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### Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1989 (Spring)

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HERB

INSTRESS has been published by the students of College Misericordia since December of 1966. The title, coined by Gerard Manley Hopkins, signifies the moment the reader achieves complete understanding of the written word. The author, through INSTRESS, conveys to and shares with the reader, an emotionally moving experience.

Submit your works to any of the editors or writers of INSTRESS for publication next year. INSTRESS receives campus members' original artwork as well as their original poetry, prose, and photography.

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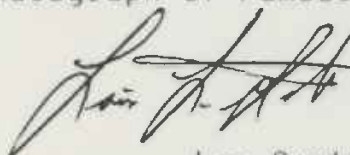
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COLLEGE MISERICORDIA: Founded and Sponsored by the Religious Sisters of Mercy

An INSTRESS

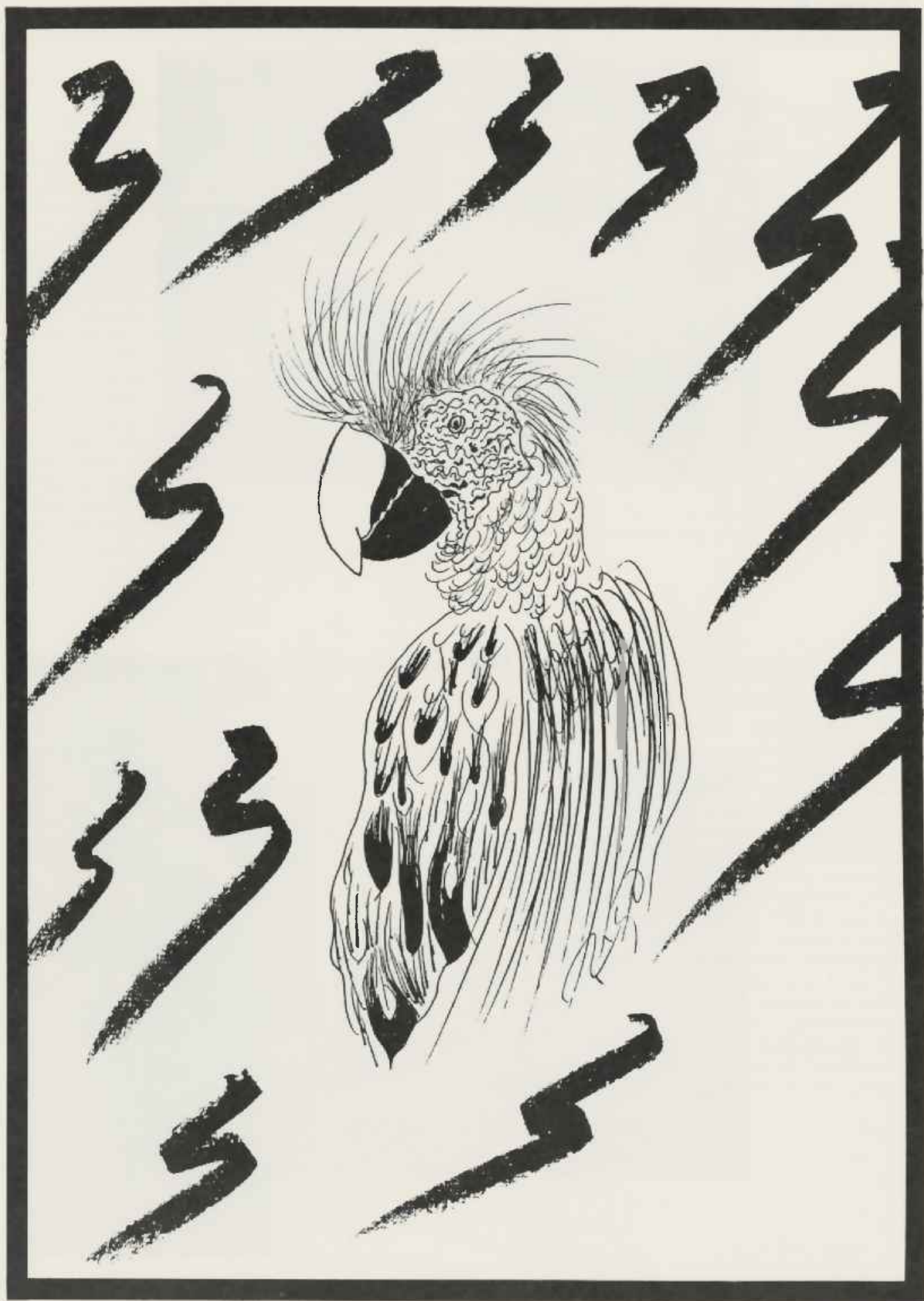
Autograph of Famous Journalist To-Be

Collector's Item:



Lou Gauthier







Blue Ribbon Dance

Seven years we danced,  
him leading.  
The distant abyss  
we thought a mirage  
moved ever closer;  
We pretended to ignore the pit,  
twirling nervously round it  
never conjuring quite enough magic.  
We danced apart.  
I waltzed with babies while  
he kicked West Side Story  
against the unfair world.  
Finally, slipping in the foaming hops,  
he grabbed my proffered hand and  
cursing, tried to pull me down.  
I stumbled  
pulled free  
wouldn't look back.

Nancy Comstock



## Welcome to Philadelphia

Welcome to Philadelphia: home of the soft pretzel, home of the slums and drug houses in North Philly, home of the original greasy cheese steak and of Benjamin Franklin, home of Gary Heidnik, human flesh-cooker, home of sky-scrappers and of wealthy businessmen, and dirty bums and bag-ladies, and home of millions of people who just can't get enough of the place. A city, 200 years old, is 200 years proud of its history. Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, and Betsy Ross' house are just a few historical sites. What has happened to such an awe-inspiring city? City Hall, instead of smelling like the rich Italian marble of Liberty Place, transports one's nose to a back alley on Cherry Street

