

Fioretti

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Fioretti

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Marian College
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This edition of FIORETTI is dedicated to Marian College in celebration of 50 years in Indianapolis. To mark the occasion, a special section of alumni contributions is included.

* * *

This edition is also dedicated to the memory of Forrest Brandon who died on October 11, 1987.

ONLY A DREAM?

Katy Allen

It must have been around two o'clock or later. All I know is that the children were out on the playground for afternoon recess. Because I needed a chance to relax, I was very thankful for the late break. The students hadn't been any different than usual that day. Matthew had stuck gum in Alicia's hair. Poor clumsy Rita had tripped over Terry's feet and dropped her freshly glued sience project. It took forever to pick up all the toothpicks and clean up the mess. No it wasn't the children that day. However, something was different.

I seemed to be experiencing hot flashes and this strange sinking feeling that came and went. After some procrastination, I decided to spend my brief break in the girl's restroom. All I needed was a little cool water on my face and hopefully I would be able to catch my breath. When I glanced in the mirror, I remember thinking that I somehow looked different, but I couldn't quite place the change. Maybe some more cold water would help, but it didn't. My head began to throb. Because of the increasing pain, I began to feel very weak. I must have blacked out. I honestly don't remember.

Suddenly, I felt this tremendous thundering sensation that shook my entire body. My heart began to race. I could feel the adrenaline surging through my veins. What was happening? Where was I?

Without thinking, I ran for cover. All I wanted to do was escape. The noise and vibration were unbearable. I huddled frozen in a dark corner for what seemed like an eternity--I dare not move! I dare not look! I told myself. Finally, the noise and

movement were gone. In my now weakened state, I managed to muster some courage. I had to find out what was happening.

Slowly, I crawled out from my safe little hideaway. In no way, was I prepared for the revelation that was about to confront me. I shrieked! The girl's restroom had grown larger than was even imaginable. Everything was gigantic. The porcelain sinks hung like haunting white cliffs above me. I discovered that my safe secure haven from earlier danger was an old green trash can that now looked dark and ominous. I turned to my left to view the full length mirror that was towering and glistening above me. It was then that I realized it was not the room the was larger. No, it was I who was smaller.

Somehow in all the confusion I had not noticed the intruder, but she had seen me. I heard a loud noise and turned just in time to see her sticky hands surround me. It was poor clumsy Rita. She picked me up in one swift movement. The motion was nauseating and Rita's grip was tight and firm.

"Not so tight! You're hurting me!" I yelled as I attempted to release her fat little fingers from around my body. Her grip loosened.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Rita, it is me, Mrs. Allen, your teacher."

"What happened to you?"

"Well, I'm a little out of sorts," I answered calmly. If I were to survive, I had to remain calm. "Actually, I'm sick! I don't feel well."

"Oh, sometimes my Mommy gets sick and when she gets sick she throws up and ..."

"That's nice, Rita. Thank you for sharing that with me," I interrupted. I could not believe that I was having this

conversation.

I needed to think. --Where can I go? My desk. That is where I do my best thinking.

"Rita, will you please take me to my desk?" I asked.

Rita left the bathroom with arms outstretched and proceeded to carry me down the hall as though I were some sort of stiff little kewpie doll. As we neared the classroom, I knew I would live to regret my previous request. I could hear the boisterous voices and resounding clatter of the classroom. I attempted to get Rita's attention.

"Rita, I have changed by mind!"

Before I knew what was happening, I was falling through the air to my desk. Rita turned and proudly announced to the class, "Look!"

Everyone stopped.

Children began coming toward me!

"What's that?" Michael, one of my more inquisitive students, asked.

"Mrs. Allen," Rita answered.

"That's not Mrs. Allen," someone said.

Matthew ran up to my desk to take a closer look. He stared directly at me with his huge green eyes.

"Yup! That's Mrs. Allen," he said.

"What happened?" he asked.

"She's sick!" Rita answered.

Matthew stepped back.

"That's right, children! I am sick. You will need to return to your desks." I prayed that they would listen.

"She doesn't look sick to me," Matthew said as he drew nearer.

Now, I stepped back.

Paul picked up a huge yellow marker and began poking at me.

"Stop that!" I cried as I attempted to escape his advances. Something in his manner

disturbed me.

It was then that I realized that the entire class was crowded around my desk. I was claustrophobic. I couldn't breathe.

