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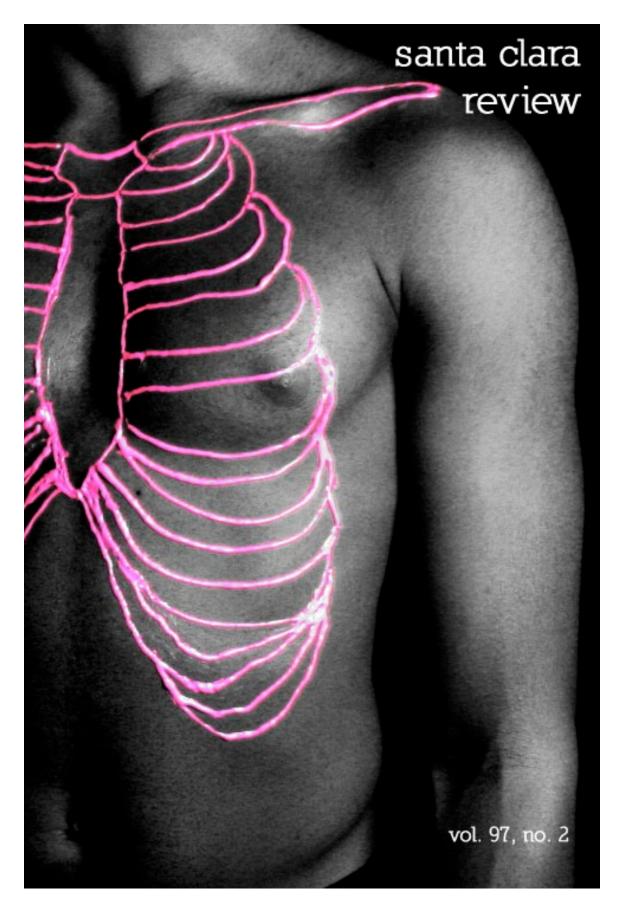


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# santa clara review



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## letter from the editor

#### Reader,

Thank you for picking up the new issue. The staff and I have been working round-the-clock to bring you what we believe is the next step in literary review innovation. After countless collaborative hours with R&D, consumer focus groups, patent lawyers and our trusty red pens, we are both proud and excited to bring you Vol. 97 No. 2.

You'll notice that this year's model is packed with all the stuff you've come to know and love—poems about the eventide, reflections on baking, a short play, and a healthy 20 page art section. We've also had an overwhelmingly positive response to the music section we piloted last issue—so we've kept it.

Among some of our new features is a sleeker, more lightweight design. At less than a hundred pages, Vol. 97 No. 2 is one of our leanest issues to date. You'll find this optimizes the magazine's travel capability and makes it easier than ever to take to your favorite café, library, or even to the beach. In addition to the compact design, we've also kept it completely wireless, and it never needs to be charged.

In the past we've been honored by the demand we've received for the magazine. That's why this time around, by opting for a slimmer, more cost-efficient design, we're aiming for a larger run—1,500 instead of our usual 1,000.

We at the Santa Clara Review invite you, the proud new owner of one of those 1,500 copies, to let our completely intuitive, touch-based interface guide you through a dazzling world of camel pageants, sunlit car rides and scuba expeditions.

We hope you enjoy the issue, Nick Sanchez and the Editors

P.S. The staff would like to say thank you and congratulations to our wonderful Faculty Advisor Rebecca Black, who will this coming fall be joining the faculty of the MFA program at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Thank you for the many years you've dedicated to the Review.

#### Place of Honor

Inspired by the Old English poem, "The Dream of the Rood"

I never harmed anyone, except for once, and this was not of my own choice.

My home was in the courtyard of the governor's palace, in a corner mostly ignored by the gardeners because it was just inside the walls, where no fine plants of any kind were kept. During the day I gratefully warmed myself as the sun beat down, but the dryness of its heat often left my skin hard and baked, all the water sucked out of it; and so I also welcomed the cold of night as a respite, though I felt less invigorated in those hours. But more than anything I watched for clouds, not just for the shade they brought in the sweltering noon, but because the dark ones brought down the cool waters of the heavens. Oh, how I longed for those waters more than anything else, relishing every drop that burst on my skin and dashed the dust away, seeping into all my eager crevices and injecting my veins with life! With the morning dew, this was all the water I would ever get. Unlike others of my kind who received such gifts from people, I was not beautiful, but thin, brown, and sharp.

They surprised me, they did, the soldiers, when they came in the evening and tore me from my place of rest. I clung desperately to the wall but one drew his sword and hacked me away from it, and then the carrying was easy because I was so light and small. Laughing uproariously, they shouted of "his" stupidity and "his" weakness; what a fool, what a stubborn pitiful fool! Bad for him, but good for a laugh. The soldier held me firmly but tenderly, mindful of my sharpness. Orange light writhed between the great marble columns of the palace doorway. As they carried me into a side room, with a dirt floor and closer to the barracks, I could see more of them all around, some laughing together at a cruel joke, others looking bored, some disgusted, and a few who studiously kept any thought from flickering across their faces.

They formed a circle, more or less, mocking a ragged figure who staggered bloody in the center with his back to me. The pain of the soldier's sword still lingered where he had hacked me, and I

felt my life ebbing away. His hands tightened around my body and bent me hard. Excruciating pain, the snapping of some branches, but I had no voice with which to cry out. I was lifted up, twisted upon myself into a circlet, and tied so. They must have grabbed the mocked man to hold him still, but I was too engrossed in my own pain to notice. I was brought towards him, lifted above his head. His eyes glanced up at me once, and in them I saw the pain and the hurt of every living thing since the creation of the world, all our sorrows and rebellion, all the soullessness, even among plants such as I. Forgive me, I whispered, hoping that he above all men might understand my cry. I see who you are now. Forgive me for what they will use me for. And in his eyes I saw him answer, Do not worry, wild briar, for you will be remembered with honor far longer than they.

They jammed me onto his head, winding my branches into his hair and forcing my thorns into his brow so the blood ran over his eyes and dripped off his nose. He cried out. I recognized the voice as that which had caused my ancestors to burst from the new dust of the earth on the third day. When they stopped beating him, he crawled slowly to his feet, and as I rose higher and higher on his head I felt the wind blow in through the open doorway. It flew past us with a cry that sounded to me like the ringing of royal trumpets. Suddenly I felt proud, as though all the flowers and vines and bushes of the world now looked on my place of honor with envy.

"A crown!" laughed the soldiers. "A crown of thorns for the King of the Jews!"

## To Enter the Leafy Evening, Turn Away

from the sea, its stormy blue-print, the ancient weft of it. Rain's high notes will open wide, sweep away this horizon, once firm as a tendon.

And the reaching, the reaching tides, those thundering perennials, those narratives without end.

## Driftwood

Dancer in trance eternal whim of current—

two steps to pirouette, one step to échappé-

and reticent intake before the crashing applause—

until finally, held again in the lap of the lover.

#### Generations of Goodies

One of my favorite pictures of myself as a child shows me posted high on a bar stool in my grandparents' kitchen. Wearing a bright red apron and covered head to toe in flour, I'm smiling like I had just once and for all proven that Santa Clause did indeed exist. The apron, an art project from first grade, is decorated with puff paint in that incredibly unique way kids manage to combine absolutely horrendous, unidentifiable crap with post-modern, abstract genius. In front of me, on the Formica countertop that was so stylish back then, is a pile of what appears to be dough, but could equally be described as regurgitated sugar cookies. I am, of course, smiling because of my intense pride in this undigested mess; it is my first batch of chocolate chip cookie dough, and though I can't tell you how they turned out, I can tell you that, from that day on, baking has always brought that same ridiculous grin to my face, even though I've long since lost that masterpiece of an apron.

My grandmother, the one who took the picture, is a miracleworker in the kitchen. Every dinner at her house is a feast of pantsunbuttoning proportions. She is, without a doubt, to blame for the extra pounds I packed around through middle school, still unaware that eating my body weight in food was even remotely a bad idea. It was hard not to, though, since she is a master at my favorites: pork roast, mashed potatoes, baked beans, pumpkin pie, strawberry shortcake, and, of course, the ever-popular chocolate chip cookie. Her mashed potatoes, one of my all time favorites, were whipped with such skill that a spoonful plopped onto one's plate seemed to defy gravity, keeping that vertical swoop that meringue is so famous for. It was her ability to make my mouth water with just the idea of her food that inspired my love for cooking. I decided that some day, I would be the one serving up mashed potatoes that defied the laws of physics.

My mother, a beautiful woman who stands beside me in that picture, inherited every inch of her mother's cooking skills. Her dishes tend to be more exotic, inspired by our move away from the

meat-and-potatoes-Midwest. Our relocation to the West Coast motivated a sense of adventure in her cooking, and we have yet to try the same dish twice. While she has never quite captured the cloudlike quality of my grandmother's mashed potatoes, my mother has created her own specialties. The smell of her chocolate chip pancakes gets me out of bed faster than a spider in my sheets. Hot off the griddle, they are feather-light, weighed down only by droplets of melted chocolate, placed strategically to ensure every bite is filled with the perfect balance of flavor. In high school, I became convinced that these pancakes had some sort of magical power, capable of healing the worst of heartaches and, much to my mother's annoyance, hangovers. I realized then that food held a magic of its own, a hypnotizing property that captures the diner and takes her to a purely sensory place, void of the problems of the every day. I wanted to create that world for people—a world of such delicious simplicity that nothing could matter more than the next bite.

My learning began, of course, with those chocolate chip cookies. From there I moved quickly (and messily) through my mother's recipe books. Cakes, muffins, breads, puddings, I would try anything, but, much to my disappointment, would fail at mostly everything. My mom and grandma were quick to my side, filled with anecdotes of cakes caught on fire and cookies harder than Lake Michigan in December. I soldiered on, intent on absorbing the skills of these two miracle-working women. Although I am, to this day, convinced that each of those stories was a lie, their empathy worked, and I kept baking.

My first true success came years later. A Saturday morning spent in the kitchen resulted in perfectly golden brown blueberry muffins. So delicious, they left even the toughest of critics, my older brother, with nothing but a satisfied moan forced through a full mouth. I felt the way I would guess a dog feels after digging up a long-lost toy and returning it to his master's feet: proud, amazed, overwhelmed with unadulterated joy, and just a little confused as to how I had stumbled upon my success. My confusion was replaced with outright defeat when my next batch resulted not in a satisfied moan but a mixture of coughing and gagging quickly followed by a large swig of milk and a forced smile. Needless to say, the second batch didn't disappear quite as quickly as the first, and then only when my mom began to feel bad and fed them to the dog when I wasn't looking.

