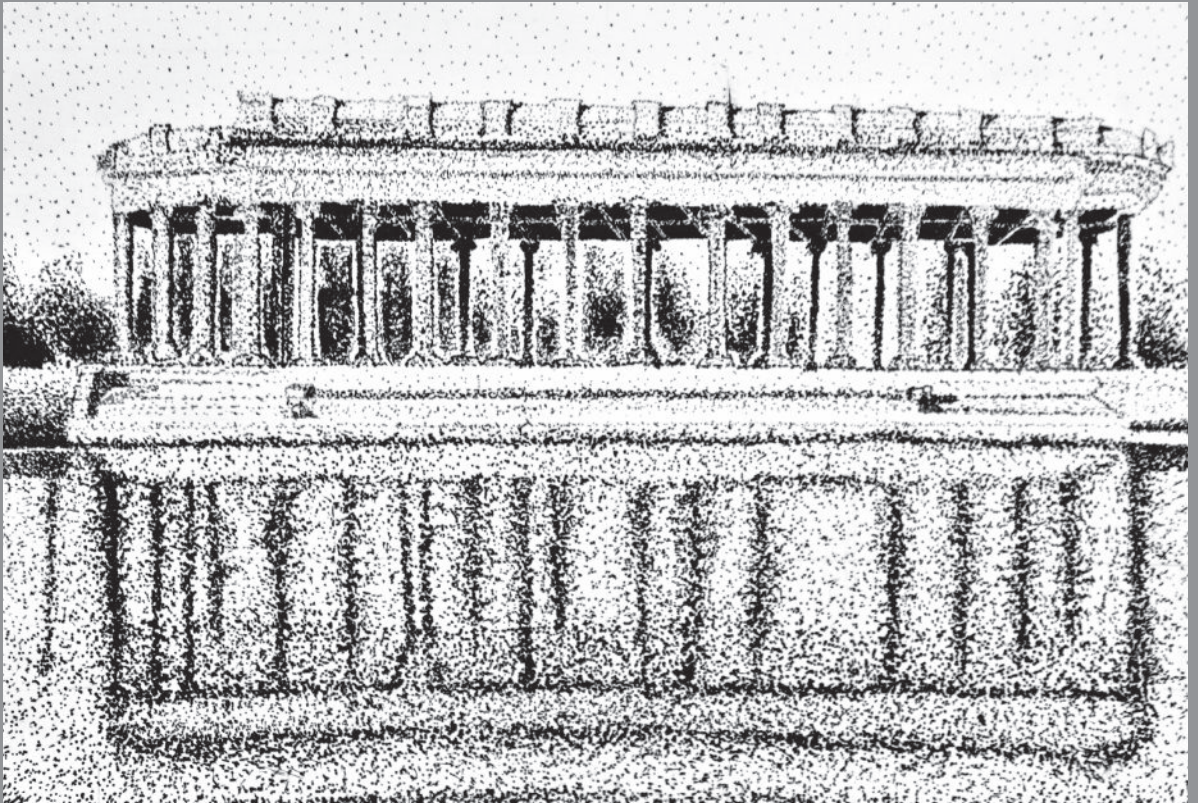


Pen
and
SWORD



A Brother Martin Publication
2021 - 2022

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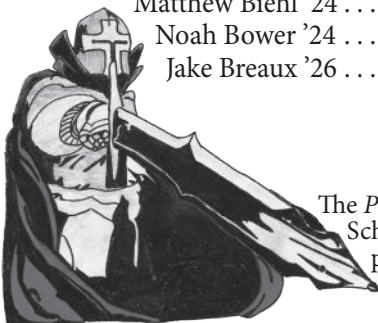
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The *Pen and Sword* is published annually by students of Brother Martin High School in New Orleans, Louisiana. Each issue is gathered, edited, and produced by current students. The staff would like to thank everyone who contributed work to this edition, with special gratitude to Mrs. Yvette Tassin for her invaluable graphic design assistance.

Waves

Addison Wilberg '22

They crash over me
cold

like a beach on an unseasonably cool day.

I, a colander that sifts through the pleasant buzz, sedentary.

What is it that makes these waves so desirable? So fulfilling?

I feel like the highest crest of a building swell

or the lowest point of a cascading trough.

With each verse, I feel my heart melt,
becoming a part of the surrounding sea.

With each beat, I sink further
into the encompassing vibrations.



See You More

Journey Harris '22

Here we meet again
can barely speak again.
I don't know why
I've never felt this way.
It's like I can't stop stuttering,
my heartbeat's fluttering,
and when you go I'm wishing you would stay.
I always seem to think about you.
There's this thing about you.
There's something I've never seen before,
and when I sleep I dream about you,
cannot be without you,
I wanna see you more,
in abandoned parking lots,
the mall on the rooftop,
and watch some movies on your bedroom floor
'cause when I sleep I dream about you,
cannot be without you.
I wanna see you more.



Provo

Marc Graffeo '22

This is the story of Officer David Woodley of the Utah Highway Patrol. Graduate of Lehi High School class of 1965. Drafted 1967. Entered the 11th Marine Regiment of United States Marine Corps: March 5th, 1967. Received Marksman Qualification August 4th, 1967 from United States Marine Corps. Entered 27th Marine Regiment of United States Marine Corps: January 2nd, 1968. Boarded Boeing 707 to Okinawa, Japan: February 13th, 1968. Boarded C-130 to Da Nang AFB: February 18th, 1968. Given Bronze Star with Valor by United States Marine Corps: January 24th, 1969. Boarded C-130 to Guam, Micronesia, United States Territory: March 15th, 1969. Boarded Boeing 707 to Honolulu, Hawaii: March 16th, 1969. Boarded Boeing 707 to San Diego, California: March 17th, 1969. Transferred to 7th Marine Regiment of United States Marine Corps: March 28th, 1969. Honorably Discharged from United States Marine Corps: November 1st, 1972. Joined Utah Highway Patrol: June 25th, 1973. Received Officer rank: August 12th, 1973. This is the story of how he died.

Police Report
September 10th, 1986
Utah Highway Patrol

The inscription below is an official UTAH HIGHWAY PATROL police report. Anything transcribed in this document is subject to the direct observation of the

UTAH DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION. This document is certified by the STATE OF UTAH and the UTAH ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE as an affidavit and may be used in legal proceedings. This document must be signed under oath by an officer of the UTAH HIGHWAY PATROL before a notary per SEC. 134-HY.1.4.89 of TITLE X CHAP. 3 of the UTAH STATE CODE.

OFFICER JOHN CLIFF POWERS
UTAH HIGHWAY PATROL

Regarding the incident of 5th of September, 1986:

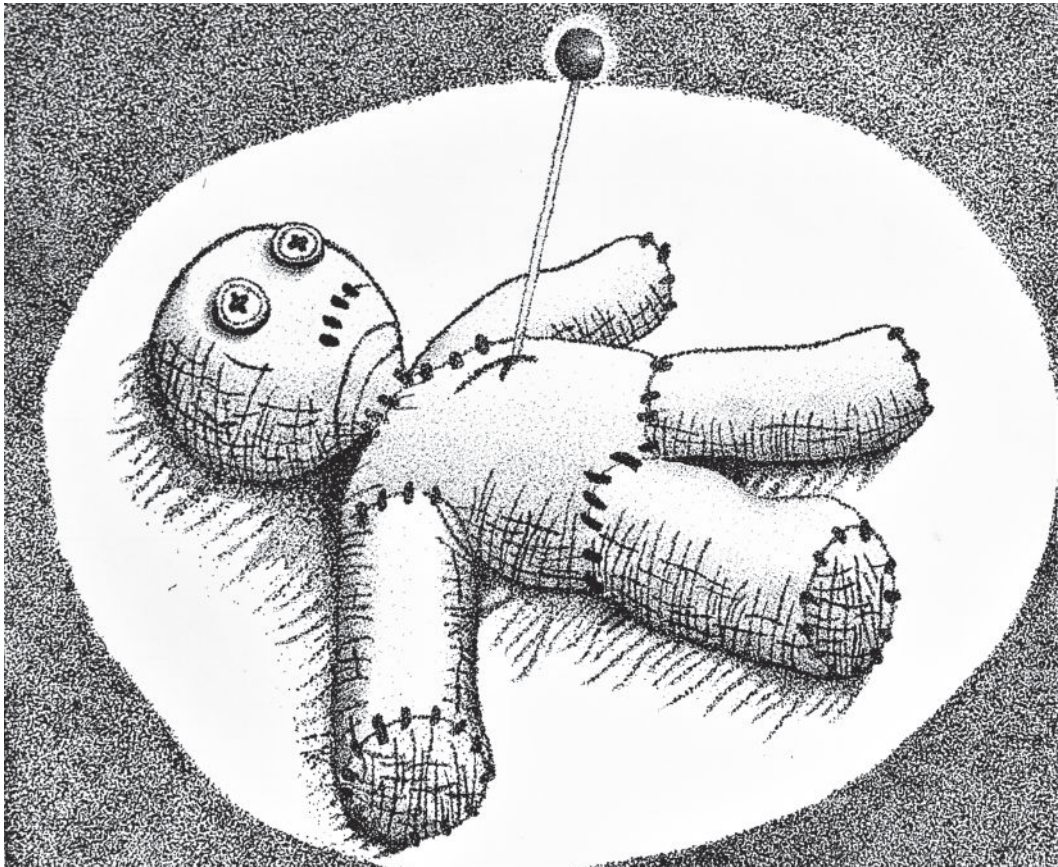
At 2:34 A.M. MST on 09/05/86, a BAIAB's call was transferred to Emergency Services which was then transferred to the Utah Highway Patrol. The call reached the dispatcher at TROOP STATION F in Provo, UT. My partner, Officer Tuly Ford, received the dispatch en route during a weekly inspection of UDOT inspection stations on I-48. The call was, as first described, a call about a domestic dispute at a local establishment. Officer Ford, with haste, drove our squad car to the Aleigh suburb of Provo where we were to investigate a local named "R's Sports Grill." From Officer Ford's comments at that time, he glanced at the dashboard of the squad car and saw it was 2:56 A.M. MST when we entered the establishment. Both Officer Ford and I were in SUHP gear; Officer

