Contents
- Letter from the editor
- Poetry Section
- Non-Fiction Section
- Interview: Artist Spotlight With Mayra Vialette
- Drama Section
- Fiction Section
- Editor Summer Reading Lists
To my peers,

This edition of *The Montage* marks a new chapter of your St. Francis College experience. Returning after an extended period of absence, *The Montage* aspires to appear regularly to the St. Francis student body as a reminder of the diverse talents the student body has to offer.

As you make your way through the magazine keep in mind that it is a way for your peers to showcase their talents to the rest of the college. That being said, the primary function of this literary endeavor is to establish and maintain a literary community among the students. However, in doing so *The Montage* provides a foundation for St. Francis College to present a literary identity to the world (or at least to Brooklyn Heights).

In order to achieve this identity, we at *The Montage* need to hear from you by way of submissions. Thus, capitalize on the leisurely possibilities of summer, and pick up your pens, recruit your computer for something other than facebook. This could be your chance to enrich the lives of others and make your mark on St. Francis College.

Tyler Perkins
Editor-in-Chief
POETRY
An Elegy to Fate
Naomi Flinders

we use the yellow chalk
abandoned on the sidewalk
by a child we will never meet
to help build a bridge
between our two cultures

my enthusiasm for you
is easy to see through
like the thin apple slice
you held up to the sunlight
streaming through the window

but a CAT scan reveals
the underlying melancholy
our excursion is contradictory
to the infinity I long for-
am not yet willing to lose hope for

you, nor I, nor our love is dead,
so if I write an elegy,
it is for the cruel beauty of fate
determining if I will ever wake
to the sounds

of chickens under your tree house
Rhythm of The Blues
Naomi Flinders

musicians make sound
by pulling the string out and down,
one after the other,
tugging me back,

back to a memory I must squint to see,
we run into our mom’s room
pull out the worn case from under her bed.
cream stitches, black material,
 Loud snaps as we flip metal clips
one at a time,
 lift the lid
 revealing the velvet innards
 royal blue or brilliant red,
it’s too dark to see in my memory.

my mom tells me he was a good man,
i run my fingers across the black marks
on the cream leather material
stained from his fingers painted by dark grease.
i imagine him in a place i’ve never been,
a dusky auto shop, maybe a garage

my young great grandpa
pulling the banjo strings out and down,
one after the other,
vibrations of music pumps through his blood,
that runs through my veins

placing the banjo on the ground
our palms smack what we have turned into a drum
testing the different sounds
our fingers push and pull the string up, down, out
 all along the neck
testing out each fret.
pushing coarse strings against stretched leather
the hollow scratching.
the high pitch from strumming strings before the bridge.

    the heirloom lost from me,
    somewhere in the family, to protect it
    from careless hands that cared so much.

    but we have touched the same space,
    have heard the same sound,
    the connection reaches through
    the space time creates between us

    till my longing starts to tick
    to the time never spent
    with the tock of his heart now silent.
    then time fills in the separation,
    space fills with the proper measurement--
    a million tocks of time
    ticking to the rhythm of the blues.
Tarnished
Jenelle Alfred

Transitions from being an infinite number
In his eyes,
To him not even considering you a consolation
Prize
Makes you want to crawl into a corner and die.
Die a slow, painful death.
You’re sending him all kinds of threats,
Ones he’ll never forget but WILL eventually regret.

Once he,
Realizes you weren’t bluffing,
All the anguish and cussing,
Turns out not to be for nothing.

He changed up your game.
Stylistically you two weren’t the same,
Then,
The fucktard tarnished your name.
Now,
People are saying “Google that ho!”
“Man you should see how she gives blow -”
Jobs –
That you aspired to pursue
Are no longer available to you,
Because you can't fit the glass shoe.
It wasn’t stick nor stones that
Broke your bones
But
The words that was flung and thrown.

Transitions from being the Queen of his Nile,
To a hideous creature that’s repulsive and vile,
Has you dragging your body along this never ending mile.
Your reputation is now trashed.
He’s found your hidden stash.
My,
How you’ve fallen from riches to rags.

So, what will you do?
Just let him defeat you?
Or will you fight to show the truth?

He’s a monster in disguise,
Worse than ticks and lice.
You need to fuck being nice,
Take heed to this advice,
Baby girl,
Time to open your eyes
Before you’re forced to say a ‘forever’ goodbye.
Here Come the Drugs
O.M.

And here we go again
with the sun rising
with the sun setting
patterns
gods
attitudes
body weight
and the cleansing of the soul

and here come the drugs
with their loud words
misbehavior and lies

dhere they come to make all well
and all lies come to life
here they come saying nothing
and saying everything
Madness
By Anonymous

Madness is a dear friend of mine. We just get along so damn fine. We met at birth and have never separated since. It's been nothing short of a travesty. Well misery loves company but I'm feeling antisocial. Perhaps we could reschedule this disaster for a later date and frame of mind? I hope you accept this heartfelt apology. Beating down on me like a club, timing has never been my strong suit. All I have is a pack of cloves, my heart on my sleeve, and I can't lie so I won't even deny that I'm too broke to buy you a diamond. I guess I'm going to lose this hand to win back my sanity.
Sore Feet
Ian Maloney

God's grace, enterprise and paradise connection, peace and love, church and Jehovah on the avenue. So many storefronts and the shell shock of rotted fruits in my nostrils. All is for sale, all is for beauty on the avenue this morning. Sunrays off the aluminum graffitiated church windows hurt my eyes. Mortgage loans and hardware deals and double decker cars. Yellow school buses heading south, bargains galore and twenty-four hour fixes; fashion gurus and cheap wine in this star gazing, storefront USA. Barber shops and furniture stores sway to Seventh-day Adventist shutters. Rome reads the graffiti tag and there's an invisible coliseum found in the undercity gladiator ring. Frowning faces in the ministry, a moaning minstrel plays the corner and the mango kings call. This store is for rent and the auto school is upstairs, and outta business. Credit cards are welcome and dark knights trump painted jokers. Discount dreams sign away the time and the storefront eglises are closed in the sunlight of for sale shop signs, hocking shoes for sore feet.

Tapping Feet
Ian Maloney

Words of love and long commutes. Planes touching down on airstrips. Trains coming into the station. And cars parked in lots underground. The feet tap across the sidewalks of time. People lined up in the cold shadows of giants and the pool of water reflects their dreams, this day moving forever forward. Dreams of races run to get to this point, where a man of many races walks to the podium before flags of forefathers amid the multicolored nations under the sun. Eyes trained on his eye moving forward beyond white houses and Doric columns and capitol grids. Eyes past the genius of the soldier farmer dropping his plough and the tall lawyer in the top hat with dead set eyes on union. Eyes set on the sacrifices of people here and now living in the shadows of our tall towers and in the dreams of the kitchen seats of our homes. Man gathering his sermon words echoed over waters long ago. Words asking not what awaits you as a gift from on high, but beckons you to bring to the table set before you. There, in the throng of the people, this union sits and waits. In the ears of the listeners, the promise is kept. One man walks the lonely road before the eyes of the world. He carries all of us and e pluribus unum. Out of that one, there are many stories. In the cold shadows of the monuments, let the voices be raised and let the stories be told. Let them rise from the ground and spread over office towers and people seated at tables. Across the nation and across the world let words of love drown out the fear and chaos of the past and let the long journey taken by plane, train, and car, walk its way to the podium where the past meets the future and all the world stops again to listen and to watch and to commune with love after a long, hard road of tapping feet.
They'll Understand
Edward Benkert

cup after cup
it is back again
flowing into my throat
shimmering with each swallow

without it
i didn't seem to care
now with it
i'm not sure how to live without again

my three dollar friend
bottled up fucking goodness
keeping me warm
nothing else seems to

tonight may take
three or four
so i'll push back the laundry
another week

quarters, i wish
they were endless
but my jar is as depleted
as my soul

the BP on the corner
they'll understand
they'll take nickels
they'll take dimes
they will treat this poor young dog well

because they understand
what it's like to be
rejected
dejected
refused
i am an immigrant
just like them
but to her land
unwanted, passport please
i'm sorry that won't do
you've been here before
i can't take you again
so go back, please
no harm intended
you understand,
don't you?
i assure you that
your interest has been well received

back to the cup
but its empty now
and so is the bottle
and so is my heart
and so is my jar
i'll reach in
grab thirty dimes
count them out in the BP
they'll understand
they'll treat this poor young dog well
The ‘Un-Bourne’ Identity:  
The Deep, Yet Unsorted Past of the Hentrich Family  
By Travis Hentrich

(Left) William Hentrich in 1941, at age 25, when first enlisting as an army officer in WWII and again, (Middle) in a supposedly 1970’s photo taken by Travis Hentrich’s uncle, John Hentrich. (Right) Travis Hentrich, the youngest of William’s grandchildren, in a 2011 photo.

