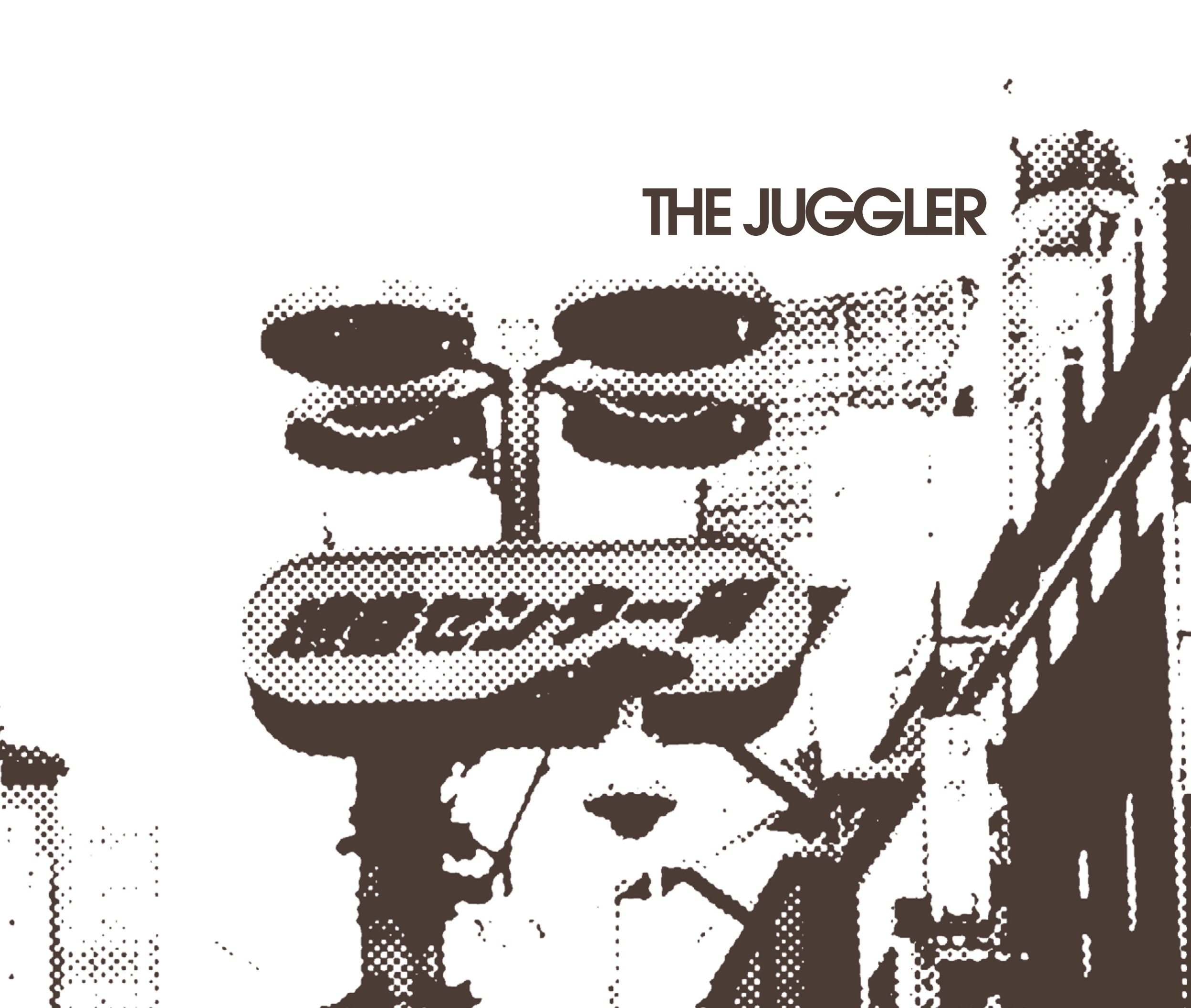


# THE JUGGLER



LITERATURE/ART/DESIGN AT NOTRE DAME

# THE JUGGLER





# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

When they first start out, writers face a common problem. Before encountering the editor's criticism, before their computers crash, even before writer's block sets in, writers stand alone and uncertain in what I call the Author's Abyss. In a story or poem, anything is possible, making the process of formulating one concrete goal, character, or plot an incredible challenge. A writer's pen can't hit the page if the author doesn't know where it's going, though. And, let's face it, if we all sat around waiting for the Writing Mood to strike, nothing would ever get written.

