

THE OAKLAND REVIEW • ALUMNI EDITION VII

*The*  
**OAKLAND  
REVIEW**

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ALUMNI EDITION VII

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REVIEW

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CARNEGIE MELLON UNIVERSITY  
PITTSBURGH, PA  
2015

*The Oakland Review*  
Alumni Edition VII

*The Oakland Review* was established in 1969 as Carnegie Mellon's literary-arts journal. Edited by students, and published in the spring, it serves to represent the best literary and artistic work of the undergraduate body of Carnegie Mellon. The first alumni edition was printed in the fall of 2009 as a way to showcase the talent of Carnegie Mellon graduates. Submissions are evaluated anonymously.

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# From the Editors

Dear Readers,

We are happy to present the Fall 2015 alumni edition of the Oakland Review, Carnegie Mellon University's literary magazine. For over 40 years, the Oakland Review has proudly showcased the literary and artistic talent of the Carnegie Mellon community. We hope you'll agree that our seventh alumni edition lives up to the high level of craftsmanship set by its predecessors.

As undergraduates, we've taken on the dual role of student and of critic. We've had the immense privilege of reading submissions from Carnegie Mellon's alumni, and of striving to understand them on a deeper level. We fondly recall our first meetings as freshmen and how the upperclassmen on the Oakland Review board helped shape our appreciation of the works we were examining. As time went on, we grew not only to appreciate craft, but to find our own vision. It is this vision that we hope you see in this edition of the Oakland Review, which we think is reflective of the wide range of alumni submissions and compelling in the sheer diversity of craft.

We are grateful to have been a part of Oakland Review tradition for four years. As we look toward graduation, we know that the Oakland Review will be part of what we'll miss most. We are indebted to the Carnegie Mellon English Department and to the Creative Writing program for their support of this organization through the years. We would also like to thank Sharon Dilworth, our faculty advisor. To everyone who submitted work for our consideration, thank you for sharing your art with us. And to all our members—thank you for all your hard work.

Finally, thank you for reading. We are confident you'll enjoy this selection of alumni work.

Sincerely,

Emily Pond & Sophie Rose Zucker

Editors-in-Chief

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*THE*  
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ALUMNI EDITION VII

*Andre Price*

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## I Need an Adult

It's so quiet I can hear my thoughts clinking  
—dryers are destroying my pants—this year  
I finally sound wiser. I didn't start the car, but I'm  
halfway down the block. I could be  
the portrait of a prayer—loose belts hold no secrets—.

Meanwhile, the world is buzzing  
like a card on the spokes of a bike. I say:  
“Wait, slow down, I didn't study for this, I don't know  
what we're talking about. I spent the last fiscal year

looking at action figures in a Toys R US,  
admiring the factory painted sorrow on *mature  
and-ready-to-suffer Jesus*. I'm not sure if I'll buy one.”  
God tilts her head forward, lets

wireframe glasses slide down her nose, places  
a cool omnipotent hand on my hip and says:  
“Hush now, I hear no difference between snowflakes  
and prayers.” She has twelve arms, smells

like soap and cooked lamb fat. I say:  
“Bitch, I don't know you, and this isn't a prayer.”  
I'm off-topic; I'm warm and slow like a nosebleed.  
I take two pills

—my prescribed rapture—  
and come up with a quickness. A new engine roars

in the basement of my ribs, my heart plays the busted clichés,  
Tonka trucks bulldoze the bullshit heaped in my head,

music plays, I work to it, work to it. I dance in the kitchen like a  
child with food in the mouth; the world is a plum in the hand. And I have  
the feeling that someone is always lying to me, that it's part of the paid

programing, that this is turning into a prayer, that I should  
settle down with a nice therapist and not have any kids,  
that I've always hated my plastic role models,

that I've seen it, that I know what it means,  
that I can't pronounce it, that I'm growing roots in this endarkenment.  
Night falls and no one is driving the speed limit.  
Traffic lights chant yellow yellow.

I split lickety and mystic bounce into a nightclub  
called Babylon. The room is dim, everyone adds  
+ 1 to their charisma. The beat booms hunger and  
tribute-demands, I watch robots carnival

with the magnets below their waist.  
Somewhere, a celebrity corkscrews out of control.  
I'm all hydraulics and pistons, I compress until every machine  
goes home, until I can't afford any more oil.

In the morning, I wake up with an adult. My brain cockroaches  
back beneath the dryer, I ponder the wisdom of belts,  
pose for a portrait,  
start a new prayer.

*Andre Price*

---

## Medusa as Rebate

My omelet vomited  
more omelet. *Treacherous*  
*foes, mumbled speaker to himself.*  
I'll arrive soaring on a Pegasus, if  
the traffic demands. I know what I said,  
I know who said what I said. I got  
Medusa's severed head, & by the laws of man I deserve  
these shoes. I'm Kang the Conqueror. I'm from the future,  
I seent it. Anti-anxiety what? Gimme that, I'm  
the fucking pope. I'm rich & famous, I'm in L.A.  
watching the Lakers, with Oprah. I'm a fucking  
space ship, *immortals in my space ship,*  
Sigourney Weaver, in a tank top,  
with a flame thrower, sweatin'  
in my derelict space ship.  
I'm from a lost land, my  
empire expanding from Tiberius to Andromeda,  
my armor a glittering  
wine. Eat me & die.  
I have a name, it means something.  
You don't know me,  
You don't know me...  
[...So he regresses further  
to a third. The artist  
painting the artist painting  
a picture of the artist  
painting a picture  
of a landscape.]

*Elizabeth Edwards*

---

## Before Your Performance at the Kammerspiele

In a Munich shop, I shook the bear  
inside the antique snow globe,  
his black paws reaching  
toward the scratched glass in a storm of opal glitter.

He had survived many wars  
trapped in a frozen forest  
while children played in rubble and  
soldiers wrenched bronze  
statues face down to dirt.

And now again the familiar raging  
on Duetsche Welle where more men  
are falling. In the green room

before you went on stage  
you told me your dying father  
was annoyed by all the hovering angels.

We talked until the motion sensor  
detected our loneliness  
and dimmed the lights.

We didn't know we were being watched.  
You didn't know I was talking to the space

around your eyes, a murmuration  
of starlings, gentle and judging.

In Augsburg, when the bus of Chinese tourists  
broke down, the guide was left  
with just you and me  
at the top of Perlach Tower;

her spiel, meant for a multitude  
echoed over the red, tiled roofs.  
*Everyone watch the edge!* she yelled

as if more than the two of us  
had planned to jump.

And later in the Fuggerei  
where we stooped in the poorhouses  
feeling smaller than we really were.

*Don't worry! All of you will have a turn  
to lay in the little beds.*

It was a play inside a dollhouse  
until we got to Dachau  
where we were reduced  
beyond rescue.

The whole day she addressed  
an invisible crowd the way  
you must have glanced  
around your father's hospice  
for flashes of wing in case he was right.

It's true, treaties get broken.  
The key to the bear's waltz  
is rusted in silence.

