

An abstract collage artwork featuring torn paper, bold colors like red, yellow, green, and purple, and a central figure with a white beard. The title 'Orpheus' is written in large white letters on the left side.

Or phe us

Orpheus

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be 97.





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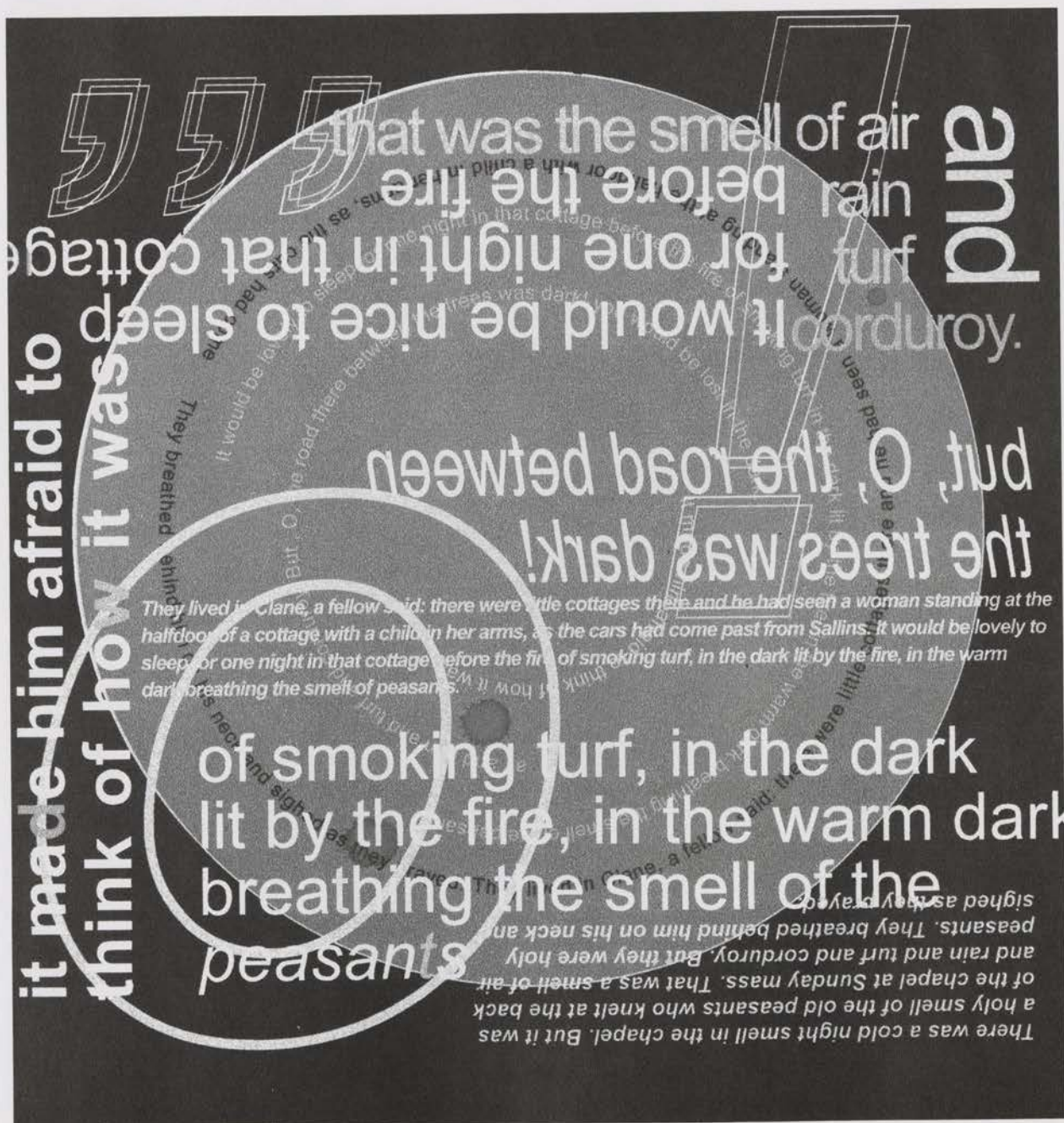
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COVERS

FRONT	SARAH WILHELM
FRONT PAGE	JENNIFER TOMASSI
BACK	JON PAYNE



A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

Chris Bautista

bluebird

Amy C. Sokolowski

the air: warming, thick with fog, reeking of color
turning berries, caressing coasting wings,
silently.

she: stealthfully scanned the Kilch's
bushes, landing on an inch of bareness,
softly.

the branch: sturdy, too soon bowed.
turning, she cast back a glance, observed
stillness.

he: unfurled in an erratic revolution,
a magical lightness, a swooning
contortion.

the exit: fulfilled, he was lifted by the wind.
one less shadow, one deceived, drugged with
springtime.

Whitewater

Laura Fletcher

We have a summer cottage in Wisconsin. Actually, it belongs to my Dad and his wife, who is my Aunt Sarah. But we all go up there--Dad, Mom, Aunt Sarah, my cousin Tammi, and myself. Together. Every summer since I was ten. But not all summer—only on the weekends.

It's on this lake called Whitewater, which, ironically, isn't remotely white; it doesn't pass for blue, either. I don't know what you would call it. It's definitely not clean, though. The water out of the faucet smells like a broken egg.

The sign next to the road in says Whitewater is a resort. That's debatable; however, there are a lot of really nice houses at Whitewater, up along the tops of the bluffs and down by the shore. Our place is four stories, constructed mostly of cherry wood and glass. It's what I guess you would call a modernist design—a network of beams supporting huge windows, topped with a stark black roof peaked like a witch's hat. The inside, for some ungodly reason, is decorated in a duck motif. Ducks flocking cheerily on cabinet doors and bed posts; ducks swimming peacefully on cross-stitch cushions of robin's egg blue. Anatomically incorrect ducks flapping their horrible wings at you from paintings above the mantle and the couch.

