F&M alumni arts review

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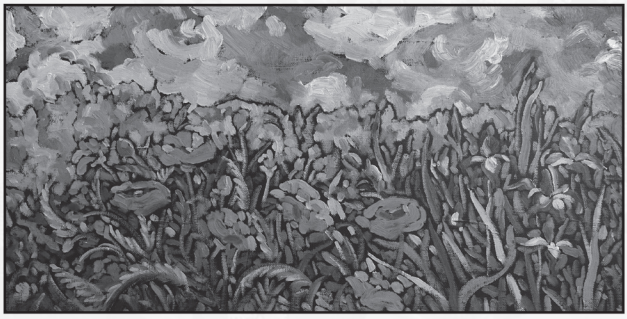
Swing



On the Cover

Poppies & Iris

LORI LYNN HOFFER '81

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Editor's Note

SANDS HALL

SWING! A magical word, conjuring up everything from swing sets to porch swings; from swings in mood to swing music; from swinging a bat to swing votes—my student Editorial Board and I were thrilled and delighted by the variety of responses generated by this year's theme.

As might be expected, the word's basic concept—to cause to move (or to move) back and forth or from side to side while suspended or on an axis—generated a blizzard of photos of people, mostly children, in swings. While we couldn't possibly include them all, you will find in the volume many images that depict the pleasure attached to swinging (or pushing someone) in a swing, including Berkey's "Swing Baby" (6), Rugel's "Into the Sky" (8), and Krohn's "Pure Joy" (9)—the titles echo the exhilaration manifest in the photos. We also loved Yescalis's image of boys clinging to a rope over a river, "Swingers" (74), and Druker's "Swinging Sisters" (75). There are also somber images involving literal swings, including Lievano's "Swing Set," barely visible through a thick mist (4), and Mathesius's evocative "Abandoned" (71).

We also very much appreciated the writers who found ways to incorporate literal swings into their stories and poems, including Grunwald's compelling and eerie "Interactive Art" (11), which features a swing as art installation; Landis-McGrath's "Sanctuary" (95), a meditation on the photograph and the memories it evokes; Cieri's "At Yoyogi Park" (109), a delightful and inventive exploration of swing dance.

Atlee's poem celebrating an unforgettable moment of a batter's swing—"The Surprise of Grace" (7)—shares with the reader the gift of this memory. Other forms of swinging, equally vivid—if disturbing—include Keiran's "Still" (104), which examines the idea of swing attached to a noose (in this context, his title is terribly foreboding). And Steinberg's "Gravity" (57) playfully yet ominously suggests the kind of swing that might end in a punch—or worse.

A number of alums explored swings of emotion in their poems and prose, including Schenke, in her shocking poem, "Hope" (51); Trubisz in "Fifteen Minutes at Ho'oilo House" (31), minutes that changed the author's outlook on life; and Straus in "I'm Only KKK" (38), a deeply disquieting, and sadly relevant, detailing of a Nazi gathering in 1960s Washington, D.C. Fine artists, too, offer images that ask a visual shift in the mind of the observer: Bidgood's hoops—swings—of barbed wire in his photograph, "Unwelcome" (30); Kanter's bright and unexpected collisions of color in his painting, "Vicissitude" (36).

Brunner always has a thoughtful response to our annual theme, and this year's "Orbit" (17) is no exception, with the sense of planetary shifts and swings the painting evokes. Jon Mort, too, engaged with the swing of stars and planets in his "Gentleman Astronomer" (50).

Hambright's love sonnet, "Femme Fatale" (93), includes a huge swing in tone, as the final couplet shifts, startlingly, from the wit and joy of the earlier stanzas to a new meaning of the "fatale" of the poem's title. Similarly, the light and shadow in Musante's photograph, "Swinging Doors, 2016, Ellis Island" (49), offers an emotional swing as we imagine the lives that passed through those doors. And then there is Milazzo's powerful poem about the pendulum clock—"Horologium Oscillarorium" (123)—that in the end will take us all.

Humor is also abundant in this volume. In Rouse's "Lions' Shit" (76), about his efforts to keep predators from his garden, there's a delightful swing near the end. Equally humorous, as well as wise, is "Jane's Mantras" (18): Meneghin also arranges her poem on the page in a way that reflects Jane's swings through a jungle, as well as her swings in confidence and strength.

It would be a pleasure to lay out the swings inherent in each of the pieces in this volume, but there isn't space, and besides, I trust you'll discover your own interpretations as you go swinging through the pages ahead, taking in the intriguing, thoughtful, marvelous ways in which F&M alums have responded to SWING.

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Swing Baby | KATHLEEN OPPENHEIMER BERKEY '05

The Surprise of Grace

CHAMP ATLEE '67

The most lovely thing I saw in sport
was Billy Williams' swing
on a September night in '69,
the night the Cubs would fall from first.
They came all that way to fail,
and Williams on a mirror wrote
the winner's share they lost;
but the swing was beautiful,
in the way that men discover beauty:
sideways, momentary, moving,
not a sufficient end in itself,
but in the economics of a task,
a sudden, firm response
to the known deceptions of a world
at its best in artificial light.
The hit itself a puff of dirt,
a skipping blur to right,
as Beckert raced for third—
yet pointless in the end; they lost.
The darkness rising in old Connie Mack,
to take them in a hard embrace.
That was more than forty years ago:
the tall form, the still head, the long swing,
the white ash in the black hand.

Into the Sky | GERARD RUGEL '68

Remembering My Youth | G. MICHAEL BROWN '71

Pure Joy | LEE KROHN ’79

Swingin' and Swayin'
Through the Rocks at Fjaorargljufur

ALLAN TASMAN '69

Interactive Art

CLARISSA GRUNWALD '17

9:30 A.M., I've just swiped in, and Nicola's here to tell me there's a new "element" to my job: Keep kids off the swing.

She doesn't say this right away. She walks me all the way up to the fourth floor. Modern Art. She takes me into a little room off of one of the big galleries, shows me inside, and says, "This just got installed on Monday."

It's a rough wooden board, suspended by ropes from the ceiling. There's no breeze, and no audible motor, but it's moving of its own accord, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. The plaque on the wall reads, "Swing."

"The artist informed us that there have been problems with guests at other museums sitting on it," Nicola says. "Obviously, it was not designed to support weight, so you need to prevent that from happening."

"What makes it move?" I ask.

"I don't know." She looks up at the ceiling. "There must be some sort of engine up there."

"Can I touch it?"

She shrugs. "I suppose so. Just so long as the visitors don't."

I reach out and catch a rope. The swing wobbles before pulling out from beneath my fingers. It's heavier than I expected. When I let go, it

wobbles first to one side, then the other, before straightening out and returning to its normal pattern. Back, forth, tick, tock. Perfectly silent. Perfectly measured.

Nicola wasn't kidding. Everyone wants to get on the swing. By 11:00, I've had to convince not only a handful of 4-to-12-year-olds, but also a college student, a mother of two, and an 80-year-old woman with a walker not to climb over the ropes and take a seat.

I'm used to it. This is my job. Hands off, that was painted in the 1700s. Step away, that was carved in the Middle Ages. Be careful, those two identical steel cubes are worth over $17 million. Please do not sit on the swing—

But I watch it moving, back and forth, back and forth, and you know? I can see the appeal. In a moment when the room is empty, I reach towards the rope again. Just to catch it for a second. Just to see what it can do. Then I hear footsteps behind me, a visitor in the gallery nearing this room, and I pull away.

I eat lunch, make my rounds. Check-in with the junior guards who are holding down the fort at the Info Desk, slow lap around the Renaissance gallery to make sure no one's got their flash on, deliver some more construction paper to the volunteers at the Kids Drop-In Art Space, then back up to the fourth floor, to take over for Denisha, who's been busy keeping people off the swing.

"You missed it," she says. "I had to call backup on a lady. She was like, actively fighting me to get over the rope."

"Jesus."

"Yeah. People are crazy. Anyway, I'm on break till two. Have fun."

She leaves. I wander around the fourth floor, but there's not much going on now. It's not yet 1:00 and we're still in the lunchtime doldrums, museum-goers taking a break in the café or heading out the door, not

yet to be replaced by the afternoon crowd. Only sign of life is a little boy and his dad wandering around the minimalist sculpture court. Dad is examining a twisty black obelisk. Son is getting dangerously close to stepping on the art. I shoo him back and ask the father to please keep an eye on his kid.

I head back to the swing.

The exhibition room is quiet, that big echoey museum-quiet. The only sound is the ropes of the swing, which creak a little as it moves. The shadow of the seat slides liquidly across the tiles.

I'm there for two hours, pacing the edges of the room, memorizing the plaques. Resisting the urge to grab the thing every time it swings past. At some point, maybe an hour in, I notice a little loop of orange poking out from behind a hidden panel at the top of the wall, and I remember that the lights to this part of the museum are on 50-foot extension cords. There's no electrical hookup here. If the swing used a motor, there would be nothing to power it.

Unceasingly, the swing moves. Back. Forth. Back. Forth. Steady. Impatient.

Ping on my walkie-talkie. The guide has not shown up for the 3:00 tour. Back through the minimalist sculpture court to the education offices, where the docent is nowhere to be found. Lisa says she'll take care of it, so I turn around and walk back the way I came, past the rows of abstract paintings and the enormous serpent made out of tin cans.

Before I even see the swing, I know something is wrong. It's creaking louder than it should be, and after every creak, there's this knocking sound. I rush into the room to see the father just standing there. His son, seated on the wooden plank, kicks back and forth. His shoes bump the wall on the forward swing.

"Stop!" I yell. They don't train you for this shit. "Get off of the exhibit immediately." I step over the barrier, prepared to catch the seat of the

swing as it passes by. Hands at the ready, eyes on the boy as he comes sailing in my direction.

He passes directly over my head.

I take two steps forward, recalculating. The boy on the swing reaches the far end of his arc. For a moment he seems to pause in mid-air, the tips of his sneakers just inches away from the wall, ropes strained taut.

Then gravity sets in and he comes flying back towards me. Feet incoming at waist level. I reach out. My hands are due to catch him in the chest just before his sneakers hit my belly button. Ready—and—now—

Tick.

He flies right through me.

I'm ready to catch him but he isn't there. I'm ready for impact but it never happens. The boy passes right through me, his feet, his legs, the seat of the swing. One moment he's there, the next he's not.

Tock.

Something hits me in the back, just beneath my shoulders. It's the wooden seat of the swing, solid again. I spin around. The boy is gone.

"Jordan!" yells the father. I'd forgotten he was there. I feel as if I've been shaken awake. The room is spinning. I can feel my heart in my teeth.

"What happened?" the father and I yell at each other at the same time. But neither of us knows.

"Why'd you let him on the swing?"

"What did you do to him?"

"I didn't!"

"Nothing!"

I walkie-talkie the security team. "Got a father here looking for his son. Last seen on fourth floor, near the swing. Red shirt, short brown hair, Caucasian, about—how old is he?" I ask the father.

"Eight."

"Eight years old—named Jordan. If you see him, bring him down to visitor services."

The walkie-talkie crackles out a few staticky sounds of affirmation.

"Why didn't you tell them what really happened?" the father demands.

He knows why. We both know why. "I'll take you down to visitor services," I say. "We can wait for your son there."

"I want to call the police," he says.

The police can't do anything and we both know it, but I'm not going to say anything. Neither of us are. "Okay," I say. "But let's go down to the desk first."

Behind us the swing has resumed its usual pattern. Back and forth, back and forth. Every now and then the ropes let off a quiet, satisfied creak. Beneath the wooden bench its shadow paces on the concrete floor. Back and forth, back and forth. As if nothing's happened. As if this happens all the time.

Down at visitor services, I hand the man off to Nicola, who wants to know what the police can do that I can't. "Probably nothing," I say. I do not say: The kid just disappeared. I do say: "I already asked everybody to keep an eye out for him."

She turns to the man. "You said you lost him on the fourth floor?"

"I didn't lose him," the man says hotly.

"He was on the swing," I say. Maybe that'll mean something to her. Maybe she'll frown and say, You know I heard a story about that swing… twenty years ago on an afternoon just like this one…

She does not. "You saw him?" she asks me.

"Yeah."

"Did you see where he went?"

"No." I still do not say: He just disappeared.

Neither does the man. His eyes are identical steel cubes. He walks away from us and takes a seat on a bench next to the elevator. Nicola sighs. She glances at her watch. "Okay. I'll wait with him down here."

"Thanks," I say, and head back upstairs. Back to the fourth floor,

around the corner and through the long gallery to the little room. It's empty. I stand against the wall watching the swing.

Back, forth, back, forth. I reach my hand out towards it, pull my hand away, reach out again. I want to catch it. Would it feel as heavy as it did this morning? Heavier—another eighty pounds added onto it, the weight of an elementary-aged child? I catch the rope. This time I hold it.

The seat of the swing wriggles in the air. It takes some effort to hold my grip on it, but I think I could hold it steady enough to take a seat. I think it might let me take a seat. I think it might want—

Or I want—

I step away. It jerks free from my hand. The seat weaves drunkenly through the air for a moment, like a butterfly loosed from a jar, before once again settling down into its pattern. Tick, tock, tick, tock. My heart hammers unevenly in my chest.

From behind me I hear a sound. I turn and there's the man, standing in the doorway to the exhibit. "I'm sorry," he says. "Can I just…get a moment? In here?"

I feel something like breath on the back of my arms, the air displaced as the swing cuts through. The man's eyes follow it, back and forth, back and forth. I can't quite put a word to the look on his face, but I recognize the brushstrokes.

"Yeah," I say. "Sure."

I walk out onto the sculpture court and pace between the exhibits. My footsteps echo beneath the high glass ceiling.

When I return, the man is gone.

The swing rocks gently in the empty room.

Orbit | WILFRED BRUNNER ’70

Jane's Mantras

LIVIA MENEGHIN '15

Hold on to the vine
till your knuckles turn white,
till your arms start to shake
and you gaze at the height

of the forest around you.
Hold on to the vine. Feel his hands
on your shoulders, your feet at the edge
of this, your new throne. He understands,

so find his grey eyes
in the jungle behind
you. Show him no fear
and keep your hands twined.

Find his grey eyes
in the jungle within you.
Steady your breath
so you can begin to

fly through the treetops
and soar to the sun, where
the vine knows your touch,
and the light makes your hair

shine. Can you believe this—
how far you have come?
Remember his hands, that night
you first met, when the drum

of the rain drowned out all words. *Remember*
his hands, so coarse yet so kind.
You don't need your gloves,
leave the parasol behind

and step into place here in this,
your new home. He may be king,
but you are the queen
of the vines, the woman with wings.

Monday Is... | BILL SCAFF '57

New York State of Trance

SHRIMA '16

i am naked in the woods—
native and a witch and the bush
dancing to the grind of the train, the hustle of the day.
home has autumn seats.
how does the ground feel beneath your feet?
or the metal on your hands, the glass on your back?
together, we meditate:
exhale. solidarity makes waves.
our bodies, this vessel, rattle & sway,
our dreams, our worries, the emergency brake—
i am on a concrete playground,
i let gravity take as i swing all the way around.

There's Music in the Air: Art in the Orchard, Peak Orchard, Western Massachusetts

PETER NIELSEN '78

Writing Is My Lady

MARK MILLER '74

So, I'm having a Rat Pack moment the other day, sipping a martini and listening to Sinatra singing "L.A. Is My Lady," in which he uses the City of Angels metaphorically for his romantic relationships, when it strikes me that my own version of Frank's swinging hit would be "Writing Is My Lady."

And I know what you're thinking: "Mark's just saying that because he's currently single and tends to see everything in the universe as a metaphor for a woman."

Okay, that's true.

But that's beside the point. The fact is, the arc of the script-writing experience absolutely parallels that of a romantic relationship!

No, really. So quit giving me the stink-eye.

The genesis of every great script is the same: finding that amazing idea, the one worthy of several months of the writer's time, multi-millions of the studio's budget, and $14 and two hours of each audience member's life—give or take $35 for a large popcorn and a box of Milk Duds. Oh, sure, we writers can have dalliances with an array of perfectly adequate ideas, but the great idea, like the great romantic partner, is rare. Which is why when we encounter either one it feels like magic.

Naturally, we want to explore that magic. Find out everything we

can about our idea—or our romantic partner. Spend time with her, him, it. Converse. Research. Run a background check. It's *The King and I*'s "Getting To Know You" phase in which, whether it's a wonderful idea or an amazing woman, I notice that suddenly I'm bright and breezy because of all the beautiful and new things I'm learning about it/her day by day. Disgustingly sappy? Sure. But it's okay, 'cause I'm in love with a wonderful gal—I mean, idea. So pour on the sap. It's chocolate to me, baby.

Once I've spent enough time in the cocooning phase with my new PSO (Potential Significant Other), it's time for us to appear together in public as a couple—our coming out, as it were. Show ourselves off. Let the world know of our love. Similarly, with the idea: we take it out of the drawer, run it by our friends, neighbors, fellow writers, hoping for feedback, sure, but mostly that they'll embrace our idea/ PSO—though for them, floating on air and having stars in their eyes are completely optional.

If the feedback is positive at this stage, we up the stakes, taking the idea to the next level—agents, managers, development executives. This is potentially the most dangerous level, because the idea can be killed here for any number of reasons: "It's derivative," "It's already in development," "Not commercial enough; it'll never sell." The equivalent danger territory here in romance is introducing our heartthrob to our family, whose negative response can cause the relationship plug to be pulled faster than Kevin Hart being invited back again to host the Academy Awards.