Off to one side, I noticed sweet little Emily. If anyone would help me, it was Emily. "Please, Emily," I begged. "Please go get Mrs. Abrams, the principal!"

No response.

Various large soft tipped markers, red, blue, and green, came at me. Those once innocent little faces now took on a fiendish, hungry sneer that sent a chill down my spine.

I screamed and fell into a sobbing heap.

"Kate, Kate!" I heard off in the distance.

"Kate, wake up, it's only a dream."

I opened my eyes to see scattered papers lying all over the dining room and my husband, Les, there to comfort me.

"It's past midnight. You must have fallen asleep while grading papers. It's all right," he said as he put his arms around me. "It was only a dream. Come on and go to bed."

Exhausted from the busy day and the confusion of my dream, I did not argue, nor did I notice the tiny yellow, red, blue, or green dots that had mysteriously appeared on the clothes that I was wearing! ~

Haiku

*After gentle rains I walk,
And what do I see?
A robin's egg, broken.*

Terence Morgan

The New Students

Tucked away inside the edge of the
city,
We lie on the outskirts of becoming
more.
Having dug in, we are sheltered
here
In a cozy, little world
With its own social norms
dress codes
and familiar words.
Beginning guarded,
Defended from the outside
By brick red
Distance and hope.
We see here not just the world
as it really is but
Also as the world we intend to
move toward
Boldly
We begin trading knowledge with
the world.
We want our own as much
And learn our own
Daring perspective and well-
focused mirror of humanity

And we could be a lot more
Snobbish than we are ~ more well-
pronounced.

Marian keeps us guilded
gossiping
safe

warm

here.

Outside campus coats are needed
in the winters
Of our lives, but at Marian
jackets are enough.

Marian is not ours
We are its, and yet
Sweatshirts and sweaters that
have "Marian College"

Printed on them mean nothing
Without us ~ we are the actual school
how it is defined
and what it becomes.

It is our body, our suit of armor,
But yet, we are its soul
the very audible beat
of its heart
its knighthood.

— John Brown

THE EYES HAVE IT

Teresa Scotten

When I think of the most significant example of prejudice in my life, I remember an experiment I was a part of in grade school. I was nine years old, and in the third grade in a parochial school.

The point of the experiment was to determine how prejudice affected our lives. The experiment lasted a week; the results, a lifetime.

We were divided into three groups. Those with green eyes were the minority, blue eyes were the second largest group and brown eyes were the majority. We were segregated in the classroom and were not allowed to play together. The playground was roped off in three sections, ranging in size to accommodate the number of children in each group.

I have green eyes. One of my closest friends was a girl named Lucy, who had brown eyes.

The first morning of the experiment, before we learned of our impending segregation, Lucy confided in me that her mother had bought her flowered underpants. She was afraid the wind would catch her uniform skirt, exposing them and making her the laughingstock of the third grade. I vowed to keep Lucy's secret, and we separated that morning with reluctance. We yearned for Monday the following week when we could play together again, business as usual.

The experiment progressed with sickening hostility. There were fights after school, vicious new children's rhymes about eye color, and finally, on Friday, a riot state at lunchtime recess. The blue and brown-eyed children were nearly equal in number. The

green-eyed minority was losing the war. As each side shouted insults at the other, I remember looking over to see Lucy hurl a rock at a green-eyed child. The rock struck the soft flesh of her cheek. In turn, I became white-hot with rage. I began to chant: "Lucy has flowered underwear! Lucy has flowered underwear!"

Monday morning and the remaining school year were never again business as usual. I remember Lucy with bland indifference. I sometimes wonder if she still wears flowered underwear, or if she now wears contact lenses to change the color of her eyes. ~

Haiku

*The brisk autumn winds
Blow the summer's heat away
~~ And enchant the earth.*

Heardra Hebb

ATTENTION ALL MOTORISTS:

Kerry Dearth

Soon a law will be enforced requiring all drivers to affix a yellow diamond-shaped sign to their car's rear window. The sign will warn other motorists of the driver's driving habits as determined by the Driver Classification System (DCS). All drivers will be required to take driving tests at a state license branch immediately and must take an additional test upon each renewal of the license. A license official will accompany the driver and classify him into one of the five driving classes. The DCS sign will state the name of the driver's class as well as a sub-class, which is within each class.

