

The Andrian

2000

Artists

Cover art by Meg Nicoll '00

Hannah Osier '00	2
Leslie Hirsh '00	3
Lucy Long '00	6
Serena Roberts '01	7
Susan Clarkson '00	14
Hilary Hammell '00	15
Tara Gilbreath '00	17
Maria Morse '00	18
Lindsay Payne '01	18
Cristina Sandoval '00	20
Susan Clarkson '00	21
Maria Morse '00	22
Alex Baer '00	25
Susan Clarkson '00	27
Lucy Long '00	32

The Andrean

2000

TABLE OF CONTENTS

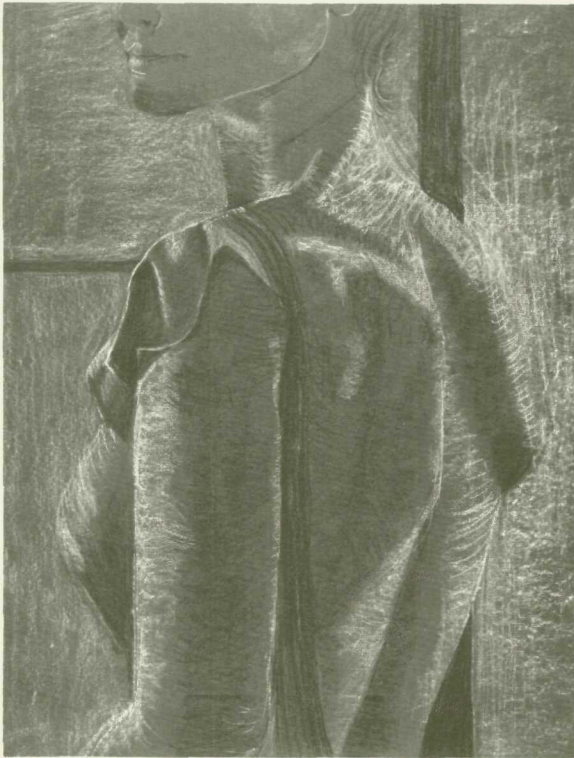
2	<i>Eden</i>	Piper Monk '01
3	<i>Perfect potion, rum...</i>	Lydia Kiesling '01
4	<i>Nate's Room</i>	Sarah Bowers '00
6	<i>History</i>	Kirk Battle '01
7	<i>At Night</i>	Clay Farland '00
8	<i>Do You Want Something?</i>	Abigail DeLashmutt '00
10	<i>Escape</i>	Nicole Ansell '00
10	<i>Man's Creation</i>	Maria Morse '00
11	<i>Great-Aunt Robin</i>	Lydia Kiesling '01
12	<i>Apology</i>	Ann Woods '01
13	<i>Stephen</i>	Hilary Hammell '00
14	<i>Displaced</i>	Hardy Gieske '92
15	<i>Painted White Sky</i>	Clay Farland '00
20	<i>The Time at Twin Falls</i>	Dominick Talvacchio
21	<i>Their Protégé</i>	Maria Morse '00
21	<i>Tarnished</i>	Ann Woods '01
22	<i>The End</i>	Abigail DeLashmutt '00
23	<i>My Copy of My Ántonia</i>	Dominick Talvacchio
27	<i>Remember a black man...</i>	Nicole Ansell '00
28	<i>Chapel Talk: Taking the Time</i>	Peter McLean
30	<i>How She Kisses the Japanese Beetle</i>	Maria Morse '00
31	<i>The end of August</i>	Hilary Hammell '00

Eden

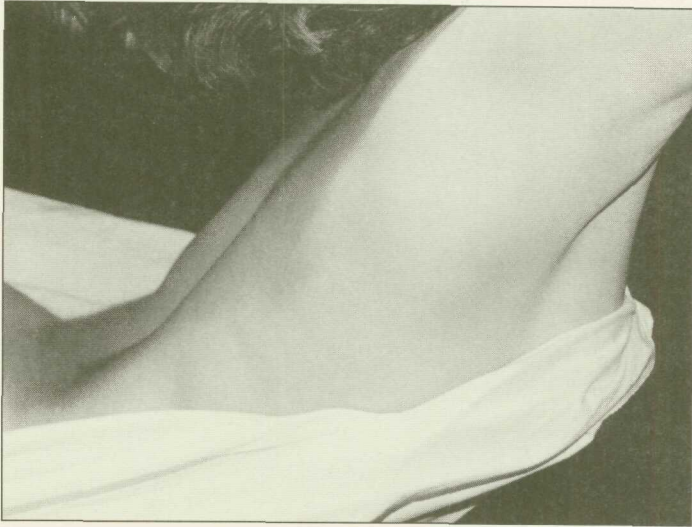
PIPER MONK

Treeskygrasstream
Skytreegrasstream
Grasstreamskytree
Streamskytreegrass

Then man came,
and the tree was standing majestic
beside the waving, tender grass,
which led to the flowing stream,
blue as the sky above.



Hannab Osier



Leslie Hirsh

Untitled

LYDIA KIESLING

Perfect potion, rum of sweaty smiles and
One thousand laughing breaths;
Spectacular diva, dancing calypso.
Outside postcard moon on white sand
Indulgent palms
and a haven for fish.

Nate's Room

SARAH BOWERS

I am Nate's wallpaper.

My face is pressed messily across his walls, meeting in creases across my smile or my arm where the corners are. It always made me laugh to spin around in his room and see me everywhere, black and white and color, then collapse onto the bed with him while he showed me negatives. Last year I wondered where he would put me after he ran out of wall space. The ladder he used to get to the ceiling is still next to the closet. His Sistine Chapel collage is half-finished.