At a certain point, we push aside all our other writing projects—or women—to focus exclusively on this one writing project—or lady—that has so captivated us. Our friends have no need to ask what we're working on or whom we're seeing, because those ideas/PSOs are with us all the time. We eat, sleep and breathe them. Which can't be healthy, but what choice do we have? We've become obsessed.

Yet obsession seldom lasts. Eventually, as we settle into the hard work of writing, the initial flash of excitement over the script dims, and sometimes, as we see its flaws, we fall out of love, losing the passion for our initial hot idea. And we all know this in relationships, yes? The honeymoon period often ends—the love itself does—as the couple deals with day-to-day challenges and conflicts.

But maybe, if we manage to solve all the script's major problems, and if we make it through the initial infatuation period, we've bonded with it! We're engaged!

From there, it's smooth sailing—'til we finish the script, perhaps allowing ourselves the relief and joy of a celebration to acknowledge the important accomplishment. And in the world of romance? To acknowledge the completion of our life as a single person? The bachelor party, of course!

And before we know it, we've entered the period of registering—at city hall for our marriage license, at Bloomingdales for our wedding gifts, at WGA Script Registration for, well, you know. Registering the script gives us some degree of legal protection, just as the wedding makes our marriage legal.

At the subsequent wedding party, we appear for the first time as husband and wife, fully registered, with all due legal protections. And when we walk into that movie studio office—to pitch our script to the highest-placed executive our agent can talk into a meeting—we do so as writer and script, fully registered, with all due legal protections.

Aah, this is the honeymoon period, in which the writer has not a care in the world— just every expectation of the ultimate in gratification: selling the script. Just as on a honeymoon, when husband and wife might be offered beverages poolside, before the pitch meeting, studio assistants offer the writer drinks. Okay, they're bottled waters, but they're still drinks. And after each pitch session, the writer turns to his agent and asks the equivalent of "Was it good for you, too?"

Invariably, as the pitches continue, instances of negativity rear their ugly little heads. Development executives point out weaknesses in story, character, theme, and dialogue. There's trouble in paradise at home, too. Just three short months ago, your blushing bride was referring to you as "Mister Perfect." Now, however, she is miffed that Mister Perfect: a) leaves a snail-like trail of clothing, food, and newspapers throughout the house, b) can't stand her mother, and c) somehow neglected to mention that he'd rather impale himself on a javelin than become a father.

Oh no! Your script is rejected everywhere. Your agent informs you that it's dead in the water. Your agent also informs you that *you* are dead in the water—and drops you from his client list. This coincides, of course, with your wife filing for divorce. So, suddenly, you're unmarried, unrepresented, miserable, and convinced that you will never again find someone to love, or success as a writer.

Days, months, even years go by.

Then, one day, as though proof of a higher power's existence, magic happens—you meet this really cool woman…

…or get this really exciting idea for a movie…

So, yes, writing is indeed my lady. It's every writer's lady—or gentleman, depending on your preference. I've been through all these stages with my women and my writing and I definitely have a love-hate relationship with both. In fact, just thinking about it suddenly gives me writer's block. So, with a sip of my martini, I'll let Frank help me break through it with a bit more from "L.A. Is My Lady", as he croons that while *it may not have lasted, each time he thought it was heaven*…

[Note: "L.A. Is My Lady" was written by Alan Bergman, Marilyn Bergman, Quincy Jones, and Peggy Lipton Jones. And no doubt songwriting is their lady.]

Barry | JOHN SHIRE '66

Rain on a Tin Roof

BRIAN D. BELL '80

(In tribute to a 1944 instrumental cover of "Tin Roof Blues," by Muggsy Spanier and his V-Disc All-Stars.)

I hear rain on a tin roof, surely part of the devil's plan;
No doubt he danced in his youth to this ode to a drowning man.
Well, the devil is welcome here, take any company I can,
'Cause my friends gin and vermouth ran right out on me again.

You know, the devil did appear in a sharkskin suit;
I offered him a chair and a cheap cheroot,
Told him, "Buddy, my soul has gone long in the tooth,
But it's all yours, just make me fireproof.
You see, my best intentions bear no fruit;
Ain't no invention yet can save a southbound repute.
Yeah, down on my luck and stuck hard in the bayou,
With nothing but the truth:
Spent my last buck on these cheap cheroots."

Next thing I recall, the devil's tapping his hoof, saying,
"Been a long time since my fall, and this is one for the books!

Fire and brimstone ain't got nothing on being broke
And breathing the cologne of cheap cigar smoke.
Yes, I feel right at home in this down-at-the-heels hotel;
I suggest you move on, I wish you well.
That rain on a tin roof makes a devil wanna dance!
Man, give me one more cheap cheroot,
Then go take your second chance."

So I pulled on my worn-out boots, hitched a ride in a rusty truck,
Told the driver I'm heading north, hoping things will be looking up.
The driver's name was Ruth, she said, "Now, honey, you're in luck!
On New Year's Eve, we'll arrive in Duluth,
Where I've got a hot tub and a carton of cold duck."
Well, ever since I met her, life has come deluxe.
So now and then I send the devil my regards—
With a weather forecast and a Cuban cigar.

Unwelcome | RICHARD D. BIDGOOD '76

Fifteen Minutes at Ho'oilo House

JEFFREY TRUBISZ '70

We arrived late on Friday and the West Maui Mountains, glorious green pyramids, danced on the horizon, free of the clouds that on a summer's day would obscure them. Now they glistened in winter light, outrageously verdant.

We drove along the coast, then ascended into the foothills above Lahaina, marveling at our sudden encounter with the tropical heat. My wife, Shayne, and I were warmly received by Dan, our host at Ho'oilo House. The humid night air slowly soothed our spirits. Memories of the long plane flight soon dissolved in the hot tea we drank and the salty air currents that oozed up from the ocean. The lights of Lahaina twinkled below and the night sky rang with stars all the way to the horizon. We had swung from the grip of snowy Vermont into the sticky embrace of a tropical night. "Ho'oilo" means "winter" in Hawaiian; it was our first winter visit to the island, and as we curled up in bed, the faint night breezes cooling our room, we felt welcomed with exotic possibility.

I awoke to birds clucking in the garden and the caress of soft air. Flower petals strewed the ground, purple on green. Dawn had broken over the Pacific, and above Ho'oilo House, the mountains hovered in shade and light.

Breakfast proved satisfying: muffins, yogurt, and tropical fruit. Papaya in January? I ate heartily while Shayne slept a bit longer. Having finished the chai, I roamed the grounds for another view of the mountains and Lahaina, feeling the spirit of exploring rising within. Whale-watching boats floated away from Lahaina harbor, white specks on deep blue. I headed back to awaken Shayne to the marvels that surrounded us, but as I skirted the pool, I noticed Dan motioning to me. He was holding out his phone.

"You'd better read this," he said and handed it to me. On the screen, in a blue bubble, were the words:

> Ballistic Missile Threat.
> Inbound to Hawaii.
> Seek immediate shelter.
> This is not a drill.

Dan remained calm as he quietly showed it to a few other guests, but my first response was incredulity. Back in October, while discussing the trip, I'd asked Shayne, newspaper reader and risk assessor that I am: "What if that clown in North Korea sends one up over the Pacific? Do we want to be in Hawaii if that happens?" It had seemed absurd to allow such thoughts to prevent our trip, and yet….??

The incredulity soon turned into a creepy shock. I had foreseen the possibility and however outrageous it seemed at the time, now it was happening. Random misgivings rumbled through my mind. We would be victims of a mass catastrophe. My memoirs would not be published. Hiking on mountain trails was over. No time for last words with my brother. Would there be a blinding flash of light? A thunderous boom? At least Shayne would be at my side.

It became apparent that there was nowhere to run, and nowhere to hide. Running away seemed ridiculous. Run to where?

Gazing towards Lahaina and beyond, a view I had relished just minutes earlier, now became uncomfortable, an acknowledgement of danger. I felt rooted to the ground, transfixed, cast in a spell of questioning: Was this really happening? Shayne appeared, having received the news on her phone, and we exchanged shrugs of disbelief followed by a hug.

I ventured a hopeful comment: "Maybe it's just some hacker doing something stupid."

Dan readily agreed to that possibility and continued working his phone. The other guests had quietly disappeared. "I'm going to call the mainland," I said. "Maybe they'll know something." Calling someone meant not thinking about what might transpire.

First call was to Massachusetts, to Kerry, a longtime friend. No connection—call wouldn't go through. Not good. More disbelief. Sweaty palms. A furtive glance across the pool and beyond, to the northwest towards Oahu and Honolulu, revealed a murky horizon that blended sea and clouds. If there was an explosion, how long would it take for the sound to reach us? Second call went to Brian in Florida. He'd been our best man and we've talked regularly across distance for years. Brian was driving. It was a Saturday afternoon and he was on a mission of mercy of sorts, helping someone move. No news about missiles that he knew of, at least from local media. That seemed to help a bit. But I still felt planted, immovable.

By now at least fifteen minutes had passed. Shayne and I hovered together in an odd combination of surprise and mutual calm. We recognized the moment, but speaking to it seemed unnecessary, almost inappropriate. Unexpectedly, we had swung into new territory. I turned my gaze east to the mountains, still shrouded in morning mist. If my life ended, I would be looking up to them.

Dan finally got through to 911. The message was to disregard the alert. It was a false alarm.

We exchanged looks, our mutual skepticism validated.

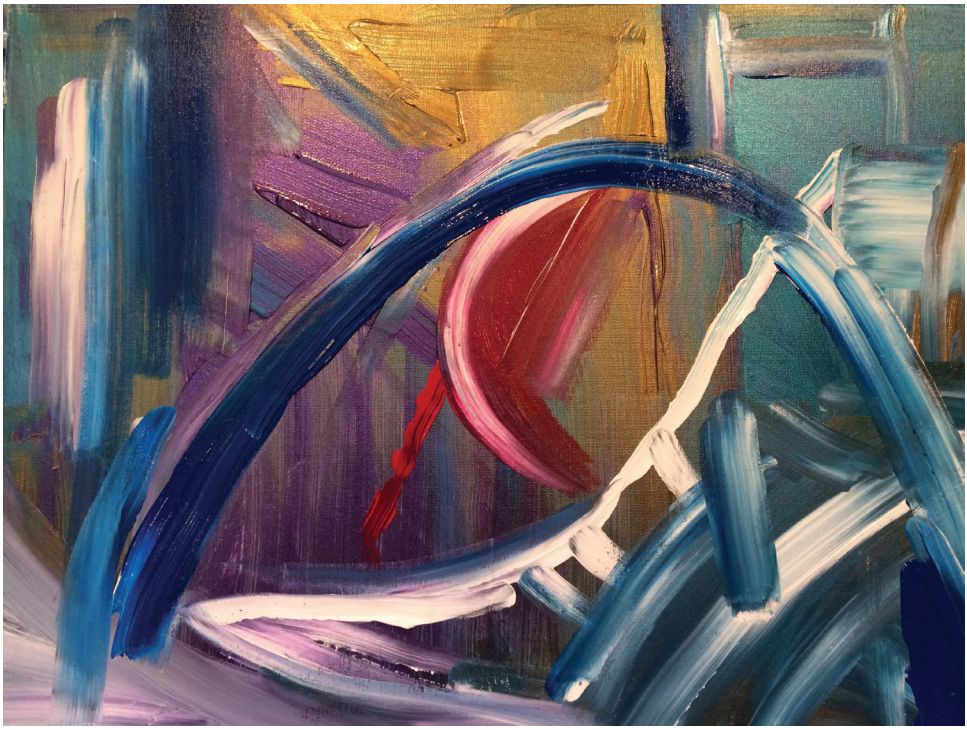
Reprieve. We could go on with our lives.

But as he went to inform other guests, a sense of the surreal took over. How bizarre was this? And on our first morning in Hawaii? Were we to just continue the day as if nothing had happened? Swim in the surf, sip cool drinks, get our feet sticky with sand? Would this simply become a story to share, a fallback for an awkward moment at a cocktail party?

A few days later we hiked into Haleakala, the volcanic crater that forms the crown of the island of Maui. At 10,000 feet, the January winds howled and seemed to expand the crater walls, so we had to layer up and keep moving to ward off the chill. As we descended into the crater, a sandy desert scape arrayed in orange and brown, the stillness took over, the quiet power of a wild place. It soothed us, invigorated us. There, in the House of the Sun, the echo of the false alarm faded with each step we took.

A year later, that false alarm occasionally resonates. An encounter with mortality can do that for you. I sometimes ponder how to use the experience to advantage. Certainly by feeling gratitude every morning as I begin a new day. And choosing to be less impacted by life's inescapable aggravations. By living with greater awareness. And by asking questions and acting on the answers: What gifts do I have that I can still use? With whom am I not at peace? What is still to be done?

Brooklyn Sunset, July 2018 | DENISE KING GILLINGHAM '80



Vicissitude | RICHARD KANTER '89

Self Infliction of the Body

PHOEBE RENEE '18

I once tried to remove four of my ribs:
one hand swung at the mouth, the other
pushed up through my galaxies.

Digging past flesh or meteoroids,
frantic fingers plunge through space and bone,
climb a makeshift staircase of the chest:

I depart. A body once played as a funhouse fractures
first at the heart: palms start to sprout,
turn skinless, split-seamed.

But weather-worn scars learn to heal
and my face arms chest feel more like armor,
strong selfmade threads without threat of the slip.

With time, I grow curious: fears of comet-collapsed
skins seldom sliver my thoughts into two. I now fall
for less obvious fears.

I'M ONLY KKK

MARC J. STRAUS '65

On a blazing hot July afternoon in 1969 we drove from Brooklyn to Maryland in a 1964 Ford Falcon, recently purchased for $700, 125,000 miles, a car with hand-cranked windows, a cheap AM radio, and no air conditioning. Ari, just six months old, was in a car seat in the back alongside Dahlia, our ninety-pound shepherd, who'd hung her face out the window the entire trip.

We pulled into the Londonderry development onto Trafalgar Square, in front of the attached two-bedroom townhouse we'd rented. Livia was out first, holding the baby. Neighbors were already gathering, surveying the new young family moving in. The New York license plate was probably cause enough for their worry—this was Maryland redneck country. Although just twenty-five minutes north of my new position at the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, this farm town was politically

well below the historic Mason-Dixon line. But, then, the rent was forty percent less than anything closer to Bethesda.

We were happy and optimistic. I had secured a two-year cancer research position after my first-year medical residency, and if not for this offer would have been inducted into the army as a medic in Vietnam.

From the townhouse to our right, a woman in her late thirties with a big bouffant blond hair-do waved eagerly to us. The neighbor to the left stood a few feet in front of his open door, arms crossed. In his mid-forties, almost six feet tall, he was a weather-beaten man, with a deeply furrowed forehead and closely cropped salt-and-pepper hair. He wore yellow hiking shorts and a camouflage shirt half unbuttoned, revealing a sizable belly rolling over his belt.

He waved to us and we waved back.

By this time, I had Dahlia out on her leash. She was a large show dog, with a dark brown coat and dark brown eyes, a kind animal who was protective of Ari. Ari was starting to try to stand up and he did so by holding on to Dahlia's fur. She would lick his face and never pull away.

During my years at Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn, animals were not permitted in the dorms. But the medical school was in a high crime area, and, in the beginning of my fourth year, the wife of one of my classmates was murdered just two blocks away. We were the first to buy a dog; soon there were many.

Livia thought that by having a large German Shepard with her she would be safer. She was. Most people crossed the street. But Dahlia would probably have licked any thug.

Now, for the first time, this placid dog lowered her haunches and began to growl, deep and menacing. She was focused on the beer-bellied neighbor and it was frightening: our sweet dog unrecognizable.

I held Dahlia more tightly and stroked her.

The neighbor took two steps back. "Whoa, whoa," he said. "That's a helluva dog you have there."

"Sorry," I responded, "she's not like this."

"Hell, that's a good thing! You gotta protect yourself these days."

His words were somewhat slurred, and I thought he might be drunk.

"Sorry," I said again, trying to pull Dahlia back.

"I don't have a dog, but I can take care of any problem."

Livia was getting nervous, and anxious to get Ari inside.

"That's good," I said to him.

"Yeah, shit, I got me a Remington mother-fucking 20-gauge semi sitting right there in the front closet locked and loaded."

We were speechless.

"Livia, go inside," I said quietly.

"You bet," the neighbor bellowed. "Any damn coon come onto my property I will shoot their ass dead. Man has to protect his property."

I finally managed to coax Dahlia away.

He didn't know we were Jewish, and it would be better if it stayed that way.

Within days, I was busy setting up a new cancer lab. I was in Drug Research and Development and spent half the day in the library reading and mapping out two years of experiments, which involved injecting mice with cancer and designing drug treatments to optimize survival.

Shortly before we left Brooklyn for Maryland there'd been ominous news: Boris Kochubievsky, who'd been campaigning for some time to leave Russia for Israel, had instead been jailed. There was talk of restrictions of Jews in Russia, and many impending arrests. A march in support of Kochubievsky took place in Washington. One of the first major Jewish rallies, it was attended by 1500 people. But a friend at the National Cancer Institute told me the rally had been quickly dispersed

when some thirty men in Nazi uniforms showed up and taunted and threatened the marchers.

I was angry and appalled that the Jewish community would allow the American Nazi Party to end their march. A few weeks after our arrival I decided to attend a Nazi rally in Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House. Hundreds of police cordoned off an area with about thirty young men in perfectly starched Nazi uniforms standing shoulder to shoulder. From a high stage, for three hours, their founder and leader, George Lincoln Rockwell, spewed hatred for "the Coloreds and thieving Jews."

I had long believed American Jews did far too little during World War II. We didn't march. There were no sit-ins. We didn't demand. Now the possibility of another pogrom was real. Three million Russian Jews were under threat.