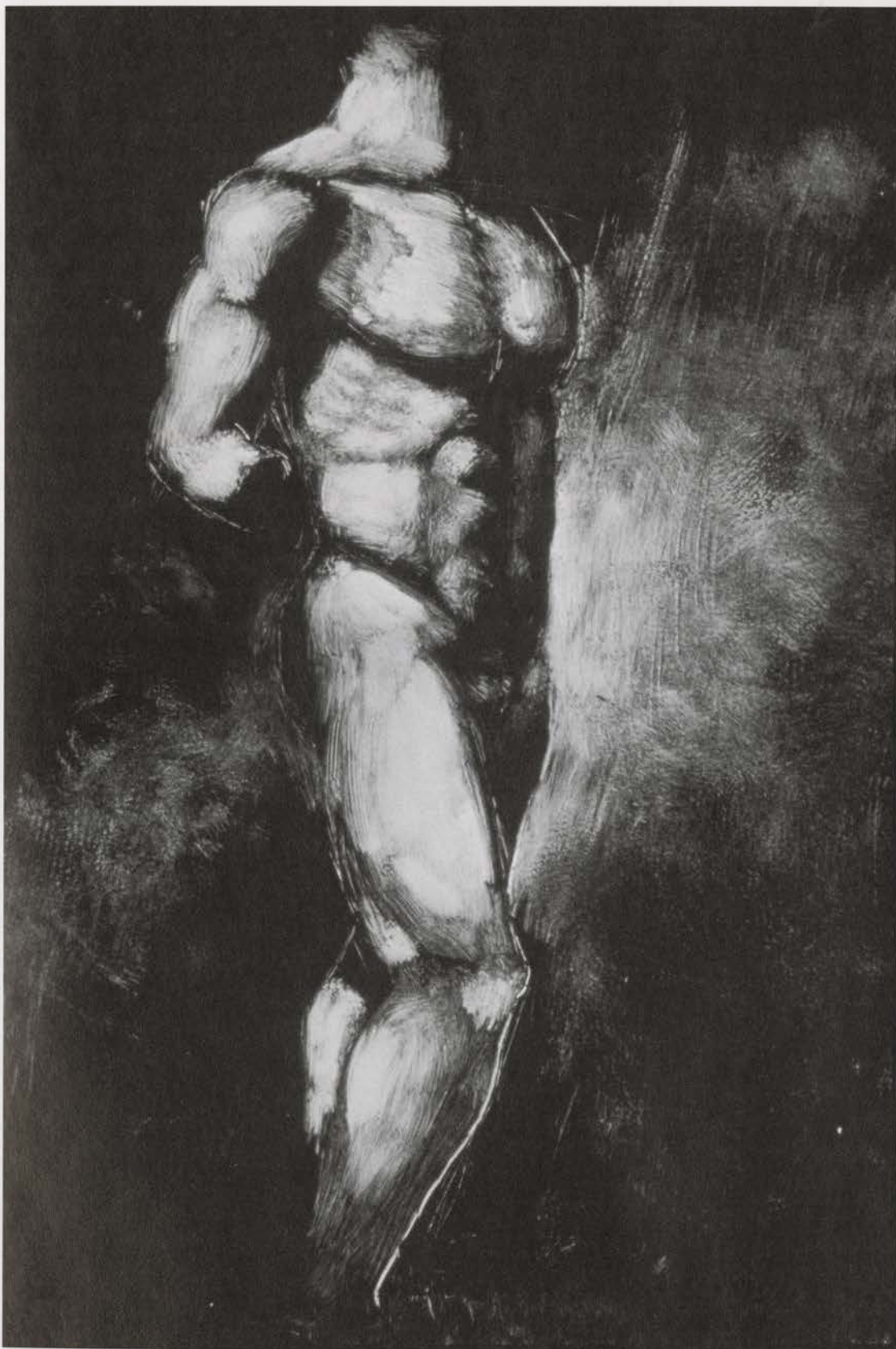
It's a beautiful house anyway, and Tammi and I share the room on the fourth story, a loft. This means our bedroom has a cathedral ceiling. We lie there afternoons after we've been swimming, stretched out wet on the sheets, feeling our skin just begin to tighten from the sunburn. The sun shines through the tree branches outside our window and makes a soft, dancing pattern all over the opposite wall. Above the whirl of the ceiling fan, we can barely make out the shouts of the boys across the street as they wash their car. I talk about going over there later on, but Tammi only nods silently. She will go, but she will not say much, and she'll leave early.

Some afternoons my dad takes us out for a ride in the boat. Mom and Aunt Sarah make us go because there isn't much else he likes to do here: he doesn't like to be in the water; he has no attraction to fishing, and he couldn't stand to chat the day away with Mom and Aunt Sarah. Mostly he just sits out in the sun and reads thrillers. His skin gets very, very dark. Dad's not like the rest of us, pale redheads.

Tammi and I sit in the very rear of the boat, our mothers in the middle. The wind whips our hair, and our white thighs slap against each other as the boat skims over each wave with increasing speed. We squint up at the driver's seat, where my father's hunched back is outlined by the hazy, colorless sky.

My father likes to drive fast; it fits his lifestyle. He's a successful businessman, always racing to get the next client, make the next deal. Life for him is a competition. Sometimes I wish I could help him, wish I could smooth out that tension in his jaw, still those hands constantly grasping for something. Young as he looks for his age, it wouldn't surprise me if one day he just dropped dead from all the stress.

Suddenly we hit a big wave, and Tammi and I are lifted off our seats for a moment, our sandals returning to the hull with a chorus of thumps. "Jason!" my mother cries in a high-pitched, irritated voice. Aunt Sarah is tougher—"Slow down!" she roars over the motor. Dad glares at her and brings the boat to a stop. For a moment we rock there in the middle of the lake, Tammi and I quickly checking to make sure no one is looking at us. Then without a word my father cranks up the motor once more, and we return to the cottage at a moderate pace.



Nude Dude
Jon Payne

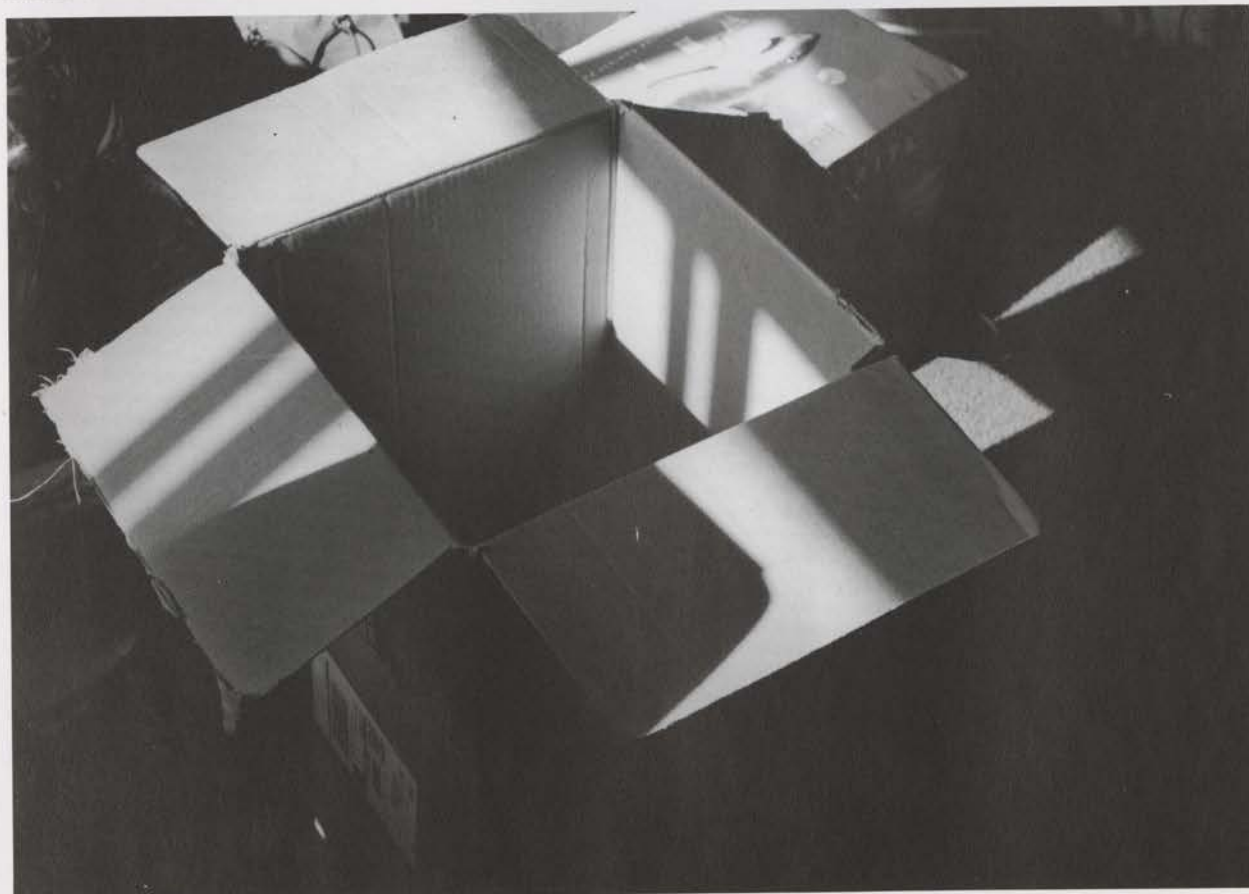
The evenings are quiet, moody. Dad doesn't like TV. He sits next to a lamp in the living room and reads. Meanwhile, Mom and Aunt Sarah smoke and fix dinner in the dark kitchen, with only the light of Dad's lamp from the other room to guide them.

Tammi sits next to me at the bar, chewing her fingernails thoughtfully. She watches as my mom, head crowned in a wreath of smoke, tosses the spinach salad that they expect me to eat. It's funny I call her Tammi still, because everybody else calls her Tamara. That's more serious: it fits better with Gothic punk clothing and her pierced tongue.