Enter the Muse, often known as "inspiration."

Inspiration has a habit of creeping up on you, of popping up when least expected. A movie, a dream, a song, a person, a picture — anything can be an inspiration. It cannot be faked or forced, and its result is a work of art that can subsequently inspire, producing a perpetual chain of art and literature.

The poems, stories, and artwork in this, the 67<sup>th</sup> edition of *The Juggler*, represent not just moments of inspiration, but the students who refused to let those moments pass them by. It is when inspiration is put onto paper and morphed into art that great works, artists, and writers are born.

I hope you find the work of your talented classmates moving, entertaining, and inspirational.

—Jackie Burke



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**THE NIGHTMARE**  
GRAHAM BOECHLER

I dreamt I was a wizened man  
Pacing a library of stone  
With halls of books accounting  
All that was ever known

In each book was the story  
Of a single person's life  
Their hopes and dreams and contributions  
Laid out in black and white

A struggling artist's journey  
To have his genius known  
Lay next to the book of a mother  
Saving a broken home

From an Athlete's dreams of glory  
To an orphan's silent tears  
The books told the truth  
Of all their many years

I dreamt I was a wizened man  
Pacing a library of stone  
And opened the book of my life  
To find an empty tome.

GRAHAM BOECHLER is a first-year mechanical engineer from Calgary, Alberta, Canada. He enjoys curling, football, and juggling in his free time, along with writing poetry.

KATE NAPLETON got it from her mama.

**TOO MUCH**  
HOLGA BY KATE NAPLETON

## ELEGY FOR A CHILD

ALEXA McMAHON

The paint handprints are yellow on red construction paper  
Small as maple leaves, the fingers pressed close together,  
The ring finger and pinky of the left touching, blurring into one.

It is your hair that haunts me, white-platinum angel threads, thin  
as harp strings. I sit on the front stoop smoking a mangled pack of  
Dunhills, putting them out against the knee of my jeans. I study  
the way the bricks fit together in the steps. If some of them are  
older than you were, what man packed them all into ruddy, red  
diamonds.

On Tuesday I put Jack Daniels in the leftover cheerios and sit  
in your chair at the breakfast table. I rock on my heels and write  
you into the New York Times crossword puzzle over and over  
again, compulsive as Aspergers. Crossways diagonal backwards  
forwards. You become an astrological sign, heroic epic, and  
coronary condition all before 9 am.

I find myself at the local park, half-drunk at half past noon.  
Between drags, I watch the children on the swings, squealing  
and obscene. The Jamaican nannies all pork chop arms, sweat  
behind them between heaves, their infinite breasts resting in the  
crooks of their elbows. A bubble in the back of my throat I watch  
them, back and forth, back and forth, heavy pendulous arches,  
disappearing for an instant as they swing into the blaring mid-day  
sun. For an instant, I imagine them being swallowed in the burning  
flash of light, their empty swings falling back down to earth—the  
chains jingle-jangling unwieldy and vacant.

I'm still waiting for you to come back down.

MORNING  
PHOTOGRAPH BY REESE MOORE

ALEXA McMAHON is a junior English  
Major from Washington, D.C. Her  
primary interests include Yeats, big  
cities, and ridiculous high heels.

REESE MOORE is fabulous.

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**TUESDAY**  
COLLEEN OPDYKE

My eyes are mica in a Cracker Jack ring.  
Yesterday I went to bed early to miss the call  
you didn't make.  
I like to sleep away potential.

They used to call me stubborn.  
I collected adjectives and polished them  
with my trophies –  
Life is a tulip taped to the side of a freight train.



Today I asked you how to photograph infinity.  
You pointed at the sky smiling – asshole.  
Love sucks the life outta you  
like, in a good way.

My boyfriend has eyes like oleander in amber.  
But don't worry,  
the distance between here and you  
isn't as cold as my room

and I'll wait up tomorrow.