Motives get misjudged. Like war.  
Like distance. Gravity nudging the lovers  
toward the precipice,

the seductive, faceless  
idolatry of a packed theater

the poor, lured  
by the uncomplicated embrace  
beneath ragged quilts.

I never know where to put my hands.  
The tour guide didn't know where  
to put her voice. I don't think the scratches

on the globe's thick glass  
were from bomb blast  
or years of careless children

but from something that's been trying  
for a long time to break free.

And even though we're more virtuous  
when we pretend  
we see the angels,

you go ahead  
and be the bear I'll be  
the opal snow—impossible

world with its own private weather;  
the blizzard, summoned yet again  
to blind and blanket  
the shoulders of the lost.

## Dark Spaces

When I was young, my grandfather would do puzzles with me. Or rather he would put the puzzles together while I watched and occasionally tried to fit a piece somewhere that looked likely. The puzzles were really his idea, and not mine. My grandfather was a selfish man; if he was going to spend time with his grandchildren, it was going to be on his terms. There was no going to arcades or the beach with him. He liked puzzles, game shows, and—as we only discovered years later, while itemizing his possessions to be sold off—vintage pornography, mostly of boys exactly eighteen years old.

I never questioned his enjoyment of puzzles. It seemed natural that an old man should like something boring. As I grew older, I forgot about the afternoons I'd spent at his house except for vague details. The smell of Macanudo cigars. The off-white of the walls in the den. A vague feeling of dread whenever I had to go to the bathroom—I was not quite tall enough to reach the sink, but my mother had explained in great detail how boys who did not wash their hands after using the toilet would get sick and throw up.

As I sit at the controls of the *Descartes*, I think about the three interpretations of space common to media on Earth. Space as terrible, space as wonderful, and space as vast.

Space as terrible is easy to understand. Supermassive black holes slowly devouring everything, alien entities beyond human comprehension, the sheer maddening hostility of the environment—no gravity, no air, nothing familiar or comforting. Space as wonderful is equally straightforward. Stellar nurseries, colorful clouds of superheated gas millions of miles across; the cheerful light of far-off stars strung together like pearls on a necklace; the promise of untapped riches and opportunities.

Space as vast is almost trivial to understand. There are a hundred thousand “shocking” examples of the sheer distances involved in any sort of space travel.

But as the *Descartes* rides a wave of distorted space toward the Canis Major Dwarf Galaxy—or at least where it will be in three and a half years, when I will arrive—I ponder a fourth interpretation. One less acknowledged.

Space as dark.

I met my husband when I was in school. He was a writer, coasting through life on scant publications and inheritance money. He'd decided a graduate degree was a grand idea because it would kill two years of his life and let him teach at the college level.

I read a story of his in a school publication and sent him an email telling him, albeit in a constructive way, how I hated it. Nobody writes letters to the author any longer. I was determined, in my stubborn way, to keep the tradition alive. He responded, also in a constructive way, with a lengthy dissertation on how all my opinions were founded on foolish assertions and spoon-fed media tripe, but thank you for the input.

This happened again, several times, before I finally sent him an email proposing we have a drink together.

He told me a pet theory one night, when we were lying in bed, both of us still fuzzy with the afterglow. He suggested that each one of us is a reflection of the universe, and our uniqueness causes the universe to be reflected in different ways. This entire show—billions of reflections—is observed by the universe itself, trying to figure out what it's about. In essence, the universe is a soul, searching itself for meaning or purpose or simply something recognizable, and we are all facets of it.

I told him two things: first, that the idea was highly romantic, even saccharine, and I didn't expect such crap from someone who actively scoffed at the idea of reincarnation. And second, the writers of Babylon 5 had already beaten him to that idea.

He didn't care. He later wrote a story about it, and it was well-received.

When he died, it was hardly a surprise. People die all the time, after all. The fact that the person dying in this instance was the man I loved should have made no practical difference.

But even so, when he did die, barely conscious and unable to speak for the tube in his throat, I felt that the universe was diminished in an ineffable, immeasurable, but ultimately concrete sense. That one of its reflections had been lost, forever.

I buried him with a letter I wrote him, telling him I hated the story he'd written about the universe's reflections. It was the only one I had never sent for him to see, because we had promised to always be honest with one another, and this letter was a lie. But I had never written him a positive review, and it felt wrong to break the tradition now.

Space is dark.

In the entire known universe, there are perhaps eighty billion galaxies in various clusters and superclusters. Between them, they have at least ten sextillion stars, at a conservative estimate, most of them larger and more brilliant than the lonely star orbited by our planet.

But I have a recurring dream.

In this dream, I am back in my grandfather's house. We are sitting at the old kitchen table in the dining room, doing a puzzle of the universe. Or rather he is doing a puzzle of the universe, and I am watching. The puzzle has all eighty billion galaxies and ten sextillion stars clearly represented on its pieces.

The puzzle is solid black.

My grandfather will sit there, staring at the half-assembled universe, and he will occasionally pick up a piece and fit it neatly into its place. I never understood the fetishistic appeal of the pieces clicking in, their hard lines and soft curves meshing. I only remembered the frustration of the pieces not fitting.

But here, as my grandfather fits in piece after piece, I feel some connection with him. Black melds with black. Each piece brings us a little closer to completion.

It seemed natural that we would dispatch a manned mission to the Canis Major Dwarf Galaxy before we had finished exploring our own. We dispatched a manned mission to the moon before we had finished exploring the ocean. We dispatched a manned mission to the galactic core before we had finished exploring the local supracluster.

The *Descartes* is a smooth silver cylinder, pinched at one end like a fountain pen, pulled apart at the other like a blossoming flower. It has the latest fold drive, food for five years, entertainments, amenities, everything for a multi-year flight. In the core of the ship is a single-use module, quantum-tuned to an identical device on Earth, for the creation of a wormhole. The ship is a needle, guiding a thread across cosmic distances before pulling it neatly through the fabric of space-time and bringing two areas of space parallel to one another.

I sit at the controls, as I often do, and I reflect on the manned mission. It would be vastly more efficient to send a robotic vessel. Less space devoted to comfort and human necessities, more to drive systems and redundancies.

But my grandfather would never have let a machine put together his puzzles for him.

In my husband's story about the universe's reflections, the protagonist is a pragmatist who has lost his wife. Being a pragmatist, he sets out to find another woman like her in precisely every way, because if she acts, thinks, feels, and wants just as his wife did, she *will* be his wife. Pragmatism is the sword of Alexander the Great to solipsism's Gordian Knot. We can step through the transporter to the alien planet secure in the knowledge that even if we actually die, another person exactly like us in every way will come out the other end, the universe will continue to turn, and we—being dead—will not care.

Like all great stories, there is a twist. My husband's twist is that the protagonist's wife, being a reflection of the universe, is all around him. He is searching for something he already has. She is a Platonic ideal, not a person. What he thought was his wife was just the light of the reflection, streaming across the dark spaces.

After all, pragmatism dictates that our interpretation of the world must be based upon the observations we can make with our senses and the deductions we can make with the scientific method. But lacking an absolute reference point outside the universe itself, the protagonist cannot see that he has already found his wife.

