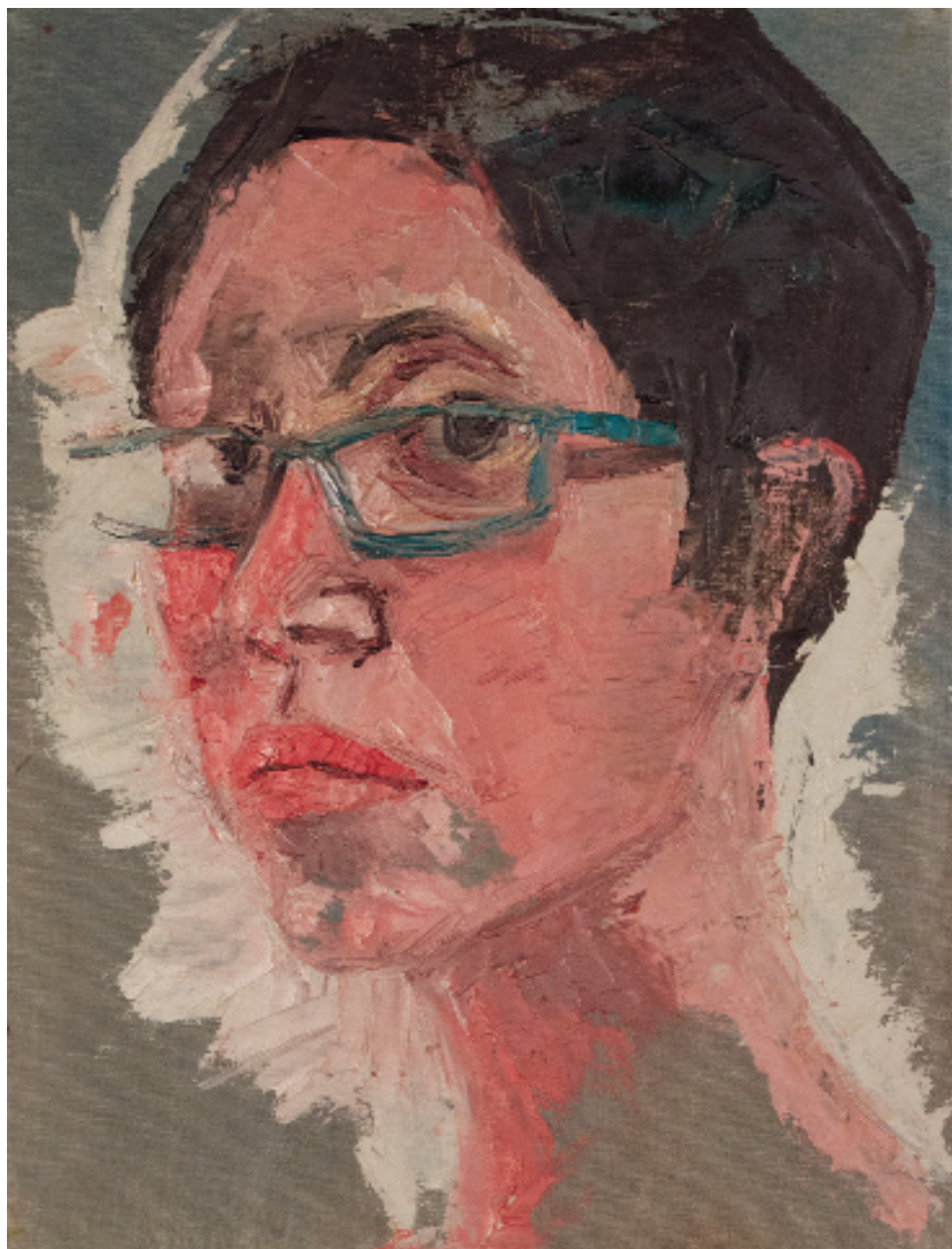
He typed faster, his thoughts gathering momentum:

...the finest sort of praise for the ancient, dead typewriter, whose keys once sang out symphonies of literature under the conduction of the old masters. Alas, no longer. The mangled typewriter represents all that has gone wrong with the learning and writing of English in recent generations despite diligent attempts by teachers all over America to carry on the elegance and structure of the language....

He saved his thoughts in a file. He stretched his stiff neck and stood up, telling Pete he was heading home. Walking across the dark campus amid the springtime smell of new growth, he could imagine easily how the judges would agree that his clever art piece embodied, figuratively and literally, a seemingly new and blatant abuse of the written word. Envisioning the praise, the commendation, the accolades for his out-of-the-box art piece, he inhaled a long, deep breath of the night air, slowly breathed out, and said aloud: "Long live the integrity once symbolized by the manual typewriter, the integrity of the newspaperman, and the integrity of the English language!"

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Second Place.



Self Portrait | SALINA ALMANZAR '13

# Foul Ball: The View from Fifty-Five

MARK D. POSSANZA '79

The trajectory of our baseball  
speeding like a piece of celestial  
debris on collision course  
with the living room window made us  
helpless onlookers gazing  
like NASA technicians, waiting  
for impact. We kept our eyes on the ball,  
our hands steering to correct its course  
as if its flight answered to our yells.  
Down Fourth Street it went,  
over the corner mail box,  
past the oak in the front yard,  
over the front steps,  
through the square pane of glass  
and onto the living room carpet.  
Walter Cronkite didn't miss a beat  
on the evening news. No ump  
dignified it with his call,  
no slow-motion video captured  
its errant arc, documenting  
a chance curve in the gravitational  
field. We scattered, innings unfinished,  
ball lost. One stray shot on a wicked pitch  
ended the games of that rookie summer.

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Lava vs Volvo | DAVE NOBLE '52

# Slush Pile

CAITLIN CIERI '12

The graveyard of wannabe writers' hopes and dreams towered over me, wedged between the copier and Grace's mahogany desk, irregular with corners of query letters and manuscripts poking out the sides; my first slush pile! I wouldn't be fired if I failed to read all those manuscripts, but said manuscripts sure would be. And Mr. Sima would stare at me through those glasses of his and forbid me to ever touch those rejected manuscripts again; I'd have to watch Grace gut them for their self-addressed stamped envelopes and throw the rest into the incinerator each month; and I'd miss out on genuine talent just because it was unsolicited.

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Most people don't think of publishing agents as bleeding hearts, but after I saw Grace throw that first pile of paper into the pits of Hell, I couldn't let another writer's aspirations die like that.

"*Twilight* was found in a slush pile," I told Mr. Sima before my coffee break. Sure, Mr. Sima was President of Janus and Narcissus Literary, and the most experienced agent, but I wanted to prove that I could show him a little something about marketing books in the real world.



“Yeah, Ernie, and people hate it,” Mr. Sima grumbled, more directly than I would have expected from a Chinese boss. I could respect his aversion to vampires, werewolves and Stephenie Meyer. You could find that sort of smut self-published online for 99 cents at *Lulu* or *Smashwords* anyway. But all those pages, manuscripts, and SASEs (Janus and Narcissus does not accept submissions via email, thank God) lovingly laser-printed and mailed to our agency were testaments to the dedication of their writers in the twilight of bookstores and print publication. They, the last of a dying breed, deserved better than cremation.

I pulled an unopened (poor dear) submission from the top. It was addressed with a green glitter pen, proof of the writer’s courage and creativity.

“Well, Ms. Rachel Rosenvinge,” I said, slumping onto an ergonomic back-cushion. “I’m about to turn your sweat and blood into a marketing masterpiece.” Just for a moment I noticed the strange absence of sound where I sat, and thought it must be an acoustic dead zone. I took out my Moleskin notebook, set my phone’s stopwatch to prove this was time well spent, ripped open the envelope and, cocooned in silence, began to read.

1: I wasn’t wrong about Rachel. She’s only in high school, but can spin one hell of a dystopia. What if there had been a secret society that assassinated Susan B. Anthony so women never got the vote? She’s gonna find a big surprise in her mailbox!

2: Mi-Ok Ro is horrible. She goes on and on about her freshman year of college, but according to Uncle Google her biggest accomplishment today is Chipotle’s Employee of the Month. And in her cover letter she actually says her book is the answer to the world’s problems. But how many of our favorite authors were jerks?

3: Lewis Stankiewicz, I don't want to read about Bob Actionman eating a steak. Nobody wants to read about Bob Actionman eating a steak. I like eating steak, not reading it.

4: Colette Bradshaw wrote about a girl who runs away from home to join a circus cult. Oh, that old saw.

5: Note to self: Send Amon Hammer a thesaurus so he can get some synonyms for "destiny."

6: Another story about a girl in a circus cult.

Wait a minute, I've READ this one before. It's *Cirque du Culte!* By Colette Bradshaw, too! She just used a different author name and title. Cheater!

7: If I get one more story about vampires or Hunger Games, I'm going to throw a desk out the window. Not mine, I still need it. I'll throw Grace's.

8: Dammit, Colette Bradshaw!

9: I want to love your story, Lisbet, but I keep reading the same sentence over and over again. I think I'm getting tired.

10: A sad story about abused prisoners. I can't do sad stories about abused prisoners. I always feel like a creep for just letting it happen, like I should break them out or start a petition.

11: I will take every single copy of *Cirque du Culte* and set them on fire in front of Colette's house. Changing her name to Bob Smith ain't gonna work.

12: Malin, you know how to write. And your name is cute. You can stay.

13: Enjoyed Adisa's story and looking forward to my next coffee break.

14: DAMMIT, COLETTE!!! D:<

My stopwatch told me I'd spent three hours in the pile. I condemned four copies of a horrible story and saved three great manuscripts.

I could not wait to shove them in Mr. Sima's nickel-framed face. Ignoring my gurgling stomach, I went to re-caffeinate myself, enjoy the street noise, and breathe some fresh smog. That weird silence in the pile was unnerving.

Yes, I take my coffee at Starbucks. They're easy to find and I like that little green mermaid. There are at least 8,000 reasons I shouldn't buy their stuff, but I just can't resist the tiny siren. And it's Pumpkin Spice Latte season.

"Good morning," the perky barista grinned. I like anyone who can be perky working an entry-level job in her fifties.

"Good morning?" Wouldn't that be nice?" I scoffed, going through my pockets.

Vani—according to her nametag—leaned in with a little frown. "What happened, sweetie?"

"I mean it would be nice if it were still morning." I patted a five onto the counter.

"But it is," Vani corrected, taking the five.

I glanced around. No bands of plaid-skirted Catholic schoolgirls. Just seniors trying to fritter away the hours. The middle-aged woman with the Korean newspaper hadn't moved since I'd bought my late-morning Caramel Flan Latte at 11:00. Vani was foaming the milk and staring at me while I stared at the late-morning crowd.

"So..." I squeaked, trying to sound casual, "What time is it, my good barrista?" Somehow rolling r's seemed appropriate.

She glanced at her pink Hello Kitty watch. "Eleven-oh-eight," she said, throwing one last shake of nutmeg on my latte.

I looked out the window. The sun wasn't setting over the church steeple as it should be at 2:00. I grabbed my drink, spilling some onto my fingers, and ran back to the office. As I skidded to a halt right next to the mail slots, Mr. Sima fixed his glasses and looked up from a letter with the HarperCollins logo.

“Didn’t you just have one of those?”

“Before I started the slush pile,” I croak-chuckled.

“About 11 minutes ago,” he frowned at his stainless steel Bulova.

“You giving up, like everyone else?”

He turned back to his letter, and Grace gave a single definitive nod.

The full gravity of the situation finally hit me: I had stopped time in the slush pile!

I always knew I had undiscovered powers. Rationality be damned. I’d been reading for three hours; my stopwatch wouldn’t lie. Started at 11:00, should have finished near 2:00, but all that work had only taken a second? The Starbucks seasonal drink I held taunted me with its insignificance. How could whipped foam and secret spices compare to my ability to defy the laws of physics?

I drank it anyway, but that didn’t change the fact that I’d torn through the pile in nanoseconds. I had proven them all wrong, those naysayers who whine about “not having time to read every submission.” Let them whine and say nay. I could turn every piece with talent and potential into a bona fide book; I was the Master of the Slush Pile!

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I spent the next hour writing congratulations to the authors whose works I liked, promising edits within a month. Then I went back to stuffing envelopes for the authors old Mr. Sima wanted to publish. I spent the night burning all 30 copies of *Cirque du Culte* in a metal trashcan behind my apartment, cackling triumphantly.