COLLEEN OPDYKE  
won't touch paper with  
wet hands. She once  
made eye contact with  
Jared Followill and  
spends most of her  
time saying things she  
doesn't mean.

AUDREY MARIER is a  
high-class woman. She  
ain't no redneck broad.

AMY REINTHALER is a senior in the Riley College of Art and Design. She is, in fact, Wonder Woman, and is very enthusiastic about skulls, anatomy, interpretive dance... and t-shirts having to do with any or all of the above.

JOSEF KUHN (a.k.a. Joey) is a bewildered freshman trying to decide between chemical engineering or English, or both, for his major. If anyone feels they can help with this issue, please don't hesitate to contact him. This is not a joke.

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## OUR MOTHER, PART V JOSEF KUHN

Yet when like this  
I prophesy,  
I feel the tug  
of hypocrisy.

For when walking, I sometimes  
unwarily trip  
or willingly dive  
into that same pool of quicksand.

Sinners all are we,  
disobedient children  
banded together in  
revolt against our mother.

Together we revile,  
together we curse,  
together we imbibe  
our failures.

Together we reject,  
together we seduce,  
together we abandon  
all hope.

We give in to pleasure  
and pleasure fills us (for a time),  
Recklessly we spin  
crazily out of space and time  
Losing ourselves with each other  
Next to each other  
Against each other

Wild and feral  
we know not our mother  
for she is tame and calm  
and wears a dress.  
We would like to rip it.  
Her soothing hush  
is torture to us.  
SCREAM, lady, SCREAM!

Ring around the rosy-cheeked,  
a pocket full of dried, dead leaves  
(rolled up in paper),  
ashes, absinth,  
we all

fall

down.

10  
PLANTED  
PAINTING BY AMY REINTHALER

# 12

JAPAN BOT  
PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM FUNG



# 13

ADAM BENJAMIN FUNG  
loves Tokyo and his friends  
that live there. But he wishes  
they would move back, soon.

## MEANING AND STATEMENT

R. e. MELLY

The sod had split off just like skin  
And now our sharp machines were eager  
Splaying out the earth like muscle.  
It still smoked in the chill of morning  
But our men were cold  
And wrapped themselves in silhouettes  
Moving about as fleshy ghosts.  
Someone somewhere had seen the chance  
For industry in foreign lands  
So here I sit and supervise  
Direct the men and machinations,  
Count the steps of lead-footed time.

These two years have found my face set;  
Separation proved a hardship  
Mostly borne by grins and patience.  
And if not for the hope and the satellites,  
And your voice that crossed the phones each night  
I should have thought there something sinister  
Lodged beneath our actions  
As if we were playing surgeon  
With the slumbered earth as Adam  
And we were cutting up, digging in  
Giving back his missing rib.

Each day that passes is a day that passes here  
Until evening crests both bright and busy  
And the ocean sucks down the Mexican sun  
Then I'll crawl back to the place where I sleep  
Stretched out beneath  
The blazing sky, the stars untamed  
By city lights, by order or name  
And somehow find all I require  
Buzzing in the electrical wires  
I call you,  
Talk and share the soft goodnight  
Of yep yep Ok yep bye.

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R. e. MELLY believes in logic.

AMELIA HIRSCHAUER hears  
colors, shapes, and textures.

**PILLOW FORT #509**  
PHOTOGRAPH BY AMELIA HIRSCHAUER

14

1

No one should feel like I do. Not about being born.

How can I avoid it though, when it's been hinted to and hidden in the deepest secrets of my family for my whole life? I didn't understand it, my parents probably didn't either. Regardless, sixteen years ago – almost to the day – things started going wrong.

“Okay, the show ends at eleven, but we may go out to dinner afterward. There's money under the phone, so whenever Richie gets here you two can order a pizza or something.”

Mom looked at Dad and smiled, putting on her leather coat. It was hard for me to tell if my parents had been absorbed by the façade our family put on – happy, middle class people just living like everyone else.

“Bye. Have fun!”

They walked away smiling, leaving me alone in a house twice too big. The door slammed shut with an odd **thump** that seemed to resonate strangely from upstairs. It didn't bother me though, and I looked around wearily before sprinting to the family room and blaring the television.