I had roundly mocked my husband for similarly contrived, overly-complex philosophical ramblings like this before, but something about this particular story gave me pause. I sensed that out of everything he had ever produced, this story was the truest reflection of my husband's self. A man, groping through the darkness for something familiar, the only thing he can rely upon his own senses, which he academically knows are limited and crude, even deceptive.

I look at my reflection in the viewport of the *Descartes'* cockpit. There is nothing here in the intergalactic black to be seen but my own image. What version of the universe did my husband see when he looked across the space between us?

•

Of course, time is relative. In some places, under certain conditions, it is not even linear.

My grandfather places another piece into the puzzle.

My husband tells me his idea about the universe reflected in each of us.

The *Descartes* reaches the halfway point on its journey.

I toss the letter into his open grave.

The seams between the black pieces of the universe disappear as they fit together.

My mother tells me in detail why I must always wash my hands after I use the bathroom.

I stare at my reflection in the viewport, wondering if I will eventually see my husband in it instead.

My grandfather starts with the borders of the puzzle. It is easier to fill in the rest once you have the borders.

Marci Calabretta Cancio-Bello

---

## September

How long can she stand  
in the aisle by the plums  
& the pears, her hand  
cupping all the gold &  
reds of fall to her nose,  
knowing nothing  
here smells the same  
as the apple orchards  
blooming in her brain  
& lungs & down her  
fingers cradling the globe's  
sweetness & flesh &  
memory of you.

Emily Brungo

---

## Deception (1946) / Das Leben der Anderen (The Lives of Others) (2006)

Never mind the beginning, just start with  
the fugato. Remember that *drawrof*  
*is forwards backwards*, the radio says.  
It is always raining in Manhattan  
and overcast in Berlin. Mad Claude Rains  
eavesdrops from the attic like a little  
tin god with headphones. Typing, he dictates.  
The keys black and white, ink red all over,  
observing or composing he can no  
longer discern. He decides who crosses  
the border, he determines what they'll have  
for dinner. A trout and a partridge? No,  
better the woodcock. Champagne uncorking  
like a gunshot, he breaks a crystal glass  
in his hand, and Christa, heavy lidded,  
East German eyeshadowed in lavender,  
white as a sheet at the sight of his blood,  
she's as scared as she is grateful—for what  
he bestows he can take away. Claude Rains,  
he furnished her life as he would a back  
hallway, one with a hidey-hole in the  
doorsill where she hides her scotch and secrets.  
He wrote for them a cello concerto,  
he gifted her the *Appassionata*,  
to him a *Sonata for a Good Man*.

From observation to obsession, he  
can't choose between his melomania  
and the reign of Stasi orchestrations.  
Bugs in the light switches, he knows the floor  
plan. This is not the apartment of a  
piano teacher. This is not the drug  
addiction of a duplicitous actress.  
Christa, crushed by a mighty wheel. Poor girl,  
all eyes and talent. Better to be an  
unrecorded GDR suicide  
than to forget your lines and die on stage.

*Albert Adrian de Santis*

---

## Letter from Kowloon

In the age when I thought  
you did not know me  
and you did not know  
that I was watching as  
you painted yourself  
in dark colors, and  
shuffled awkwardly  
around acute ungoverned corners  
keeping company with peer shadows.

We were lost and powerless  
in the empty warrens at the ends  
of the disconnected pipes and cables  
that entwined the elevated streets  
It was by chance I spoke to you  
for the first time near a kitchen  
steaming open to the alley.

If you just stand there you will stay  
unnoticed forever, I had said,  
your mouth full with rice, you'd said  
I made you feel bottled among the empties.

Now we are taking the next step,  
as promised in your calligraphy, small  
and beautiful in paper neatly creased.

If you do come, you must scurry past  
narrow men propped along  
Cantonese perimeters  
there, you will emerge like tobacco  
smoke seeped from the stucco margin.

If you send word to me, then,  
(I, reading ahead, smiling)  
I shall come out to meet you  
as far as Yamen Gate.

*Mark Elliot Cullen*

---

## The Confession of a Gentleman

In ways you might expect, my divorce  
from reality started after a terrible  
step in a puddle that saturated my shoe  
and kept me thinking all day in wet

socks that this sort of “anarchist”  
you confirmed existed might have one  
or another drafts of life in him. Were  
you alone that morning with your bowl

of sweet and low and unyielding brown  
without handle or, evaporating ever,  
had you ceased to regret your quick  
brown fox darts toward pleantry—

I don't think anyone would notice  
to be honest, the crustacean world  
lends itself to waters that eek  
ever windward, the wild hoary winds,  
etc.

I had something of a shortage. I'm afraid.  
I see you straddling there again, passing  
your hands in front of strange faces, in  
your words, “projecting” emotional states

onto them. I could care about decadence,  
and then I would be out there, purple

toes and heels, looking for a courteous woman  
with a hand for installing frame molding

on vacant walls. The awnings outside remain  
green. It is as if the poker tournament  
continues because you have not revealed  
the secret body you've been obscuring under

that white spring dress—Spring like a locust  
full of power and mirth isn't it like murder  
the dancing of the earth and the work of men  
and the work of planets and ants among them,  
etc.?

Supposing for a minute you're "transforming"  
the optical world, as I understand it,  
into an electrical system: Would you quite  
solidly sit and capitulate, that is, to bow?

Your earnest failings might describe  
a sort of medical explanation of worth  
and how vibrant your red hair growing will.  
It is a hard truth to squint irascibly

at gesso and Desmond in their irradiated  
culture world and think about the sorts  
of war you could be getting into with your  
obscure carbon blades and sharp sense of where  
blood might be found and extracted. Wish I  
had your sleepy eyes. Go to bed, my dear  
and while you're down, I'll pry them out,  
pulling wisdom from so neat a source: pain,  
etc.

And another thing: I had a letter from your  
doctor asking me if I knew your original  
blood type and whereabouts. I had my doctor  
respond with a writ of complaint to the board,

but I get the feeling it won't do any good.  
Purslane and brandy have begun trading  
high; the boxes you left in the basement  
have rotted. I see you were supposed to visit

your mother on the tenth. I would say don't bother,  
but my teeth seem to slither out slyly  
"yes" at that abandoned horny crone. Other  
than the forgetting to wash, I've had no

use for the medical profession. I always  
wanted to be a lawyer lying naked in the lawn  
kissing blades of grass and digging my cock  
into dirt. Georgia, Georgia: just, fertile,  
and sweet.

*Marci Calabretta Cancio-Bello*

---

## G. Paints His Abuelo for His Father's Birthday

His spine is parallel to the easel in the brightness,  
body lean and leaning toward the face on the canvas,  
so close to his own, so many years ahead or behind.  
Spectrums of sepia and white dotted on his palette,  
microscopic expressions in each dark pool spreading  
over his brow and down the creases of his collar.

He whistles like a barefooted ghost on a stool.  
Followed by a cloud of roasting almonds  
or husked corn or sweetened coffee,  
fingers black with graphite and pastels  
fumbling to remember an old man's face  
from a vision of earlobes and corduroy,  
a button-down or a long, spiraled journey  
frayed at the cuffs or frayed in the mind.  
Islands, he thinks. And something about a cigar.