Ford additionally carried chemical mace. When we entered, the patrons were off to the back left side of the establishment.

Officer Ford wielded a flashlight as the establishment was dimly lit. When we first assessed the situation we heard screaming in the back of the kitchen. A male, late 30s, wearing a white polo shirt and baggy light blue jeans was pointedly verbally abusing a younger woman. She was significantly younger than the man and wore a grey sweater and black pants. Officer Ford, according to protocol, immediately accosted the young woman and asked her

if she felt threatened. Under the yelling of the man, who she described as an “acquaintance,” the woman articulated to Officer Ford that she did feel threatened. I then proceed to question the man. I reasoned with him to calm down, which he did at once, then, after questioning, he gave his name as Donald Spandley. I began to question him about why he was attacking this woman. He said that she had “swindled” him and that she wasn’t willing to repay him.

Officer Ford, on request, escorted Maureen Albarn, as she admitted to Officer Ford,



to a different room. Mr. Spandley became agitated as Officer Ford began to bring Ms. Albarn out of the room. He protested that she was getting away with “that thing of hers.” I restrained Mr. Spandley and asked for him to remain calm. He proceeded to violently threaten me with a pan he had grabbed from an adjacent counter. I determined that he posed a serious threat to the safety of Ms. Albarn and began to accost Mr. Spandley. Threatened with arrest, Mr. Spandley’s abrasiveness continued. Under SEC 3.1 HY CHAP 2 of the UTAH STATE CODE, I was then obligated to arrest the suspect and read his Miranda rights. I placed handcuffs on him, under violent protest, and restrained him against a counter. I began to lead him out of the kitchen when I noticed that Officer Ford was no longer within sight. I also noticed that most of the patrons of the establishment had left. Mr. Spandley, still handcuffed, noticed this and began to act suspiciously. He immediately quieted down but began to exhibit a spasm in both of his hands. I distinctly remembered a potent sweat above his brow. Thinking that Officer Ford was already in the squad car, I brought Mr. Spandley outside. The squad lights on the car had gone out, and I realized that the engine was running.

As I led Mr. Spandley outside, I pulled the glass door out. Suddenly, Mr. Spandley began to evade me. He dashed to the right of the patrol car into an open lot adjacent to the building. As he ran he began to yell, and I began to track him down. As I ran, I began to notice a faint scent of blood. I began to notice a trail of blood on the ground as I saw the shady silhouette of

a man’s body on the ground. As I began to see the body of Officer Ford, I heard the ring of a gunshot and the sound of a crushing blow to limbs. Mr. Spandley had been shot.

Nauseous, as I had seen the body of my partner, I began to sporadically shoot toward the fire with my .38 special Smith & Wesson. Once the shooter was suppressed, I ducked behind a trash bin on the sidewalk facing the open lot. A time of 30 seconds passed until then I began to notice a faint whimper in the distance. I noticed some movement but didn’t shoot in fear that the shooter had a clear shot on me. I then noticed a figure appearing out of the back of the lot. He was a tall and stocky man with a blue officer’s shirt on and officer’s pants. I began to recognize the figure as Officer David Woodley. Officer Woodley held in his right hand a small, lightweight hunting rifle, pointed vaguely at me. Officer Woodley was heavily breathing and began to point the gun squarely at me.

Officer Woodley began to accost me saying: “Come out now John, the guy was going for the girl. I shot him. Safe now.” Officer Woodley, unaware that I could see him through a slit in the trash can, began to kneel down in a shooter’s stance. It then occurred to me that Officer Woodley had shot Mr. Spandley and was now going to shoot me. I sprang up from the trashcan and shot Officer Woodley square in the chest once and in the shoulders once. Officer Woodley began to convulse in pain. I approached him, in the heat of adrenaline, and watched him foam blood from his mouth. He tried to reach for his

rifle, now at his ankle, which I kicked away. I studied the failing body of Officer Woodley and noticed he wore a sergeant's rank. Officer Woodley was not a sergeant and was denied this request on 7 different occasions. The whole time I assessed Officer Woodley, he stared at me with a blank expression. After 15 minutes I could sense his faculties beginning to fail and his heart seized causing him to die at 3:41 A.M. MST according to my wristwatch. I pulled from his pockets personal effects which included his draft card and his bronze star. He also had a container of assorted medication in his front left pocket. In his right front pocket, he had a note. The note was scribbled onto a folded sheet of A3 paper. It read as follows:

“To whom it may concern,
I am writing this note in the event that I have died by your hands. Congratulations.



However, if you would do me the courtesy to let my superiors know that they have caused the deaths of 12 officers of the Utah Highway Patrol over the past 30 years, I would be deeply indebted to you. They have caused the pain and suffering of the families of these officers by their malicious acts and degradations. Know that it was them, not me, who caused such harm to those families. Please know that my acts were not personal and that I have no family or property to leave behind.
-Dave”

I hereby certify that as an officer of the UTAH HIGHWAY PATROL I am fully certain, in mind and spirit, that the contents of this affidavit are true and correct to the best of my recollection. Anything transcribed above can and will be held as evidence in a court of law to my benefit or negation. I entrust this

document to the UTAH HIGHWAY PATROL, STATE OF UTAH, UTAH ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE, UTAH DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION, and, if ordered so, THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE under U.S. CODE 59803 SEC 5-1.3. No copy of this document shall be made public outside of a legal mandate. Before my honor, without mental reservation, I sign this document:

OFFICER JOHN CLIFF POWERS
UTAH HIGHWAY PATROL
SEPTEMBER 10, 1986

Pattern Poetry

Andy Biehl '22

This time I can see around me
leaves of varying souls and sizes
withered to a crisp as falling clipped beams
with the beauty to paint an ivory face
to spill paint across a project
to offer drugs to the children
to find oneself outside a liquor store on Monday nights.
And when we come to,
will you look at me the same way I see myself in your eyes?
Will you take your sleepy arm and use it to caress my side,
or will we kiss and pretend the leaves falling around me
aren't withering this time?

Fair hair, fairer place, offer our guests
tea bags—not the same kind as
the bags under my eyes—which demand to
find for me what I can't see,
say for me what I can't speak,
I who am known and loved and felt
and yet incapable of knowing and loving and feeling,
a blank canvas of seeing but not speaking.
Inside you might find the secret to wealth,
Sinister compromises to your health, or better yet the
farce of creation, the expanse of imagination,
trolleys of ideas coming and going—
traveling across highways uncharted.
for, honestly, finishing paintings outrages our generosity.

Heretical,
hysterical, even:
Henrietta's earthborn monstrosity.
"How exceptional," muses White,
horrified externally, made wary of
her eyes, motionlessly watching our priest's
heart, entering murderous, wanton oscillations,
hammering, even mongering what
Henrietta expected: momentary,
(hysterical, even)
heresy.

Paraiso

Jared Smith '22

It was you, it was me, only we could see reality
The tides swaying back and forth, our minds making this a normality
The seashells between our feet, the water rushing to the shore
It didn't take much time for us to recognize that we wanted more
The sun slowly setting, converting into a moon
We knew the beach was getting dark and that we would have to leave soon

It was you, it was me, only we could see reality
The tides swaying back and forth, our minds making this a normality
We were hungry and resided at a restaurant near
Little did we know that we would have a wonderful view from the pier
We could no longer hear the waves, it was overtaken with noise
It may have angered us, but we were able to maintain our poise

It was you, it was me, only we could see reality
The tides swaying back and forth, our minds making this a normality
We were filled with joy when we found out that we were spending an extra day
We would do anything to see another sunray
Never again will we experience such paradise
We will be back in six months when the water has turned into ice.