It was the same thing every day, living behind a smokescreen that everything was okay.

1'

*In the confines of my tiny cell I waited. It was strange. Through the years I'd learned my dream. It was the same every time, and every time I wondered what I waited for.*

*Liquid filled my lungs and every orifice of my body as I floated. It wasn't a nightmare though, don't get me wrong. It probably should have been, but a strange pulsating warmth kept me company. Some flicker of knowledge allowed me to understand that it was the heart of someone that loved me – it was close to me.*

*A light in the darkness burned my “newborn” eyes.*

*Something reached through the liquid and through the unforgiving darkness which kept and protected me from the world.*

*The love beside me knew of my presence, and I of its. Both of us were frightened... terrified of the light and the silver tong that entered our world.*

I fell out of my bed with a loud **thump**.

The dream ended, and I crashed back to reality. Cold and naked on the floor, I sat up slowly and threw on my pajamas. Where had they come from?

It was the same thing every day, living behind a smokescreen that everything was okay.

Eyes still shut, I stumbled with sleep's drunkenness into the bathroom. It was routine. I stared into the room connected on the other side of the Jack-and-Jill bathroom – the Forbidden Room – flushed the toilet, and walked toward it.

I could only go so far, just like always, before colliding with an invisible barrier that quivered with the jolt, distorting my vision. I put my hand on the rippled barrier and covered away as someone screamed.

Closing my eyes in disbelief, I carefully turned my back on the room and walked back into mine.

VERGESSEN.

# 16

“I'll just be here...” I mumbled to myself, feeling the pang of loneliness that was too familiar. It was this house, this awful house that creaked in the night and moaned in the day. Water rushed through the wall behind me, and I jumped. My heart pounded in my chest – the toilet upstairs...

“SEUL!”

I screamed. Someone had shouted my name beside me, and my fear turned to joy as I realized it was my friend Richie.

“Whoa. Calm down, dude, it's just me.”

“Ha,” I laughed uneasily. “Yo, what up? Thanks for comin' over tonight.”

“No problem, Seul.” It sounded like he mocked me each time he said my name. “Let's call the girls over.”

Finally.

Richie had been my best friend for practically my entire life.

“All right. I'll grab the drank.”

I had to hide it in my closet upstairs, away from my parents.

“Be back in a sec. Order a pizza, there's money under the phone.”

Richie practically lived in my house, and knew exactly where I was referring to.

I bolted up the stairs.

In the hallway I felt a cold chill, but kept running, past the guest room and into mine. Past my bed and into the closet to grab the vodka and rum bottles I had stored behind my clothes.

“Better empty out first.”

I smirked at my own joke, and walked into the Jack-and-Jill bathroom. I had to share with the guestroom.

Bottles in hand, I went through the guestroom's entrance, out into the hallway, then down the stairs to find Richie.

“You call the girls yet?” I yelled down.

He didn't answer.

I ran down the stairs, but at the bottom I found myself back at the top.

“What the hell?”

You're crazy, I thought to myself, and ran back down the stairs.

The awful name I'd given myself was scratched everywhere in my room. The ceiling, floors, walls, bedposts, cabinets – everything was dubbed “Vergessen,” and I walked over to a tiny empty spot on the wall next to me, picked up my knife and carved my name again.

I would not forget it – and that was an accomplishment in this forlorn existence. Only the phantoms that roam the house keep me company, and even they are freer than I.

“5,838,” I said to myself. The number of times I'd scratched into my room, one each day.

Out in the hallway, I looked to the left toward the stairs that led downward. Stomping filled my ears and I watched and waited.

A bright, faceless spirit drifted up the stairs and directly through me. Breathing deeply just at the point our realities collided, I imagined what it would be like to be the spirit, and it was good.

5,838 days had come and gone with me locked in this place, surrounded by these things, and I stared in the hallway mirror at what I'd stared at for all of them. I looked the same as I had for each day, never aging.

The spirit ran out of my room and back down the stairs, never realizing my presence. I couldn't remember what hope felt like.

I gazed down the stairs, remembering the feeling I'd experienced when the spirit had passed through me.

A quake shook the house, rattling the chandelier and knocking the mirror off the wall. It shattered on the floor.