I realized that baking was not the cut-and-dry skill I had always assumed it to be. It was not something that was learned, but developed. Like taking foul shots in basketball, I could always improve my skills, but, no matter how long I practiced, I would always miss every once in a while. Even my grandmother's mashed potatoes fell flat sometimes, and every so often my mom's pancakes didn't have their cotton-candy-like airiness. In cooking, like in life, things are going to burn every once in a while. The point is not to give up, but to learn to scrape off the burnt parts, frost them over, and make them better the next time around.

My appreciation for the countless lessons that cooking holds has only grown as I've expanded my culinary reach. I have learned to appreciate cooking for reasons beyond those that my mother and grandmother inspired in me. The process of baking has become like a ritual for me, comfortable in its familiarity. I know that despite whatever chaos my life may hold, I can count on the comfort of the kitchen, the motions engrained in me through years of mirroring the graceful movements of my mom and grandma.

To start: a recipe, pulled from the dusty shelves of my mother's cabinets, or the steel-trap of my grandmother's mind. A trip to the store for ingredients can last for hours, as I stare in awe at my many options, forced to choose like a little girl selecting a puppy from a litter, wanting to take them all home, but finally deciding on the first one I saw anyway. Back home, I line up my chosen ingredients on the counter like little toy soldiers. I check and re-check the amounts, ensuring my numerous tools, like ammunition, are ready at a moment's notice. I begin, as careful as the first steps onto the battlefield, cautious for mistakes, which could send the whole operation up in flames.

I take care in the mixing, reveling in the muscle memory of the circular motion, in awe of the way wet and dry come together in the bowl, magically transforming in front of me. I avoid the stand mixers so popular now, preferring the physical connection to the dish, reminded of my grandmother's constantly moving hands. Her kitchen is her instrument, and, like any talented musician, her hands create magic, never stopping, always moving to the next note. I think of her as I stir, feeling connected to the gifts she passed along to my mother and me. The mixture, once complete,

is my creation alone, and I cede no credit to fancy machines with more buttons and levers than the cockpit of an airplane.

A period of waiting begins, the mixture poured and placed into the oven. As the scent of my chosen dish begins to float, I am taken back, reminded of the millions of smells that filled my mother's kitchen. Smells that transport me instantly to a birthday party, warm vanilla cake with strawberry filling; a neighborhood gathering, gooey chocolate brownies with raspberry sauce; a fourth of July picnic, rhubarb cobbler with homemade vanilla ice cream. I know, as the smell of my own creation fills the air, that I am following in her footsteps, creating my own delicious memories. The first bite is the moment of truth. Has all my work been in vain? Have I succeeded in creating the carefree world I know can result from a miraculously delicious dish? I am at the foul line, the ball out of my hands, and this bite will determine my shot. Yet, I am unconcerned. My own joy has already been found. It is not in the taste of sweet frosting or the texture of weightless cake that baking holds its importance. The beauty is in the history, the connection. No matter how delicious or disgusting that first bite tastes, I am connected to my mother and grandmother by honoring their gifts, and continuing a legacy.

## Sweet Things

after Raymond Carver

The longlegged flight attendant. She keeps muttering Sweet things into an earshaped intercom, somewhere

Over the Bermuda Triangle. Closed-eyed and thoughtless, I lift the diamond mouth of the little milk carton

To my mouth, and listen to her. And already it is like We are mysteriously nowhere, we are spectators of a

Cloudcovered, yet-discovered speck of the empyrean. The milk carton empty. The flight attendant kneeling

To better hear an old man who awaits a second flood In trenchcoat and galoshes, a few gray strands of hair

Glued to his glistening head. She gazes at him—long As her legs are long—then shuts her child's eyes as I

Had, a moment ago, listening. He must be recounting A most heartbreaking story: His twostory house lit up

As if he was made of money, and he at a long, empty Table, staring at his lost wife's porcelain placesetting,

A hydrangea with withered petals fallen round a vase. *The heavy silver rings that hold her fingers, the gold . . .* 

#### Love in the Lifeboat

The Players:

M. a man TORTOISE, a tortoise.

> (M sits alone wrapped in a quilt, composing a letter on a tape recorder. Around his neck he wears a stopwatch and a tin can telephone: two cans tied together by a length of string)

M: Dear You Who Will Not Answer,

I am writing to you now because I have always loved you, from the beginning through the now, and unto the end. I know what you would say, Oh M, always so dramatic, and were I still in your favor, throw your arms around my neck to ask, What troubles your mind?

Well, as I'm sure you have heard by now. I'm sure it's talk at all the parties I'm no longer invited to, I have been found out and they are coming for me with their butterfly nets and inquisitorial pins. As to how I was discovered I have my suspicions. I believe they may have infiltrated the Postal Service—but more on that later.

We stand on the knife's edge. My work is at a critical juncture. The aperture demands near constant monitoring. It is pulsing...

(Placing the thumb of his right hand at the crown of his head he creates an aerial antenna with his fingers, consults the stopwatch, makes a notation in a book and continues the letter) Pulsing at 180 BPM, which needless to say is threatening the integrity of the nexus and I damn well mean to cross the bridge before it collapses. To that effect, I have fortified my station here—more on that later. I am due to report.

> (Pressing stop on the recorder and leaping into action he stretches the tin can phone the length of its string across the

*floor—on his belly he hollers into one can)* 

#### THE APERTURE IS PULSING AT 180 BPM!

(Races to the 2nd can and lowers his ear to it, receives the message and responds)

# THAT'S TOO FAST. YOU HAVE TO MAINTAIN THE INTEGRITY OF THE NEXUS!

(Races to the 1st can to receive and respond)

WELL, DUH!!!

(Races back to the 2nd to receive and respond)

WHAT DID YOU SAY ???

(Races to the 1st can to receive and respond)

I SAID, I KNOW IT IS. CAN YOU ADVISE!!!

(Races to the 2nd can to receive and respond)

SORRY, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

(Rolling onto his back, in effect ending the phone call) Typical.

(Quickly rolls onto his stomach, presses his ear to the ground, listens...then responds with a series of scratches and taps on the floor—jumps to his feet and presses play on the tape recorder)

Dear Lady Bird, (pause) Since you flew the coop I have asked nothing of you and in turn have received nothing. If you feel any warmth at your breast when you remember me, please consider my one request.

If for any reason I am interrupted the work must not be. I have for my sacrifices been shown the path to salvation, on this path you will redeem the Lost Decade.

The fruits of my labor have been harvested in volumes 19-32 of the Mice Journals. You will find them under the loose floorboard beneath the eel tank. I trust you alone with them. We have long been fellow travelers on this road, for better and for worse, until infidelity did we part...

(Stops recording, rewinds and erases the last bit, continues)

For years I kept up with your whereabouts, addresses, phone numbers...(rolls his shirt sleeve revealing a tattooed list of addresses) five

states, two countries, one fiancé, and your estranged sister, but presently I have no address other than the Pacific Northwest, and you can't put that on an envelope. And what with the soft security in the Post Office, I thought it wise to train a flock of Courier Pigeons that might carry this letter in installments. However, they were destroyed last weekend by a feral cat when I left the window open.

I suppose I could track down the Bearded One. I imagine you've kept in touch with him, but that's neither here nor there....

> (The recorder clicks off at the end of the tape. **M** removes the tape and adds it to a bookshelf of several hundreds of cassette tapes)

(*A TORTOISE* enters)

**TORTOISE**: Are you finished then?

**M**: What? No, no, I just need to refresh my quill.

**TORTOISE**: Allow me. (produces a cassette tape from his jacket pocket) Number?

**M**: 437 please.

**TORTOISE**: (*Labeling the cassette*) 4-3-7. Here we are. In my experience it's best to sign off with a term of endearment. Cuddles, or, Bunny.

**M**: How about, *Cuddle Bunny*?

**TORTOISE**: That's a smart one.

(*M* turns back to the recorder, clears his throat, presses play)

**TORTOISE**: Just trying to help.

**M**: (*Presses stop*) Yes, thank you. (*clears his throat, presses play*)

**TORTOISE**: Move things along.

**M**: If there's somewhere you'd rather be?

**TORTOISE**: (*Checks his watch*) Not just now.

**M**: (*Clears his throat, presses play*) I've lost my train of thought.

**TORTOISE**: "Neither here nor there."

M: (Nods, clears his throat, begins recording) Dear Neither Here Nor There, When I speak to You Who Will Not Answer, I call you, Neither Here Nor There. I have given you these nom de plumes, because to speak your name is to enter a canyon and become lost for days...

**TORTOISE**: That's very nice.

M: Thank you.

**TORTOISE**: Very touching.

**M**: (*Clears his throat*) To name you twice is to travel two paths seeking the heart of the canyon, where there is a lake...

**TORTOISE**: A lake, that's good.

**M**: To speak your names beside the lake is to become a stone skipping across water...

TORTOISE: Exquisite.

M: (Stops recording) Do you think so? I'm afraid it's a little...

**TORTOISE**: Flowery...

M: Overly...

**TORTOISE**: Purple?

M: Do you think?

**TORTOISE**: Not at all. It's heartfelt. Guileless even.

M: Thank you. (pause) I forget, does guileless mean...

**TORTOISE**: Innocent, straightforward...

M: Right, that's what I...

**TORTOISE**: Frank and artless...

M: Artless, right...is that good?

**TORTOISE**: It's as it should be. Please continue.

M: I might just read this part. (picks up a notebook finds his place, begins recording) "The desiccate limestone of the canyon walls is one molting of the Ophidian sea serpent that nightly swallows the sun, thirty-nine nautical clicks beyond Alcatraz, and I, Eastern worm of the Solar Zodiac, seek you through center earth and magma crag..."

**TORTOISE**: I'm sorry, that's a bit obtuse. Ophidian sea serpent? It's redundant, isn't it? And do you really want to worm your way back into her heart? And just how far is a nautical clip? I think that's a misstep.

**M:** (*Stops the recording, flustered*) Really, listen, what do you know about it? You're a turtle!

TORTOISE: I'm a tortoise.

**M**: Oh, all this time I just thought you were a larger than average turtle. I'm sorry.

**TORTOISE**: Don't be. Some of my best friends are turtles.

M: I suppose they're all literary editors. Look, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but do you think I could have a little privacy

here?

**TORTOISE**: Of course, how insensitive of me. (ducks his head into his shell)

M: That's not what I had in mind...I can still see you. Hello! I said...

**TORTOISE**: (*From within his shell*) Sorry, I can't hear you.

M: (Loudly) Dear Neither Here Nor There, I have learned through painstaking research that TURTLES ARE THE CROWN NITWITS OF THE REPTILLIAN ORDER...

**TORTOISE**: (*Emerging from his shell huffily*) I'm a Tortoise! For God's sake man, how many times do I have to tell you, a TORTOISE—

M: Ha! I knew you could hear me! You were just ignoring me—

**TORTOISE**: Of course I can hear you, I'm standing right next to you.

M: I want you to leave! Out! Out of my house!