Rando's Quest for King Cake

Bryce Tujague '26

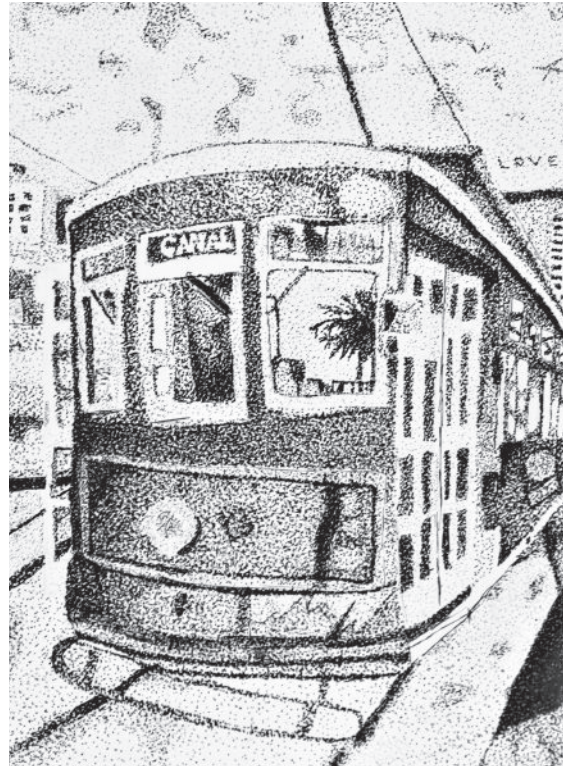
The following story won First Place for Middle School students in the annual Historic New Orleans Collection's Student Writing Contest.

The topic this year was "It's Mardi Gras Morning!"

Every Mardi Gras in the bustling city of New Orleans, a cheerful Beagle puppy by the name of Rando, and his owner, Chloe, came down from the north to spend the Mardi Gras holidays in New Orleans. Being the young, energetic puppy that he was, Rando was always thrilled to view parades and tour the famous city streets of New Orleans with her. But the main reason that he looked forward to visiting the city was because of "king cake," a cinnamon roll-like cake in the shape of an oval with frosting and colorful sprinkles that is only eaten during Mardi Gras. Chloe, however, restricted his adornment of king cake to only a small piece of the slices that she eats, so as to not disrupt his strict diet of dog kibble. Chloe is such a huge fan of king cake that she named Rando after her favorite New Orleans bakery, called "Randazzos."

Though Rando was given a small allowance of king cake, he always found himself craving more. One sunny Mardi Gras morning, while Chloe and him were viewing a parade, he saw a cart selling fresh king cakes to the crowd; the perfect way for him to indulge in his favorite treat! Suddenly, the cart disappeared behind the crowd, and Rando knew that if he did not act then, he would not have such an incredible opportunity again. So he ran. He ran and ran through the legs of the crowd as fast as lightning until he lost track of the cart,

and it was nowhere to be seen. Just then, he saw a young couple enjoying a freshly-bought slice. In his frenzy of excitement, he ran over to them and began to beg, to which the couple responded by shooing him away. Since Rando was a Beagle, a kind of dog specifically bred for hunting and tracking, he assumed that finding his favorite treat would be a piece of cake. But little did he know that this was just the beginning of his quest for king cake.

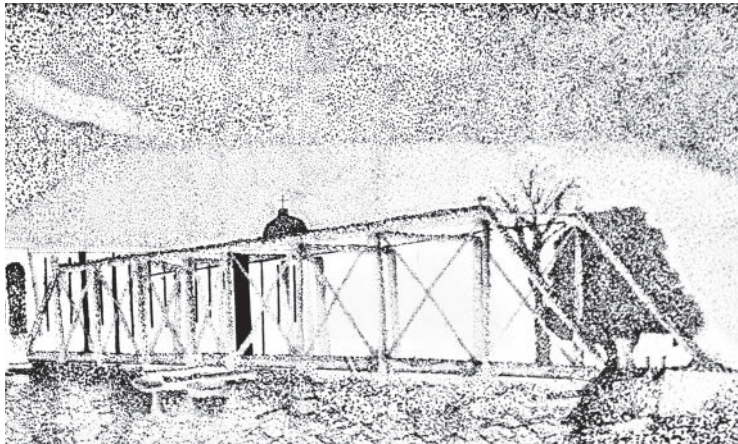


The next place he headed was Magazine Street; where parties were frequent and Mardi Gras festivities were at an all time high. There, he discovered a small bakery with all sorts of special king cake flavors such as cream cheese, original, pecan praline, strawberry, and bavarian cream, all on open display. Without hesitation, he made his pick; a good-old-fashioned original. After all, it was the only kind he was allowed to eat, so he thought it must be the best choice. Just as he opened his jaws for a long awaited bite, he heard the distinct accent of an ill-tempered French baker, and before he knew it, the boulanger was through the bakery door and yelling after him. Since he was just a puppy, he had heightened reflexes and swiftly ran out of his path just in time.

He turned into an alley on the side of the road once he was out of the baker's view, and continued on the lonesome search for his favorite Mardi Gras treat. At long last, he made it to the one place that he was sure to find king cake; The French Quarter. As he strolled by searching for someplace to find some, the festivities and decorations of the city caught his attention. Lining the streets

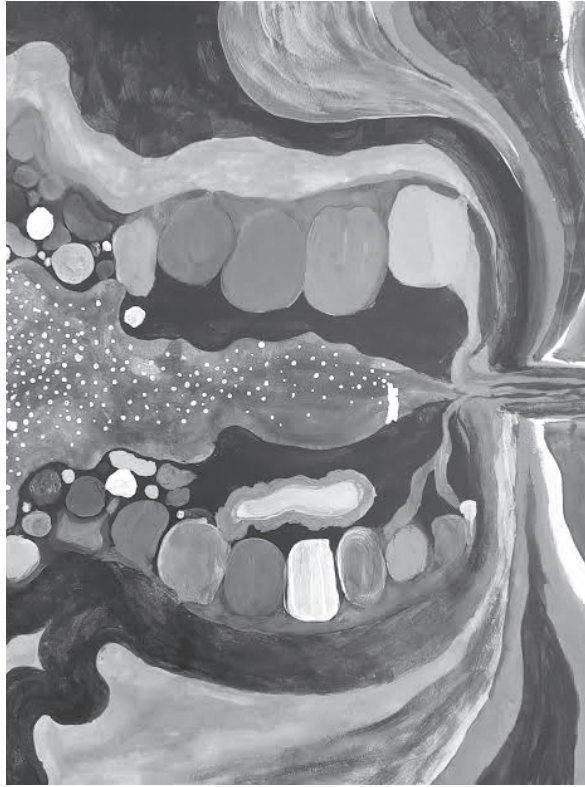
he saw the intricate and beautiful paintings made by street artists for people to admire and to potentially purchase. This made his hunger for king cake worse, however, because many of them were depictions of perfect king cakes and people enjoying the southern delicacy. The fantasies of enjoying a large slice became stuck to his mind just as moths stick to a light. Looking to the sky did not help him either because Mardi Gras streamers colored purple, green, and gold caused him to think back on the shining, sugary sprinkles that are the signature of every king cake.

Then, suddenly, he saw it; a large sign on a building that said, "Randazzo's: best king cakes in town." He could not believe his luck when he realized that he was right in front of the best bakery in town, and even better, Chloe was outside searching for him with a big, colorful, slice of king cake! He ran to her with incredible speed and embraced her closely. "You finally came back!" she exclaimed. "I knew you would find me here!" Just like that, as quickly as Rando's quest for king cake had begun, it had come to a sweet, sweet end as he finished off his big slice of king cake.



Haikus

Andy Biehl '22



Hate's in dire want
of the hate it takes to hate.
Love loves resistance.

Her soft lips begin
quivering with news of life
and grandfatherhood.

Beware the lights that
shine too bright and too cleanly.
Beat-up bulbs glow best.

When I touch bottom
the surface seems far away,
a shimmering weight.

My drums resist them,
the voices from the surface
and the floor's scrape.

The Sun of Atlas

The following is a progressive story written and translated by students in Mr. Merritt's Latin II class: Matthew Biehl '24, Noah Bower '24, Matthew Brooks '24, Joshua Cook '24, Jude Courville '24, Cesar Espinoza '24, Daniel Falk '24, Luke Greer '24, Cecil Guidry '24, Seamus Hardin '24, Noah Hernandez '24, Michael Hymel '24, Evan Liang '24, Johnathan Neider '24, Dylan Rhoton '24, John Serigne '24, Samuel Siegel '24, Jacob Vangilder '24, Jack Walker '24

There are legends of a man named Atlas, who was by no means any ordinary human. He is said to have existed for as long as any being can remember. During the indeterminable amount of time in which he was living, he was widely regarded as the most prideful person to have ever graced the universe. He saw himself as the center of the universe, which everything revolved around - and he was determined to make sure everyone else thought so too. And so, that would become his life mission and inevitable fate.