that smells like an infested urinal. Take a right on to 12th Street to find the druggies, alcoholics, and prostitutes leading their dreary lives. Seven streets uptown, the elite are being escorted from their limosines and Mercedes into the luxurious Four Season's Hotel. Market Street is filled with stuffy businesspeople rushing off to lunch at the Palace or hurrying back to their leather-upholstered white-carpeted offices. At the same time, a homeless woman three blocks down clings to a heat vent with a dirty brown bag, her sole possession. Goodbye to Philadelphia, a city once dominated by the fore-fathers of America, but now deteriorating into a bottomless pit.

Jeanine Donovan





China Doll

Dainty, sweet, and erect  
Blue satin masked her form  
She stood shaking in all her brilliant effects  
Inside, she was torn.

Her hair was a shaft of midnight  
Carved from porcelain, her beauty shone deep in  
Her ice-blue eyes  
The child asked, "Why does she weep?"

She dreamed her own dreams  
Trying to follow her own vision  
But the little doll broke, she fell in to their hands.

The ice in her eyes of blue melted to tears.  
Pieces of porcelain shattered in their hands; they let her fall  
The child asked, "Why did they have to kill the doll?"

Jeanine Donovan



Invention

Bernardine Lingousky

M.M.  $\text{♩} = 120$

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first measure has a key signature change to D major (two sharps). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature change to D major, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The first staff has a *mf* dynamic marking. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature change to D major, and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it.

Handwritten musical score for the second system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in D major and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The text "CODA AFTER D.S." is written above the first staff.

Handwritten musical score for the third system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in D major and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it.

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in D major and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The text "DOLCE" is written above the first staff.

Handwritten musical score for the fifth system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in D major and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The text "D.S." is written above the first staff.

Handwritten musical score for the sixth system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in D major and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the first staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature. The first measure of the second staff has a  $\text{♩}$  symbol above it. The text "CODA" is written above the first staff. The text "rit." is written below the first staff.