**TORTOISE**: Fine! Fine, just say the words and I'm gone. Say-thewords. What does it matter? I was only trying to help. Go on, say them.

M: (Pause) Leave please?

(The **TORTOISE** does not leave)

**TORTOISE**: (Whispers) Tortoise soup.

M: Sorry?

**TORTOISE**: It's what we are more afraid of than anything else. If you say tortoise soup three times while spinning around five times and clapping your hands ten times...poof!

M: Poof?

**TORTOISE**: Poof—gone!

**M**: Why don't you just leave through the door?

**TORTOISE**: Because you've "fortified your station," remember? And all I need is your little science experiment blowing up in my face. And furthermore, a six-foot turtle can't just go strolling down the Bowery —

**M**: Did you say turtle?

**TORTOISE**: Hardly.

M: You did, you said turtle—

**TORTOISE**: If you want me to leave, it's the only way.

M: Alright. (pause) One more time, please.

TORTOISE: Say the words three times, while spinning around five times, and clapping your hands ten times...poof!

**M**: Do I have to say poof?

TORTOISE: It can't hurt.

**M**: (*Preparing*) Say the words three times, while spinning—

**TORTOISE**: Five times and clapping—

M: Ten times—

**TORTOISE**: With your eyes closed.

**M**: Are you serious?

TORTOISE: I'm afraid so.

M: But that's so...juvenile.

**TORTOISE**: He says, sulking to his imaginary friend.

M: Right...(spinning, clapping, shouting) Tortoise soup! Tortoise soup!! TORTOISE SOUP!!! POOF!!!! (steadies himself) You're still here!!!

**TORTOISE**: I didn't think you'd really do it. I'm sorry, but I can't leave without you.

M: I'm not going anywhere. I'm not leaving; I have work to do. This is all a mistake, you have the wrong person—

**TORTOISE**: (*Produces an ID and compares the photo to M*) Look at me please.

**M**: Is that my license? I melted that in a Teflon shoe at the Surrealist luncheon twelve years ago—

**TORTOISE**: (*Firmly*) Smile. (*M does*) You're you. I'm sure of it and you're running late.

**M**: How do you expect me to find her if I haven't discovered where she is?

**TORTOISE**: I know where she is. I can take you there.

M: No, you don't. How could you? I don't believe you. I don't trust you. You're not real, there's no such thing as a talking turtle—tortoise—whatever—leave me alone!

(Covers his head with the quilt. Pause. Long scream. Emerges from the quilt)

There's a desert under my quilt. (*pause*) That's where we're going, isn't it? Alright. But I'd like to finish the letter first.

TORTOISE: I'll finish it.

M: Would you? I've had such a hard time finishing it. (hands over

*the tape recorder)* 

**TORTOISE**: (*Clears his throat, presses play*) Dear Cactus Wren...

**M**: Yes, that's good...

**TORTOISE**: It has been brought to my attention that tortoises are simply large turtles...

M: I knew it...

TORTOISE: When the sky has tuned its guitar against you, meet me at the saguaro skeletalized by lightning...

M: P.S. I sure do miss ya, Cuddle Bunny.

**TORTOISE**: (*Stops recording*) Goodbye.

**M**: I wouldn't leave by the front door if I were you.

**TORTOISE**: I'll be along soon.

**M**: See you there. (*disappears beneath the quilt*)

TORTOISE: (Presses play) Dear Sudden Imaginary Happiness Akin To Love That Has Not Happened Yet...

Lights to black

## Nauta

Two blue moons in a sea of sandy white slide behind my eyes and slip into my soul. Feather-light fingers on aching arms accentuate energy we trade between tangent skin.

All at once the realness of the moment rears its' momentary character: We are raised ships, who met somehow in this swallowing sea.

That smile: nothing but innocence, ignorant of all the world's malice and any word's misdirection; Pearl white piano keys on which the tone of your happiness is played.

I breathe, then the waves and the memory recede.

## The Most Important Rule

Remember.

Always

**Breathe** 

Continuously.

Underwater you'll see no sign of humanity's humble groan. Really, you'll hear nothing but your own breath as it goes *in...out...in...out* from tank to tube, merrily expanding in clear disks to the sea's surface. And as you add air, tank to vest, you'll finally feel freedom in your chest and the weights wrapped round your waist will dissipate. And you'll breathe easy, with Complete control. Weightlessness.

Remember: ABC. Easy enough except it's harder to play when you're breathing everyday air and the world's exhale implodes in on your skin and you can't deflate the excess air, 'cause you're not weightless, you

can't equalize, won't pressurize.

And so you rise, expanding your patience to its limits till it pops at the surface, reminding you to take a breath and the cycle, it starts over again.

### Ahibbaki

We've loved you for the longest time, Zanzibar, and today they will love you: your eyelashes, your rubbery lips, your baubles and beads, and that sturdy mound of fat swaying with each step of your knock-kneed legs. Into the ring you go, amidst five hundred other contestants whistled through by the judges. Don't look now Zanzibar, but the Sayirs from Arizona, the Fayeds from Texas, the bin Aneds from Wyoming, they're all here: the royalty of camel pageants, the roping sheikhs of the Wild West, caravans of men parading their flock to the check-in line. Don't worry about Shohreh and me, Zanzibar; we huddle under the grandstand's lumpy tarps, tucking our scarves deeper around our throats, our cotton full-lengths swept to the ode of the procession.

Nevada in her hellatious spread swells to your cavalcade. Keep walking, Zanzibar, close your nostrils to the stirring sand; do not dwell on the stifling heat, for here come the servant boys with misters. Hold your head high as the men settle onto rugs and murmur *isn't she fetching*, *isn't she fetching*. Ignore the plane soaring just overhead, Zanzibar, and every other girl bellowing her displeasure; tune in to the chanting elders, and the soothing rhythm of the imam's zither.

You weave back and we arrange your beaded tassels, your beast-jewelry, blue with gold trim, like the ones at the old bazaar. We brush your hair, pull off your cape. Your caramel neck shall be long and elegant, Zanzibar; your hump high and stiff, your ears arched back, there you go. For the close-up you look so solemn and earnest in the amber lights, even the stomping judge softens his gaze, and reaches out to pet you.

Shohreh and I link arms as they hoist you onto the scale, and call *it's okay, Zanzibar, don't feel bad* as the same judge marks eight hundred pounds to raised brows. Oh Zanzibar, we only feed you that molasses to make you smile. Come here, dear, let me wipe your mouth one more time. There's still so much more to go.

After the loop-galop, a light lunch: tents of men feasting on

fruit and peppered cream. These are the sons of Southwest oilmen, returning to timeless roots; these are fathers staking new tribes in unfamiliar land; these are brothers who live in shacks so their animals may bear jewels. They have ordered our saddles and our feed, yet as our presence snakes its way into their knowing, a single face flashes angry and hot as kilning clay. The tent ropes tighten, and we take seats among the hay, our hummus gone flat and hard.

You're crowded into the feed troughs, with an eye on the prize for the first time. Never mind the gilded trophy, Zanzibar; an honorable mention would help us keep your babies, and your babies' babies back at the ranch. You must do well, dear girl, if you only knew. Your spirits get down, we can tell, amidst your rivals; we nestle with you and reassure: she's got carrot-breath, that one's a drool, and *she's* got cleopatrus-complex, so stop that tail-twitching. We string a fan from the only outlet, and the soft air blesses your face. Shohreh even sings you the nomad's poem, her voice hallowed but true, like an aged Scheherazade. Our eyes meet just once over vour head.

As the sun's hole narrows to a scalding beige, the lead sheikh takes the podium with Bedouin regale, and orates in noble tone: the beast of burden has come so far; her sires knew no luxury on the moon-bleached dunes. And what he really means is that in another time, we would drink your milk just to stay alive; we would weave your hair into blankets and scarves; and we would save your dung to fuel our fires, yet your dignity would carry us to the next oasis. Shohreh mutters keep talking, wise one, but it's on to the yurt for the third round, our least favorite, for we don't know what to expect.

The judge of character announces himself, stroking his beard with two fingers; we hope to show him your patience, your wisdom. But the jockey stands suddenly, his drama thick as incense, and whips your rump, saying that the best animals will not flinch or bray, and you do not. Our couscous quells in our stomachs, I grasp Shohreh's hand; I can't help yelping. We will get through this, Zanzibar, you did just fine, but the jockey glares as we limber you up for the final.

When we guide you to the ring, the lead judge steps down, waving us away, denouncing: There is no man for this beast, so kindly put one foot in front of the other, and never come back again. Your ears twitch, you groan in seeming surprise, but we don't. Our mouths could drop like scrolls, Zanzibar, and out could pour the try, try again tales of arranged marriages crushed to dust, the unborn sons suffered, the days at the hearth or slapping the washing at the rocks, or any of a dozen other laments that only bond a woman to the good animal at her side. Is it the way I smooth your belly or the way we stand straight and strong as cinnabar pillars that makes the judge gnash his teeth in defeat?

We're herded out to the trucks and trailers, only to find ours towed. You nuzzle our faces, Zanzibar, as if to say never mind, good ladies, I would like to walk. The road home to the goats and cows is a straight one. Is it the heart-shaped prints you leave in the sand that make me unafraid of the moaning traffic, the bar, the diner taking their hazy shape on the horizon? Or is it your moist eyes reflecting the sunset of another century, a timelessness that makes Shohreh pause for breath, and stirs my deepest aches.

On the frontage lane, you let me on, you take my weight. Your knowing nod says this is how it's been done, this is how it will be done. Our world dims, and your halo guides us into the desert eve. We will sing you marbled praises, dear beast; you are the queen of our dust road.