Over the next several weeks, Livia and I formed an organization, The Jewish Athletic and Cultural Association, JACA. I would run the athletic part and she would educate.

Our plan was to teach self-defense classes, along with courses on Jewish history and Jewish militarism. Every Jew learned the story of the brothers Maccabi; they'd been celebrated for 2000 years for their heroic defense against Rome. But they weren't unique; time and time again Jews fought back, even during the Holocaust, as in the Warsaw uprising.

On Yom Kippur, September 22, 1969, twenty of us stood outside fifteen synagogues in the greater Washington D.C. area and handed out flyers to join JACA, to come to one of our locations and begin karate classes, taught mostly in Hebrew. The patches on our uniforms comprised a blue Jewish star and the letters JACA.

Outside one of the synagogues, a young bejeweled woman in a thick fur coat berated me, saying I was blaspheming the holiday. I told

her I was blaspheming the holiday if I did nothing. A very old lady, overhearing us, yelled loudly, "Good for you!"

That first week we had ninety students.

We hired a young Jewish Moroccan man, with a black belt. Livia and I took karate four nights a week and she also taught classes on Jewish history and resistance. The karate classes were tough. It was my goal that within a year we would compete in national karate tournaments.

As a kid on Long Island, in an anti-Semitic neighborhood, my younger brother was constantly victimized by bullies. I became a prodigious street fighter, in hundreds of fights revenging anyone who hurt him. Then, starting in fifth grade, we began to commute to a Yeshiva, a religious school, and the fights ended. But in college I wrestled Division I briefly and in med school won a New York City judo championship. Still, I was not a natural in karate. No amount of training would ever get me to kick as high as an opponent's head.

JACA was getting huge attention in the Jewish community. Soon I was on a lecture circuit, speaking in front of hundreds of congregants at synagogues, hammering the need to make certain Russian Jews were protected—and not to repeat our mistakes during the Holocaust.

Eventually, I was invited to the leadership meeting of the Washington Jewish Community Council. Of the twenty-five of us sitting in a circle in a large conference room, all were men, many of them heads of major businesses in the area. Mr. Leon Weintraub, the president, was a pale-looking man in his fifties, completely bald, wearing a blue knitted yarmulke. He was my height, soft looking, with keen dark eyes and, given his freckles, at one point likely a redhead.

The meeting had been called to discuss a second rally: a month away, with a possible attendance of at least 3000 people. A third rally had the possibility of being attended by 10,000. The hope was to convince

the U.S. to stand with Soviet Jewry. At the larger rally, Senator Henry Jackson of Washington State would be the keynote speaker; he'd also introduce a bill in the Senate.

Mr. Weintraub brought up the disruption at the last rally. Some suggested they ask for much more police protection. One man thought the next rallies should be cancelled – it was too dangerous.

It was disheartening. I finally spoke. I looked around and asked why 1500 Jews would permit thirty people in Nazi outfits to terrorize them.

"And what do you suggest we do?" asked one middle-aged man in a beautifully tailored suit. "They have billy clubs."

"Fight them!" I blurted. "Fight the bastards. Make them never ever want to come again."

The room was silent. Mr. Weintraub quietly asked, "Fight them how?"

"Jews in Poland were overwhelmed," I answered. "First, they were herded into ghettos. Their source of income taken away. All weapons illegal. But some fought, didn't they?"

No one spoke.

"Have we learned nothing from Israel? Three wars in twenty-one years, the most recent lasting only six days?"

"Who will fight?" one asked nervously.

"My boys and girls," I answered. "Because of the JACA classes we have at least thirty. We will stop this now."

"Girls?" another asked sharply.

"You have a problem with that? Nazis killed girls as well as boys. Our girls will demoralize them."

The cowardice in the room smelled like a butchered animal lying to rot. Then one older man with a slight tremor suggesting early Parkinson's, and a Polish accent that was like my Dad's, said, "Tell us, young man, what we can do. We will do it."

My long days were spent injecting mice and running statistical analyses. Most evenings I ran straight to karate class, where I began to select the group for the showdown with the Nazis.

We had the two Eisman boys, both in their early twenties, with ink black hair and goatees, brooding and muscular. The tougher one was young Bowie. Then there was seventeen-year-old Vivian, a high school senior who would never have forgiven us if she couldn't join. She was impressively strong and agile and beat almost every male in the class. Howard, also seventeen, was mild mannered; six inches taller than I and the same weight. Both were about to take their senior high school projects in my lab. Both would become doctors.

It was easy to find out the Nazi plans. We called their Virginia phone number and young Howard, sounding a bit like a redneck, said he was from outside Topeka and heard they needed help at an upcoming rally. He wanted to bust some Kike heads and a few apes to boot, he told the fool on the other end, who welcomed him and gave him full details.

The march was slated to begin at noon on Constitution Avenue near 12th Street.

I was tense as my group gathered one block away in Lincoln Park. Scouts were sent out to see where the Nazis were meeting up. About 11:30, Howard came sprinting back. "They are arriving. Tennessee plates. West Virginia, Indiana. Twenty-two so far. They plan to intercept the march close to 7th Street."

The weather reports had indicated a chance of rain but the skies were cloudless and the temperature a perfect 65. A beautiful day to fight Nazis.

We decided to put all our resources near 7th Street. When Steve gave the signal, we would don our white karate jackets with the JACA insignia. We wanted no mistake as to who we were. Then in a pincer-like motion, we would come at them from two sides.

Livia was not coming. Not everyone can fight, and she could be badly hurt.

Waiting was difficult. I was having an adrenaline rush and I wanted it started and over with. I was afraid of being afraid. It had been a while since I'd been in a fistfight. In all of my fights, in wrestling or judo, I never felt fear. My mind burrowed into a deep ravine and once the fight began there was no pain. Two years earlier, during the finals of the New York City judo championship, my first opponent kept smashing me in the abdomen with his knee; he should have been disqualified. It took overtime to beat him, after which my other matches ended quickly. Later that evening when I removed my shirt Livia was horrified. The left side of my abdomen was swollen and purple. Internally, I had bled over a pint.

The first of the Nazis rounded the corner of 7th. Finally, they were standing bunched up, almost thirty of them. They didn't know that four of my team were stationed behind them.

As the marchers in the parade approached the intersection they saw the Nazis and you could sense the panic. The marchers began to veer to the other side of the Avenue. Several looked as if they might stop. About half a block ahead there were just two policemen.

The Nazi leader turned and saluted his troops, who each carried a club. Then he turned back, grabbing a bull horn. "The Nazis didn't kill enough of you," he shouted. "You are scum. Down with Jews! Down with Jews!" The rest shouted in unison.

Steve signaled. Within seconds the karate jackets were on and we ran at them. Our advantage was total surprise. It was beyond their capacity to imagine Jews running towards them to fight. The crowd hardly understood what was happening. The cops seemed to be looking away.

We were almost on them before any of them reacted. I saw Bowie fell one of the largest ones with one perfect punch mid-face. Then

another went down. They were unable to form a tight circle and many were reflexively covering their heads.

I came in as hard as I could at one I picked out. I was best as a grappler and didn't want to allow him the distance to use his club.

Around me the fighting was fierce, and I realized several of the Nazis were running in different directions.

I had my guy in a tight hold. I swung around him and put him in a two-handed choke. He was about two inches taller than me and slim with puny muscles. I tightened, and he started to collapse. I was fearful of killing him, so I pushed him down gasping. I could have kicked him in the head, but I saw two Nazis attacking Joel Ostrow. I hadn't wanted to include Joel, a thirty-five-year-old mild-mannered psychologist, whose ten-year-old son and eight-year-old daughter were in our classes. One landed a right cross to Joel's jaw just as I got there. I kicked one Nazi full force in the abdomen and then rounded on the second, who immediately turned to run.

I wanted to stay but it seemed we had almost routed the entire group. Bowie had one by the shirt and was screaming in his face. "Tell me again! What am I?"

Before I could really think about it, I was running as well, chasing after a Nazi about a year or two older than me, tall and slim and clean-shaven.

I have never been able to run fast and I hated the thought that he would easily outrun me. I was concerned that I was leaving the fight, but I ran anyway and couldn't stop.

He made it to Sixth Street and quickly turned north. Twice he looked behind to see if I was keeping up.

It was difficult. He was faster than I was, but I couldn't know his endurance and as long I kept him in sight I would keep going.

Past Massachusetts Avenue and then right on Maryland and I was forty or fifty yards behind.

I was in great condition but running is entirely different than doing a hundred sit ups or twenty-five pull ups. My abdomen was beginning to cramp, and my chest felt as if a fire-red poker was being shoved through it.

I ran and ran and then my mind drifted to a place where there was no sound. I could feel a slight breeze. I was at Rockaway Beach waiting for the next wave to come in and there was no pain, no possibility of stopping.

Finally, at a small triangular park to the right, between 7th and 8th, he stops, leans over and grabs his side.

I slow down slightly and am just ten feet from him.

He raises both hands in front of him. "I give up. I give up."

I speed up and plow straight into him and knock him flat on his back.

His hands are covering his face. "Please don't hit me," he cries. "Please."

I shove my forearm into his neck and he starts to choke.

"Please," he rasps. "I didn't mean it."

"Open your eyes, you coward," I demand. "Look at you in this clean Nazi uniform and a swastika."

"I didn't mean it."

"You have to pay the price."

"I am not a Nazi," he pleads. "I am not one of them."

I wanted to yell. I wanted to laugh. Not a Nazi.

Before I could say anything, he begs. "I can't breathe. They called around for people to come. They couldn't get enough."

"So how are you here?" I ask.

"I am not a Nazi. I'm only KKK."

I am stunned. KKK has a long vile history of lynching Blacks and many acts of anti-Semitism not as well known. Had they not killed three northern college students near Selma in 1963, a Black man and two Jews?

I hesitate and then lean down close to his eyes, my forearm now off

his neck. "Listen to me carefully," I say quietly.

His eyes are as big as golf balls.

"Listen to me."

He shakes his head.

"If you ever go to another rally, if you ever taunt a Jew, I will find you and choke out your life. Do you understand?"

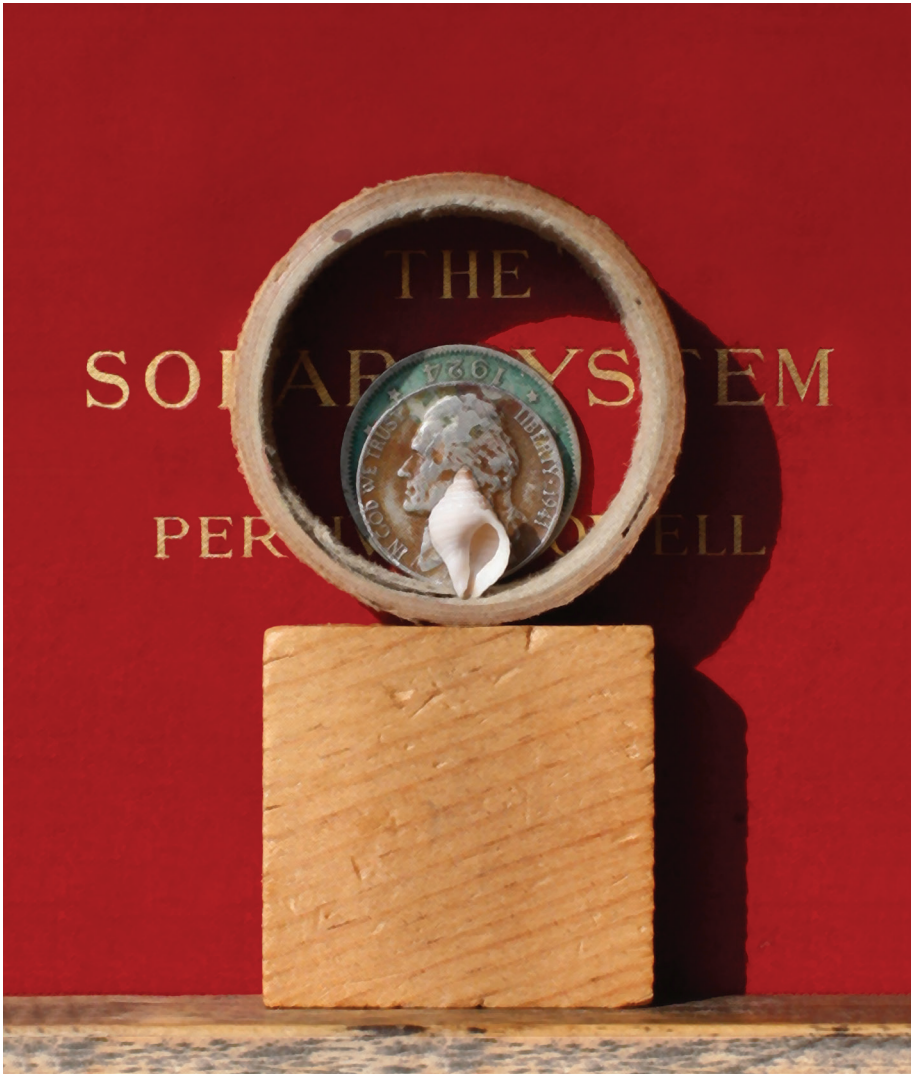
He shakes his head.

"Today you get a pass and never again. Never."

I get up. He rises slowly, shaking hard. I stare at him. He lowers his head and turns and walks away.

I walk back towards 7th Street feeling slightly dazed. I hope none of us was badly hurt. Soon there will be larger rallies, and we will be heard. A bolder and riskier plan to support Russian Jews comes to mind. There is no choice.

Swinging Doors, 2016, Ellis Island | TOM MUSANTE '80



Gentleman Astronomer | JON MORT '06

Hope

KELLY SCHENKE '95

slips over your head
like loving arms
strong and gentle or
like a noose tightening
to the throat

lift your chin
to meet it
draw a last breath
and decide

do you lean in
for that first sweet
kiss, or kick
the chair over

Path Perspective

LISA BROOKS '85

For a long time, my mantra, "Stay on the path," has been both beacon and guide through the twists, turns, ups, and downs in my life. Like the symbol of the Endless Knot, prolific in Asian culture, the path may turn, and go over and under itself, but it remains somewhat predictable, because the path itself is always there as a guide. While my goals have changed and evolved over time, the path has always remained, guiding me easily around the next turn.

Recently, however, the path seems to have faded into a mist. It's as if I need to wait for the weather to clear so I can see how to move again. I'm more than satisfied with all that my life offers right now. I'm happy. I just can't seem to find what's next. Without a goal, I'm not quite sure how to move forward. And feeling stuck, no longer moving, is very uncomfortable.

And then, one afternoon this past summer, flying home to Texas, we were 100 miles from Houston when the pilot veered away from the usual flight pattern, taking us far out over the Gulf of Mexico. I pressed my face to the window. I could see the water below, and miles and miles of the Texas coast—blue sky, blue water, a very narrow strip of sand, and lush green. I could also see the reason we'd had to swing so far off

Point of View | LISA BROOKS '85

the landing path: a huge black cloud, a Texas summer thunderstorm, hovered right over Houston. We were stuck in the air, temporarily.

I stayed glued to the window. Little wispy clouds floated by. The white noise of the airplane created a kind of silence. And then I saw the most beautiful thing. Against the backdrop of the huge black thunderhead floated two white clouds—with a rainbow connecting them. I marveled at the beauty as long as it stayed in my field of vision. A bridge! Perhaps I was being shown a new kind of path.

Eventually, the pilot got us home, approaching Houston from the west instead of the east. As I exited the airport, into the humid air of early September, a sense of peace washed over me. It took me several weeks to see the very clear metaphor that had been presented to me. Sometimes, we have to swing off the path and wait for the weather to clear. Sometimes approaching from another direction is all that is needed, a different point of view created by swinging out and looking from another perspective. Sometimes, a bridge appears when it's least expected. When we keep our eyes open, a new path becomes clear—and the beauty encountered on the detour can be beyond our wildest dreams.

Laramie, Wyoming | KRISTINA MONTVILLE '14

Badminton Birdie | MIMI MUNSON KOLB ’83

Gravity

FRANCES STEINBERG '73

Perched on my seat, wooden, chains in hand,
Caught in the illusion of stable equilibrium,
I'm waiting for the shove.
The crease in the shirt, the dent in the car,
or some other arbitrary because.

The force of the push, gentle or compelling, doesn't matter
It'll send me packing.
And the pause at the end of the arc,
That momentary illusion of freedom, will mock me.
One boundless breath before I remember what waits
at the bottom of my swoop.

That's the problem with swings.
You think you're moving up, on your way out.
But back you come.
Jibing to the beat.
Wavering under the wave of remorseful kisses.

One day, on upswing or down, the chains will break.
And finally, free from gravity, my soul will fly.

To the Florida Cab Driver I Never Met

WINNIEBELL XINYU ZONG '18

You won't want to hear it, but he is just like you,
only younger, faster, &, forgive me, cheaper.

If I had money to do the right thing, or you kept up a little,
I could have stayed; alas. I am sorry to turn you around 30 mins

after your omw & 30 mins before your eta because an Uber
showed up on the radar. I am sorry that all I can offer you now

is another five minutes to yell at me on the phone. I could say
"I am sorry" another dozen times, until they become the last words

you ever hear from me, & it wouldn't change a thing. I am
but a poor soul stuck in the forest, waiting for a carriage. Is this

ruthless? I didn't want you in the first place—you cost double,
honey—& my loving you was based on a lack of better choices.

Dear Contingency—who was once at my beck & call through thick
& thin, and I reciprocated by talking through the partition, calling

when desperate or drunk, passively aggressive when three minutes
late to work, tips not included—this is to say I am sorry

that I have met someone new, with a rating of 4.89,
who is coming for me, only 3 mins away.