Nate has always seen things through glass. He saw me through glass before his parents decided he needed rehab and took his camera away. He documented me through boyfriends. Simon and I are pasted next to the light switch I just flipped. Beside that is my unsmiling face, and the darkened cheek Nate gave me. I made him use black and white for that particular sacrifice for art's sake. I told him to call it "girls with bruise" and sell it for ten million dollars at his first gallery opening. He wouldn't hang it up at first, until I told him it would be inspirational. Beautiful beautiful art.

I kneel to look under the bed and see me with my blue hair. Nate called me his punk wench for the entire summer. There's me

headbanging on his bed, imaginary guitar in hand. The wall behind me was already full then. That was the night I let him pierce my upper left ear. He pasted the events in sequence: me holding the needle in one hand, a chunk of ice in the other, grinning bravely, me hopping around, biting my lip and scrunching up my face with the needle stuck in my ear, and my red ear, silver stud in place, oozing a little.

I nearly swallow a clump of dust under the bed, reaching past a suitcase, a tripod, and a bag full of weed, and grab a huge empty shoe box. Nate's feet are gigantic. I scan the area next to the bookshelf and find my left foot next to Nate's right, after I'd painted his toenails purple earlier this year. My big toe stops a centimeter before his begins. Several inches away is me, dancing around in his shoes, my underwear, and a huge Mexican hat. It makes me laugh.

Dusting off my knees and rising, I move towards the side of the closet. I choose me winking slyly and pointing not-so-discreetly at some hot guy on the beach, and peel off the lower left corner. With a swift upward yank, a huge section of me rips off the wall, sticking from the overlapped pasting. I pull apart me curling my hair in the dressing room before *Hamlet* when Nate sneaked backstage and scared the hell out of me, me wrestling with my new puppy Jennifer, me eating a gigantic orange lollipop I bought on the boardwalk, me and Jake at the prom where Nate and I nearly choked on the punch, and then poured it back into the bowl.

I toss the pictures into the shoebox, then rip down more and more sections, jamming the box until its sides bulge. Me smoking a joint on Nate's bed, me waving, hanging upside down from the tree outside my English classroom.

Nate's dad won't let me visit him. "Nathan's screwed up enough without having to see you. It'll just remind him of when he was using." Asshole. I shove more of me into the box. Me laughing and holding up the vibrator we found in his mom's dresser drawer. Me. Me. Two bucks for postage and at the clinic Nate can do some redecorating. ◇

History

KIRK BATTLE

The little boy rode his bicycle
Down the middle of the road,
Where mommy said not to.
But nobody ever found out,

No one was there to see;
No one needed to see, they just knew
The big crazy man came around too fast
And saw the poor boy too late.

And he swerved, and he hit,
But not the boy; he hit those trees,
The boy barely escaped,
And flames rose, and the man died...

After they found it
The mother cried, but she said she was happy
And the boy got to talk, and everyone listened.



Lucy Long



Serena Roberts

At Night

CLAY FARLAND

What the hell is going on in here? He turned around and then there were three behind him. Behind him and then around him. He shriveled into the earth like a potato. But he couldn't because the cement was there. And the men were there. The men were there and they were taking him somewhere and he didn't know where. All he knew was that it was better to be a potato than a man, if that is what he was supposed to be. ◇

Do You Want Something?

ABIGAIL DELASHMUTT

“Do you want something?”

She smiles slightly, a smile gleaming under bubble gum lip gloss. Arches an eyebrow.

He blinks rapidly, looks at the floor, his hands. “To drink?”

“Do you have any Cherry Coke?”

Of course he does.

She pops the tab, slurping foam from the lid. “May I have a straw too, please?”

It just so happens he has one of those, too.

The straw bobs in the can, and steadying it with fingernails a shade of dark

(luscious)

pink, she takes a sip. Flicks water droplets condensed on the can from her fingertips.

She is sitting on the other end of his old couch, leaning back against the cushions, her legs crossed, one sandaled foot dangling in the air. Her white shorts are brilliant against a summer tan. He isn't fond of the T-shirt she chose to wear, a demure shade of navy blue, but he can forgive it. Pink barrettes hold her auburn curls in check, so that tiny wisps just graze her jawline. She should wear pink more often.

“My Dad was pretty mad at me.”

He blinks. “Oh?”

She's watching him, he realizes, with her steady gray gaze. She knows how it unnerves him. She must know. Most people look at your face when they speak to you. She stares at him, at his eyes when he talks to her, at his lips when she talks to him. It's a funny habit. Or a calculated strategy? He squirms just slightly on the couch.

Her eyes flick to his mouth, and back. “About my test?”

He nods. “I know you expected to do better.”

She nods, looks away. She tilts forward just barely, sips her coke. Sits back in the couch. Pink tongue flashes over pink lips.

“I'm sure if you applied yourself a little more... a little less time with your friends, a little more time with algebra...”

She pouts. *Pouts.* Turns her head till her cheek rests on the cushion, and looks up at him. Sighs. "I'm just so bad at math. It all makes sense in class, but when I start my homework, everything just falls apart."

"Maybe..." He pauses, as if considering, and actually trying to time it just right, make his voice just so casual. "Maybe some tutoring outside of class? It could make a big difference."

She sighs, looks down at the couch. Her fingers pluck at a thread in the cushion. He waits. Aching.

"I guess so."

He wilts at the reluctance in her voice, staring at her, waiting for her smile, a wink, even a glance in his direction. Suddenly she giggles. Like bubbles hitting glass. The sound sends tingles across his shoulders.

She's looking across the room.

"Is that you?"