Mr. Sima said nothing but kept me busy for three days straight so I couldn’t return to the pile. Busy as I was, I started considering what else I could do with my superpower. I could run a marathon in mere seconds, push old ladies out of the paths of oncoming cars, cure cancer, even. No matter how much buried treasure might be found in that makeshift Cone of Silence, I couldn’t limit myself to publishing. People with superpowers must save the world; that’s just how it works.

Friday, noon: time to test my incredible powers with lunch. I bought something with pastrami and a fancy orange soda and set my phone-timer.

I willed myself to stop the flow of time, concentrating on dammed up waterfalls, Doctor Who, Elvis on the toilet, those swinging balls thingies in every businessman's office. Scrunching my eyes shut, I bolted down sauerkraut and dressing, and quaffed my specialty soda. Finished and suffering mild heartburn, I finally looked at my phone. The timer said 15 minutes had elapsed. So did the restaurant's clock. I trudged back to the office, my pride as wounded as my stomach.

Several real-time hours later, I left work for the gym. I brought *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows* onto the elliptical machine and tried to focus. The girl on the next machine asked if an e-reader wouldn't have been easier to carry.

"A Segway would be more convenient than walking," I asserted, "But here you are using your legs as God intended." Thirty minutes reading on the elliptical equaled 30 minutes plus one stupid comment.

Reading at home took the same amount of time. So did cooking, cleaning, and commuting. The beginnings of an existential crisis crept over me. This amazing, Earth-shattering gift had been wasted on something my boss didn't even appreciate and was now gone forever.

Stupid time-stopping powers.

It was a beautiful Monday morning at the office but I was still gripe-moping. Even the Pumpkin Spice Lattes tasted gross. And there I saw a new pile of broken hearts slumped against the copier, mocking me with its height.

"Got you some more rejects," Grace snickered. "Last week you were going crazy for these, so I figured I'd share my wealth." She plopped two more manuscripts, one scented with lavender, on top of the mound of slush.

Glaring at the pile, I wanted to burn it down along with Grace's fancy desk, so perfect and mahogany it's probably insured by Lloyd's of London. But then I saw Mr. Sima in his office on the other side of the room, shaking his head. 9:15: time to get on it. I slid down on the ol' back-pillow and slumped into the pile with my drink next to me and wondered again how this corner managed to repel sound. On the way down, my elbow knocked over the manuscripts and sent them cascading to the floor. Graced stared bemusedly. I set my phone timer.

Two eerily quiet hours and 10 manuscripts later, I jumped up, slapped down the last submission and cried, "Done!" And not a single Colette in the batch.

"Quick," Grace said, "Giving up already?"

I plopped the recovered manuscripts on her fancy desk.

"Take a look at the winners you were going to burn," I waved my arm over the pile, a fairy-godmother Vanna White.

"You just picked these at random," she accused, nudging the manuscripts back at me with her silver-plated pen.

"If I was going to grab envelopes all willy-nilly, I wouldn't have spent hours doing it." I folded my arms and grinned. Check and mate.

"You were only there for a second."

No...freaking...way!

I gawked at Grace's precious little desk clock. Still 9:15. I picked up the half-drunken Pumpkin Spice Latte, sitting atop a jungle expedition manuscript, and removed the lid. The cup was cool and the whipped cream had collapsed into ugly floating blobs.

My time-stopping powers were back. The latte and I had spent two hours together in the pile while the rest of the world stood still. The slush was magic, it was the only explanation!

I ran out for a replacement drink, my caffeine craving overpowering my need for food. Back in the agency, I set my fresh drink on Grace's desk to relieve my burning hand and grabbed the salvaged manuscripts

to bring to Mr. Sima. I dropped one manuscript, the super sad prisoner abuse story from last week, on Grace's desk.

"Thought I'd share the wealth," I grinned back at her.

She pushed the coffee and manuscript back to me. I took the coffee and turned to see Mr. Sima opening his office door. "Let me know when the next batch of rejects comes in."

"Not for another week," he said, shooting his cuffs while flipping through my finds. "I don't want you wasting time when legitimate authors need representation."

"Don't worry, Mr. Sima, I know how to separate the winners from the cheaters who spam the pile with copies."

"Well, now that you're done with that," Mr. Sima said, watching me over the top of his glasses, "Why don't you get back to working on what I actually hired you for?"

A-OK with me. After all, my powers were linked to those manuscripts, and I needed to figure out how to jury-rig them for my own schemes.

My back was arched, tiptoes and one hand pressed to the ground; the other folded behind my back. On the floor below was a pile of six manuscripts, the top one from a senior chasing his lifelong dream. I admired his spirit, his modesty, and his discipline in submitting only one copy of his manuscript instead of spamming us with *Cirque du Culte*. I did not admire how he always threw in some adverb immediately following "he said/she said." This was my third pile in as many weeks.

My phone sat on the floor. Its stopwatch raced towards 90 seconds. A bead of sweat rolled down my nose and audibly plopped onto the phrase "they said hastily," real ink running over real paper. Then my body collapsed from weak core muscles. In his tailored charcoal suit, Mr. Sima stood over my heap of a body and the heap of rejected submissions.



“Hoping to get in a workout?” he asked, his eyes narrowed and suspicious. I craned my head up, chin just touching the carpet.

“You saw all that?” I adjusted my pose to one that involves fewer muscles; like sitting.

“Two sets of mediocre planks.” Grace counted on her fingers using her beloved silver pen.

“But I was reading the pile.” My left arm was still sore, so I half pointed and half flopped my arm in the direction of the papers.

“You’re obsessed,” Mr. Sima rebuked, adjusting his collar. “Are you going to betray our approved clients just to win an argument? Go back to your office, leave the slush, work on what you know will sell. The rejected authors can try their luck self-publishing or online.”

“They wouldn’t DARE!” I gasped.

He headed into his office, and paused, his watch hand gripping his door. “And save your exercise for after work. I have a client coming in.”

His door shut and Grace shot me a glare. I grabbed a handful of 9x12 envelopes and walked them over to my desk. Old Mr. Sima had said to go back to my office, and that’s what I intended to do.

Sort of.

It turned out that reading the slush alongside the rest of my work was a horrible idea. I lost track of which story I was reading when, and after an hour I could only remember reading about an elfish adolescent hunting down the Al-Qaeda spies who attacked Abraham Lincoln to get Brad from the football team to ask him to the senior prom. Needless to say, when I sent Mr. Sima my draft response to the author he opened my door with his face looking twisted and uncomfortable.

To reestablish myself with him I decided to read manuscripts while taking lunch at my desk. A sci-fi thriller got drizzled with aioli, a romance novel with olive tapenade, and soda fizzed over a YA novel. Clamping the manuscripts in my armpit, I used my shoulder to turn on the second floor bathroom’s hand-dryer and tried to salvage the

soaked story. Another slipped from my pit-grip and landed in one of the men's room mystery puddles. Lunch took a total of one hour, real-time and me-time.

The results were the same during my coffee break. Jerry Forrester's story got a brown stain from nutmeg powder. A blob of latte ruined Muriel Vargas' home address. The last five pages of Ariel Mahdavi's piece absorbed a wet circle of chai left on the table by some bozo.

"You should take a sick day, Ernie," Mr. Sima said as soon as I reentered the office. "You can't focus on your manuscripts, you lose interest in your projects in a manner of seconds, and you've been taking more coffee breaks than usual."

"But I feel totally fine." I raised both of my hands, slow and level, as a demonstration. "See? Steady as a rock."

"We all have those days," he sighed, Cantonese accent slipping through in his frustration, "We think we're ready to tackle the world and end up doing nothing. Go home, take a bath, switch to tea."

What. The. Hell?

I could take the day off, but that wasn't the issue. I had incredible superpowers and all they were good for was the pile, half of which I ravaged with food. I couldn't get my other work done in the pile, I couldn't burn 500 calories in the pile, and I sure couldn't use that pile to end world hunger.

I didn't even go home. I just sat in the bustling Starbucks with my latte, looking at my life, looking at my choices, and they both looked like rancid milk blobs.

Twenty-four hours of self-loathing later, I returned to find a single letter nestled in my inbox, addressed with green glitter pen.

Rachel Rosenvinge.

The first piece of slush I'd ever read. And she'd responded in glitter; that takes cajones. I was half-aware of the sparkly smudge on my

thumb, and Grace staring at me reading in front of the mailboxes, but I shifted my focus back to the letter.

*Dear Mr. Ernie Bahena,*

*THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ACCEPTING MY STORY!*

*Your letter absolutely made my day and I can't wait to show it off to all my friends! And my English teacher! Now who doesn't understand themes and symbolism, HUH?! XD But again, thank you so much and I promise I will take care of all those changes you mentioned ASAP!*

*Love,*

*Rachel Rosenvinge =^\_ ^=*

You'd have to have a heart of rock not to be moved by that; raw appreciation from someone with raw talent. She didn't know or care about professionalism, proper channels, anything that would get in the way of her message. And that message was delivered with emoticons, glitter, and a willingness to work with a literary agent. A willingness you don't see in those online self-publishing writers who won't accept help from discerning readers like me and always get everything their own way, no matter how stupid.

This was something I could do with my powers. This is how I could change the world. Not by strengthening my biceps or digging wells in third-world countries. I don't know the first thing about wells, but I do know how to find narrative art where philistines see only sloppy query letters. Clearly, the reason my powers only worked in the pile was because I was *meant* to represent the unrepresented.

And I swore that unto my dying day I would never again abandon that mound of hope: The Almighty Slush Pile!

Two years later I'm in the Cleveland-International Airport, coming back from a book tour. Throughout the trip, I'd been catching up on

my client's latest successes, hundreds of pages stuffed into my carry-on. Some agents download PDFs of their clients' manuscripts onto their e-readers, but I like to think I'm better than that. Amon Hammer's fantasy epic *Destiny Manifold* was read on the taxi ride to the airport, Malin Bielvenstram's side-splitter *Transit Authority* on the plane to Cleveland, Adisa Bakare's indie classic *Gloria Clementine's Extensive List of Things to Do Before I Die* after unpacking, former Oprah book-group selection *Rage Against Your Mother* by Mi-Ok Ro during breakfast, Muriel Vargas' political thriller *Trust, But Verify* during lunch, and Rachel Rosenvinge's *The Man's Way To Die* while waiting for Damion Cody's reading to start.

I just couldn't finish Cody's *Steam*, though; way too traumatizing. I know he isn't really my client, but he is Grace's, and half of Janus and Narcissus attended his fancy live reading. Curse my inability to read super sad, world-changing, stories about abused prisoners!

84 | Chuck Sima—yep, Mr. Sima and I are now on a first name basis—and I are in a fancy Delta AirBus, fifth in line on the runway. Grace stayed behind with Cody to join him on his Midwestern reading tour, but Chuck doesn't like leaving letters unanswered for long and I miss the Eastern Seaboard. Chuck appears to be throwing sentimentality to the wind and reading from what looks like a computerized tablet. Considering the Chinese innovation in printing predated Gutenberg, I'm irked by his casual abandonment of ink and paper. Meanwhile, I read from something superior and tactile—and lavender-scented. Aaron Ikeda hadn't listened to a lot of what I said, but I'm glad he kept the lavender perfume.

"Surprised you're not killing time by reading the slush pile," Chuck says, adjusting his cuffs and tapping on the tablet.

"That is literally an oxymoron for me," I say, making a ceremony of turning a page. Conversation grinds to a halt and the book's floral

fumes are actually making me nauseous. I have no choice but to acknowledge his godless device as a conversation topic.

“What’s that?” I point to the cold black machine.

He folds its leather cover, a mockery of good old-fashioned book-shutting, and looks along his nose at me. “Ever heard of Colette Bradshaw?”

“Are you kidding?” I say, “She sent me 30 copies of the same manuscript over a three month stretch. I set them on fire with extreme prejudice.”

“Extreme prejudice!” Chuck shakes his head, holding up his tablet. “She self-published through Amazon.”

I laugh with moderate vengeance. “That’s what she gets for clogging the pile,” he grins, eyes twinkling. “It’s sold over a million copies. The movie’s coming out next year.”