Swing Shift | STEVEN ROSNER '73

Everyone is Terrified

SAM PRICE '09

The first phone call came on my birthday. Tara had taken me out for dinner and as the waiter carried our food over, my phone buzzed. "It's my mom," I said.

"You better take it," she said. "Or she'll call me next, wondering about her little guy."

"The food," I pleaded. Tara pulled her hair back—she kept it long though she liked it short; she said it was to show feminine stage presence all the way to the balcony-level concert goers, which is something I thought her tight black dresses got across perfectly fine, though I'd never tell her that—and snapped a hair tie on. She waved me away with the back of her hand.

I squeezed out of the booth and past the waiter, weighed down with far too many plates for two people. Outside, the spring air felt warmer than it should've. A long and snowy winter had recently broken to buds and robins. Mom wished me a happy birthday, asked what Tara had planned for me, which was a nice dinner that I didn't mention was currently getting cold, and then I asked her to put Dad on the phone.

"He's napping," she said. "He's fine, though. A little forgetful, but what's new?"

"Me too, and he's got forty years on me."

"He left the faucet running at the sink and walked away the other night. Then he put some plates in the cabinet and never closed it."

"I'm sure it's nothing," I said. I looked in a window at the front of the restaurant, but the glare from the low evening sun blocked my vision until I pressed my face to it. I gave Tara a cheesy smile and wave when I caught her eye. She shook her head and looked down, faking embarrassment, or so I hoped. "Did he like the beach house?"

"He did," my mom said. "His plan is to move there and keep working part-time. I'd go down on the weekends. I don't know if we have the money, but he insists he'll make it work."

"That'd be neat," I said. When I was young, my parents sometimes rented a bungalow down the shore for a week or two, depending on money. A place of our own had always been a dream scenario. But some dreams are only that; I knew they probably didn't have the cash.

The next morning, scrambling eggs with a fork, I told Tara about how my mom had led with the truly strange forgetfulness—walking away from a streaming faucet—and then toned it down with the open cabinet. I'd left a cabinet open myself millions of times, but to leave the water running and walk away?

"I guess that's what it means to get old, Alex," she said, scrolling through something on her phone, probably pictures of the people she knew, drawing their distant lives in brief but bright detail. "To tiptoe into senility." She sat at the kitchen counter, wearing one of my old cross-country t-shirts. It hung threadbare and baggy over her slender shoulders. She looked more like a runner than I did.

"There's already a lot I can't remember about my childhood," I said. I poured the eggy mixture into a warm frying pan. "My parents will tell stories and, even though I'm one of the main characters, I won't

remember them at all. Those stories will be gone long before I am. Who'll be around to remind me?"

Spring had retreated as we slept. A few scales of frost glistened on the small window above the sink. The baseboard heater chugged and gurgled. Walking around the kitchen, even wearing wool socks, I felt the chill of the tiles.

Tara set her phone upside-down on the counter. "My grandma, right before she died, told me she'd become a stranger to her own life. She called me my mom's name, mostly, in those days. She was remembering her daughter as a young girl—I must've been nine or ten—and it freaked me out. I hadn't known that the human mind could slip so far from reality."

"I would've been freaked out, too," I said.

"Yeah," she said. Outside, the wind rattled some fallen cables against the brick veneer. Tara crossed her arms and held them tight to her chest. "My mom warned me that I shouldn't bring any attention to it. She didn't want Grandma to get upset, or more confused than she already was. Or sometimes, when Mom was less focused on calming me down and trying not to mourn herself, she'd quote scripture: When the years draw nigh, and the evil days come, we will take no pleasure in them."

"At least your grandma had you and your mom to see her through and to carry on her memory after." I pushed the eggs around the pan. "Did you want toast?"

"That I would take pleasure in," she said.

A week later my mom called me at work.

I flew down to drive my dad to his first week of radiation treatments so my mom could work while she could, before things got bad (her words). I assumed we both looked at the same web pages online, with their timelines and estimates.

Each day, en route to the hospital, Dad and I listened to Jackson Browne's *Running on Empty*, an album we'd played a thousand times before, but this time neither of us sang along. This was week one of four for radiation, so the big changes—hair loss and head swelling—hadn't become visible yet, but I did see that distance had already come into his eyes. He stared out the window, unfocused. When we got home, he'd fall asleep in the same sweatpants he'd worn to the hospital, and I'd run laps around the ring road of their apartment complex. I never made it far on those little jogs, thanks to South Carolina's swampy air.

Wednesday afternoon, after Dad woke up from his nap, I helped him to the couch in the living room. I flipped on a baseball game and turned it up, but he said he couldn't hear it even with the volume blasting, so I muted the set. "Are you hungry?" I asked.

"No." He ran his hand, the back of which was mottled purple and blue, over his head.

I went and grabbed a chocolate protein shake from the fridge and brought it to him. "Try to drink some anyway." He lifted it briefly to his lips, which looked cracked and sunburnt, and then put it on the side table. "How do you feel?" I asked.

"Just tired," he shrugged, staring out the glass doors that led onto their little balcony. There was some daylight left, but the room was draped in shadow. I settled into the couch next to him. He turned his head slowly. "Thanks for coming to babysit," he said.

"I'm not babysitting, Dad. Chauffeuring, maybe, but that's it." I crossed my legs. Dad usually sat that way, too—he'd even taught me how to sit, I thought—but now he had his legs straight out in front of him. Drops of something stained the crotch of his gray sweats.

"I always knew I could count on you and your sister to take care of me—Mom, too—when I got old and decrepit. Goes to show why you got to provide to your kids when they're young. If not, it's all male nurses and retirement communities."

"Franny's got chauffeur duty the next few weeks. If they decide to do chemo, after the radiation, you'll be stuck with me again," I said.

He pointed, unsteadily, to the shake. "I don't think I can stomach much more."

I stood, reached over Dad to grab the mostly-full drink, and brought it to the kitchen. I tipped it out into the sink and ran the water. It mixed with the thick liquid in the basin, looking like a river after a storm, browned with silt. I closed the tap before it ran clear.

"It's a messed-up world," I said, walking back into the living room, "if you think I can pay back all those years you took care of me in about a week." But he didn't hear me; he was already asleep.

By that Friday I was used to his silence in the car, but as I was waiting to make a turn across traffic into the hospital campus, Dad spoke up. "You know I gave Mom permission, not that she needs it."

"For what?" I cracked my window even though I had the a/c going.

"I told her that Mel—you know, the history teacher at her school—would be a good fit."

"A good fit? Like a new pair of jeans?" I squeezed and twisted the steering wheel.

"I just mean that he's a decent guy, and she deserves someone like that who will take care of her."

Cars streamed past until I jammed on the gas, jolting the car forward, to squeeze through a tiny opening. "She doesn't need anyone to take care of her," I snapped.

"You and Franny are up north. She'll be down here by herself. She can only pick up so much overtime. At some point, she's going to have to face the empty apartment."

I turned into the hospital's parking garage. Used to the bright sunlight, I couldn't see much. I sat at the gate blocking the entrance waiting for my eyes to adjust. In the darkness, I asked, "What new father figures should I fill my life up with? What about me?"

"I don't think you and Mel would be a good match. He's a Panthers fan."

It wasn't a joke so much as an attempt to break the tension. Neither of us smiled. I rolled my window down the rest of the way to grab the ticket. The gate rose to let us through.

On Sunday, I brought my suitcase to the door of the apartment. The hug I gave my dad was awkward as he was lying on the couch. Then, with the front door open and a cab idling outside, I asked my mom if I should stay.

She kissed me on the cheek. "Return to normalcy, Alex."

A sense of relief washed over me, which quickly gave way to shame.

I heard Tara practicing when I opened the door to our apartment. As I entered the living room, which was mostly piano, I saw that she was playing with only her right hand. I mouthed, "What's this?"

She mouthed back, "Shostakovich."

I rolled my suitcase into the bedroom. Her rollie was in the corner, packed and zipped and ready to ship, as we always said to each other before the rare trips we took together. Usually it was me ushering her into the back seat of a cab, and then welcoming her home with something home-cooked after her tour ended. I tried to remember where she was off to now. New York, maybe? Though that might've happened already.

Her left hand must've come in. The whole apartment had filled with music. I went back into the living room and sat in the chair in the corner, draping my legs over the armrest. Mom was right. It was good to be back, pretending things were normal. That the song might go on forever. And that we'd never tire of it.

When she was done, she swiveled on the bench, blinking quickly at me like she still had musical notes floating in her vision and she could get rid of them like sun spots. Her bare foot pulsed one of the pedals.

"I look that bad, huh?" I asked.

"Just tired."

"Oh, Jesus. That's what Dad kept saying anytime I asked how he was. Tired, Alex. I'm tired, like he was getting off a ten-hour shift instead of sitting there dying."

Tara stood up and padded over to me, her steps light on the wood floor. "Well, it can't be easy to talk about," she said. "Everyone is terrified of facing that down."

I craned my head. Slumped down in the chair, she seemed even taller than she already was. She took my hands from my lap and held them. I asked when she was leaving. She told me she was on the train to D.C. first thing, that I didn't have to get up to see her off, that what I needed was a good night of uninterrupted sleep.

"Yeah, right," I said. "I wish you didn't have to go. Someone covered for me all week, answering my e-mails and phone calls. How come they can't find a concert pianist as easy? There must be dozens of you."

"Sure," Tara said, with a smile, and then, more seriously, she continued, "I signed on for it long before we knew. I can try to push some of my summer dates."

She let go of my hands and lowered herself onto me, putting an arm around my neck as she sat down on my lap. Most of her weight rested on my hip, pinching it. "Ow," I said, trying to readjust, but I only made it worse. "Aaah!"

She slipped off me, off the chair, and onto the floor. She started to laugh, which sounded even nicer than the sonata. I leaned over and kissed her, still sitting on the floor, and asked, "Who the hell is going to take care of us when we're old?"

"Now that we're old, you mean?" Tara said, making a big deal of standing up. I leaned over and wiped off the butt of her jeans, lingering a little on the last pat. "Thanks, Alex. Couldn't've done it without you."

She took a step away. My arm was outstretched and my hand open, touching nothing.

"I guess the plan is for you to keep touring and when you're being rolled out to a piano in a wheelchair, I'll wait for you cooped up in some ranch house?"

She rubbed her eyes, took a long breath in through her nose. It wheezed a little, like she'd had a cold while I was gone. I knew she was trying to calm herself—in through the nose, out through the mouth—but I also knew I wouldn't allow that. I don't know if I wanted answers, real answers, or just a fight. She said, "The plan is D.C. tomorrow, and then take it from there,"

"Right," I said. "Great plan. Like the goddamn invasion of Normandy."

After she stormed out of the room, I found myself looking at the O'Keefe landscape she'd hung when she moved in three years back, when we were just turning thirty. A river ran through a gorge. For all I knew that river had dried up a half century ago.

We ate Jimmy John's sandwiches around a circular table in the break room in the hospice facility. My dad's body was on the other side of the wall. The machines had been turned off.

When the rattling in his chest finally ceased, Franny was out picking up lunch, I was napping on the bench in the corner of the room, and Mom had been on her phone, answering an e-mail. "Well," Mom said, peeling open a bag of chips, "He wanted to slip away without a big ado."

We'd been there, in a way. Same as my dad had been there in his final hours: in the bed, where we could hold his hand but, all the while, blasted to another dimension by morphine. I was the first one to finish my sandwich, and I sat there listening to my family eat. Chewing

was a horrible noise, a noise I could never stand, but that was one of the few times in my life it didn't bother me at all.

Two years later, Tara and I took a plane down to South Carolina, but we didn't stop in to see my mom at her apartment. We rented a car and drove right to the beach house. Tara had recently finished a three-month chamber music tour and, on my suggestion, was taking a break before she headed out on another.

"I didn't want to get on that plane," Tara said. "Just the thought of more travel, my god, but I'm glad we did."

I reached over and put my hand on her leg. "My mom said some new guy has been calling after her a lot down here."

"I suppose it's only natural." She twisted the radio dial, moving through ads and fuzz, until she found some classic rock. "I hope he's a good fit."

"What?" I pulled my hand back and put it on the steering wheel. "Did I tell you that?"

"Tell me what?" Now she was fussing with the a/c.

"It doesn't matter."

She scoffed. "I don't deserve to know, or I wouldn't understand?"

"I'm sure you told me everything these last three months, too," I said. I reached over and turned down the a/c from jet engine to vacuum cleaner.

"What's that supposed to mean?" She spoke into her window, and the world going by outside it.

"I don't know," I said. I pulled into the driveway of the pale yellow house, which, surrounded by rocks, shells, patchy grass, and palmettos, was sufficiently beachy. I yanked up the emergency brake. "This house reminds me of two things: my dad and the cruelty of life. He never had a hundred grand in his life, but when his life insurance paid out, we could afford this."

"It was your idea to come here," Tara said. She opened her car door and swung a leg out. Before she stepped out, though, she turned to me. Her eyes were bleary and bloodshot, like she'd just risen from a long yet dissatisfying nap. "You bring me here the last two years to, what, wallow?"

Humidity rushed in to replace the cold, recycled air. The energy to do anything, even sit there, left my body. "I wanted to spend time with you, which, let's face it, means to travel with you. I'm tired of every concert hall in this country. I wanted a week down the beach like a normal—"

She slammed the door and trapped all that heat inside the car with me. A few minutes later, I lugged our bags inside. We changed and walked to the beach. The wind whipped in off the waves and hulking, red-rust machinery sat off-shore, a hundred yards beyond the breakers. Once night fell and the beachgoers set off for their houses or the bars, the machines and the men working them would dredge up the sand at the bottom of the ocean to reinforce the eroding shoreline.

We set up our chairs and sat down side by side. I switched out my regular glasses for a pair of prescription shades. I searched through my apologies without settling on one. I asked Tara if the tide was coming in or out. She told me she didn't know as she dug into her bag for a book. "I guess we'll find out," she said.

A boat crawled north on the horizon line of the ocean toward the dredgers. It looked like it was teetering on the edge of the world even though there was so much below and even more beyond.

Abandoned | BILL MATHESIUS '61

A Brief History of 476 C.E.

SOPHIE KATHERINE AFDHAL '15

The war drum is a kitchen appliance,
cast in bronze and bitter oils, and awaiting
an igniting word.
Auribus teneo lupum,
I whisper, in these,
the last days of our Roman Empire.
Enchanted by instability, we grasp
nothing, unless by the roots.

Mercurial seasons run
as you waver alongside
cicada sproutings, reincarnated
and redesigned.
You order sea bass when I presumed salmon,
trade Homer for Hemingway.
The center will hold, headstrong.
The center is filled with
rum and raspberries, signaling
the end of the world.

You were the joints to keep me hinged,
until we saw the animal of our bond flailing
without a spine.

The light catches you,
and I remember our crowning in a field with one-dollar sunflowers.
But the dog and this lie slip from our hand as you say it:
Two people do not make an empire.
There is a flicker,
a dousing of rum,
and a flame.
The sparks call out to me in cackle:
What a waste you've created.

Auribus teneo lupum translates from the Latin as "holding the wolf by its ears."

Swingers | JIM YESCALIS '68

Swinging Sisters | RONALD M. DRUKER '66

Lions' Shit

ANDY ROUSE '49

Back in the seventies, I was feeling pretty good about myself. I had a good job and was doing well.

Well enough to think seriously about the farm I'd been dreaming about forever. I could grow stuff and avoid the annual plea for a house at the shore where getting a tan and little else produced terminal boredom and a large dent in my bank balance.

A real estate agent found what I had hoped for: fifty miles from the city, stone house, couple of streams, sufficiently hilly to be picturesque, and an area flat enough for a large vegetable garden.

I bought the place on the spot and a couple of months later had my garden planted. That first summer, keeping the garden on weekends watered, weeded, mulched and the rest was a grand time. And it was made better because my family found a lot to do. Complaints about hiding them away from their friends at the sea shore ceased. It was perfect.

Perfect that is until I discovered that vegetable gardens are the natural prey of rabbits, ground hogs, raccoon and deer. As harvest time approached for each vegetable, the area in which it was planted looked

like a kitchen left uncleared after a large dinner party. And that party was definitely not mine.

I sought the advice of several neighbors who, judging by their stuffed freezers and the pickles and tomato sauce on their shelves, had conquered the plague that had marred my idyll and my first crop. They sympathized with my problem and provided me with a list of things that I might try. No promises, they said, but if I was diligent they thought I would do better in the following year.

Which I was and it didn't. The second year was another failure.

After planting again the third year, I consulted with a farmer, the savviest man around, I was told, for dealing with my problem. His name was Harold. Harold was friendly; he told me that what I needed was lions' shit.

The smell of lions' shit, he explained, made garden predators wary. They would avoid raiding areas where they sensed the odor. This sounded good to me.

One of the perks of my job was access to a car and driver. So, on the Monday morning following Harold's suggestion, I called Ed, my driver, and asked him to pick up a couple of plastic garbage bags before driving me to our local zoo. I did not tell him what the bags were for. Bags and zoo were not a combination he had experienced in his many years with the company.

Our zoo had a notable collection of great cats and, as luck would have it, the director and I were acquainted. The call to him explaining what I needed was not an immediate success. However, after I explained my plight, along with sighs of desperation and a promise of a substantial contribution, he relented.

There were two conditions. I would have to collect the stuff from the lions' yard myself—no zoo personnel allowed; and I had to do it when

the lions were indoors and their cage gates locked. The window was a half hour in mid-afternoon.

I hesitated a moment before agreeing, because the mid-afternoon time coincided with the hour that Ed and I were to meet, at our local airport, M. Derrette, the managing director of a French bank, and a partner in a new financial venture.

