



THE ANDREAN 2007



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# In the Mirror

*Frankie Modell '08*

She replaces the mirror on the wall and stares at her reflection once again, her hands loaded with a weight they had never quite forgotten. She looks at herself, at the smile sewn on her face, at the wrinkles dug in around her eyes and mouth, wrinkles mapping out laughter, cigarettes, polite smiles, ugly frowns. She sees green eyes, grey hair, skin thin and pale as paper. Her silver earrings tinkle madly when she turns back to step through the dusty doorway. In her hand she carries a relic of the past she had buried.

Out through the old plastic curtains she had never seen closed until now, she reaches the pool, once filled with clear blue water glittering in the sunlight like diamonds strung on the neck of an old-time Hollywood starlet. On the pool's concrete bottom, a heat mirage seems to stir the dead leaves gathered in the cracks.

She appears to herself, in her long buried back-stabbing memory, as a young woman with brown hair pulled back, in a striped bathing suit, smiling with other young women like herself. They sit, grown-up children, sipping champagne, bronzed legs sweeping delicately back and forth in the pool water.

The girls get up to leave, put on their shorts and pearls, cling to the arms of their boyish husbands whose cigars stub the white ashtray. She clinks painted porcelain and silverware in stacks next to the sink. A yellow jacket sails by and she swats it, forgetting for a moment that it stings, and brushes the hair out of her face, suddenly restless. She hears him coming, whistling Cole Porter as he hurries through the chain link fence and over the hot tennis courts. He was always hurrying.

With shaking hands she picks up her handbag and reaches inside. He hurries through the swarm hovering by the pool house, laughing under his song and ducking to dodge as the bees aim their darts at his skull.

She drops her bag on the glass tabletop as he spots her and stops whistling to smile. Behind her back, her palms sweat and her fingers shake. He crosses her to the pool, crouching and dipping a hand in, mouth forming words drowned out by the blood thumping in her ears.

Through her mind flash images: the two of them in a restaurant, red faces and quiet anger radiating before he blows, and the red hand print he left on her face that night. He apologized later, of course, but that changes nothing because his intent is still the same, his argument unvaried—abort it, abort it, forget it, it isn't important—as her ears begin to boil and a shot rings out, the man falls, blood spattering his chest and seeping into red clouds which float beside his body in the bright water. Stash the gun behind the mirror. Run to the house. Call the police. Scream and scream. Forget only enough to convince them of your innocence. The images flash to life and fade again

The old woman sits on the chair that used to hold a cushion, puts the cold gun down on a dirty table that used to be clean and cries again for the first time, cries for her crime, for her child.



*Tyler Caldwell '07*



*Laura Kemer '08*



## **Tomatoes**

*Ruby Cramer '08*

She looked down at her cutting board,  
Where tomatoes were gingerly placed.  
Gripping her glass with fingers laced,  
She gazed at the man she adored.

She thought of how she'd planned their date -  
Each moistened fruit, a sweet perfection -  
But he disturbed her deep reflection  
When she observed his sullen state.

He said he could not stay tonight.  
Reaching for the knife, she sliced.  
The blade cut, divided, and diced.  
Her jaw clenched under her overbite.

Gently he spoke: they weren't the same.  
The knife beat down, the red juice sprayed,  
She held the handle of the blade.  
He tried to calm her shaking frame.

She shoved him off her in disgust  
And gripped a piece of untouched fruit.  
I'm sorry, he said, and smoothed his suit.  
The tomato, raised with a fervent thrust,

Was held firmly in her stained hand.  
He tried to calm her down once more.  
When her hand clenched, and down it bore,  
Dark juice burst from her fingers' band.



*Eloise Repeczky '07*



# Prescriptions

*Max Dynerman '08*

“Prescriptions” read the clever sign behind the bar,  
Its stained glass letters visible at night.  
That dim and dusty bar, the savior to so many men  
Willing to pour their incomes in and get  
Their salvation back in a misty glass.  
They gazed and wondered at the tv screens around them.  
They learned the news, discussed the plays  
And condemned the rivals.

They ritualized the bar.  
It was a monthly, weekly, daily happening.  
They spoke in drunken sports analogies  
About the water cooler bitterness,  
The promotions they had missed.  
Every month, week, day coming in with ties undone  
Ready to gulp the gospel down,  
And leaving in a watery procession to spread  
The word—if anyone would listen anymore.

But they came back for more than just salvation.  
Some wanted out but that’s not how it worked.  
Their fathers and their fathers’ fathers before them  
Had sat and shared their words and troubles at the bar,  
Hunched and leaning to the white-clad barkeep,  
Their friend and mentor and the bringer of the gospel.  
They could not leave that altar now and go home empty-handed,  
Dealing with their lives without an aid.