His tanned thumb switches his tablet to the *New York Times*, which bears the headline “*Cirque Du Cult* Classic.”

No.

No. No. No. No.

NO!

“That is not allowed to happen!” I shout, “That book is annoying and self-published eBooks never get famous because they’re for cheap-skates, rootless millennials and scum who can’t take critiques!”

“Didn’t *Fifty Shades of Grey* start out as an eBook?”

“No! Conversation: over!”

“All right, you win. Even if you did pass up one of the biggest goldmines the publishing world has ever seen.”

“Shut! Mouth!”

“By the way, we’re going to start accepting electronic submissions too, so you’ll be getting slush via email now.”

“AARGH!”

And so on and so forth. I’m not going to bother you with the details

of our argument. I am going to bother you with me fuming about it on the airplane after Chuck, smiling smugly, went back to his tablet. If *Cirque du Cult* really is as big as Chuck claims, we'll be getting a lot of submissions from people who want to be the next freaking Colette Bradshaw. Piles of them, probably. Piles that I'll set on fire in monthly fits of rage. Or, God forbid, I'm going to have to read them on an e-reader!

I just wish everyone would shut up about “progress” and we could make it 2014 forever. You know, just stop time.



The Messenger | JON MORT '06



# Chanukah Haiku

JEFF SHAPIRO '61

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You're able to watch candles  
flicker out, and not  
remember death...? — You're so young.



Lounging Together | MELISSA SUGAR '99



Push Pull | ANA DROSKOSKI '95

# The Whole Pig

SAM PRICE '09

Boyd set down the phone. The TV's volume played low while stocks—some green, some red, a Christmas-themed menagerie of fuckery and incompetence—scrolled along the bottom as a man spoke of buying and selling. The smell of onions cooking in butter came in strong from the kitchen. Boyd's mouth watered, but still he dreaded the ordeal—the impersonal holler from the kitchen, the setting out of drinks and silverware, the hollow implication that this particular dinner is exactly what he needed after a long day. He didn't want to be a part of it. There would be lamb or maybe pork and he didn't want any of it anymore. What he'd do instead is tell her what he'd just been told. He'd come clean about that and he'd tell her that his appetite is shot on account of it and then he'd ride the momentum of unbroken honesty knowing it might be a while before he found the strength for it again and he'd tell her that she always burnt the breadding on the chops and her potatoes needed a quart of sour cream to make them edible. He'd tell her the DOW was down and his doctor was an idiot who didn't know shit about shit and their grown children were cuckolds and assholes and he didn't want to see them for Thanksgiving, that it made him literally sick, even more so than he already was, to see them occupying the house they'd grown up in when they were younger and more manageable.

“Honey.”

His wife's voice invaded the living room. There it was only him,

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the TV on a cheap table, the pleather couch, and an end table with a lamp. The TV table hid an old grape juice stain, but even so he could always feel its presence, like he was being preyed upon by the hapless destruction of what he'd built for his family and his family hadn't cared for. Maybe that's why she always called from the kitchen. She didn't want to be reminded.

Not even the cat could stand him—not that he could stand it either. Maybe the dog barking outside had scared it to the basement.

"Honey," he heard again. "Come eat."

He put his hands on his knees and readied himself to stand. In the kitchen, he grabbed a glass from the cupboard and sat at the table. "Where's the wine?"

"Gone," Jocelyn said. She half-turned from her spot at the stove as to look at Boyd but then turned back before she met his gaze—something needed tending to.

"Bet they had some at the store," Boyd said.

"I didn't go to the store today. You could've stopped on the way home from work."

Boyd put the glass on the table. Steam rose off the potatoes. The neighbor's dog filled the night, pouring its inky darkness into the small window above the sink with incessant barking.

"I wish they'd let that poor thing in," Jocelyn said.

"Or muzzle it."

Jocelyn plated the pork chops and moved across the kitchen to the table. The light above the stovetop shone behind her. "Who was on the phone before?" she asked.

Boyd looked at the pork chops. He imagined a whole pig, breaded.

"Nobody," he said. "Looks tasty," he said.

Jocelyn set a pork chop onto Boyd's plate and took one for herself. "Dig in," she said.

Boyd cut the chop into small pieces and took one in his mouth and chewed it until the breading dissolved and the sinew broke down and some semblance of tenderness rose through, flavorless and despondent. He chewed piece after piece, breaking them down with what felt like hard labor as he turned the meat over in his mouth. The pork marinated in his saliva, was soaked in his mouthjuice. He thought of himself as something dead and gray, drowned in some vinegary liquid. What of him would be saved? What of him could be used? He counted the remaining pieces on his plate and resumed, mixing in bites of potatoes and greedy gulps of water. He looked around the table for something green and maybe leafy but found nothing of the sort. In simple and deliberate motions he chewed until his chop was gone and the potatoes had dwindled to creamy, unforkable streaks on his plate. He rested his hand on his stomach and leaned away from the table and smiled at his wife through the quiet of the room. At some point, in all that time, the dog had stopped barking.

# Broad Cove, Casco Bay

MEAGAN COONEY '10

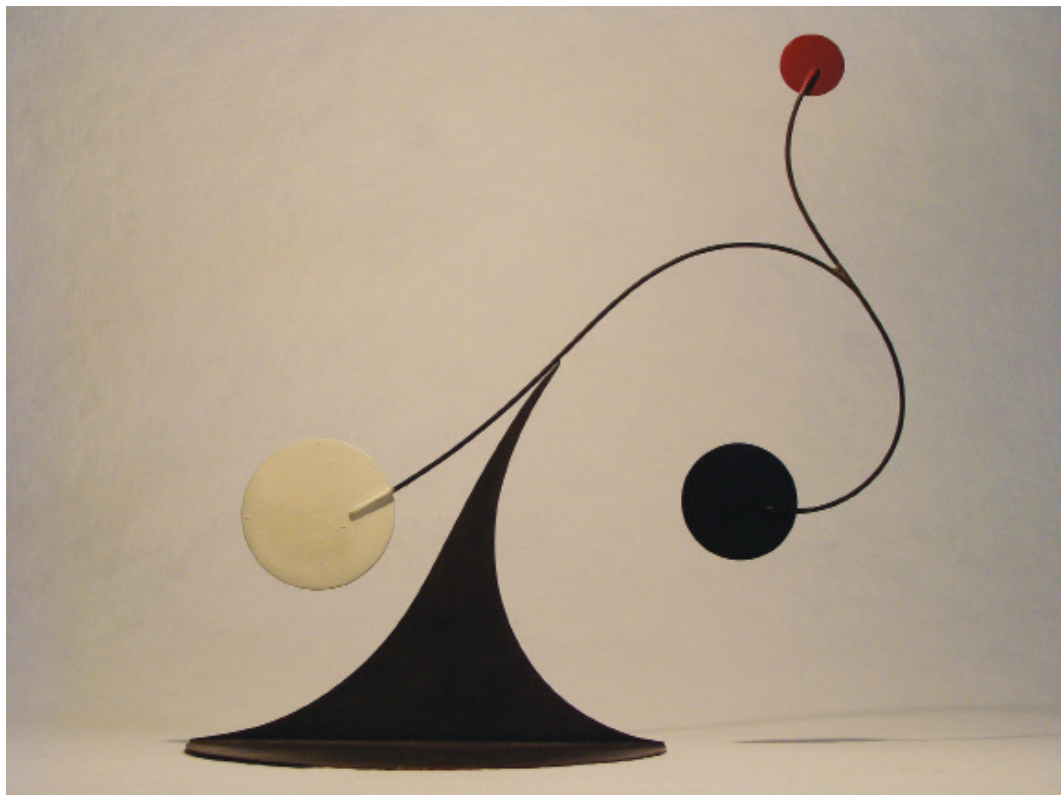
The first time  
they swam out fully clothed.  
It caught their eyes  
and sense of trespass,  
the way the boat's mahogany boards  
trapped the moonlight. It wasn't easy,  
the boat out of slip, to drag themselves  
onboard. Soaked through,  
fabric stomach-stuck,  
gathered about their waists.

She thought the word *slick*—  
the thin slime that films a pond.  
Said, *the jellyfish look like ballerinas*,  
and slipped her shirt off fast  
so he wouldn't see the way  
her belly puckered under cotton.



Seeing her, half-naked on that ship,  
his first thought, *quick*, then  
how the salt on her skin tasted different  
than the salt his mother kept  
next to the napkins.

They laid their bodies along the bow.  
It didn't hurt much, just a throbbing—  
same sharpness as when,  
as a child, she'd gotten shots.  
So-dizzy and under-him,  
moving her hips to blurred images  
of blood and band-aids and lollipops,  
while in his head he rhymed  
over and over and over  
*red sky red sky red sky*  
*at night.*



Stay Balanced and Keep Moving |

SCOTT CHRISTOPHER MAGID '09

# Another Tuesday Night Shift

CHRISTINE VALZOVANO '11

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Behind the counter, Jess was arranging the sugar packets in color order, waiting for the next pot of coffee to brew, when the bell over the door rang. She suppressed a yawn and looked up, and dropped three packets of Sweet’N Low. For a second, the blinking OPEN sign that hung outside flashed through the window, simultaneously illuminating the newcomer and hiding her.

Then the woman stepped forward and Jess half-wondered where the burst of applause was to accompany her entrance. She looked as if she’d sashayed out of the spools of a black and white film, later enhanced with delicate touches of Technicolor. She even had that weird glow that movie stars in the golden age had all seemed to possess.

Jess remembered her high school film class almost five years ago. What was it Mr. Jones had said? Something about a camera filter

causing that glow? It was kind of disappointing. Jess had hoped that people could radiate with beauty.

Behind Jess, Archie, the 75-year-old fry cook, let out a gasp and muttered something unintelligible. Before she could ask him what was wrong, the coffeemaker gave one final gurgle and beeped.

“Coffee’s done!” one of the two truckers at the counter announced, jabbing a flannel clad arm towards the coffeemaker to Jess’s left.

The other trucker held out his empty mug. The caps of both truckers sported silhouettes of naked ladies.

“Yeah,” Jess said with a sigh, looking past them at the glamorous newcomer. The woman gave Jess a smile and slipped into the pink and green booth closest to the door. She was completely out of place in this restaurant of sticky linoleum floors and grimy flatware.

“Did she just smile at you?” Archie demanded.

“What?” Jess asked, pouring the pair of truckers their fourth cup.

She returned the coffee pot to its nook under the coffeemaker and pushed the newly rearranged sugar packets towards the truckers. Only then did she turn to talk to Archie through the crevice carved between café and kitchen for rapid orders in diner dialect. “She’s polite,” she said, jumping to the beautiful woman’s defense, adding, “What do you think someone like her is doing here anyway?”

Archie wrinkled his nose but didn’t say anything. He scraped his spatula against the grill, a noise that set Jess’s teeth on edge. Which he knew.

“What did I tell you, Jess?” he said, continuing to scrape. “Never ask about the clients. Trust me. You don’t want to know.”

Jess clapped her hands over her ears to emphasize how hateful that noise was and trudged out from behind the counter. The woman looked up from her menu and smiled, making Jess feel self-conscious in her mustard yellow uniform and Pepto Bismol pink apron. She wore a simple black dress with green chunky jewelry that Jess could only

dream about, and her face was perfectly made up, making her pale complexion brighter, her red lips fuller, her dark lashes longer and her green eyes wider.

“Hi,” Jess said, her voice soft.

“Hellooo,” the woman said, extending the o like Audrey Hepburn. She drummed her red fingernails against the metal table. “I’m meeting a friend, but I would like to order a cappuccino while I wait.” Her accent was broad, as if she meant to sweep the enormity of the world into her words.

Jess tapped her pen against the pad of paper she held, almost disappointed that this woman’s worldly tone wasn’t enough to simply make a cappuccino maker appear. “Um...We don’t have those here.”

The woman looked at her for a long time, eyes boring into Jess’s face, and though her smile didn’t waver, Jess was worried that she was about to yell at her.

“I see,” she finally said, lifting up the plastic menu to hide her face. “Well then I will have black coffee please.”

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“Okay.” Jess nodded. “I’ll get that for you right away.”

“Miss!” came a sharp voice, gravelly with age.

Jess turned towards the side of the restaurant, where a few patrons dined at side booths and middle tables. She spied an elderly man holding up a shaking hand as his wife pushed her menu away.