I would have twenty minutes to shovel the shit, stay as presentable as possible in doing so, and dump the loaded garbage bags in the car's trunk to ensure that we would be at the airport on time. The garbage bags would have to remain in the trunk of the car while we picked up M. Derrette.

Have I mentioned it was late June, and that it was unseasonably hot?

Early afternoon, Ed and I drove to the zoo and with the director watching, parked beside the lion cage. The yard had not been cleaned that morning. There were large piles of dung scattered around the large rectangular yard.

Using a spade and the garbage bags, and wearing my businessman's mufti, I spent the next twenty minutes filling the bags. Ed suppressed a laugh and the director, a bemused smile. I felt silly, but if the lions' shit was the answer to my problem, I would have taken on the Augean Stables. I endured.

When the bags were loaded and in the trunk of the car I noticed the odor at once. The smell was, unexpectedly, very human in kind but a very sick human in degree. Truly unpleasant. But there was nothing to do about it.

About a quarter of an hour later, we collected M. Derrette, placing his travel bag on the back seat with him. The drive to the city would take about fifteen minutes.

Not long after we left the airport, Derrett's nose began to twitch, not aggressively, but politely, like clearing a nostril at a cocktail party. I became a bit concerned when Derrette eyed the closed window as if seeking relief from whatever was disturbing him in the car.

Soon after, he asked about the smell. By now his nose was working assertively. I pointed out the area of chemical plants through which we were passing, plants that on hot days were more than usually pungent.

We left it at that. Between bursts of conversation, Derrette kept sniffing and I, embarrassed, sweated. Ed was grinning; he enjoyed my discomfort, no doubt composing the story, which would earn him points with the other drivers.

Derrette was still sniffing when we pulled up to our office building. Ed grabbed his bag and Derrette got out of the car. He pulled in a great gulp of hot, fresh air, composed himself for a moment and then turned to me. "You know," he said with a small last sniff, "if you hadn't told me otherwise, I would have sworn I was smelling lions' shit." He smiled and walked into the building.

It was then, surprised as I was by the evident certainty of his identification, that I recalled reading in his bio that he had spent the first years of his career in Africa.

Well, that's how I got the lions' shit. Was it my answer? Only partially. It kept deer away. For the rest, the answer turned out to be eternal vigilance, night lights, and a deeply embedded fence.

All this happened thirty-five years ago, when the farm was a place to get away to. I am alone now and the farm is a full-time home. Most of the vegetable garden is now a small orchard where deer are once more a problem. I no longer know the zoo director, so lions' shit is not an option. The rest of the vegetable garden has diminished in size, roughly

in proportion to my reduced ambitions. It worked out well when I discovered that you could grow a great deal in a small space.

I can deal with the garden and have accommodated to the ensuing generations of marauders: I grow enough for all of us.

Nonetheless, on hot days, when I have noted that the ground hogs have been more hoggish than usual, I think about lions' shit and wish that it would do the job that, thirty-five years ago, Harold assured me it would.

Swing Dance of a Wild Wheat Field | MELODY PHAM '14

Team Work

DAVID NOBLE '52

Summer, 1945, a great conflict is ending.
A strong esprit de corps develops among
warriors, while on the home front, those
sharing hard or dangerous jobs form

similar bonds. In the loading yard, long, lean,
strong black arms rhythmically swing heavy
wooden crates of milk into their spaces
within the semi's trailer. Find hand holds,

take steps, and pendulum crate past body,
guide it toward its spot, and release. A human
end to the pasteurization, cooling, bottling,
capping, packing, and transportation.

Two men, of a three-man team, work
in the confined area of a trailer; the
third rests. Summer heat adds to the
arduous nature of the task. The addition

of a fourth man doubles the time of rest.
Those two white arms are strong enough, but
lack the muscle memory developed while
performing the infinite repetitions that

make the dance seem effortless. Seventeen
and temporary help, he muscles the last crate
in each row into its spot. Night classes, so
he will have the needed history credit

to graduate with his class, make for a long
day. The men understand his plight, suggest
he eat and nap in the horse-drawn wagons stored
in the yard. With their help, the pup survives.

Carry Me Home

KATIE MACHEN '15

When my brother was a toddler and I a couple years older, my mother would sing to calm him to sleep:

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivy twines,
Tell me why the sky's so blue,
And I will tell you just why I love you.

She'd heard it on *A Prairie Home Companion* and thought it would make a good lullaby, though she'd never been much for lullabies. The honeyed tune comes to me when I'm not expecting it, my mother's soft, shaky singing ingrained as one of my first memories. But her attempts backfired: Jack was nearly Pavlovian in response, wailing each time harder than the last. The failure of it became a joke: she sang, he cried, we laughed.

Later, it was my voice Jack protested.

"Will you stop it!" he'd shout. "You can't sing!"

My song was not my mother's, not soft or soothing but loud and constant, and I continued in spite of his irritation: in choirs, a cappella groups, musical theater productions; in the car and in the shower and

at church on Sundays, in front of the television during Disney movies. I couldn't help it. Something about the resonance of voice against voice, radio, bathroom tile, the feeling of making music, the freedom in not caring if I was any good, it became addictive. My parents encouraged it, shuttling me from rehearsals and for a couple years paying for weekly singing lessons.

There was something timid in my voice, though; while I loved the act of singing and hit the low notes fine, I never learned to belt and feared high notes just as much as I feared solos. I idolized my voice teacher, who was young and quick to accept our offers of leftover dinner. She played our keyboard piano and showed me how the songs could go, strong and controlled. While at first shy, I practiced my scales with unabashed sincerity and soon enough lifted my voice so someone else might hear it.

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When I was in college, I babysat for a family who lived minutes from campus, a little boy and later his baby brother, too. Their sister was born a week before I graduated. My relationship with them served as the bedrock of my college experience, a constant each week. I'd go on Thursdays, breaking from schoolwork and the buzz of campus life to build block towers, to spoon-feed dinner, to sing along to "Frozen," to watch the kids learn to walk and gain words. This past fall, seven years after we first met, three years after I graduated, the family invited me to join them as a live-in nanny in New Zealand, where they'd moved. I couldn't refuse.

My position is temporary, only five months, but in taking up the rhythms of morning, afternoon, and night, I have already borne witness to so much childhood, so much of the everyday, in a way I couldn't have imagined when I sat just nights and weekends. I find that a good

deal of it is ephemera: the routine of cereal in the morning, the book-reading and bread-making and tantrum-dispelling, cooking for four and timing things just right, playing my favorite songs and theirs loud over speakers, low on guitar. It is filled with games made from whatever is at hand, ones that will always be fun: sheets and furniture become forts and castles, sticks are gathered to serve as wands and swords. It is made of bread and song, substances that disappear even as they are formed.

In this new life, we live a two-minutes walk from the beach, the bay a pocket in the land. Tides roll in low, lapping at rocks that jag upwards from below the surface, coursing over sand, creating a wading pool that stretches for half a mile. Straight in the distance is a small island perfectly framed by the hills of the bay. It seems near, as if you could walk there, though it must be kilometers and kilometers away. Scattered across the beach's curved shore are stones, shells, driftwood, dried-out seaweed, bits of sea glass. Birds croon in perpetual conversation, and the breeze brings with it brine and manuka.

One Sunday afternoon, the kids and I found the beach awash with tiny cobalt-blue ovals that looked like bits of plastic, their centers concentric circles. Thin, transparent films stood straight up from their middles straight like sails.

"Jellyfish!" the five-year-old cried out, turning to me with his arms up. He was the only shoeless one among us.

"Are they really?" I asked. "I've never seen such a thing."

"Yeah, we've seen these before. Mommy said they're jellyfish," said his eight-year-old brother, declaring the ultimate truth.

"Pick me up! Pick me up!" shouted the three-year-old, but because she came prepared in gum boots, I refused.

"You can do it," I said. "I believe in you. You won't get stung."

We stayed on the beach for a few minutes, leaning over to inspect the Velella, the by-the-wind-sailors, swept in by the storm the night before. Eventually, we decided to go to the playground instead. There I

sat in a spot of sun as the three of them ran from swing to slide, chasing each other in games whose rules changed even as they formed. On the walk home, the youngest and I stopped in front of the neighbor's house to run our fingers through their bushes of lavender and rosemary. Her brothers had sped ahead on bike and scooter, waiting for me to grant them permission to cross the street home.

"This is for you," the little one said, picking a lavender stem and holding it up with an elvish smile. "And this one's for Mama." She tucked it in her pocket.

"Thank you," I said, holding the flower to my nose, lifting her to my hip to go meet her brothers at the stop sign.

I will remember this simply because I've written it down.

***

Ephemera: bits of sea glass, stones, flower buds picked as gifts and left in coat pockets or on the kitchen counter. Lost and found things. Things that are *mine! No, yours.* That *bowl, the one with the cow on it.* The *spoon*, whose weight is *just right*. Every day with the children is filled with these things: stopping on our walks to point out flowers and letters of the alphabet, complaining it is too hot or cold, singing Christmas carols and nursery rhymes, reaching up to be held and clasping their arms around my shoulders. These are the moments that blend into others, the ones we start to forget, that the children will surely forget. The shrieking in laughter or sobs, the pitches of which drift away as soon as they're let out. I watch their growing-up and see long forgotten glimmers of my own: summertime games and vacations, snow days, homework, rocking on the hammock with the dogs.

Many evenings the kids and I walk down to the beach after dinner and they decide they want to swim in the still-cold water. Streaks of muddy sand line their legs and backs as they leap delightedly in the

surf, and I gather the sweatshirts and pants and shoes as they gather driftwood to take home and keep. Like the little one, I start to have trouble with time, think every day that's passed could be "yesterday." It is one continuous stream of life.

In deciding on adventure, I also decided on domesticity, to a satisfaction found in unpinning laundry from the line and bringing it in dry, folding it in six piles on the floor. Wiping down the table, the counter, leaving the kitchen better than I found it. I am more than a witness, I'm a part of it: Player 6. At least for now.

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On the phone with my mother, she hears the kids chattering in the background.

"I hope you're recording those voices," she says. "You know they won't last forever." She is a speech-language pathologist, can tell you how language is formed, how we produce speech, has worked with toddlers and children and with the elderly, including stroke patients. With them her patience was eternal. Mine, I feel and fear, has its limits.

Especially at bedtime, some nights are easier than others. There's pajamas, and teeth-brushing, and the filling of water bottles and finding of blankies. There's "don't forget to go to the bathroom." Then story time, a stack of books filled with rhymes. The oldest will sit in the living room and read while his brother and sister cuddle up side by side in their double bed, though sometimes he comes to listen from the top bunk. Then it's lights out. Listing it, it sounds easy, and on good days, it is. But the resistance to sleep is strong in children, innate perhaps. All of the bedtime ritual can so easily go off the rails if someone is overtired. Maybe they won't brush their teeth, or will only brush their teeth if I squeeze the toothpaste, or will only brush their teeth if I don't squeeze the toothpaste; maybe someone hits someone else and everybody weeps,

maybe they want their parents, who won't be home for hours and whom I can never be. There's a way in which it can seem like the end times, and it's easy to believe I'll never escape to drink the tea I've dreamt up out in the land of the waking. What I dread about bedtime is not only the hours it sometimes takes, but the piece of myself I feel like I lose in the process. I fear that mired in impatience I might undergo a transformation, like a werewolf, suddenly brutal and unforgiving. I know my parents must have felt this, too, but if they did, I have no recollection of it. There's comfort in that sort of forgetting.

And I know that the genuinely difficult days are not representative of the whole; I know that if the children are calm, if they are listening, reading is a pleasure. I put on accents for different characters and leave space for them to participate. They know the stories by heart. I can give them this hour of presence.

"All right now, it's time." I call in the oldest from the living room and finally, once he's finished his page, he scampers in. The youngest might already be asleep.

"Katie, will you sing to us?"

"Sure," I sigh. "Three songs."

"No! Sing us every song you know!" the middle child says.

"Just three." I smooth his hair. "Close your eyes. Take a deep breath, and let it out." I sit on the floor, cross-legged. Glow-in-the-dark stars shine green from the ceiling. "Okay," I say, and close my eyes. Within seconds I regret my crustiness, regret sighing, even. Why would I deny them this? They ask it of me and it is so easy to do.

I start, first with "Frere Jacques" and "Alouette," as requested, and then on to my own repertoire, honed and polished over years of babysitting, including time with these very children from the time they were born. I don't just do three songs, I sing and sing, fearing no judgment of my solo performance, my private concert: "Let It Be," "Sweet Baby James," "You've Got a Friend," "Edelweiss," "Remember Me," "Swing Low Sweet

Chariot." I burst forth with music I learned as a child, as a teenager, with lullabies all my own.

I sing in the dark to children who assume I know where I'm going. As I rock to the beat of my song, I remember how I love this. I imagine I am cradling them with me in the rhythm I've created, swaying towards uncharted realms, my choir-hungry lungs filled with new air. I'll sing until even the oldest is out cold, his breathing steady. Even after that I'll sing for minutes on; a lone voice may pretend it contains multitudes. I love them so. All of it is so fleeting, and there is no way to know what they'll take with them, what songs they'll remember decades from now.

Olmstead Pond | ROGER HOOPER '62

Eating the Cake | BEVERLY RYAN '73

Femme Fatale

JOHN HAMBRIGHT '62

I dance fast when my dream girl gives me grief
these days. Those eyes! That dragon fire. Her lip,
The Joker's jeer — though once, at my slight beef,
Babe hissed: *It's who I am now. Get a grip!*

My Lovely, you're a character. I dare
to tease: Bette's bite? Lana's bitch? Mine's not
the first fine flaming minx to toss her hair.
God bless the little Bogart I've still got.

How can you stand it? others sigh. You'd think
this old boy's dropped to Hobbit size. My dash
to please? My leap at every *Bring my drink!*
I fly when Baby blows: *Take out the trash!*

For sweet's the rage that twists the bloody knife
as Love in bed lies bald and fights for life.

Swing Set | EMILIA LIEVANO '84

Sanctuary

ALICE LANDIS-MCGRATH '96

The picture came into my possession about four years ago, in my mother's zeal to distribute most of the family memorabilia before her passing. She also made sure to clarify her position, saying, "But I have plans to be here for years longer." On a rare afternoon when my sister, brother and I were gathered at my parents' house, she pulled out the boxes of photos. Fashioned to look like small drawers, the boxes were worn after years of use – how many friends had been shown the procession of our transformation from baby to adult? Seated at the kitchen table, my belly protesting after I had consumed way too many slices of homemade bread with strawberry jam, I took a deep breath as we began to open each box and remove every photo from its individual sleeve.

After perusing hundreds of pictures, I stopped to linger on a photograph I had seen countless times and often skipped over in favor of my highly prized pictures of my surly Shetland pony Star or my pet chicken Henny Penny. After freeing the picture from its cellophane sleeve, I resolutely placed it alone on my left, returning to it time and time again while many other pictures made their way onto my pile to

keep on the right. We passed the afternoon this way, sifting through all of the photos, reminiscing about Christmases or hot summer days of motorcycle rallies, tea parties laid out in the pasture, or the annual photo marking the first day of school.

This singular picture is from 1976, so grainy and faded it appears there's a film over the camera lens. Its shape is almost square with rounded edges, its reddish patina a sure indication of age. Well to the left of center, I am sitting on a tire swing, my sister standing behind me. The great bough of an oak tree stretches across the top third of the picture, silhouetted against a hazy hot sky. The pasture in the background rolls gently to a line of trees at the top of the hill.

I am wearing a pink dress with my brown Mary Janes, holding on to the baling rope that my father used to hang the swing. My sister is standing behind me, her arms gently supporting me, wearing shorts and a delicately patterned blue floral shirt. Despite the graininess, I can still discern the pearlescent buttons on her shirt; my mother had reams of them, a ready supply for the next blouse she would sew. It is a picture of utter happiness.

So much of my early childhood is summed up in this picture: the constant presence and protectiveness of family; my love of the outdoors and nature; my propensity to throw myself wholeheartedly and happily into any activity. I was devastated when we moved from the farm. I was only six years old and had thought I would spend my life under that tree and on that swing. After losing that hope of permanence, I began to focus on any strategy to move away from my semi-rural Pennsylvania upbringing. I was prone to grand announcements, ranging from "I'm going to college" in grade school to "I'm going to medical school" in seventh grade. Much to my fascination, those proclamations turned out to be prophecies of my future. The unplanned pivot points were my multiple moves, each of them taking me further westward.

After several decades moving from town to city, from state to state, I finally put down roots in Silicon Valley. Choosing a life so different from my upbringing was a result of my early sense of adventure – occasionally tinged by fear and marked by some sad mis-steps. Still, some of my fondest memories, seeking respite from whatever seemed to be the biggest challenge at the time, were spent on a swing. Even in college we were run off local playgrounds, the only adults daring to squeeze our too-large frames onto the small rubber seats. One of my most poignant memories from medical school took place on a swing, close to the train tracks, feeling a twist of apprehension as the shadows lengthened and the air grew cold.

Here in California, I now satisfy my early craving for novelty through travel, both for work and pleasure. While I am home, my life's daily rhythm is grounded in the familiarity of this cherished landscape, where I am minutes from hiking in the hills or finding peace in the crashing of the Pacific waves. I have found great friendship and love in the people I have met here. As I recount my adventures back to my family, my mother will often dreamily muse, "If you could only carry me in your hip pocket."