Some perspective is necessary.  
How to angle the eyelids, crook of a broken nose  
long mended, thickness and quirk of the mouth,  
the shoulder too high, and the eyes too clear.  
A gift from father to son to son to father.

*Bonnie Gloris*

---

## Frida Kahlo



oil paint and collage on paper

*Randall Rosenthal*

---

Lunch Money



carved from one block of wood, painted with ink and acrylic

*Priscilla Briggs*

---

Station



archival ink print

*Susan Schwalb*

---

Polyphony #31



copper/silver/gold/aluminumpoint, black gesso on paper, private collection

*Vivien Collens*

---

Dropoff



acrylic on paper

*John Maggio*

---

Coolipop



mixed media collage

*Mary Grassell*

---

Vandalia Vantage Point



wood block print

*Bill Urban*

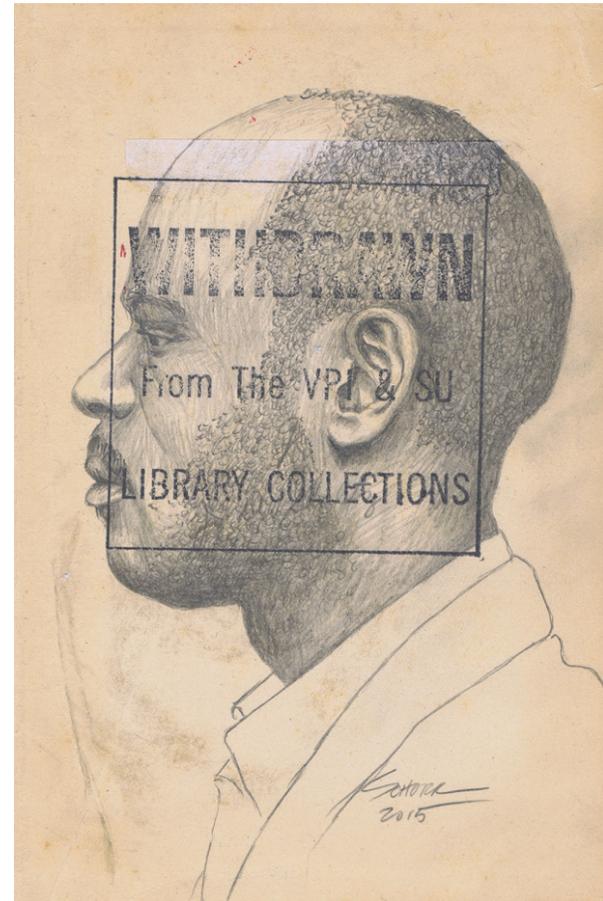
2013 #1



acrylic on canvas

*Natalie Schorr*

Library People #146



graphite drawing on page from discarded book

*Sandra Imperatori*

---

## Orange Crush



watercolor

*Albert Adrian de Santis*

---

## January (*for mom*)

Nine months  
after your breath  
stopped clouding  
the hospital mask

The February cherry  
tree buds died  
in a sudden  
late April freeze

Not knowing how  
much I expected  
to see them bloom  
every May.

*C.C. Smith*

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## Connecticut Cobwebs

*And we could hear the sound of the katydids among the trees as we  
always did, in the pine-smelling, frog-filled Connecticut night.*

— *William Styron*

In my earliest memory I am scrambling up a long wooden ladder behind my older brother. I can't be more than two or three years old, because I turned four soon after we moved to Stratford. But this is Oakdale Manor near Lake Zoar, the ladder rising into a cloudless blue sky. It is propped at a steep angle against the side of a one-car garage my father is building, beside a small Cape Cod that he built when I was born. My father and grandfather are perched high on the peaked roof of that garage, tacking down tarpaper in preparation for shingling. The bang-bang-bang of their hammers echoes around the low hills of Oakdale Manor, hills dense with more pine than oak—tall white pines my father planted as seedlings when he was just a kid. When a country acre in that corner of Connecticut cost but a dollar.

Now my brother gains the top rung and scrambles up the bare plywood roof on his hands and knees. But I'm afraid to follow. What on earth are you doing up there? my mother shouts from below. She is holding an infant in her arms, her third child—another son—our new baby brother. I look down but it's a mistake. All I can see is the top of my mother's head, a bird's eye view that gives me vertigo. Hold on! my father cries. Then he works his way over to the ladder and carries me down. Meanwhile, seated high on the roof, my brother hugs his knees and laughs.

Had I been able to follow my brother up the garage roof that day, Oakdale Manor would have spread out below me like a rustic village in a fable. Our small house, with its white clapboard siding, was first on the left at the top of the lane. My grandparents' screened-in summer cottage squatted next door, farther back from the edge of the road, on an earth-and-pine-

needle floor. Half a dozen enormous white pines stood behind it, as if they had strayed from their relatives on the ridge. The home of Hill and Mae Larson—an elderly couple—was third on the left, a boxy, added-on-to kind of house, with tall pines and white birch at random out front. It drew its water, like all homes in Oakdale Manor, from an artesian well my grandfather had dug.

The Ditters lived across from the Larsons at the end of the lane, in a long ranch house that sported a picture window in a fieldstone wall. A single row of whitewashed rocks separated their lawn from the roadside. (Only the Ditters had a lawn—the rest of us had weeds and crabgrass.) A thick metal chain, slung low between two cedar posts, guarded their gravel driveway. Old Man Ditter I rarely saw, his wife more rarely so. There was a pimply son called Frankie, and an older daughter who was always off somewhere. Frankie often regaled us with tales of hitchhiking all the way to Sandy Hook near Newtown, which seemed like a daring journey to the ends of the earth. My grandfather once told us of Old Man Ditter going to court with cow dung on his boots, which he wiped on the rung of a chair when the judge found him guilty of something-or-other, whereupon the judge promptly doubled his fine.

I can recall no other homes. No, I vaguely remember a house in the woods beyond the Larsons', halfway up the steep hill beyond where White Birch Lane reached a dead end. And there may have been a trailer in the open lot across from my grandparents' cottage that belonged to Henry Barnes, my father's boyhood friend. Or maybe it was Gibby and Olive's. Gibby was Reggie's brother—Reggie often played guitar to my father's banjo at Toot-'n'-Come-In—and Olive, Gibby's wife, was said to have been in love with my father. But I think that trailer, if it ever existed, belonged to the Barnes, put there after Henry had to marry Ethel. Then Reggie set up his first wife with her lover in a motel room, so he could obtain a divorce and marry Muriel. But all of these dwellings and soap opera shenanigans go up in smoke as fast as my memory reconstructs them. Oakdale Manor was a misnomer. The place made no claim to nobility.

The front porch to our little home was a concrete slab about the size of a sidewalk square. Not that there were sidewalks in Oakdale Manor. Beyond the porch-like slab a series of gray flagstones led to an arched trellis in the sand and gravel at the edge of the yard—the entrance to our humble estate—from which hung a rustic sign my father had made. Wood-burned in script, it said BLUE HEAVEN.