“What the hell?”

I let go of the wall I'd grabbed to steady myself, and looked at the mirror. It was hanging on the wall just as always.

JEFF LAKUSTA writes under the penname David Kraine. He is a sophomore at Notre Dame pursuing a Science-Business degree and a minor in Peace Studies. You can read more by David at [www.DavidKraine.com](http://www.DavidKraine.com).

[continued on page 18]

2

"To Seul! Happy birthday man!"

We all held up our shot glasses and drank, fighting for the chaser as it burned our throats.

"So, Seul..." A girl batted her eyes drunkenly at me. "When is your real birthday?"

"Two days from now!" Richie answered for me. "And we're going to celebrate every day until then!"

"HEY!"

The five of us clanked our glasses together again, and one of the girls' shattered. "Oh my God!"

She screamed in pain as the shards of glass became implanted in her hand. Blood trickled onto the carpet, and I jumped up in fear.

"Seul...Seul? Man, you're out of it tonight. You okay?"

They all stared at me. It hadn't happened – I'd imagined it all. What was wrong with me? Lately, it was becoming impossible for me to tell what was real.

Things were coming apart at the seams.

One of the girls grabbed Richie by the chin and turned his face toward hers to kiss him. I looked at the girl next to me who slowly batted her eyes, almost making me laugh – SLAM.

The loud noise made me jump in my edge state.

"Dude. Calm down."

"Yea..." I knew I'd heard it this time. "I'll be back in a sec."

Quickly, I got up and walked over to my parents' bedroom: the one I'd heard slam shut. The door was closed.

Had I shut it? Did they leave it open... or not?

Overcoming the fluttering fear of my heart and the slight shake of my hand, I turned the handle and entered my parents' room. Why was I so nervous... so scared?

There was a book I'd never seen before sitting on my mom's dresser. The light seemed to part around it, leaving it in shadows. Something drew me closer, and I walked over to carefully open its cover.

The walls instantly became darker and the room flickered fluidly in and out of existence, like a painter clearing his palette of some unwanted mistake.

*Twins! Dr. Crow told us today that there are two tiny lives growing within me. Identical twins! We are so blessed!*

*I don't care how much pain I have to go through. I'm stronger than they think. I can do this. My complications continue, but they haven't gotten any worse. Why won't they just leave me alone with their pokes and prods? I'm not some sort of animal. F\*\*\*! They just don't understand! How could they!*

*Damn her - Dr. Crow! How can she ask us to make this decision? She isn't holding these lives. She hasn't eaten for them, slept for them. It's only words to her!*

*Jason thinks we should do it, but he doesn't understand - I WOULD give my life for theirs. The surgery is scheduled for tomorrow. Saving one is better than losing them both, or me. That's what they say at least.*

*This is my last entry before I bury these memories and forget these writings. Hasso Grabner understands -*

*Sie möchten gern, dass sie den Menschen Wünsche  
Und seinen Namen ins Vergessen räumen,  
Verlorenen Ruf, der keinen Hall erzeugt,  
Ein grauer Strich auf einer grauen Fläche  
— Hasso Grabner*

2'

The clinking of glass filled the living room, now overflowing with phantoms.

I stood on the perimeter of the room, staring at the bright, misty figures. They never looked at me, or even recognized my presence, but sometimes I felt like they knew I was there. Probably just my yearning for company rather than truth, but it seemed like I could reach them more lately.

Thinking of this, I began to feel hopeful. I had to leave the living room. That emotion betrayed me at every instance.

Through the living room I went to the Book. It always filled me with despair. Now, that was an emotion I could trust in this prison.

I walked passed the phantoms and toward the room on the opposite side.

"Seul... Seul?"

VOICES?!

The impossible made me swing my head around and stare at the spirits who'd gifted me with the sound. They just sat there. There was no welcoming or hope.

Things were coming apart at the seams.

The false hope glazed my vision with tears, and I walked toward the Book. Turning my back again to the spirits, I walked into the Minster and slammed the door behind me.

There it was... the one thing that never failed to turn my spirits. Loss, sadness, despair, each etched on its pages.