She walked to their booth and stood before them. “Yes, sir. What’ll you have?”

“What?” the elderly man shouted. “I can barely hear you! Speak up!”

Jess sighed. She hated loud voices, whether she used one, or other people did. “What’ll you have, sir?” She strained to speak above her usual mumble.

“Two Cokes and two hot dogs with sauerkraut.”

Jess nodded. “I’ll put that order in for you, sir.” She wrote nothing on her pad. “Thank you.”

As she plodded towards the kitchen, the movie star caught her eye. “Oh, dahling,” she called.

“Yes, ma’am.” Jess came to a halt. “Do you need something?”

The woman set an elbow on the table and tapped her fingers against her chin. “Proper articulation combined with good posture does ceaseless wonders.”

“What?” Jess squinted.

The woman waved a hand at Jess’s face. “And that expression you are currently making should be employed...” She paused, drawing out her next word’s significance. “Sparingly.” She grinned. “Try a smile.”

Jess frowned, mumbled something, and walked away, realizing just how much her shoulders hunched forward. When she reached the lunch counter, she noticed that Archie was watching her—and the glamorous woman. She decided not to ask why and slipped behind the counter. She bent her knees to retrieve a mug from the shelves there.

“The couple at Table 20 wants two hot dogs with sauerkraut,” she said to Archie without turning around, locating a mug with her fingertips.

“Two bloodhounds in the hay!” Archie’s chipper tone surprised Jess. She couldn’t help but laugh a little—he loved using out-of-date diner lingo.

She set the mug onto the counter and poured some coffee into it.

“Who’s that for?” Archie asked, and Jess craned her head just in time to see him throwing a suspicious glance at the woman, who was reapplying her red lipstick with the help of a compact mirror. “The queen of the world over there?” He sneered. “What was she telling you just now?”

Jess shrugged. “How to walk and talk.”

“Really?” he cried.

Jess shrugged. The woman had a point; she did mumble and her posture was pretty terrible.

"I'm surprised she didn't try to order a cappuccino," he grumbled.

Jess stared at him. "How did you know that's what she asked for?" There was no way he could have heard them from behind the grill.

"Lip-reading," he said, setting two hot dogs on the grill. "I learned it in 'Nam."

Jess narrowed her eyes. "You don't know how to read lips."

He glared. "The queen of the world needs her coffee and did Table 20 order drinks?"

Jess rested her suspicious gaze on him for three seconds longer before taking the woman her coffee. The woman thanked her, and then emphatically pulled back her shoulders and smiled.

As Jess tried to smile in return, she caught sight of her reflection in the rain-spattered window: a tall stick with a mop of brown hair and a grimace. Thunder crackled overhead, causing everyone but the glamorous woman to jump. Jess splattered coffee onto the table.

"Sorry," she hissed, feeling the blood rush to her face. The drizzle outside turned into a pouring rain, sounding like dimes hitting the pavement.

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The woman's smile had faded and it looked like her eyes carried the weight of a thousand years. The spilled coffee began to drip to the floor, making the loneliest of sounds amidst the cacophony of rain and thunder. Jess removed the dirty dishtowel that she kept tucked in her waistband and mopped up the mess.

"You okay, ma'am?" she asked the woman, noting her distressed appearance.

The woman's eyes flickered. The brightness returned to her features. "Of course I am. Thank you, dahling."

"I'll get you another coffee."

"No." She waved her away. "Never mind about that."

The bell hanging over the door jangled and the door slammed



against the wall as a man with meaty limbs stormed into the diner. He wore jeans that barely buckled under his substantial and pale gut, which peeked out from beneath a dark T-shirt. A stench of peanuts and gasoline and cigarettes filled the diner.

Across the restaurant, Archie met Jess's gaze. They feared this customer. Strange storms heralded his arrival and dark events announced his departure. Food rotted in his wake and rats and insects—dead and alive—turned up in the oddest of places.

The worst had been his last visit: he'd tried to kiss Cheryl, one of the pretty and young waitresses. Of course, she'd made a face and turned him down. Later, she'd woken up in the middle of the night screaming in agony as red boils covered every inch of her body. Nothing worked on them. Even the best doctors in Omaha couldn't figure out how to get rid of them. She hadn't left her house in months.

But how could you prove that a trucker with a beer belly had done all of that?

The glamorous woman surprised Jess by skipping up on her high heels and gliding towards the nut job. "Dawkins, my dearest buttercup," she said, holding out a gloved hand. "Charming as always to see you."

"Peregrina," he snarled, ignoring her hand. His accent was deep and drawling, narrowing his words. "What are you doin' here—in my territory?"

She laughed, twinkling like Christmas bells. "Your territory. How deliciously awful your sense of humor is."

"I ain't bein' funny." He rushed to the lunch counter, causing the other truckers to throw money from their pockets, gather their coats and make a beeline for the door.

"Of course you aren't," she cooed, remaining rooted to her spot near the booth. "I was only mocking you. Now, why don't you sit down and have dinner with me. I have something to discuss with you."

“What’s that?” He dropped his weight onto a stool and waggled three sausage fingers in Jess’s direction.

Even though he could not see her, the woman called Peregrina gave him the slyest of smiles. “A proposition.”

Dawkins stood and turned to her, giving her an equally sly smile. Jess felt her dinner repeating on her. “I’m listening,” he said, and joined her at her booth.

“Jessamine!” the woman called. “We’re ready to order now.”

Jess’s eyes widened. She was pretty sure she hadn’t given Peregrina her name—especially, not her full name.

“Jessamine!” Peregrina repeated sharply.

Jess gulped and pulled out her pad of paper. “Okay.”

Peregrina spoke first. “I shall have the Cobb salad without the dressing, eggs, bacon or cheese.”

Jess tapped pen against pad. Suspicion made her the tiniest bit assertive. “But that’s just lettuce and avocado.”

“Oh, you have avocado? How lovely! I thought you didn’t have that in this part of the world.”

“I’ll get four cheeseburgers,” Dawkins said, his beady eyes sweeping up and down Jess’s uniform. “And why don’t you be a sugarplum and put the salad fixins she don’t want on my burgers?”

Peregrina giggled as if he’d said something very witty and Jess was almost angry enough to tell him that he didn’t need the extra cholesterol. Nonetheless, she nodded, and went all they way into the kitchen to give Archie their orders. “I don’t get it,” she mumbled, peering out at the weird couple through the window in the wall. “What do they have in common? Why do they seem to be friends?”

“Jess, I’m tellin’ you,” Archie said, waving his spatula at her. “Don’t ask. You’re better off not knowing.”

Rain continued to thrash the sidewalks and windows as Peregrina and Dawkins sat and talked. At ten to midnight, they were the only customers in the diner. Jess yawned as she scrubbed clean the last of the dirty tables, keeping an eye on them. A centipede crawled onto the table and she slapped it with a magazine someone had left behind. She glared at Dawkins, knowing somehow that he was responsible; she'd been finding strange insects all night. Each time she attempted to kill them, however, they scurried away, avoiding whatever object she intended to use to end their miserable lives.

When she lifted the magazine now, though, she had the gross satisfaction of seeing bug remnants.

The pelting rain died. Dawkins's head whipped around. "How did she do that?" he demanded.

Peregrina laughed. "Oh, Dawkins, my dear." She paused, enjoying the moment as she placed her napkin on the table. "You are a worm who doesn't know his place. You have gotten above yourself and in your arrogance, you have revealed too much to me—"

"You tricked me!" he roared, leaping out of his seat.

She shrugged her shoulders. "It is what I do. I would tell you not to take it personally, but—" She wrinkled her nose. "Four cheeseburgers with..." She adopted his accent. "Salad fixins, which ain't no good for you."

Jess gaped, wondering what a squashed centipede had to do with them.

"Jessamine, my dahling!" Peregrina called. "I have a sudden yen for waffles. Be a dear and ask that fry cook you call Archie to make me some."

"No!" Dawkins cried, his voice hoarse. "No." He faced Jess imploringly. "Don't you leave now. No." His accent was gone. "It's not my fault what happened to Cheryl."

Jess scuttled away to stand with Archie in the kitchen. She tried to peer through the window above the grill, but he told her to fetch the eggs and flour and sugar for the waffles from the pantry.

“But, I want to—”

“No, Jess, you don’t want to see this.”

“It’s alright, Archibald,” Peregrina called. “There is nothing left to see.”

Peregrina stood at the booth. Dawkins had vanished.

“And I’ve decided against the waffles, Jessamine.” She rifled around in her purse. “Terrible for the waistline. I would recommend washing this table again, though; Dawkins was leaning all over it.” She pulled some hand sanitizer from her purse and dropped a dot of the liquid into her right palm. “Or burning it entirely might be advisable.”

Jess looked at Archie who shooed her onwards. She headed to the table as Peregrina urged, “Shoulders back, my dahlings. Shoulders back.”

Jess pulled the rag from her waistband but stumbled back. A fat white maggot was writhing on the table.

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“Oh,” Peregrina said softly, and clicked her tongue. “I knew I had missed something.”

She pulled a vial from her coat pocket and slipped it under the bug, coaxing it inside and finally jiggling a cork into the top. She held the vial up to her face and narrowed her eyes, wagging a finger. “Now, that should teach you to mind your manners,” she said before placing the vial into her purse.

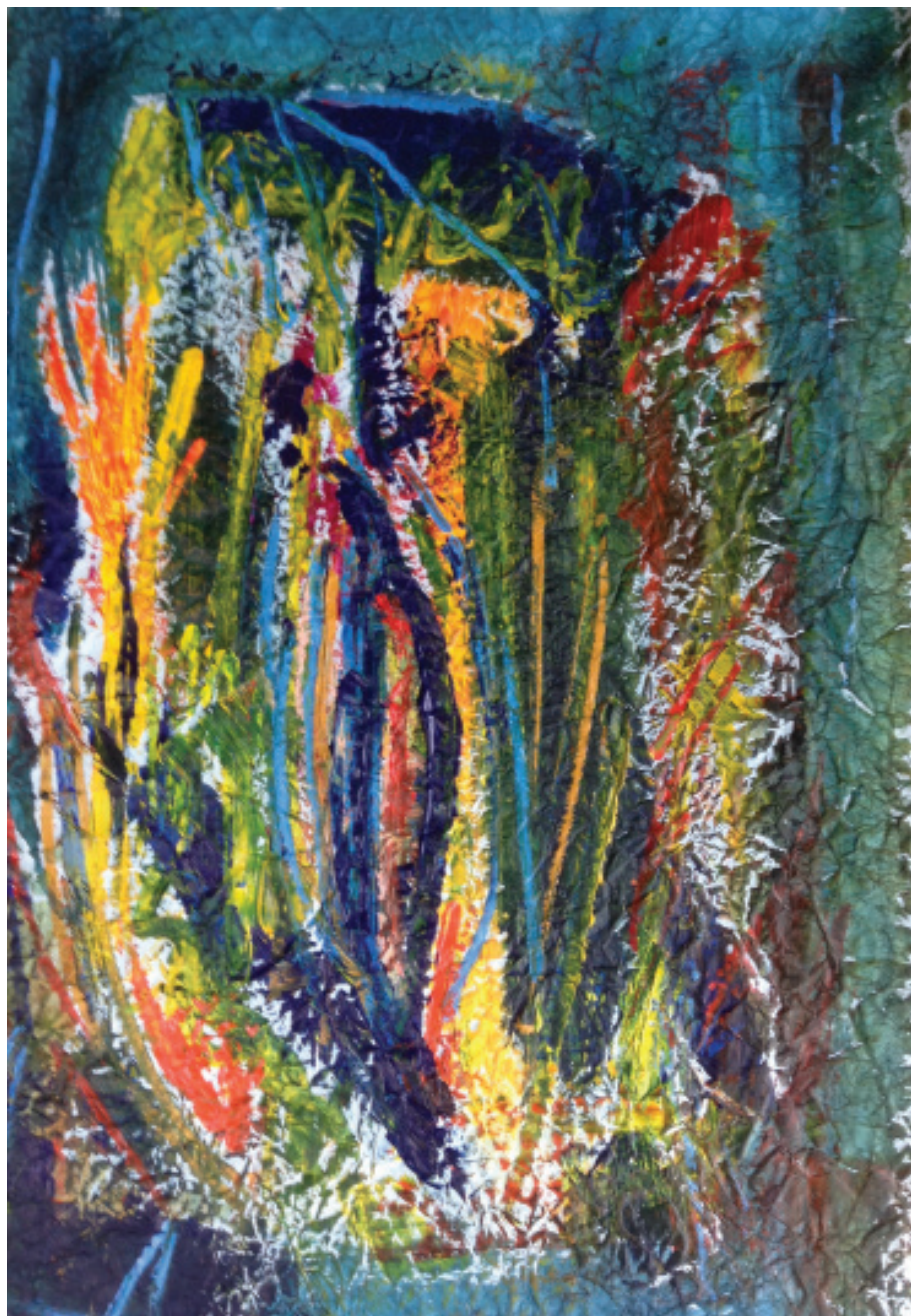
“But,” Jess squeaked. “How—”

“Ah now, Jessamine,” Peregrina said, grabbing her coat. “Archie might have a point after *all*; it is best not to ask about the customers. Trust him.” She gave a wink. “You don’t want to know.”

