



Original Artwork by Rachel Hewes

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The Manor College Zeppo Literary Magazine was created by Manor alumni Joe Pettine in 2005. The Zeppo was named after "Zeppo Marx", the youngest brother and often overlooked, underappreciated, member of the famous Marx Brothers comedy team. Joe chose to name this literary magazine after Zeppo Marx, because he felt that our authors, artists, and poets were just like Zeppo — overlooked and underappreciated.

He sought to give these artists a place to shine, and thus, the Zeppo was born.

This is fourth addition of the Zeppo.

I am extremely grateful to all the members of the Manor College community who have contributed to this year's edition, and I applaud you for your creativity, generosity and courage.

Please enjoy this Zeppo.



Patti McEnery
Zeppo Advisor

Herbert Manfred "Zeppo" Marx
February 25, 1901—November 30,

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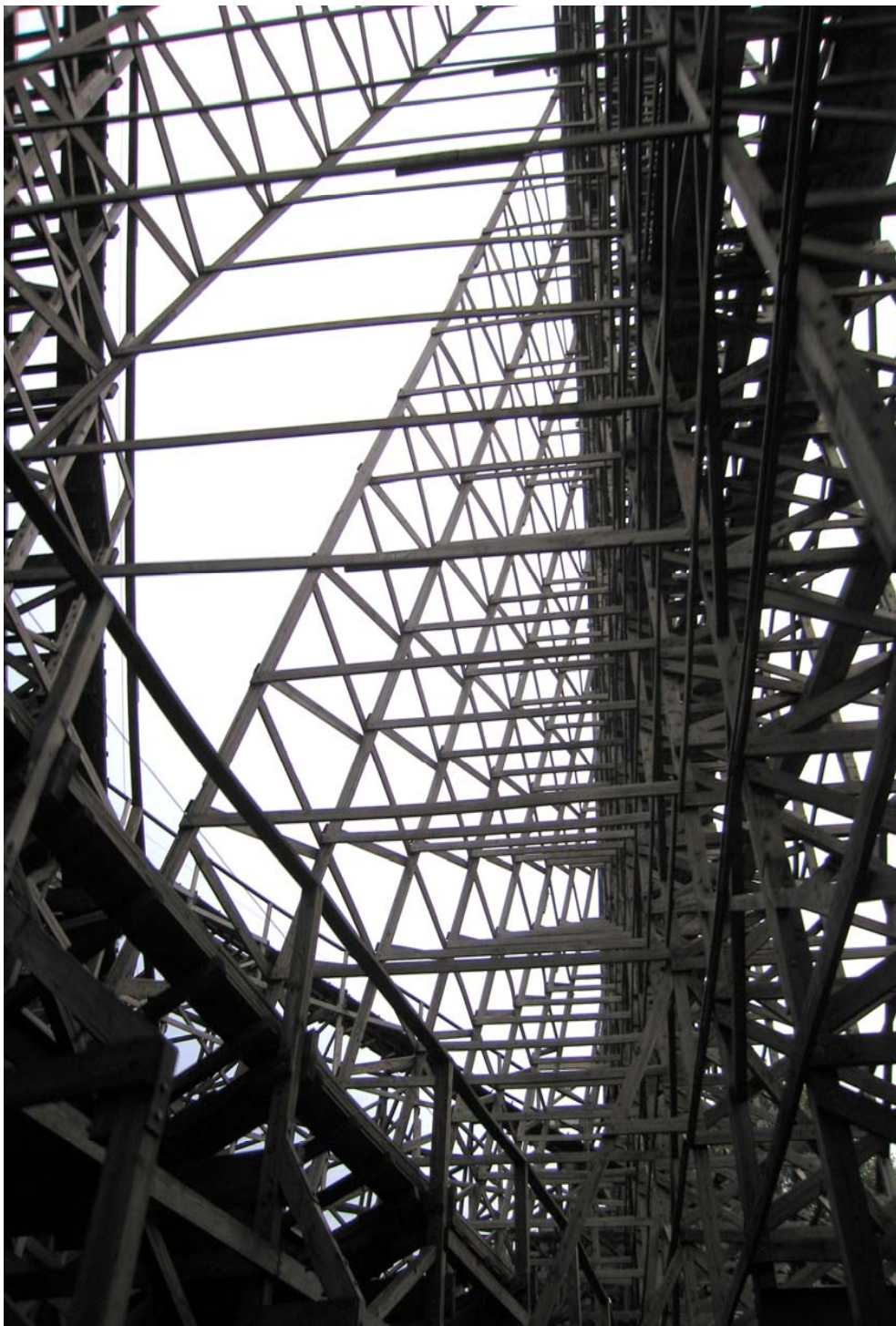
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*“Wooden Skeleton”
Photograph by Erika Goldman*

HIGHLY IRREGULAR TIMES

By George Tomezsko

The following story is based on historical events.

Richmond, late 1911. - An old man makes his way toward the lectern in a large auditorium downtown. This man, a veteran of the former Army of Northern Virginia, is here to attend a lecture with a gathering of his fellow vets. He moves slowly but with a determination that shows in his eyes.

“There’s life in these old legs yet,” he says to no one in particular.

He spies a likely looking seat and sits down, waiting, like the rest of them, for the evening’s events to begin.

The gathering was called to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Confederacy.

Seated now, the man tries to pay attention, but the speaker is uninspiring, and his mind begins to wander, back to the summer of 1861. July to be exact.

The lecturer drones on. The old man is oblivious, lost in his reveries. His drift of mind takes him back to Richmond and the evening of July 22, 1861, the day after the glorious Southern victory at Manassas.