His gaze whips away from her, to a photograph of himself on the shelf above his TV. He nods. "Yeah. I'm...ten, I think." He glances back at her, still smiling at the picture. His eyes travel down a bare brown arm, pausing at the coke can resting on her stomach, flitting across the folds and creases in her shorts, sliding down a slender thigh, to knee, to foot. Here he rests, eyes riding on her slightly swinging foot. The polish on her toes doesn't match that on her fingers; it's a lighter pink. Her toes wiggle slightly, and the sandal dangles in the air. Her foot arches, wavers, back and forth, back and forth. Oh, god.

She stands. Smoothly she crosses the room (moves the way she ought too, having studied ballet for three years), glides around a coffee table and stops at the shelves. Picks up his picture and appraises it, sipping from the red, dripping can in her hand, lips puckering around the straw. Shifts her balance from one foot to the other. She's saying something, something trifling, setting his picture back down. Only the lyrical notes in her voice reach him, roll over him, press against him. She moves back toward him. Sits down next to him, so close that her hip grazes his side as she does so. Light gray

continued on page 16

Escape

NICOLE ALEXANDRIA ANSELL

darting
eyes search
for the mossy
side of trees
numb legs
scramble,
heaving lungs suck cold
through flared nostrils,
callused hands
grip the cold.
bundled so tightly
under the crook of my arm
her delicate body
stirs.

Man's Creation

MARIA MORSE

My Madonna is bedizened in a man-made fluid called femininity.

Thus, he has made her an icon,
and thus, she will be adored for her arduously curbed
strength.

Man has made me drink and become drunk upon this femininity that
he calls hers.

And as his fluid replaces the blood in my woman's hands,
they are remade into boneless and beautiful ornaments of
alabaster.

Great-Aunt Robin

LYDIA KIESLING

The frigid grocery store was a blessing after the misery of Houston afternoon. I watched as my great-aunt tapped the dust from her Amalfi flats and tucked wisps of greying honey-colored hair behind her ears. She looked, to use an adjective she herself used to describe anything that merited high praise, *too* Coco for words. The Favorite Aunt smiled at me with perfectly straight, if faintly yellowed teeth as I fetched a grocery cart, and we commenced upon our bi-weekly ritual.

We had just begun to stroll down the frozen vegetable aisle when she summoned me to her side urgently. "Look!" she said in a stage whisper, "It's Ted Kennedy!" She gave me what could only be described as a *knowing* look. It clearly wasn't the man in question. "It is not," I argued. "Why would he be in Houston?" I had irritated her and she swatted at me with her LV handbag. "It most certainly is!" Exasperated, she ducked behind a Tupperware display to peer at him. "Good God!" she exclaimed. "He's been *done!* And at his age! It's too ridiculous for words."

She took the cart from me and we slowly continued down the aisle. I could tell that my aunt was pondering something. "Men are *the* most pathetic creatures," she said authoritatively. "And it is really too bad," she remarked for the thousandth time, staring fixedly at the frozen peas, "that all the good ones have been absolutely *consumed* by the war." I had never been certain which war she was referring to, or whether the comment was made in regard to herself or to my own (at 24) wretched state of unmarriedness. "Marry at twenty-two, divorce at forty, take everything, and then *total* renovation" was her mantra, and so she had done, to Phil, a wealthy bumbling fellow with political aspirations that never amounted to much. Her break with him had left her rich and impeccably dressed, but due to a lifestyle that was eccentric yet not fascinatingly so she was a forever B-List socialite who had only been mentioned in Vanity Fair once, "back before it was *too* unutterably trashy."

"My problem," she remarked, somehow reading my mind (uncanny how she could do that), "is that I have never been quite enough of one thing." She looked searchingly at my face, as if to see

whether or not I understood her meaning.

Distracted by something else, she turned and tripped lightly towards Dairy, chatting. "I just *adored* the dress your mother wore to my birthday party." I tried desperately to remember the evening in question, and vaguely recalled a dress my mother had resurrected from younger, more glamorous days. "Halston has always been so hard to wear. It can be very Valley of the Dolls if you don't accessorize just so. She looked magnifique!" Robin beamed at the memory of such a success. She paused in front of the dairy display.

"Ah ha! Here it is. You do know, my dear, that yogurt was responsible for the Turkish Empire." She placed several containers in the cart. "How is that?" I asked perfunctorily. "Well, you know." She crossed to the other side of the aisle, her eye caught by something. "It's all they eat. The absolute *last word* in longevity. Be an angel and tell me when this expires." I examined the yogurt. "Oh, and speaking of *expired*," she whispered chummily in the most delicious conspiratorial manner, "have you heard about Jane Fonda and Ted Turner?" I listened as she relayed the tale. We strolled by the contraceptive aisle and she paused in her story long enough to sigh, "Safe sex. What an oxymoron." ♦

Apology

ANN WOODS

The morning glory—
only innocent in bloom,
a creation of the guilty,
comforting the worst,
already dust.

Stephen

HILARY HAMMELL

“I sort of forced myself to fall in love with him, I think,” she says in retrospect, glossing over all the reasons why she had just been crying. I nod, wanting to help her believe it. “Did you know Megan and Ben had sex?” she says, onto a different subject altogether.

“You’ve got to be kidding!”

“Nope. I heard it from Lily this morning.”

“Ew! I cannot imagine those two going at it.”

“Whoa, I can. He’s probably a wild man in bed...not like Steve was.”

“I thought you said Steve was good.”

“He was,” she admits, and I don’t want her to start crying again so I try to think of something to distract her, something, anything, to take her mind off of Stephen and the fact that he is now flying somewhere over the Pacific, going to Japan for 8 months or something just like he always wanted, to study in some monastery and left her, Lori, bewildered and depressed and semi-suicidal but not really, because I’m here, and I’m trying my best to hate Stephen, to sympathize with the whole situation and the fact is that he’s left school, left all of us here in San Francisco to wonder what we’re doing with our lives if it’s not to go live at a monastery in Japan.