# Inner Sanctuary

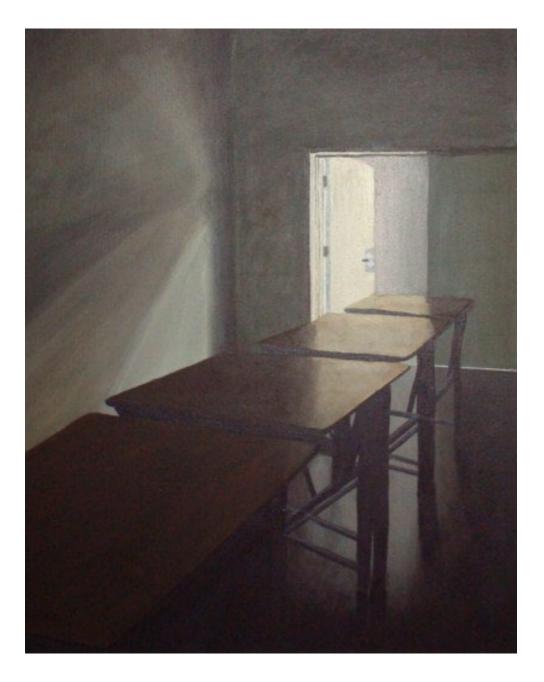


## Parral Series, 1





# Let There Be Light



| becky goll acrylic on canvas 16" x 20"

# Magic Trick Gone Wrong



emmanuel mendoza | ceramic sculpture 12" x 30"

# Stair Study #177



| midori shibuya b&w silver gelatin print 14" x 14"

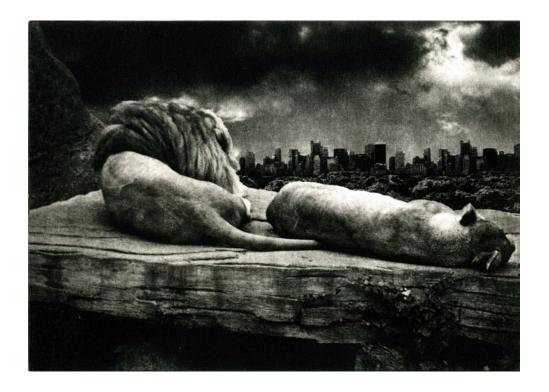
# Buildings Ripple, Too



morrie conway | digital photography 6" x 8"

# Grandparents





katie konchi | solar etching 5" x 7"

## Untitled



| kristen rieke acrylic on canvas 30" x 40"

# Cemetery



charlotta kratz | digital photography 4" x 4"

# Passing Storm



## Breather



sean poreda | cast bronze 9.5" x 14" x 10.75"

### Dead Week



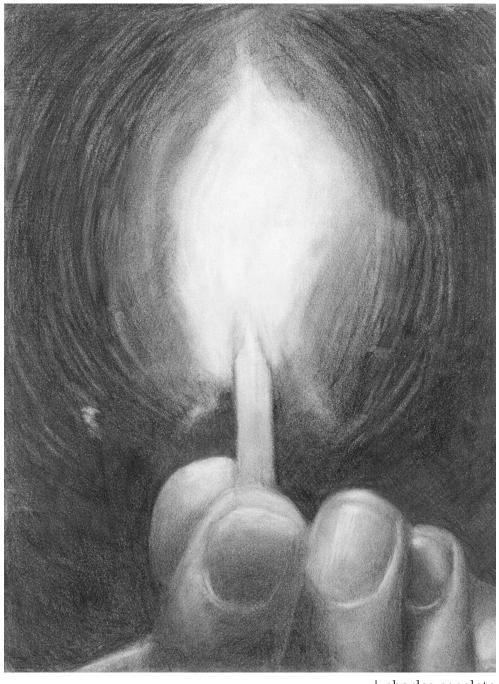
oil on maple 16" x 20"

## You Are My Center When I Spin Away



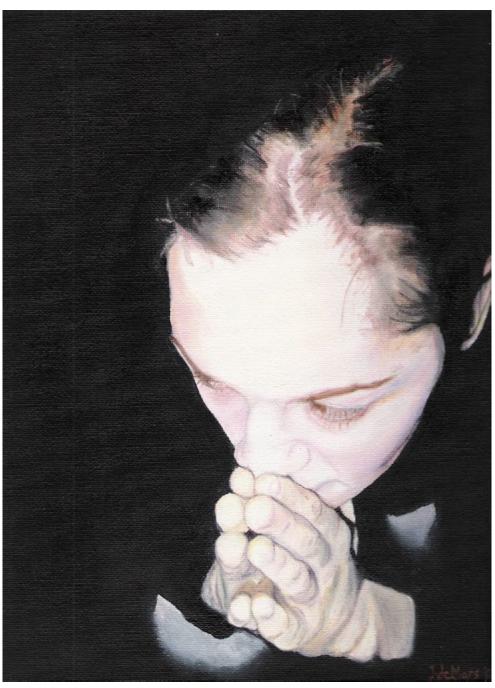
chris winterbauer | pencil 19" x 25"

## Ablaze



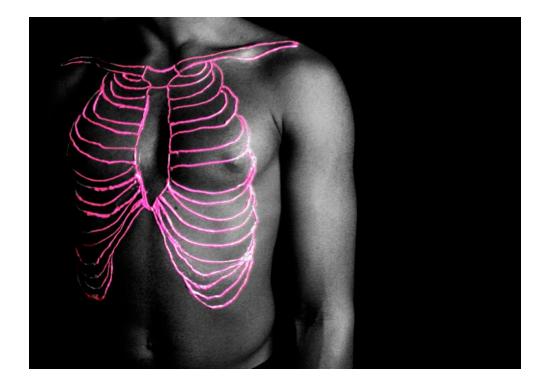
| charles espeleta | pencil | 11" x 14"

## Mundana

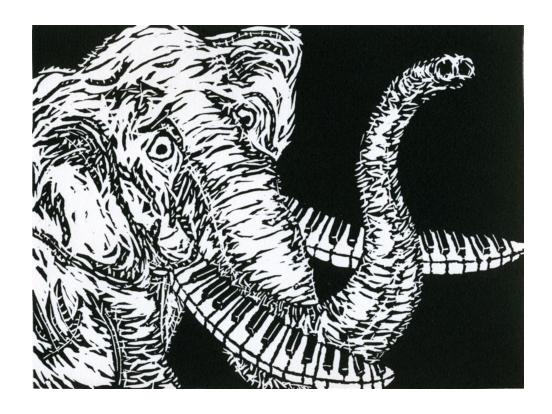


john de mars | oil on canvas 12" x 18"

## Outside



# An Elephant's Ivory



# Munich Underground



### Momentary Fullness of the Tank

Head out the car window like a dog wind streaking hair atangle tongue slapping loose early morning sun up on its squeaky pulley and sky blue blue blue! It's gonna be hot later but now dew flashing on the blur of passing grass, the day of random syllables forthcoming, and everything trailing off the ends of whatever sentences either of you might possibly form in the whir of fresh air, everything right now being the possibility of a future with the driver who you might never spend another dawn with yet who now is whistling a somewhat familiar tune and smiling and, though she cannot reach over and scratch you behind your ears, she does not yank your chain or stop to ask for directions.

#### The Conceit of the Mouse Hole

The accepted nod and wink of the neatly rounded entrance endorsed by cartoons and those who worship clarity. The religious fanatic and the depressed clerk at the unimart.

Cheese, and not getting cat-caught. Never a *rat* in that hole. Imagination limited. Televised in the odd certain colors of saints while the black hole where the rest of us live clutters with sin.

#### Traps

My mother has been enterprising for as long as I can remember. The byproduct of her ventures is a carcass of half-finished silk cummerbunds and paintings in our basement, along with several legal pads full of crudely scratched diagrams and crossed-out variations of the name "Bean-O-Rama." I always thought it was a product of stifling a restless artist in suburbia, and a conversation with a cosmetician I met in line at the grocery store recently suggested that it was Midwestern suburbia in particular. In her case, it was the picket-fenced parts of Indiana that collectively drove housewives to obscure time-filling craftmaking. The cosmetician's mother and six aunts in Indiana had, since their marriages, begun various and bizarre art projects. Her family tree included an Aunt Lillian, who spent her days turning paintings of gourds into doubly-priced paintings of gourds with celebrities' faces on them, an aunt Judith who made stained glass portraits of Siamese cats, and a mother who obsessively embroidered anything she could get her hands on. Her story endowed me with a little more empathy for my mother when I had thought she might be something of an isolated case in the Stepford Wife-like suburb where I grew up. In a place where I used walking the dog as an excuse to walk into town to get free samples from Starbucks, there was even less to do for my mother.

From the day I began grade school, my mother greeted me at home every afternoon with popcorn popping or a bowl of sliced apples and caramel. If I brought home company, she might have brought out the chocolate milk or a pitcher of Country Time lemonade. It had been this way for five years or so by the time I reached junior high. This made it all the more jarring when I came home from school one day to find the door locked and my mother sitting on the stairs staring vacantly through the front window.

As soon as I turned the knob to our split French door she bolted from the stairs with something of a panicked explosion and a guttural "ho!" that might be more appropriate had she tripped over a dead raccoon. Instead of opening the door wearing a stretched smile and a dirty dishcloth on her shoulder, my mother opened just the top half of the split door and whispered, "I was getting worried, usually you're so timely." I was never timely. In fact, much of the time I took different routes home or would stop at a friend's house whose mother made better lemonade than my mother or served cookies before apples. My patterns of coming and going were never consistent, but one minute past "there could be strange or drunk men out at this time" o'clock indicated an unusually late arrival to my mother. She straightened herself up and ushered me inside. "I have something to show you. Anyone coming over?"

"No," I said.

"Not Katelyn? Or Pat?"

"Why would Katelyn or Pat come over?"

"Oh, I don't know, maybe you have a project. Put your backpack down, are you thirsty? Sit down, I have something to show you."

After this she bustled about for several minutes and began her habitual recap of her most recent conversation with Roseanne or Nancy. Typically the mildly shocking news would immediately follow a "you will *never* guess what she told me." It didn't matter that the end of this story had nothing to do with Roseanne or her uncannily informed gossip, this was my mother's routine precursor to any story.

"Is that true? I can't believe that those things happen you know?" I would say, half in the mood to appease, half mocking her zeal hoping to make it apparent. To this she would raise her eyebrows and nod at me as if to say "Isn't that impressive" or "I know plenty of things that are this important, shocking, *relevant*." Clearly this attempt at triggering a moment of self-awareness had failed.

After a momentary pause in the conversation, my mother gestured to one of her legal pads on the table that was sitting next to a roll of duct tape. She went on to explain that our seasonal mice problem had inspired her to find a global solution that was crudely sketched on the legal pad.

"I've come up with something, but before I tell you, you have to promise me something. Promise you're not going to run off and tell your friends. Understand? This is important."

I nodded and made a joke about her paying my friends and

therefore having more control over what they knew than I did, lightening the gravity of whatever this was about to be. Rather than pushing me away, the confidentiality of her proposal was really intriguing.

"Look at me and promise. Please."

I had been distracted by the drawing, trying to make out exactly what the ball point scribbles represented. I could make out a mousetrap with what looked like a tiny melting apple on the cheese pad drawn in highlighter.

"So the mice are always stealing the cheese and not getting caught, so I thought, 'why doesn't anyone try to get them stuck there?'"

"I don't think it's a matter of not trying," I said.

"Let me finish. So I thought, let's glue it! But that probably wouldn't stick so I thought hey, let's try duct tape. Let's put duct tape under the cheese! I can't believe no one has thought of this."

"I can't believe it either."

An image of my mother with her flax-clad friends at watercolor class gossiping over canvases of their own backyards entertained me briefly.

"Don't tell your friends. Ok? Look at me, ok?"