To Sir . . .

I remember him standing over my desk threatening, "Lena, if you don't stop talking I shall LEAN on you." I was in seventh grade and thirteen years old. His proper British accent and harsh judgement of my writing did not endear him to me at that age. But Mr. Hartley, my English teacher, became my idol and I his most enthusiastic protege.

He had taught in many public high schools and had always challenged the system. Crestward High, where he had taught me, was where he was also made to retire "due to illness."

There were many foreign born students at Crestward: Lebanese, Italian, Greek, and Asian. I had helped tutor some of them. There were students who had been to high school, Australian high school, for most of their learning years yet still could not read or write English. Most teachers did not have the time to spare, nor the inclination to find time for these pupils who were usually confined to the lowest classes. Good old Mr. Hartley (or "Sir" as I called him) fought until the school was given a multi-lingual instructor. No other teacher cared as much as Hartley did; perhaps that was what impressed me most about him.

What I wrote was never good; only occasionally satisfactory or "Mmmmh yes"... On weekends during my sophomore and junior years I would trot over to his house, poetry and literature under one arm and a home-baked cheesecake under the other. I would sit for hours while he quoted T.S. Eliot, recited Shakespeare, or taught me to think 'divergently'. His wife would be hovering in the kitchen mumbling to herself while his rebellious daughter watched television or snuck outdoors to puff away on a cigarette.

I wrote my first published article about "Sir" when I was fifteen. He had been "laid off" by the Department of Education. He didn't want to stop teaching; it was his life. However, he had no choice; those who made the decision did not like him because he was concerned enough about students to make his colleagues appear as though they were unconcerned.

Mr. Hartley taught me to debate. What a mean, moody coach he was. Eventually he applauded my public speaking and smiled when I thanked him. I never could thank him enough for shaping my intellect.

Before immigrating to Australia from England, "Sir" had been a coal miner. An autodidact, he nevertheless was able to earn two masters degrees in Sydney. It was his wife who had boasted to me of them.

His first hint of praise, only a suggestion, was written to me in a letter while I was overseas. Mr. Hartley said, maybe now I had gained the confidence I so "dearly" needed. Those words were warning enough, had I only realized it.

He died of a heart-attack in his sleep. I should have guessed it would happen eventually. Brilliant, nasty, stubborn; a poet with a clogged-up soul and a cold hidden heart. He refused to feel.

When I was told of his death I wept and ate and trudged around the house cloaked in black misery. Others tried to console me that, "It was in his sleep," "He was almost sixty," and his wife had been "able to spend the last week with him." I had been overseas when it happened, hadn't replied to his last letter, but had brought a gift back for him.

Mr. Hartley was, without doubt, my most influential teacher. I wonder what directions I would not have taken or which opinions would be left unformed without "Sir's" guidance.