And so continued and continues the worship of those men,  
with ties undone and seeking their prescriptions.





*Brian Seo '08*



*Sadie Hammond '09*



*Albert Song '07*



## **Smoking**

*Adam Kuerbitz '08*

The old man smacks his fingers  
on the bottom of the pack.  
The resounding impact lingers,  
the sound a light, square whack.

His creased face leans down straining  
to his cellophaned delight.  
His time here now is waning.  
Will he die in peace or fright?

Alas, the venerable lighter!  
The catalyzing snap  
Recalls a time physique was tighter  
Generations back.

A casual flick between the chinks;  
His peace of mind takes flight.  
The clouds are a grappling chain  
whose links  
Lift out beyond his sight.



# Home Cooking

*Marina McGrail '08*

At 4:00 pm on Sunday afternoon Aurora and her father anticipated their dinner of spicy Massala curry, a blend of shredded cabbage with diced peppers and garlic. It was a favorite of theirs, if only because of the spirited flavor. Their love of routine saw them sitting at the dining room table, where a dimmed chandelier darkened the small room and scattered papers and letters disappeared under candlesticks and burnt incense. At dinner time their eyes, stung by smoke and the exertions of argument, would fill with pools of water, and they would cry in their curry. Then the telephone would ring, breaking the silence, and as her father got up to answer, Aurora might find some small way to reassert herself—like, for example, covering his papers with her initials—so that when he returned to remind her that she was no longer five years old, she could respond with reminders of her own: “Mom always said you were too focused on your work to make time for other people. And aren’t these candles a fire hazard? How responsible.” Aurora did have a bit of a temper.

Tonight, however, Aurora’s younger sister would be in attendance. Aurora and her father rushed about like CIA operatives to prepare for the fastidious third party. Having received a call at 6 p.m. announcing the twelve year old’s plans for Sunday night dinner with her father, Aurora suggested that the menu be changed to accommodate the child’s American tastes. Perhaps, even, ice cream should be served? Bustling around, the father grew anxious expecting the arrival of ex-wife and child, always marked by the hum of the Mercedes on the gravel road, and the leap of the mother’s untrained golden retriever from its prison in the back of the car. Both father and daughter were used to it by now.

Sure enough, 6 p.m. came and went. At 6:20, mother and child arrived, both visibly flustered. While the father meditated in anticipation of his daughter’s visit, Aurora waited to escort her younger sister into the household, ready to shut the door quickly to prevent the outbreak of war between mother and father. Her mother’s entrance was

to be avoided. However, if her mother should make her presence known, Aurora was prepared to snap back at her in bitter reminder that she was out of place. Perhaps she would say something like, “Mom. Dad hates it when you come in. I can just picture him dialing his attorney.” Or, she could hint: “You know...Dad’s got a new girlfriend. I think she’s coming tonight. Are you feeling social?” Fortunately, her mother remained in her car, comforted by proximity to the horn. She honked like she was in five o’clock traffic, then left her daughter by the sunflower garden, stranded and as if waiting for spiritual guidance where she should go, what she should do. There was nothing left but to enter the house, and prepare herself for the oddities of her father’s home: the blue yoga mat, the German Shepherd that only responded to German, the sound of the Chieftans sifting through the smoky dining room.

The young Fefe flung open the door, greeting her dog before acknowledging her sister. “Hi puppy....rrrrrrrr....” Her Vera Bradley bag draped casually over her left shoulder, she entered the green-carpeted living room to kick off her pink-ballet flats. As she was tall and gangly- looking, she possessed somewhat of a frequent inclination to bend her body. One would think she was constantly in a heated game of twister. Picking her limber body up, she stretched out her arms over her head, yawning and sighing to display her boredom. She freed her yellow-blond hair from its elastic binding, and finally looked up to see Aurora staring at her. Her sister’s grey eyes bore into her own, threatening her. Her closed lips seemed to say: this is war. However, soon Aurora’s face relaxed, and the edges of her mouth curled up into a grin. She had let down her guard.

“Hi Fefe...what did you and Mom do today?”

Fefe responded gently, realizing that her sister was not about to pounce on her.

“Mmmm....nothing... where’s dad?”

“Upstairs. Meditating.”

“Oh.”

Aurora continued. “So what else is new?”

“Mmmmmmm. Nothing.”

“Jesus Christ Fef...try not to sound as dumb as a box of rocks for once in your life...can’t you enlighten me with something more than ‘Mmmm...nothing’?”