Today Tamara has rings on all her fingers, and her fingernails are painted black. Her hair is red, like mine, but straight, and she has big, softly drawn lips, also like mine. She is not as pretty, though—her nose has an odd shape, and her chin is pronounced, mannish. When she senses my stare, she swivels towards me on the stool, returning my gaze inquisitively. She's not giving me the veiled expression I usually get at school, where we barely acknowledge each other's existence. Where maybe, if it's a good day, we will exchange mumbled hellos.

We have a strange history, Tammi and I. It's not in every family that a man leaves one woman to marry her sister, and even when this does occur, it is doubly rare the two sisters should get along so well afterward. But my mom asked my dad to leave, and if my Aunt Sarah was more than happy to take him, that was her own folly. They are still sisters.

My Aunt Sarah is the colorful one; she is shorter than my mom, plumper. Her red hair is long while my mom's is boyishly short; her features are large and soft where my mother's are small and defined. When she meets someone she knows, no matter who it is, her eyes light up,



Becky Jones

(opposite page: Andy Varcho)

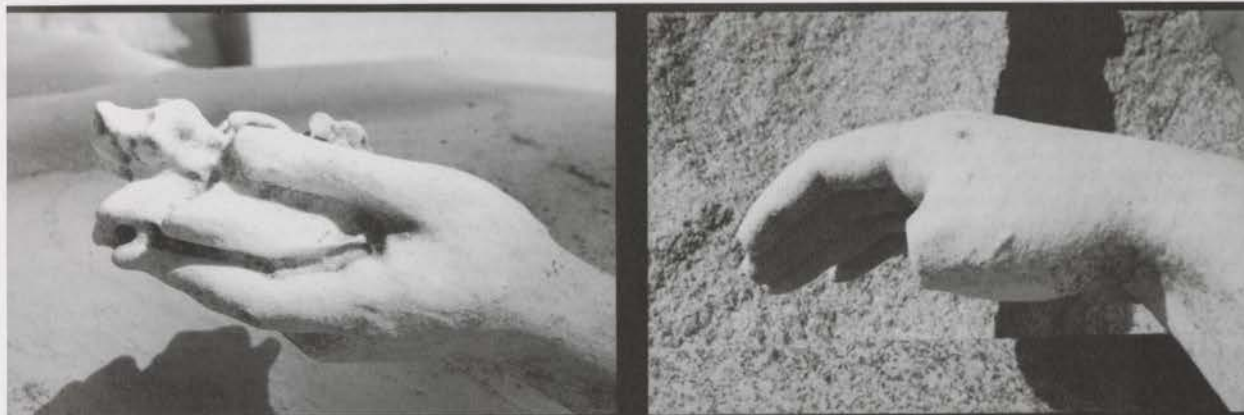
and whenever you're at a party, you can locate her by the sound of her laughter: it floats from room to room with the music. Mother's voice is dry and gravelly, worn out from too many years of smoking and fighting with my Dad. Too many shots of vodka straight before bed each night.

When I was younger, before my parents split up, Mom used to be more lively. Never warm like Aunt Sarah, but exciting. Glamorous. She went to parties all the time—sometimes with my Dad, sometimes without. But now she doesn't go out much.

The liquor does battle with her face; it leaves deep purple rings under her eyes. She is tired, tired of living without a husband, tired of living with me. Tired of the catering business; at night she has to lock up the refrigerator and all the cabinets so that I won't dip into her recipes for the next day. So I just have to sit there at the kitchen table in my nightshirt and cry.

Sometimes, on the way down there, I catch her still awake in her bedroom, a glass in her hand, pressed up against her cheek. She's staring at me from her bed: she's been alerted by the ghastly shadow the nightlight throws on the wall when I tiptoe past it in the hallway.

My dad's footsteps echo over the kitchen's polished floor. He stands next to Tammi and me and dips a finger into some custard concoction my Aunt Sarah has whipped up. "Jason!" Aunt Sarah swats him with a towel. Dad tastes his finger and smiles at my cousin and me. We



smile back, laughing a little: it's hard to resist a smile from Dad, since it is something so rare. He takes a seat next to us and proceeds to examine the salad my mom has placed before him.

"Bridget, you better eat that," my mom warns me as she flips on the kitchen sink. She and my Aunt Sarah have a habit of wandering around the kitchen doing little odds and ends, refusing to sit down until the rest of us are almost finished with our meal.

I look at the salad before me, sprinkled with thinly sliced almonds and Baco-bits. I haven't been eating at all lately, which makes me proud. I've lost fifteen pounds since the beginning of summer vacation, and my dance coach says I look great. All the other dancers are jealous.

"It's got bacon on it. I don't like it."

"Well then pick the bacon out!" says my Aunt Sarah. At once she is hovering over my plate, sticking her fingers into my salad and pulling out slimy little pieces of meat. The bacon collects in a pile on my napkin, which she then whisks away to the trash. Finally she replaces my napkin with a fresh one. "There you are!" and she is off to the fridge, where she grabs my dad a beer.

I sit there hunched over the salad, frowning at the drips of oil her fingers left on the edge



Michelle Kent

(opposite page: Jennifer Tomassi)

of my plate. The grandfather clock in the other room chimes seven.

My mother peeks over her shoulder at me. She is looking through the cabinets, producing juice glasses for Tammi and myself.

"Bridget, I haven't got time for this."

I bow my head miserably, prod the spinach with a fork.

Shifting uncomfortably on her stool, Tammi speaks in my defense: "She doesn't want to eat it." Her black fingernails are still thrust in her mouth, helping her process the argument, the room. She evaluates me with a furtive stare from behind the protection of her knuckles.

"Bridget, why don't you tell your family what you've eaten today?" my mother asks, slamming a drawer shut. My father raises his head and shoots her an irritated look. "Well?"

I say nothing.

"And what about yesterday?"

Nothing.

Mom comes to stand at the bar oppo-

site me, next to Aunt Sarah. She grounds out her cigarette and lights a new one while Aunt Sarah pours Tammi some grape Kool-Aid.

"She never eats," my mom announces. "It's worse than last year. The doctor found lacerations in her throat, and she just decided to starve herself altogether. Tell them how much you weigh."

I shrug. Everyone looks at me expectantly, their faces dark with concern.

"Tell them."

My father's jaw has gone slack; he sits there frozen, a fork poised in his left hand.

"Ninety."

"Ninety!" my father repeats. "You weigh *ninety* pounds?"

I give a slight nod. "Yes."

"Jesus Christ!" He pounds his fist on the table and stands. "Listen to me, young lady." He thrusts a finger in my direction. "You're going to eat every last bit of that salad if it takes you all night! You hear?"

I stare back at the finger in my face,



wanting to bite it off. What does he care if I eat? He has Tammi for a daughter now. I am just a sideshow, a visitor.

"Jesus Christ! Ninety fucking pounds!"

"Jason!" my aunt murmurs.

But Dad has already stalked out of the room. The air is heavy with silence in his wake.

I follow the path of smoke through the darkness with my eyes, rooted to my stool and my salad by the tension, and for a moment, I am forced to remember. I was only seven at the time. My mother was at a party. Dad was drunk; he hadn't made his fortune yet—he and my mom were both drunks back then. But I can still feel his fingers on me. His weight. How I reached up with my tiny little hands to feel the five o'clock shadow on his chin, those black and silver prickles sparkling in the moonlit blackness of my room. Mom had cracked my bedroom window open before she left, and my nose and cheeks were slightly numbed; his breath felt so nice, so warm against them. It took me a while to figure out something was going wrong. But it's pretty easy to figure that out, no matter how old you are, when someone slips his hand down your underpants. I probably never would have said anything if it hadn't hurt like the devil, but I didn't have to say much anyway: for when Mom came home she found my father passed out on the floor of his office, fly unzipped, and me sobbing in my bed, my little white legs streaked with blood. It wasn't until the next day that she kicked him out of the house, raging through the worst hangover of her life.

Hours later into the evening, I watch the spinach plop into the serene water of the toilet bowl and hock up some bile for good measure. I kneel there gasping, inhaling the pungent smell of the lake filtered into our water supply, my knuckles white from gripping the edges of the seat. My salad looks kind of interesting now, a grotesque organic mass floating in the basin of our pristine throne, not far from the duck-embroidered towels.