The first category of drivers is the Mr. Clean class. There are two sub-classes within this class, AA and A. To be classified AA, a driver must own a luxury type car and should keep it spotless at all times. He never breaks a law of the road and is never involved in an accident. He must also listen to classical music on his way to work. The other sub-class is Mr. Clean A. On occasion this driver breaks a law of the road but always feels guilty about it. He may also be involved in a minor accident, but he must never admit it was his fault.

People say that memory is the first to go in old age; if so, then hand/foot reaction time is second; this is a characteristic of the second type of driver--The Granny. Members of this class drive at least five miles per hour under the speed limit and often forget to switch turn signals on and off. Granny drivers always keep their eyes glued to the road in front of them,

disregarding any surrounding traffic; they always steer with both hands (no more than half a foot apart) and the distance between the wheel and the tip of their nose must not exceed three inches. All Granny drivers fifty years or older are classified AA. All drivers meeting the above requirements but younger than fifty are classified A.

The next category of drivers is the Wild and Crazy Guy class. Class AA drivers develop "crazy eyes" when they get behind the wheel of their car. Drivers of this class have been inspired by the movie "Deathrace 2000," in which drivers stalked the streets earning points for hitting pedestrians. Most of these drivers humble themselves, however, by substituting animals for human pedestrians. Members of this class can drive through people's yards, can drive backwards for long stretches, and love to perform acrobatics on ice covered roads. Their cars are usually dented and resemble tanks, and their tires make smoke and screech whenever they leave a parking lot. Class A drivers resemble class AA drivers except they lack that certain madness and wild determination of the latter. Perhaps they have not seen the required movie yet. Most members of this sub-class are high school students who still need a little practice.


The fourth type of driver is the Grand Prix Racer. This person takes great pride in his car, which should resemble a race car. To the member of this class, an ordinary drive to the grocery store is like racing in the Monaco Grand Prix. The class AA driver has planned every inch of the route ahead and has every stoplight timed to perfection. He brags on blowing past others on his route and will not allow another to pass him lest it devastate his day. The class A driver has the mandatory racing car but still lacks the

guts to become a true road racer.

The last member of the Driver Classification System is scientifically named the Tyranno Auto Malus but is commonly called a wide variety of names by fellow motorists. These drivers commonly drive onto medians and curbs and often forget basic traffic laws. They do not believe in turning on red, are never aware of the accidents they cause, and almost always drive alone. The sub-classes are determined by the number of accidents accumulated. For every ten accidents, major and minor, another A is added to the DCS sign.

All drivers must obtain their proper sign before their next birthday; failure to do so will result in the offender becoming a temporary license official in the future where he must accompany a driver of one of the classes above. A fine will be assessed, but authorities will not, however, take a citizen off the streets by imposing a jail sentence. Drive safely, or at least as well as you can, and remember to buckle your safety belts.





TAKE A CHANCE

Patti Mazelin

Shadow and his father meandered along the lazy, green hills. Since fall was approaching, the oak, maple, and elm trees were various shades of brick red, bright orange and auburn, all sprinkled with a golden touch. The leaves sparkled in the afternoon sunlight. Within this rainbow panorama was a herd of Black Angus grazing on the pasture. The farmer's land was separated from the government's property by a four foot wooden fence painted white.

Shadow's father began to carry on a silent conversation with himself, wondering what to say to his son, but also, what not to say. Fatherhood had its challenges.

"Shadow," he finally said, "We're good buddies, aren't we? I hope you're as happy about this transfer as the rest of the family and will make an effort to make friends of your own while we are stationed here. You have to reach out too, you know."

Shadow simply listened.

Shadow's father was concerned about the timid, small-framed Vietnamese child. But his dad also knew that shyness and the military don't mix. He clumsily tried to relate to how his adopted son might feel by discussing his own experiences while stationed overseas. But being the aggressive, energetic adult that he was, the Captain enjoyed travelling. He thrived on the rapid outgoing pace of an officer's life, and the responsibilities involved. Through this freely chosen lifestyle, he considered himself fortunate to see not only various countries around the world but also the vast lands of his own homeland. He truly enjoyed meeting the people within these numerous

worlds.

"You're not a little boy anymore, Shadow. You're ten years old. You need to stand on your own two feet and take a chance to make a friend. People are still people wherever you go. The color of a person's skin or the shape of his eyes is all on the outside. What counts is what's on the inside."

Shadow silently listened.

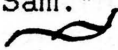
The captain had seen the fragile boy rely on his sister and the security of that relationship. Mary, not being an adopted child and several years older than Shadow, kept a watchful eye on her little brother. The father felt she was ready for more of a social life of her own. He worried that Shadow was too dependent upon his sister. Yet, the time spent with his adopted son was certainly limited by the position he held. An officer's life required many demands both professionally and socially.