“So anyway I guess I sort of wasted 2 years of my life, pretending, trying, to believe we were in love. Two fucking years, can you believe that? Every day waking up telling myself he was going to be there and we were going to be together like that, without worrying about it, without worrying in the morning about if someone was going to be there...only to find out now that I actually do have to worry about it, not only do I have to worry about it now, but those fucking years of not worrying about it have made my worrying now all the more horrible, you know? ...sometimes at night I break out into sweats while I’m sleeping and I wake up and I’m just so scared because he’s not here, and it makes me so fucking nervous that I can’t get back to sleep—”

“Sweetie, relax. Stephen obviously wasn’t the guy for you

continued on page 19



Susan Clarkson

Displaced

HARDY GIESKE

An osprey now starves
Above a sea of green wheat
Gliding past rabbits

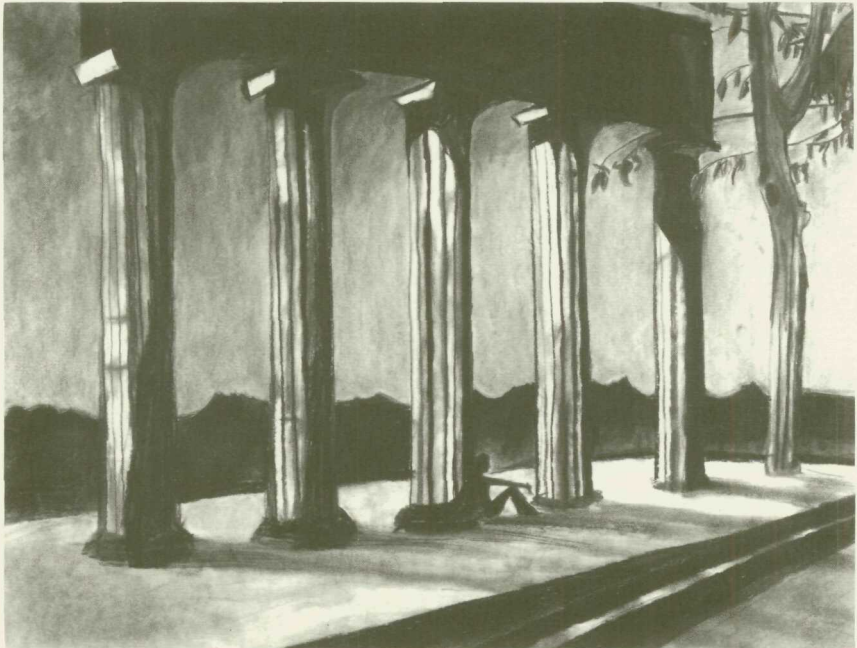
Painted White Sky

CLAY FARLAND

in the ceiling
above my bed
I often find a friend
or a drug
like I find in my tears

beyond the plaster
lies a perfect sky
I can't see

because the comfort
of my ceiling
is enough



Hilary Hammell

continued from page 9

eyes wander over his face, then meet his eyes, a challenge. She sucks the last drops of her coke, staring at him. Places the can on the table, and the click of aluminum on wood is thunderous.

“Will you help me, then?”

He can't speak.

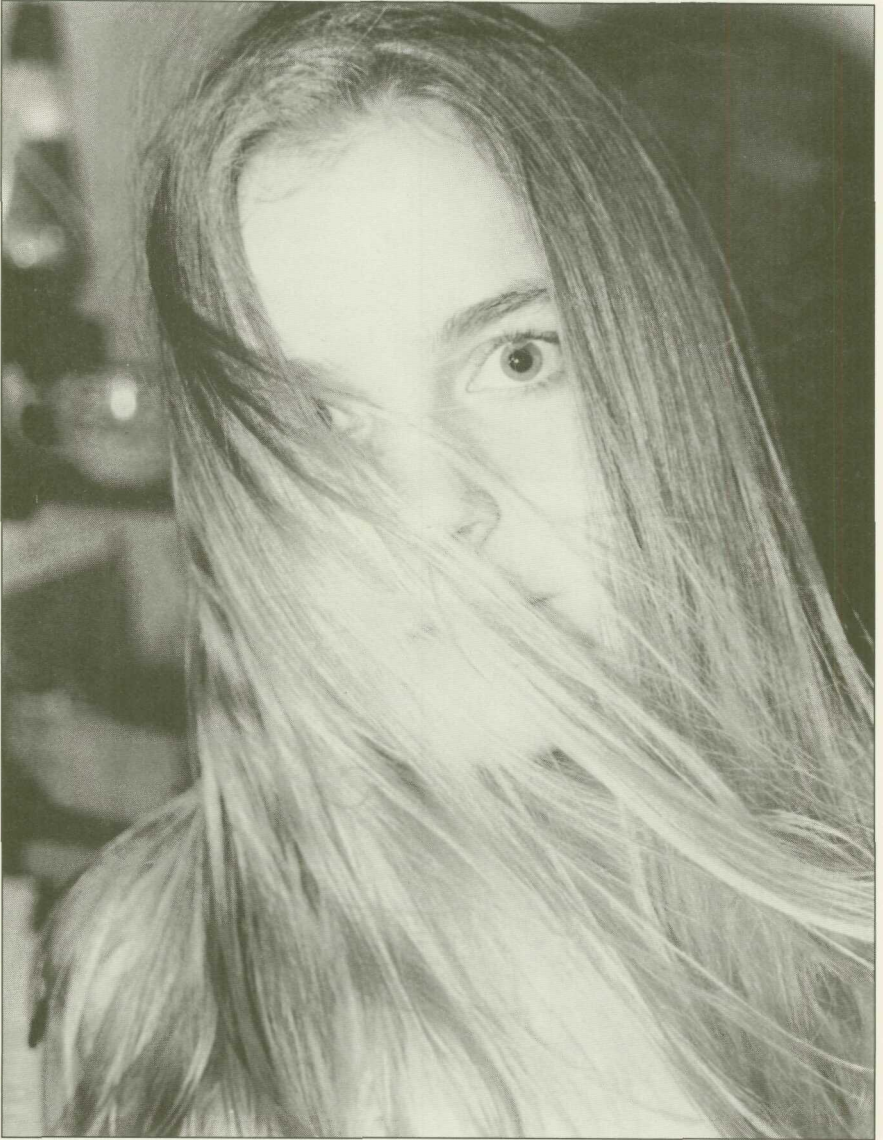
She leans her head against her hand, elbow resting on the back of the couch. “With math?” Her foot is starting to swing again, but she's so close that she grazes his calf each time. Her other hand rests on her thigh.