Lena Nahlous

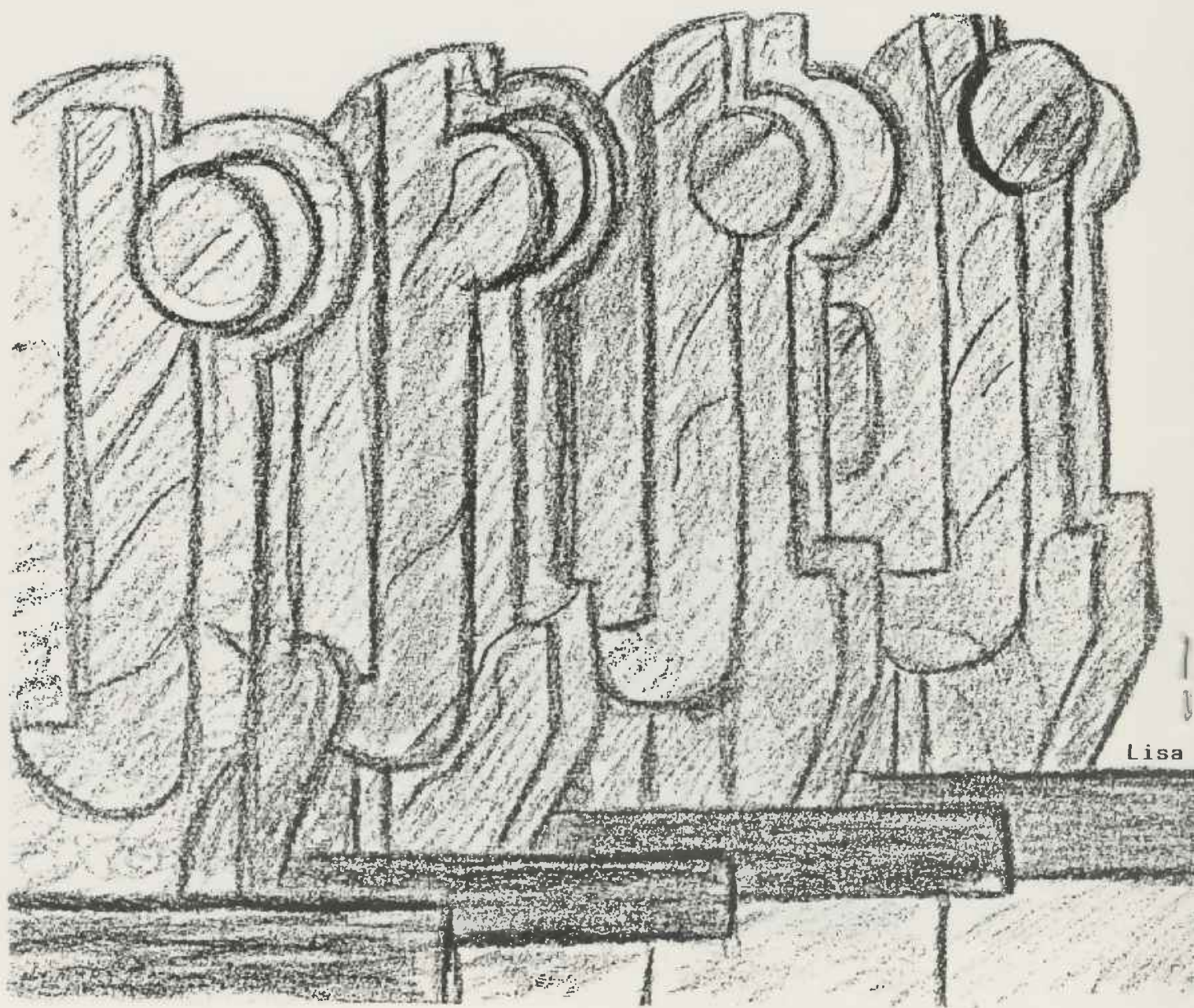
"The images I  
carve come not  
from what my eyes  
perceive; they  
emerge from within  
me as forms that  
my soul has sensed."