I remember crying on our front slab one afternoon, banging on the screen door that happened to be locked, after running home from a birthday party to which my mother had sent me dressed as a girl, in a yellow dress with matching ribbon in my hair. My mother had always wanted a little girl, but I was the second of four sons she would ultimately bear. So there I stood, on that hard square of concrete, my fat fist pounding the aluminum frame of our screen door as tears slid down my hot cheeks. I don't recall whose birthday it was—my older brother was my only playmate—although the Larsons' grandchildren often visited in the summer months.

Another indelible front-porch event included the entire family. Awakened one night by the clanging of the volunteer fire department, my father roused my older brother and me and brought us outside, where we were joined moments later by my mother and infant brother, huddling together in our pajamas and bathrobes. The sky was streaked in red above the woods at the bottom of the hollow, the smoke barely visible, an eerie red glow the only sign of fire. Then a siren screamed and a fire engine flew by, following a dirt road along the ridge and out of sight. In the morning all neighborhood talk was of the fire. It had begun in someone's cellar and razed the bungalow above it. And in every conversation a strange laughter could be heard, different from the kind of laughter my older brother often emitted at my expense. The fire had been caused by an exploding still.

In Stratford we lived in a narrow clapboard house with a wooden front porch that spanned the width of the dwelling, guarded by wooden railings and an overhanging roof. We moved in January—in a borrowed pickup truck—during the worst winter in years, arriving to find the snow piled

in drifts against the living room windows. We had to dig our way in. And so it was spring before I saw the front porch for what it was, its narrow floorboards twisted and warped, the gray paint of the shaky railing blistered and chipped. Three untrustworthy steps ascended toward the front door on the left, and it is on these steps that my older brother and I sat with our cousin Johnny, squinting into the sun, for a black-and-white photo that Aunt Midge must have taken, since our mother had just delivered her fourth son and was inside, tending to the other half her brood. We are three skinny boys within the scalloped edges of that photo, in striped polo shirts and pants with suspenders, and very much amused by this effort on behalf of posterity.

The following December my father made a long wooden sign and painted MERRY XMAS across it in fancy letters surrounded by holly leaves, to hang on the porch beneath the front windows. It was lighted along the bottom by a variety of colored bulbs, and I was amazed that we could plug it in to an outside receptacle. But we encountered some problem with the wiring, which left my father muttering under his breath about our "family luck," and which left me, at the tender age of four—in the purported joy of the Christmas season—feeling that we were in some way, for some reason, cursed.

The Kanes of my childhood were related only in that each met a premature death. Richard Kane lived across the street from us on Freeman Avenue. I was four at the time, my brother was six, and so Richard must have been eight or nine. He had an older sister, Nancy, who was in eighth grade and seemed old enough to be my mother. In fact, when I began Kindergarten, she played my mother in a Christmas tableau—Nancy in a rocking chair before the fireplace, me in my pajamas on her lap.

One afternoon Richard showed me his sister's room. Nancy was out, his mother in the kitchen, his father at work. "This is where she puts on her make-up," Richard said as we stood before the mirror on Nancy's vanity. "And this is her powder-puff." He took the lid from a small round jar, lifted the soft

bag within, and pretended to dab his cheeks. Then he got an idea. “Come on!” he cried, and I followed him downstairs to the kitchen. His mother was now out on the rear steps, hanging laundry from their clothesline.

Richard motioned for me to be quiet, reached into a cabinet, and grabbed a bag of marshmallows, which we used to powder our cheeks. Then we hid outside to surprise Nancy when she returned. But Richard’s mother was more delighted than Nancy, who screamed at Richard for going into her room.

The only photo I have of Richard Kane—a scalloped black and white Kodak circa 1950—shows us in his backyard, where we often played, with Richard in charge. Richard is about eleven or twelve, bare-chested and in shorts, his skinny arms holding a garden hose that is running full blast out of the frame to the right of whoever is taking the picture, most likely his mother. His short black hair is unkempt, his gaze intense. I am standing beside him, and seated behind me on the first of the wooden steps is my older brother, the two of us in bib overalls and polo shirts. Richard looks more concerned with his hosing than the fact that a picture is being taken. My brother and I, with a childish sense of occasion, are smiling sheepishly.

One day we had a funeral and Richard presided. He had found a dead bird and put it in a shoebox. Then he dug a hole, deposited the box, and insisted we be quiet while he said a few words in a serious tone. Finally, he covered the box with dirt and that was that.

That’s all I remember about Richard Kane, because the Kanes moved to Fairfield that summer. But one day a few years later my mother informed us that Richard had been killed in an accident when his speeding car struck a telephone pole.

He was sixteen years old.

•

Frankie Kane—no relation—was older and gaunt, with gnarled teeth and a thatch of black hair. He came from a broken family and was already a teenager when I knew him. Knew of him, that is, for I never spoke to him. I simply envied him from afar, like everyone else. He lived at the upper reaches of

Freeman Avenue, less than a mile away. But we never went up there because Old Lady Jober lived nearby, and Old Lady Jober was a witch. It was said she had murdered her own daughter, that dead cats were chained at the neck in her basement. Live cats roamed her property at will, and Frankie Kane could be seen playing with them.

One afternoon a fire engine roared up Freeman Avenue and we took off after it. Old Lady Jober’s ramshackle garage was on fire. It had been filled to the rafters with stacks of old newspapers. Frankie Kane stood out front with his arms folded, watching the flames. Old Lady Jober was nowhere to be found. The crowd grew steadily, and soon a member of the family (Old Lady Jober’s daughter?) appeared out of nowhere and spoke to the firemen. A few days later the house stood empty, although Frankie still tended to the cats. It never occurred to me until years later that he might have started that fire.

We envied Frankie Kane because he owned a pony, a shaggy black-and-white Shetland that he harnessed to a two-wheeled cart to give the littlest children rides around the block. Horses were unknown in Stratford—except for an old nag that annually plowed our garden—yet we all longed to have one, like the cowboys on TV. And Frankie Kane had his own pony. He kept it in a garage like Old Lady Jober’s, which he had converted to an open stall stacked with bales of hay. Whenever the pony cart went around the block I stood by the side of the road conspicuously, trying to look inconspicuous, as if I deserved a ride as much as the littlest children. But Frankie Kane never looked my way.

We envied Frankie Kane because he had been on television, displaying a talent for which he was known locally—puppetry. He made hand puppets all by himself, built a little stage with a red curtain, and put on comic shows for the littlest children in a falsetto voice. He seemed to live for the littlest children. He had no friends his own age.

When Frankie appeared on television with his puppets, we gathered at our house to watch him in all his glory. After the performance, the master of ceremonies of the show interviewed him, asking how his hobby had begun. “Oh, just messin’ around by myself,” Frankie said. Frankie Kane was always messing around by himself. He was our wonder boy. He had a pony,

he made puppets, and he had been on television. And one day he was found behind his pony stall with a plastic bag over his head.

He was sixteen years old.