And that was it. The night was over before it began. Fefe, though often bashful and reserved, also had a temper. In a shrill voice, she began the night's battle, signaling the abrupt interruption of her father's rare peace.

To her sister's series of exaggerated interjections, Aurora snapped back: "Shut up you ungrateful little ----. I hate you too."

Tears welled up in the young girl's eyes. She flung her hands over her head and back to her sides. Repeating this motion over and over, she looked for all the world like a flustered chicken before the slaughter. She marched up to her sister, grabbing a clump of her thick, dirty blond hair. A look of malice spread over Fefe's face as she mouthed one word: "Hair." Tugging her sister's hair as hard as she could, she was then pushed back by Aurora's stronger hands. "You insolent little brat...I haaa..." Before Aurora could avenge herself, the father came down, his eyes wide with worry.

The young Fefe calmed down, hanging her arms out in front of her like a walking zombie. "SHE started it dad. I pppppromise." Fefe's mouth spluttered, opening and closing mechanically. Aurora sensed that she was about to wail in her characteristically excessive style.



*Katherine Belk '09*

“I know...I know...shhhh its okay.” Her father attempted to soothe the distraught youth.

“Hmmmmph.”

With her last harrumph, the offended pre-teen sagged toward the table like a gorilla. She poked at the polished wooden table with a fork while twirling her silky yellow hair. Aurora marched into the room and slammed her fists down on the table in front of the trembling youth, but then quickly took her place. Seeing her father enter with a big platter of spicy cabbage, curried eggs and spinach, Fefe’s eyes darkened to a savage tint. She hated curry. It was all too much for her at this point: the father, the sister, now the curry too? Her father sat down, spooning heaps of mustard-yellow cabbage with floating bits of soggy garlic onto the panic-stricken plate. The delicate Fefe watched her father and sister wolf down their meals, aggressively tearing apart bits of cabbage and egg with their sharpest meat knives. Excusing herself with the dignified air of a person beyond her years, yet one who had cleverly wrought her sister’s guilt, Fefe escaped to her bedroom’s soothing hues of pink and mauve. She telephoned her mother and informed her of the late hour. It was past her bedtime.



*Bayly Buck '07*



*Chauncey Elsas '07*



*Ryan Bickley '10*





*Katie Stout '07*



*Eloise Repeczky '07*



## **What Disney Never Told You**

*Grace Reynolds '08*

Cinderella, poor but plucky,  
And fair as she could be—  
Everyone knows how she got lucky,  
Married a prince and lived happily.  
But ever after does not capture  
All that the stars had in store  
For Cinderella and her precious fella.  
Alas, there was a whole lot more.

Her evil stepmother had a brother  
Whose name was Anthony.  
A rotten man, he came to the land  
Of Cindy and her sweet pea.  
He found his sister cause he missed her  
And heard her desperate plea:  
“Kill Cinderella and her stupid fella,  
And then I will be free.”

So Anthony went, all hell bent  
On doing the evil deed.  
He found them riding, though they tried hiding,  
And trampled them with his steed.  
Then he ran to his sister and smugly kissed her,  
And when she was finally freed,  
They walked to the palace, covered in malice  
And ready to take the lead.



*Christa Lambert '09*



# **Ballet Shoes**

*Frankie Modell '08*

Her slim fingers fold nervously  
under the edges of  
a dusty yellow faded box  
on the high shelf above.

With her fingernails she breaks the tape  
that holds the lid on tight,  
pulls from the box a pair of shoes,  
hands shaking with delight.

The aged paper crinkles out  
and she throws it aside,  
hooking a thumb into one heel  
to slide her feet inside.

She dips an index finger in  
and winces as she feels  
the lip that rubbed her ankles raw,  
the ridge that bruised her heels.

Her fingers brush the hardwood floor  
before they dip below  
pink ribbons chilled but familiar still,  
pink ribbons her hands know.

Smoothly with grace, dark painted nails  
flutter sharp in contrast.  
She spins the soft ribbons around  
until they stop at last.

Fingers begin to tuck it in,  
then pull out, pull it taught;  
movements of habit, memorized,  
end in a twisted knot.



*Nici Fleischer '07*



# Proper Etiquette

*Grace Reynolds '08*

As Sophia followed the waiter through the dining room, she saw that her dinner partner was already at the table. The lady was difficult to miss in her vibrant red tunic, under a black velvet shawl that draped her shoulders. She sat impeccably upright, back pressing against the seat, well-manicured hands folded in front of her on the table, and surveyed the room with an air of refined curiosity and casual self-assurance.