Wistfulness is a powerful undercurrent in my relationship with my family, a reminder of the great expanse of a country between us. And while I have loved many swings, none ever gave the same satisfaction as that tire swing, the smell of rubber lingering on my legs and the occasional rope burn. Tonight, I find myself contemplating this old picture again. My voice still raspy from the thick smoke of California fires, my head swimming from the gun violence and ever-present political vitriol, I long for the clean air and peace in that picture. I fight against the progression of years away from my birthplace. I am overcome by waves of nostalgia for quiet afternoons, simple days reading with birds chirping nearby, the wind chimes in the trees providing a deep sense

of calm, the assurance that any one of my family is in the next room, to hold my hand as I cry or to laugh with me in delight.

I can no longer tell if the memories from this photo are fully mine or if I've crafted an entire narrative to suit the picture. Does it even matter? Because now, when I most keenly crave the quiet, the clean air, the simplicity of life back on the farm, all I need to do is close my eyes. I can smell the soap on my sister's skin, feel the heat rolling along in waves, the gentle stirring of a breeze in the grass, and the delight in telling a story as I arc through the air on that tire swing. Our laughter carries across to the farmhouse where my mother awaits. And all is well.

Swing Girls | ANDY D. COHEN '68

Grandma's Salsa | MATTHEW WERNER '69

Frantic

ANTHONY HERMAN '07

I.

I knew he was going to fall forward on the bike and I was right there and I still couldn't catch him and he face-planted thank god into the mat but still one eye caught a corner of a book and he bit his tongue and his nose was bleeding and his face was beet red but he's ok I think he's looking sleepy but no signs of concussion and listen we're not going to make it tonight because still no nap and there's still dinner and bath and reading and turning on the night light and letting him flip pages of goodnight moon and watching him point 1 2 3 4 5 6 mouses and he'll say their names each of them and he'll do a big yawn and then a small yawn it looks normal and he'll cock his head while I rub his back and he drifts into sleep with the moon playing hide and seek and the rain pitter pattering his sill

II.

The monitor lights up red I put my hand on his chest three times in the night but he's breathing and we watch him headbutt his stuffed animals but he's not ready to wake up not yet and neither are we so we listen to his corrugated babble and wonder what the giraffe is saying but we know it's something like I love you buddy and he presses his feet and elbows and footy pajamas against the rails and stretches out his twenty-month frame and we breathe the same air and take the same breaths all of our chests rising and falling and we don't say anything and we say everything

III.

And then he tells us now it's time and we stretch too and swing our legs off the bed and open his door and say good morning and he says sheepy and piggy and then he does his elephant sounds and his shiner is a dot and we open the blinds and the sun says hey little man and the little man squints and blinks and the morning rolls in all pretty like every every every morning.

Ponte Vecchio Concert by the Bay

DAVID H. BAIR '77

Still

KEIRAN MILLER '15

"Not long ago it was illegal to educate a black person. We're saying it's in front of a library but across the street from an elementary school, so what's the subtle message there?"

—Brookyln Councilman Robert E. Cornegy Jr. Sept 17, 2017

I imagine she is only seven,
face flushed an oaky shade with walnut eyes.
Lost in the kaleidoscope of her classroom's
foliage. Surrounded by twenty-five other seeds,
she floats around the room, making music with her heels
on reflective floors. A tune so familiar, it feels like drums
guiding the crayons to new spaces. Like yells that call
at each other from across canyons in her brain
when she learns a new word. Like fireworks in her soul,
a celebration of the present, gifting and receiving itself.
Chasing her two friends through the maze of tables,
Still in her excitement, her gaze holds:
Through the doorway of glass, hanging from the library across the street,
is a deflated upside-down balloon. No, braided beige strings. No,
a hoop bouncing in the wind? And before words
and questions and courage, she feels ice sickles between her bones,
an empty she does not know, as she realizes what that rope is.

I imagine they are ageless now.
Frozen Still in the time of their passing,
decorating the trees with their bodies, there is Still
the song of the crowd, their chatter and cheers,
wind chimes that never stop ringing. These knots
are now part of their necks, tracks in their skin like
the paths their bodies made on dirt roads, pulled along by horse
and cart and car, holding tight, keeping Still.
They are Still holy filled. Still people, with hands like pinecones.
So much life Still to give. Stillness in the night,
as nooses drape Brooklyn libraries,
a reminder that learning Still isn't for them.
And then they see her, coated in marigold across the street,
swirling through the room. And this hateful wind
dangles the noose towards her. They panic, bound by their ropes.
They wave their arms, try to shoo her away, save her this burn,
only to fan the flames. She turns, holds eyes,
waving mid-gust.

Paternal Soundscape

SARAH SUMMERSON '18

the regular beep
of the reversing white truck
a construction site

ratcheting lever
lazy boy and kickstand *brrrinnng*
upright position

ice clinking in glass
squeeze plastic vodka bottle
glugglugglugglugglug

his loving snicker
dipper! well, figure it out.
how doing, sicky?

What Once Had Been | JIM YESCALIS '68

Hoodie | JOSH LEVINE '89

At Yoyogi Park

CAITLIN CIERI '12

Left foot back, quarter turn, feet together, step left…

On a bright September day, Suzuki Ryoko danced in Yoyogi Park, the home of Japan's flashiest Rockabilly dancers, alongside hordes of other Tokyo locals sporting leather jackets, poodle skirts, and pompadours.

Right behind left, pivot right, feet together, two steps right…

Her dress's A-line skirt twirled around her calves, and her headscarf flipped onto her neck. Suzuki could've ironed her dress a little better, but she wasn't an official member of the Tokyo Rockabilly Club, and she didn't have to worry about her amateur style reflecting poorly on them. Besides, she wasn't at Yoyogi Park to look good. She was there to dance.

Rock step, left foot back, quarter turn, feet together…

Suzuki's feet moved automatically as she watched the throngs of dancers through her horned-rim sunglasses. They looked like they spun atop a vinyl record, dancing on the concentric cement circles of Yoyogi Park's outdoor stage. In this blur of movement, Suzuki was happily anonymous. No more or less gaudy or loud than the other swing-dancing throwbacks, or the clusters of park-goers watching them. She could be who she was always meant to be, and nobody would ever know.

Step left, right behind left, pivot right—BUMP!

Suzuki slammed face-first into the most awkward bosozoku biker she'd ever seen. He wore a leather jacket two sizes too big; beneath it, a pale blue polo shirt. His hair was too short for a proper pompadour, but the pomade in his hair showed he'd tried his best. And he wore square-rimmed, straight-A-student, prescription glasses. When Suzuki saw those glasses, she recognized her classmate right away.

And so did he.

"Suzuki-san? Is that you?" He grinned. "It's me, Yoshida Haruto, from Class 2-B!"

"What are you doing here?" Suzuki hissed. "How on earth did you recognize me?"

Yoshida shrugged. "I don't know. You just have one of those faces." Suzuki patted her face, looking for identifiable features.

"I didn't know you danced," Yoshida continued. "I figured you of all people would think this was too girly."

"Yeah, but this is Rockabilly, which is countercultural, which makes it okay!" Suzuki pointed at Yoshida on the last word. "And what's Goody-Two-Shoes-Class-President-san doing in a park full of rabble-rousing bosozoku, anyway?"

"They're not rousing that much rabble."

"Answer the question!"

Yoshida touched his jacket's sleeve. "Remember how my nii-san Kaito got into that car crash last week?"

How could she forget? Yoshida's older brother was the only person she knew with his own car.

"He used to dance here every weekend," Yoshida said. "I don't know how he found the time, but he never missed a Sunday—"

"I've never seen him."

"—until he started cramming for college last spring. He kept telling me to come here and see what it was about, but I always had homework

or clubs or…" Yoshida stared at his period-inappropriate sneakers. "The doctors say he'll never walk again."

The two of them looked at the ginkos, the maples, the traffic outside the park, anything but each other. Yoshida cleared his throat and finally broke the silence. "So I've decided to come to Yoyogi Park, as I should've done years ago."

Suzuki glanced at the other dancers, suddenly aware of how well their limbs moved. One was swapping their iPhone speaker with an actual record player on a bench.

"So," she asked, "You making up for the dancing you should've done with your cool older brother?"

"Actually, I was going to stream myself dancing." Yoshida held up his cell phone. "Nii-san's still in the hospital, so he could use some entertainment."

"You can't tape yourself dancing, Yoshida-san!"

"It's not so much dancing as 'awkward flailing,'" Yoshida said. "But laughter's the best medicine, right?"

"No, you can't film here," Suzuki said, crossing her arms. "At all!"

Yoshida cocked his head. "Are cameras prohibited? I didn't see any signs."

"Yes, cameras are prohibited—because I can't get caught on film!" Suzuki snapped. "Nobody—nobody!—can know I'm here!"

"I thought you said this was 'countercultural'—"

"Nobody can know I'm here!"

"Okay, okay!" Yoshida conceded, putting his hands up. "But—why?"

"And you can't tell anyone you were here!"

Yoshida paused. "But I already told nii-san I'd be here. And my parents."

Suzuki glared at her classmate. "Anyone else?"

"Nobody, Suzuki-san," Yoshida promised. "Nobody knows I'm here except immediate family."

Suzuki looked back at the dancers. The guy with the record player had just started her favorite song, and she wasn't going to miss it.

"Keep it that way," she said, and hurried back into the crowd.

For the next seven days, Suzuki relentlessly eavesdropped on her classmates' conversations. It was hard to pay attention and still look tough, but everybody seemed just as scared of her as always, and her friends didn't say anything when they smoked in their baggy uniforms on the school roof. Between classes, she skimmed her classmates' social media feeds, jumping when she saw a flash of fabric in a photo. But it looked as if Yoshida had kept his word.

Still, she couldn't enjoy Yoyogi Park the following Sunday, her head whipping around at the slightest breeze. Once, she did see Yoshida, flailing like a dog having a seizure. They made eye contact for a second, then Yoshida turned away and looked at the ground. Good.

Next Sunday was more of the same, with Yoshida trying to dance like the other Rockabillies and Suzuki trying not to care. Ever since they'd bumped into each other, her eyes kept drifting to his dancing. He came every single week and spent hours moving joints he'd never used outside of P.E. class, and wouldn't leave until the other dancers were done; even when it rained. After Yoshida's fourth week, Suzuki finally marched over to him.

"You call that dancing?" she said. "If your nii-san saw your moves, he'd lose the use of his arms too!"

"Isn't that a little insensitive?" Yoshida asked.

"Your *moves* are insensitive." Suzuki dragged Yoshida away from the circles of dancers. "If you're really dancing for him, then do it right! We'll start with the Lindy Hop. It's so easy even you can do it." She stepped directly in front of him. "Just follow my moves. I'll call them out as I go."

"You're not teaching each step individually?" Yoshida asked.

"Sink or swim, Yoshida-san," Suzuki said, moving into her first position. "Try to keep up." She caught the beat with a tapping foot before starting the dance.

"Left foot back, quarter turn, feet together," Suzuki called. "Step left, right behind left, pivot right."

Yoshida moved in fits and starts, dragging his feet and lagging behind Suzuki's graceful pace.

"Feet together, two steps right, rock step." Suzuki stopped, as Yoshida scrambled to catch his footing.

"You got that?" Suzuki asked.

"Sure," Yoshida smiled, always eager to please a teacher.

"No, you don't," Suzuki said. "Not after one round. Now let's start from the beginning."

Suzuki went through the moves again, calling each to the beat, with Yoshida half a second behind. They rocked, stepped, and slid long after the rest of the Rockabillies had packed up their records. They continued even as a particularly nerdy saxophonist arrived and played selections from Hayao Miyazaki films.

"Aren't you tired?" she asked.

"I'm not stopping until I get this right." Yoshida rotated his ankle.

"We spent hours on just the Lindy Hop." Suzuki headed to one of the park's vending machines. "Anyone else would've quit long ago."

"You were still teaching," Yoshida said, following her.

Suzuki didn't answer. She was so used to keeping her dancing a secret that she couldn't believe she might be thought of as an authority on it. While she looked for change, Yoshida threw coins into the slot. "What would you like?"

"I don't need you to buy me anything," she grunted, pushing the refund button.

"I want to pay you back for the lesson." Yoshida meticulously reinserted each coin back into the machine. "You really went out of your way for me."

"It's not a big deal," Suzuki said. "Just my own stubbornness." She pushed the refund button again, and held out the change to him.

"But you don't know how much this means to me," Yoshida said, taking the coins out of her hand.

"No, I guess not," Suzuki mused. "The lessons are on the house." She hit the refund button again for good measure before buying herself a plum soda.

Each Sunday, Suzuki saw Yoshida dancing at Yoyogi Park, and each Sunday she found herself teaching him new moves. He learned the basics of the Jitterbug, East and West Coast Swings, some Jives and a little Rock 'n' Roll: every dance that didn't require a partner. He was no expert, but he could follow a beat and had good muscle memory. The whole time, Yoshida's brother hung in the background, his injury keeping him at a safe distance. Until one month later, as the leaves started to change color.

"Nii-san's getting physical therapy right now," Yoshida said, adjusting a Band-Aid on his heel.

"For his legs?" Suzuki asked, stretching her left calf as she took another swig of plum soda.

"For his arms. He needs to get strong enough to wheel himself around." Yoshida pressed down the Band-Aid's adhesive. "He's coming to the Park next week."

Suzuki choked down her mouthful of soda.

"But his legs..." she sputtered.

"I was surprised, too," Yoshida said. "But it's not so hard to dance in a chair."

"He's finally going to see you dance."

Yoshida nodded. Suzuki finished her soda with a gulp and dropped the can in the trash. Then she took out her phone and played a video of two dancers pushing and pulling each other as they shuffled.

"That's the Sugar Push. It's a West Coast Swing move," Suzuki said, holding out her hands. "You lead."

Yoshida stared at the hands. "You want me to lead you?"

"Yeah," Suzuki said. "I'll call the steps, and you lead."

Yoshida laughed. "Even when I lead, you're still in control!"

"Which one of us danced here for the last fourteen months, you or me?" Suzuki said, shaking her hands in Yoshida's face. "You lead."

Yoshida held Suzuki's hands like eggs about to hatch. Suzuki returned the grip roughly, and stepped forward.

"Left foot back," Suzuki called. Yoshida stepped back. Suzuki followed.

"Right foot back," Suzuki said as Yoshida pulled. Yoshida adjusted his grip and stepped back. As Suzuki called out more steps, Yoshida pulled and pushed with more confidence. He even started saying the steps aloud to himself, so Suzuki stopped calling out moves. He carried the dance for a few more steps until he noticed Suzuki had stopped talking.

"Sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to talk over you."

"That just means you're learning," Suzuki said. "Now let's try something harder." Suzuki started a new video where the woman crouched to the floor, was pulled through the man's legs, then hopped up and spun in the air.

"You want me? To do..." Yoshida pointed to the screen. "That?"

Suzuki nodded.

"Why?"

"If your brother's gonna see you dance, you need a finishing move," Suzuki said. "Also, I've always wanted to do that."

"Really? I never would have thought you'd want some random classmate throwing you around in a '50s dress."

"Most people don't," Suzuki said. Her face felt hot, but she plowed on. "They think you either like pretty dresses or you like jumping around. I felt like I was the only one who liked both, until I met these guys." She gestured to a few older women in poodle skirts who waved back.

Yoshida shrugged. "I never thought you'd want someone throwing you around at all, Suzuki-san."

Suzuki's free hand played with her skirt. "I love jumping and being lifted. It's like flying. And I like the way A-line skirts fly up with their dancers. If I led, that'd mean I'd watch someone else have all the fun. But these moves take a lot of focus, and I've never met anyone I could trust not to throw me into a tree or something."

"Until now?"

Suzuki's hand tightened its grip on the fabric. "Yeah. Until now."

Yoshida smiled. "Thank you."

"No," Suzuki said. "Thank you. Now let's get started."

Suzuki admired how focused Yoshida became when he followed her calls. He even swung his leg over her head without nicking her ear. He stood ramrod straight as Suzuki crouched down.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Ready. Now cross your right hand over your left."

He did.

"Squat down, and grab my other arm."

He did, and Suzuki shifted her weight. "Now pelvic thrust forward and pull me up with your arms."

Yoshida drove his hips forward and lifted Suzuki up as she jumped to twirl her body. Yoshida, still holding her hands, yanked backwards and Suzuki knocked him into a hedge. They blinked, then burst into hysterics. A small family of spectators turned towards the laughter.

"We're fine!" Yoshida giggled. "Just trying out a new dance move. You're okay, right, Suzuki-san?"

"I'm pretty sure one of us broke a rib," Suzuki laughed. "But yeah, we're fine."

Suzuki and Yoshida dusted themselves off.

"Sorry, I didn't let go soon enough," Yoshida said.

"Relax," Suzuki said, steeling herself for the next sentence. "We've got all day to practice before we film this."

Yoshida massaged his ear in disbelief. "Film this?"

"Yeah." Suzuki looked Yoshida dead in the eyes. "So that before he comes back here, your brother will know you can dance."

The next Saturday, Suzuki and her friend Tanaka Rin were hanging out by a vending machine on the street, smoking, knocking back soda, and talking trash about their classmates in the crisp November air. They both wore goth-punk outfits with matching Doc Martens, but Tanaka's black jacket was longer and Suzuki's pants were baggier. Suzuki was halfway through her soda when she saw Yoshida Haruto and his older brother Yoshida Kaito roll up. Yoshida—with his older brother around, Suzuki would have to call him Haruto now—wore a letterman jacket with his period-inappropriate sneakers. Yoshida Kaito had on a leather jacket—the oversized one Yoshida Haruto had been wearing when he first bumped into Suzuki—and his hair in a pompadour. His wheelchair looked like it was fitted with a chrome exhaust pipe.

"Hey, Kaito-san," Tanaka said, leaning over Kaito's armrest. "Cute ride."