My eyes wandered around the dark room. Horrible words were carved into this one, instantly drenching my attitude and putting me in the right mood to read from the Book.

It sat dauntingly on the modest altar, waiting to be read.

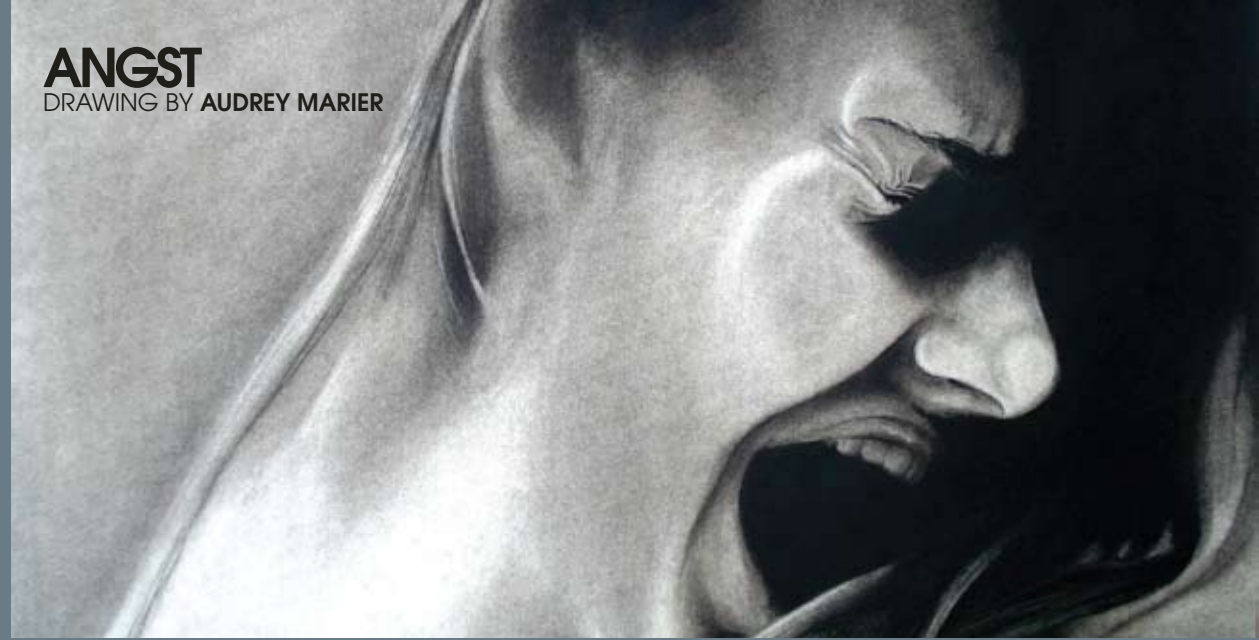
"Dr. Crow, count me worthy to read your word."

With a pious nod, I approached the Book.

Cast in shadows I could feel the sadness and pain radiate from its words. I could not fully understand what was written, but I could always feel what was meant. Dr. Crow has granted me that.

The walls instantly became darker and the room flickered fluidly in and out of existence, like a painter clearing his palette of some unwanted mistake.

ANGST  
DRAWING BY AUDREY MARIER



A tear fell from my cheek to my mom's journal. Just noticing the other person, I looked up and stared into the spitting image of myself, but was not fearful. I reached up to touch his face.

Exact copy.

Impossible.

"You."

The dreams floated to my mind and I knew this was the boy who was with me in them. It had to be him – the same one.

The one who loved.

He smiled at me, and I smiled back at me, and it was good.

Just as I understood that this was my twin – the one my mother had lost to save me – he began to disappear, as a bright, faceless spirit. He never stopped smiling, though, and neither did I.

"Goodbye."

I didn't understand what was happening, but I knew that we would meet again. The walls were covered in etched writing, and the journal sat on a deranged altar. NO!

Loneliness filled me, and I bolted from the room, trying to find anything familiar. Something to give me hope!

Horrible ghosts sat in the living room, and I screamed and ran up to the stairs. Passing the upstairs mirror, I noticed I'd aged rapidly. Now, I looked almost 30, or 30... no, I was 32.