As Sophia approached the table, her date glanced over. Sophia's pulse quickened when she saw her future mother-in-law. Her voice strained slightly as she said: "Hello Mrs. Williams." An ironic flicker passed through the lady's dark eyes as she registered Sophia's hunched shoulders, her penny loafers, her dress slumping like a potato sack. Sophia smiled back meekly. Mrs. Williams rose from her chair and looked her son's fiancée in the eye. Putting on a smile, she extended her hand and replied:

"Sophia, I am so pleased to finally meet you. Please, call me Ann." Sophia swallowed as her hand, limply extended, was taken in a firm shake. She sat down in the chair opposite Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Williams sat across from Sophia and expertly swirled the deep red liquid in her glass. She raised the glass to her nose and took a polite sniff before tipping the liquid to her lips. "'94 was a brilliant year for Bordeaux," she said. A pause ensued, during which Sophia decided not to order a Shirley Temple. Then: "So, Sophia, my son tells me that you are a photographer. What an interesting line of work. Do you enjoy it?"

Sophia took a nervous gulp of her water and nodded. She felt the area beneath her armpits growing steadily damper. "Well, I'm really just starting out. I haven't sold much yet, but I have a few galleries that are interested..." "I see," was all Mrs. Williams said, nodding her head, hand draped around her wine glass. After a long pause, Mrs. Williams continued, "Well, I'm not sure if David has told you, but I have always been

very fond of art. Photography, paintings, sculpture, anything really. I find it all very fascinating.” Suddenly, she looked Sophia directly in the eye. In a tone more demanding than questioning, she said, “Perhaps I could see your work sometime?”

Sophia, relieved to have found some common ground, but still unsure what to make of Mrs. Williams’ measured tone, responded tentatively: “I would love that. Do you enjoy photographic landscapes? That is really my field.”

Mrs. Williams smiled as if to encourage her: “Yes, of course. There is nothing more beautiful.” Now the tension in Sophia’s shoulders eased and her pulse started slipping back toward normal. Mrs. Williams was not as intimidating as she had seemed.

The waiter returned with two small tortes, elaborate but overdone, arranged in the center of gold-rimmed china plates. Sophia wondered if the gold was real. “Compliments of the chef,” he said, placing a dish in front of each. “Enjoy.”



*Owen Strong '07*

Sophia, now more at her ease, took up the fork with her right hand and the knife with her left and started to eat. She was consuming the torte in rather large bites when suddenly Mrs. Williams' eyes were on her. She glanced up. Mrs. Williams stared down at Sophia's hands, lips pursed, eyes flickering as before. Sophia stole a quick glance at Mrs. Williams' hands. In her right, she held the knife, the fork piercing the torte with her left as she cut a small bite. When Mrs. Williams spoke, her voice was cool and not without irony. "David didn't tell me you were left-handed." The blood rushed up Sophia's neck and filled her cheeks. Her fork and knife quickly changed places.

"I-I'm not," she stammered. There was a long pause. Almost as if on cue, the waiter returned to take their order. Sophia let out a lengthy sigh as Mrs. Williams ordered the filet mignon.



*Kathryn Orfuss '07*





*Cydneý Unvala '07*



*Brigitte Washington '07*



# Expressions of an Artist

Maggie Liu '08

Whirling across the canvas,  
whole worlds of emotion:  
a splash of puce green  
for her purity of mind,  
against a shock of fuchsia,  
symbolizing passion,  
*like her flowering lips*, he thought.  
Earth tones and sky tones mingle  
in the maelstrom in the corner,  
*like my soul with hers*, he thought.  
And cutting through the center,  
a single, finishing stroke  
of tangerine orange, like lightning,  
*like the bolt through my heart*, he thought.  
*Let critics call it rubbish,*  
*a knock-off of Jackson Pollack,*  
*eighty years too late to be avant-garde.*  
*Let the world say what it will:*  
*this canvas bears my soul.*

He presents it with a flourish:  
*For you, to you, of you!*  
He peers into her eyes,  
unconscious with excitement,  
and she returns his gaze,  
her face like a porcelain doll's,  
her lips pursed like a flower.  
He suddenly goes cold;  
something dies inside him  
as those same flowering lips  
which he had praised so often,  
dreamed of, kissed, adored,  
invoked in separation,  
mouth two little words:  
"It's pretty."