Jess slumped.

“Poise, my dear,” Peregrina said, draping her coat over an arm.  
“Poise. It is the only thing that separates us from the worms.”

And with that, she was gone, the bell on the door heralding her departure. A soft rain now tapped the window. Jess turned to look at Archie, who tilted his head to one side, a subtle I told you so.



Transmute | RICHARD KANTER '89

# In Memoriam

KELLY SCHENKE '95

“I’m what you would call  
a slacker,” he said, leaning back,  
arms folded, embracing  
his own story, the near misses  
the posture of sin, that twisted grin  
making his eyes seem darker  
than they already were,  
fiercer than the life I pretend  
that he lived.





New York Angel | DENISE KING GILLINGHAM '80





Millennia | RICHARD BIDGOOD '76

# Anonymo(us)? Shifting Shakespeare(s)

JUSTIN B. HOPKINS '06

I've walked from Shakespeare's Birthplace to his Death House to his Grave in Holy Trinity Church. I've paused, late at night, on the banks of the Avon, imagining the Bard standing in exactly the same place centuries ago, watching the swans drift down the river in the moonlight, and muttering, with visible breath, words he gave to Hamlet: "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold." Connecting with Shakespeare like this is an intimate, profoundly personal experience. To identify with the author, however fancifully, feels like nothing else.

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But what if Shakespeare wasn't Shakespeare? What if "The Man From Stratford" was merely a façade for someone(s) else? That question may be almost as old as the works that carry the name, but I encountered the debate in a fresh way during the summer of 2012, while watching a pair of performances of the same role, Richard III, by the same actor, Mark Rylance, in two separate media, stage and screen. These performances caused a powerful shift in my perception of the Shakespeare phenomenon.

The stage Richard was a highlight of the World Shakespeare Festival, a global event that, alongside the British-hosted Olympic Games, gathered dozens of international theatre companies and almost two million audience members from around the planet to celebrate England's most famous playwright. More than mere

extravaganza, however, the Festival reflected and manifested a cultural shift in Shakespearean belonging. Once the province, if not the outright property of the English, the Festival definitively showed that Shakespeare is shared by the whole world.

The screen Richard came from the film *Anonymous*. *Anonymous* brought new attention to the old “anti-Stratfordian” conspiracy theory that Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, wrote the works of William Shakespeare. (The Stratfordian position: Shakespeare was Shakespeare.) So both the Festival and the film asked similar questions: respectively, “Whose is Shakespeare?” and “Who is Shakespeare?” An answer to both questions can be found by following parallel paths. Those paths, forged by Mark Rylance, led to a shift in my perspective on Shakespeare identity and ownership.

I watched *Anonymous* about a month before flying to England for the Festival, after following the controversy it provoked with amusement. Shakespeare scholars complained, predictably and accurately, about the historical revisionism, and the critical web forum *Rotten Tomatoes* scored it a lackluster 48 per cent. I won’t fully review the film—which I actually enjoyed much more than I expected—but one brief but brilliant performance stood out: Mark Rylance, playing the actor Richard Burbage, playing the first ever Richard III.

When the Globe Theatre was rebuilt in 1995, Rylance, already among the most accomplished actors of his generation, assumed its first artistic directorship. (Coincidentally, in this role too, Rylance mirrors Burbage, who led the original company as actor-manager, 400 years earlier.) After re-establishing the institution’s reputation as one of the top Shakespeare theatre companies, he passed on the Globe’s torch in 2005. Rylance, who remains one of England’s finest artists, helped legitimize *Anonymous* for some Shakespeare fans, if not for all scholars.

In *Anonymous*, Rylance, as Burbage, rehearses Richard III reluctantly, a stuffed sack slung over his shoulder to simulate the severe scoliosis the king legendarily suffered. Realizing the character parodies the infamous, physically and socially twisted minister-of-state Robert Cecil, he groans, “They’ll have me arrested—I need a drink.” He eventually performs the hunchbacked monarch to an angry mob pelting him with the usual fruit and veg, not because Burbage can’t act, of course, but because he can, and they see in him the unpopular Cecil. Brought to a boil, the crowd rebelliously storms Cecil’s soldiers. The whole episode loosely recreates an actual, quasi-revolutionary production of *Richard II*. That’s *Second*, not *Third*. (Director Roland Emmerich and writer John Orloff confess in their DVD commentary that they decided to rewrite the event with a more conveniently recognizable Richard.) Historical hiccups aside, Rylance’s small role delighted me, partly because he’s just that good, but also because I knew I’d be seeing his Richard (III) in full and in the flesh in just a few weeks, at the real Globe. I wondered how close the two performances would prove.

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Like, and yet not like. A masterful performer, Rylance worked the crowd with consummate skill. His voice apparently effortlessly filling the theatre (no easy acoustic feat), he nevertheless frequently repeated certain syllables—“We, we speak no treason”—seeming to stammer, but actually focusing attention on, as well as evoking a realistic search for, just the right words. As well, he pitched the tone of his performance perfectly for the dissembling Richard. Rylance entered not grimacing or grumbling but laughing, twirling a garland of white flowers, which he promptly and pleasantly handed to a “wanton, ambling nymph”—an audience member standing by the stage. This Richard compensated for his bloated, bulging body with seemingly sincere good humor. His mouth often half-open and his eyes wide and smiling, his head often nodding in agreement with whoever was speaking, he came across as

the least dangerous person imaginable. But Rylance revealed Richard's real self when a hired villain hesitated to do his murderous job. Richard seized the ruffian by the scruff of the neck, pulling him closer and whispering fiercely in his ear. Unheard by the audience, whatever Richard said obviously terrified the thug, convincing him to proceed with his grisly task. Rylance blended humor and horror superbly. One moment he earned laughs from some low comedy shtick, stumbling while "accidentally" catching his robe on the heads of the groundlings at the edge of the stage. The next he provoked gasps as he reached out and stole tears from his wife Anne's eyes to place in his own while he calmly "predicted" her imminent death. Shudder.

Yet more than just gushing over a magnificent, nuanced performance, I share my observations on Rylance's Richard because they bring me back to *Anonymous*, or rather, the argument behind *Anonymous*: the authorship debate. That debate in turn returns to the Festival's questioning of belonging.

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Long an advocate of what he calls "reasonable doubt"—the theory that given the existing evidence, a modern jury couldn't convict the historical William Shakespeare of writing the texts that bear his name—Rylance penned his own play in 2007, offering authorship alternatives. *I Am Shakespeare* features fictionalized versions of Edward de Vere, among others, competing with "The Man from Stratford" for our belief in each one's authorship claims. Apart from raising an entertaining hubbub, Rylance's play concludes with a simple thesis: we are Shakespeare. We who receive his work, who read and hear his words. Certainly postmodern, potentially Roland Barthe-ish in his assertions, Rylance nevertheless refuses to pronounce the author dead; instead, he reveres the reception above the source, and as for the identity and ownership of that source, he celebrates the debate.

Just how compellingly can each side in the debate present its position? Following the matinee of *Richard* that August afternoon,

Rylance gave an invitation-only, staged reading of excerpts from *I Am Shakespeare*, framed by his own commentary and an audience Q&A. In one poignant example, Rylance's play points out that Romeo wanders in a grove of sycamore trees "that westward rooteth from [Verona's] side." The third Arden edition sagely observes the pun on "sick amore"—lovesick—but it doesn't mention that those sycamore trees were really there, and (according to Rylance) they still are.

So, an anti-Stratfordian might demand, how would a glover's son, who likely never left England, know that?

Unless he did leave England, a Stratfordian might reply, perhaps during the 20-year period in his life—the so-called "lost years"—for which even the most diligently researched biographies cannot account. Or unless he heard it, from, say, a sailor, or from an aristocrat who traveled in Italy.

Such as the Earl of Oxford, an anti-Stratfordian could retort, because only a first-hand and intimate acquaintance with Verona explains the topographically precise reference, not to mention the many other details of country and culture...

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So goes the debate. So grows the doubt.

Assertive but courteous, thoroughly informed but clearly open to imagination, a gracious evangelist, Rylance sowed his seeds of dogmatic doubt, a kind calm balancing his passion. When I asked if he had a horse in the authorship race, he admitted he likes Oxford's case. (Hence his enthusiastic endorsement of and participation in *Anonymous*.) However, he suspects a kind of collaboration amongst several artists, especially since we already know for a fact that many plays of the time, including several of Shakespeare's—*Macbeth*, for example—resulted from some form of collaboration, a common occurrence then and throughout theatre history. Rylance guesses "Shakespeare" was more of a "they" than a "he" or even a "she," but

above all, he hopes more people will at least take the debate seriously, the doubt reasonably.

And here's how Rylance really shifted my view of Shakespeare. A longtime scoffer at the anti-Stratfordians, believing them silly and snobbish, I finally realized that they might be right. Not that they *are*, right, necessarily, but that they don't deserve to be rejected outright. I experienced not a complete reversal—I won't cut up my Shakespeare Birthplace Trust membership card—but an adjustment of attitude. Rylance converted me not *from* skepticism, but *to a new* skepticism... of, I think, a healthier ilk.

After all, what does this shift in perspective matter? Who cares who wrote what when we have such wonderful words to enjoy? And if anyone can *be* Shakespeare, to whom do/does he/she/it/they belong? Back to the World Shakespeare Festival. Writing about his company's contribution to the Festival, current Globe Artistic Director Dominic Dromgoole said it best: "It was a great blessing to share in so much belonging."

Sharing the belonging, we also create a shared identity. Here I hope I can finally unite the authorship conspiracy theory of *Anonymous*, the Festival's claim to collectivity and connectivity, and my own more personal experience of perspective shift. Mark Rylance, the common thread, convinced me that if we can embrace and embody a postmodern perspective, we can answer both questions—"Whose is?" and "Who is?"—at the same time. Authorship and ownership matter less than the power of identification with the text. No need for anonymity, for exclusivity, or for aggressive arguing about sycamore signifiers. Shakespeare is all of ours, because Shakespeare is all of us.