"Son," the Captain said, "all I ask is that you try. Just say, 'Hello, my name is Shadow. What's yours?' And it will become easier the more you say it. I promise. Will you try, for me, pal?"

"O.K. I guess I'll try for you. But, Dad... Nevermind."

As Shadow and his father strolled back to the Officers' Quarters, a youth with sandy hair and green eyes met them while romping in the grass with his dog. The golden retriever was catching a frisbee which had been tossed in the air by the young boy.

The youth said, "Hi." and introduced himself. The Captain caught a glance from his son. He nodded slightly, and then Shadow's father heard a soft voice come back to say, "Hi. My name is... My name is Sam."



CAUGHT, OUT IN THE OPEN

Terence Morgan

I thought I was clever. I thought I was good. Turns out, I was right. I didn't know who the creeps were that were following me. At first I thought they were federal agents or rental cops trying to subpoena me, but they showed no badges or papers. Although I should have been thinking, feds and private eyes are usually smart enough to know better than to try to arrest someone in a crowded shopping mall. There would be too many chances for bystanders to get injured if things got out of hand.

After they stopped me and I realized who they weren't, I decided to choose discretion as the better part of valor, and ran like hell. It's not that I wouldn't have liked to stay around for a few minutes and bruise them a bit to find out who they were, but the goons had guns. All I had in my pockets were some arcade tokens--not very effective weapons unless you're going a few rounds with Video Invaders.

Remembering my basic escape training, I immediately ran into a crowd to cover myself. My instructors had told me: "A plan in losing any pursuer is to never allow yourself to be caught out in the open."

After slipping around a corner, I noticed a bank of telephones. If I could only get a call out before one of those goons could catch me. I started sprinting through the flock of people around me, knocking over a few on the way.

Making it past the crowd, I started sliding over some water spilled on the floor. I couldn't control myself as I-Ouch!--slammed into the phone. I threw some change into the

machine hoping that at least one of the coins was a quarter. Success! I heard the dial tone and began ringing up "Mother."

"Hello, Mother, this is Logan calling. I'm afraid I won't be home for dinner unless you come to give me a ride," I stated in code.

Whoever was playing "Mother" tonight didn't waste much time. He switched me over to the Executive's line immediately.

"Logan? What's wrong? Mother said you've got some bogies on your tail."

"That's right, and if you don't get me now, my tail is gonna start flamin'."

I looked to see if they were still coming. There they were: four goons with big guns. Having no more time to talk, I threw the phone on the receiver and took off running again.

There were more people blocking my way than before so that I could barely move. I steadily built up speed. Unfortunately, I was paying more attention to my pursuers than to where I was going. When I looked to see where I was, I found that I was in the center of the mall with no one near me. Out in the open. I was in the open with no cover for more than fifty feet in any direction. Then I heard the first shot. The bullet hit the ground about a foot from me. Again I ran, but now I knew where to go. I headed out of the mall through a service entrance in the rear of the building, and to the wooded area behind.

Lots of trees. Lots of places to hide.

I thought I was smart. I had lost the gunmen. I thought I was good. I had managed to get a call off to "Mother" that would be traced to find me. I thought I was safe. I had made it to a place to hide. Turns out, none of this was true. They were waiting for me, there out in the woods. Not the four who had stopped me when I left the arcade, but

six other armed unknowns. They weren't hidden in trees, behind rocks, or under bushes. They were just standing there, in the shadows on the far side of the clearing. The clearing: an open place. The first four had caught up with the others--I was totally surrounded.

"Goodbye, Mr. Logan," one said, as they all raised their guns toward me.

What they wanted me for was unknown; possibly they were agents of a criminal I had helped send to prison who now sought revenge. Then I heard it: the last shot. It hit me in the chest. If only I had not been caught in the open, I wouldn't be lying on the ground with a bullet in my chest.

That was about five minutes ago. God, I hope that the Executive hurries. This bullet hurts. ~

Haiku

*In dew-wet grass
Walks the clumsy ant
Stumbling along.*

Terence Morgan





REUNION


Nancy Thompson

Dark clouds swirled above in the angry sky. As the winds began to strengthen, a voice cracked over the little short wave radio. The storm had now reached hurricane strength, and evacuation was to begin at once. All along the Outer Banks, people were preparing to leave and find a safe spot on the mainland. There were only three ways to get out of the area. A ferry on the south end of the narrow chain of barrier islands was definitely out of the question. To the north, the bridge to Virginia was packed with terrified tourists. The only other route was straight west across the causeway to Roanoke Island and then over the Alligator River. This way seemed to be the least congested, but it was also the scariest.