When I first started two years ago, I always had to use my finger, which was messy and a pain, especially at school. But now things just come up naturally.

I can't stop coughing. Something got sucked into the wrong tube, and now my throat burns. I think about my dad. We went to counseling together after the divorce. Sometimes my mother came. Our therapist had silver hair and rosy cheeks; she smiled all the time; we played blocks and drew pictures. I talked about that night and how I felt about it. Dad talked about what a wonderful daughter I was and how much I meant to him. We had a "reconciliation session," and all was forgiven. We talked about the divorce and Aunt Sarah and Tammi. Tammi and I used to be best friends.

Now she is standing in the doorway, a figure draped in black. She seems too large for the frame, so tall. Her voice is beautiful, low and soft, still unaffected by all the substances she uses. "Bridget," she says, "why do you do this to yourself?"

I turn my head away immediately, smother a cough. This is the dirty little secret. Bridget has a nasty home life; Bridget's dad raped her and now she can't keep her food down.

I can hear Tammi running the sink, and then she is holding a wet wash cloth to my face, kneeling beside me. As I let her dab at the corners of my mouth, I catch the smell of Whitewater full force. Then I start to cry. She wraps her arms around my shoulders from behind, and I rest my head on the toilet seat. It is immaculate. I can see the overhead light reflected on its smooth surface. So I look at that instead of the spinach, and Tammi just rubs my back with her knuckles. Everyone else has gone to bed, and we just sit there for a long time. Like that.



Thinking
JoAnne Harbert

Return of Severed Tears

Hall Smetzer

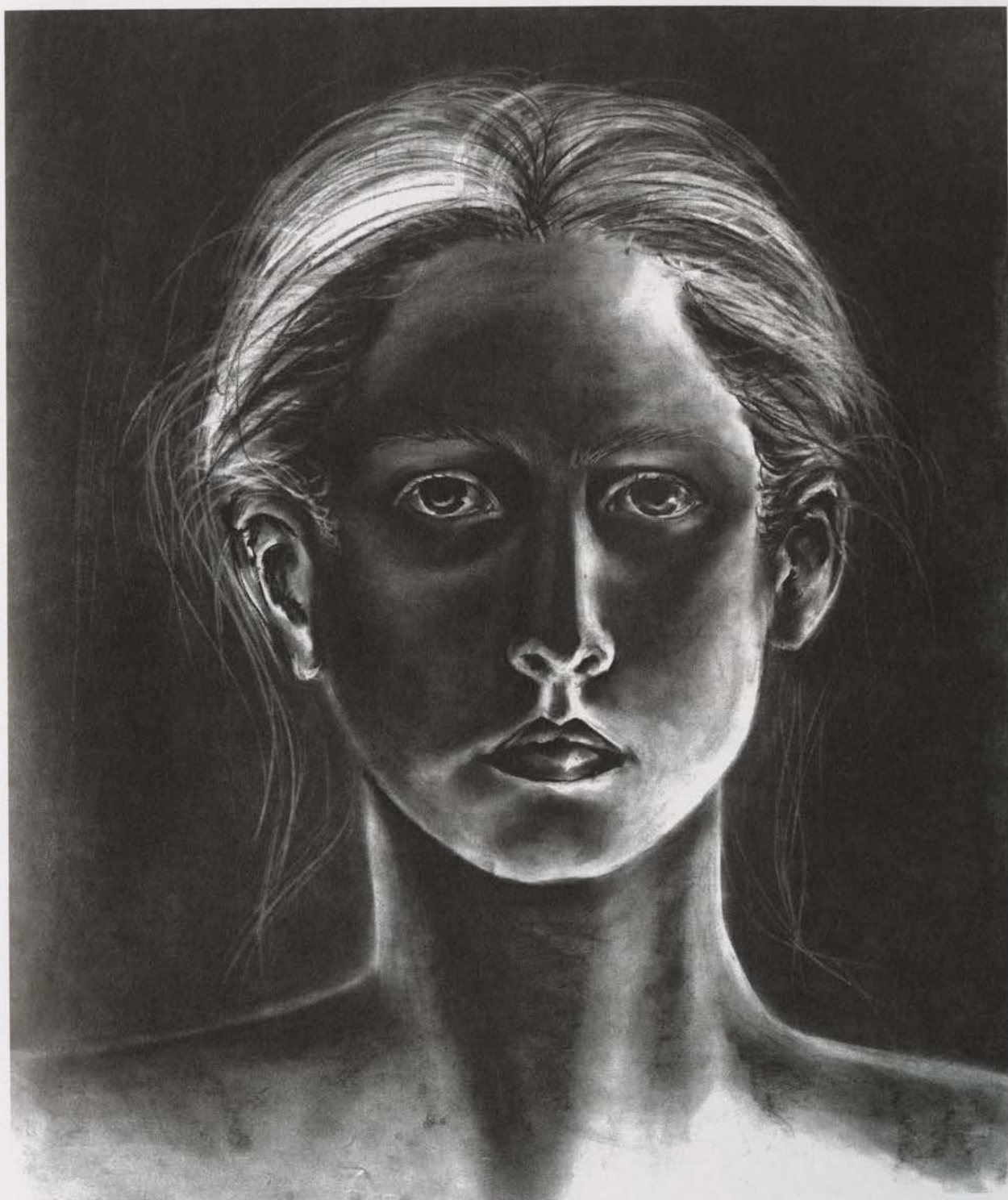
So, there you are—I thought that I'd lost you,
Cold April emotion, rainy evening feeling.
Returned from a sojourn, unexpectedly early,
An old friend returned, not fitting with new ones.

Yes you, old friend—I hated you then;
But back then I couldn't go out without you.
Then I missed you when you left, old friend emotion,
And romanticized our rainy evening relations.

I thought that I saw you, a few times, later—
From across a smoky and crowded dimly lit room;
But that was just someone who looked a lot like you,
For you, my old friend, there is no mistaking.

And now that you're back, here again right beside me,
I've realized now why I hated you then:
Your possessive, high-maintenance, dark personality
Made you and make you a difficult bedfellow.

But since you are here, once again my old friend—
You who make life a sweet-tasting hell—
I'll set up a room and turn down a bed,
And I'll ask you how long you're staying.