Atlas was a Titan born thousands of years ago from the Titan Iapetus. Jupiter was a god who had plans to gather all of his brothers and sisters that had been eaten by their father Cronus and revolt against the titans. This plan to war came into action and started a lasting series of wars that would become known as the Titanomachy or the Titan War. Jupiter and his counterparts reigned victorious against the Titans, and as a result, many Titans, including Atlas, were punished. Atlas's punishment for revolting against Jupiter's attack was to hold up the sky and the heavens.

After what felt like an eternity of his actually quite ephemeral damnation, Atlas was freed. He didn't know how, and he didn't know why: all he knew was that someone had purposefully set him free.

Sol Atlantos

Ibi fabulae de viro nominato Atlas, qui haudquaquam ullus medius homo. Dictus est existimare tam longe quam aliquem possunt memorare. Per indeterminabilem quantitatem temporis in quod vivebat, humanus qui mundum late gratebat quam fastissimus aspiciebat. Vidit se ut medius universitatis, circum quam omnia revoluti sunt -et constitutus est efficere ut omnes alius quoque putaret. Itaque, illud factum esset missionem suam et inevitabile fatum.

Atlas Titan natus fuit milia annorum a Titane Iapeto. Iuppiter erat deus qui habet consilium ut colligat omnes fratres et sorores suas quos a patre suo Crono consumptant et contra Titanes descivissent. Hoc consilium ad bellum in actum venit et incidit perpetuam seriem bellorum, quae Titanomachia vel Titania bellum innotesceret. Iuppiter et eius versi contra Titanes victores regnaverunt, et multi Titanes, in iis Atlas, puniti sunt. Poena Atlantis in impetum Iovis averso est caelum tenere.

Post quod sensit sicut aeternum revera brevis damnationis, Atlas fuit liberati. Nesciebat quomodo et nesciebant cur: quod scit erat aliquis eum liberavit. In primo, hic non videtur vexare eum quia apparuit aliquid ei conspexisse, et quoque significat ut denique pronuntiet ad omnes perditos magnificentias suas. Omnia

At first, this didn't seem to bother him because it appeared someone was looking out for him, and this also meant he could finally proclaim, to all the lost souls, his greatness. Things were great. Atlas set up churches and sent out missionaries, all to proclaim his greatness to the people of the faraway lands. There was but one problem facing Atlas at this time - it was the twenty-third century, and with this new time, came a new set of beliefs, a set that was like no other.

This set of beliefs was made by no other than Jupiter himself. This new set of beliefs tried to discredit all that Atlas and other Titans have done, giving the reputation that Atlas was proceeding to praise Jupiter. Thus Atlas realized that it was Jupiter that had set him free from his torment. But, Atlas wasn't expecting Jupiter to be the overseer that freed him. Jupiter wanted to bring even more suffering upon Atlas

erant magna. Atlas statuit templa et emisit missionarios, qui omnes pronuntiaret magnificentias ad populos municipalium longinquorum. Erat uni aerumnae soli Atlas hoc tempore se opponebat- id erat vicesima tertia centuria, ac cum hoc novo tempore, novus ordo municipalis fidum contingit, ordo similis nullo alio.

Ista ordo municipalis fidum ab ipso love solo facta est. Haec nova opinionum institutio vituperare omnia quae Atlas et alii Titanes egerunt conatus est, quod dabat famam quod Atlas laudantes lovi emittat. Itaque, Atlas intellexit lovem esse qui ex tormentis suis liberatum. At Atlas non exspectabat lovem esse circitor qui eum liberasset. Iuppiter voluit graviozem patientem in Atlas adgerare per degradante omnium quorum in missionium eius operatus est. Iuppiter sciebant hoc esse acerbius quam aeternum aceram. Sed, Atlas scivit eum non potuisse hanc



by degrading all that he had worked for in his missions. Jupiter knew that this would be more hurtful than eternal pain. But, Atlas knew he could not stand for this criticism. He knew he had to do something about these rules. He knew he had to take charge. So then, Atlas came up with a plan.

Atlas was thinking and thinking for days on a plan that could be successfully followed through to benefit him. Atlas remembered all the pain and torture he endured while holding up the sky and heavens every day and night. He tried to find out a way to get back at Jupiter and successfully bring back his own sufferings on him. He eventually developed the idea to make Jupiter do what he made Atlas do for many years and hold the sky and heavens. Atlas eventually settled on this idea and started to make his way. The only problem for him now was figuring out how he would manage to place Jupiter in a position weak enough for this plan to be flawless.

Atlas concluded that, although he was a Titan, his less than great reputation on earth could be used to his advantage. He realized that, because the world's inhabitants would think that he is incompetent and nowhere near qualified to complete this task, they would be willing to help him defeat Jupiter, who had been less than kind to them, to say the least. And so, with his plan set in place, Atlas began to work. He designed a special set of cuffs and chains with the help of the best craftsman



reprehensionem toleravisse. De his regulis scivit aliquid sibi facturum; scivit se praeesse. Tam tunc, Atlas consilium iniit.

Atlas multum diem cogitabat et censebat in ratione quod persequeretur feliciter ut ei profuturum sint. Atlas omnem dolorem tormentumque memoria tenuit quod toleravit dum habet caelum cotidie et cotinocte. Tempit invenire modum quod ad Iovem ulciscitur et dolorem suam ad eo revertit. Tandem evolvit notionem ut Iovem adigat facturum quod Atlas factus multos annos tentus caelum. Atlas tandem in hac idea consedit et modum suum facere incepit Sola quaestio nunc ei figurabat quomodo collocare gessisset Iovem in positione satis infirmo quam hoc consilium immaculatum.

Atlas existimavit, Titano futuro, tamen minus quam magnam opinionem in terra posse ad utilitatem suam uti. Agnovit, quoniam populi terrae cogitent eum esse inscitus et non aptus ad perficiendum negotiu, illos velle adiuvarre occidendum

and ironsmiths on earth. He went to the witches and fairies in hopes of enchanting them with the mystical abilities to hold even the greatest of all the gods. Finally, he went to see the best blacksmith in all of the lands and obtained a blade that was so incredibly sharp, that even the slightest touch could sever anyone or anything in half. With his tools set in place, he confronted Jupiter while he was sleeping, and put everything he planned into action - but it didn't work.

Atlas crept up on Jupiter right in the middle of a deep sleep. He raised the blade up and stabbed him right in his side. But Atlas forgot one major detail about Jupiter - he is a god. Jupiter felt the blade within him, but he was not fazed. Atlas tried to put on the cuffs, but he was too slow. Jupiter knocked Atlas to the ground before Atlas could even comprehend what was happening. Atlas was distraught. All he wanted was to be the center of attention, the center of the universe. So, Jupiter gave Atlas exactly what he wished for. He made Atlas the center of the universe, by throwing him right into the sun, where Jupiter thought Atlas finally died once and for all.

There was nothing but solemn silence after his tragic and sudden death. After

Iovem, qui fuerat non bonus eis scilicet minime. Et sic, ratione posito, Atlas incipit laborare. Designavit peculiare par vitulorum et conpedum cum auxilio artificum et fabrorum in terra. Is abiit ad magam et dryades in spebus fascinandis illos cum mysticis ingeniis habendis etiam maximum deorum. Postremo abiit ad videndum ferrarium optimum in omnibus agris et nactus est ferrum tam incredibiliter acutum, ut vel tenuissimus tactus in minimum quemque scinderet. Cum instrumenta in loco, opposuit Jupiter dum dormiebat, et omnia quae cogitavit posuit - sed non operatur.

Atlas repsit usque Jupiter in medio cavi somni. Tolluit ferrum sursum et pupugit eum solummodo in lato. Sed Atlas dediscebat unam magnam rem de Iovem - is est deum. Iuppiter in se ferrum sensit,

sed non falsus erat. Atlas conpedum induere conatus est, sed nimis tardus erat. Iuppiter ad terram Atlantem pulsavit, antequam Atlas quid fieret comprehendere posset. Atlas erat sollicitus. Omnia quae volebat erant ut esset centrum attentionis, attentionis mundi. Sic, Iuppiter dedit Atlas adeo quid volebat. 45. Compulsit Atlantem centrum mundi ab mittendo eum recta in sole, ubi Iuppiter putavit Atlantem



killing Atlas, Jupiter seemed completely unfazed by the event that just occurred and returned back to the heavens and carried on back to sleep, just like before his fight with Atlas. The body of Atlas was immediately burnt and his ashes as well. It was indeed a tragic fate for Atlas, who so desperately wanted to show that he can get his satisfactory revenge on Jupiter for punishing him every day and every night nonstop.