He nods. The blood pounding in his head makes it hard to hear. The blood pounding in his groin makes it hard to think. He can only nod.

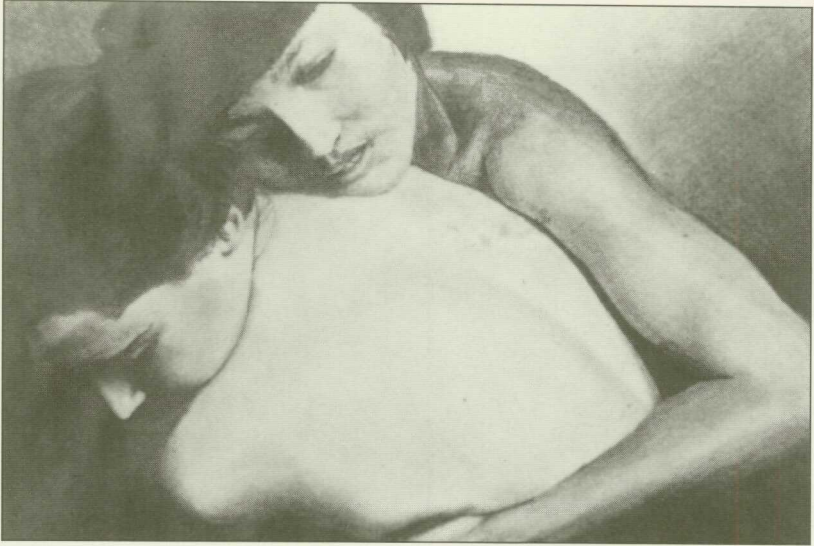
Her hand lifts from her thigh. It hesitates. Wavering in mid air. Then settles, so lightly, so carefully, on his thigh. Excruciating, ecstasy. She stares at her own hand. Her lips are parted, an auburn lock of hair curled to tickle the corner of her mouth. Still she stares. Closes her mouth, swallows. Gray eyes look back up at his own. She is holding her breath.

Suddenly, the curls are springy beneath his fingers, her bubble gum lips are sticky beneath his own, and his tongue thrusts into the moist interior of her mouth. And suddenly she's done, the couch springs up from where her light weight compressed it, and the coke can is knocked over as she bumps the table. She looks back at him, one hand clutching the edge of her shirt, the other pressed against her mouth, and a mangled gasp fights it's way from her lungs. “Sorry, I...” and then she's gone.

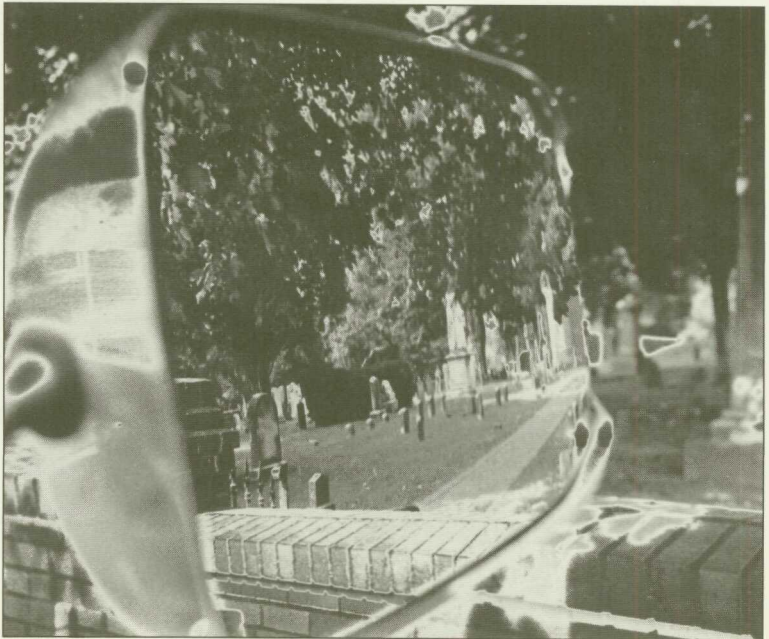
He gets up, smoothly, easily. Walks to the bathroom. Clicks on the light. Leans over the toilet and vomits. Heaves until nothing else comes up. Heaves until the fumes of sex in his stomach are expelled. Heaves until the only thing left is a pale relative of shame, but close enough. ◇



Tara Gilbreath



Maria Morse



Lindsay Payne

continued from page 13

anyway...you'll find someone else. In the meantime you can stop being anxious about not being part of a couple for chrissake. Being single shouldn't drive you crazy, you need to stop feeling like a half of—”