I tried to trace the source of her enthusiasm. She was an easily excitable woman, but the height of her anticipation next to the inanity of a duct taped mousetrap seemed inflated and something of a disconnect to me. It was as though a ceiling had been lowered, suddenly climbing a landfill was worthy of an Omnimax aerial flag planting. There she was, eyes unnervingly wide and slightly bloodshot, a smile stretched wide, fit to advertise Ovaltine above a starched gingham apron. The introduction of the mousetrap proved to be a popular and endearing story amongst my friends, I was asked to tell it repeatedly to shaking heads and the continual delight of large groups, especially those who had met my mother. Every time I told it a tinge of desperate sadness lingered in my throat as I pictured my sleep deprived mother laboring over sheets of wadded up legal pad paper with a mug of chardonnay and David Letterman on mute, trying to conjure up something worthwhile. My friends were decent enough not to betray my contractbreaching storytelling by asking my mother if she was working on anything new or had been busy lately. I assumed the mousetrap ambition would fade away due to another exciting enterprise or a more immediate distraction or simply a dead end. Somehow this idea of this accomplishment was too meaningful for her to abandon so quickly. It began to interrupt my after school life, my breakfast routine, and my freedom as soon as she began announcing mandates as the invention evolved, or simply grew older. Hustling out the door one morning, she announced a new contract.

"From now on, I need to know at least twenty minutes ahead of time before you're going to be home," she said, intoned a bit like a question straining for a positive response.

"Why the hell do you need to prepare?" Amusement had slowly given away to agitation as I saw my mother devoting time and insomniac hours to the trap.

"If I have a model or something on the table, you never know. You just never know."

"Never know what? If a masked man will dash from behind my friends at the door and steal it and jump through the window?"

"Moll it's not patented" she said. When she was trying to call in my serious side she would use a drawn out abbreviation of my name that rhymed with something between mole and mall. The diphthong was inexplicably irritating and prickled under my skin, raising my blood pressure and my temper each time.

"You think someone is going to mentally capture, steal, replicate and patent your prototype?"

"I know your friends are nice and it might not be intentional but you never know."

This was something of a storytelling gem, a notoriously odd turn of events. I enjoyed the novelty of it, the serious heights to which she was taking this idea. Most things remained abstract with my mother, evidenced by the scraps and scraps of yellow paper in the living room every so often with nothing but a lively beginning to a dinner conversation as a product. Watching her became a pained experience. The hours stretched into the early morning and I would find her asleep next to her legal pad on the floor halfway through her nightly back exercises. Perhaps it was the devotion to something so apparently hollow, something meaningless that irritated me. Most potently aggravating was the devotion, visible sacrifice of her wellbeing and stability to bring the duct tape creation to fruition. It felt hopeless that she could not take care of herself. It

became more about accomplishing than creating, as was something of a conflicted and silent mantra in my house. It became, to me, very clearly about something else. The mousetrap was proof of something, proof of a capability that she believed the cynical world thought she lacked. More than just creating something useful, she was creating something that could be legitimized by a universally recognized originality judge, the patent office. The irrational fear of idea theft became a more loaded fear, she would be stripped of much more than a model. Though her conviction of its desirability is still playfully and admirably deluded. Her near masochistic devotion betrayed what she actually saw in the mousetrap: the attachment of a valid invention to her name as a kind of social capital, purchasing a viability in the circles that intimidated her, purchasing a concrete respect from her daughters.

It became apparent to me at a young age that my mother connected her self-worth with a paying job, which she has not had since my parents' move to the suburbs twenty-two years ago. When she rebuked that housekeeping was just as much a "job" as anything else, it always seemed she was speaking more to herself than anyone else. I resented my mother's wishy-washy, cluttered, half-finished and undisciplined ways of keeping herself busy, until I realized that's what they were—ways of self-stimulating. When I was younger, it frustrated me that these projects were half-finished. As I grew older, it frustrated me even more as I recognized the tendency as a kind of self-suffocation. There was something important and creative inside of my mother, and she either refused to or did not know how to indulge it. I saw her seeking more expensive haircuts and diligent fingernail maintenance as she got older, increasingly self-conscious about what the community would think. I began to doubt what kind of a self-assured radical she really was in college. Perhaps I had constructed a romantic myth around my mother, created a kind of hopeful vision that placed her on the corner of Haight-Ashbury embroidering strangers' linen tunics. It was a comfort to think of the J. Jill-clad woman sitting in front of Fox news as having once been a liberated, enlightened and at times passionately-outraged artist that read Timothy Leary and smoked pot under the bell tower.

My passionate Leary fanatic was now sitting in front of me smiling over a mousetrap on a legal pad. It's a comical instance in my relationship with my mother, the kind that would be repeated many times during my adolescence. These stories are amusing and laughable, but during the instance they were usually far more desperate and sad. I'll never know what it feels like to be my mother, but as an effort to understand what's under the manicured pageboy, I see a woman straining to feel fulfilled.

The patent on the mousetrap never came to fruition, a call to the industry leader in rodent control, Victor, concluded that the duct-tape idea had been pitched many times before. The conversation was conducted in a guarded, hushed tone, with the same voice she uses to say "sex" around her children. Rolling over consonants and speaking in a corner she spoke through phone static to a man in India representing the company. My mother's disappointment was unexpectedly mild. The patent was not the victory goal perhaps, perhaps the self-worth of fulfilling the patent process, the creation of something, the near completion of a project was fulfilling enough. I could never read her clearly on this matter, but my friends soon recommenced their afternoon visits, beginning the next week with a baby mouse squashed under a couple of toes and an ardent appeal to my mother to do something, something, about the mice problem.

A new legal pad has recently appeared, littered with sketches of the "Bean-O-Rama" storefront, as well as Victor Classic Mousetraps—with dollops of peanut butter.

# Second Sight

My eye is the eye from my father's head, a murky green, a milky gauze filming its sight like rain over warped windows. I gaze into the mirror and know he is gone. When I look deeper, my face is my father's. I close my mossy eyes in sorrow.

#### Surfeit

It is not that we collect. We accumulate. And suddenly the hoard of a lifetime deepens in every corner and memory can take no more. Newspapers stack on tables and chairs unread, the calendar a repository of our intentions. Shelves of the medicine cabinet suggest much that might go wrong, even sleep which fattens with dreams to the brink of dawn the burning attic that fills the East, chokes the air with light and our lives with all there is.

#### Bed of Nails

Last night, I slept on a bed of nails. No thought or deadline was less incisive than the other. Feelings voted their fears, high school rolled out its proctors and bullies and a tense jive cum head-games began. I couldn't float but sink as the holes in my story let in my father's anger, when again I crashed our car into a tree. Either way I turned, the tree's fist moved to meet me, sheet metal closing around my body like a strait jacket.

Easy prey for the next frame, I shook in the grip of memory, on the cutting edge of improvisation, pinned as I was under the weight of so much. Lies! I tried to shout. But I was dumb, breath punctured by vandals I had known. All boyhood friends. They would follow; they knew where I lived. Nothing safe, nowhere to hide. How foreign my home. How familiar! Where was I? As body sought voice, the dream started to break up and I woke, nerves nailed to light.

### Such Sport

Hey Diddle-Diddle
The Cat and the Fiddle
The Cow jumped over the Moon
The little Dog laughed to see such sport
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon

The Cat

I should begin with the Fiddle. The instrument was carved of the finest maple—for the back, ribs, neck, and scroll—and spruce—for the top, blocks, and linings—and ebony—for the fingerboard, pegs, tailpiece, and endpin. The pieces were crafted together by the deftest of hands to sound perfection. Violin craftsmen shaped and worked wood so that it no longer resembled itself; it took on a new identity in an instrument of delicacy and strength. It is a small thing.

Curves and the "F"s in its middle lend it grace. A bow made from taut horsehair bounces and slides on steel strings and creates the moaning or uplifting or dark sounds that change a mood in a room or a scene or a dance. The craftsman assured me it was the best I could get. It now shines with the dull glow of use, no longer the bright piece that it once was but still the creator of perfect sound. There, look—you can see the grooves where my claws press notes on the neck across the well-worn strings. It's how it's used that defines it as a Fiddle, not as a Violin. They say, a Fiddle is a Violin with attitude. The Violin would never fit my style. I prefer the romance of the dance—energy and spirit—rather than the notes of a song—static and only to be heard. The Fiddle tried to be a Violin in the early days when it still shone in its newness, but no one was fooled. I prefer it that way. They say, the difference between a violinist and a fiddle player is a hundred dollars a night, and a tux. I couldn't afford a tux now.

I should pass from the Fiddle—where it started—to how I ended up in the field that night with only the Fiddle and my empty

pockets. The city was a black valley into which my hope and prospects disappeared; the cobbled streets and horse-drawn carriages of those wealthier than I pushed blame and disappointment into my whiskered face. I do understand my own life and how I came to be this way: a musical Tabby pauper, the pure picture of everything my family was terrified I would become. My hefty inheritance dwindled—my own fault. My lady love was swirled back into the influence of her own tyrannical Russian Blue family, with an empty promise to remember me, even though I no longer had the ability to support her in a marriage. My friends—the disdainful Siamese twins, the flirtatious but respected Ragamuffin, even the steadfast British Shorthair—tried to give me advice that I was too foolish to take. The Fiddle was the blessing and the curse. I held it in my claws for the first time when it was new and breathed in its warm, wood scent and I knew it then. It was love, it was—right then. The Fiddle's deep voice held me in its grasp and I was helpless to fight the urge to love it, to be consumed by it, to play that night music, to play that day music, to use the talent that everyone yowled at me to give up and instead focus on the game of making money and maintaining social standing. But I would not give it up. I could not.

I should tell about the quick decline into ruin as I spent money trying to play for my living, the pitiful meows of my family and friends who begged me to give up the foolish errand, the series of cold night trips to faraway cities and towns, and the dizzy nights in damp hotel rooms after one too many that followed disheartening performances. But in the hopes of a flicker of understanding from my reader, I will not tell. I assume the reader can understand without the details that I made it to this field lit only by moonlight with an unstable state of mind, alone, on my last legs, following a dream of musical success that I was having trouble remembering. I saw a lone cow, and closer, a still, dark form that looked vaguely canine. The poetry stirred. My tail flicked. I lifted the Fiddle, placed it under my furred chin, whiskers brushing its surface which now gleamed like new in the silvery moonlight. And played the dance.

#### The Cow

They call him the Bull. The Holstein Heifer has known him ever since they were calves in pasture living off their mamas' teats. He's the picture of red-and-white loveliness—he stands out of the

black-and-white crowd like a daisy in the weeds. The first time she saw him she knew he was something else—and it wasn't even that he was the most beautiful male in the whole group of cows. He was quiet and pensive and contemplated the world with eyes on the sky or on the birds or wandering around aimlessly. He would think instead of testing his strength and trying to dominate the other calves, even if he could without trying. He didn't need to think like that—just wanted to. All that thinking gave him a faraway look, some kind of dreamy look in the big brown eyes that looked past her instead of at her, even when they would talk. Everyone thought he was slow back then, when they were only calves. But he had a way of talking that could put even the oldest of the herd back in their place. They could never dominate the Bull, not even when he was younger than more than half of them, even when he didn't use physical strength. Strength of wit got him ahead. They could never get at the Bull. He was unattainable and unmatchable.