Though hurled into the sun, this was not the end of the story of Atlas, for he had foreseen this as a likely outcome. Before he went to confront Jupiter, he went to a great potion master, and he purchased a potion, *the potion*. This combination of ingredients, so unholy, had the ability to give any being that consumed it unfathomable regenerative powers. Because of this potion, Atlas was able to regenerate his body from his ashes within the sun, and after his body was restored he took Apollo's sword, which he had stolen for emergencies just like this, and he used it to command the sun towards the heavens. Jupiter, sleeping, was then rammed into by the might of the sun controlled by the sword of Apollo. In this selfish, final effort towards revenge, Atlas managed to accomplish his goal of killing Jupiter, but not without a heavy price to pay. Because he sent the sun flying towards the heavens and the earth, all life as it was known was destroyed, and as a direct result of his revenge, Atlas could not do what he enjoyed most, proclaim his triumph and greatness. It was only after contemplating this rather rash decision for some time, that Atlas realized he had won the battle, but lost the war.

tandem mortuum esse protinus et omni.

Nihil est sed gravis silentium post tragicam subitamque mortem eius. Post necans Atlantem, Iuppiter visus est omnino placidus ab evento quod modo avenerat et repetiit rursum caela et provexit ad somnium, ut ante eius proelium cum Atlante. Corpus Atlantis statim arsit et adhuc suum cinerem. Fuit denique tragicus eventus Atlantis, qui efflictim desideravit ostendere ut nactus sit satisfactionem in Iove poeniendi causa omnem diem et omnem noctem asidue.

Miso in sole eo, tamen non erat finis fabulae Atlantis, nam provisit hunc ut credibilis eventum. Prae confronta Iovem, magnus magister suci, et pensavit sucum, illum sucum. Hic coniunctio partium, tam impius, habuerat potestatem dandum ullo qui consumerat id profundum medicatum facultatem. Propter hunc sucum, Atlas poterat regenerare eius corpus ex eius cinis intra solem, et post eius corpus restituebat cepit ferrum Apollonis, quem ceperat ad tale periculum, et usus est ut imperiat solem ad caelum. Iuppiter, dormiens, fistucatus est vi solis imperati ab ferro Apollonis. In hoc contentio, ultimo conato ad vindictam, Atlas potuerat patrare suam metam occidentis Iovem, sed non sine pretio grave ad stipendium. 56. Quia misit solem volantem ad caelum et terram, omnis vita ut cognitum deleta est, et propter vindictam suam, Atlas non poterat facere quod maxime fructum est, clamantem triumphum et magnitudinem suum. 57. Tantum post contemplandum potius temerarius consilium aliquamdiu, Atlas intellexit eum vincisse proelio sed amisisse bellum.

You can grow as much from a good read
as an oak tree does from a simple seed.

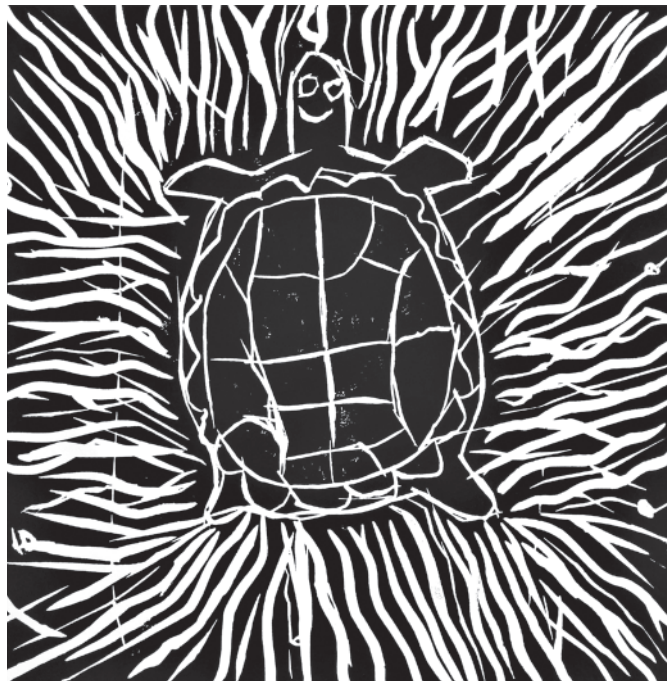
– Logan Drouet '26

A boom, a crash, a thudding sound;
a tree falls with no one around.

– Cooper Dillard '26

The way life goes
is like the way waves flow.

– Josh Dinh '26



Life moves quick,
a burning candle's wick.

– Brayden Forster '26

On vacation with no place to go,
all I see is Hotel, Trivago.

– Andrew Wender '26

There is a lot of sand on the shore;
looking at the stars in the sky, there are more.

– Jake Breaux '26

Coup de Grâce

Chase Lormand '22

In what way have I escaped, unharmed?
On the low plateau, in my platoon's arms.
Where the light won't glow, night's cauldron
(Rattled and hollow stars).
Seething all blue and white,
In my eyes' all-new view afar.
I am hot and drenched
In my sleek drowsiness
Could quiet me, all you sword-sworn slain?
(By their own hand, with their own name)
(Though this rank of the land,
Why do they yet die aflame?)
For
I need a friend now
To hold, caress my open veins
Take a warm compress
To this stress I do entertain
Or, rather
"Let it be, it is all the same"
In this great regress
Do not dare dress this maim.



Parental Advisory: The Dangers of Music Censorship

Andy Biehl '22

The following essay earned the Gold Key in the Critical Essay category for the Southeast Louisiana Region in this year's Scholastic Writing Awards.

Since art became relevant as a form for communication, the right to express oneself through its creation has undergone major criticism; this applies substantially to artistic expression through the medium of music. The musicians Leonard Bernstein, Elvis Presley, and even “Weird Al” Yankovic have all sparked social conversation because of the controversies surrounding their work, and they have each faced censorship as such. Censorship itself, especially in regard to musicians who influence a wide variety of listeners, is a heavily debated practice. Those in favor of censorship typically argue that harmful music fosters a violent, damaging impact on listeners and that the government should ban certain music to protect the values of society; meanwhile, opponents claim that censorship violates the right to expression protected by the Constitution and that the government would not and should not have the capability to filter such an enormous collection of art. In this national case, the United States government should not enforce the censorship of music, as this act would violate the right to free expression held by musical artists, allow for misuse of authoritative power within the American state, and entail an unnecessary set of restrictions toward an issue that individuals can more easily prevent.

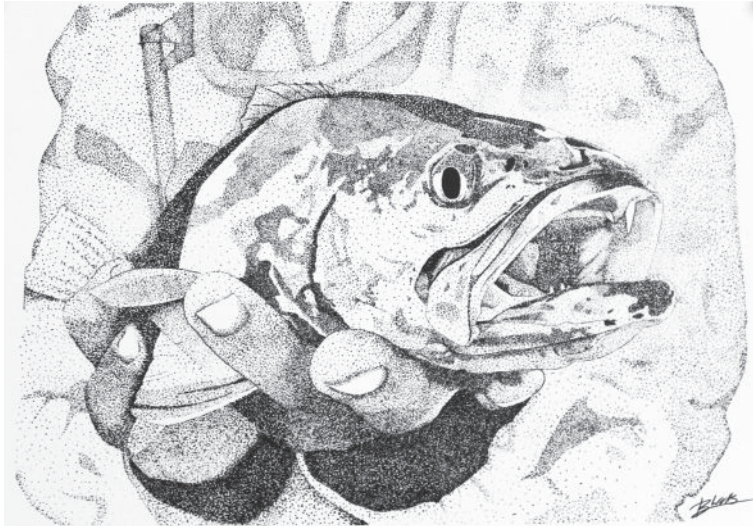
The American government should not

possess the authority to directly block musical artists or works, as this violates the First Amendment and challenges the democratic roots of the nation. The First Amendment to the Constitution guarantees freedom of religion, congregation, speech, and press, with music falling into this final category as a form of art and self-expression. Because the U.S. Constitution secures freedom of expression through the Bill of Rights, the Constitution protects the right to express oneself freely in the form of music and other art forms. This even includes explicit language within music; while obscenity generally carries a negative societal view, the Constitution permits its usage as long as artists use it for genuine expression rather than for the sake of being obscene. In her analytical essay on dictatorship and freedom of expression, Claudia Madalina argues that the ability to express oneself should receive protection from censorship by the government rather than face restrictions from it. In drawing parallels between censorship under democratic and totalitarian governments, she argues that because the state protects freedom of speech and expression, there must be a possibility for this freedom to face limitations by the government; to further this idea, Madalina argues that “an excessive restriction on the exercise of a right amounts to the abolition of the

right itself.” In other words, she argues that because the state holds power over the right to expression, the state’s manipulation of said power in restricting expressional freedom is authoritarian and contradicts the very laws on which democracy rests. Through this logic, government censorship of the press, which, Madalina argues, includes artistic expression, directly overrules democratic standards, and as such should not take action. To supplement this, Pakistani authors Zafar Abbas and Muhammad Zubair pose the argument that the intent of governmental censorship typically ranges from the desire to control and maintain the awareness of its people and that censorship has become more widespread in the age of Internet access. Their argument culminates in the point that “without freedom of expression, whether through traditional media or new digital media, true democracy is not possible.” Historically, once leaders seized the opportunity to silence opposing views, they could control citizens’ thoughts and build a self-sustaining autocracy; censorship thus begins this process and poses a threat to democracy. When examining fascist governments such as the Nazis in Germany or the modern-day Chinese, one sees that censorship sustains authoritarianism by limiting the people’s ability to express and inform themselves against their own government, whether that culminates in the burning of books or limitation of internet access. By combining these developments with the claims made by Madalina, it becomes clear that government censorship of any form of artistic expression, particularly music due to its widespread reception, not only contradicts democracy

but can face manipulation by governments, which in turn limit the rights of the people. Censorship’s danger originates in its capacity not only to silence protected citizens but also to limit the knowledge many others receive, and as a result, where political censorship on music exists, so does a lack of full democracy.