•

After a few years on Freeman Avenue we moved around the corner to a brand new green-shingled ranch house, the model home in a new development. Its long concrete porch had a pillar at each end to support a triangular roof. My father installed antique wagon wheels as railings on each side of the concrete steps, completing the “ranch” feeling. One warm spring afternoon I spent several hours out there, playing with a black-and-white puppy that had showed up and thrived on my attention. The puppy was obviously lost—perhaps it, too, was new to the neighborhood—and I begged my mother to let us keep it. “If it’s still there after supper,” my mother said, “we’ll ask your father.” Supper that day brought a special dessert—my favorite, a surprise chocolate cake—after which, suddenly remembering, I raced through the living room and out to the front porch. But the puppy was gone.

On a hot afternoon that summer my older brother and I were sitting out front with our friend Charlie-Boy when the girl next door came over, wearing shorts and a narrow bandeau. At twelve or thirteen she was older than all of us, and my brother had a crush on her. My mother brought out a pitcher of lemonade and went back inside. Soon we got to horsing around, throwing ice cubes at each other, and my brother dared Charlie-Boy to stick one down the girl’s top. He did, briefly revealing her budding right breast, which to me resembled a red crabapple. The girl pulled up her bandeau and ran home crying, while Charlie-Boy and my brother sat there laughing.

“You did it!” my brother said. “You did it!”

But I couldn’t see what all the shouting was about.

•

We were in the back yard, watching the *Sputnik* make its way across the pre-dawn sky. The stars were still out, the October air chilly and black. And

suddenly I saw myself as if from that satellite, the very first snapshot of myself in the universe—puny and cold, in pajamas and bathrobe, my bare feet wet with dew. I’d shed my slippers on the back porch, not wanting to get them soaked in the grass, for I was already awash in puberty, a prerequisite for melancholia.

“Do they see it?” my father said loudly. “Do they see it?” He was speaking for the benefit of the neighbors, who were looking skyward in the wrong direction. My father always played to available audiences, much to my chagrin and embarrassment. “It’s 359 miles away,” he continued. “That’s 577 kilometers.” He was the engineer now, self-taught, then night school, determined that my three brothers and me, huddled about him with our gazes trained upward, do better. As the sign he’d taped above the kitchen sink proclaimed: TO EARN MORE YOU MUST LEARN MORE.

But I wasn’t listening. Miles or kilometers, they might as well have been light-years, paralyzed as I was by the image of myself provoked by this winking, blinking satellite the Russians had launched, shocking the world. My eyes were tearing against the cold. But why bother? I was watching myself from the point of view of an infinitely colder immensity, and it overwhelmed me with fear.

“Time for breakfast,” my mother said, herding us inside. “You’ll be late for school.” *Sputnik* or no, her brood came first. She’d been standing on the top step of the porch all the while, holding the storm door open. And so we hurried back into the warm and waiting kitchen.

“The Russians are Communists,” O.B. said. “Isn’t that right, Dad?” O.B. my older brother, toed the family party line.

“You bet they are,” our father replied. “Behind the *Iron Curtain*.”

Iron Curtain. It was a term I didn’t understand. I’d always taken it literally, imagining a chainmail version of the Swiss-dot curtains in my bedroom separating foreign countries overseas. The concept was somehow connected to a strange float permanently parked by the side of the road at the north end of town—a flatbed wagon with a graveyard of white crosses on a green rug, trimmed with a red banner and hammer and sickle warning of Communism. Every Memorial Day Old Man Nemergut hitched it to his tractor for the parade down Main Street. One year, marching with

the Cub Scouts, our pack had followed right behind it. I was carrying the American flag at the head of the unit and could almost reach out and touch those white crosses.

After the parade, when I asked my father about the float, he dismissed Old Man Nemergut as “a kook.”

“Dad,” I said quietly now, sliding into the breakfast nook with O.B., Peter and sleepy-eyed Bruce. “What d’ya think Mr. Nemergut would say about the *Sputnik*?”

I felt a burning need to know. We’d been studying the solar system in school, making models out of wire coat hangers and balls of different sizes—ping pong balls, tennis balls, Wiffle balls—to show the distance of the planets from the sun: *Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto*. The Earth came third. And now there was the *Sputnik* whirling round it. And the *Sputnik* frightened me. The Russians had launched the *Sputnik* and the Russians were Communists. In school we did drills in which we had to crouch under our desks and hold our hands over our head. And on television there were ads showing windows exploding and drapes billowing and large red arrows spreading across a map of Europe, and—

“Buddy?” my mother said. “Buddy!”

“*What?*” My fork was poised in mid-air.

But it was my father who answered:

“Eat your scrambled eggs.”

•

When was in junior high my parents announced that they had purchased a paper route for my brothers and me. Acquired for eighteen dollars, it consisted of only eighteen customers and would have hardly been worth the effort had not a second route, by luck and coincidence, become available. The combined routes gave us a total of sixty customers, which brought in about ten dollars a week, forty dollars monthly. Only in later years did I realize that this paper route helped keep food on our table.

The money we collected each week was stored in a shoebox kept on the top shelf of a closet in the bedroom I shared with my older brother. Once

a month a man by the name of Hyman Finkelstein—known as Mr. Fink—stopped by from The Bridgeport Post to present our bill. By the time he arrived, the mounds of loose change in the shoebox had been replaced by a check bearing my mother’s signature. My father was paid at the end of the month, Mr. Fink came by soon after, so the financial arrangements worked out well for all concerned.

On Friday afternoons we stopped stop to collect from each customer the fifty cents due for the week’s delivery. The woman of the house was always at home, and always, if a dollar bill were handed to me, I returned a quarter, two dimes, and a nickel, hoping for one of those coins as a tip. But rarely, except at Christmas, did this happen.

About five o’clock, the paper route and collecting done, I would stop at Baby’s Luncheonette on Main Street to indulge myself with a small Coke and Hershey bar. Always there was a retiree seated at one of the square porcelain tables—I sat at the counter, on a circular stool—the stuffing leaking from the cracked vinyl back of his chair as he talked about the blue jays and squirrels that fought daily at his birdfeeder. Here I was, a young entrepreneur, catching a glimpse of retirement, of someone who had world enough and time to watch the birds and squirrels.

I would sit at Baby’s Luncheonette only long enough to produce one good burp from my Coke, then hurry across the street to a store called *Memorabilia*, where for ninety-nine cents I’d buy the number one 45 rpm rock ’n’ roll record of the week—something by Elvis or the Everly Brothers. It came with a hole in the center the size of a quarter, for the fat plastic cylindrical adapter that fit over the skinny spindle (made for 33 LP’s) on our record player, later our hi-fi. I can’t remember whatever happened to all those oldies but goodies. I picture them in a cardboard box in a basement somewhere, the stacks sliding into one another like shuffled cards, records that today would be worth a small fortune to collectors.

That spending spree on my part—the Coke, the Hershey bar, and the record of the week—came to about a dollar fifteen, tax included, and was the only money I ever claimed for myself for doing the route. The rest of the cash went immediately into that shoebox on the closet shelf, into which my mother dipped for grocery money as the contents of the refrigerator thinned

toward the end of each month. I don't ever recall having pocket money, except for the lunch money I was given for school, nor do I recall ever wanting for anything. The necessities of life—shoes, socks, admission to a movie—were provided as needed. We had Elvis and the Everly Brothers, chino pants with thin black belts, button-down shirts, and dusty bucks on our feet. We needed, really, little else.