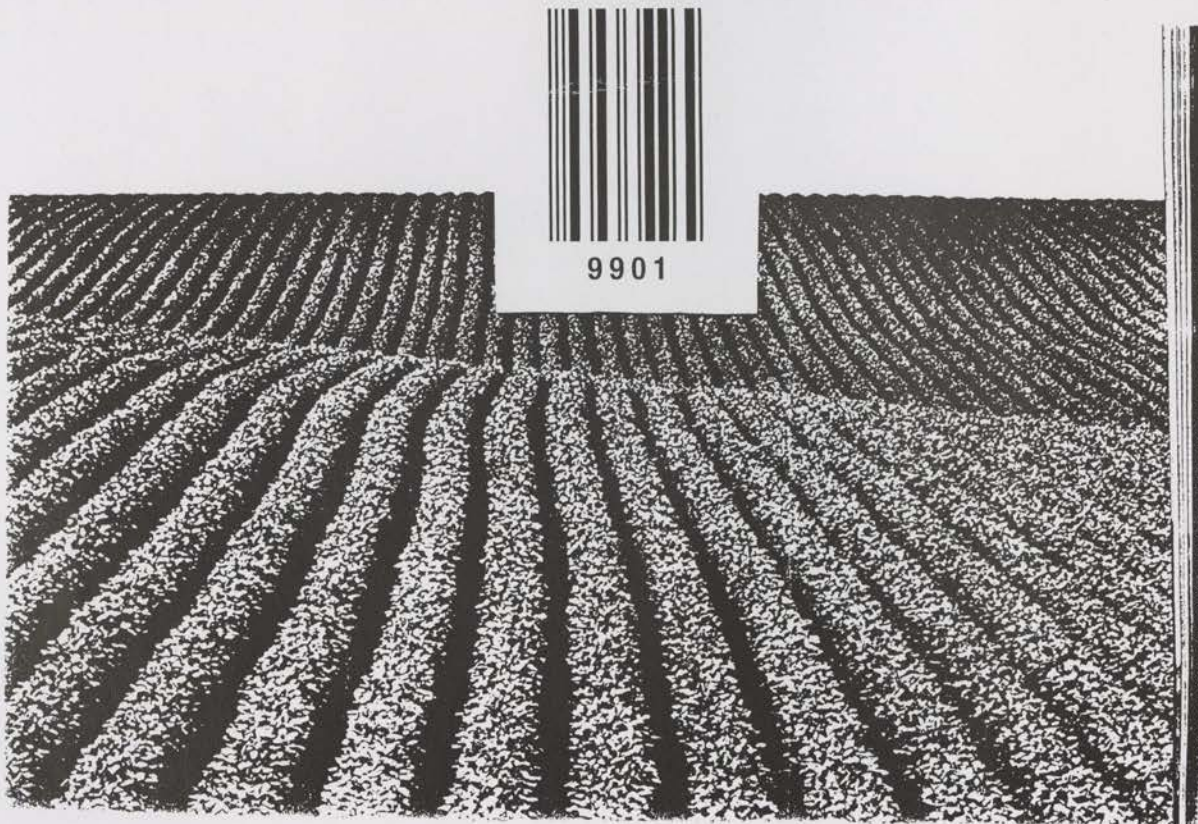


Self Portrait
Sandra Marcel

22

erik whitaker

glancing through a fish-eyed lens,
i see myself running between polygons
and silver spider webs.
she put forth her hand
of infinite grace;
i only had a minute
for conversation,
and my displaced smile.
she spoke within a whisper
of white daffodils,
telling me how to quote from perception.



Karen Fullenkamp

Pocket Change

Margo Orlando

They were finally leaving Mexico, and the vans would be there any minute. Everyone was crying, and the American girls blotted their tears carefully with the backs of their fingers. The Mexican children from the school held each other's hands and stared at the girls with shy eyes. Some of the girls posed for pictures with the children they had singled out for the week, but Melinda stood at the side and kept watch for the vans.

The sun-caked dirt grew heavier and blacker on Melinda's hands and face. She smiled at some of the children but could not speak to them. She knew in a few days they would be like a dream to her, fading more with every mile. Her own presence, too, would fade from the gravel roads and roach-infested shacks where the children lived. *Me llama Melinda. Me llama Melinda.* Her name meant nothing there.

A girl from Melinda's group suddenly took out her earrings and gave them to a child in a torn skirt. The other girls squealed and quickly gave up their own jewelry as well. But Melinda did not want to give her star-shaped earrings to a Mexican girl. She took them out but secretly dropped them into her pocket.

The vans came and everyone said goodbye. In the backseat Judy asked, "Who'd you give your earrings to?" Melinda gestured vaguely toward a little girl in the back of a pickup, and Judy said, "Oh, she's cute!" Melinda turned from the window and could almost hear the earrings bouncing at her side, jingling cool like pocket change. She waited for home.

New Age of (this) Aquarius

Christy Allen

Didn't need the psychic to figure
I'm "concerned about my weight"
I peered into her eyes
to see about changing my fate
There was no mystical power transferred
from the rough touch of her hand
She sensed She sensed
I'd be a good massage therapist

Said nothing of my love for a man

I must have hidden it successfully
stored it someplace deep
Cause she clutched my money
gave a toothy smile
and told me I was sweet.

(opposite page: Karen Fullenkamp)

Fatty Fatty fatty fatty
Fatty fatty fatty fatty
Fatty fatty



Fatty

Fatty

2

box

Can't get thru



Rocks

Christopher Kannen

Eggshells

Margo Orlando

There is a room in our house that we cannot fill. The walls are unfinished and the floor is bare. My mother has a million suggestions for how to use it, but none seem right. It is a burden to our house, a loose end. Filling it will mark the end of something.

Our house is not large, but we cannot bring ourselves to use the room for storage. Our bedroom is cluttered with things we no longer have reason to care for: outgrown clothes. Good china. A baby book (although it had been a thoughtful gift). Meanwhile, while orphaned things crowd our lives, the empty room sucks up space like a vacuum. We can almost hear heartbeats every time we pass the door.

Ginny and I are lunching at our favorite restaurant, an artsy place that turns into a gay dance club at eleven each night. We are trying to list all the women we admire.

"Lorianne," I say. "Now, Lorianne is someone I admire."

"Lorianne?" says Ginny. "Lorianne's life is a mobius strip of family. Don't tell me you want that."

"Well, Lorianne's life may be a mobius strip, but at least her life is certain. Ted will be there whether Lorianne is pregnant again or not," I say.

Ginny shugs. "Bless Ted," she says, forking a bite of salad. "Bless Lorianne."

Besides our hairdresser Lorianne, we have named only two other women: Berthilde, the Dutch lesbian who actually makes a living sending hemp necklaces overseas, and Sr. Eileen Lafferty, our grade school principal who could bring a man to tears with one raised eyebrow.

"Now Danielle—there's one," I say, and both of us snicker. Danielle is my next

door neighbor, painfully beautiful and gold-laden. Her husband owns a restaurant chain and Danielle has never held a job.

"Let me tell you," says Ginny, "Danielle thinks she has it so good now—just wait until she loses her looks. Then where will she be?"

Ginny pushes her salad aside and I finish my club. "Well, I admire you," I say.

"Likewise," Ginny says. We sit for a minute in admiring silence. "Well," she says, "Greg is probably home. I should go."

"Me too," I say, but it takes some effort to rise.

Jack has beat me home. I pull behind his truck and honk the horn in greeting. The front curtain parts and Jack waves through the glass.

"Hey," he says once the front door closes. He kisses me warmly. "Lunch with Ginny again?"

"Yes," I say. "Have a good day?"

Jack snorts and wanders back to the TV. "Not possible," he says. "There are thirty kids in my advanced lit—only ten remembered we had a quiz." Jack has grown caustic now. Kids these days aren't what they used to be, he always says. It is sad watching him grow disenchanted.

We spend the evening with a rented movie and our current novels, settling into the couch as the sky turns navy. Jack's eyes have grown heavy, and it takes him a while to turn a page. Eventually he stretches out, his head on my thigh. But his breathing is quick, and I know something is coming.

"Brenna," he says (I know him so well), "Mike—you know, Mike from the school—just adopted a baby. Mike and Cara. A Korean baby. Finally got approved for it." Jack does



Fetal Nude

Sarah Wilhelm

not open his eyes or raise his head, but he must hear my stomach drop.

"What do you want me to say?" I ask.

Jack sighs. His back sags. "I want you to say you're pregnant," he says. But I cannot.

Before my mother visits, I place my birth control pills on the bathroom sink. I make sure the wheel is on the right day, and I flush the extra pills. (Jack found one by the trash can once. I almost told him why.)

Jack and I are at the point now where people start to wonder what we're waiting for. "Your father is worried," my mother tells me. "He thinks you and Jack are doing something wrong. I told him you're just waiting, although sometimes I do wonder myself."

Jack is better at this than I am. "We have a lot to do before a baby will fit in," he says. "Don't worry about us."

Ginny tells me I can't wait much longer to tell Jack the truth, but I'm not ready to lose him yet. I'm not ready to tell him what he married.

"Lorianne is pregnant again," Ginny tells me on the phone. "Can you believe it? Four kids. If I were Lorianne I'd shoot Ted. You know he's against birth control."

Ginny herself has one child, Edwin, left over from her wilder days in high school. Edwin is a cute kid, eight now, a science-fair winner like Ginny used to be. He calls me Aunt Brenna and always forgets Jack's name. "It's Jack, honey," I always say. "Remember? He helped you at the library?" Jack always smiles, but I know he wishes Edwin would run to him first, bombard him with questions, maybe slip and call him Dad.

I've thought about leaving Jack more than once, let him be free to find someone new.