Recently, I’ve received some requests to share the story of my grandfather, Bill Hentrich, including one from our Accendo Newsletter editor, Sarah Anwar.

Quite a few people in the past up until now had asked me about our family last name and whether or not we were of German decent or not. I can never truly answer that question without answering with something like this, “We’re not sure, my grandfather was adopted by a German couple…” and that was the reason for his last name. Multiple theories have been suggested as to where he came from or what the circumstances were for him being given up, some theories seemingly more accurate than others. All the same, it’s all half-baked evidence or none at all. The best factually based stories I really have are when he was in his adulthood serving as an intelligence officer in the Second World War. But his biggest battle to fight in life was with his identity. Was he from German parents? American? Something else? No one really knew then either. Sometime in early July in the year 1916 when he was born, people didn’t give a hoot about keeping good records. That was it, plain and simple. For him, we didn’t even have a birth certificate. His “official” U.S. birth certificate wasn’t certified until 1978 when he was in his early 60’s. So he just took July 4th, simply because his adopted father had that birth date but in 1891. Out of everything told to me, it was always his story growing up that intrigued me the most.

My grandfather was found in a boarding house near Union Square, right next to where the Con-Edison building is today and where there are now some well-to-do apartment buildings. Specifically, he was found half submerged in water in a bathtub. Boarding houses back then were commonplace in New York City. A German-born woman named Anna Huhn ran this particular boardinghouse that my grandfather was found in,
and wound up being the woman who took him in and raised him. She herself was from a village in Germany and born in 1871. After that, the man who later adopted him, Wilhelm Hentrich, came into the picture. He had served on German luxury liners as a waiter, and since he knew it was only a matter of time until he would be called in to fight in the then brewing First World War, he metaphorically and literally jumped ship. He met up with Anna much later and, being only a young man in his twenties along with being twenty years younger than her, he turned to her for help. Both he and she married so that he would have shelter and they would financially be backing each other up. With my grandfather, they likewise formed an unofficial “family unit,” so that they would also raise him to be a helping hand for them. He was legally adopted when he was nine year of age. While they were like family, and they did send him to school, I’ve heard stories of abuse from Anna toward my grandfather. It was for this reason that my grandfather took Wilhelm’s last name, because he was said to be the nicer parent and the man who in actually raised him. He was, after all, the father figure.

When they took my grandfather to Germany to school him, it was during Germany’s Great Depression. Tagging along with Wilhelm, and working for him at his business based in Germany at the time, one of my grandfather’s tasks was to wheelbarrow money back and forth, which during that darker time had become useless. While going to school there, it was told to me that he would be repeatedly be beat up by German kids, because they thought he was American. When he returned to America after his schooling, a little bit older, American kids beat him up because they thought he was German.

It sounds like a bit of running joke, right? Well, for these reasons - plus the abuse he received from his own adopted parents and other reasons - did he begin to question his identity and whether or not he liked German people or not. Worse still, he was not entirely at peace with the fact that he could be German or partly German.

The thing about my grandfather that you need to know is this: When he was alive, he was as smart as a whip and very creative minded. Even though he didn’t have a college education or any kind of relatively convenient education that we take for granted today, he was excellent in math. As for his creativity, he once tried writing songs and compositions for the piano, which were never found again, and I’ve also heard stories about him trying to write a novel during his years as a soldier. The unfinished manuscript is still with us today… all two to three pages of it. I guess he was pretty occupied, but it looks like a good yarn so far. He was also very entrepreneurial, taking business action for himself here and there when he was young.

It was these qualities, plus his enlisting in the Second World War, that he eventually rose to the rank of Captain and worked as an intelligence officer in Patton’s Army. During this time, he served for six months in the
North African Campaign, and then some in Italy after he returned to the war from Officer Candidates School. When you were working for intelligence in those days, it was like a pre-CIA organization, and my grandfather was like a spy. In fact, that’s what he did when gathering intel. Also, because of the fact that he could speak fluent German, it was easy to fool people on the enemy side. He would dress-up as a villager when he made it to the Rhineland, and could say something as easy as “Could you direct me to the nearest Nazi base?” and from there gather more information to help storm that same base. His other adventures included being up in the Alps and gathering very significant information to help with the later Normandy Beach invasion. Though some of these stories are word of mouth, and at points we have no formal proof, we do have a real good record at home that he personally interrogated two higher up Nazi figures. For one of them, the record we have states his work in interrogating Hermann Goering directly.

In spite of all this, even within his line of work, he still wondered about his own background and intel. Who was he really? What was his identity? At one point, his search lead him to a particular location to where his biological mother or father might have lived, but when he got close enough in his search to knowing who they were, only then did he make peace with himself. He, at long last, had decided that continuing any further would further hurt both him and the biological parent figure he would find. That was the end of it.

After his work, he left the army to marry my grandmother, who is still alive today. He did give up an opportunity to be promoted to the rank of Major, but he did get a Bronze Star Medal for his efforts. When he became a father to three sons, he went on to live in Ozone Park, Queens. In a funny way, even though he never really had a family life, he actually wound up starting one, and I’m told was a pretty good dad, too. What’s more is he really became the “Founding father of the Hentrich clan,” which pretty much makes it just two generations old.

For you Queens Residents, you might appreciate this big frustration. Since flooding happens a lot in that area, one of them carried off some of the records that my grandfather had from his war days or other things from his past. Some of them were possibly very important. Ugh! Talk about a double aggravation!

It was not until I was age 21, the age I’m at as I write this, that I was able to fully appreciate the full scope of my family history in just those two short generations alone. In my life, I found a bit of a connection and shared traits of myself with my grandfather, such as those insecure feelings about my possible German heritage. At first, it was a bit angering when I was very young, then it was confusing, mysterious, or spooky. Then, at other points still, I felt inspired by it. Not everything that Germany did in its history was terrible. When I looked over all the old documents, photos, and heard new and surprising stories over the summer of 2012, my
head would literally sometimes spin. This summer also marked my grandmother’s 91st birthday, during which she happily gave me even deeper details. Only then, for the first time in my life, did I feel small in face of the fact of how enormous and rich one’s life could really be.

In the end, the only heritage of his that I could embrace, be grateful for, or accept peacefully was simply that of my grandfather. I don’t mean German or American, or anything else. Just in him, that I was of his family and proud to be his grandson.
THE CENTENNIAL OF EBBETS FIELD, BROOKLYN, N.Y. 1913-2013
Home of “Da Bums” by Father Brian Jordan, OFM, chaplain, St. Francis College

BIRTH OF EBBETS FIELD
On April 9, 1913, Ebbets Field was officially opened as the brand new ballfield and home of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Charles Ebbets bought the team in the early 1900’s and secured funding for this nostalgic-filled stadium for $750,000. (NOTE: The current stadium for the minor league Brooklyn Cyclones cost $30 million to build and was opened in the summer of 2001. The new Barclays Center in downtown Brooklyn cost $1 billion to build and opened in the fall 2012.)

Professional baseball has been played in Brooklyn since the 1850’s and was played in various parts of this esteemed borough. There has also been name changes of the actual team from the 1850’s till 1890. Such names were the Atlantics, Grays, Bridegrooms, Grooms, Superbas and finally the Trolley Dodgers. The Trolley Dodgers was a term of endearment given to those who “dodged” between trolley cars in 19th century and early 20th century Brooklyn. The name was shortened to Dodgers which was made official in 1890 when the team formally joined the National Baseball League and retains that name today.

A new Washington Park was built in the Gowanus section of Brooklyn in 1898. This wooden ballpark had a seating capacity of 16,000 to 18,000 people. This park faced the fate of many ballparks of this type—wooden baseball parks were susceptible to fire.

Charles Ebbets bought the team at the turn of the 20th century and sought to build a new ballpark built of steel and concrete. It was determined that the present Gowanus site would have been too costly to build and Ebbets set his sights on another Brooklyn site which would be more economical. He brought substantial parcels of land in a slum section of Flatbush and began construction for the new ballpark on March 4, 1912. This huge tract of land was located on the corner of Bedford Avenue and Cedar Place. Why? It was reported that Charles Ebbets instructed his architect, Clarence Randall Buskin to build a stadium that was slightly larger than its immediate predecessor but had no vision of a post-Industrial Revolution Brooklyn.