"You think that's cool? Check this out." Kaito pushed a button on one of the pipes. It shot out jets of smoke and revved like a motorcycle.

"I've never seen a wheelchair do that before!" Tanaka cackled gleefully.

"After the accident, nii-san decided to become a real bosozoku biker," Yoshida Haruto said.

"Of course," Kaito said "I mean, look at these wheels." He revved the wheelchair again.

Tanaka leaned into Kaito's ear and whispered, "Maybe you can take me for a ride sometime, Kaito-san."

Suzuki rolled her eyes. Couldn't Tanaka control her urges for five minutes?

"Guess where we're going tomorrow!" Yoshida Haruto blurted as he stepped in front of his brother.

"Yoyogi Park, right?" Tanaka guessed, as Suzuki pushed her away from Kaito. "You're dressed for it."

Kaito's eyes brightened. "That reminds me! Did my little bro show you his video?"

"What video?" Suzuki and Haruto cried.

Kaito plucked his brother's phone out of his hands and started scrolling.

"It's really okay!" Haruto shouted, grabbing for his phone.

Kaito yanked it away. "Too embarrassed to show off your moves?" he said, starting the video. Haruto turned to Suzuki and mouthed, *I'm so sorry.*

It's okay, Suzuki mouthed back. She'd known this would happen as soon as she'd suggested filming the dance. In her peripheral vision, she saw her dressed-up self slide between Haruto's legs, jump up, and twirl in the air.

"Damn, you've got some moves, Haruto-kun," Tanaka grinned.

"I had a very good teacher," Haruto said bashfully.

"I can tell." Tanaka tapped a sharp black nail at the screen. "So who's the flirt in the skirt?"

Suzuki choked on her plum soda.

Tanaka slapped her on the back. "Jealous?" she whispered.

"Why would I be?" Suzuki wheezed.

"That's actually why I'm going to Yoyogi Park tomorrow," Kaito said.

"I could tell my accident hit Haruto hard, so I want to thank whoever she is for making my little bro smile while I was moping in the hospital."

"It's really no trouble," Haruto said, glancing at Suzuki. "She probably won't even be there tomorrow."

For so long, Suzuki had hidden this side of herself out of fear of ridicule. But nobody was ridiculing that video. Even Tanaka was impressed by Suzuki's flair, without knowing who that dancer really was.

"Go for it," Suzuki said, returning to her soda. "She'll probably be there."

Haruto flashed her a grateful smile and wheeled his brother away. Suzuki began planning her outfit. Maybe something red...

Sunday rolled in, and Suzuki waited for Haruto by Yoyogi Park's vending machines. The ginkos and maples wore their brightest reds and yellows, and crowds of tourists were there to observe the autumn colors. In front of the throngs of families, Suzuki could see Kaito in his leather jacket and Tanaka leaning over his wheelchair. She could also hear snippets of their conversation.

"This is nice, Kaito-san. Just you, me, the trees turning color...It's kind of romantic."

"Tanaka-san, should you really be using my first name? We don't know each other that well."

"I can fix that," said Tanaka, way too close to Kaito's face.

Just as Tanaka was about to "fix that," Haruto jogged up to them. Despite the November chill, he wore a short-sleeved button-up plaid shirt and period appropriate sneakers. He was actually dressed like a nerd from the '50s. Suzuki couldn't have been more proud. After he said a few words to them both, he jogged around the vending machines and found Suzuki Ryoko in a bright red dress that put the trees to shame.

"You ready, Ryoko?" he asked. Suzuki Ryoko held out her hand, glad that Yoshida Haruto could dance and use her first name with confidence.

"I was born ready, Haruto," she said.

As they marched from the shadows, Yoyogi Park fell silent. Then their song started.

Left foot back, quarter turn, feet together, step left…

After their weeks of practice, Suzuki and Haruto moved at a fever pitch. Neither had time to see what their audience thought of their dance, but neither of them cared. They were caught in the dance's flow.

Right foot back, triple step, kickball change, rock step…

Haruto kept up beautifully, but more importantly he led beautifully. Crouch down, cross hands, lean back, pelvic thrust, lock body—

Suzuki flew.

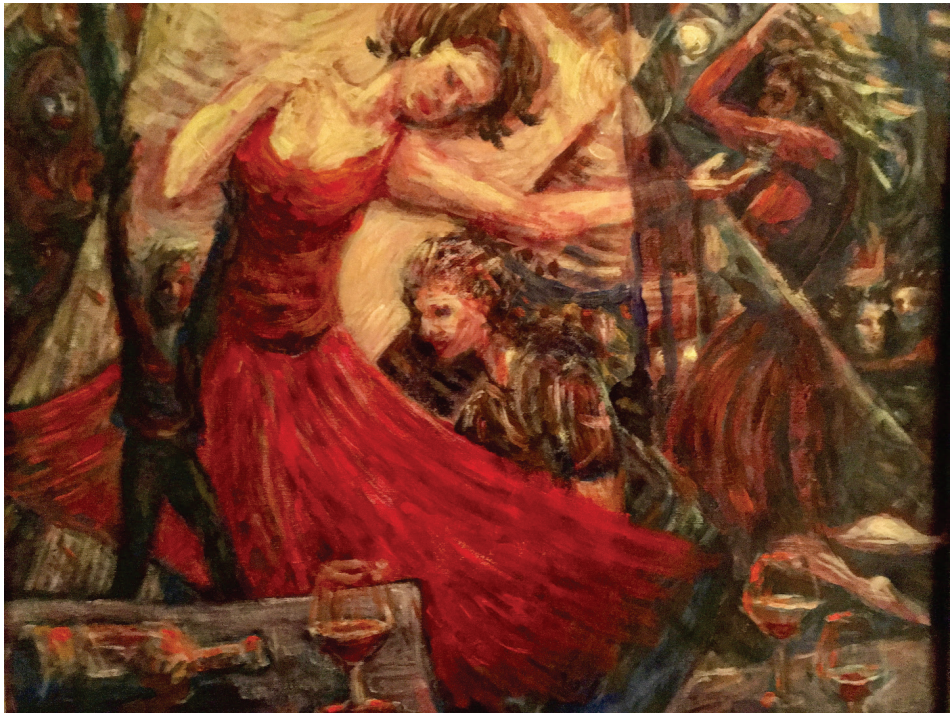
Suzuki touched down.

The song ended, the dancers bowed, and the crowd erupted into applause. Suzuki waved regally and was about to reward herself with a plum soda. But as she and Haruto turned around, Tanaka reached to grab their hands. Kaito stared at them slack-jawed.

"Suzuki…*you're* the flirt in the skirt?" Tanaka sputtered.

"You taught my little bro how to dance?" Kaito gaped.

Suzuki took a deep breath, then pulled off her scarf and glasses. "That's me."



Nightswing | GARRETT JACOBSEN ’73

Swoop and Swing | JP DICKS '09

Horologium Oscillatorium

RICHARD MILAZZO '72

Smaller than a grain of sand,
    we swim from one body into another,
from isle to isle, corner to corner, then call that sphere,
    that ocean world, home.

Expelled, evicted, eventually
    we find ourselves naked upon the shore,
the waves, the faces, rushing at us, feeding us,
    then wanting to swallow us,

years of ebb and flow wearing us down,
    the pendulum – so erect, so noble, so circumspect –
punching the air until we cannot breathe, the ether choking us,
    the chain wrapping itself around our necks,

until mercifully the thrashing stops.
    Each grimace, each arc, each graceful fall,
designed to deposit us at the fatal horizontal door,
    swinging back and forth until it has received us all.

For my mother. Raffles Hotel Le Royal, Phnom Penh, Cambodia, August 11, 2018

Horologium Oscillatorium translates from the Latin as "The Pendulum Clock."

Contributor Notes

Sophie Katharine Afdhal '15 (p. 72) majored in psychology and completed a thesis under the excellent guidance of Professor Michael Penn. While studying at F&M, she cultivated a great interest in human behavior and considers it to be a driving subject in her writing. Sophie recently completed the Masters of Creative Writing program at the University of Oxford. For her thesis, she wrote fiction and began her first novel. She is currently at work on that novel, *Shifting Histories*, and can be reached at **safdhal@fandm.edu**.

Champ Atlee '67 (p. 7) graduated as an English major, and has taken those interests relatively literally, teaching English at The Lawrenceville School for over forty years. His poems have appeared in such varied locations as *America Magazine*, *Shenandoah*, and *Civil War Magazine*. He continues to be under the impression that he is the only Diplomat in history to receive a Varsity letter without playing a minute of a varsity sport. He lives in Lawrenceville, N.J., with his wife Annette and his daughter Olivia

David H. Bair '77 (p. 103) majored in art history, minored in business administration, co-captained the lacrosse team, and was Rush Chairman of Chi Phi. He worked in NYC for more than 30 years in graphic arts sales, specializing in long run publication printing with top publishers, before deciding to take up painting. His art has been featured at the North End Gallery in Barnegat Light, N.J., and at the Long Beach Island Foundation of Arts and Sciences. Now retired, he lives in Cranbury and Harvey Cedars, N.J., where he paints, plays old guy lacrosse tournaments, and enjoys life with his wife Laura and daughters Kelsey and Bryn.

Kathleen Oppenheimer Berkey, Esq., AICP '05 (p. 6) majored in American studies and minored in public policy before completing her dual Juris Doctor/Master of City and Regional Planning degree at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She is an attorney and certified land planner in Fort Myers, Fla., concentrating in Land Use/Zoning/Local Government and Community Association law. She enjoys photography and life with her husband, Robert M. Berkey, Ph.D. '05, and sons, Ryan and Jack. **berkey.katie@gmail.com**

Brian D. Bell '80 (p. 28) majored in psychology and worked as a clinical neuropsychologist, publishing papers on cognition in neuropsychology and epilepsy journals. He enjoys reading lyrics and memoirs by American Songbook authors and their biographies.

Richard D. Bidgood, Ph.D. '76 (p. 30) majored in philosophy and classics before completing graduate school in philosophy. He bought his first camera the day he defended his dissertation. Bidgood retired from a career in banking. He is spending the year in Athens where he and his wife, Ann Steiner, work on several archaeological projects. Bidgood is the photographer for the Poggio Colla excavation in Tuscany. He can be reached at **rbidgood@fandm.edu**.

Lisa Brooks '85 (p. 52) majored in psychology and drama. She works as a tutor for students with learning differences. Lisa does some freelance writing and photography, and is the mother of four children. She is on the Houston Alumni Chapter steering committee, works as a FAN volunteer, and is vice president of the Alumni Association Board. In her spare time, she can often be found enjoying the vibrant arts and cultural community in Houston. **htownlisa@gmail.com**

G. Michael Brown '71 (p. 8) majored in chemistry and became a prosthetic dentist. After a 30-year career in the Navy, he retired to Virginia Beach. For the past few years he has focused his energies on natural light nature photography. His images can be viewed at **gmbrownphotos.com**.

After graduating as an English major, **Wilfred Brunner '70** (p. 17) received his M.F.A. from George Washington University. He worked on the staff of The Phillips Collection in Washington, D.C., and as a professor of art at Montgomery College in Takoma Park, Md. Referred to as an "imagist" by the Curator Walter Hopps, his work is included in a number of private and public collections. He is the recipient of a 2016 Franz and Virginia Bader Fund Grant. More information: **wilfredbrunner.com**

Delco denizen **Caitlin Cieri '12** (p. 109) earned a Bachelor's in creative writing and went on to get a Master's in Playwriting from The University of Essex. She has been featured in the Philadelphia Dramatist Center's 24-Hour Playwriting Festival, the Colonial Playhouse's Another One

Night Stand, Theatre With a View's Outta the Hat: Picnic Plays, and the Phillips' Mills Community Association's Emerging Writers Festival. She is a fan of radio drama and storytelling podcasts, and one of her skits was recently featured on the RISK! Podcast; she was also a Commended Writer in the 2016 BBC International Radio Playwriting Competition. Currently, she is juggling an audiobook adaptation and spearheading the Philadelphia Dramatists Center's new podcast, "Philly DramaCast." To learn more about Caitlin Cieri, and to preview some of her plays, go to **cccieri.com**.

Alan D. Cohen '68 (p. 99) retired after forty years as an insurance underwriter. Most of his retirement has been spent doing baseball research for the Society for American Baseball Research. He has also found pleasure in going back into the classroom as a reading mentor with Children's Reading Partners, which is based in Connecticut. He has four children and six grandchildren and resides in West Hartford, Conn., with his wife Frances, cat (Morty), and dog (Sam).

JP Dicks '09 (p. 122) majored in philosophy and minored in environmental studies. He currently works as a product manager in the San Francisco Bay Area. Outside of the office, his creative pursuits revolve around photography of nature and the built environment, multi-media sculpture, and installation art. He can be reached at **jpdicks@yahoo.com**.

Ronald M. Druker '66 (p. 75) President of The Druker Company, Ltd. has been involved in a variety of development activities encompassing retail, hotel, residential and office projects. His most recent focus has been on urban mixed-use developments, including The Heritage on The Garden in Boston's Back Bay, and The Public Garden and Atelier|505 in Boston's South End. Both of these complexes were recognized by the Urban Land Institute by winning the coveted "Oscar" of the profession, The ULI Award for Excellence.

Clarissa Grunwald '17 (p. 11) works in an elementary school during the week, and volunteers in an art museum on the weekends. In her free time, she enjoys writing, music, and playing way too much Dungeons and Dragons. If you email her, she will send you a picture of her cat. **cgrunwal@fandm.edu**

John Hambright '62 (p. 93) completed a triple major in government, French, and history and was awarded the Williamson Alumni Medal in 1962. He went on to the University of Strasbourg, Oxford, and Harvard, and has divided his working life between college teaching, government service, and creative writing. He resides with his wife Natalie Gardiner in Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Tony Herman '07 (p. 101) is a high school English teacher who deeply values the poetic voice. He strives to teach his students, daily, how important language is. He lives in Philadelphia with his wife, Gemma, and son, Finn.

Lori Lynn Hoffer '81 (Cover) majored in studio art/art history, and continued those studies with graduate work in Florence, Italy. She has run Waterlily Design for over 30 years, but recently returned part-time to her first creative love, oil painting. Landscape is an easy subject choice as she lives in the beautiful Pioneer Valley of Western Massachusetts. Life on the 'farm' still includes one child living at home with lots of animals and outdoor time. **lorilynn@waterlilydesign.com**

Roger Hooper '62 (p. 91) majored in French and burned through three years of graduate school in France and the USA before finding a career in teaching and educational program development. Now retired, he volunteers at an organization protecting LGBTQ legal rights, and at a food program for Boston's homeless and hungry. He spends lots of time reading Early Modern French history, especially Louis XIII (1601–1643). He lives in Jamaica Plain, Mass., near his two children.

Garrett Jacobsen '73 (p. 121)**,** majored in Latin and later received a Ph.D. in Classics from Ohio State University. Currently chair of classical studies at Denison University in Granville, Ohio, he enjoys teaching at a liberal arts college following in the tradition of his F&M Classics professors, Robert Barnett and J. Joel Farber. Garrett continues to paint in his free time.

Richard Kanter '89 (p. 36) majored in English, and is currently an attorney and artist active in the New York City area. His works are vibrant color palettes, which reflect the creative process and the amazing ability of art to heal and uncover beauty in our otherwise chaotic lives. His works can be viewed and prints purchased at **rkmeditations.imagekind.**

com. Richard can also be reached at **bodyofwaves@gmail.com**.

Denise King Gillingham '80, P'23 (p. 35) finds the magic of everyday beautiful. Her choice of subjects for painting range from the mundane to the magnificent. At F&M she majored in English, was on the tennis team and was one of the first Writing Center tutors. She is a mother of twins, and in her spare time moonlights as an executive coach for Fortune 500 corporations. She enjoys writing, playing tennis, travelling, and time with friends and family. Denise can be reached at **dkgcoach@gmail.com**.

Mimi Munson Kolb '83 (p. 56), art history major turned graphic designer, creates advertising and branding for clients ranging from fashion to fitness to farm-to-table restaurants. Side passions include photography, paper art, painting, and bicycling. Find an assortment of her side projects and fun stuff on Instagram at **mimikolb**. Contact: **rsvpinvitations@yahoo.com**.

Lee Krohn '79 (p. 9) continues to bring joy to others through his images of serendipity, everyday life, magical light, athletic activities, and special events. He still works professionally, and volunteers his talents to nonprofits such as Girls on the Run, Dragonheart Festival, and RunVermont. Until recently, Lee was a senior planner for the Chittenden County Regional Planning Commission, and was just appointed as Town Manager for the Town of Shelburne, Vermont. Lee's images will grace many pages in the new Shelburne Town Plan, and he is documenting daily progress in the construction of Shelburne's new public library. Lee is a regular contributor on his social media accounts, and welcomes contact from friends at **leekrohn1@gmail.com**.

Alice Landis-McGrath '96 (p. 95) majored in chemistry and received her M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. Her career focuses on the transformation of clinical practice through the use of data and technology. Now living in the Bay Area, she has never lost her love of writing. **alice.j.landis@gmail.com**

Josh Levine '89 (p. 108) is a fine art and commercial photographer (and an English major!). He is based in the New York City area. Levine's photograph, *Omak Stampede, Coleville Nation/Washington. Home of the World Famous Suicide Race* graced the cover of the *AAR*'s Volume

VII: TEMPER. To see more of his work, visit **joshlevinefineart.com**.

Emilia Lievano '84 (p. 94) enjoys exercising her artistic eye through various forms of creativity: photography, jewelry making, mosaics, and gardening. She majored in experimental psychology and enjoyed taking various art classes at F&M. She currently works as an occupational therapist and lives in the Philadelphia area with her husband, daughter, and rescue dog.