Another woman wouldn't be flawed like I am; another woman, in her younger years, would not have dreaded children so much that she cursed herself. Another woman would make a father of Jack.

When I imagine children, it's Jack I see, holding a baby or placing a firm hand on a toddler's head. I can never picture a baby at my breast or a small hand in mine; the thought frightens me, makes me imagine my own wrinkled face and birth-stretched hips. But I would do it for Jack. I know I would be happy in the end.

"Berthilde is pregnant," Ginny tells me. She has been building up to this news for an hour, glancing at me warily every few minutes, starting to speak then thinking better of it. Finally, I laid down my spoon and asked Ginny who it was this time.

Berthilde's lover Marie, was going to bear the child, but at the last minute they decided on Berthilde. Berthilde could, after all, continue to make her necklaces while pregnant, but Marie's career as a journalist would certainly suffer.

"Why wasn't Berthilde chosen from the beginning?" I ask.

"She was scared," says Ginny. "You know Berthilde—she'd just die if she lost her waist."

Jack has been celebrating Mike and Cara's adoption. The baby arrived with Cara a week ago. Jack invited me along, but I could not bear the thought. Korean babies, lesbian mothers—everyone's part of it but me.

"You should see her," Jack says, his eyes red and bright from champagne. "She's beautiful. Her skin is flawless. I think she liked me—she kept grabbing my finger."

I stare at him. "You mean the baby," I say half-joking. "The baby, not Cara, right?"

Jack's shoulders droop only slightly. "To tell you the truth, Cara looked great," he says. "Motherhood suits her." Whether it would suit *me* or not Jack has never said.

I stay up long past Jack and sit on the porch. It is cool outside, a hint of September behind the August air. A car flashes past, and that's when I see it—a tissue smeared with lipstick, fluttering on the step. I bend to pick it up, then realize it is not a woman's blot marks—it is crudely smeared, the heavy-handed, desperate swipings of a guilty husband.

The grass is wet and cold on my bare feet and the egg carton teeters in my hands. I stand in our side yard, in full view of the street, and scream for Jack until our bedroom light glows.

"Brenna!" he hisses. "What the hell are you doing?"

Instead of answering I throw my first egg, missing Jack by a yard but splattering the siding.

"Brenna!" Jack yells. "My God. I'm coming down."

Then he is gone from the window. I hear him pounding down the stairs but the eggs keep sailing.

"Brenna!" Jack is running across the lawn, but he stops when he sees that I am hysterical. He stands still and another egg cracks and spills. "I just want a baby," he says suddenly, his arms hanging loose by his sides. "Can't you at least give me that?"

When I stop crying I feel hollow like the eggshells trembling on the lawn. But I keep throwing eggs, one after another. One for every baby I'll never know.

Philosophizing Candlelight

Tyler Starline

A sea-green candle in a clear glass frame,
Whose scent gently clings to the near-still breeze
As the rubberstopped cap unseals the bottle
Releasing my genie of the lamp

The pristine white wick points to heaven
Aristotelian potentiality: a candle
To be burned. The match sizzles
As matter mixes with elemental air
Forming fire, living flame.

Glowing, finding purpose and illuminating
Actuality, the sea-green warms within
The crystal, its substance fading
Into a translucent solution clearly
Bending and spreading the higher
Candlelight

Hissing, the tall golden essence, falls
Low to the wax, blown down by
Unmoved breezes. The frayed stem of
Charred wick snaps, dropping into
The pool it had created.

But cold and dark, the remains are swallowed
Within as the surface tightens.
The waxen contents remain
To burn again.



Esthero

Jessica Boggs

Tracks

Ann Bourke

As she knelt beside the metal rail of the train track, with the cool nickel pressed into her moist palm, one thought circled through Maureen's mind: her mother would never approve of this. She knelt anyway, in quiet defiance. It had been a long time. Wincing as the rough gravel between the tracks scraped against her pant legs and pierced her knees, she pressed her ear to the track and listened for the train.

It was a game her father had taught her thirty—God, was it really *thirty*?—years ago, after her parents had divorced, but before he had moved across the country and out of her life. “Listen, Mo,” he used to say. “Do you hear it? The train is coming.” He would take a shiny nickel out of his gray windbreaker pocket, and place it in her hand, and watch as she balanced it on the rail. Then they would stand back and watch the train rumble into view, a distant light in the center of a coal black engine, surrounded by a shimmering cloud of heat and steam. Her hands shook with anticipation. “Remember to wave to the conductor,” he would sing. “They always wave back.” She would hold her breath as the train roared past. And we would both wave. Just like her father had promised, the conductor would return the greeting, as he sailed across the metal bridge connecting here and there, now and then. “They always wave back,” he shouted again, as she counted the passing cars. Finally, the red caboose would end the train like an exclamation point. And they would search the rocks between the rails for the nickel, now worn flat and smooth and hot under the weight of the train. He would let her keep it. She would wrap one hand around the warm coin in her jacket pocket and the other around her father's hand as he walked her home in silence.

Only now there was no hand to hold. Maureen found the nickel among the white rocks. Edging back from the rails, she closed her eyes and heard her mother's voice in her head. “The tracks are no place for little girls. He should be ashamed of himself. I don't want you to go back there with him ever again, do you understand me?” Maureen opened her eyes and looked down at the flattened metal in her hand. *In God We Trust* was barely legible next to the stretched and contorted head of Thomas Jefferson. *Liberty*. 1964. “Do you understand me? Not ever again.” Maureen wrapped her fingers around the coin and held it in her palm, heat against heat.

Papa

Adam Tamashasky

The first time it happened was at the kitchen table. I swallowed before I spoke. "You have to eat. What about some applesauce?"

He shook his head and shrugged. "No."

"Come on," I said. I stood up and pulled the yellow jar out of the fridge. The metal cap was cold in my hand as I unscrewed it then took a spoon out of the drawer to scoop some of the grainy, sweet sauce onto his plate. I left the spoon in the sauce for him.

I sat back down and waited for him to eat. He didn't move and just looked at the plate and sighed then looked at me and smiled and waited for me to begin eating again. Which I did.

His hands came up very slowly from under the table and trembled the entire time and then his left hand dropped to the table and his right hand twitched its way toward the spoon. He gave one last sigh then grasped the metal with his hand and brought it to his lips.

The applesauce slipped off the spoon and streaked his chin with yellow lumps, and he went to wipe it away but his hand shook so much that it spread the applesauce around and made even more a mess and then his eyes lifted up and looked at me. He closed his eyes and began crying.



Windows

Annie Gayetsky

Late at night, when all the lights were out, I would sit by my bedroom window and wait, night after night. Tonight was like any other night. I stared into the muddy sky above my apartment building. There were five floors in the U-shaped building and I lived on the fourth, in apartment 6D. I listened to the fountain, a replica of *The Thinker*, in the courtyard below as I glanced around. A constant trickle of water fell from his head to the pool at his feet. Across the courtyard, I saw windows, twenty windows, exactly like mine. I traced my finger along the dusty blinds and looked at a window on the third floor, 13C. The light was on. Father Joe always said that patience was a virtue, so I stayed at my window in the dark.