Ebbets decided to name the ballpark after himself. Completed in over a year, the Dodgers played their first exhibition game on April 9, 1913 in which played the Philadelphia Phillies. According to ballparksofbaseball.com, the original seating capacity was 23,000 consisting of a covered double decked grandstand extending from the right field foul pole to homeplate and around the third base side. A lower level of seating continued down the third base side to the left field foul pole. A problem occurred on Opening Day. It was discovered that there was no press box for the reporters covering the game. A makeshift press box was later placed in two rows of seats in the upper deck. However, the great beauty of Ebbets Field was its entrance. A stunning 80 foot circular rotunda greeted Ebbets Field fans as they entered the ballpark and it was made of Italian marble with baseball stitching along with 12 turnstiles, 12 ticket windows, 12 lights shaped like baseballs held up by bat poles and a huge ceiling. Jews and Christians could identify with the number 12: there were 12 Tribes of Israel and there were 12 Apostles chosen by Jesus.

ADDITIONS AND RENOVATIONS Both the population of Brooklyn and the popularity of the Brooklyn Dodgers grew dramatically from 1913 to the 1930’s. The first addition to Ebbets field was in 1926 when bleachers were added in the outfield. In 1929, a press box was permanently constructed and hung under the upper deck. The largest addition to Ebbets field came in 1931 when the double decked grandstand was extended down the third base line, around the left field foul pole and into centerfield. The upper deck in left field hung over the playing field. Also in 1931, a scoreboard and a 40 foot concave angled in the middle right field wall. Night baseball was first played on June 15, 1938 and continued to
do so until the final 1957 year. The right and left field walls were filled with various advertisements from local vendors. The most famous was the Schaefer beer ad that provided the official scorer’s ruling on hits and errors. (A lit up “h” meant a hit and a lit up “e” indicated an error.) Interestingly, below the Schaefer ad was an Abe Stark “Hit sign, win suit” advertisement. My dear father Gerard Jordan, who was an avid Brooklyn Dodger fan claimed, “Not many suits were given away but lots of Schaefer beer was consumed since it was made in Williamsburg, Brooklyn!”

FLOURISHING OF EBBETS FIELD
For over four decades, baseball flourished in Brooklyn. Yearly attendance in the first year of 1913 was 18,000 per game and gradually grew to 35,000 per game in 1935. Even before World War II broke out in late 1941, the average attendance per game that year was 34,000. The highest recorded attendance for any game played in Ebbets Field was on May 30, 1934 when 41,209 faithful fans rooted for their beloved “Da Bums!” That was a regular season game and not even a playoff game. Such devotion by the Dodger fans!

There were many memorable moments at Ebbets Field during its 44 year old reign such as:

2) World Series champions when they won game 7 on October 4, 1955 over the Yankees. No more “Wait Until Next Year” mentality—the hex by the Yankees was broken. “Da Bums” finally delivered the championship for their beloved fans.

3) Among the most pivotal changes in the history of major league baseball, Jackie Robinson—the first African American baseball player to play in the major leagues as a starter in 1947. Many African American players soon followed to play in the spirit of this pathfinder. Jackie would soon be an All-Star second baseman for the Dodgers. He will go down in history as a courageous player who broke the color barrier.

4) All Star Dodger catcher Roy Campanella becomes MVP in 1951, 1953 and 1955. The only player in the history of the Dodgers ever to win the NL MVP three times.

5) Duke Snider hits 40 home runs in Ebbets Field from 1953 to 1957. Like other Dodger players during the late 1940’s and 1950’s, Snider lived in a neighborhood in Brooklyn which dramatically increased the devotion of the fans to their beloved Dodgers. They not only saw their Dodger players on the field but also on the street in corner stores and in churches.

6) Gil Hodges hits 4 homeruns on August 31, 1950 out of the Ebbets Field ballpark. Hodges was so loved not only by Brooklyn Dodger fans but also by New York Mets fans when as manager he led the New York Mets to an Amazing World Series victory in 1969 over the heavily favored Baltimore Orioles. The City of New York renamed the Marine Park Bridge the Gil Hodges Bridge in 1978 This bridge connects Brooklyn with Queens which also connects the Brooklyn Dodger fans of the past with the New York Mets fans of the present. Both clamor and demand the at Major League Baseball finally admit Gil Hodges to the Baseball Hall of Fame along with the other Brooklyn Dodger players Hodges played with and managed with the New York Mets.

7) Not a baseball moment but still a memorable moment. Marilyn Monroe kicks a ceremonial soccer ball in Ebbets Field history on May 12, 1957. Little did they realize that with the rapidly changing demographics in Brooklyn—soccer would become the predominant sport in Brooklyn since 1990.

8) Mixed memorable moment. On June 15, 1938, the first night game played in Ebbets Field was tarnished by the fact that Johnny VanderMeer of the Cincinnati Reds threw his second consecutive
no –hitter over the Dodgers in their home field.

DECLINE AND DEATH OF EBBETS FIELD

Ebbetts Field was the proverbial “Joe Six Pack” ballpark. People from all over the city (especially) Brooklyn flocked to this storied field. However, as time passed, the Dodgers could not keep up with the changing demographics.

By the late 1940’s, Ebbetts Field became structurally unfit for fans. The plumbing was in terrible condition. It had a way too little capacity for the increasing amount of fans. Since the aisles were narrow, the fans were literally on top of one another. It was constrained in its location and the surrounding Flatbush community began a socio-economic decline. The exodus to the suburbs had many loyal fans moving out of Brooklyn. Many attempted to drive to the ballpark but parking was extremely limited and it was far from major roads.

The primary owner, Walter O’Malley understood these realities and attempted to do something about it. In 1946, he commissioned an architect to design a brand new stadium. To be built with private funds, O’Malley did not publicly unveil his plan until 1952. If constructed, it would have had a seating capacity for 52,000 people and would have been the first baseball stadium in US history with a covered dome!

Unexpected hurdles came upon O’Malley’s grandiose plans. First, he was not able to secure land in Brooklyn to build this stadium. Second, even though he was willing to be a tenant on government owned land, he was strongly opposed by Robert Moses, the powerful NYC Parks Commissioner. O’Malley wanted to build this magnificent stadium in the area where the new Barclays Center now exists in downtown Brooklyn. Moses advised O’Malley to build the stadium in Flushing, Queens (now in the Citifield Stadium area.) O’Malley did not want to move the Dodgers out of Brooklyn and strenuously fought Moses to keep the Dodgers in Brooklyn.

Harsh disagreements between Moses and the Dodger organization led O’Malley to make threats that the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants may move to California. The Dodgers moved 7 home games to Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City, N.J. as part of its negotiating tactics against Moses and the NYC government.

In 1956, a turning point was made. O’Malley sold Ebbetts Field to a real estate developer. The threat and rumors now became a foreboding fact—both the Dodgers and the NY Giants were moving to California. The Dodgers played their last home game at Ebbets Field on September 24, 1957 and won by a score of 2-0 over the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Demolition began on February 23, 1960. After the demolition, the scoreboard and lights from Ebbets Field were used for minor league ballparks. Other memorabilia was distributed to various groups. However, the cornerstone of Ebbets Field can be found in the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y. The Brooklyn Dodger fans have cherished memories of “Da Bums” but they have never forgiven O’Malley for the move.

WHO IS TO BLAME? O’MALLEY? MOSES? OR THE FANS?

Who is really the primary culprit for the Dodgers leaving Brooklyn? For decades, the overwhelming majority of the blame has been directed at Walter O’Malley, the principal owner of the Dodgers. However, recent books and research points out that is at least a shared blame on many levels. First, Charles Ebbets and his architect for failing to have a vision of a long-lasting major league ballpark. Ebbets purposely bought land in the slum section of Brooklyn and built it for as cheaply as he could. His own architect did not even include a press box for a ballpark that featured America’s favorite pastime—major league baseball. Ebbets Field was bound to fail from the beginning.

Second, Walter O’Malley himself. Although he had the vision of what a major league baseball ballpark should look like, his own ego and greed interfered with his negotiations with the City of New York. It
is interesting to note that the very land O’Malley wanted for his new Dodger ballpark is now the site of the Barclays Center. Amazingly, there is plenty of public transportation for both urban dwellers and suburbanites.

Third, Robert Moses, the power-crazed parks commissioner. Why any New York City mayor would yield such power to this man is beyond comprehension. Although he is credited with many innovations for roads and bridges, Moses plans uprooted many happy families from their familiar surroundings and his cold, strategic planning forced O’Malley to make a pivotal decision—move the Brooklyn Dodgers to California. In my estimate and many others, Robert Moses takes most of the blame for the Dodgers leaving Brooklyn.

Finally, the fans did not go to bat for their beloved Dodgers during the last years of their reign in Brooklyn. Attendance was going down in the latter years even though the Dodgers were annual World Series contenders. Who would have guessed that baseball history was made in 1947 when Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier, that ten years later the Dodgers became history in Brooklyn and broke many hearts even till the present day.

The Brooklyn Dodgers will always be cherished in the memories of many devoted fans. Whether it was progress that made them move to California is still subject to intense debate on both the East and Left Coasts.