“I mean, I sort of forced myself into loving the guy. He was such a weirdo!” she interrupts, no longer on the verge of breakdown, once again trying to stabilize, I guess referring to all Stephen's quirks (like how he would draw things in the air with his finger, draw real complex images and he would really be squinting, concentrating, if you didn't know him and you saw him sitting there, eating a sandwich with one hand while drawing huge, vigorous boxes with his other hand in the air, it looked like he was trying to conduct an orchestra, or how he would read books while he walked and hum along to them, but still manage not to bump into anything, and if you were walking towards his path he'd say “Paaaar-don” and walk right by) which she found so irrepressibly lovable, endearing, and attractive...which I guess we all did. I start to wonder about Stephen. What an asshole, to leave her like that...but he had talked about it for months, he had talked about it ever since he read those books... something by Gary Snyder or something...too much Buddhism in popular culture nowadays, if all it does is causes quiet, funny guys to leave sweet girls like Lori. I could've fallen in love with Stephen, easily, I realize, and this Japan thing sucks for Lori but in my opinion it's kind of amazing. Like a realization of a goal everyone else blew off.

“So do you think I wasted two years of my life, being with him?” she begs, pleading.

“Um, I guess so. He probably wasn't worth it, what a flake,” I say, lying and wishing I could be in her position, to see how it feels, so that my weak attempt at empathy wouldn't make me such a bitch. ◇

The Time at Twin Falls

DOMINICK TALVACCHIO

One night about four days ago I had two hits of acid and Jimmy had three and we went down to this place on the river called Twin Falls but I think there were three of them and Jimmy jumped from almost the top of the cliff and it took him ten years to hit the water, twenty to re-surface, and then I jumped from about sixty yards higher and when I came out there were about sixty girls there and only half of them had all their clothes on and I was thinking about how my chances were good, better than usual, and how good the music sounded coming from Jimmy's car which he was coming back from with beers for all hundred of us, and how nice the girls looked in the moonlight with their bare feet shining and their bodies making shadows on each other, climbing around on the cliffs that were yellow and green and blue and sometimes as blue as the water which was really more of an indigo, especially when you jumped in it and were surrounded by it for about twenty-five years and when a girl jumped in while you were still down there, like this one girl who was down there a little longer than I was and got out and started coughing and Jimmy said he liked the color of her phlegm. ◇



Cristina Sandoval

Their Protégé

MARIA MORSE

Out of goodwill and vanity,
they marvel at her age—so young!

But it is the lighting that has created this marvelous effect—
blessing her belaboured end with a virginal darkness—
allowing her listless eyes to become the brilliant ones
of their newly hewn star.



Susan Clarkson

Tarnished

ANN WOODS

I could not follow you today
as you raced around the track
a bleeding sunset behind you,
your silhouette outlined by ferocious flames.
I was watching from the stands,
Lap after effortless lap.
Boiling rivers of sweat poured down
your face and neck and collected
on your chest like a medal you had
worn so many times before.
You were golden

Golden like this ring that runs around
and around my finger and never stops
for hellos or goodbyes.

The End

ABIGAIL DELASHMUTT

An unwelcome caress warms the back of my neck.
My expected smile: your unsuspecting grin.
I watch the reflection of the window behind me
in the glass of the door ahead
while pink heat stains my cheeks.
The burning colors of the leaves in the window
smolder blearily in the glass of the door
and I dream of kissing
absurd juice from someone else's fingertips
and tasting a smile that isn't yours.
Sweet picnic.



Maria Morse

My Copy of My *Ántonia*

DOMINICK TALVACCHIO

Though it lasted three full days, the July trip from Dallas to Red Cloud, Nebraska, seemed like one long hot red sunset.

Taylor, thirteen, was half my age but had seen less than half of what I had seen. He had a brown bush for hair and chubby fingers that were pretty only on a guitar. He eked out some chords from an acoustic with no b-string while I built the fire.

Two days earlier I had managed, without using the word ‘consciousness,’ to convince Taylor of Willa Cather’s place in the American consciousness, and his older brother, my college roommate, let me drag him along in my pilgrimage to the novelist’s hometown. During the car ride, he read my copy of *My Ántonia* while I spat tobacco into an empty ginger ale bottle. We were intellectuals looking west; we were beatniks with a postmodern sensibility (Taylor grew up on the infamous corner of Oak and Elm Streets); as a half-joke I called him ‘my Taylor.’

In Kansas we found a lake (of all things), and we thought it would be a good place to rough it for the night. We pitched tents at the extreme tip of a peninsula that jugged out well into the middle of the water. By the light of the fire Taylor re-read passages that I had underlined in the book while I pored over a road atlas, planning our final leg to Red Cloud. We were alone, and our sleeping bags were folded over the edge of the earth. It was so quiet that when Taylor asked me about the significance of Jim Burden’s name I thought all of Kansas heard him.

My reply was going to be a good one, but it was interrupted by the sound of man conquering nature: a dusty pick-up truck was clanking along the peninsula. I stepped over Taylor’s paralyzed body and peeked out of the tent. Even a park ranger wouldn’t be out at this hour. Two high-beams shifted chaotically on their way toward us. I fell back into the tent; I could tell that Taylor was hearing a fresh ring of his death-bell with each metallic bounce of the truck. His silence said: What should we do? Mine said: I don’t know.

The truck stopped just outside the tent, on the edge of the water. We were comforted by the sound of just one door’s opening

and closing. After some moments I peeled back an inner-layer of tent and peered through the mesh lining that invites air and rejects mosquitoes.

'Who in the hell fishes at two in the morning?' I asked Taylor.

'He's just fishing?'

I climbed out to meet him. Name was Rick, didn't mean to wake us, was fishing now because 'catfish are night-feeders.' Usually brings a couple of friends and a couple of six-packs, but tonight he's on his own. A fight with 'the old woman.' I told him we were on our way to Red Cloud. 'Right up Route 4,' he said. 'Stays 4 in Nebraska. You got family up 'aire?'