The Holstein Heifer is an ordinary dairy cow. She likes the routine of the everyday, waking up to eat, getting a drink of water, having a chat with the others, admiring how much the calves have grown since yesterday. She makes friends with the other cows, basks in the sun at noon, huddles with her friends when it rains. Doesn't think about too much except for finding the next crisp patch of grass to munch. Occasionally she wonders what might be happening in the Outer Fields, where the Bull went after their first birthday. One day he left with the other males to do male-like things, and the females were banned from going. The older cow ladies mooed, They will come back. Some will have changed in that most precious place, and it will be too bad. But the others—the ones who are the best—will be all whole down there. They laughed when the younger heifers looked confused. The Holstein Heifer wonders what they had been talking about. But she has other things to think about, too. Gets milked every other day, perfectly regular. Things happen ordinarily in the pasture. Nothing ever changes. That is, until the Bull returns from the Outer Field.

He comes back early as the sun comes up. The sun glints off his deep redness. Her heart skips. Same dreamy look in his brown eyes. Same silent, stoic self. The other heifers whisper excitedly when they see him walk into their pasture. He's older now. Stronger. Bulkier. The more popular heifers—the ones who get milked

most often and have the shiniest coats-start to ooh and ahh over him. Suck ups. The Holstein Heifer doesn't like them at all. They don't know him like she did when they were little. But he never looks at her. Just past her. Her thoughts of him picking her out of the black-and-white crowd dwindle as swiftly as they arrive. She turns away, heads for the stream for a drink to cool her racing heart. She is the only one who walks away from the Bull.

The afternoon passes. The Bull is friendly in a distant way to all the cows in the herd. He is still the same quiet figure that he was a year ago. The Holstein Heifer deliberately ignores him, not out of want, but to not put herself in a hopeful position. Doesn't want any heartache when he chooses another mate over her.

The sun goes down. The moon comes up. She hears footsteps behind her as she falls asleep. Wakes up. Turns. The Bull is there. "You ignored me," he says.

"You ignored me," the Holstein Heifer says back.

He bumps her shoulder. A flirt! "I wanted all my time for you," he says. Her heart thumps again. "You're one sweet vache," he says.

She is alone in the field now, taking a walk after a talk with the Bull. The moonlight lights up her ordinary black-and-white, that splotchy mess one may never pick out of a crowd, but that the Bull did. She sees a dish and a spoon cradling in the shadows, a lone cat with a fiddle. She finally lets a smile sneak onto her face. Picked me—picked me—picked me. She hears the cat start to play a dance on strings of steel. Her heart fills with joy. She jumps...!

#### The Moon

I envy the Cow. As a word, envy means those feelings of jealousy, anger, despair burning in the pit of a heart. Envy resonates in the dark parts of the mind—the long consonant sounds of ENNN and VEEE and drawn out EEEE's. Melodious sounds for a dark word. The feeling fills a battered heart with discontent. Dislike. But watching the Cow as she jumps over me, her heart light and reveling in her newfound love, I feel only sadness. Time for envy long passed for me. I am elated for those who can love without barrier. But tonight elation mixes with disappointment. It's the moonlight that makes me like this—I am the moonlight that makes me like this. The Cow luxuriates in the feeling of a being she can hold close, can love close. It's no mystery why I cannot.

The Sun and I dance a dance of rotation and gyration and revolution around a barrier we call the Earth. We shed day and impose night on beings that can hold each other in tight embraces and love no matter which one of us takes reign over the sky. Aware always of love. It burns in him. It glows in me. Never sharing the sky as equals but holding on to moments when we meet. The break of dawn, when I hide on the horizon—falling—and he looks out from under it—rising. He hopes to catch me. And in the dim of dusk, when I rise and he falls, I try to hold him and bid him adieu as his rays turn shades of red and orange.

We speak the Romantic poets and the Bard. I recite Shake-speare to him as he is dragged under a carpet of my darkness: *Good night, good night!* I whisper, *parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good night til it be morrow.* The morrow comes. I leave. He stays. Says Shakespeare: *The course of true love never did run smooth.* It aches to never stay long.

And while we are apart I am sad for him. He has no company but the clouds. They are terrible companions. Wispy and without resolve here, gray with fury there, never a constant comfort. And while we are apart, he is sad for me. The stars are old and wise, but have forgotten what it means to love. They think we are fools to pursue each other like this: day in, day out, night in, night out. They see it as obligation: that we must love because we are forced to follow each other through the sky, without being able to touch. That it is an infatuation with the unattainable.

I tell them, in Tennyson's words, *O Love*, *O fire! Once he drew with one long kiss my whole soul through my lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.* No, our eternal dance does not insist on an obligation to love. He tells me, in Keats, *I love you the more in that I believe you had liked me for my own sake and for nothing else.* I promise to him, over and over, he is mine. Only for him I drag myself across the sky, day after day after day, watching love below me, only having the hope of seeing my Sun for a few moments: in the dawn, in the twilight.

This night, when I rose and he fell into the dark, we were angry. I said to him, in George Eliot, There it is—that farewell kiss which resembles greeting, that last glance of love which becomes the sharpest pang of sorrow. I meant to be sweet. But clouds obscured him that sundown. He was upset and was unhappy and was inconsolable,

wondering bitterly what the use was, coming up to shine on nothing, while the clouds had their day. He might have waited in the dark with me. He replied, in Wordsworth, Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark, and shares the nature of infinity. And then in Lord Byron, *Absence*—that common cure of love. The heart of me screamed. We were quiet. He fell away, pulled by gravitational duty.

I watch the Earth. Hoping as I do to see through it to my love the Sun, where he waits moodily for me. I shed silvery moonlight onto a black field and listen to the Cat play a dance on his Fiddle, watch the Cow as she jumps over me, elated and encouraged and enlightened. A Dog laughs. I whisper Keats to the night, restoring hope to my aching heart: Now a soft kiss—Aye, by that kiss, I vow an endless bliss... and Keats echoes back to me in the voice of my Sun: I wish for immortality—I wish to live with you forever.

I will wait, wait for dawn, for another moment to muse on. Words, words, words...

In William Blake: If the Sun and Moon should ever doubt, they'd immediately go out.

#### The Dog

To the Dog, she is always the bitch. He scarcely mentions her under any other name. In his eyes, she surpasses the entirety of her sex, dominated by no one, no thing. But he will not admit to love. No, to his shrewd canine mind, love is a particularly destructive emotion unfit for the well-being of his existence and is entirely distracting. It is a pleasant enough emotion to observe in others, so long as those others do not include him. She could never elicit such a debilitating emotion from the Dog, and so she remains the outstanding bitch, nothing more, nothing less.

The Dog's face is small, framed by v-shaped brown ears forward on his head. He is sturdy, tough, and astute, and his fur is wiry and white except the brown patches on his eyes and left ear. He stands a bold thirteen inches to the shoulder, boasts a confident tail five inches long, clear brown eyes that sum up a person or an object with neat accuracy in less than half a minute, and a twitching, ever-in-motion nose that rarely misses a telling scent. He can see through a lie just by sniffing. It's a talent that comes from experience in the field of detectiving. It's a talent that sometimes he'd rather not possess. One sniff in the murky black air that night tells him all he needs to know.

The sly, deadly red Fox bares his teeth at the Dog and lashes his white-tipped tail, staring at him with baleful yellow eyes. The Dog has him cornered in the alley by the dancehall and they are panting hard from the chase not two minutes ago. "You know you done it," the Dog barks with ferocity. The Fox growls impatiently and feints an escape to the Dog's left side, but the Dog is ready for any move. He barks again deep in his throat and hears the wail of sirens coming closer. He smiles and his eyes focus on the Fox's pointed face. He says: "You killed that chicken and yer goin' to jail now."

The Fox laughs and shrugs. His shoulders relax and he sits. The Dog bristles and hopes the cops will get there soon; he's getting nervous keeping the Fox here in such a tight spot. The Fox lifts a paw and licks it slowly, pink tongue on black fur. He points at the Dog, his voice empty of expression, and says through crooked teeth: "Sure I done it, mister, but that ain't changin' the fact that it's done. Nuffin anyone can do." The Dog's paws turn cold at the Fox's casual declaration. He hears the cops run in behind him and they close in and grab the Fox. He gives himself to them calmly and resignedly.

"Your woman," the Fox calls tauntingly while the cops drag him away, "she mighta made an admirable queen."

The Dog turns quick to see the Fox smiling nastily. An admirable queen: it's something he says to *her* and it's something the Fox shouldn't know. A cop holds out a paw to stop him and yells, "Detective! You done enough!" The Dog argues and pants in frustration, but the cops keep him away. They tell him: "Go on home. Get some rest. You done good." The Dog shakes his head and sneezes and glares at the cops moodily as they leave him alone on the street.

He doesn't go home but heads directly to the nearest bar. He takes off his hat, sits down and orders a whiskey. He drinks it down and orders another. This one is slower as he contemplates the events of the last two hours. What started out as a normal night sniffing for clues turned into a chase that almost ended his days on this good earth. He looks down at a dark patch on his chest, the place where the bullet had grazed his white wiry fur.

He shudders and thinks about what the Fox said about his woman. She would have made an admirable queen. It was a name

always spoken in sarcasm, a pet name that only set her apart from the other women in his life—nothing more than that. Had she gotten mixed up with that low part of society? Must be—no other way for the Fox to know about that quip unless she had said it. He throws back the rest of the whiskey, impatient, puts his hat back on, and heads for the door.

His tired paws carry him to a dark field on the outskirts of town. He sniffs for danger—nothing. The grass is cool and he rolls into it with a heavy, world-weary sigh. He sees her face in his mind. She must have started running with the wrong crowd. Only way for the Fox to know that the Dog called her that. He tries to dismiss it. He tells himself it was only a patronizing name. Only an offhand name, blast it.

But was it only that? His shrewd canine mind observes that his heart gets louder when he thinks about his bitch. He fought her affection for so long, denied that he felt anything for her, and she had done the same. Now she's turned to the criminal underworld? He sighs. His head is a mix of disappointment and admiration for the bitch and he understands now that she had entered his heart and his head a long time ago. But she might be hanging around the criminals he works to track down...

He rolls onto his back. A Fiddle hums in the distance and he sees a cat far off. A full Moon stares down to the dark field, and out of the silvery moonlight a jubilant Cow leaps into the air. Despite the heartache of being outwitted by his only lovely, admirable, wonderful bitch—the Dog laughs to see such sport.