Father Brian Jordan, OFM  Chaplain, St. Francis College, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. bjordan@sfc.edu
Mayra Vialette, Shapes of an Artist No. 1  
By Evan Czmola

Math plus art somehow equates to Mayra Vialette. She is a Math major at SFC and the featured artist for this “Revival” issue of *The Montage.*

Mayra is a unique piece of the student body. Originally from Nicaragua, Mayra did not find an interest in drawing until she was 18. Seven years ago, Mayra was not in school and with the abundance of idle time after work began to search for purpose. One day she was looking at a Tom Stone portrait and challenged herself to mimic the image with a pencil and paper. The outcome revealed something she didn’t know about herself: she could draw!

Each one of Mayra’s illustrations are pieced together by a multitude of influences. Her love for math is translated into her precise lines which are embodied in her symmetrical portraits. Every image is a methodical equation in which she finds comfort. Mayra admires M.C. Escher and Salvador Dali. She is drawn to the strange world of surrealism.

Upon approaching one of her pieces, I suggest to focus on the eyes, because they are focusing on you. The first time I viewed one of her portraits it felt as if it was staring into my soul and revealing a repressed memory, like the time I found my Koi fish, Kyle, immobile and floating at the top of his bowl when I was 6. Her portraits seem to be trapped, almost threatening you to help free them from the space in between your world and theirs.

*The Montage*’s editorial board wanted to highlight her work. It is undeniable that Mayra has talent. It was her talent that caught our eye, but who she is seems equally important. Mayra Vialette SFC that an artist has no distinct image. She is a Math major (I can’t stress that enough) with an innate talent for drawing. Some see math and art as contradictions, but Mayra proves that to be false, and shows that it’s more of a case of balance.
Name of Play

__________________________

A full-length play

By Your Name here

Contact:
Your Name
Address
Phone
Email

<< OR >>

Represented by:
Mary Agent
The Mary Agency
123 Main Street
Anytown, USA 11111
ACT I

PROLOGUE

(July, 2006 Bryant Park, Mid-Morning.)

AT RISE: The stage is dark. There is no curtain. A single steel chair is DL. There is a loud rumble of TRAFFIC.

"HANDS COVER BRUISES" SOFTLY PLAYS OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER.

JUNE MCKINLEY (sixty-three, Benny's Mother) enters with the last few audience members. She has on a black, pin-striped dress and heels. She pauses to light a cigarette at the edge of the stage. She paces while looking through her phone directory. She walks to the chair flicking the remains of the cigarette, and speaks to the audience.)

MUSIC FADES AWAY.

JUNE

No...I don't know how it happened. It was all a blur. All I remember is one day I was married, then the next day my husband was gone. He wasn't sane. Suddenly, I was signing away his life. I had accidentally checked the box marked committed. The 5150 designation, how could I have known the difference... it meant involuntary commitment. No, The doctors said that they would call me. They did, but I chose not to answer.... No, I paid the bills. Sent his nurses a batch of mini fruit cakes, on all the holidays.... I don't know if they ate them or not... I kept calling them... But the doctor never answered.
(HOUSE LIGHTS begin to dim while a She puts out the cigarette, sits, and waits for her call to be transmitted.)

O.S. VOICE IS HEARD OF AN OPERATOR.

OPERATOR (off-stage)
Hello, Manhattan Psychiatric Center. How may I help you?

OPERATOR /I'm sorry about that... let me see if I could help you. Last name and first name.
I am sorry but I don't see his name in the computer. We must have misplaced his files. I see his name and the fact that he's deceased but access to the files are denied.

OPERATOR (Making an excuse) Well, when there is a death, we move the physical files into storage. Then they are promptly burned in the incinerator if no one claims them. That's what we do to old files.

OPERATOR Ma'am, is there anything else that I can help you with today?

JUNE
Yes, I was wondering if you can locate my husband's files. I am his widow. I've called Dr. Kressenbaum, but it's been two weeks. I haven't heard a thing from him.

JUNE McKinley, William, I'm June Mckinley.

JUNE What do you mean?

JUNE /I'm sorry but he was in there for seventeen years.

JUNE //You can call me back when you find the physical flies in storage, if you don't find them, so help me god, I will come down there and ring your neck with... piano wire! Are we clear? /
(JUNE snaps the phone closed and jams the phone in her pocket. She addresses the audience.)

Stage lights come up in the theater.

JUNE'S SPOTLIGHT GOES OUT.

JUNE
I told my son Benny that his father went to Rome. I lied. What would you do if you were faced with telling your son that truth. We moved to Boston to get Ben away from it all. Benny grew up. He went to Boston University and majored in English. He apparently met some girl there as well.... Never introduced me to her. After the gradation party, he proceeded to move back to New York. It didn't work out as I planned. I tried to keep in contact with Benny. I'd call and leave a message. He wouldn't call back. He hardly ever calls me. I guess its a writer's thing.

(JUNE'S cellphone is heard ringing over the loudspeaker in the theater. JUNE continues speaking to the audience.)

God this happens every time I'm here. You forgot to turn your cell phone off, didn't you?... Turn your cellphone off.

(The RINGING continues. JUNE realizes it's her phone.)

I forgot too put it on vibrate. It seems I do this every time. I need to take this...(sheepishly) Sorry.
HOUSE LIGHTS DOWN. SPECIAL FOLLOWS JUNE.

(The ringing ceases.)

OPERATOR
Hello, Mrs. McKinley?

JUNE //Who is this.

OPERATOR
This is the admission's office at the hospital. I have found all of your husband's...things!

JUNE (trying to shut her up.)
Where were--

OPERATOR (speaking very fast.)
They weren't in the incinerator after all. They were in another part of the ward./

JUNE All right--please shut/

OPERATOR
Well, it's was quite an ordeal. I had to go through ward A and you know what that's like! and then--/

JUNE Jesus H. Christ Out with it!

OPERATOR
Um, Mrs. Mckinley, we have found 9 boxes. Four of them are William's personal items. You know, from his room. Another four are his psychiatric reports and records. The last one contains copies of all the letters from the doctor. Don't worry I checked them all. Where would you like these files sent?

(A wave of phone static sounds. JUNE taps the phone.)
JUNE
(Irritably)
Thank You!! Please send them to my son's apartment. Benny McKinley, his address is 217 Columbus Ave, New York, New York, 10023. Oh, and just so the boxes do not get lost in transit, would you put a different return address: P.O. box 1429. 1300 6th Avenue, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, New York 11209.

(A wave of phone static sounds. A dial tone. JUNE stands rooted to the spot.)

JUNE
My what/My...Loss?

(JUNE puts her cell phone in her pocket and shakes her head. JUNE Exits.)

OPERATOR
I'll send them myself, right now, don't worry about postage. We're so sorry for your--.//

ALL LIGHTS OUT.
An excerpt:
Edward Benkert

I had ordered two beers from my waitress but she told me she could only bring one at a time. When she came back with the first, I told her to wait a moment. I lifted the glass to my mouth and drank the beer down then handed the empty glass back to her and asked for another. The look of disbelief and disgust on her face hadn’t bothered me, and it didn’t stop me from repeating the process when she returned with my second beer. I was supposed to be waiting tables down the street at Benvenuto, a neighborhood pizzeria. But about forty-five minutes after we had opened, I wanted to leave, so I told the waitress working with me I’d be right back. I knew I would have to return eventually; that’s why I decided the diner I had been sitting in up the street would have to suffice.

I could have been drinking free of charge back at Benvenuto but I had been feeling slightly guilty about what happened with my best friend, Seth Dolton, the day before - not that the two had anything to do with one another, but guilt tends to dilute my lewd behavior. I’m not above drinking on the job. And I’m usually not above doing it for free either, but that day I had felt like being a better person. That’s why I went over to the diner.

Seth isn’t a lot like me. He thinks he is, but he’s wrong. We drank together all of the time. We watched football together at the bars on Sundays. And during the week nights, we’d sit around in our Adams Morgan apartment on the corner of Seaton Street and 17th Street in Washington D.C. and get drunk off of beer and wine and liquor for no damn reason. Besides the drinking, the only thing we really had in common was the rut we were both in. But his rut was shallow. He had reasons for being in it. Mine was bottomless – I have never had a reason for it. That’s why it can be very difficult. I felt that way and I never knew why. I still don’t. I looked like a convivial person to everyone who knew me. But I couldn’t tell them how I felt because they wouldn’t have believed me. And if they did, they wouldn’t have understood. They would have thought that my sorrow wasn’t justifiable. And they would have been right. But it had never been a choice of mine. I’ve been given many opportunities. I’ve never been poor. I have a good family. But none of that had anything to do with the way I felt. I don’t expect anyone to understand. You couldn’t understand what it’s like to feel the way I do unless you feel it yourself.