# **The Painter**

*Grace Reynolds '08*

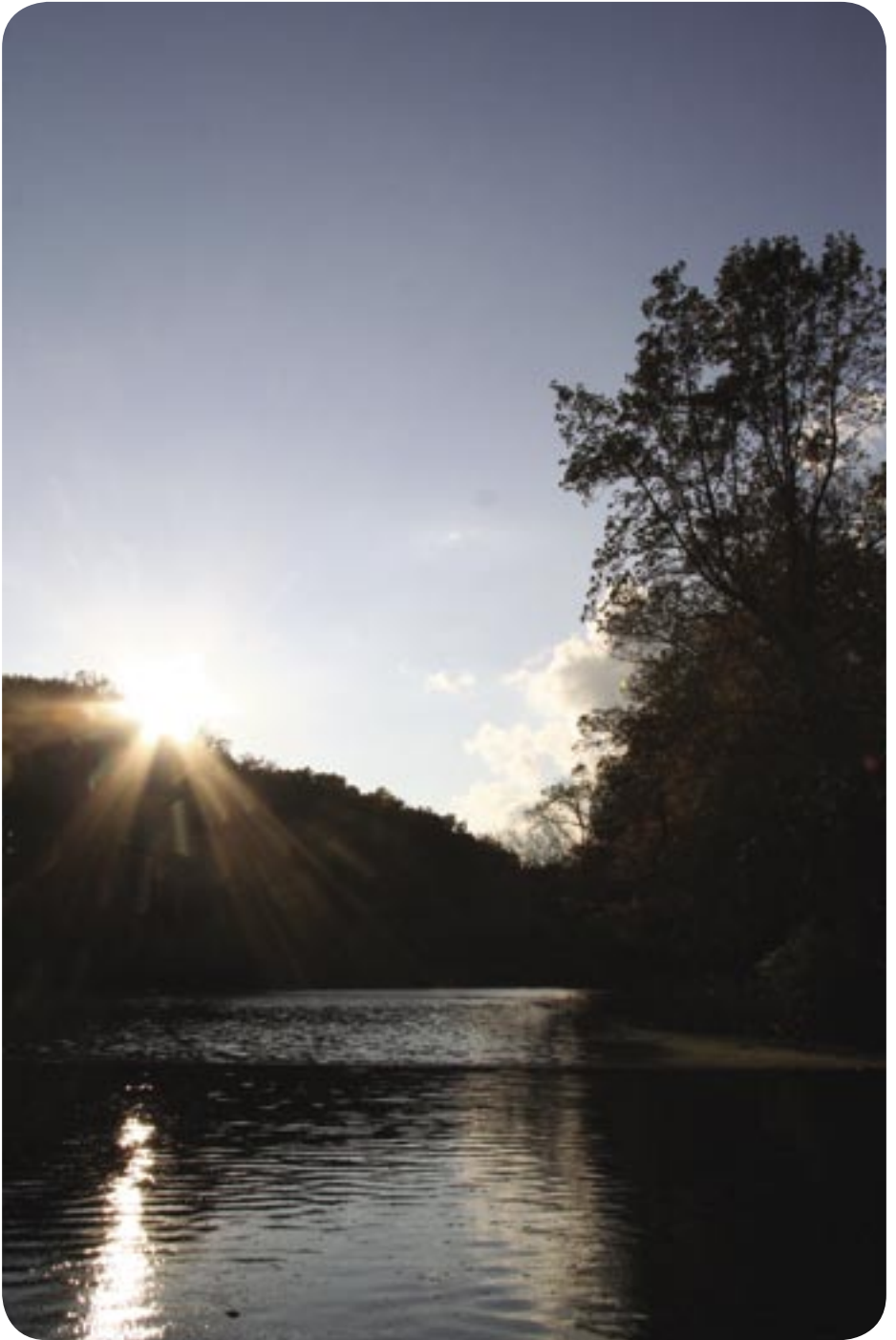
A stroke of white illuminates  
The light that glistens in her eye,  
And in an instant he creates  
A life not easy to deny.

His hands are spattered with her blood  
As paint springs from the canvas sheet—  
His knuckles, smeared with her blue dress;  
His thumb, the pink that fills her cheek.

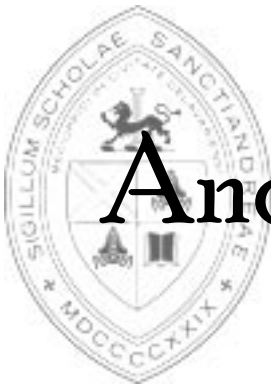
He holds the brush back to observe  
The curvature of her soft lips  
And ponders how he will preserve  
The secrets hidden in her kiss.



*Albert Song '07*



*Ryan Bickley '10*



# Andreas Staff<sup>2007</sup>

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