It was along this escape route, as they were hurrying across the angry waters of the sound, that the Perkins family suddenly realized that Buttons, the family dog, was not with them! She was nowhere in the car, and little Alison was quite distressed. She had been so intent upon gathering her dolls and sand pails packed at the last minute, that she must have forgotten poor old Buttons. Now the others were calling her a stupid baby. She was only six years old and was very upset by the sudden shock of ending their vacation, as well as losing the dog. Since they had to go on, it now appeared that a certain dachshund was going to ride out the storm!

Meanwhile, back at the rental cottage, the winds were howling and so was Buttons. She had just crawled out of her favorite

laundry basket, and realized that her family was gone. She was terribly upset, and after crying a little, she looked for a place to hide from the terrible noise of the hurricane. Finding no refuge, she went to sleep in a rolled-up sleeping bag, which was piled in a corner along with some blankets. A warning knock at the door to make sure everyone was out went unanswered. As the door slammed shut in the gale force winds, Buttons rolled over in the "bag" and went back to sleep. Here it was quiet and warm, and she decided to wait for her family. All was now still, as the eye of the storm passed over the deserted coast. Then, the other half of the storm battered the shore for the rest of the night.

Just before dawn, a man came in and picked up the pile of blankets and the sleeping bag, which included the dog. He loaded them on the big Red Cross truck, and his arms, already aching with fatigue, did not notice how heavy the stack of covers had become. As the truck sputtered over the flooded road to the high school gym, the little dog opened a sleepy eye to view her position among the blankets. Seeing no escape, and loving the softness, she crawled back into the sleeping bag. It smelled of home and her family. In it she felt safe and cozy. As they reached the gym filled with hurricane victims who had been stranded on the other side of the flooded causeway, the truck slowed to a stop. The blankets and Buttons were unloaded and distributed. As a lady unrolled the sleeping bag, out popped a little brown dog. Across the gym, a little girl squealed with delight and was answered by a joyful bark. 

The Cry for Help

Help me.

I'm drowning in a pool of tears,
but no one can hear my pleas.
This heavy mass stifles me.
Can anyone hear me? Does
anyone want to hear me?

Help me.

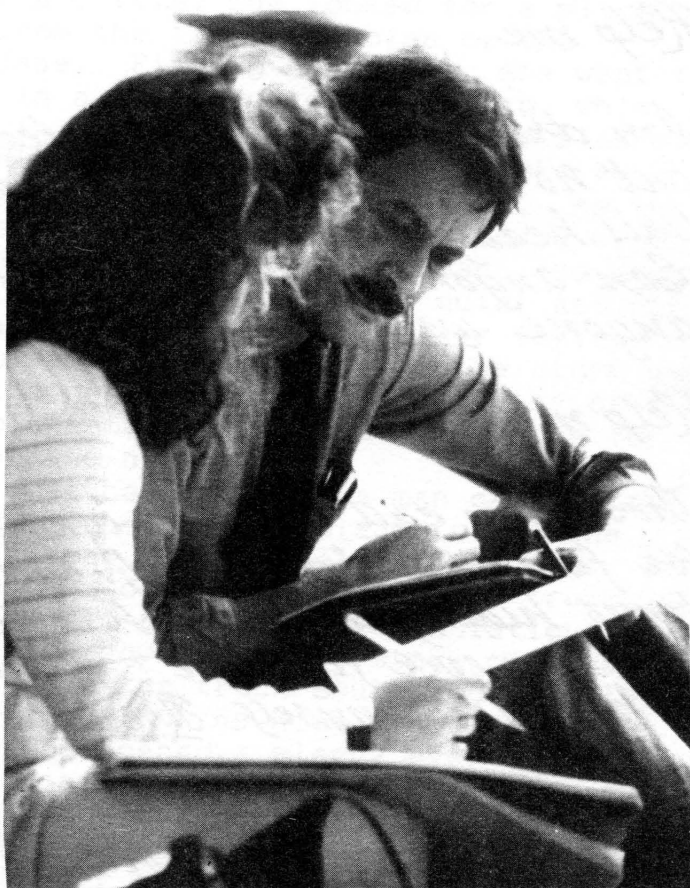
Those who call me are ignored
for fear of losing myself. Some-
times hiding is so much easier.
Will they ever find me? I seem
to have lost myself. Where am I?