The day before, I was drinking at the diner I went with Seth to the first Redskins game of the football season. We arrived early and drank a lot at the tale gate and then drank more inside the stadium. I knew a bartender on the club level. We ended up sitting at the bar and watching the game on the television and drinking free liquor drinks. I was drinking Jameson and waters and Seth was drinking
vodka cranberries.

After the game ended, we had planned on picking his girlfriend, Lisa Scott, up at her house – on the condition that we’d hurry because I had work that evening. Seth was severely drunk in the car on the way to Lisa’s and acting very daft. He thought it would be a good idea to call his father – whom had walked out on him when he was four – and ask for tuition money for his upcoming semester in community college. I remember feeling angry that he was making the phone call. I knew his father was going to say no and Seth knew his father was going to say no.

Seth, as predicted, engaged in a screaming battle with his father the entire car ride to Lisa’s house. He must have called his father’s fiancé a whore over a dozen times. He allowed his pain to take control of him. He might have squeezed a few dollars out of his father if he acted like a man instead of a hurt and drunk boy.

When we picked Lisa up Seth left the car for fifteen minutes and walked half a mile up the street yelling into the phone. I had felt very indignant. I told Seth I had work. I was being nice by picking Lisa up for him. But I was always doing Seth favors, so he wasn’t as grateful as he’d been before. I should have held some favors back. If I had, he may not have taken advantage of me.

After Lisa persuaded Seth to get back into the car, I had made a left onto Connecticut Avenue from her street but I had to stop for gas. While I had been in the small snack shop paying I watched Seth exit the car and start to pace back and forth on the thin strip of lawn between the gas station and street. I collected my change and walked back to my 97’ Buick LeSabre. Before I got there I saw a mother cover her young son’s ears and usher him back into her car in response to Seth’s loud and repulsive curses. Even for him, that incident was worse than most.

I finished fueling the tank and ducked into the car. Lisa had moved into the front seat. And Seth was still screaming curses at his father. She looked over to me with blood curdling eyes as if it were my fault the incident had happened, as if it were my fault that Seth drank as much as he did; and that I should rescue her poor dog and put him with his tail between his legs, into the backseat. But I wasn’t going to do that. I rolled my eyes at her and reclined in the driver seat.

I was very angry while waiting for Seth at Lisa’s house, but at the gas station I felt fine. I had succumbed to the fact that I wouldn’t be at work on time and patiently waited in the car with a grin on my face, like a child taking pleasure in the discipline of a sibling. Lisa must have noticed because she got out of the car and slammed the door and wet to console Seth.
I never did anything evil that day, but I hadn’t been helpful or sympathetic. I think Lisa expected me to show empathy because I’m a drinker too. But because I drink doesn’t mean I can relate to another drinker’s problems. I act nothing like Seth when I’m drunk. In fact, I act the opposite. It’s harder to talk to me when I’m drunk than sober. Not because I become violent or aggressive, but because I become more acutely aware of my want of privacy. When I drink, I prefer to be left alone.

Sitting in the booth with my fourth beer and staring at the table top, I had suddenly heard Courtney’s voice – the waitress from Benvenuto – across from me. I looked up and there she was, sitting down, with a disgusted look on her face.

“Ike,” she began, “what the hell are you doing?”

I took a sip of my beer then asked her if there was a problem.

“Yeah, there is,” she said. “It’s the lunch rush and I’m taking tables left and right with no help at all because you’re over here drinking. And I’ve been waiting for you to come back so I can smoke a cigarette. You said you’d be right back. You need to watch my customers.”

She could have used some help, I’ll admit that now. “Who’s watching your customers now?” I had asked her. She became very defensive.

“No one!” she screamed. A few people around us looked over. Courtney was pretty angry.

“You should probably get back then,” I said. She opened her mouth to say something but I guessed that she couldn’t find the words and she began to stutter. I couldn’t watch her fumble for the words any longer.

“Go smoke your cigarette. I’ll come back after I’ve finished my drink.”

Courtney glared at me, then a small smirk appeared on her face. “Well, that shouldn’t take too long,” she said.

She stood up from the booth and I saw she had been wearing overly short shorts below her hips. When she turned to leave, I saw a dark freckle high on her left ass cheek right next to the beginning of her crack. She probably showed it to me on purpose. She probably knew her ass was hanging out of her shorts. Then she turned and caught me looking and she smiled as if she won something. But she didn’t win anything because I was in love with Grace Emerson. When I had been looking at the brat’s seventeen year old ass it was only because it was right in front of me.

Grace and I met my first day at Benvenuto. She was working behind the carry-out counter when
I walked in. I had been in a bad mood and wasn’t excited about the job. But when I walked in, she turned and gave me this amazing smile. I had never before seen anything like it. Throughout the five hour work shift, we started a conversation. We didn’t get into anything personal, we just talked. But that is rare for me to find. It’s rare to find someone to talk to. I don’t like most people. They either think they’re better than I am or they’re telling me things they think I want to hear instead of being themselves. Most people don’t know themselves very well. But Grace was comfortable talking to me, and I never wanted her to stop.

She’s a couple of years younger than I am. I had just turned twenty when I met her. I could sense that she felt much younger than I am. But that didn’t stop her from being herself. We hadn’t flirted at all. We were just getting to know one another.

I learned that she was very religious. I was raised a Catholic and sent to Catholic schools, so I immediately felt an appreciation for her that most people around us didn’t. When I met her, I hadn’t been attending Sunday Mass frequently – a combination of complete lack of faith and laziness, among other things. But after working with her for a few weeks, I began to realize I was falling in love with her. I hadn’t loved, or even liked, someone in years. Falling in love with Grace so soon surprised me.

She was involved with someone else at the time. And I needed time to become a better person. I decided to let their relationship take its course. I was happy enough to rise each morning and feel something. At the time, it hadn’t mattered if she belonged to me. That period of my life was very difficult. I was severely depressed. Grace was something to live for.

My depression began my sophomore year in high school. I noticed I had begun to move away from the kind-hearted boy my mother loved, but I was very quick to allow drugs to replace that feeling of loss. My mind was much younger then. Not only did I not understand the changes I had undergone, but I didn’t allow myself to care. I started to drink black coffee, drink straight whiskey, to refuse myself any tears and when I couldn’t hold them back I’d leave the room. I no longer showed any types of affection, and I would shy away from others’. I adopted these things because I associated them with being a man. It was difficult at first, but after you drink enough back coffee it begins to taste good – and it tasted damn good to me.

The summer after my high school graduation, I let myself go completely. I had already decided not to attend college, so I had no tangible reason to keep me away from drugs. I also had plenty of money from working different jobs – some legal, some not. I developed a serious cocaine habit, among the smoking and drinking I already heavily indulged in. My bank account decreased, but not quickly
enough. By the summer’s end, it was normal for me to snort six or seven lines in the morning and go play miniature golf.

Fortunately I was away most of the summer, so my family wasn't aware of what I had been doing to my body. But when my friends went away to school and Seth began his first semester at community college, there were no more beach houses to sleep in, so I went home. Fights began to occur daily – my parents tried as hard as any others to maintain order, but they couldn't do anything when I simply hadn't listened. They took everything away from me that they could, but I never cared. I spent weeks on end sleeping at Seth's house. Fortunately he wouldn't allow my cocaine habit to continue, so during the countless weeks I spent with him he helped me break it. But that's when the alcoholism set in. Before I was merely another high school teenager drinking at parties, usually to impress girls. When I was detoxing from the cocaine, and then afterwards, alcohol became a discipline. Months passed, then years followed.

I eventually got a job as a greens keeper at a local country club. I'd wake up at five in the morning and spend the rest of the day mowing greens and tees, raking bunkers, digging holes for new sprinkler systems, cutting down trees, putting up fences, watering sod for hours, and hiding from the foreman every chance I found. My drinking made it incredibly difficult to wake up many mornings, so I was always coming in late. Eventually they told me to take a few weeks off. I was lucky to get a second chance. But I think the bosses and lawn mower mechanic appreciated that I spoke English, and that I went out to our lunches every fucking day. Although I loathed my job, and the person I had turned into even more, there was peace to be found during the days at the golf course. No one expected a lot from me. No one was better than I was, and no one acted like they were.

After working at the country club for over a year, I began to become ill very often. My nightly drinking had begun to seriously affect me. I wasn't getting any sleep, and my depression was worsening by the hour. I hadn't known then that I wanted to become a writer, but I wrote all of the time. I dabbled in fiction and poetry, but I hadn't found my voice and I hadn't been sure what to write about. I was writing how I thought I was supposed to, instead of writing what was inside of me. However, I wrote religiously in a journal. It took me a while to realize that my journal held the writing, and voice, that I had been looking for. One of my journal entries written during a late night before work at the golf course reads:

"Eight shots of jack... emotions?"
crying myself to sleep?
I haven’t cried at all.
I don’t feel a god damn thing.
What the fuck is wrong with me?
Give me something. Some fucking release.
Of course not. Give me the opposite. I’m laughing right now. Fuck you. Laughing? When all I want to do is cry and bask in my own god damn pity?
Trying to fuck myself up to get an emotional rise is the most sobering thing I’ve ever done.”