Dugan

*Rosenn Plaza*

# EMERGING

Sculptor: Jay Dugan



Lisa



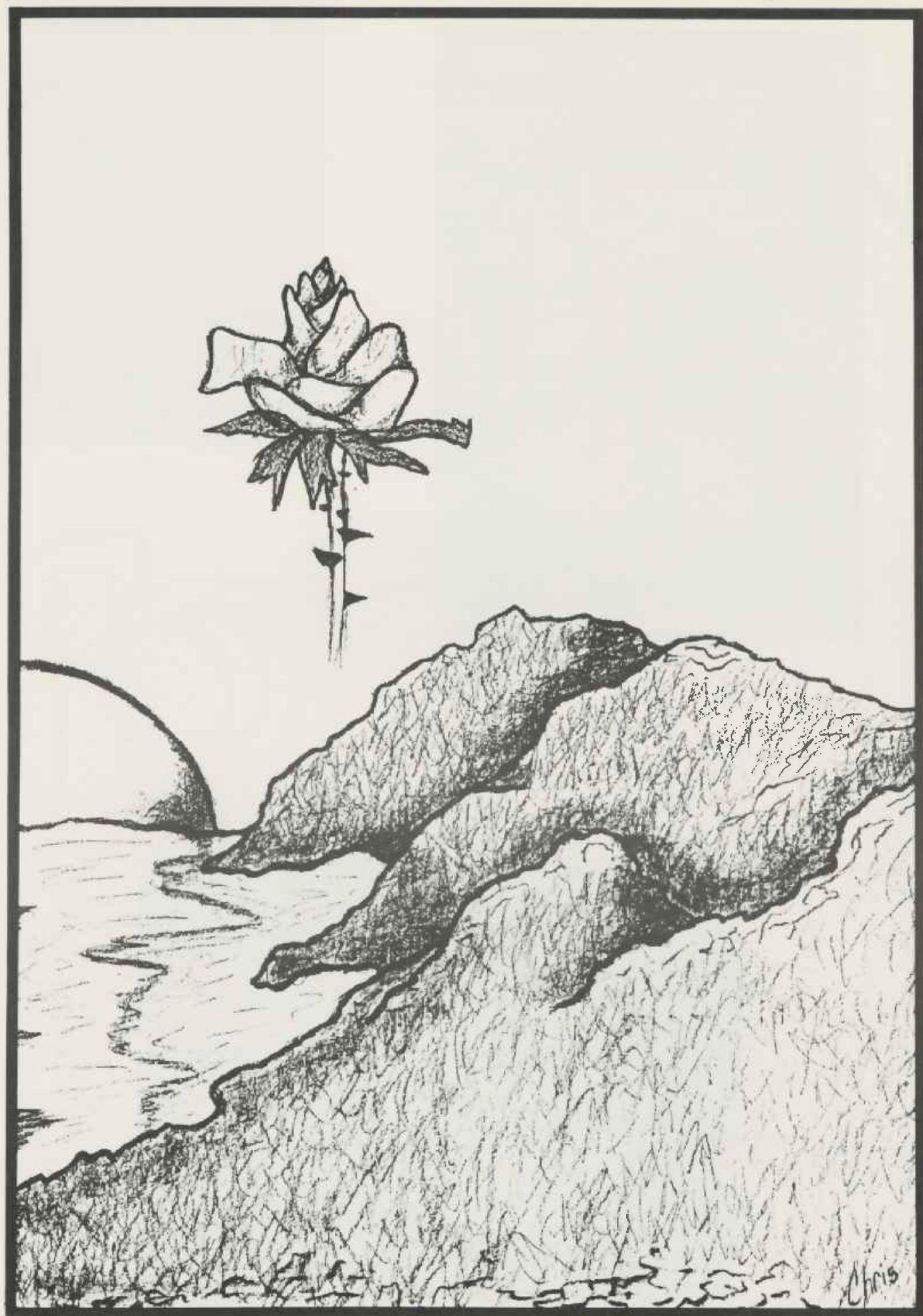


Sharon Dunn



Sharon Dunn





Strange American streets littered with insane apes.  
 Babies burning in the oven.  
 Fallen ducks with blood smiles.  
 Satellite lies painting horror mirrors.  
 A boy is going to blow his head off.  
 Young cars race by.

Rocking helplessly,  
 Sweat drips off your nose.  
 Warm air blows across your wrinkles.  
 There is a whole world in there;  
 Burning down.  
 Burning down.  
 Your uneasy sleep approaches the cross-roads.