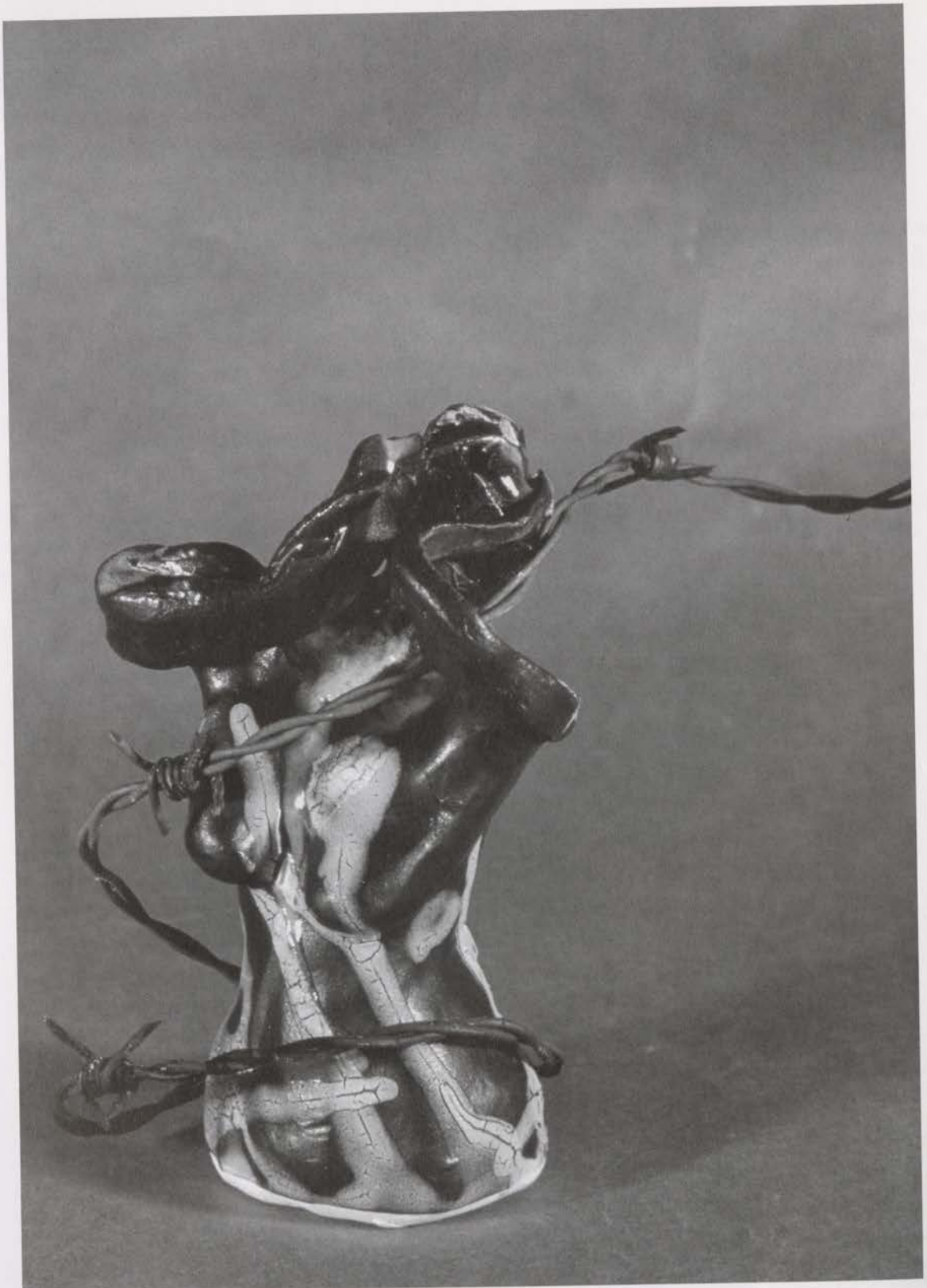
A fluorescent light hummed outside above the main entrance to the building. It lured swarms of small insects to hover around it. It was bright, but I knew how close I could sit to my window without being seen, despite the light. I knew because I'd watched him by the window in 13C. He didn't know how much that light brightened his room. He was always too busy with his binoculars.

Then the light went out in 13C. I slid my chair away from the window a little and raised my binoculars to my eyes. He sat so close to his window I could see he hadn't shaved for a few days. His television was on, filling his room with flashing blue light. I watched as he raised his binoculars and looked at someone below me. I think it was someone on the third floor, or maybe the second. He was always so intent on that one window he never looked around. After a few minutes, I stood up and shut my blinds, darkening my room so much I wasn't sure if my eyes were open anymore.

(opposite page:

Edward

Michelle Ponder)



Torment
Michelle Kent

Mr. Cherabee

Laura Fletcher

Mr. Cherabee
was an excellent lover
skin like dried fish scales
 washed up after some carnivore's meal
clinging tenaciously
to ninety-year-old blood clots and sapless muscle
and bones swollen at the knees and ankles
So delightfully hairy
From every orifice those crackling silver wires poured
making connections in the thin air
And large, his nostrils
breathing in our infirmity
How I loved those gold and brown teeth
elongated corn kernels or ladies' beads
how they would peek out for me
at the slightest silly thing to come from
 some young colt's mouth
We watched all the fools file by
in the dark
our bodies twisted together beneath scratchy wool cloth
I nearly broke his legs with my runner's calves
He jabbed his finger in my waist
and told me I was fat
but better than those breast-less birds flitting about on the green
freezing in their purple plumes
too gullible and misled
to figure out their wings
He was quite satisfied
to lure a half-literate girl between his sheets
And I was pleased
to grip and twist his knobby nose between my fingers
and have someone whisper the world for me
in shades of gray and black

SPRING 1999 PATRONS

Michael Barnes

Richard Benedum and Julane Rodgers

Paul Benson

Drs. James and Julie Biddle

Ann Biswas

Tom and Joanie Burkhardt

Alex Cameron

Suzanne and Thomas Columbus

Caroline Cooper

John and Patricia Delamer

Fran Duell

Norb and Kathy Duell

Joyce Durham

Jim and Barbara Farrelly

Pat Frericks

Mary Garcia

Jessica Gonzalez

Nancy V. Graft

Rev. James C. Heft, S.M.

Pam Huber

Mary Sue Hufnagle

Pat and Sam Johnson

R. Alan Kimbrough

Thomas J. Lasley II

Therese Lysaught

Dr. Linda C. Majka

Gary Marcinowski

The Marianists of UD

Laura and Paul McManamon

Xavier O. Monasterio

Don Morlan

Kurt, Emma, Henry Mosser;

Robyn, Phoebe Reed

Bob and Marge Mott

Monalisa Mullins

Tim and Sandy Murphy

Jeaneen Parsons

Saul Young

Frank Pauer

Fred and Frances Pestello

Patty Phipps

Joe and Anne Pici

Andy and Barb Piekutowski

Karen D. Poe

Donald Pozella

John Rapp

Chris and Lisa Rismiller

Teri Rizvi

Al and Amy Roemer

Lawrence Ruff

Howard and Karen Updyke

Elizabeth Vandevander

Department of Visual Arts

Robert Wm Schlaerth & Family

John and Carroll Schleppi

Robert Brecha and Katherine Serol

Paula Smith

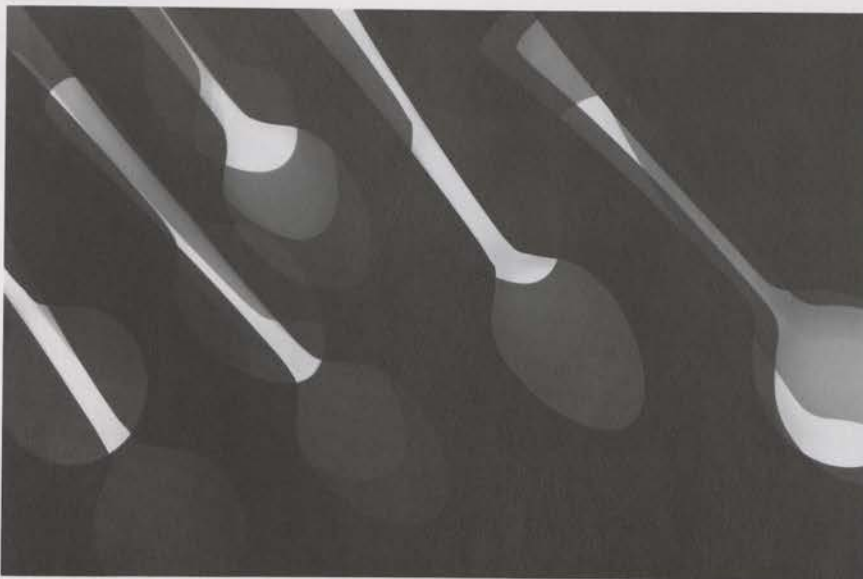
Marilyn Stein

Frederick Stoll

Lou Talbott

Laurence Wohl

William and Betty Youngkin



Nick Bommarito

SPRING 99 ARTISTS AND AUTHORS

Christy Allen is a senior sociology and English major from South Bend, Indiana. "My roommate is picking her quote from 'Sexing the Cherry.' Ha Ha."