In addition, the censorship of music subsequently cultivates a suppression among artists who desire to produce material without a limit or filter. An article from *The Economist* argues that censorship has persisted for decades, throughout the rise of classical music and even in the early works of music theory itself. The article lists Leonard Bernstein, Conlon Nancarrow, and Zubin Mehta, as some composers who have been blacklisted, harassed, and even physically attacked due to their controversial craft. These individuals suffered for their work and faced the consequence of public humiliation and governmental silencing because of their desire to challenge the norm. Even since the days of Plato, critics have considered provocative music a threat, and the censorship of said music by authorities has hurt musical creators both financially and socially during these times. Censorship that exists in a democratic society, however, should never harm creators whose very income rests on the artwork they create and whose right to expression the Constitution protects. As a more modern example, an article from the *New York Times* examines the current business of censorship and the evolution of explicit songs’ “clean versions.” This article, amid the face of an explicit revolution in the future of music, covers musicians who happily censored their work



for radio play and more heavily remarks on those who refused to do so. Author Ben Sisario mentions rapper Eminem's editing of dirty lyrics specifically for radio play, as opposed to artists such as Kendrick Lamar, Tyler, the Creator, Travis Scott, or Green Day who are refusing to release clean versions of their music even digitally. These artists have objected to the notion of censorship, defending their stance by arguing for their freedom of expression. These artists, who are only a handful from a much larger group of musicians, likely regard their work as more than just commercial items, and desire for the government to protect their songs. For the government to force these artists to silence vulgarities in their work would restrict these artistic individuals who want merely to express themselves without a filter.

Despite these problems with censorship, however, some argue that state-issued censorship is a necessity for sustaining societal values, as music censorship creates a filter that removes some of the

negative effects of vulgar music. One popular segment of this argument follows the misconception that failing to censor music will allow the effects of hate and bias to pervade in society. Joey Tan argues in an essay that "analyzing the concept of censorship through the lens of those with privilege and power fails to recognize the extent to which hate speech impacts its victims and the indirect recipients of the message," or, in other words, those who argue for censorship fail to recognize the effect of bias that music inflicts on more targeted members of society, and because of this, censorship is therefore both beneficial and necessary. Of course, the author's focus on the music industry's most negative and most vulgar artists holds true because artists who choose to produce such music have certainly impacted the mentalities of others. Her argument, however, like many of the other arguments against vulgar music, fails to take into account the intentions of the artists and the fact that hate and bias spread throughout many

other forms of media. In the essay “Rap Music Can Both Encourage and Discourage Violence,” author Peak Johnson includes a snippet from rapper Guion “Guy” Bluford, who, with his group, the Astronauts, raps about street violence and the daily life of city struggles. Bluford specifically says that “Everything we rap about is the God’s honest truth,” and that his message to young adults on the streets is that “[I] made it and [they] can make it just as well.” This quote emphasizes the fact that many musicians depict what they know, whether that be competition, violence, drug use, or depression, and often they hope to foster some sort of positive impact among their listeners. These specific attempts at gearing one’s art to serve the greater good might be disregarded by many who depart from the profane and violent lyrics with a much more negative interpretation than the artist was hoping for. Some people may come away from songs by groups such as the Astronauts more shocked or offended than impressed or motivated, but because art’s subjectivity ensures not everybody will interpret a song in the same way, interpretations of profanity and violence in music should not result in censorship. In another essay, Diana Zuckerman argues for governmental regulation of censorship due to the negative psychological effects of angry music. She bases this conclusion on a study in which college students listened to only violent music, both metal and rap, and reported experiencing much angrier and more aggressive thoughts. She mentions in the introduction to her essay, however, that “since kids often listen to music while doing other activities, it is possible that violent lyrics are not as influential as visual media.”

This statement highlights the existence of a disregarded factor in teen life: the exposure to many other resources that affect young adults much more seriously than music. Teenagers watch profane movies and TV shows, play violent video games, or might even enjoy reading vulgar books. The extent to which teens consume violent messages cannot be determined solely by music, as many have been exposed to much more visual violence, especially due to easy internet access across the nation. This evidence, as a result, proves how arguments for music censorship based on personal interpretation are limited in theory and cannot necessarily prove that music itself fosters the most violence in society. Between the positive intention behind a lot of vulgar music and the disregard for other violent influences in modern life, perhaps music does not pose as much of a threat as many say it does.

Above all, censorship by the government is an impractical solution to an immensely uncontrollable issue that individual listeners could solve better through their own discretion. The directional shift of music to a digital platform would make restrictions even more difficult. Due to the rise of MP3 file downloads, streaming services, and universally-accessible music websites and apps, the internet has become infused with the musical works artists put forward. An analysis from *The Economist* magazine remarks on digital music exchange and describes the criticism that music-streaming app Spotify has accumulated over recent years. According to the article, Spotify “has secured the rights to its song library from the four major record labels, namely, Sony,

Universal, EMI, and Warner” (Gonsalves); this provides evidence to the extent to which Spotify and other online music-browsing services have dominated the music industry. If the government were to attempt to restrict a certain song or record, it would conflict with the interests of many listeners and perhaps those of the companies as well. Joey Tan, who previously argued for the implementation of censorship, mentions in her article that Spotify actually attempted to censor music for a brief period of time, before reversing their attempt due to heavy backlash from their listeners. In her own essay, Joey states that “The streaming service acknowledged the complexity of censorship and the controversy associated with it within the music industry.” Here, by considering the complexity of censorship and stating that even music corporations like Spotify struggle with implementing restrictions, Tan unintentionally highlights one of the major criticisms of censorship—implementing censorship is tedious, difficult, and extraordinarily challenging. To regulate musical content, declare certain artists and albums unlistenable, and ensure that the rules are followed on each site and service would consist of a huge effort on the part of the American government.

Even during this regulation, many Americans could still listen to blocked music through the use of VPNs, previously made downloads or illegal music-sharing programs; in fact, censoring certain areas of music may persuade even more people to use illegal tactics or websites to gain access to their music. Considering the difficulty of implementing and enforcing such tactics, governmental censorship in a previously established democratic state is improbable, if not impossible.

Governmental censorship faces examination and scrutiny from multiple different bodies and perspectives. While some believe the state should censor music due to its potentially negative societal impact, such restrictions would nevertheless undermine the American law and the root of national democracy, silence the voices of individual artists, and overall involve implementation of unnecessary laws that would not entirely change the impact music has on society. Perhaps when taking into account the pros and cons of governmental censorship, an issue debated since the creation of music itself, society might orient itself toward a more democratic future, one that grants the necessary rights and freedoms to creators and consumers alike.

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Gumbo the Nutria

Cooper Dillard '26

The following story won Second Place for Middle School students in the annual Historic New Orleans Collection's Student Writing Contest.

The topic this year was "It's Mardi Gras Morning!"

In a time not too long ago, and in a place not too far away, lived Gumbo the Nutria, who was a self-proclaimed treasure hunter. It was just another day, swimming through the canal, and digging up treasures, when he came across a shiny purple coin, floating down in the water. As he swam towards it, he noticed it had strange writing, which he showed to his friend, Audubon the squirrel.

"What's this say?" he asked.

"It's a doubloon from the Mardi Gras, a vast treasure trove in New Orleans. My friend Ricky rat told me about it," said Audubon.

"I must find that treasure! Thanks, Audubon, I'll be on my way!" exclaimed Gumbo.

He ran to his burrow, packed up his things, and headed for New Orleans, determined to find this "mardi gras."

He got to the highway and realized that he had no way to get to the city! He walked up to the highway and gave a big thumbs up, hoping that someone would help him, but everyone kept driving, ignoring him. Then, suddenly he heard a squawk up above, loud as thunder. He gazed up at the cloudy blue sky and saw a pelican! He started to run towards the trees, but the pelican swooped down and scooped him up.

Gumbo cried, "Don't eat me, please!"

"Eat you?" asked the pelican, "I'm not

going to eat you, I'm here to help you. I saw that you needed a ride to get somewhere, so I thought I would help."

"Oh, well in that case, can you take me to New Orleans?" Gumbo asked.

"Sure can!" and then the pelican zoomed off with Gumbo in tow.

The pelican soared over cars, trucks, and buildings, as Gumbo watched New Orleans get closer and closer. He saw majestic birds in trees and minuscule ants on the ground. They got nearer to the ground and Gumbo was mesmerized. He spied king cake, beads, bowls of gumbo, which he was very excited about, and floats.