Help me.

Is it fair that they ignore me?
They love to exclude me. Perhaps
they really can't see me. Am I
here? Can anyone see me? Does
anyone want to see me?

I thought not.

~Jennifer Sarakaitis



Forrest L. Brandon
Artist, Teacher, Friend
~1944-1987~

I Knew an Artist

There's a change in dress as
autumn calls,
A new brilliance of color before
the old leaves fall.
There is the artist who led
my mind
To recognize beauty in what
man leaves behind?

He didn't see the new fall shine,
Taken away before his time.
Death came as a shock to those
who care ~
No hundreds of slides as he
used to dare.

I know there's a part of him
in me.
It changes the view from
which I see.
No more is a building a
crumbling wreck ~
That is the style . . . or
architect?

Some paintings seemed jumbles
of colors mixed,
A kind of mistake that should
have been fixed.
Now I see the Masters at their
work
From Classical Greeks to Pop-art
quirks.

A friend is lost from earthly
home ~
We'll miss him even more in
years to come.
But now his canvas is the clear
blue sky ~
His peers are the Masters of
years gone by.

~ Dedicated to Forrest L.
Brandon ~

~ Tim Berryman


Alumni Section...



Invitational

Gabriel's blowing a silly tune.
A pip-squeaking, thin, little
whistling whine
Wants me to dance!
Me, with the grace
Of a crippled bird.
Arthritic old stumps in
Dorothy's old shoes.
Handed down through the years;
Used through the years;
Shined with old tears;
Wiped with old fears.
It's a wonderful notion
To waltz out of here ~
But first, a standing ovation.
I think you should do that
for me.

~ Lois Tenbieg Godollei '48



AMBER WAVES

Jim Hillman '87

The young men stain the ground with crimson, bombs exploding to reveal their destiny. War is a continual process, where stillness chills the backdrop of the human spirit. Destiny remembers such peaceful stillness, yet has grown to accommodate the majestic battle cries. Destiny finds security in the sounds of life, as well as with those of death, marching forward to consume generations.

He was only seven. In youth, one fears the monsters lurking in the closet or under the bed, not the mushroom cloud.

"Be not afraid."

"The bombs will never come."

"It was only a bad dream."


"Go watch television."

He was only seven, but wise beyond his years. The monsters were what man had become.

He was only eighteen. His father pats him on the back, calling him a man, and sending him on his way. His mother kisses his cheek and cries. He enters the military today. What is Vietnam?

He was only fifty. The scars still cause him pain because his wounds were deep. His legs do not hurt though, since he lost them both to peace. His wife had already met death by the kiss of cancer, and his boy has grown and moved away. But he is not alone, for he has the memories which prevent him from the stillness. His medals reflect the sunlight off the wall, nearly blinding him. He waits.

He was only sixty-seven. He hears the loud crash and is blinded, not by the

tarnished medals and the sunlight, but by a sudden flash. He smiles because there will be no more wars, only stillness. 

Catalogue I

For want of flint
and stint of tinder,
scant kindling
and too much cinder,
the fire fails
and down under
leaves grey ash
and gasping ember.

Ice encroaches;
the drowsy stoker
sees the crisis,
lets fall the poker,
stiffly sits in
tacit surrender,
chooses ice
before dying ember.

Terence Hanley
'86

Summer's Passing

It was not as yet a summer's day,
Only late ~ too late ~ in May,
And the light was dimmed that day.

But from somewhere buried deep inside,
He summoned courage, faith and pride,
To guide him on his final ride.

Then every day new hope would spring,
And life became a precious thing,
With love a joyful tune to sing.

So summer came and summer went,
The total time now neatly spent,
Reflection then ~ one would repent.