Chris Bautista hails from the beautiful town of Maumee, Ohio, and is a senior visual communication design student. She had this to say, "If you deliberately kill a human being it's called murder. If you deliberately kill a chimpanzee - biologically, our closest relative, sharing 99.6% of our active genes - whatever else it is, it's not murder."

Jessica Boggs, a senior VCD major from Warsaw, Indiana, left Orpheus this little ditty: "My name is Jessica. I have nothing to say 'cause I am not a DJ and if you wanna come talk to me you gotta talk to my boy Ghirardi."

Nick Bommarito is a sophomore in VCD. He hails from St. Louis, Missouri, and, "If Mark McGwire and Mankind got in a fight, put your money on McGwire."

Ann Bourke, a junior English major, dedicates her work to her mother with love.

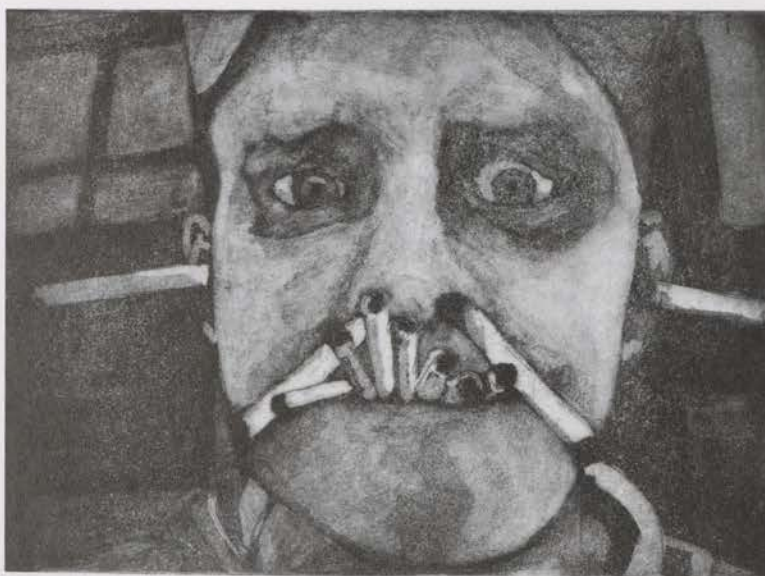
Laura Fletcher is a sophomore VCD major from Chicago. "You know what I've decided, I don't want to be cremated. I used to, but now I think it sounds a little like a blender speed. Now I've decided I want to be embalmed, and then I want a plastic surgeon to come put in silicone implants everywhere. Then I want to be laid out in the woods like Snow White, with a tombstone that reads 'Gotta Dance.'"

Karen Fullenkamp, a senior VCD major from Fort Loramie, Ohio, has seemingly been in Orpheus since the 80's. She has a second cousin named Jay who says, "Yeah, I would date her, if I ever met her. At a reunion or something."

Annie Gayetsky, a junior English major from Cincinnati, quotes Walter Lipmann: "When we all think the same, no one thinks very well at all."

JoAnne Harbert is a junior VCDer from Indianapolis. "Dude. Seriously."

Becky Jones, a sophomore, is in Fine Arts. She calls Annandale, Virginia home. She quotes A.D., "Taken out of context, I must seem so strange."



Christopher Kannen is a senior VCD boy from Cleveland, and often feels like saying, "Nao demora eu to volta... Tchau! Vai ver se eu estou la na esquina. Devo estar. Tchau! Ja deu minha hora. E eu nao posso ficar. Tchau! A lua me chama. Eu tenho que ir pra rua."

Michelle Kent, a fine arts major, is in her fourth year at UD. She is from Beavercreek. She quotes A.D., "So, I took

Laura Moore

deep breath and became the white girl with the hair."

Saundra Marcel, a youthful, zesty first-year from Grand Island, New York, feels like Orpheus needs less A.D.

Laura Moore, a senior studying Art Education, provided the following: "If you make a beast of yourself, you get rid of the pain of being a man," a mantra already familiar to many UD students.

Margo Orlando, a senior English major from Connellsville, Pennsylvania, is an Orpheus mainstay. Her FINAL QUOTE is from her friends: "Margo is gonna be so poor, she'll have to learn how to make Pasta-Roni with spit."



JoAnne Harbert

Jon Payne is a senior in fine arts. Coming from Spokane, Washington, he says, "Have you ever walked into a room and forgot why you entered? I think that's how a dog spends his life."

Michelle Ponder travelled from the distant land of Dayton to study psychology. She is in her senior year and quotes J.M.M., "Life's a dance, you learn as you go."

Hall Smeltzer is a sophomore philosophy and English major who says: "I've been dangling from sanity by a piece of silly string - that pretty much sums up my week."

Amy Sokolowski is a second year English Lit graduate student from Brooklyn (Ohio). Amy has "no touchstones to share."

Tyler Starline, a junior double majoring in English and philosophy, speaks to us from the mountaintops of Vandalia. "From within, the view is limited. From without, infinity bounds the view."

Adam Tamashasky is a junior English major from Cincinnati. He sang us a bit of Harry Chapin's "Story of a Life:" "And all the towns that you walk through and all the people that you talk to sing you their songs."

Jennifer Tomassi, a junior photography major, comes our way from Danbury, Connecticut. She says, "It's soda, not pop; sneakers, not tennis shoes; and call is spelled cawl."

Andrew Varcho is a junior VCD major from Canton, Ohio, "Carpe Diem everybody."

eric whitaker is a senior English and psychology double-major: English and psychology. He is from quaint Hudson, Ohio, and quotes Andrew from Kent, "Tom Petty is Bob Dylan for stupid people."

Sarah Wilhelm is a senior fine arts student from Maumee, Ohio, and decided to finish her Orpheus career with a quote from Dead or Alive: "You spin me right round, baby, right round, like a record, right round, round, round." Right?

Cold-call creativity.

Moments before deadline, with a blank quote page to spare, voyeuristic Orpheus personnel bravely dialed random on-campus phone numbers looking for spare creativity. Here are the compiled witticisms of the UD campus. We call this segment : Phone Call Performance Art.

Long, strong and bound to get the friction on

Dear Fitzy, what were you thinking?

Picture me rollin'

Not off the top of my head

We're stumped for answers right now

In the uterus of love, we are all blind cavefish

I have a drinking problem, I have two hands and one mouth

Over half the people you know are below average

You're about as sharp as a bowling ball

We're not at Tim's anymore, Toto

Hey let's get some beers and shoot some guns

Let's go back to my room and do all the things I told the guys I'd do anyway

You're problem, Craig, is you ain't got no game. Now your father, he got game

That wasn't even with a girl

Sometimes I think my mother's a lesbian

I don't mean to be a party-pooper, but I'm gonna die

Pat doesn't make a party, cigarettes and beer do

You're a prick

Holy Kleenex Batman, we blew it. It was right under our noses

What do you call four bulls in quicksand? "quatro sinko"

There was a man who wanted to break out of prison, so he started digging out of his cell. eventually, he ended up in a preschool yard. he said "I'm free, I'm free" to which the preschooler said "so what, I'm four"

We like doing this don't we?

Hungarian? Isn't that French for Chinese?

You can take the booty out of ghetto, but you can't take the ghetto out of the booty

This is how it is in Springfield: first you get the bees, then you get the money, then you get the women

You rub me like a Turkish princess

I'll have Lance for dinner

Just dandy

Black holes are where God divided by zero

Life is like riding a bicycle, you don't get off unless you plan to stop peddling (Schwinn)

Contributors

Christy Allen

Chris Bautista

Jessica Boggs

Nick Bommarito

Ann Bourke

Laura Fletcher

Karen Fullenkamp

Annie Gayetsky

JoAnne Harbert

Becky Jones

Chris Kannen

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