But There Are Flowers Still For You | ALLAN TASMAN '69



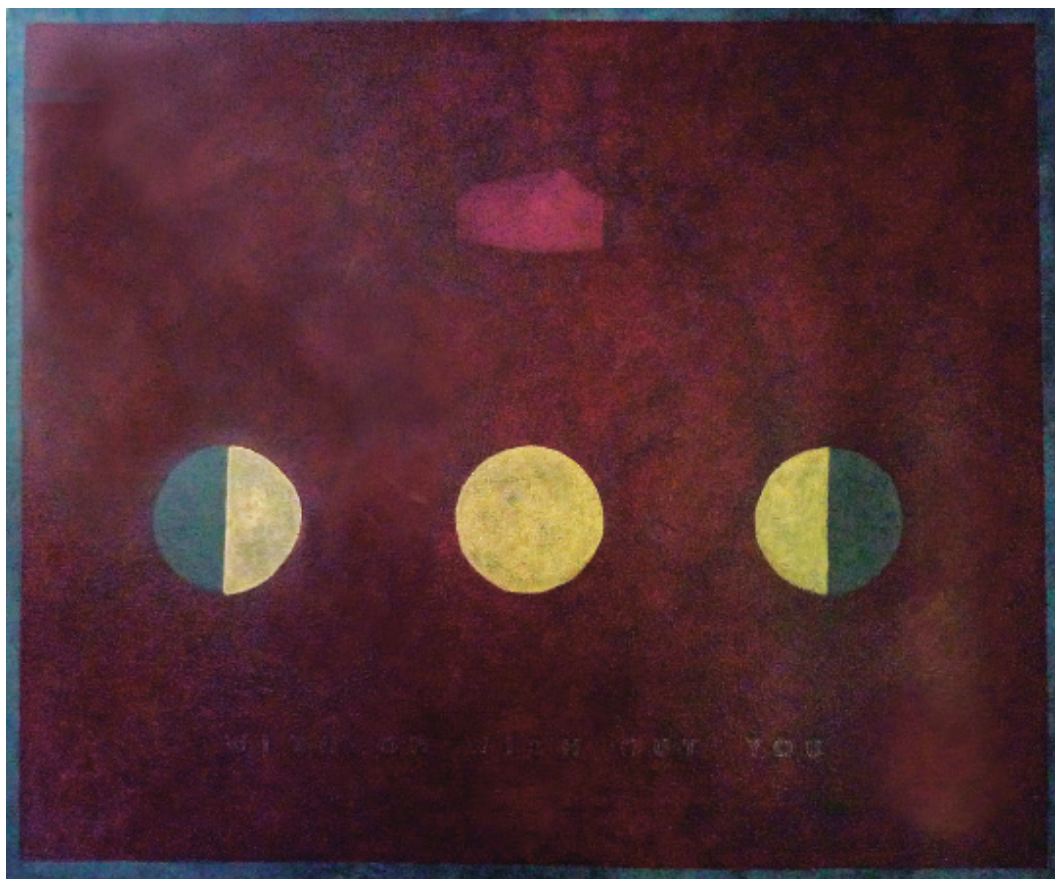
# Milk Carton

AMANDA ROCCO '06

like photos  
on a milk carton of a life put on pause  
shapes shift on the ceiling,  
twilight passes to night  
and night to day  
daytime moon—rare, but can move me  
if I let it.

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the crunch of gravel under tires  
on the unpaved street outside,  
more everyday sorrow  
now that my heart's  
gone missing.  
oh, my, my, my,  
missing.



With or Without You | WILFRED BRUNNER '70



On the Dock | DAVID BAIR '77

# The Shift in the Skinner Box

JAMES BOSLEY KIMBERLY '62

In the summer of 1962, I decided to take a course at Harvard Summer School called “Rapid Reading in German for Beginners.” A fast-paced course, it covered all German grammar in two weeks, leaving six more weeks to read German scientific literature. Our “Dick, Jane and Spot” book was entitled *Das Naturbild der Heutigen Physik* (*A Snapshot of Today's Physics*), by Werner Heisenberg, one of Germany’s premiere nuclear researchers! Yipes! After two weeks? I’d always enjoyed learning new languages, but this was a stretch. This, after all, was Harvard, a bit of an academic shift from Franklin & Marshall. Still, F&M had prepared me well, as you will see.

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Consequently, at Harvard, there was little time for recreation. Nevertheless, I noticed something on the bulletin boards one day that seized my attention: an experiment being conducted by the psychology department. The flyer emphasized that participants might earn between \$7 and \$15 an hour—at the time, minimum wage was one dollar! It also emphasized that there would be no electric shock. (Evidently, it was hard to recruit human guinea pigs if that notice wasn’t included.) I immediately made an appointment.

When I turned up, a week later, a psychologist greeted me and led me into a little room about double the size of a phone booth. As for instructions, all he said was, “Pull the silver lever when the green light goes on and then keep whatever you get.” He handed me a bag. “Best of luck. Goodbye!”

How's that for vagueness? This did not sound like Harvard science at all.

I sat in the little room alone in a deadly silence that seemed to go on for hours, but which was probably just minutes. The booth had glass windows but curtains on the other side blocked any view. What appeared to be a control board sat right in front of me: a white desk, with three lights, a chrome-plated lever—and a tin cup. Just as I was thinking of complaining about the machinery being broken, the green light on my control board went on for about one second and then went off again.

After a moment, the green light came on again, and again went out after another second. This pattern repeated itself a half dozen times until I realized it was trying to tell me something.

I pulled the lever. Nothing happened. The green light was still coming on, and it seemed to be doing so at about 10-second intervals. I tried pulling the lever when the green light was on for its one-second display and CLANK! A penny dropped into the tin cup on my little white desk! I wondered if I had discovered something. When the green light came on again, I was ready.

CLICK!

CLANK! Another penny dropped into the same cup.

Pretty soon, I had 10 pennies. Pretty soon, 50 pennies. Pretty soon, 100 pennies, and my cup ranneth over. All I needed to do was pull the lever when the green light came on. I felt like Archimedes the day he invented the screw.

I put the 100 pennies into the bag I'd been given and waited again for the green light.

For a while, there was no light at all. Then it came on again, but this time it came on for only one-tenth of a second. I pulled the lever, but too late. A blink, but no clank. Soon enough, I learned that in spite of its short blink I had to be simultaneous with the green light. This

meant counting the seconds from blink to blink, about 10 of them. Once I figured that out, I was able to outfox the machinery and start earning real money again.

Blink. Clank. Blink. Clank. Blink. Clank.

The dough began to flow, and soon I had another 100 pennies, which I hurriedly put into the little bag. This almost felt like being at Sutter's Mill in 1849!

I underwent a mood-shift. All this second-guessing made me lazy. Why should I waste a lot of gray matter tying to outsmart the green light? Why not just pull the lever over and keep it there? I yanked it over, trapping the lever against its own spring, and held it there.

A RED light pierced my pupils, as an oversized, over-blown oooogah horn went *oooogah!* in my left ear. It was almost deafening. I made a mental note not to do that again. That was one mental note that resonated.

It seemed as if nothing I tried would bring money into the cup. But a little experimenting had helped before; it might help again. After a long struggle, based mainly on trial and error, during which my income stream sank to zero, I found that by waiting exactly one second after the end of the blink of the green light, I could get the dough to flow again.

And flow it did. By the end of that series, I had more than 300 pennies. That 300, plus the first 100, made four dollars. FOUR DOLLARS! That was enough in those days, for eight quarts of Carling's Black Label beer. Or, 12 quarts of Stegmeier (the least popular beer in Pennsylvania at the time)!

But then the wait-a-second strategy stopped working. Again I had to experiment. A two-second wait? Nope. Three-second wait? That didn't work either. Hmm. It couldn't be a five-second wait. Or could it? By counting one-and-one-thousand, two-and-one-thousand, three-and-one-thousand, four-and-one-thousand I was able to time out the



five seconds. And bang! Out poured the pennies. Three hundred more pennies, enough to bring me to the SEVEN-dollar point. In those days, seven dollars was enough for seven movie tickets. It was also enough to buy 28 gallons of Shell Premium gasoline for my thirsty 1955 Chevy!

The head researcher invited me back for the next day, to make another fortune. With that fortune hanging in the balance, I arrived a half hour early, but they started me right at the top of the hour. Same room, same equipment. One-second intervals opened up as an easy start, and being a well-practiced expert, I was able to make more money per minute than the day before. I had five dollars before the system choked. Suddenly my shunts and double shunts were for nought. I did some really kinky testing, with no result. I was in a cold sweat; I was a five-dollar flop.

Wait. I had tried everything except clicking BEFORE the green light. That would be ridiculous, right? Clicking before the green signal light? How could this 22-year old English major predict when the green light could flash? In spite of previous mental notes to self, I pulled the lever over and again held it against the spring.

*OOOOOGAH!*

So much for that idea. But now there was really only one choice: predict the green light. It used to have a rhythm, or a set of rhythms. Maybe it still would.

CLICK! CLANK!

It worked! Anticipate by one second, and there came the penny. Wow! An income stream again!

They varied the system frequently, of course, to two seconds before, three seconds before, and four seconds before. They even had a system for simultaneity! But I outfoxed the box! Another two dollars to match yesterday's seven. They would have to wake up pretty early in

the morning to put one over on Mr. J.K. Seven dollars in those days would buy 70 orders of French fries at a new place called McDonald's.

And then they pulled another surprise shift on me.

But what a strange shift! Nothing worked now. There were and are only three groups of options: before, during and after. After all those failed, what else was there to try? Occasionally a random penny clanked into my cup, without any apparent reason. But for 45 minutes, I yanked the lever every which-way until the AOOOOGAH was ready to get laryngitis. I was cussing under my breath, "What kind of creeps are these foppish Harvard researchers, anyway? There's no rhyme or reason to this baloney. Might as well quit, or do something interesting until the torture is over."

Have you guessed what happened next? What is the only reasonable possibility, other than the researcher bursting in suddenly with a .45 automatic and letting me have it in the frontal lobes? Take a dozen guesses. Then take a break. There's no use torturing you, too. Here's what happened:

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The opaque glass panel to my left started to move! It slid quietly away, revealing a transparent glass window. And what was on the other side?

Another human guinea-pig, just like me!

The sight of guinea pig #2 plus a little bit of analytical thinking led me to this inescapable hypothesis: for at least the last 45 minutes, his lever had probably been signaling my green light. Conversely, my lever had been signaling HIS green light!

He and I could not communicate directly, as our booths were apparently soundproof, but through facial expressions and digital gesticulations, we managed to communicate messages like: "Tell me when you are going to pull your lever; and I will tell you when I am going to pull mine. Maybe we can trick the system."



Boy, did that work! The cup could not be emptied fast enough! That day I grossed 14 dollars! Add that to the seven of the day before, and I was in the bucks for \$21! That was enough for seven vinyl long-playing 33.3 rpm albums at the Harvard Coop. Or, 42 quarts of Black Label! What a goldmine! What a shift in fortunes!

The researcher asked if I wanted to come back for the third of seven sessions. I enthusiastically answered yes. But they never called me again.

No matter. I came away from the experience with lots of beer and record albums.

Months later, back in my hometown of Buffalo, I had dinner with a friend who was working on his master's degree in psychology at the local university. I told Dick all about the pennies and the oooogah horn and the fact that I was controlling another guy's green lights and he mine.

He smiled: "You were in a Skinner box!"

I must have looked blank.

"You've heard of B.F. Skinner, the famous Harvard psychology teacher and researcher?" Dick asked. "No? Well, he is one of the giants when it comes to schemes about reward and punishment. The pennies were your reward. And the oooogah horn was your punishment! You were working under one of the most famous scientific researchers on earth!"

Is this the end? Not quite. Decades later, a client of mine told me one of B.F. Skinner's most famous quotes: "Education is what survives when what has been learned has been forgotten."

That was 1962, but I have not forgotten.



Rainbow at Paliku Haleakala, Maui |

FRANK JEFFREY TRUBISZ '70

# Contributor Notes

**Salina Almanzar '13** (p. 70) majored in English literature and studio art, with a focus in modernist literature and figurative arts. She is heavily influenced by her family's background in the arts, as well as the strength of Latin women in her family and community. Almanzar is an active artist in the Lancaster city art scene.

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**David Bair '77** (p. 120) majored in art history, minored in business administration, and co-captained the lacrosse team. For more than 30 years, he worked in New York City in graphic arts sales for long-run publication printing for top publishers. A few years ago, he took up painting as a hobby. His work has been displayed at the Long Beach Island Foundation of Arts and Sciences, Peddie School Alumni Art exhibit, and at F&M. He lives in Cranbury and Harvey Cedars, N.J., where he has time to paint and help coach lacrosse.

**Richard Bidgood '76** (p. 110) majored in philosophy and classics before going off to graduate school in philosophy. There, he rewarded himself with a camera the day he defended his doctoral dissertation. Bidgood recently retired from a career in banking after 30 years, but he remains an enthusiastic amateur photographer. He is currently living in Athens, Greece, with his wife, Ann Steiner, who is on sabbatical from F&M. He can be contacted at [richard.bidgood@fandm.edu](mailto:richard.bidgood@fandm.edu).

**Lisa Brooks '85 P'16** (p. 18) majored in psychology and drama. She owns a home-organizing business and also teaches and does some educational consulting as well as freelance writing for magazines and newspapers in Houston. Lisa is the mother of four wonderful children. She is the chairperson of the Gulf Coast Texas Regional Chapter of the F&M College Alumni Association. Brooks' hobbies include writing, travel, photography, and cooking, as well as enjoying the vibrant arts and culture in her home city, Houston. She can be reached at [htownlisa@gmail.com](mailto:htownlisa@gmail.com).