Rick didn't know who Willa Cather was. He didn't know the name of the school his son Bill attended, or if it was co-ed yet or not. He did know what time the sun would rise, the direction of the prevailing wind, the date of the next new moon, how many inches it had rained that July, how many inches it had fallen short of the July record. He knew about the lake.

'This lake wa'nt always here. It ain't natural. 'Bout twelve years ago a tornado wiped out all these woods and the gov'ment thought it would make more sense to carve out a lake than build up the forest again. B'sides, this area needed some water. So here it is.'

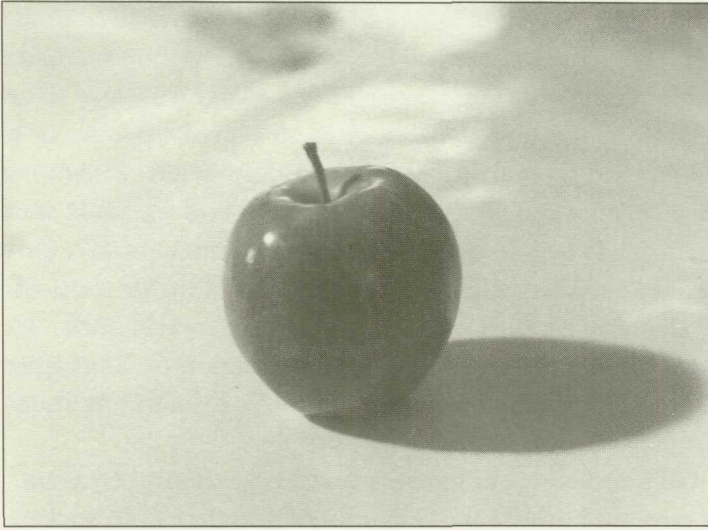
Rick's voice was friendly and animated. It released Taylor from the grip of his fear, and he joined us. He began immediately to help Rick find small frogs to use as bait. (Was that normal? Who uses frogs? Do a lot of people use frogs? It didn't seem right.) By bare moonlight they searched between rocks and weeds for the shimmering skin of the tiny reptiles. I felt awkward and guilty for not helping them, so I pretended to search. In my acting, I actually found one, and I mindlessly turned it over to Rick. He held it by the back, and its four splayed limbs were like those of an infant getting used to the space around it. He drove a hook through one the rubbery legs and I wondered how the frog had gone from my hand to his.

'You from the east?' he asked.

'Jersey. Went to college in Boston.'

'So this is the mythic trip West, huh?'

I nodded, wondering where he could have learned the word



Alex Baer

'mythic.' Rick filled a bucket with water and placed it beside him. Taylor and I took it as a sign of prowess; we anticipated his display. Taylor accepted a rod, I denied one, and we stood, staring out over the lake, talking about droughts, dust, and great places in the Great Plains.

By the time Taylor abandoned hope that he would catch a fish, Rick had already hauled in a couple and returned them because they were too small. He was leaving soon, but he promised Taylor that he would give him his next catch, so that he and I could cook it over our fire, still burning on the other side of the tent. Taylor was too excited for me to bludgeon him with stick-in-the-mud questions like: do we know how to skin a fish?; do we even have an appropriate knife?; what parts can you eat? Besides, Taylor seemed to be living out some half-baked fantasy in which he comes from a family of famed hunter-gatherers. The dream climaxed when Rick dropped a fifteen-pound catfish onto the pebbles at our feet; the dream was over by the time Rick drove off, tail lights fading in the flatland, leaving the lake and the fish to ourselves.

We stood over it, watching the gills flap, endless gasps for missing water. We were still. I was waiting for it to die; I don't know what Taylor was waiting for. At one point I thought that the gills had slowed to a stop. I reached down to turn it over and my hand slipped

off it. I thought Taylor was laughing, but he wasn't. This time I slid both hands under it and flipped it firmly. Small pebbles remained stuck to the moist scales. One pebble was extremely close to its eye.

It wasn't dead. When I reached to wipe the pebble away from its eye, it jumped six inches and reversed its position. How long can they live without water?, I thought. Rick had said we could start skinning it right away, so shouldn't it have died right away? Or were we supposed to skin it while it was still alive? Were we supposed to kill it by skinning it? Taylor stood poised with a small knife. He was waiting for his elder to give him either permission or confidence.

'Let's just wait for it to die,' I said. 'It shouldn't be much longer, right?'

Gills sucked water from its own body. It jumped again. Pebbles covered both sides. Gills sucked nothing. Gills sucked nothing. (Is this what a man in space looks like?)

It jumped again. Whenever I thought it was over, it jumped again. Pebbles flew off, but more stuck when it landed.

'How much longer?' Taylor asked, knife in hand.

'It can't be much longer.'

But it just kept jumping. It just kept jumping. Jumping. ◇



Susan Clarkson
(after John Singer Sargent)

Untitled

NICOLE ALEXANDRIA ANSELL

Remember a black man?
lynched by a mob?
Beaten
Stripped
Castrated
Dragged
Burned for spectators
like you
who have never been called
Killers.

Chapel Talk: Taking the Time...

PETER MCLEAN

The following are excerpts from a Chapel Talk given on Earth Day, 1999, at St. Andrew's School.