#### The Dish

Now, O Beloved Spoon, sit quietly, ever so graciously, and I will tell you a story, and you must attend to it and listen to it and understand and comprehend thoroughly what I am about to tell you, because it concerns the very essence of our very true love and the reasons why it may be very forbidden to us to remain in love but why, oh so ever why, O Darling Spoon, I wish to remain with you forever.

I never knew love before I loved you, never expected love from any someone, for the dealings in untruths that had always come before now hardened me to the idyllic idea. When we found ourselves alone at that happy to-do Porcelain place of residence, I thought I might overflow with utter, uncontrollable happiness. You shone, ever so graciously, with an inner glow of shiny radiance, and held in your lovely hands the dance card to which I signed my name at least three times, and though you were much obliged to have other partners that evening upon the floor for dancing, I was not dismayed. No, for I saw in the innermost parts of your eyes that you were as pleased to see the likes of me as I was to see the lovely likes of you, O Beautiful Spoon. I became a poetic poet when I looked at you; it was instant and instantaneous. It was ever so extremely perfect to hold you and twirl you around that dance floor—so happy to be alone with you that I never wanted the effervescent evening to end. We spoke but idly, didn't we, and as the party wound down to the end it was quite clear we would mightily like to see each other again.

And I arranged for us to meet a few days later near your place of residence, and at the promenadable park we promenaded, ever so graciously, with parasols and distinguished walking sticks that pointed us in the right direction, toward a lovely feeling of love. Attractive attraction there was in us, and the poet who had never before exposed himself now comes upon me at will. And you, O Saucy Spoon, played playful tricks on my entirely enraptured senses, and with your lofty thoughts about life I found I adminred you even more than I thought.

Days dutifully passed. You had obligations to attend to with your family, and I, despairingly, disappeared away from you and continued classes at the university as my father bade me do. Sweet thoughts of you I kept. Long letters to each other we wrote, ever so graciously. And when I returned to our tiny-twirling-rambunctious town we met under tall trees and without watchful watchers commanding proper behavior or guarded conversation. For two weeks we carried on in such a whimsical way, unheeding the warning, glowering glances from my hesitant Father and a disapproving society.

And here is where I have not told you all, O Quiet Spoon, because we have had not the chance to speak but in simple silences and whispered, single phrases, for yet these last two weeks. Our lovely love affair may yet be put to an end after months upon months of thinking and wishing and waiting, O Sought-out Spoon, by the words of my Furious Father and the matter of my wretched

Inheritance and obligated Duty to my family. Because, you see, the day after our most enjoyable, titillating conversation over lunch at the café—you remember it, because it was the day I told you I loved you and then we were forced to stop talking; though not by my own will. When I arose that morning my Furious Father was ready to greet me with the most heartbreaking, heart-wrenching news: that I could not see you again. That Dishes and Spoons do not go together, and never will. Because they are not functionably functional.

But O Darling Spoon, I beg you! Forgive the ignorance, the arrogance, the impertinence of my Furious Father. He knows not of the matters of the heart, not of mine or his own. He does not understand that I will not sacrifice the entirety of my happiness—that is *you*—for the sake of any Inheritance. I understand the importance of Money, naturally, but if it means I must give up my lovely love for you, I will not stand for it.

We shall elope, ever so graciously. O Soft Spoon, what do you think?

The Spoon

What does she think?

She likes daffodils, not roses. She prefers brown sparrows, not pearly swans or white doves. Her favorite color is green, not red. She has cut all the ribbons and frills off her dresses and likes straight, plain frocks. She knows that hearts are not made of two bumps on top of a "v" and does not doodle them, even in her spare time. She is a self-proclaimed realist. Love, to the Spoon, was not a fantasy, or a myth, or a fancy story to dream or wish about: it was practical or it didn't exist at all. Love was Reason, governed by rational thought. Then she met the Dish.

The Spoon had seen him before at society gatherings and about town, but had never looked twice. She had been occupied with catching the attention of a fellow Spoon, with whom she had had several riveting conversations, but things never progressed further than that. That fellow Spoon had since departed to the north with his regiment, and they kept in contact for a little while through letters, but again, it never went anywhere romantic. She supposed her realistic philosophy of romance had dismissed his chances, and she was perfectly fine with that. But at that party at the Porcelains

that Dish had never looked so handsome. Seeing him for the first time up close, she thought she would melt. He was upstanding and reflected the warm orange glow of the candlelight on his fire-glazed person. He had an intricate pattern of blue around his rim in a Chinese dynasty style that was Dutch in origin, of lower quality clay but still from one of the highest-born and wealthiest families in the whole town. Not that that mattered. Because apart from those shallow attractions, he was charming and sweet and kind and modest. And to her amazement, he made her stomach turn cartwheels.

Other silverware had been sweet, and charming, and kind, but for some inexplicable reason, the Dish had something else. But though they met several times and her stomach kept doing flip flops and twists, it wasn't love. It couldn't be love, not by her standards: there was no rhyme, no reason for it.

He brought her roses. They were red. They were tied with a ribbon. There was a heart-shaped card attached to them. She accepted them with dignity even though she was repulsed by the stereotypical, obvious display of affection. His earnest eyes made her change her mind in an instant, though. They were wide and dish-shaped—round, seeking approval. She couldn't help but smile, and in smiling she was more amused. They went for a long walk in the park, swinging parasols and walking sticks, sporting top hats and yellow bonnets. She wondered what he liked so much about her.

She held him at bay for weeks while their courtship continued and only admitted to being vaguely interested in him, only as an acquaintance. The Dish was amusing in his own way. She saw his admiration for her and was puzzled that it was not a more rational idea. There was no such thing as love at first sight. Of course there wasn't. Then one day at the café he said he loved her. She knew he meant it. It wasn't a shallow love, or an infatuated love, or a lustful love. And hearing those words aloud made her think that she must be in love too.

The next day she was curiously excited. She must be in love! This must be what it was: irrational, unreasonable, uncontrollable, undeniable. She waited anxiously by the door for him to come sweep her off to another day's adventure exploring the town. But he never came. Nor did he come the day after, or the day after that. The next time she caught a glimpse of the Dish they both looked emotionally haggard and spent. She was beside herself with ab-

solute fury at him. He said naught but a few words and kept his eyes downcast. The Spoon's whole idea of attraction and love disappeared. She had given up her safe philosophy about reasonable, controllable affection for a lovesick Dish who had made her feel all fluttery only to stop talking to her the moment she let her guard down.

But then tonight. She heard knocks on her bedroom window, looked out, and saw the Dish throwing pebbles in the old romantic way. It was funny, how enamored with her he was. Seeing him made her exasperated and angry, but she climbed out the window and into his waiting arms anyway. He said sweet things. She slapped him. But then she relented when she saw how sad he looked.

Then, after some convincing, he brought her here, to this field, where he explained his love to her, telling her about the tyranny of his father, and how much he wants to run away with her.

She hesitates. He speaks in lovesick poetry, his words dripping with clichés and overwhelming adoration. A part of her shies away. He doesn't really know her-if he did he would know she hates all that. It's almost too much. He's head over heels and she's just confused. Is it right to be infatuated with someone who doesn't really know you?

The Dish asks again: Will you marry me? Will you elope with me?

> She feels impulsive. Besides, what does she have to lose? ...and the Dish ran away with the Spoon.

#### The New Gods of Utah

The winds bled ice from Zion rapids and sandstone seemed stronger than fingers strengthened with a rubber ball. The cliff climber began clambering free form up Mystery

Canyon, the ebbing waterfall his only Narrows companion. Dessicreta, lord of dry counties and Bacchus biter, nibbled on the damp brow of the grad student struggling to climb:

"Hear me, my son, I am god of shriveled testicles and wombs, progenitor of dust mites and mummified Anasazi stillbirths. Splayed here, you are like a salted latte in my cupholder.

Still, your flavor is not yet right. Open the caps of your water bottles. Let their contents rise in vapors spelling my name. Let your dry body flake into Eucharistic dander."

He startled early when what looked to be a solid toehold broke away and fell the twenty feet he'd earned. The slip was surely a sign to rest before mounting his conquest, and spool down

into the Temple of Sinawava. He pitoned into the rock wall and hung a hammock next to a bird's nest, buckling himself in to sleep. He felt the prick of invisible fingers, each hot

star dart an electric tingle from goddess Pornucopia: "Your rod is as red and taut as a swallow's tongue, danger man, but where is your internet connection? My groovy channels are

slick with anticipation, well-worn by more men in special underpants than you can imagine. Leave the desert and find some wi-fi. More than three portals await your cables."

Night, exhaustion and the susurrus of the North Fork waterfall finally beat off the half-heard voice murmuring by his loins, though rest came uneasily and he dreamed in fever flashes like heat lightning, ascending to mount the cliff wall falling away like flesh. His actual climb was almost anticlimactic. He straddled the world held to his future by eight foot spikes

and found himself flooded with the sunlit fecundity of Octoma, the goddess of cloned sheep and plump wives, with twitching apertures ready to receive the planet lords with dire ululations:

"Ozymandias! Get your brother and his dirty feet off the counter! Where is the rest of your paycheck? Lamb chops don't buy themselves! Many mouths to feed, and my hair needs doing.

Echo the mindless hymn! Call it by name and number! Yog-Sothoth started a business that feeds itself its own tail, funds everlasting! But you must go down again, you must decline."

The climber's descent led into a fissure that his flashlight transformed into a disco chamber with beams bouncing crystal to crystal, bats wings thumping a bass, the squeak of pitons

like a turntable. He moonwalked down the lessening ramp, and he snapped his fingers to his inner DJ, MC Jazzy Jump, Kokopelli REI 9000, outdoor jock god, hippie-frat anthem singer:

"Exodus, movement of Mah people, whose bodies are wonderlands and they dance on the sand, just like that river twisting through a dusty train, high on Coltrane, Casey Jones, you'd better watch

the speed, sugar magnolia lad. And maybe I'll be there to shake your hand, maybe I'll be there to share the land, the turf of tubing and fuken grüven dune-buggy Fahrvergnügen, the cool measures."

He snapped back into focus, just in time to avoid the entrails of a mountain lion's kill. He painted each cheek with blood petals and descended emerald pools to the pedestrian trails.

The student strode past aspen bluffs and rutting deer, senior buses and foreign visitors, to an outpost where each man was, like him, a god, filled with terrible beauty, the dead and the new.

#### The Headlines

The Headlines are much more than a music group. Started in spring of 2009 by Amechi Brendan Okechukwu (Amechi) and Thomas Akins, Jr. (Cali Rich), the duo has achieved something positive through the art form of Coming from Oakland, California to Santa Clara University, Amechi and Cali Rich's sole purpose is to bring a diverse audience "The Headlines" of their viewpoints in life. With a variety of messages and sounds, ranging from an acoustic and uplifting Why Me, to a party favorite Sexy & Sophisticated, The Headlines have reached outside of the main-



stream hip-hop scene to attract many listeners from different walks of life. Their debut project is scheduled for a summer release.