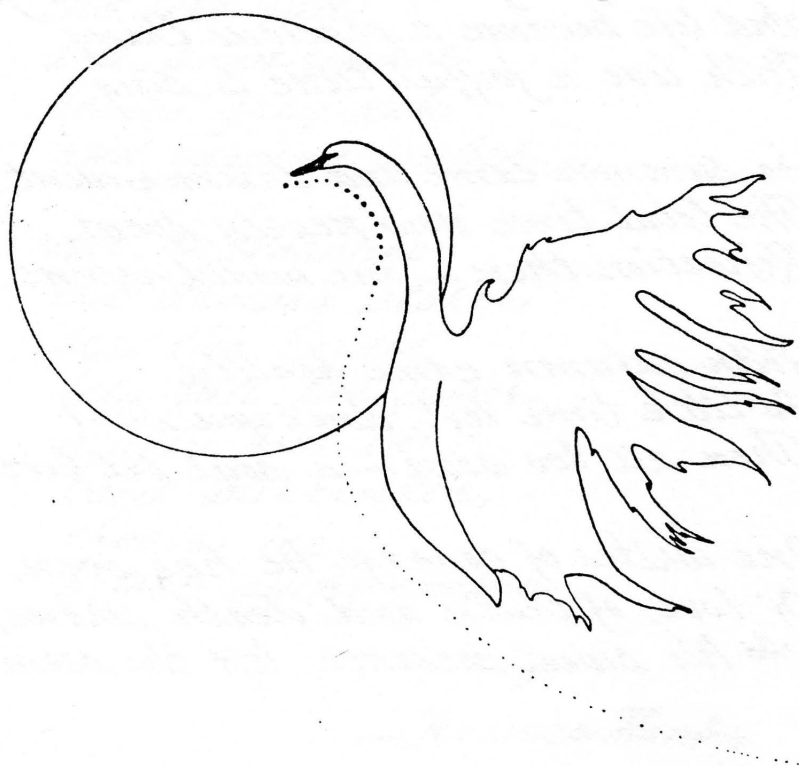
With autumn came reality,
So little time left, don't you see?
Then all too soon ~ a soul set free.


One writes of courage he has seen,
Of love, of truth and death serene,
As his sweet presence left the scene.

*That love grow stronger after death,
Such was his wish ~ his final breath ~
This finest gift to us he left.*

*~ dedicated to the memory of
my father H. B. ALLEN, JR.*

~ J. H. Allen '60





JUST BEING

Jim Hillman '87

Embracing him like an eternal lover, the gentle swirls of smoke caressed his stained fingertips and confused face. He watched the soothing ashes float lightly from the bright end of his cigarette onto the carpet. He liked to smoke and think, experiencing the relief of addiction and the clearing of mind.

The clock pounded loudly in unison with his accelerated heartbeat. Transforming the instant into the future, the magic of time worked against him. Fall became winter, and he became even more bitter. With winter came empty thoughts and dark promisings of a life passing too swiftly. Both television sets boomed loudly to produce a symbolic backdrop for his self-inflicted, mindless oblivion. The stereo continued to play an old disco album, as it had for the previous week. The noise was important to him, offering yet another distraction needed to maintain his blissful state. He only acknowledged the present.

He chuckled internally as he lifted a small wine glass to his lips and gulped the remaining scarlet fluid. He also consumed the rest of the contents of the wine bottle next to him. Swallow after swallow, he laughed, until the wine bottle became like the glass and his life; the emptiness brought shallow tears. As he cried, the blazing fire in his wood-burning stove quietly became a few dim and distant stars. The phone rang and the stars became a fading reality.

Alienated from his true self, he heard, but ignored, the incoming call. He was a stranger to his old self, a victim of both social and mental anguish. If he answered the call, someone would demand to talk to his

past being. He decided that he was not home.

He glanced around his dwelling and took note of the almost antique furnishings, articles of a lost time. Looking down at himself, he saw torn and ragged garments enveloping a like body. As he turned his head to the right, his vision focused upon the generic potatoe chip package on his overcrowded TV table. He hungered.

The hours passed, while the cigarette butts continued to accumulate in a nearby ashtray. As the fumes feasted upon his already coroded lungs, he smiled. Violently, he crushed and grinded the remaining part of his burning cigarette into the arm of his rocking chair. He lit another one. He prayed spring would come soon. ~



Catalogue II

Build this high wall ~
this heavy stone wall without a
chink.

Take this steel-less steel and
abstract concrete,
and build it thick and tall.

Restrain that weary prisoner:
weight him with weightless ball;
chain him with airy link.

Bar the windows with invisible bars;
let no sunlight in nor air
not even light from moon or stars;
let confused shadows dance upon
the wall.

Lay jawless trap and ropeless snare;
set the dogs loose in the pall ~
the dark glowering dogs ~ and near
the wall lay harmless wire.

Arm your ghost-guards well
and post them on the tower.