Now, come to think of it, *I* am that retiree at Baby's Luncheonette.

*Magdalen Silberman*

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## How to Eat Vegetables When You Live Alone

1. Make a list of all the vegetables you like. It is a short list.
2. Go to the grocery store and glide past the produce section the way you might slink past someone you're checking out in a bar that you have no intention of approaching.
3. Buy a frozen pizza and go home.

1. Think about just one vegetable. Green peppers. Green peppers are the potato chip of vegetables (are potatoes a vegetable? If so, then potato chips are the potato chips of vegetables).
2. Eat a whole bag of potato chips.
3. Wipe your salty fingers on your bed sheets.
4. Wash your bed sheets, not because of the salt but just because it's been a while.

1. Buy some goddamn salad in a bag.
2. Buy some goddamn Caesar dressing.
3. Eat a goddamn salad and feel like a superhero. You have conquered the world. You can do anything. You can put your dishes straight into the dishwasher instead of dropping them in the sink. You can fold your laundry when it comes out of the dryer. You can go a whole weekend without seeing another human being and not feel bad about it.
4. Put your bowl in the sink.
5. Throw away the bag of salad a week later when you're not sure if you can still eat it. You think maybe it's still okay, but why take the risk?

1. Drink water.

1. Drink water.

1. Drink water because water is the vegetable of beverages and that's good enough, right?

2. You've never peed so much in your life.

1. Remember when you went to sleepaway camp and you cried when your parents left.

2. Remember when you went to college and you cried when your parents left.

3. Remember when you moved into this apartment and you cried when your parents left.

4. Remember that you didn't eat that many vegetables at home either and you've made it this far.

*Jonathan deVries*

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## The Clappers

I waited for the clappers to strike the lips

A & I drove north while  
snow covered leaves  
without weekend colors.  
We spoke of her friend  
& the size of his salary.  
She rooted for my degree  
to yield similar returns.  
I looked out the window  
but saw two years of  
rooted encouragement  
in the Vermont night &  
the reflection of the clock.

I watched her panda eye mask  
while she slept & considered  
what I used to like.  
She liked the arc of her lips.  
She liked the line of my jaw.  
Snow covered a granite church  
& I waited for the bells to  
strike a new song over the ice.

In Middlebury A had  
an ache & feared cancer.  
I said drink more water &  
some aches were inevitable.

I thought about my walk while  
she read the New Yorker,  
the maple syrups I sampled  
while she said how exquisite,  
the ice I drove through for  
her ice cream while she  
composed a letter to France.

We drove south & discussed  
getting 1 watch for ½ the cost  
from one of her clients.  
I picked one with ellipses  
& a defined red line.  
She hoped to get me  
a Rolex one day so  
I cancelled the order

but A still brought the empty  
case to her favorite bar.  
We sat on an imported couch,  
ate hors d'oeuvres & focused  
on my thigh. She rubbed it  
against the grain of the fabric.  
I told her to rub the other way,  
to rub slowly & softly with  
less thumb & more pinky  
then to please stop rubbing.

She rested her hand  
against the cotton grain  
& said she loved me.  
I looked at my wrist &  
inside the empty case.  
I said I needed to leave to

find pants without a grain.  
A looked at me with fear  
& questions but didn't see  
my year of deliberation.  
She recommended organic  
slim-fit Bonobos, salmon.

I called during a party  
when all the voices  
clamored with my own.  
I went to my room &  
explained my reasons;  
I walked outside &  
justified my decision;  
I went through the snow  
& bulleted my points.  
I found the right spot &  
made a snow angel  
with a Rolex watch  
but the hands froze.  
I made a sun dial out  
of ice but the moonlight  
had too much silver &  
not enough gray blue.  
At home I looked at the  
stove & the microwave:  
they synchronized.  
Then I stopped, focused  
on my lightened lungs &  
all that they could draw.  
I put on water for tea &  
stood over the steam.

*Matthew Finlay*

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## Shadyside Trig

as carrotcake kid goes pedaling  
in a straight line under the sodium  
bulbs of Ellsworth Ave  
two dimensionless who-are-these-guys  
are waiting to burst him like a ziploc full of soup

at point A, the Hypotenuse-Man  
chaw-string cornered, wet-lip dangling  
at point B, the Adjacent-Man  
white t-shirt, armpit cheeseburger-smelling  
at point C, the Promise of the Kid

cosine predators, elbows acuted  
they body-check the carrotcake kid  
off the bike together like brothers  
pin him, pulp him, posture with black  
empty handguns and get everything:  
    2 wrinkled jacksons  
    1 little flip phone loose-hinged  
    and 1 backpack  
all yours, he sneezes out  
in nose blood on the pavement

when he looks up, the guys are gone  
back to the old home yard  
cracking open the backpack  
to find three wilted stalks of kale  
rubber-banded and bagged  
for their convenience

## Contributor Notes

### *Jeffrey Boyd*

(1969) graduated in Design and worked as a corporate design manager before founding Grant Paul Design in '83. He has analog sensibilities that are now digitally processed, and uses hand tools to craft furniture designed with pencil on paper but refined on a Mac using 3D software.

### *Priscilla Briggs*

(1989) is an artist working in photography and video who has exhibited widely in the US, as well as internationally. She has a BA from Carnegie Mellon University and a MFA from The Maryland Institute, College of Art. Priscilla has received various awards for her work, including multiple MN State Arts Board Grants, a McKnight Artist Fellowship, and residencies at Art Channel in Beijing and the Chinese European Art Center in Xiamen. Two portfolios of her work have been included in the Midwest Photographer's Project at the Museum of Contemporary Photography in Chicago. Priscilla is currently an Associate Professor of Studio Art at Gustavus Adolphus College.

### *Emily Brungo*

(2001) lives in Baltimore City. Her life is like a low-rent version of Sex and the City, but one in which everyone is fatter, poorer, nowhere near as well-dressed, and with a 1000 times more shootings, hookers, and trash. She is a 2001 Carnegie Mellon graduate. Her blog is DinnerIsServed1972.com She grew up in Zelienople, PA.

### *Marci Calabretta Cancio-Bello*

(2011) is the author of *Hour of the Ox*, which won the 2015 AWP Donald Hall Prize for Poetry, and *Last Train to the Midnight Market* (2013), and

has received poetry fellowships from Kundiman and the Knight Foundation, among others. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Best New Poets 2015*, *Columbia: A Journal of Literature & Art*, *Narrative Magazine*, *Paper Darts*, and more. She serves as co-founder and managing editor for *Print-Oriented Bastards*, a contributing editor for *Florida Book Review*, and producer for *The Working Poet Radio Show*. Visit her at [www.marcicalabretta.com](http://www.marcicalabretta.com).