I decided to look for a different, more relaxing job. I thought a new job would help me get my life back together, and I was prepared to make changes in order to allow that to happen. The day after I made that decision Seth introduced me to the manager at Benvenuto, and two weeks later I met Grace. When we first met she had no idea who I was, or where I had come from. I was given a new opportunity, and I took it.
I Never Took The Picture of Her Drinking At The Fountain
Richard Relkin

Lucky broke her leg tonight. She’s 14 years old - about 101. She can hardly see, can’t hear, can hardly walk, has lumps and cysts all over a surgically repaired knee. Aging isn’t pretty.

She came to me in tragedy. I was working at WLEX in Kentucky one weekend. There was a huge thunderstorm and a tree fell on some campers in Somerset County, killing one young man. A few days later, I was confirming the pick-up of my 6 week old golden retriever puppy - Hachi - named for a loyal Japanese dog who met his master at the train station every day at the end of work... and still went there for years after he passed away, living off the kindness of the townspeople. When I called, the breeder told me there were no females left from that group. She must have been given away in the confusion. His son was the person who died in the storm.

He gave me pick of the next litter. I sat with all the newborns and met the mom - Betsy. I saw her dad Flash later on. I chose Lucky because she wasn’t the runt, who sat in my lap and she wasn’t the adventurous one who ran across the room. She was happy lying at my feet as I sat on the floor.

A few weeks later, I picked her up, a seven week old mushball of fuzz. She sat in my lap on the drive home, barely the size of my forearm. She looked up at me and I knew I was Lucky to have her. Not exactly an original name but the truth.

We lived on a tobacco farm in Lexington, in a pillbox type house in a row of six, overlooking a creek and tucked away behind the tobacco curing shed and hay barn. She didn’t have a leash; much less wear a collar for the first two years of her life. She completed a dream I had... sitting in a rocking chair, looking out over the field, rain coming down, singing, playing guitar with my dog at my side. Of course, I’m not a very good singer, and could only play a handful of songs on guitar at my peak, and never for an audience, but that’s beside the point. Those were moments of pure happiness.

I’d come home from work and we’d sit on a futon on one of the porches and I’d hold her up and say, “Did you grow today?” and she had.

When we got home the first day, it was raining. She went right outside and did her business, uncaring. Our family dog, Fluffy (original names run in the family) freaked out in the rain and thunder. Lucky could care less. She had maybe one accident in the house, training her was a snap. I taught her to sit, lie down and gimme your paw in one weekend. What I didn’t realize was that I’d actually taught her sign language. We found that out when I took her to the vet one day, to get spayed, I think, and the nurses told me that she kept doing these weird things whenever they pointed to her. I realized that I made an L shape with my fingers for sit and pointed to the floor for down and of course gimme your paw was obvious.

This dog was all energy, and with the strongest teeth and neck to match. We’d go into one of the fields to play fetch, only she never dropped the sticks. So I’d have to get a pile of them and I’d throw them in every direction. She always brought it back to me, but that was an invitation to play tug of war, not to drop it. She never liked tennis balls, just sticks, the bigger the better, tree sized if she could. Three feet, four feet, ten feet. So we’d go back and forth, I’d throw them left, then right, then left, then right. She could keep two or three in her mouth at one time, but then, only with her mouth full to overflowing was I able to get them away from her.
When she was still just a puppy, a bunch of my friends and I rented a minivan and drove to my home in New York. She was still so small that she fit under the seat and spent a great deal of the 14-hour drive there. The first pit stop was for her... in Flintstone, West Virginia on the post office lawn. We all cheered wildly to encourage the behavior. She was still learning the ropes of the whole potty training thing. As it turns out, she had a strict set of rules. She would only go on grass and snow. I can count on my hand the number of times she broke this rule and two of those were in the last six months. One time she even held it in for an entire weekend when she stayed with a friend in the Village. No grass, no pee. I stopped at a snow pile on the way back up to Riverdale and she let it all out.

I started running a little bit at night. I'd go from the house to the gate - 6/10ths of a mile and back, several times. That's when I heard her yelping. She missed me. I couldn't stay home and I couldn't take her to work with me; except when we got 19 inches of snow and she slept with me in the edit suite so I could do the overnight school closings and such.

We got stuck on the road back to the house the next morning, inside the gate. She had her stuffed animal with her, but she kept dropping it. I'd pick it up and she'd bite it and take it from me. All the while we trudged through the snow to try to get back to the house. It was very slow going.

In any case, I got her a pet... a cat, Oscar. She loved him. They barked and hissed at each other for a half hour when I first introduced him to the house. Then had a short fit later that night, but beyond that it was love. They groomed each other. Oscar licked her fur. Lucky his ears and butt. Nice.

Lucky was very upset when Oscar died and exuberant, whining wildly, when I came home with Claude in the carrier. This was in Riverdale now. They had fight night. Every night about 8, Claude would stand on his back legs on the floor or on a chair or couch and he'd swing with a left, right, a left or try to bite leg. Lucky would use her mouth to parry and counter attack. It was loud, and great fun for all of us. Rachel got to see this more than a bunch of times.

The first time Lucky met Rachel, she knew we were meant to be together. She whined wildly again, ran right up to her and was so excited, she bit Rachel on the nose and actually broke the skin. It was Rachel and I's third date, I think.

One afternoon in Kentucky a thunderstorm hit, the kind with raindrops so big they hurt when they hit your skin. The usually quiet creek was racing, not overflowing its six feet deep banks like it did one summer, but moving nicely. Lucky was nowhere to be found. I felt like I was in one of those Disney wilderness movies. Thunder crashing, rain pouring down, “LUCKY! LUUUUU-KKKKKYYYYYYYY!” Then she comes prancing out of the creek, drenched, walking side by side with Ruby, one of the golden's who lived next door. Ruby had Rasta curls and with the rain, she was a mess. Lucky was not looking too good either. Ruby was the troublemaker of the pack. Lucky just went along for the ride. Or so I'd like to believe.

So what did Lucky eat?

The frame of my sister's glasses, pieces of my friend Chris' hair dryer, remote controls. Books, in particular the one with all the common sense cures for dog and cat maladies, my first set of Tefillin (leather straps are a delicacy I guess), the legs of the rocking chair, until I coated the ends with hot sauce, a trick I learned from Beth, who's dad was the McDonald's King of the Tri-state area (West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio) - an aside, forget the crate of cookies and pies
or slabs of American cheese, the greatest thing I got from her was a box of McDonald’s garbage bags. They came with me to Florida and Riverdale and lasted until movers stole them when we moved Rachel into our first Riverdale home.

Walks with lucky.

In Orlando, we’d go to the Wekiwa Spring State Park near Apopka where I lived. There were bears there so I had to keep her on a leash - retractable to 20 feet. I’d open the door to the car and it was off to the races. We’d just run as fast and as long as we could down the trail, over creeks, through the woods and all that. Then we’d walk back, the ride home was the only time in her first 6 or 7 years that she was actually exhausted. She passed out. Lucky was a puppy for a loooong time.

In Riverdale, it was more of the same. I think people knew me as the guy whose dog took him for runs.

I remember watching Syracuse’s John Wallace, my sister’s alma mater, hit some clutch shots in the NCAA tournament one year in Kentucky. I jumped up off the couch and screamed. Lucky joined me, so excited because I was excited, barking and jumping. In Florida I got the new Chemical Brothers album and we ran in circles, around the coffee table, on the couch, off the couch dancing and singing (barking) to Block Rocking Beats.

At the Henry Hudson Park Upper, they had water fountains under the big statue of Henry. Lucky would always jump up, brace herself and wait for me to turn the water on. I don’t know if she was the first, but soon, other dogs would do it too. I always forgot to bring a camera and I knew I would be missing that photo. I always took the picture in my mind.

Now we’re coming to the end. She’s a shell of her youthful self. The justifications, the rationalizations. She did so much for me. A source of joy... as I told Rachel tonight, a psychic sponge. “Please pet me, get your sadness out on me, that’s why I’m here.” Like the sacrificial lamb sent out to the wilderness with everyone’s sins every year. In temple this weekend, she is who I thought of when thinking about the book of life. I knew this was the last year. I just didn’t know she wouldn’t even make it to Yom Kipper.

How do we tell Sydney? Will Adam miss her; will he understand? How will Claude react? I can see him meowing around the house looking for her.