When the time comes,
tell your prisoner he needn't fear:
it's but for delousing that you call.

~ Terence Hanley '86

Winter Sunset

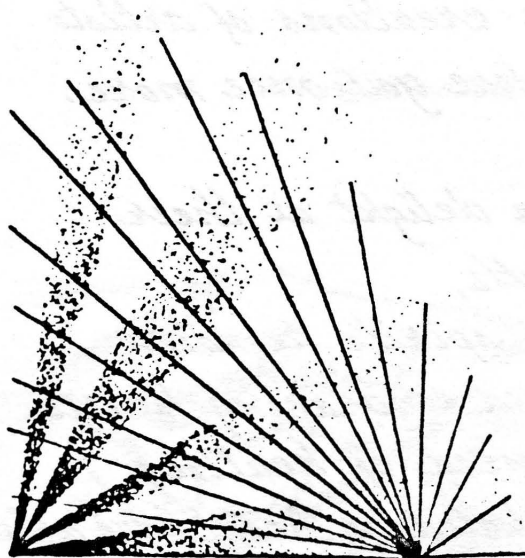
Two ancient men
Crouch by the fire
And talk of other times.
They've seen the gifts
That life can bring,
More often, seen the crimes.

Two ancient men,
Prime long since past,
Approaching winter's dusk,
Their discourse slow
And slightly slurred
With spittle red like rust.

A thousand days,
Or less, are left
To watch the world run by.

*A thousand nights,
The longest yet,
Then, one by one,
They die.*

— Philip J. Mahoney '69



Farewell, Maestro

Gentle hands take flight
And magical Music rises in
greeting,
Commencing a celebration
Of body and soul.

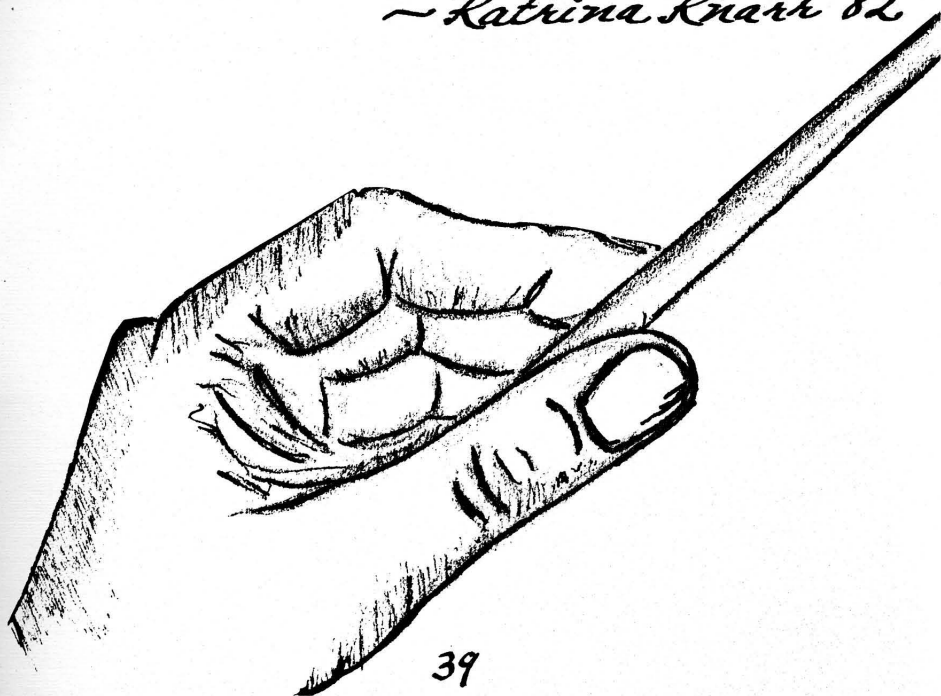
Wondrous sounds you weave,
Gracefully guiding in silent word
Symphonic creations of artists
Present before you once more.

Dancing in delight at their
rebirth,
The gifted spirits remain
Gracing and embracing hearts
in need of healing.
Now blanketed in Beauty we arise
to meet life anew.

*Spring sings upon the Earth
once more,
But the soul's voice beckons
Thy journey onward, to ones
less-blessed than we.
Beloved artist, your song
inspires still.*

*~ a tribute to John Nelson,
Indianapolis Symphony Music
Director ~ 1976-1987 ~*

~ Katrina Knarr '82



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