The pelican put Gumbo on the floor, and Gumbo said, "I never truly got your name."

The pelican said, "The name's Jessie, how about you?"

"My name's Gumbo, and thanks for the ride, I'll see you around."

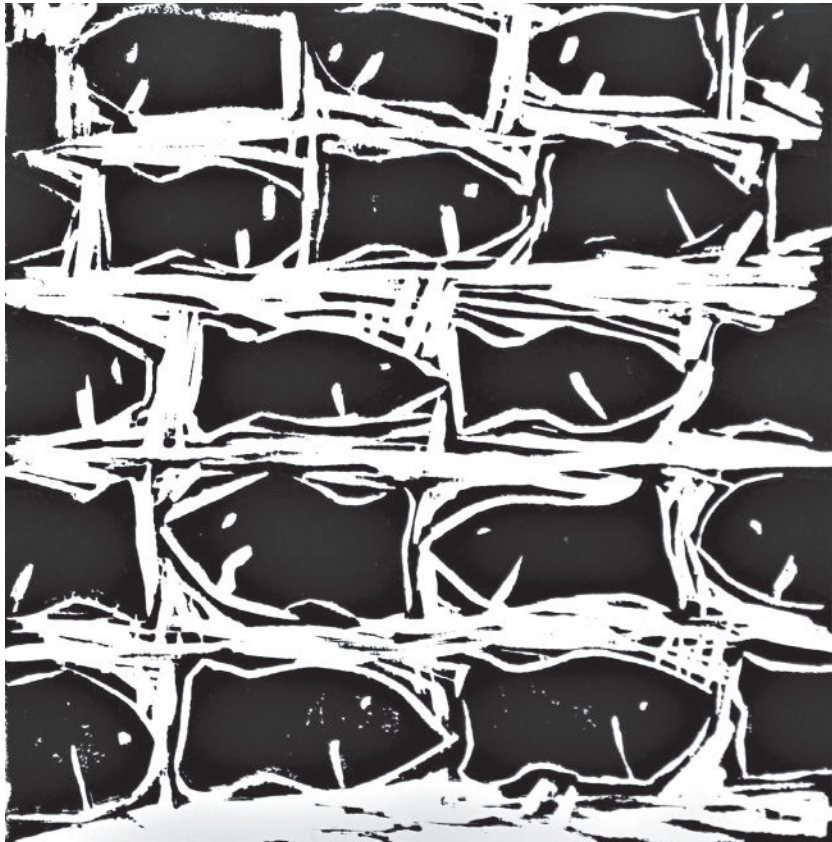
Gumbo raced towards the floats and all the flashing lights, wondering what the humans were celebrating, but didn't ask, for his mind was set on one thing and one thing alone, the Mardi Gras treasure. He kept running and running until he realized he didn't know where he was going. He had no clue where the treasure was!

Suddenly, someone noticed him racing around in a hurry. It was a human! The person picked him up and said, "What's a little nutria doing in a place like New

My Fetter

Addison Wilberg '22

There's a heavy metal ball that chases me.
I say chase, but it doesn't choose to do so.
It's stuck rolling back into my valley.
I try my hardest to make it go,
but it never fails to roll back.
I always seem to lack
the strength needed to keep it away.
Now I will hold this ball with dignity
as if it were on display,
until I gain the needed strength
to dispel this responsibility.



Narcissus

Chase Lormand '22

Golden heads, twinned by death : life
kept him in disturbed transfixion.

His drowned countenance, bloated into
the admired thing, hair knotted
in its own reflection.

The black scrim shifts its folds, the toga
of the moon floats down to crown him;
yellow flowers feed on his blood,
a lonely night weeps.

Its solipsist tears : mute Essene,
the miqwe in your hollow skull
lends itself to catching, there is no
stub of your mirror unabsorbed.

The court of Truths and Ideals,
locking lips, chewing down on
both ends of a secret.

O you tableau vivant: harakiri—
Fetus in fetu: conjoined in heads engoldened.



He's On It

Marc Graffeo '22

Glenn Szeroki hunched himself over a small round table. He had never been claustrophobic, welcoming homely corridors and small places where he always thought real work was done. No, he hated the thought of fearing material places. Illogical, he introspectively thought, was the tendency to actually 'close yourself in.' He went on inner tangents when he was nervous. The truth was terror was closing in him. Clint Dextras was in the adjacent corner of the backstage room. He was thumbing a similar table with his index fingers compulsively. This was unusual as he would always prefer to 'air drum.' Obviously, he was in his own world as well.

"Yeah...so...yeah we'll start there...and then...ok." This was Dave Hill's coping mechanism.

Ask one question. You get another question. Answer one question. You get another question. Dave was never good at compartmentalizing. Privately, he admitted to Clint, he hated bass. He was good at it, naturally speaking. The ridiculous part about it all was that he was never ashamed of bragging about it. He was Stakhanovite in his work ethic. When it was just him and Shane in the basement during Christmas break, he was mad. Shane personally attested to this. When the cheap amp wouldn't work he plugged his Yamaha into an old Pioneer speaker his dad kept in the attic and the thing sounded better on the old one.

Glenn sat there thinking. He never thought the usual thoughts. He wasn't

thinking how he would look out on that stage with Johnny Pistolas' packed to the brim with the off-gas of an Axe body spray factory. It didn't cross his mind if his melodic cadence could keep pace with Clint's drumming. Instead, he was thinking about Strummer's Vinyl last winter when he worked as a restocker. He was not in with the band yet. It was a serene time, however. Emily had finally signed the official notarized document of 'taken' by uttering: "I guess it's official." He remembers specifically the night after this event when he was seething with positive energy outpacing a nuclear power station. Mickey, the owner of Strummer's, picked up on this.

"Why's the lad so happy? Figured out how to fly a kite?" He said sarcastically in his thick semi-posh Scottish accent.

"No, just happy that's all."

"Oh, don't give me none of that! You finally wrote that song. Confidence, my boy, you've got to grasp it."

It took a second for Glenn to process this. Oh, he thought, yes I did write that song last night after everything. He scoffed inwardly as he barely remembered writing it. He was elated enough to write the whole thing unconsciously. That's what made it good.

"Listen, lad," Mickey continued, "you know the man behind this store? Joey Strummer, God bless him."

Glenn knew where this was going. Another Mickey tangent about some rocker he had met.

“I remember the first time I meet him. Glastonbury 1993. Not a better time on earth, my boy. He was a dagger, I tell ya. He came up to me and pointed; said ‘they kept the wheels spinning on this lad.’ I laughed like a Glaswegian. He never aged. He looked fresh off the cover of Combat Rock.”

Glenn listened while light snow drifted past the quiet night street in a light D.C. winter storm. Ah, could it get any better, he thought then.

“Glenn!” Clint shook Glenn with nervous violence like a boy on a bike for the first time.

“What! Sorry, what is it?”

“Get the mic ready.” Clint dashed away after commanding this.

Glenn stammered out to the semi-circle stage in the back corner of Johnny Pistolas. The place was still relatively quiet. A few older guys had strolled in early. College guys that is. Still, everyone else had just knocked off school at this point. He knew that Terence’s gang wouldn’t show up until primetime, right before the show. However, as he plugged in the mic, a subtle sweat came over him. Everyone, everyone is going to be here. He had heard the humdrum around school today before the trip over here. Dave was not the headman of the band, however, he was the most popular. He had on a perpetual smug look that people thought was hilarious.

“Whatcha doing Friday?” He would say snidely with a lofty gaze. Most of everyone would be persuaded by this.

The sweat began to crawl onto his neck and on his spine. He began to have a mini panic attack and murmured expletives to himself. It was the same feeling he had experienced on the day he was cut from

the hockey team. He wasn’t a star player but much better than the vast majority of the team. However, the coach hated him. The reason, well, it wasn’t Glenn’s to guess. Maybe he was jealous of Glenn or threatened by his convincing stature. Glenn wasn’t tall but neither was the coach. It all seemed very mysterious as to how this came about but somehow he was invited into his dingy office in the middle of the school day.

“Sit down, son.” He began with an air of hostility. “I’m doing this because I’m tired of the melodrama. You’re cut from the team, that’s a done deal. Bring your stuff in tomorrow.”

The panic almost immediately swept over Glenn and he didn’t remember much else of the ensuing argument. Something about attitude and optics he remembers the coach saying but that’s about it. Melodrama was, unfortunately, Glenn’s strong suit. He was never necessarily a cohesive element to the team’s ‘synergy.’ He often sat in the corner of the bleachers on the hard-to-reach side of the rink, alone, thinking less about hockey than about a new idea he had had. Specifically, he remembered the idea he had to write a local congressman and ask him about putting together a local memorial service for local fallen soldiers. That was his soft spot and he thought about those families a lot. His musing, however, did not run over smooth. A daily imbibing of this by his teammates produced more than a few complaints.

“Why don’t you just quit, bruh? You’re never gonna hold your own.” He remembered the captain saying.