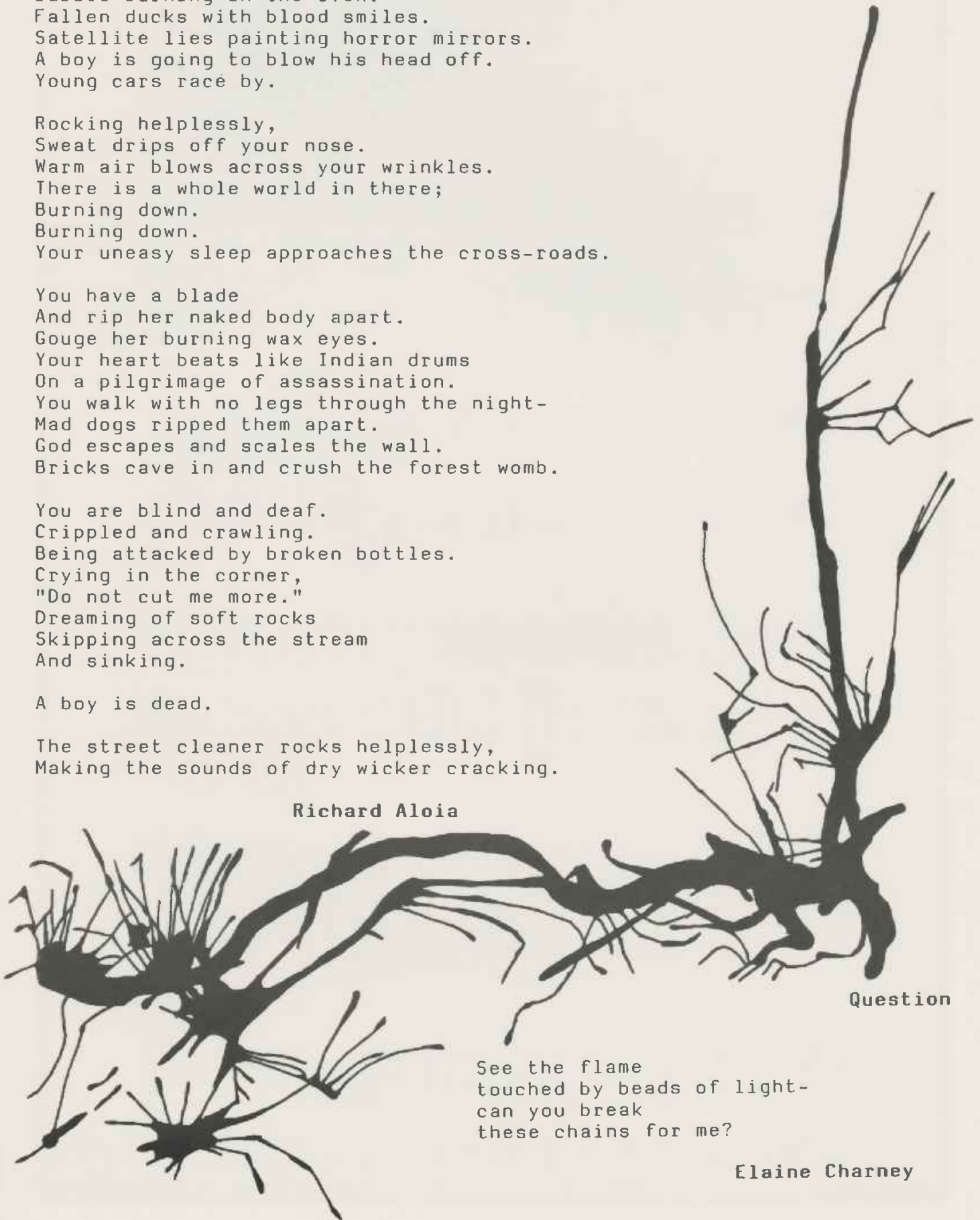
You have a blade  
 And rip her naked body apart.  
 Gouge her burning wax eyes.  
 Your heart beats like Indian drums  
 On a pilgrimage of assassination.  
 You walk with no legs through the night-  
 Mad dogs ripped them apart.  
 God escapes and scales the wall.  
 Bricks cave in and crush the forest womb.