Amechi is a Junior Accounting Major, Communications Minor at Santa Clara University and is Co-Chair of the school's Black Student Union. He is currently interning with a "Big Four" accounting firm.

Thomas is a Senior Electrical Engineering Major researching in collaboration with NASA Ames. He is currently President of the Santa Clara chapter of the National Society of Black Engineers.

Facebook Search: "THE HEADLINES MUSIC PAGE"

# The Relay Company

The Relay Company consists of brothers Adam and Stephen Mariucci, who are responsible for the writing and recording of all TRC songs. Adam Mariucci recently graduated from Santa Clara University, and his brother Stephen currently attends the University of San Diego. The Relay Company, with their full live band, has performed with artists such as Gym Class Heroes, The Classic Crime, Quietdrive, and The Summer Set. Their most recent release "Love Me Hate Me" was produced and engineered by Jeff Schneeweis of Tooth and Nail Records, known for his work in his band Number One Gun. Their first release, "The Relay Co." was produced by Tym Ellis at J31 Studios and is now available on iTunes and other online distributors. Their writing style is influenced by artists such as Anberlin, and Relient K; similarly, The Relay Company aspires to be positive role models for today's youth. In August of 2009, TRC teamed up with their new manager Robert Hayes (Smash Mouth, Space Cowboy, The Limousines) at Sound Management to continue their pursuit towards advancing their career in the music industry.



#### **Groove Predator**

Groove Predator is one of SCU's most accomplished jazz combos, having won the Smith Dobson Jazz Festival, which earned the group the right to perform pieces such as this one at the San Jose Jazz Festival. The aggressive style of music played by Groove Predator is inspired by modern jazz artists and the original music written by its own members, including Nick Benavides ('10), Jason Brackett ('08) and Mike Patton ('09). Although the group began as an SCU jazz combo, it has evolved to become a group that is capable of holding its own amongst other young prominent jazz musicians. Although there have been many pieces written for the group, this particular one was composed by Nick Benavides.

Many of its members play in local and touring bands, including Of Melting Moons and Project Blue Book, which has taken the torch of gut-busting grooves and improvisations from Groove Predator, where all these young artists learned to play.

The artists in this recording include Nick Benavides on sax, Greg Croak on bass, Austin Nickel ('12) on guitar, Mike Patton on piano, and Ben Vick ('09) on the set. The original lineup that played this piece, among others, at the San Jose Jazz Festival included Jason Brackett ('08) on guitar and Alan Levenson on bass.



To hear more music played by Groove Predator, go to www.myspace.com/ groovepredator

To hear more music written by Nick, go to www.nickbenavides.com

## The Glass Notes

The Glass Notes was started August 2009 in Seattle by Robb Benson and Jacob Uitti. Robb writes the melody and music, laying down vocals and, often, drums to the words written by Jacob. Since getting together the duo has written 40 songs and added members Ty Bailie and Perry Morgan. This particular song, Something Left, was written on a napkin at Flower's Bar in Seattle and put to music by Robb while Jacob was in San Francisco celebrating his mother's 60th birthday. Hear more (21 free demos) from The Glass Notes at www.theglassnotes.com.



## Needle

Described by Pop Culture Press as "a gentle, mellifluous exploration of the aural netherworld," Needle's debut CD Songs Your Mother Never Sang You blends Steve Beck's low-fi minimalist arrangements with Julie Cornett's collection of lullabies and symphonic sagas. The CD is the product of musical ideas and experimentation the influence of green tea



and red wine. Occasionally Christine Banks would stop by and add a touch of spice with her violin.

Recently featured on NPR, Needle strives for honesty in its music, keeping, where possible, early takes marked by inspiration. Acoustic guitars and distortion, analog synthesizers, old time pianos along with toy xylophones and a cocktail drum helped shape these songs of battles won, souls sucked in, and hands held up in surrender. Included on the CD is a dreamlike remake of Neil Young's classic hit "Helpless". Needle is currently working on new material.

# Contributors' Notes

**lauren adamson** is a senior English major at SCU. The title of her poem comes from a question her mom asked her many times before she went on her certification dive at age 12: "What's the most important rule?"

**kate bradley** is a senior at Santa Clara University double majoring in Biology and Public Health. She would like to thank Karl Dupont for modeling, Anna Leon for her fabulous artistic abilities, and the Review staff for their continuous support of her work.

**elaine carreon** is a senior at Santa Clara University, double majoring in Art History and Psychology. She loves elephants and hopes to meet one someday.

marcela villegas castañón is a senior majoring in Communication and Spanish and minoring in Italian. She loves photography and is happy to be able to share her work with all of you! :o)

**daniel choe** is a sophomore Psychology Major, Spanish Minor, and Studio Art minor. He plans on studying abroad in Mexico next year. More of his 1:6 scale sculpture work can be seen on his website: http://sunohc.com.

**morrie conway** is a Sophomore at Santa Clara University. He works for small businesses in freelance advertising in the Santa Clara area. He enjoys playing guitar and writing.

**jim daniels**' forthcoming books include *Having a Little Talk with Capital P Poetry, Carnegie Mellon University Press*, and *From Milltown to Malltown, Marick Press*.

**john de mars** is a PLU graduate, former Student Body President, and an avid tennis player. He loves to party, travel, and hike.

joey della santina is an undergraduate in the Arts and Sciences School at Santa Clara

**jaydn dewald**, a graduate of San Francisco State University, lives with his wife in Sacramento, California, where he writes and plays bass for the DeWald/Taylor Jazz Quintet. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Brilliant Corners*, *Hunger Mountain*, *New Delta Review*, *Quick Fiction*, and others.

**charles espeleta** is a senior with a major in Economics and minor in Studio Art at Santa Clara University. For more, check out: www.charlesespeleta.com

**allen c. fischer**, former director of marketing for a nationwide corporation, brings to poetry a background in business. His poems have appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *The Laurel Review*, *Poetry*, *Prairie Schooner* and previously in the *santa clara review*.

**becky goll** is a junior, marketing major who is on the Santa Clara women's basketball team. She loves being in the outdoors and is very happy to discover her new painting hobby.

molly gorgonzola splits the year between working on her uncle's cheese farm in the hills behind Reykjavik and writing riveting prose in the desert.

**courtney haney** wishes to one day own a mexican hairless cat and name him Ghandi.

colleen s. harris is a 2009 Pushcart Prize nominee and the author of *God in my Throat: The Lilith Poems* (*Bellowing Ark Press*, 2009). Her second and third books, *These Terrible Sacraments* and *Gonesongs* are forthcoming in 2011. Her poetry appears in *The Louisville Review*, *Adirondack Review*, *River Styx*, *Wisconsin Review*, and many others.

gayle elen harvey has been writing for 30+ years. Most recent publications have been *The Atlanta Review, The New York Quarterly* and *The Hampden-Sydney Review*. Having recieved a NYS Foundation for the Arts fellowship, Harvey has published 9 chapbooks, including the 2008 *Sow's Ear* Chapbook Competition winner—"Vanishing Points."

**rita hypnarowski**'s work has appeared in *Fugue, Willard and Maple,* and *The Roanoke Review*. She currently resides in Citrus Heights, California. "Ahibbaki" is dedicated to all struggling women who love their animals.

**matthew keuter**'s writing has appeared in journals across the U.S. and UK and has twice been nominated to the Pushcart Prize. "The Short Imposition of Living," a book-length collection of poetry is available from *Rain Mountain Press*, NYC. His plays have been produced in Alaska, Arizona, Colorado, New York City and London. He currently lives in San Francisco, CA.

**katie kouchi** is a sophomore psychology major at Santa Clara University from Hilo, Hawaii. The piece is a solar plate etching of a digital creation with photos from San Francisco, New York, and Hilo.

**charlotta kratz** is a lecturer in the Communication Department at Santa Clara University, and a freelance writer and photographer. Info, clips, and photography: www.charlottakratz.com

**justine macauley** is a senior at Santa Clara University. This piece was written for a seven-person class called *Style: Lessons in Clarity and Grace*.

**emmanuel a. mendoza** is a Civil Engineering major and a Studio Art minor.

russ morris http://www.flickr.com/photos/russmorris

martin ott and john f. buckley's collaborative collection *Poet's Guide to America* has been accepted by more than 20 publications, including *Center, Confrontation Magazine, The Dos Passos Review, Evergreen Review* and *Zyzzyva*.

**sean poreda** is a San Francisco-based sculptor, photographer and painter. A Rhode Island School of Design graduate with Bachelor of Architecture and Bachelor of Fine Arts degrees, he enjoys wilderness, travel and history.

melina ramirez is a Studio Art major at Santa Clara University. She is originally from San Jose and likes to use various mediums such as painting, drawing, sculpture, photo, and mixed media.

**kristen rieke** is a student at Santa Clara University.

**andrew rivera** is a sophomore Computer Engineer major in the University Honors Program. He enjoys writing fiction and poetry, and is considering switching majors to fulfill his passion for writing.

**midori shibuya** is a Sophomore Liberal Studies major at Santa Clara University. She is studying to become a grade school teacher and has been enjoying black and white photography for the past three years.

**matt summers** is from the Pacific Northwest, but he lives in Boston where he works in the basement of a hotel. His work was in *The Notre Dame Review* and *Wilderness House Literary Review*.

**eugenia tsai** is a Communication and Studio Art major at Santa Clara University. Upon graduation in June she hopes to continue to be inspired by the people, culture, and arts around her.

david urbach is a senior history major and medievalist, who hopes to pursue graduate studies in the United Kingdom. He sees art as one of the finest forms of subcreation, by which we learn about God's nature and creative process as we ourselves try to create.

kiley winsnes is a junior Economics major and Religious Studies minor.

**chris winterbauer** is a junior at Stanford University majoring in English. This piece is part of a series based on Radiohead's most recent album, *In Rainbows*.

**alexander wroblewski** is a Santa Clara Junior, Mechanical Engineer, outdoorsman, and photographer.



We invite submissions of fiction, poetry, art, drama, translations, and especially work which doesn't fit neatly into any of these categories. Manuscripts (up to four poems and thirty pages of prose) should be double-spaced, crisp, dark copies. Art submissions should be on 8 1/2" x 11" white paper or 8" x 10" photographic prints. All submissions must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) for a response. Please add sufficient postage if you wish to have your manuscript returned. Allow three to five months for a response.

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# A Cluster of Stars

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Marc Dickinson Ernest J. Finney Chris Gavaler Nathan Holic Reg Lee Charlie g Valdez Tom Wayman

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Deborah Bacharach Scott Caputo James Engelhardt Arthur Ginsberg Naton Leslie Donna Pucciani Elizabeth Sanger Karen Shenfeld Kenneth Sherman Changming Yuan



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