### *Vivien Collens*

(1968) began exhibiting in NYC in 1978 after obtaining regional recognition in the midwest. She has received fellowships from Yaddo, MacDowell, Colony, Bennington College, the Athena Foundation, and the Hand Hollow Foundation. Her recent painting and sculpture, *Urban Studies & City Blocks*, was exhibited at Gensler- New York this past summer. You can learn more about her on her website [www.viviencollens.com](http://www.viviencollens.com). Her work appears courtesy of The Kaplan Family Foundations.

### *Mark Elliot Cullen*

(2008) was born on November 8, 1986, at St. Mary's Medical Center in West Palm Beach, FL. He earned his BA in Creative Writing from Carnegie Mellon, and his Master in Fine Arts from The New School. He is now a consultant.

### *Albert Adrian de Santis*

(1990) works in Tacoma, Washington writes poetry and novels in his spare time between gigs as a father and an architect.

### *Jonathan deVries*

(2005) majored in Hispanic Studies and minored in Creative Writing at Carnegie Mellon. He worked for non-profits in San Francisco and Allentown. Presently he is working for a non-profit in Philadelphia and is applying to graduate programs in urban planning. Despite pursuing a focused career path, Jonathan continues to nurture his passion for the pen.

### *Elizabeth Edwards*

(1990) was born and raised in Pittsburgh and graduated from Carnegie Mellon. Her poetry book, *The Chronic Liar Buys a Canary*, was published by Carnegie Mellon University Press in 2004. Her work has appeared in many journals, including *Ploughshares*, *Witness*, the *Antioch Review*, the *Southern Review*, *Cream City Review*, *Artful Dodge*, the *Cimarron Review*, the *Carolina Quarterly*, and the *Florida Review*. Feel free to say hello at [elizedwards@comcast.net](mailto:elizedwards@comcast.net).

### *Matthew Finlay*

(2014) graduated with a degree in Creative Writing and a minor in History. During his time at the journal, he served as Production Manager and Editor-in-Chief. He encourages you visit <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6n3pFFPSIW4>.

### *Bonnie Gloris*

(2015) is a visual artist, illustrator, and independent curator, originally from Albany, NY. She earned a BFA from Parsons School of Design (NYC) and recently completed the Master of Arts Management program at Carnegie Mellon University (Pittsburgh, PA). Gloris is currently working as a freelance graphic designer for arts organizations such as the Hawaii Performing Arts Festival and the Kamuela Philharmonic. She has participated in group and solo art shows across the country. Recent venues for her work include The Gallery 4 and The Fort Pitt Museum. She'll be showing at SPACE gallery during the summer of 2016.

### *Mary Grassell*

(1965) has been a professor since 1992 and is now program director in the School of Art and Design at Marshall University in Huntington, WV, where she teaches design, illustration and book arts. After her graduation from CIT she worked as a graphic designer in four states, and received her MFA in

design from Syracuse University in 1983. In a parallel life, she is a relief printmaker, receiving inspiration from CIT printmaker Bruce Carter. She currently pulls her prints by hand in her studio in Hurricane, WV where she lives, and exhibits them every chance she gets.

### *Sandra Imperatori*

(1963) received a BFA in Graphic design from Carnegie Institute of Technology. She worked at the Johnson County Community College in suburban Kansas City where she helped create one of the first community college "in-house" graphic design studios and earned national awards for her illustrations and graphic work. she helped create a graphic design career program for the college. She became the Senior Art Director of both Kansas City Magazine and Touring Times Magazine. Both magazines won several awards for illustration and design. In 1984 Sandy relocated to northern California and began painting with a group of Bay area Plein Air painters. Originally an oil painter, she discovered her love of watercolor painting and continues to paint, teach and inspire others. She has been active on the Board of Directors and Director for The Fairfield Visual Arts Association and Gallery Concord, And director of hows for Fairfield City Gallery. Sandy has received many honors for her paintings including Artist of the Year in Solano County.

### *John Maggio*

(1970, 1971) earned both a BFA and an MFA from Carnegie Mellon University. He is currently a Professor of Art at The University of North Carolina, Greensboro, North Carolina.

### *Andre Price*

(2012) holds a bachelor's degree in creative writing. He currently lives in Chicago.

### *Randall Rosenthal*

(1969) was born in New York in 1947. He received a BFA from Carnegie-Mellon in 1969. Randall has worked as a painter, architectural designer, architectural sculptor, and finally a fine art sculptor. He currently lives and works in East Hampton, NY, is married to photographer Caren Sturmer, and at the age of 66 is still an avid surfer and snowboarder. Process photos of his wood sculptures are available on his website: [www.randallrosenthal.com](http://www.randallrosenthal.com)

### *Gabriel Routh*

(2011) attended Carnegie Mellon for Creative Writing. He lives in Pittsburgh with his partner and best friend, and when he is not writing he is thinking about how he should be writing.

### *Natalie Schorr*

(1986) is a portrait artist living in McLeansville, NC. Her work is almost exclusively drawings, usually in series.

### *Susan Schwalb*

(1965) was born in New York City and studied at the High School of M&A, and at Carnegie-Mellon University. Her current work juxtaposes a wide variety of metals (silver, gold, brass, copper, platinum, pewter, bronze and aluminum) to obtain soft shifts in tone and color. Schwalb's oeuvre ranges from drawings on paper to artist books and paintings on canvas or wood panels.; many of these panels are carefully beveled so that the imagery seems to float off the wall. Her work is represented in most of the major public collections, including the Museum of Modern Art, New York, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, the National Gallery, Washington DC, The British Museum, London, The Brooklyn Museum, NY, The Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Kupferstichkabinett - Staatliche Museen zu Berlin, Germany. She has had over 35 solo exhibitions and has exhibited nationally and internationally. Her work recently was included in the historical metalpoint exhibition entitled, "Drawing with Silver and Gold:

From Leonardo to Jasper Johns", at the National Gallery of Art, Wash. DC and then traveled to The British Museum, London. Schwalb will be one of a very few living artists included in the show.

### *Magdalen Silberman*

(2013) graduated with a BA in Creative Writing. She currently lives in Austin, TX where she is getting her MFA in Screenwriting at the University of Texas, snuggling with her cat Maeby, and eating lots of tacos. You can find her on the Internet at [magsilberman.wordpress.com](http://magsilberman.wordpress.com).

### *C.C. Smith*

(1978) is a Professor Emeritus of English at Ohio Northern University and the author of seven books and co-editor/translator of another. His own books have been translated into five languages, including Russian and Chinese. He hold a DA from Carnegie-Mellon, an MFA in fiction from the Writers' Workshop at the University of Iowa, an MAT from Yale, and a BA from Wesleyan (CT). He lives in Madison, WI, with his wife Elaine Skwirut Smith, a C-MU graduate of H&SS. His newest book, which he serves as co-editor/translator with the late Alexander Vaschenko of Moscow State University, is *MEDITATIONS After the Bear Feast: The Poetic Dialogues of N. Scott Momaday and Yuri Vaella*, forthcoming from Shanti Arts publishing in the spring of 2016.

### *Bill Urban*

(1965) graduated from Carnegie Institute of Technology in P&D. Lives and works in Guelph, Ontario.