You are blind and deaf.  
 Crippled and crawling.  
 Being attacked by broken bottles.  
 Crying in the corner,  
 "Do not cut me more."  
 Dreaming of soft rocks  
 Skipping across the stream  
 And sinking.

A boy is dead.

The street cleaner rocks helplessly,  
 Making the sounds of dry wicker cracking.

Richard Aloia



Question

See the flame  
 touched by beads of light-  
 can you break  
 these chains for me?

Elaine Charney

Inventio #4 Opus 1

Monica Walsh







"Judas"

Circled silhouette,  
You hang over me - Smiling

Back and forth  
Back and forth

Threatening shadow,  
You softly kiss my face - Smiling

Back and forth  
Back and forth

Oh Hypocrite!  
Take me

Back and forth  
Back and forth  
Back and . . .



### Character Sketch

I had known Nicole for many years, so I judged her initial plea for help in that light. I simply disregarded it. In time I would regret that decision, but January seemed to be an uneventful month, certainly not a time of tragedy.

Nicole was a friend from college, a slightly neurotic girl with paranoid tendencies. Although many of my friends could easily fit that description, Nicole was unique in her ability to create problems, both real and imaginary. She had the additional ability to act, acting was her profession, and her skill was unquestionable. Conflicts arose, however, because Nicole began to confuse her real self with her characters. As the years progressed, the line between Nicole and her acting became narrower and narrower until finally it disappeared. Of course, from the vantage point of the present, I can clearly see the evaluation of Nicole and even anticipate the ensuing events, but such a viewpoint was impossible then. As a result, no one could have predicted the ultimate outcome.

The first phone call was a brief one, as Nicole's calls usually were.

"Hello, is it Carole?"

"Yes."

"It's Nicole. It's urgent. You must come now. I can't explain. There are spies everywhere. Just hurry."

Before I had a chance to answer, the line went dead. Annoyed, I slammed down the receiver. Because I was in the middle of editing my novel, the possibility of going to Nicole's never crossed my mind. Another one of Nicole's hallucinations, or bizarre parties, or practice sessions, I thought as I plunged back into the turbulent, choppy chapters of my latest attempt at the "Great American Novel."