An invisible force kept me from my own room, forcing me to the changed guestroom. Vergessen was scratched all over the walls. Vergessen... that was my new name, and I would meet myself two days before my 32<sup>nd</sup> birthday.

*A tear trickled from my face. As I reached to close it, my hand felt the flesh of another on its pages, but I wasn't scared. Slowly, I picked my head up from reading the indescribable and stared into a living, breathing mirror.*

*Brown face, brown eyes, my height. Even his hand moved up with mine to touch the face to be sure it was real.*

"You."

*The one from my dreams. The warmth of a stranger's unbridled love radiated from this perfect image of myself.*

*A perfect moment. One that made all past's and future's worth living. A smile cracked on both our faces, as we understood it all in great catharsis. We mimicked each other's movements precisely.*

Its words made me cry. Such pain, such sadness. Someone stood next to me, and I turned my head to the side only to see myself staring straight back.

We moved together to touch each other's faces, ensuring we were not cheated by some illusion.

"You."

It was clear that this was the companion from my dreams. The one who watched in loving fear as the evil entered our cell. The one who loved.

I smiled at him, and he at me, and it was good.

Slowly, the boy disappeared completely. The spirits were gone; those that had tormented me so were erased completely from my life in a moment. My smile never left as I scanned the clean room, etched writing gone, and light restored.

It was impossible for me to understand everything that had happened, but I knew that my twin and I were linked. The Book understood it all, but it would never speak.

I turned to look back at the altar, and all I found was an empty dresser in its place. It was gone.

Everything had changed in an instant.

Confused, I slowly left the room.

"Seul, there you are! Where'd you go?"

There were people... people like me sitting in the living room exactly where the phantoms had been.

"Seul?"

Seul... that was my new name.

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# 20

MIQUELA SUAZO is a senior graphic design major. She loves naps and dinnerware.



# 21

UNTITLED NO. 1 & UNTITLED NO. 2  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIQUELA SUAZO



## HORROR

SILKSCREEK PRINT BY KELLY GRONLI

## EYEBROW

MEGAN BAKER

Inflamed.  
Raw and pink and puffy  
like an angry sky at sunset,  
swollen as collagen lips.

Plucked.  
Pruned before the mirror's glare,  
Our mess and excess  
brushed over.

Disrespected.  
We shield from dirt and dust  
And she yanks if we trespass  
On her nose's bridge.

Unappreciated.  
I have raised myself  
And her chance for romance  
In more filthy bars than pores on her face.

Exhausted!  
Suspending myself (you too, I hear you)  
And her disbelief  
Through hours of salon gossip.

Violated.  
Suffocated and scalded with wax.  
Sliced and stunted with scissors.  
Groomed. Tamed.

And then she has the gall to get  
bangs.  
The nobility  
of forehead hairs.



KELLY GRONLI can't decide whether to use her time machine to travel to the past with dinosaurs, or to the future with robots.

MEGAN BAKER is a junior English and FTT major. She is fond of three-peats, middle children, gold jackets, and Facebook-stalking Toph Eggers. Her life mantra is "Bad as I Wanna Be."



# 24

JAMES COSTA is a senior American Studies major. He cannot believe that South Dining Hall stopped offering Cap'n Crunch this year.

AMANDA MARTIN spends her time studying old photographs, hoping to find all the answers in the world. When that fails, she turns to chocolate.