My sister is still away. I gave my parents the heads up. There were a few times this year when I thought I was bringing her to my parents for the last goodbye. Now we are here and I’m terribly upset. For some reason I didn’t think I would be this emotional but it’s hitting me like a ton of bricks. Fourteen years - from post college to marriage and fatherhood. That’s an amazing set of chapters in my life. She saw me through a lot. I will miss her dearly, her life force in the house.
There For You
by Terence C. Reese

The leaves of northern Connecticut were green and rustled in the wind. Cormac ran along the forest floor next to the bottom of sloping hills; forty-five degree angles that rose from a stream and were covered with tree-trunks, boulders, and dirt. The waterfalls en route had turned from trickles to roars by the heavy, seasonal rain.

Cormac’s pack hugged his sweaty body and was pulled tight over his shoulders. He ran shirtless in the summer heat. His shoes were wet from where he dashed into the stream a half mile back. Once a pace was set, he maintained it for the entirety of the run.

It had been his father who first brought him to the forest. Now woodland running was an opportunity Cormac rarely passed on. As an adolescent, he learned to navigate over the different terrains and negotiate proper foot placement to lessen the chance of rolling an ankle. A few years ago, an illness prevented his father from running anymore and Cormac missed his company. Nature, however, bred a unique feeling around solitude, which Cormac learned to enjoy. The isolation made him feel like he was running in a different time, a simpler past. The smell of the greenery and the sounds of the moving branches were his favorite in the world. His father had taught that appreciation.

Every so often the stream dipped under some rocks and cascaded down in arcs on the other side. The waterfalls were short drops and Cormac knew the area well enough that he never came upon them abruptly. Except one. It reached a height of close to sixty feet – more than he had ever previously jumped – and, when standing on the brink, its height alone lent a feeling of abruptness. Cormac liked ending his run at its apex.

He hoped that one day his adrenaline would lend courage enough to take that plunge. The depth was no concern. No sharp objects lay at the
base, nor did any cliff walls bar the way. It was a straight drop. But no matter how he tried, standing atop those gray rocks looking over, his feet would not budge passed a certain point.

Any minute it would be in sight. Maybe the goal was to not think about jumping off it. Maybe, rather than psyche himself up, he should forget about it, and mindlessly jump. Somewhere beneath the sweat, under the pumping of blood in his head, Cormac tried to bury the thought of the waterfall.

Moving around a bend in the stream, he saw the sky fill the gap of space between the tops of the trees - the horizon beyond the fall. Wind gusted along the stream and for a moment cooled his body. Coming up, he saw the giant log which hung over the water in a steep but climbable angle, and which connected the ground he was running on to the hill on his left. The rocks, the jump, neared.

Could he attack it full speed? Maybe, yes he would, no better not. The decision was there, the decision was now. He imagined his legs propelling him off the ground, hitting the cold, refreshing water. How wonderful it would be, how powerful he would feel. But just as he passed the log, mere yards from the fall, his stride ended. The footfalls which followed were heavy and resounded disappointment.

Swearing under his breath, he walked to the edge. Below his feet the water appeared to fall slower. He could watch a drop of water descend for what seemed like minutes. He could still do it, he could still jump. His chest heaved and temples pulsed but somewhere in the background of feeling was doubt. Taking a step back he started to build some enthusiasm, shaking some invisible substance out of his hands. He was near the base of the log when he stopped - remembering all the times that that type of thinking had failed in the past. Instead he took deep breaths to expunge every thought and doubt.

“You jump?” The voice startled him. Cormac ran in the morning
because there were fewer people.

On the hill, next to the top of the log, he saw a girl. They were apart by a distance of what Cormac guessed to be thirty feet, and she was higher up. “I’m, uh, not sure.” He swore again, silently. He was wearing glasses and he considered himself not among the few who looked better with them on. The girl he saw through them was a real beauty. Her brown hair was almost black but its true color showed in the light that cut through the shadows of the leaves. “I want to.”

The girl looked over at the falling water. “Not that big. Just jump.” Her voiced was laced with a European-sounding accent.

Cormac followed her gaze. “I know but it’s not that easy for me.” Her face showed boredom. “Is higher up for me here, and I’d jump.” Cormac determined her accent was Spanish. He motioned for her to demonstrate. “But,” she continued, “I’m waiting for someone. It will take long to get back up.”

“Ah.”

“Is true. I’d show you how easy it is. What’s your name?”

“Cory,” he told her.

“Well, trust me, Cory. Jump.” She urged him, gesturing.

What does this girl want? Cormac thought. Some excitement? Proof that someone actually could survive the fall? Or be foolish enough to try?

“I’m thinking about it,” he said, judging the fall again.

Compared to his discomfort, the girl looked relaxed. She withdrew a small box from her rolled-up, canvas-colored shorts that ended mid-thigh. From the box came a cigarette, and if she had not been concentrating on lighting it she would have seen the flash of disapproval across Cormac’s face. “You smoke?” she asked.

Outside of the woods, Cormac had no particular aversion to the habit. There was something wrong about smoking in the forest though. It was an unnatural activity in a purely natural area. It was something of
the future in a place belonging to the past. Among the centuries-old surroundings, the lighter, the nicotine, the inhalation, they all brought him back to the present. And for a minute, just for a moment in his day, he’d have liked to live in the past.

Seeing that Cormac had not answered and was looking away from her, the girl took a puff and said, “I’m Cammy.” He turned back. “Where are you from?”


“Ah, I love New York City,” she said. Cormac watched her hand move to and away from her mouth, the motion trailing smoke. The cigarette dangled loosely between her fore and middle fingers; her grip seemed so light that a breeze might carry it away.

For a few moments it was quiet between them. He watched her and she smoked. She had no problem being looked at. Her skin was closer to white than tan. She glistened with sweat, but it was a dull glow rather than a shine. Cammy kept a hand on her hip as she held the other with the cigarette near her neck. Her left arm and both legs had smears of dirt. The hiking boots on her feet were wet and muddy. And her shirt was open at the top, but the angle was such that Cormac saw nothing revealing.

He thought about going up to her. The log offered a way but, although it was thick enough, it had patches of moss and was wet with dew. If he could get up there confidently in one fell swoop, he would have tried. But slipping or crawling his way up would have been too embarrassing. “Are you from around here?” he asked instead.

“No. I live now in Toronto. But I come a lot to visit.”

“Canada,” he stated, nodding. “How long have you been there?”

She put the cigarette to her mouth and inhaled, holding up three fingers.

“Years?”

She nodded. “Si, I love travel. I spent time in Canada and France.
Now America."

Cormac removed his pack by loosening the straps, and placed it on a
dry spot nearby. He had a long drink from his water bottle. "I just spent
a year in Montreal. I was studying at McGill."

Cammy frowned. "I don’t know. University names, I don’t know them."
She looked of the age to be attending college or of beginning first year.
Cormac guessed her at around eighteen, yet she exuded a maturity that he
felt he could never match. Europeans always did.

"It’s a good one up there," he said. "Are you not in a university?"

"No. I like taking pictures and traveling and coming to places like
this." As she spoke, Cormac noticed for the first time the black camera
attached to her wrist by a cord. Her cigarette was done but she did not
take out another. Rather she snubbed it and put the butt in the box from
which it came. "You like Ca-Con-Connecticut?" she asked, struggling with
the pronunciation.

"I do, yeah. How about you?"

She nodded. "I love the sounds. And I love the silence." She met
his eyes. "There is silence beneath the noise." Then she grabbed hold of
her camera and slid it off her arm. "You can take my photo?"

"Sure."

"I will throw it, si? You will catch."

"Alright."

"Do not drop it." Cammy emphasized each word.

Cormac nodded.

"I mean it."

Cormac grinned.

With a last look, studying if he could actually catch her camera,
she said, "I trust you," and tossed it to him in a slight arc. It barely
spun and landed squarely in Cormac’s hands. He thought he heard a sigh of
relief over the sound of the waterfall.
“Is it on? How do I turn it on?” He turned it over in his hands.

“Is on.”

Cormac hit a button to wake the screen but, when he looked, there was no screen. He held it in front of his face, momentarily confused.


“Oh, it isn’t digital.” Cormac’s face reddened. “Okay, I got it, I got it. So how should I do this? Just one picture?”

“No. I will pose and you will take when I say. Multiple photos.”

Cormac understood and held the camera to his eye, seeing her through it. He rotated the lens in and out, adjusting the focus and zoom, and snapped Cammy’s picture whenever she said.

In front of the camera, it was odd how she simultaneously appeared misplaced among nature and deeply rooted in it. She withdrew a cigarette to use in her poses, which added to the contrasts, but she did not light it. She shifted her hair sometimes. Rarely would she contort her face or smile. Her blank stare was piercing and conveyed its own emotion.