CherylAnn Manganella

### "Agape"

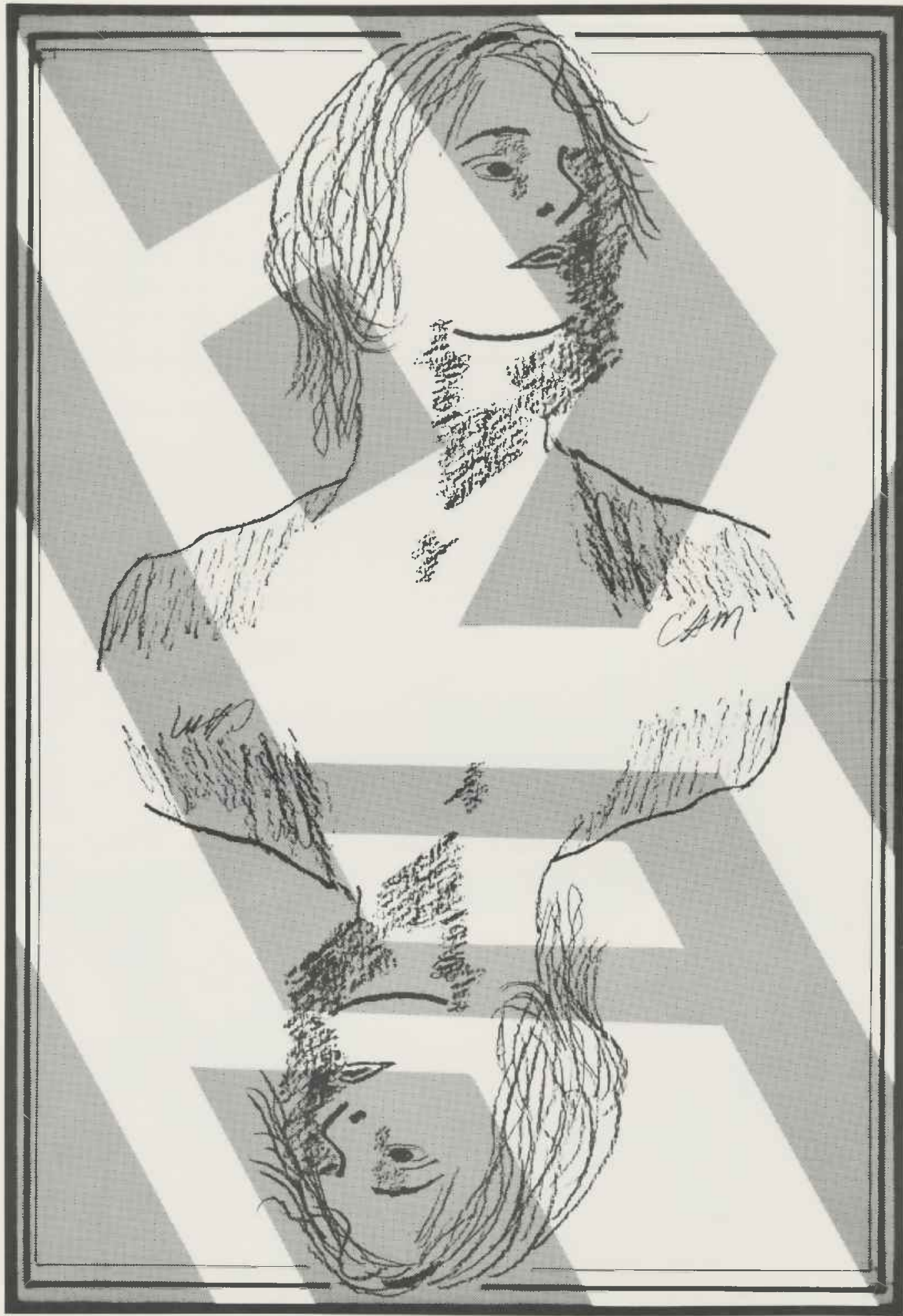
Once again your vastness surrounds me like the Great Wall  
surrounds one brick.

Cornered by fear and trapped in youth - I was a poor puppet.

Oh Puppeteer you guide me and protect me from my own strings.

How hurt you were when I prematurely cut my strings with  
impatience - Yet you repaired my wounds with Satin ribbons.

Lisa Blaum



God's All Right

Philosophy's thieves are reason's return  
as Bacon turns in his urn  
Socrates stuffs his brain down my throat  
but my gut feelings refuse to learn.

Rasputins ramble  
and Darwinians daze  
with questions and answers  
they concurrently raze.

Theist and deist  
clumble over a cleft,  
but God's all right  
and all that's left.

John Woods

My Grandmother, Myself

I am you as you were you  
From my jet-black hair to my sea-green eyes,  
To my porcelain-skin and rosy-cheeked hue,  
I am you.

Only with you was I a lady so young,  
Clumsy little finger just a frivolous thing.  
No matter how awkward and undainty I felt,  
I was your china doll.

Our private tea parties, most elegant in nature,  
With violet-patterned demitasse trimmed in gold;  
Growing up became the intrinsic lift of my right pinky.

From the sugar cubes that sweetened me,  
And cookie-cutter sandwiches of colored-cream cheese,  
I was the receiver of all your giving,  
Unwilling to part with, I let it be.

I held on to you, my aged twin, with all my small strength.  
Through disappointments and congratulations,  
To sorrow and happiness,  
You were my crutch, my shield.

Then, one cold, December night we were drawn apart,  
An untimely moment -  
Without saying good-bye; the growing lump in my throat  
passed on to my heart, you knew  
Your feelings were never far from mine.

I am you, from my pigeon-toed left foot  
To my Swedish disposition and comparable appearance  
And to those who know you, I am a flood of memories.

Kristina Pearson