**Kevin Brown '12** (p. 43) teaches English literature at the Delbarton School in Morristown, N.J. While at F&M, he helped coordinate the Emerging Writers Festival and worked at the Philadelphia Alumni Writers House. This summer he will begin Middlebury College's M.A. program in English literature at its Bread Loaf campus in Vermont. You can reach him at [kbrown@delbarton.org](mailto:kbrown@delbarton.org).

**G. Michael Brown '71** (p. 6) majored in chemistry and became a prosthetic dentist. After a 30-year career in the Navy, he retired to Virginia Beach, Va. For the past seven years he has focused his energy on his natural light photography business. His images are widely used in publications and on websites. He lectures on nature photography at various East Coast venues. You can view some of his images at [www.gmbrownphotos.com](http://www.gmbrownphotos.com).

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After graduating as an English major, **Wilfred Brunner '70** (p. 119) received his M.F.A. from George Washington University. He has worked on the staff of The Phillips Collection, Washington D.C., and now serves as chair of Visual Arts and Design at Montgomery College in Takoma Park, Md. Referred to as an "imagist" by the curator Walter Hopps, his work is in private and public collections, including The Baltimore Museum of Art, The Corcoran Gallery, and The Phillips Collection. View his images at [wilfredbrunner.com](http://wilfredbrunner.com).

**Mark Bruns '77** (p. 61) majored in English/education and canoe trips with the F&M Outing Club. He currently teaches special education in Front Royal, Va. He spends his evenings conducting Bible studies in the local county jail. He has two grown daughters and lives in Winchester with his wife, Dottie.

**Brian Burt '10** (p. 10) graduated with a degree in astrophysics and went on to earn his masters of science in physics from Northern Arizona University. He currently lives in Massachusetts and works as a research assistant in the Earth, Atmospheric and Planetary Sciences Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Burt developed his passion for photography at Franklin & Marshall and continues to enjoy it as a creative escape.

**Caitlin Cieri '12** (p. 73) spends most of her time writing in Springfield, Pa., but has traveled to volunteer at Best Day of My Life (So Far), attend story slams, and run comic and manga workshops for Primos and Upper Darby's libraries. To see more of her work, visit **ccieri.com**.

**Meagan Cooney '10** (p. 94) majored in English with an emphasis in creative writing. She is currently a second-year graduate student at the University of California, Irvine, where she is working toward her M.F.A. In addition to her coursework, she teaches an undergraduate workshop in poetry. During the weekend she volunteers at a charter school where she serves as a poetry mentor for middle and elementary school girls.

**Sidney Dickstein '47** (p. 19) majored in government. After graduating from Columbia University Law School in 1949, he founded what is now a national law firm, with offices in Washington, D.C., New York, Connecticut and California. He is the author of an autobiography, *Adventures in the Law*. A longtime member of F&M's Board of Trustees, now emeritus, he was the recipient of an honorary J.D. degree from the College in 2003 and the Nevonian Medal in 2012. In 2013 he made a presentation on his work during the McCarthy era to Professor Van Gosse's American History class. Dickstein and his late wife, Barbara, travelled extensively. They have three children and five grandchildren, all on paths to success. Email him at **dicksteins@dicksteinshapiro.com**.

**Richard Drake '68** (p. 42), a government major, has dabbled in photography for more than 50 years. He "converted" to digital in 2006, and 25,000 images later continues to explore the realm—from iPhonetography to full-frame digital to digitally enhanced images. Contact him at **richard@richarddrake.com**.

**Ana Droscoski '95** (p. 90) majored in history and went on to receive her law degree from American University, Washington College of Law. She is a New York State licensed attorney who practiced primarily real estate transactions in the private and public sector for several years. Currently, Droscoski works as a graduate and professional school adviser at Johns Hopkins University and is an avid traveler and photography enthusiast.

**Ronald Druker '66, P'90** (p. 34) majored in English and played varsity soccer and baseball, as well as tennis, which he still actively plays. He was a member of the Executive Committee of F&M's Board of Trustees. As a real estate developer, Druker has twice won the coveted "Oscar" of his industry, the Urban Land Institute Award. Active on business, cultural, and educational boards, Druker's philanthropy has included endowing a lecture series on architecture at the Boston Public Library, a traveling fellowship at the Harvard Graduate School of Design (where he was a Loeb Fellow and faculty member), and the Education and Arts Pavilion at the Museum of Fine Arts.

**Norm Fesmire '64**, (p. 62) a government major, is retired from a consultancy in transportation, having worked with clients in Japan, Australia, the United Kingdom, Germany, Sweden, and Switzerland. He was managing director of a joint venture with an old Czech company. His painting spans 30 years, concentrating on seascapes and grandchildren. His awards include best oil painting at the 2010 Mercer County Seniors Show, an honorable mention at the 2010 N.J. State Senior Show, an honorable mention at the 2011 annual Phillips Mill (Pennsylvania) show, and second place in oil painting at the 2012 Mercer County Seniors.

**Rebecca Frantz '13** (p. 44) majored in art, and after graduating, further developed her practice during a semester at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Inspired by artists such as the Kienholzses and George Segal, she utilizes found material in her sculptures and often places them in site-specific settings. She plans to pursue an M.F.A. in sculpture. Contact her at **rebecca.frantz@fandm.edu**.

**Amy Grieger '84** (p. 11) majored in business, minored in English, and promptly went into educational administration, first at F&M and

later at Northfield Mt. Hermon School in Massachusetts. Though she still has a foot in college admissions, she is currently focusing on writing and editing projects. She lives in western Massachusetts with her husband, Rob Schmidt, and their three cats, Mooshie, Bobo, and Knucklehead.

**Susan Hagner '83** (p. 17) majored in studio art and art history. She currently resides in Arlington, Mass., and has a studio in nearby Somerville. She recently exhibited her work at the Trident Bookseller Cafe in Boston, and at 13 Forest Gallery in Arlington. Hagner's works include paintings, collages, and icons in the Byzantine tradition. Her work can be seen at [www.susanhagner.net](http://www.susanhagner.net). She is grateful for the mentorship of Linda Cunningham, Jim Peterson, and Tyko Kihlstedt during her years at F&M.

**John Hambricht '62** (p. 30), Lancaster-born and raised, completed a triple major in history, French, and government and received F&M's Henry S. Williamson Medal, the college's highest award to a graduating senior. He studied as a Fulbright scholar at Strasbourg and Oxford universities and was a Woodrow Wilson fellow at Harvard. He has worked in both college teaching and government service. Now an independent scholar, he lives with his wife, Natalie Gardiner, in Chestnut Hill, Mass., happily writing, dancing, and gardening (caring for a clamorous community of wild rabbits).

**Lori Lynn Hoffer '81** (p. 9) majored in studio art/art history, continuing those studies in Florence, Italy. She has dedicated the last 30 years to running a graphic design business and raising a family. Having returned to oil painting and nature photography in 2011, she is delighted to be creating art and living with husband and two children and many pets in a 1735 farmhouse in the beautiful Pioneer Valley of Massachusetts. Write to her at [lorilynn@waterlilydesign.com](mailto:lorilynn@waterlilydesign.com).

**Justin B. Hopkins '06** (p. 111) double majored in English and theatre before receiving his master's in international performance research from the Universities of Warwick, England, and Tampere, Finland. Currently he serves as the F&M Writing Center's assistant director and is pursuing a Ph.D. in composition and TESOL from Indiana

University of Pennsylvania. He has published reviews in *Shakespeare Bulletin* as well as his master's thesis in the online journal *Liminalities*, and he likes to lead reading groups. Reach him at [JHopkins@fandm.edu](mailto:JHopkins@fandm.edu).

**Paul Kamm '82** (p. 32) is a poet and songwriter who lives on a small farm in the foothills of Northern California's Sierra Mountains. His songs have won awards from the prestigious Kerrville, Telluride, and Rocky Mountain Music Festivals, and receive airplay worldwide. He shares the stage with his wife, author and singer Eleanore MacDonald, as well as touring regularly with the roots and world music rock band Achilles Wheel. His websites are [www.kammmac.com](http://www.kammmac.com) and [www.achilleswheel.com](http://www.achilleswheel.com).

**Richard Kanter '89** (p. 107) majored in English literature. Kanter is a litigation support attorney and a juried artist who has shown his works over the past several years throughout New York City, including a digital outdoor display in Times Square. His art is inspired by the human ability to transform turmoil and disaster into relief, healing, and wholeness. Richard's works can be viewed at [www.bodyofwaves.com](http://www.bodyofwaves.com).

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**Chris Karlesky '01** (p. 36) majored in American studies and is currently editor of *Franklin & Marshall Magazine*. He took "Sunset in Auld Reekie" during a year of graduate study in Edinburgh, where he explored the city's haunted closes, hiked along its craggy hilltops, and developed a passion for fried Mars bars. You can reach him at [cjkarlesky@yahoo.com](mailto:cjkarlesky@yahoo.com).

**James Bosley Kimberly '62** (p. 121) graduated with a double major, American literature and Russian and Soviet culture. With the U.S. Army Security Agency in Frankfurt, Western Germany, 1964–66, Kimberly worked as a Russian and German translator, and was Army-certified in four other languages: Serbo-Croatian, Polish, Bulgarian, and Ukrainian. In 1972, he founded Kimberly Development Systems, a capital fundraising service for nonprofits, and ran it for 42 years, raising \$35 million. His four books include the recent *Totally Buffaloed*, published by iUniverse. He lives in Southern California.



**Denise King Gillingham '80** (p. 109) majored in English and worked in the financial services industry before earning her master's in social work at Columbia University and finding her calling: helping others achieve their dreams and skillfully navigate relationships. Eight years ago, while living in France, King Gillingham wanted to learn oil painting, and by accident, found a watercolor teacher. The rest is history! Her paintings are inspired by travel and a fascination with color. She is an executive coach, mediator, and columnist for *Women Magazine*. Denise can be reached at [dkgcoach@gmail.com](mailto:dkgcoach@gmail.com).

**Lee Krohn '79** (p. 60) majored in environmental science and worked for the College as a photographer during his time there. He is now a senior planner with Chittenden County (Vermont) Regional Planning Commission, was just elected to the board of Vermont Professional Photographers, and will soon be featured by the *Burlington Free Press* for the popularity of his images on their social media. Reach him at [leekrohn1@gmail.com](mailto:leekrohn1@gmail.com) or [pianopix@sover.net](mailto:pianopix@sover.net), and view his work at [leekrohnphoto.smugmug.com](http://leekrohnphoto.smugmug.com).

**Scott Christopher Magid '09** (p. 96) pursued a double major in business and studio art. His mobiles are entirely made by hand from copper sheet and wire using only a hammer, file, awl, pliers, compass and snips. Best placed in front of an open window, his mobiles will dip and rotate freely over the base. Stay balanced and keep moving. Contact him at [Scott.Magid@gmail.com](mailto:Scott.Magid@gmail.com).

**Sarah Medeiros '11** (p. 16) majored in English with a concentration in creative writing, and has spent much of the intervening time experimenting with different writing genres. She currently resides in Los Angeles, but only until the next adventure presents itself. Experimenting with words continues to be her primary preoccupation.

**Jon Mort '06** (p. 87) is an artist living in Bethesda, Md. After earning his degree in studio art, he studied architecture at the Rhode Island School of Design. A self-described storyteller, Mort cites influences in his work from archaeology to astronomy. He exhibits in galleries and museums across the East Coast, including an annual summer open studio in Port Clyde, Maine. View his work at [www.jonmort.com](http://www.jonmort.com).

**Val Muller '02** (p. 45) majored in English with a minor in film. Currently an English teacher in Northern Virginia, Muller is the author of the Corgi Capers kid-lit mystery series, the horror novel *Faulkner's Apprentice*, and *The Scarred Letter*, a modernization of Hawthorne's famous work. You can find out more at [www.valmuller.com](http://www.valmuller.com) and [www.corgicapers.com](http://www.corgicapers.com), or contact Val at [Val@ValMuller.com](mailto:Val@ValMuller.com).