Maybe you've been out here on this beautiful point rising above the Pond before as humans have for hundreds of years to judge the landscape. Today, we admire the sweeping view, or we gather to cheer on the crew team and inadvertently sit on a few wildflowers like we're doing now. Maybe you've been here with the person sitting beside you, and the surroundings have provoked a good conversation, and you've commented on their beauty. With patience and luck, you've followed a great blue heron in low flight, long bill, head and neck curled in a tight 'S' trailing long, skinny legs, and you've heard that whoosh of air compressed beneath the wings or maybe even its impressive 'yawp,' a leftover from Jurassic Park. I imagine those moments, that time together, have fulfilling, relaxing, perhaps profoundly so – at least for some of us – a chance to get out of the mainstream, to take leave of the hustle and bustle, to retreat from the many concerns of school, family, friends. Our lives can get so full, so busy, so full of activity, of stimuli, of things, of things to take care of – so full that we can be distracted from truly knowing ourselves, truly knowing each other, and truly knowing this wondrous, natural world of ours, one essential to our spirits ...

More and more, we come to rely on technology to solve our problems, to cure us, to make us feel better, to live longer. Some technological contributions make life easier, grant us time. Others give more choice, sometimes to the point of confusion, and freedom is jeopardized; for example, some of us find it liberating not having a phone around. Regardless, they seem to make time move faster and, before we know it, we are trapped with keeping up with the technology rather than ourselves. Think about how fast computers become obsolete, how many versions of software are generated each year. Technology seems to fuel our speed through life. Technology can threaten time; this century began with the car and ends with the pentium four computer, one so fast even our brains which are far faster and more powerful than any computer, cannot distinguish the difference. We seem to grow up faster, age quicker, become self-absorbed more and lose sight of others, and what's around us; most of us recognize corporate logos – IBM, Exxon – better than we do trees – a

dogwood, a maple, an oak ...

You all, we're surrounded by some of the most gifted, friendly people we'll ever encounter: eagle scouts, aspiring veterinarians and doctors, musicians, marathon runners, rockclimbers, breadmakers, nuclear disarmament advocates, bulldozer drivers, naturalists, fishers, Olympic athletes, sages, swimmers, custodians, comics, cooks, counselors, dishwashers, lovers, writers, artists, inventors, fine singers and bluegrass guitar players – we all have great stories to tell, if we're willing to ask and listen. We're surrounded also by some of the greatest bits of beauty nature can provide; few in this world can say they live with bald eagles in their backyard, resonant flocks of geese which blacken and whiten the sky in the fall, and great blue herons which treat us to their droll, primordial appearance, and fishing prowess every day.

I suggest that we get on with it, that we get busy; that is, busy truly knowing the outdoors and one another. Revel in the outdoors and all that it provides; come to appreciate that it is not just a tree or an oak that stands there, but a grand, red oak older than all of us, with hard, beautifully-grained wood which can be used to make chairs and tables for our butts and elbows, with flowers and fruit, and with life fluid that flows within at a rate of several feet in the hour we're out here; if Jane Goodall were here, she'd give that tree a big hug and feel its pulse. And, that's not just a great blue heron, but an elegant bird with a bill so sharp and neck muscles so strong that it could pierce most any flesh, a magnificent bird changed little from its ancestors, but if lost, the entire world would have to start again four and a half billion years ago to create another, a gawky collection of blue and white and grey and yellow and black recognized by each of its kind as an individual much as we are or should be. Celebrate it, the outdoors, each other. Be willing to trust, to be open. We'll come to know ourselves, each other, and this wonderful natural environment that much better, and we'll learn to take better care of it and each other. In so doing, our lives will be richer, far richer than any machine or bit of technology could ever provide. And, in the process, we'll be that much closer to God. ◇

How She Kisses the Japanese-Beetle

MARIA MORSE

“The adult Japanese-beetle is a shiny, metallic-green insect with copper-brown wingcovers, and distinctive pinchers that grow from the sides of its mouth....During drought, when the wildflower population is scarce, beetles migrate into well-kept rose gardens, eating the flower’s petals....Adult beetles begin to emerge in mid-May but populations do not reach their peak until about mid-July when mating season is well underway....”

-Illustrated Guide to Garden Pests

He flew toward petals that flavored
her nubile hair,
and it was there that her wandering

finger met his mouth—
he tried to bite the ungloved
finger that loosened
him from the rosened web.

His beetle lips locked
upon a maze of
her flushed forefinger’s
breast,

and she let him
take his parasitic pleasure,
until she could no longer suffer this
blood-loosing kiss
from another’s lover—

so she fancied she ought to knock off his green head.
But before she could undertake this inamorata’s plot,
he found her flavor too sanguine
for his gardener appetite,

and to spoil her
delight, he drowned himself
on a droplet
of red dew.

The end of August

HILARY HAMMELL

When shadows slide longer down
 your shoulderblades
and air feels awake
and going someplace and sunlight
seems urgent and less dead and silent
and no longer breathing like the heavy hum of the desert
the slippery blue wind
comes in mornings when eyes open wider
and faster and your voice drawls slower
content with finding yourself already found,
out of the hibernating summer
and squeezing something out of your sleep
 you turn to me,
 yawn,
 and in the few days of change
 there is something hovering,
 blissful,
 wide-eyed.



Lucy Long

The Andreat Staff

Nicole Ansell '00
Laurence Birdsey '00
Sarah Bowers '00
Tommy Burns '02
Lacy Caruthers '00
Susan Clarkson '00
Abigail DeLashmutt '00
Andrew Devlin '01
James Dolan '02
Clay Farland '00
Hilary Hammell '00
Elizabeth Lea '02
Lucy Long '00
Maria Morse '00
Nicholas Sabloff '00
Cristina Sandoval '00
Frances Symes '02
Peter Teigland '01
Daniel Troutman '02
Jeffrey Wieland '01
Emily Zazulia '02

Faculty Advisor

Dominick Talvacchio

ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL
350 NOXONTOWN ROAD
MIDDLETOWN, DE 19709-1605
(302) 378-9511