Therefore, it came and went with his coach caught in the crossfire of angry teammates and angrier parents. Though, as

to a personal grudge, Glenn would never know.

“I found it!” Dave yelled as he had finally finished frantically searching for his denim jacket. In the maintenance closet backstage, funnily enough.

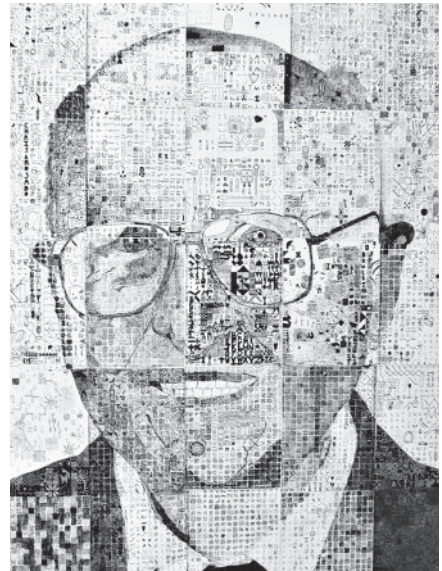
Glenn was refocused. He returned to his perch in the back corner of backstage. He ran over his lyrics in his head again as he had done perpetually throughout the day and the day before. He watched through the slit in the curtains as they dimmed the lights in the club. He began to think again of that night in Strummer’s and how dim Mickey kept the shop as well.

“Joey was posh though. Well-educated; public school an’ all that. He wasn’t with The Clash then but he still had that fire. You need to look up some of them lyrics, my boy. The richness and the depth go way farther than no Blink-182. I remember the first song I ever heard from them. Jimmy McGaines house 1978. Like it was yesterday. ‘Career Opportunities,’” he began to hum out loud. “I hate the army and I hate the RAF, I don’t wanna go fighting in the tropical heat, I hate the civil service rules, I won’t open letter bombs for you...” Mickey sang with a pitch-perfect cadence that only

a true punk rocker could master. Glenn remembered gazing at Mickey with his messy hair at 45 and leather jacket. He was one for the records, Glenn could remember thinking of Mickey.

“Listen, my boy,” he said pointedly as was habit, “when you get into a band you’ve got to be in it. You need to be a Steely-Eyed Missile Man, you know. That’s what was Joey’s secret. He told me: ‘bands need energy and I was the energy.’ Cling onto that young lad.”

The weird part about the exchange was the seriousness of Mickey. Never one for formality, though from a posh background, Mickey always added levity to the situation. Mirth was his signature. But Mickey had always felt Glenn as his protegee; his lasting mark on the world which he loved dearly: the rock world. Glenn felt the vicarious nature of this conversation and it had a lasting effect. So lasting, in fact, that he ended up in a men’s stall on the other side of Johnny Pistolas. How he got there, he



literally forgot. Such was the nature of the beast, he supposed.

He could hear the booming of the crowd that was at its genesis. The smell of Pinesol had turned into the smell of a locker room. Glenn felt that in his nostrils and his stomach. He winced in the stall as he began to doubt himself. Upsetting thoughts raced through as he tried to focus on the lyrics. He remembered Mickey's words and tried to summon some confidence as he stammered out of the restroom. He began to pass through the crowd to try to get back to the stage.

"Excuse me," he said in a nervous voice. He nearly tripped over a couple of guys huddled over a table. It was just as he thought, everyone. It even included people he had never seen before. His eyes watered as he focused on the stage and the ashen black curtain. The rave had just begun and people were booming with energy. A ripsnorting derecho of pulsating teen jubilation crashed over the crowd in an

atomic fashion. It was evident. In an exigent manner, Glenn tried to foist himself past the crowds. Oh if only Emily was here, he thought. She claimed she could come but wasn't certain, which made him extremely nervous.

"I apologize," he squawked as he finally made it backstage. The equipment was out, the crowd had been formed, now it was showtime.

"Five minutes," Dave said as everyone tried to focus but ended up having a thousand-yard stare. The manager of Johnny's came up to everyone and motioned to the stage. A gulp, a wince, and the curtains opened. Flush it back and remember Mickey, there's nothing you can do now.

Glenn was laying on his bed, asleep. The time was 2:46 a.m. He never thought he'd be able to sleep tonight but he did. A buzz on his phone came. It was a text from Emily. "Nice job. You see I was right." Glenn smiled, pulled the sheets over his

head, and went to sleep dreaming about opening his own vinyl store. In the dream, he was the owner and employed disabled veterans. There a geriatric Mickey would greet him.

"Lucky geezer. Got his own store now."



Poetry on poetry

Andy Biehl '22

Among other good things
the things he thinks,
clusters of clauses and nouns,
make the words come alive to the beat of the ink
and left-brain action arouse.

From the ink flowing red
to the plug in my head,
other tasks can't dissuade me;
during Covid I thought to try this instead
and the Mardi Gras deadline made me.

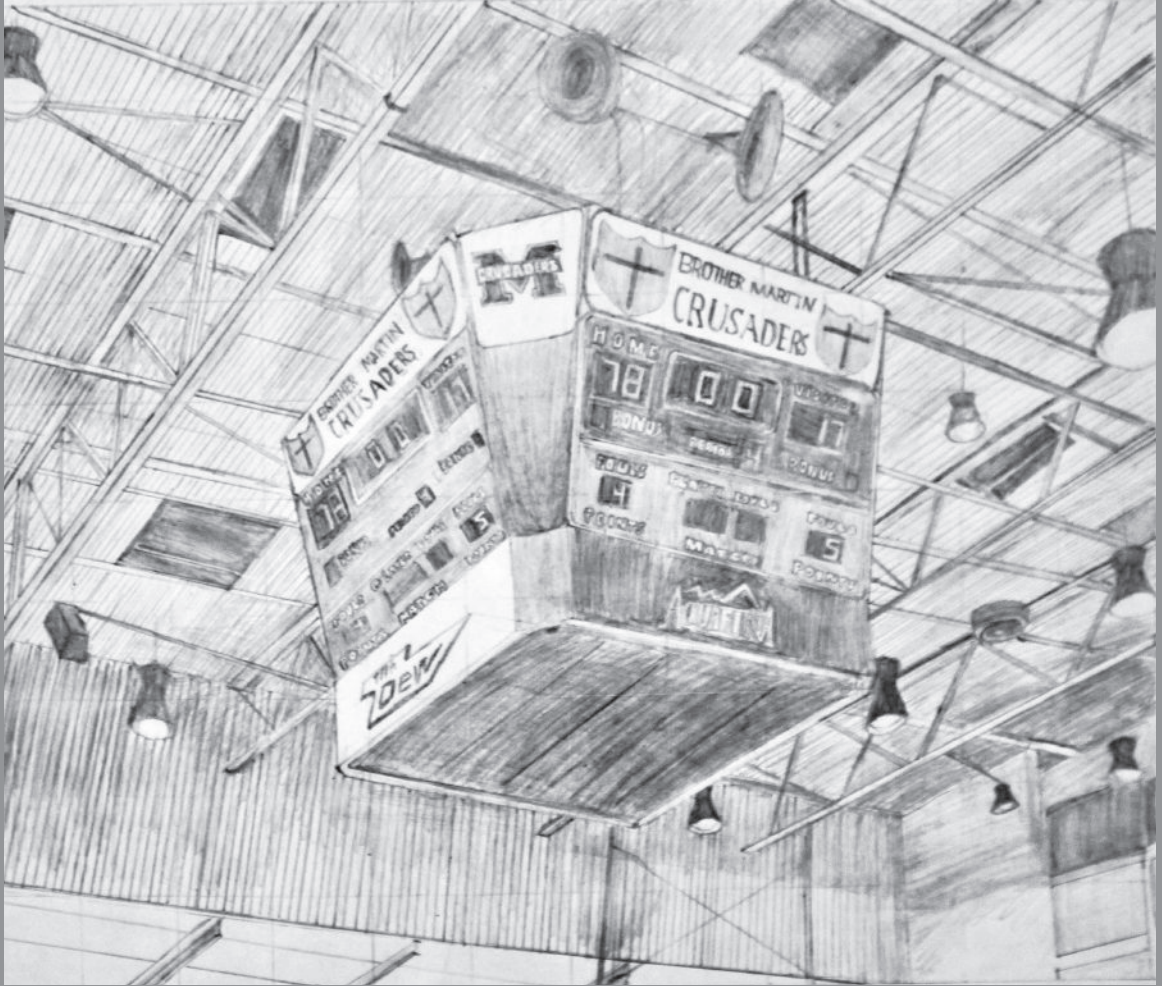


Please, I Don't Want to Dream Yet

Journey Harris '22

The air in my lungs is so cancerous
if you leave I won't know how to live.
I've lost feeling in all my extremities
and I've given it all I can give.
If I choose to die upon this mountain
This large mountain, a molehill it seems.
As I look at the lights that are blinding
I say "Please, God, I don't want to dream."





BROTHER  MARTIN