Viewing her from behind the lens, Cormac felt removed. He saw her as she was and realized that her life was one in which he had no part. She had exquisite features and something in her made him know that she’d become even more beautiful as she aged. The impression she gave with her looks and obvious physical appeal made him think that they’d have no connection outside of this small world they had just created for themselves. She was the type who danced at night in cultured areas with live music of her heritage. Dance must have been an urge, the only outlet at the end of every night to expel some of the heat that she built-up and carried around with her during the day. He could tell that Cammy did not even own a television, seldom, if ever, watched movies, never acknowledged the existence of the internet, and was fiercely independent. Her traveling and her old camera made her more a part of a past world than her smoking in the
woods could ever taint. Cormac felt jealous and hypocritical. Cammy was too much for him, too much for anyone.

When she was finished Cormac felt like he had experienced a part of her that was infrequently seen by others. She thanked him and he made to throw the camera back up. Her cry paralyzed him.

“You cannot throw it.”

“Why? I can throw well.”

“I believe you,” she said. “But I do not trust myself to catch.”

“How am I going to get it up to you?” he asked. “Look, it’s easy—”

“Cory,” she stated. “No.”

Cormac sighed. “What did you think when you tossed it down?”

“I don’t know. I wasn’t thinking.”

Cormac eyed the log. He could scale it and hand the camera back. But he did not want to slip with it in his hands. If he used his pack he could prevent that, but slipping and falling remained an unpleasant consequence. If he could not throw it though, then it was his only option. Just as he was about to turn to put it in his bag and attempt to carry it up to her, she said, “You can throw it, if you jump.” She motioned toward the waterfall as if he had forgotten.

His answer was briefly stammered in his confusion. “What? What’s in it for me? I can easily throw it up as I was going to without jumping. Besides, even if I throw it, how do you know I’ll jump? I’ll need to throw it first, right?”

“Just jump.”

Why did she want him to do it? He wanted to jump. He knew that it would probably be the lone thing that he could do to impress her and the only thing she’d remember him for outside of their brief encounter. Then again, so what? The chances he had with her were non-existent as he’d seen glimpsed through the lens. Probably he’d never see her again. Should he risk his life to satisfy her? Do something his body and mind screamed at
him not to do?

"Why not?" she said. "Is there for you."

It was fear, and though he was unwilling to divulge that information to her, he found it coming out anyway - she had that way about her. "I don’t want to, I’m afraid." After that, he knew all was lost with her.

Cammy exhaled her frustration. She swore at him in Spanish and before he knew it she was speeding down the log. She covered the distance agilely and with great balance, only misplacing her step once - upon the mossy patch - but recovered without breaking the resolved concentration in her face. Cormac was stunned. He desired the confidence she showed, the poise. It came to her with such ease. Maybe it was reckless but perhaps she simply knew she was capable. Why did his mind go through such deliberation about the log and the waterfall? How did hers bypass the hesitation?

The camera was taken from him. He expected to be yelled at but with the object of desire in her hands she grew calmer. She checked the camera as if it had been thrown, her anger subsiding in the process. He apologized.

"No, is alright. Thank you for the photos."

He nodded, faltering for words. "Um. Are you going to be around tonight? In Connecticut still, I mean."

"Yes, in New Haven," she said with disinterest. As she finished, a third voice was added to the noise of the forest around them.

"Camille!" it sounded. A male voice.

Cammy glanced back the way it had come. "I have to go now. Thanks again for the photos." She walked back up the log, leaving Cormac behind. He did not know what to say; their relationship was ending too abruptly. There had to be something, but it was too late.

"Hey," he called when she was at the top. "Maybe we’ll bump into each other again sometime."

When she was gone, he approached the edge.
Looking over, he secured his pack which he had picked up from its spot and thought of Cammy. This time he saw the fall without fear, his stomach did not churn. His heart rate was normal.

Cormac jumped.

And as he did he had a feeling to look to the left. Cammy was there, a few dozen meters away. She was but a flash in the plunge though he could have sworn he saw a smile. That was the last he saw of her...

*

...For some time anyway, or so his imagination went. In his plunge there came to him the possibility of a future. After a few days the two would forget about each other. But one evening, while developing photographs, Camille would come across a shot of a man jumping from a waterfall in a Connecticut forest. Years would pass. Her archive of beautiful pictures would grow, and her relationship with her boyfriend would not. There would come a time when Cormac would travel to Toronto to visit an old friend from his time in neighboring Montreal. One night, a showcase gallery of young artistic talent around the city would catch his eye. He’d see the waterfall and the man jumping and warmly recall a similar memory. Next to it, in another photograph, he’d see himself again but this time he’d know it: standing at the bottom of a log in the picture, the water falling nearby. He’d turn from the images, not knowing that either had been captured, searching for the artist. And she’d be there at his side, smiling; there for him.

THE END
Over my summer break, I am looking forward to reading, *A Confederacy of Dunces* by John Kennedy Toole. This book has come up in frequent conversations that I have been a part. Whenever the title is mentioned, somebody always follows with, “Oh man, what a great book. It’s so funny, it made me laugh out loud.” Then I am obligated to ask the question the opposition is begging for someone to say, “Why’s it so funny?” Everybody has a similar answer, which takes the form of something like this, “It’s about this obese guy who is dependent on his mother and just does these hilarious things... But it’s more than that. You have to read it, it’s hard to explain unless you read it.” I have grown tired of this conversation, so I figured that the only way to stop this redundancy in my life is to read the book. I am also looking forward to changing my response to, “Yes. It was a funny book,” and ending the conversation.
Katharine Diehl (poetry editor)

I’ll be graduated this summer, job hunting, studying for the GRE, applying to grad school, and probably sobbing, panicked and sweaty, all the while. I will need a reading list to soothe my savage soul. Let’s see. Quartet in Autumn by Barbara Pym, because I love sad stories about old people. Blankets by Craig Thompson, because I still have issues I need to work through from my years as a homeschooler. More Flannery O’Connor. More poetry. Cookbooks because I want to learn how to cook vegetables that are not soggy and depressing. Madness: The Invention of an Idea by Foucault because, well because. The Second Sex whenever I need to be motivated and driven by rage. Mary Karr and OBVIOUSLY more about the history of children’s literature. Maria Tatar should be sainted, bless her.
Teaching English usually keeps me too busy to read more than what I am teaching in the semester’s courses. Summer is a chance to see what is new and so I collect books during the year and place them on a stack to be read in the summer. This summer stack of books is a little taller than in past summers, but I hope to get to most of them. Among the books is a translation by Maurice Betz of some of, the German poet, Rainer Maria Rilke’s reflections on poetry in *Rilke in Paris*. A new biography by Andre Vauchez, *Francis of Assisi: The Life and Afterlife of a Medieval Saint*. A philosophy text, *Embodied Cognition* by Lawrence Shapiro along with Peter Brown's history, *Through the Eye of a Needle: Wealth, the Fall of Rome, the Making of Christianity in the West, 350 – 550 AD*, and Diarmaid MacCulloch’s *Silence: A Christian History*. The stack has a few novels, one which I have enjoyed but not yet finished, Louise Erdrich’s *The Round House*; then Adam Johnson’s *The Orphan Master’s Son*, and Eowyn Ivey's *The Snow Child*, along with books of poetry by Will Schutt *Westerly* and Richard Blanco *Looking for the Gulf Motel*. I also have some books to read for courses I will be teaching in the fall, so the summer reading is usually early and first in May, June, and July. By August I finish what I can and turn to more academic texts. Maybe an unread book from the summer stack will get read in December, but winter offers its own new possibilities.

Br. Edward Wesley, OSF
Mariya Zaretsky (Poetry Editor)

Over the summer, I will be reading Pure by Julianna Baggott. I have heard that it is a lot like the hunger games novels and I loved reading them as well as the first movie. Pure is a story about the world after it has been bombed. Two people with very different lives come together to figure out the truth of why and how these bombs were dropped. I will also be reading the mysterious death of Mr. Darcy by Regina Jeffers. This novel is based on Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice. I enjoyed reading that novel so I decided to see what this book is about. Fitzwilliam Darcy has just heard that his father’s cousin, Samuel Darcy has died. Despite Fitzwilliam Darcy’s upcoming wedding, he decides to investigate his father’s cousins death and finds much more than he bargained for. I look forward to reading these books.
As the semester comes to a close, I am gearing up to begin work on my English thesis. Although this may present itself to be a daunting task, I’m rather excited by the prospect. Opening the summer with a (what will surely seem unending) look at David Foster Wallace’s *Infinite Jest*, I hope to lay a solid foundation for my thesis work in the fall. I hope to then pick up more of Wallace’s works (short stories, essays), and close the summer with his unfinished novel *The Pale King*. However, I will not be lucky enough to spend my days reading novels and essays by Mr. Wallace. I will have to budget some time for reading some more theoretical texts such as John Searle’s *Speech Acts* to provide some academic background to my thesis work.

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