## GOODNIGHT BAMAKO

JAMES COSTA

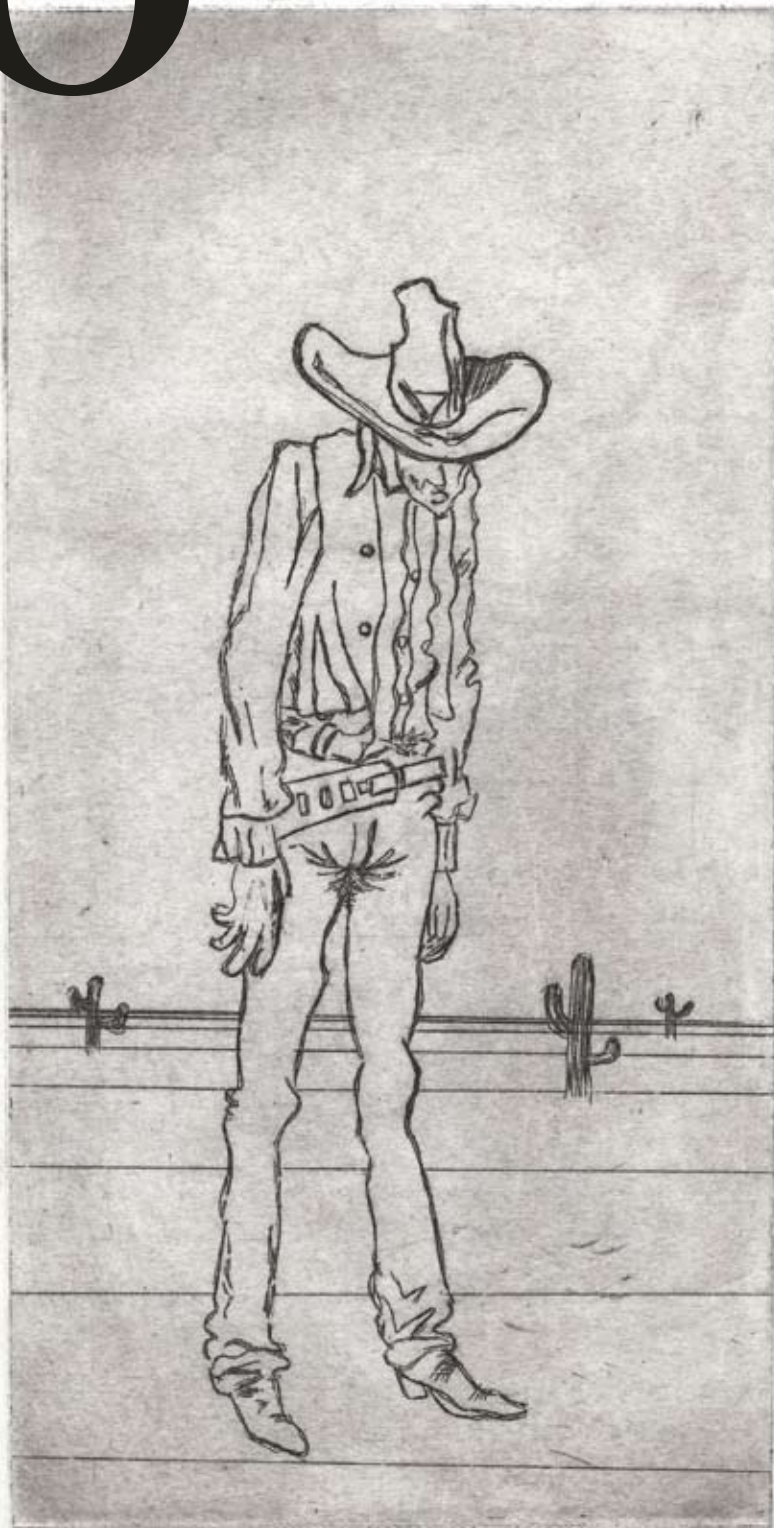
Africa, I believe, was made to be seen  
Not on its old streets  
Or hospitals with those  
Succumbing  
To despair and  
Disease

But rather  
Beneath fine white  
Mosquito nets  
In rooms lit by  
Thin flames  
From Egyptian candles  
The soft caress of a lover  
To hold till first light

And yet, I have neither  
A net nor another  
So I smoke harsh cigarettes  
Beneath a porch light  
Alone



# 26



## GOING OUT WEST ETCHING BY JARRED WAFER

JARRED WAFER misses the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. He looks forward to returning.

Editor  
Jackie Burke

Art & Design Director  
Amelia Hirschauer

Art Selection  
Jackie Burke  
Kelly Gronli  
Amelia Hirschauer

Writing Selection  
Graham Boechler  
Molly Conway  
Joe Gleason  
Katherine Khorey  
Em Lyons  
Amy Ma  
Kelly McGauley  
Alana Stelton  
Tacy Stephens  
Tanya Van Skyock

Graphic Design  
Amelia Hirschauer

Advisor  
Bob Franken '69

# NOVEMBER COLOPHON

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