Katie Machen '15 (p. 84) currently lives and works in New Zealand. Since graduating with majors in English and French, she taught in France for two years before returning to Lancaster to serve as staff writer and coordinator of special projects in the offices of communications and the president. Katie now spends her time minding young children, gazing at the horizon, and writing. She returns to the U.S. in summer 2019 to continue the adventure.

Via his mediation/arbitration practice, following mandatory retirement of New Jersey judges at 70 years of age, **Bill Mathesias '61** (p. 71) continues, nonetheless to deliver peace and relative harmony to warring litigation adventurers. He doesn't miss the black dress at all.

Livia Meneghin '15 (p. 18) is an M.F.A. candidate at Emerson College. She is the author of *Honey in My Hair*, a chapbook that was a finalist for the Atlas Review's 2016 Competition. Her essays can be found at **liviameneghin.wordpress.com** and her poetry is forthcoming in *New Square*. Livia has lived in Italy, Greece, England, New York, and Pennsylvania, and currently resides in Massachusetts.

After graduating from McBurney School in New York in 1968, **Richard Milazzo '72** (p. 123) majored in English, and subsequently earned an M.A. at City College of New York in 1975. He presently lives and works in New York City.

Currently enrolled in a master's program for higher education: student access and Success at the University of Michigan, **Keiran Miller '15** (p. 104) is looking to continue writing as a form of reflection, understanding, and idea formation.

Mark Miller '74 (p. 23) has sold movie projects to Warner Brothers, been a writer/producer on numerous TV sit-com staffs, a humor columnist for the *Los Angeles Times* Syndicate, and a part of the Los Angeles storytelling community. He has also performed stand-up comedy in nightclubs and on TV. His first book, a collection of his humor essays on his dating and romance experiences, is *500 Dates: Dispatches from the Front Lines of the Online Dating Wars*.

Kristina Montville '14 (p. 55) majored in history and English with a studio art minor. Her love of photography strengthened during her years at F&M through studio classes, traveling abroad, and working in the photo lab. After graduating, Kristina spent four months working at *National Geographic* magazine and a year working at F&M before accepting a job at Columbia University and moving to New York City. She currently works at Columbia Business School and is pursuing a master's degree in higher and post-secondary education. Montville's photograph, "Hot Spring" graced the cover of the *AAR*'s Volume IV: EDGE.

Jon Mort '06 (p. 50) often finds artistic inspiration in Sarah Waybright, '06, who is featured in several of his works of art. A studio art major and classics minor, Mort has participated in many one-person and group museum and gallery exhibitions. His latest show, *New Horizons,* is featured in November 2017 *American Art Collector Magazine*. The Somerville Manning and Carla Massoni Galleries represent his artwork worldwide. He maintains studios in Washington, D.C. and Port Clyde, Maine. **JonMortStudio.com**, **JMort@Alumni.RISD.edu**

Tom Musante '80 (p. 49) graduated with a B.A. in economics. Over the past 38 years he has held executive technology positions in financial services, management consulting and most recently transportation. After a 20-year hiatus, Musante returned to photography, finding success with both gallery shows and published work. Musante's photograph, "Passage Through Time," graced the cover of the AAR's Volume II: DOORWAY. More of his work can be seen at **tommusante.com**.

Peter Nielsen '78 (p. 22) enjoys stalking about the uplands and wetlands observing and photographing the natural beauty Cape Cod has to offer. As he is employed in retail, this offers a wonderful escape from the hustle and bustle associated with living and working in a

resort area. Nielson always carries his camera when he travels.

David Noble '52 (p. 82) is a geologist. He grew up in West Philly. The majority of his career was spent in Virginia working on transportation-related problems. He resides in Charlottesville. He may be reached at **davidfnoble28@gmail.com**

Melody Pham '14 (p. 81) majored in chemistry. She lives in Lancaster County and enjoys reading in her free time.

Sam Price '09 (p. 61) lives in Philadelphia.

Phoebe Renee '18 (p. 37) was born in New York in 1996. After receiving her degree in English, with an emphasis in creative writing, Phoebe moved to Denver, Colo. for a change of pace and scenery. In the coming years, Phoebe will be furthering her education in the arts as a whole. She continues to dabble in her studies of translating and dissecting her color-grapheme synesthesia through poetics, using rhythm and visual art as vehicles to create a universally accessible form.

Steven Rosner '73 (p. 60) majored in biology and subsequently graduated from New York Medical College. After a fellowship in rheumatology he entered private practice in Bergen County, N.J., where he continued to work full time in clinical rheumatology. He is celebrating 43 years of marriage to Cathy Pollak Rosner, Esquire; they have two daughters and one grandson. Street, landscape, and foreign travel photography are his favorite leisure activities.

Andy Rouse '49 (p. 76) is a Trustee Emeritus of F&M. He majored in history, and went on to earn his bachelor of laws from Columbia in 1952. That same year, he enlisted in the Air Force, where he rose to the rank of Captain. In 1957, he returned to his studies and earned an MBA from Harvard, graduating with distinction. While in Boston, Mr. Rouse answered the call to become president of F&M's Boston Alumni Club. After moving to Washington D.C., he assumed leadership of that alumni club. Mr. Rouse's career as a successful businessman included high-level work in the government sector, extensive assignments in strategic planning, management in the insurance industry, and service on corporate boards. In 1986 he retired as an executive vice president of Cigna Corporation in Philadelphia. His first book of poems, *Seven Days*

Plus Two, was published in 2015, and his interests include gardening, completing the NYT crossword daily, and playing with his dog, Ellie.

An attorney in Fairfax, Virginia, **Gerard Rugel '68** (p. 8) majored in history and attended American University's School of Law. His practice has focused on the legal challenges of individuals with disabilities. His first photographs were published in F&M's *Oriflamme*. Forty-five years later, the *Alumni Arts Review* Volume II, SHIFT, featured his photo "The Cartwheel," on its cover. Email him at **Rugellaw@aol.com**.

Beverly Ryan '73 (p. 92), a psychology major, has been a full-time artist for many years. She teaches painting at the Art League School, Alexandria, Va, and is a resident artist at the Torpedo Factory Art Center. Her work has been exhibited locally and internationally and resides in private and corporate collections. Most recently, her solo exhibit *Drone Zone*, reviewed by The Washington Post, included paintings, drawings, metal and soft sculptures. More of Ryan's work can be seen at **beverlyryan.com**.

Bill Scaff '57 (p. 20) majored in economics. Since retiring many years ago, photography has been his main hobby, but he confesses that his SLR has been mostly idle for a year or two now. Using a smartphone, with the ability to control settings (definitely not point-and-shoot) and carry an album in his pocket, has been great.

Philosophy major **Kelly Schenke '95** (p. 51) has had her poems and essays published in previous editions of the *Alumni Arts Review*. It is one of her great pleasures to learn about the theme and attempt to contribute to this wonderful gift from F&M. Kelly's many blessings include her beautiful wife and their three amazing kids.

John Shire '66 (p. 27) 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. **johnshirephotography.com**.

Shrima '16 (p. 21) is a writer and organizer who grew up in New York City, by way of Nepal, and continues to grow/struggle there. She majored in anthropology, minored in international studies, and went on to get her M.A. in Migration Studies at the University of Sussex. She's been an educator and mentor for refugee youth in Greece, workshop facilitator for youth in Nepal, and now juggles multiple projects in areas of international development, art & activism, and community organizing. Her poetry has also appeared in *Newtown Literary*.

Marc J. Straus '65 (p. 38) is a medical oncologist, and the author of four poetry collections, three from TriQuarterly Northwestern University Press. He owns Marc Straus, L.L.C., a major contemporary art gallery in New York City.

Frances Steinberg '73 (p. 57) psychologist, martial artist, acupuncturist, and interactive learning designer, lives between the glorious Mt. Taranaki and the sparkling Tasman sea. She usually spends her writing time generating professional books and novels (**solutionsunlimited.co.nz**). Upon hearing the call of the F&M *Alumni Arts Review*, however, she often breaks out in poetry.

Sarah Summerson '18 (p. 106) majored in English literature and comparative literary studies. She has been published in the journals *OTHER*, *Aji*, and *Collision Literary*, as well as in *Weaving the Terrain*, an anthology from Dos Gatos Press. She is also a winner of the Academy of American Poets Poetry Prize and the William Uhler Hensel Sr. Prize. You can follow her on twitter for all the tidbits that couldn't find a home in a poem.

Allan Tasman, M.D., '69 (p. 10) is professor and emeritus chair of psychiatry at the University of Louisville and Schwab Endowed Chair in Social and Community Psychiatry. A psychoanalyst, cognitive neuroscience researcher, and past president of the American Psychiatric Association, he has lectured and published extensively around the world. He received the F&M Alumni Citation in 2012. With his spouse Cathy, an artist, teacher, and mental health advocate, he has three adult children. He spends most of his free time gardening and making photographs. **allan.tasman@gmail.com**

In 1970, having majored in English, **F. Jeffrey Trubisz '70** (p. 31) left F&M as well as his first name. He completed a master's at UMass-Amherst (1973) and pursued a teaching and administrative career in the Melrose Public Schools (1974-2008). Currently residing in Burlington, Vt., with his wife Shayne and their Irish setters Maggie and Annie, he writes, photographs, practices yoga, and hikes the nearby mountain trails. His fine art photographs regularly appear in galleries in Burlington Vt. and Rockport Mass. as well as on his website, **onthetrailphotography.com**.

Matt Werner '69 (p. 100) majored in geology and is following an encore career in sculpture, which he finds fosters his emotional awareness and an emotional vocabulary—elements that were missing in his first career. His favorite subjects are people, with all their diversity, uninhibitedness, energy and goodness. His sculptures are intended to be non-cynical snapshots reminding us that life—and people in particular—are engaging, amusing, noble, beautiful, and joyous. See more of Matt's work at **whiptailart.com**.

Jim Yescalis '68 (pp. 74, 107) 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. His photograph "Father and Son, Prince Street" graced the cover of Volume VI of the *AAR*, CONTACT. He lives in Lancaster with Jill, his wife of 47 years. **jimandjillyes@aol.com**

Born and raised in an industrial city in China, **Winniebell Xinyu Zong '18** (p. 58) majored in English with an emphasis in creative writing. She received the Nolt Music Award and the Honaman Japanese Study Fund. Her work can be found on *Rigorous* and is forthcoming on *Little Patuxent Review*. She currently works with the College Advising Corps, mentoring high school students on matriculation.

Acknowledgments

In my mind's eye, four fine and lofty pillars support the *Alumni Arts Review*: The Provost's Office, The Office of Communications, the Office of Alumni Connections, and the Philadelphia Alumni Writers House.

In the Provost's Office, I offer deep thanks to **Joel Martin** for his advocacy. In this regard, and in general, I can't say enough about Associate Dean of the Faculty **Kim Armstrong**. My meetings with her are always filled with ideas, advice, and a great deal of laughter. I am hugely grateful for her and to her.

In the Office of Communications, thanks to **Jason Klinger**, Senior Director of Creative and Brand Strategy, who runs that incredibly productive office; and **Sri Dasgupta**, Director of Web Content and Multimedia. I'm also very grateful to **Chris Karlesky '01**, Editor, F&M Magazine, who each year, in the spring edition of the Magazine, features pieces from the current *Alumni Arts Review*. This show of support for our alumni artists is deeply appreciated—by me, and above all by them.

Special thanks to graphic designer **Michael Fink**, who also serves on my Editorial Board. He and everyone in the Communications office are in enormous demand, designing, editing, dealing with deadlines and print runs, yet somehow Mike manages to keep his eye on every aspect of this publication. He's designed the AAR's past five volumes: Shift ('14) Edge ('15) Signs ('16), Contact ('17), Temper ('18), and now Swing. I always look forward to our dance of emails, especially thick and fast as we get close to sending this volume to print. In addition to addressing copyedits and other necessary aspects of publication, there is always some delightful sentence about other matters—Mike reads widely, and has a great sense of humor even when he is juggling dozens of simultaneous projects. He is a cherished colleague.

In the office of Alumni Relations, I appreciate the support of **Amy Layman**, Director of Alumni Relations and Annual Giving; and especially of **Donna Pflum**, Director of Alumni and Volunteer Engagement, and **Jenn Gallagher**, Assistant Director of Alumni Relations. Donna and

Jenn are unfailingly cheerful and proactive and prompt and organized. They handle every kind of detail—coordinating email announcements and invitations, creating mailing labels, tracking down lost alums and missing addresses, and helping with every aspect of the annual *Alumni Arts Review* April Publication Party.

Donna and Jenn, and the rest of the dedicated team in Alumni Connections, are vital to the *AAR*; every year—in the midst of coordinating dozens of other alumni events, off campus and on—they bring their talent and commitment to the endeavor that is the *Review*. It simply would not happen without them.

The fourth "pillar" that supports the AAR is The Philadelphia Alumni Writers House, that bustling, active student hub that houses my office and offers so much materiel assistance. Director **Kerry Sherin Wright**, Co-Director **Joanna Underhill**, and House Coordinator **Alex Faccibene** provide me with every kind of support, tangible and intangible: delivering flowers on hearing of the death of a beloved cat, helping me submit budgetary items, ordering office supplies, supplying doughnuts and bananas and tangerines as well as plenteous laughter and advice. I can't thank them enough.

I have friends who work in English Departments in colleges around the country, and when I describe the love and kindness and —I dare to say it — tenderness that abounds in ours, those friends are astounded. Our English Department is incredibly special, and I am honored and grateful to have been a part of it these past eleven years. Yes—I'll be hanging up my professor boots this year, with such gratitude for (I will risk repetition) the love and kindness and tenderness this department has shown me. Special thanks to our Department Coordinator, **Debra Faust Saporetti '91**, to chair **Genevieve Abravanel**, and to beloved colleagues **Kabi Hartman**, **Judith Mueller**, and **Kerry Sherin Wright**. I cherish the friendship of these brilliant women.

Among the many pleasures of working on the *Alumni Arts Review* are the interactions with the students on my Editorial Board. This year has been no exception—it's a wonderful, insightful group. Each of them is assigned dozens of submissions to read and view and remark upon: stories, photographs, poems, paintings, essays, and sculptures. Their comments can be startling and deeply insightful—as often as not they make me examine my own point of view. I very much appreciate the ideas they offer.

Several members of the Board will graduate this spring; **Emilia Donnelly**, **Katie Pierce**, and **Allison Shockley** have each contributed their energies and talents for several years, and I will miss them! But I hope the rest of the student Board will continue to serve, including the superb 2020 cohort, **Kim Brandolisio** and **Sandra Sanchez**; and those who joined the Board this year, members of the impressive class of '21: **Shannon Cunningham**, **Francine Levy**, **Isabel Paris**, and **Hope Raney**.

Over the past eight years—since the founding of the *Alumni Arts Review*—I've been tremendously fortunate in my student assistants, beginning with **Charlotte Roth '14**, who helped create and imagine the job that's been handed on to those who've come after her: **Maeve Shanahan '15**, **Delia Pepper '16**, and **Greer Kann '17**, each of whom trained the assistant who inherited their tasks. This year, like last year, my assistants have been **Emilia Donnelly '19**, and **Kim Brandolisio** '20, both of whom also serve as members of the Editorial Board. As Assistants to the Editor, that is what Kim and Emilia do—they assist me—and they do so in myriad ways, editorial and administrative, picayune and large, and I am very grateful. Emilia graduates this year—as my assistants must always do—and I will miss her intelligence and energy. Kim has been my assistant for three years now—I asked her to join the Board when, as a first-year student she enrolled in my Myth and Fairy Tale course, so impressed was I with her skills—and I'm glad to know I get to work with her for another year before she, too, moves into the larger, wonderful world.

My final thanks go to the alumni of Franklin & Marshall College. Without their talents, the book you hold in your hands would have no reason to exist. It's very difficult to make the decisions about what work makes it into the particular issue; obviously we can't include everyone who submits, or the volume would be at least twice the size it is. In addition to finding a balance of poems and prose, as well as fiction and nonfiction (and sometimes song lyrics), there's also a range of visual art to assess: photographs, paintings, sculpture. Gender is also something I try to balance (F&M has no female alumni prior to 1969). Interpretation is another thing I take into account, and while one of the pleasures of this job is seeing how alumni engage with the year's theme; one of the pains is deciding whose work will make it into the volume and whose will not.

There's also my desire to include a range of class years. In this issue, it's a thrill and an honor to include work from those who graduated in the last few years (e.g. a poem by **Sarah Summerson '18**, a photograph by **Kristina Montville '14**); from those who graduated—and this this is just a sample of the class years represented in this volume—in '12, '05, '96, '82, '72, '66, '57; and work from alums who graduated in the middle of the previous century: a poem by **Dave Noble '52**, and an essay by **Andy Rouse '49**. The engagement of F&M alums in Volume VIII of the *Alumni Arts Review*, SWING, stretches across *sixty-nine* years.

Finally: The alums who submit their work, especially poems and prose, almost always get editorial commentary from me or from a senior member of the Editorial Board. This might be a few questions about word choice; it might come in the form of editorial suggestions; sometimes it's a larger suggestion to sharpen and focus the piece. A photographer may be asked to crop, a painter to send a higher resolution image. I'm aware these sometimes land on incredulous alums: *I thought I was done!* But almost invariably, the exchanges that come about, as we move through various drafts of the piece under consideration, create a treasured bond of understanding: we are simply trying to make the piece the best it can be. The friendships that have formed around these communications, often across time zones (and in a few cases across continents and oceans) mean a great deal to me. It is one of the great joys of this job, and I am grateful.

Sands Hall, Editor

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