**Dave Noble '52** (p. 72) grew up on the streets of Philadelphia and in the woods of Morris Park, learning about life and love at home, on the streets, in school, and in church. F&M took a chance on him as part of the freshman class of 1948. During his junior year, he was an exchange student at Morehouse College. Graduating with a degree in geology, he worked as a geologist for 37 years, with excursions into noise pollution and impact attenuation. One of his courses at F&M was "Expository Writing," with Professor Phillips, which stimulated a desire to be creative.

**Luke Oeding '03** (p. 56) is an assistant professor of mathematics at Auburn University, Ala. Previously, he lived in Florence, Italy, for two years, doing research in algebraic geometry and signal processing. He still travels extensively for work, which makes for some great photo opportunities, such as the one in this issue, which is of the Arno River in the spring of 2010. Keep in touch! [lukeoeding@gmail.com](mailto:lukeoeding@gmail.com).

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**Sydney Pierce '13** (p. 35) majored in English literature and minored in art history. She currently lives in New York City, where she works as an editorial assistant for HarperCollins Publishers and spends her weekends writing. She can be reached at [spierce013@gmail.com](mailto:spierce013@gmail.com).

**Mark D. Possanza '79** (p. 71) majored in classics and minored in Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, the open road to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He lives and works in Pittsburgh, a city abounding in poetic subjects, not least public transportation.

**Sam Price '09** (p. 91) majored in English with a creative writing emphasis. He lives in Philadelphia. Other works of his can be found at [pickacitythenasize.wordpress.com](http://pickacitythenasize.wordpress.com).

**Amanda Rocco '06** (p. 118) majored in English with a creative writing emphasis. Rocco currently resides in New York City and works as a compliance professional for a major pharmaceutical company. When not working, Rocco loves to travel, explore New York, and, of course, write.

**Gerard Rugel '68** (cover), an attorney practicing in Fairfax County, Virginia, majored in history and attended the American University's School of Law. His work focuses on legal issues confronted by individuals with disabilities. F&M's *Oriflamme* published his first photographs in 1968. Forty-five years later, the *2013 Alumni Arts Review* published "The Slide," featuring his granddaughter, Alayna, who for the last seven years has been his muse. She is pictured in The Cartwheel. Email him at [rugellaw@aol.com](mailto:rugellaw@aol.com).

**Bill Scaff '57** (p. 55), an economics major, spent his working years in the insurance industry. In the 1980s, while living in Bermuda (it's a tough duty but somebody has to do it), he bought his first single lens reflex camera, and photography has been his passion ever since. Scaff enters juried shows and images of his wife's flower designs have appeared numerous times in a nationally distributed weekly calendar. They live in Fair Haven, N.J.

**Kelly Schenke '95** (p. 108) graduated with a degree in philosophy, and went on to receive a master's in education in school counseling from Millersville University. She just started a new job with the Woodstream Corporation in Lititz, Pa., and is staying sane due to the ever-present joy, laughter, and silliness of her daughter, Kate.

**Jeff Shapiro '61** (p. 88) majored in English. He earned his post graduate degrees in psychology at Pennsylvania State University, and has been working as a psychologist for 49 years. Shapiro is pleased that he has developed from experiencing his work as pleasurable and interesting, to now seeing it as important (although it still has the first two qualities as well). Meditation, art appreciation, and Jewish learning and practice are also experienced as pleasurable, interesting, and important.

**John Shire '66** (p. 31) majored in business and accounting. He currently lives on Virginia's Eastern Shore, as close to heaven as

he may ever get. Although there is little that he does not enjoy photographing, he has always been drawn to and concentrated on people. He has had several exhibitions of his work, including shows in Connecticut and New York's Greenwich Village, and currently teaches photography and "the art of seeing" at his local community college. View his work at [www.johnshirephotography.com](http://www.johnshirephotography.com).

**Marc J. Straus '65, P'92** (p. 37) is an oncologist. He has three collections of poetry from TriQuarterly Books/Northwestern University Press. *Not God* (2006) is a play in verse that has been staged several times and revised. Marc has won numerous awards in poetry, including The Robert Penn Warren Award from Yale. Straus is a renowned art collector and in 2011 he opened a contemporary art gallery in New York City. "Sugar Ray" is a chapter from his memoir, *The Iron Lung*. He can be reached at [marcstraus@hotmail.com](mailto:marcstraus@hotmail.com).

**Melissa Sugar '99** (p. 89) majored in art. Being a dedicated art educator, she teaches at-risk students, K–9, in an alternative school in Baltimore. In 2008, she earned her masters in art education from the Maryland Institute College of Art. With her passion for teaching, she continues to make her own art. She draws, paints, and uses mixed media to create portraits and figurative works that are based in both observation and intuition. Email her at [melissasugar@comcast.net](mailto:melissasugar@comcast.net).

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**Allan Tasman '69** (p. 117) is professor and chair of psychiatry at the University of Louisville, and Schwab Endowed Chair in social and community psychiatry. A psychoanalyst and cognitive neuroscience researcher, he has lectured extensively around the world. He has authored 35 textbooks and is past president of the American Psychiatric Association and the Pacific Rim College of Psychiatrists. He received the F&M Alumni Citation in 2012 and the University of Louisville Distinguished Faculty Award in 2013. With his spouse Cathy, an artist, teacher, and mental health advocate, he has three adult children.

**Frank Jeffrey Trubisz '70** (p. 127) is a retired educator currently living in northern Vermont, where he continues to explore and photograph the landscape. His pictures have appeared in the *Green Mountain Club's* publications, and recent projects include creating a

2014 calendar with plans for a 2015 version. Trubisz's landscapes will be exhibited in Shelburne Vt., and Rockport, Mass., this coming summer. His work can be seen at [onthetrailphotography.com](http://onthetrailphotography.com).

**Alan Walsh '90** (p. 63) majored in English and economics and lives in Lancaster. He is most proud to be husband to Marjie Seachrist Walsh '91 and dad to Eleanor. He enjoys coaching youth in baseball and adults in making rational financial decisions for their families. He enjoys writing personal pieces for fun, and his wife encouraged him to submit this story. Send a note to [amewalsh@comcast.net](mailto:amewalsh@comcast.net).

**Heather van der Grinten '09** (p. 57) majored in dance and sociology. Since graduating, taking to the world like a moth to a flame, she lived in and traveled around Europe. Now residing in the Finger Lakes Region of New York, she keeps busy while planning her next ventures.

**Christine Valzovano '11** (p. 97) graduated with a degree in English literature. She works and lives in Connecticut with her fiancée. In her free time, she enjoys reading and writing. Contact her at [cvalzovano@gmail.com](mailto:cvalzovano@gmail.com).

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**Jim Yescalis '68** (p. 41) graduated with a degree in history on the eight-year plan. His serious interest in photography began in 1968 and became his profession. He retired from Millersville University as university photographer and now concentrates on exhibiting personal work. He lives in Lancaster with Jill, his wife of 44 years, Jill. Email him at [jimandjillyes@aol.com](mailto:jimandjillyes@aol.com).

# Acknowledgments

As I ponder the many involved in creating Volume III of the *F&M Alumni Arts Review*, I will begin by thanking F&M's Office of Communications, especially those involved in getting the *AAR* to press. While much of the work on the *Review* is done solo at my desk, none of it would add up to anything without this talented, smart, committed bunch: Jason Klinger, director of news and publications, whose advice and support is essential; Michael Fink, graphic designer, who takes all those images, edited poems and prose, contributor notes, and more that I forward on to him, and formats them into draft after draft; and Anita Focht, production manager, who with her eagle eye shepherds us through the painstaking rounds of proofreading: serial comma needed here; delete italics there; an alum's name is spelled this way here, and that way there... round and round we go. My favorite of these literally hundreds of exchanges was the extended conversation with Mike and Anita about the number of Os in oooogah. In a way that seems to me quite alchemical, this sterling group transforms all that material into the handsome volume you hold in your hands.

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Others, too, are intrinsic to ensuring this shift (!) from conceptual to tangible:

Monthly meetings as well as ongoing email exchanges with Carmen Tisnado, associate dean of the faculty, are not only enjoyable and illuminating, but indispensable to the *Review's* progress. I am grateful for Carmen's understanding, and for her staunch, wise support.

I also want to thank President Dan Porterfield: his unending dedication to F&M's outreach and impact includes his endorsement of this journal.

Thanks, too, for the advocacy demonstrated by Interim Provost Joseph Karlesky and J. Samuel Houser '89, vice president for strategic initiatives and chief of staff, as well as by Stefanie Valar,

director of gift planning, and Matthew K. Eynon, vice president for college advancement.

Once again I want to acknowledge the vision and strategy of those who helped launch the *F&M Alumni Arts Review* three years ago: Kerry Sherin Wright, director of the Philadelphia Alumni Writers House; Interim President John Burness '67; Alan Caniglia, senior associate dean of the faculty, as well as then-Provost Ann Steiner and the entire Provost's office; Carol de Wet, professor of geosciences, and, at the time of the *Review's* first issue, associate dean of the faculty; and Catherine Roman '77, at the time director, parent and alumni relations. Jill Colford Schoeniger '86 and Nicole Nagine helped design the original volume, which layout we continue to use.

Other essentials continue to be provided by the Office of Alumni Relations, especially in terms of getting the word out regarding submissions, and helping to organize our delightful publication parties. I am particularly grateful to Mary Mazzuca, executive director of alumni relations and annual giving; to her assistant, Pat Fossler; and to Aimee Fasnacht, associate director, alumni relations.

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The support of my beloved English Department is, as always, deeply appreciated. I want to particularly thank Department Coordinator Debra Saporetti '91.

Others to whom I'm grateful in the Office of Communications: Sri Dasgupta, director of web content and multimedia; and Chris Karlesky '01, editor, *Franklin & Marshall Magazine*.

Every kind of support, tangible and intangible, is provided by the Philadelphia Alumni Writers House. Director Sherin Wright, Assistant Director Joanna Underhill, House Coordinator Delphine Martin, and the students who frequent the House, create a lively artistic environment in which it is an absolute pleasure to work.

This year, I was lucky enough to have two assistants, at least for a while: Charlotte Roth '14, who was so essential to the original launch of the *Review*, decided to take early graduation, and this past fall handed off her "hat" to the capable Maeve Shanahan '15. While it is hard to work so closely with these assistants and then bid them a fond adieu, I take enormous pleasure in asking for and implementing

their perspectives as we make the journal the best it can possibly be. They take care of infinite details, and we laugh a lot. It's a true collaboration.

Similarly, I feel fortunate in the group comprising the *Review's* Editorial Board. In addition to Charlotte and Maeve, students on this year's Board included Anita Asiedu '14, Mary Bundy '16, Shunqi Gao '16, Shi Eun Lee '16, Anne Piccolo '15, Conlan LaRouche '15, and Keiran Miller '15. I want to particularly thank Assistant Professors Marci Nelligan and Kerry Sherin Wright, also members of the Board. Each year, they carve time out of busy schedules to read submissions and offer invaluable editorial suggestions, which in turn I pass on to the alumni poets and writers.

Which leads to one of my biggest acknowledgments: the artists and writers represented in these volumes. Alumni generally submit their poems, essays, stories with the assumption that their work is done. However, the email they receive from me accepting their piece almost always includes "editorial suggestions." I imagine, for some, this might be dismaying. But without exception, these exchanges—which range from several emails to dozens of them, and sometimes even phone calls—and the resultant drafts that emerge as a result, are amongst the most gratifying aspects of my work.

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While of course the *Review* publishes those who are professionals in their respective fields, most of those represented in these pages do their art avocationally: for the fun of it, or for the love of it. Often, the comment I receive, when we've arrived at the "final" draft, is how much fun it's been to engage with their writing in this way, and how this deep engagement with their own work reminds them of the satisfaction they felt during their time at F&M. I love hearing this, as it reflects one of the primary intentions with which we launched the *AAR* in the first place: to not only engage alums with their *alma mater*, and with, perhaps, their fellow alums, but with the idea of life-long learning that is integral to a liberal arts education.

So thank you, alumni! Thanks to those of you who've submitted previously, and those who'll submit in the future. From your poems and photographs, essays and images, stories and plays, we look forward to creating the *F&M Alumni Arts Review, Volume IV*.

*Sands Hall, Editor*







Comments or questions,  
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