The first ambulance trains entered the city at twilight in a pelting rain. The men on stretchers were carried from the railcars, maimed and pallid. The more seriously wounded stared at nothing and gripped the side bars of their stretchers to keep from crying out, or maybe they were bracing themselves should any jostling by the attendants cause them further pain. Those less severely hurt scanned the crowd, hoping to see friends and relatives. And the people stood and watched, while lanterns flickered in the wet dusk and there was little sound but the ambulance wheels passing over the cobblestones, the dripping of the rain, and here and there an exclamation from someone in the crowd who saw a familiar face passing by in one of those wagons. The old man sees himself as he stood in that crowd, so much younger then.

“There goes Johnny,” he says out loud, as a memory fifty years old flickers and plays across his mind. “I remember now.”

In his mind he watches the ambulance wagon with his friend inside go past, the clop-clop-clop of hooves making a melancholy tune with the sound of the wheels scuffing on the cobblestones and the rain drumming upon its roof. The growing darkness adds a funereal note to the entire scene. Even the horses seem wreathed in black. He shivers, and not just from the dampness. He tries hard to recall just where the ambulance

was taking his friend and what might have happened to Johnny when it got there. But memory fails him this time. He lets out a very audible sigh. Those sitting around him stare. The old man becomes confused for an instant.

“Am I here or there,” he says.

Those sitting around him stare again; their gaze is harder now. He can guess their thoughts. They want him gone. He quiets down, but his mind wanders yet again, back to that July. His mind fixes on a date, the seventeenth. He is a young cadet, all of twenty-three, a proud member of the Second South Carolina, a regiment defending a place called Fairfax Court House in Virginia on that day. The tension and excitement among the troops is as palpable as that day’s humidity.

The commander of the Second South Carolina that day was Col. Joseph B. Kershaw and he had been ordered to retreat. Yankees were coming. A lot of them. The old man remembered looking out over that oncoming human tide. He wrote home afterward that “the glistening of the bayonets as they approached appeared like a sea of silver.”

Kershaw decides upon a ruse to delay the advancing Yankees. He orders his second in command to take two or three companies of men and string them out along some nearby entrenchments as though they were more numerous. Our brave young soldier is among them. All of them, about one hundred and fifty, have been asked to stall as many as ten thousand of the enemy.

“Men,” said the officer in charge of them, “you must do your duty.”

Made young by the power of memory, our old soldier hears those words once again, sees himself standing in the entrenchment and remembers the pride and excitement he felt in that moment. Then comes a shock as if of electricity. The officer speaks again, the words striking like bullets.

“We will be cut to pieces in five minutes.”

“I couldn’t move my legs,” says the old man to himself. He recalls how fear over-spread him like a blanket.

He and the others watched an entire Union division move ever closer. But then came a welcome order from Kershaw. The men were to pull back as quickly as they could. A visible wave of relief sweeps over all of them, and gives life and strength to their limbs. They hurry away. They would not fight on that day.

“Thank God,” says the old man, very softly, released from the grip of memory.

The lecture goes on and once more the ghosts of the past appear to him.

It is the Twenty-first of July, 1861. The men of the Second South Carolina are standing side by side, forming a line drawn up just west of the Sudley Road near Manassas, not far from a farmhouse owned by one, Benjamin Chinn. Yankees on a ridge in front of them begin firing. Our soldier reels from a shot that strikes low, near the hip.

He is unhurt.

He sobs and shudders, then laughs out loud, so profound and total is his relief. He vows to fight no more. True to his word, he throws his gun down and hurries away from the battlefield. That night he conceals himself in a boxcar on a train heading for Richmond. He arrives at daybreak the next morning. It is raining heavily. A cold front has swept in, as if heaven itself has decreed the debris of battle must be washed away and forgotten. Our young soldier, being young, knows nothing of the workings of heaven, of course. As he trudges toward home he merely wishes to get dry and find some food.

Memory gives out.

The old man very nearly laughs out loud again, as scenes from decades ago lay hold upon him powerfully. But he restrains himself. These last images he dares not give even mental voice to, thinking those sitting around him would, should they know, mark him out a coward. No, these memories are best not told. He will roll them up and store them away in a deep recess of his mind, and carry them into eternity as if they lay tucked away in a traveling bag. A calm serenity washes over the old man, a sort of confirmation of the correctness of the decision he made half a century ago.

The lecturer stops at last and asks for questions. There are a few. When answered, the audience files out and our old Johnny Reb makes his way to the door.

“Yessir, those were highly irregular times,” he says to no one in particular. No one pays him any mind.

“Highly irregular,” he says again.

He steps out the door and is gone, disappeared into the darkness outside.

Historical Note: Although this story and the main character are fiction, the men of the Second South Carolina did fight at Manassas in that fateful July of 1861, and a member of the unit was in fact struck by a bullet in the manner described. Because documents in the nineteenth century were poorly kept and many have not survived, only partial records remain concerning the regiment. However, it appears that a total of about 1,475 men served in the unit during the entire war. Of these, 213 were killed or mortally wounded in action; 209 others died from disease or accident, and 400 more were wounded, many more than once.



Artwork by Rachel Hewes



“Architecture”
Photograph by Erika Goldman

The Girl

by Harry Worrell

Henry was just an American-teenage, High School student. He got mostly A's in his courses. He was very shy, and often kept to himself. He would read any book his eyes came upon. He was handsome and many would say that he was destined to go to Princeton, or some other Ivy-League school after he was finished. And, like any other American teenage-male, he had a crush on the girl who sat in front of him in English class.

Her name was Jenny. She had long golden hair and was simply lovely in every way possible. Henry was dumbfounded about her attractive nature. He often thought, "*How could such a human look so perfect?*" She would answer every question with ease. She could also play sports, including tennis and soccer. Henry would often watch her practice and he would dream about her, and the way her hair would sway in the breeze. He knew it. It was love.

He was crazy about her, period. He knew he had to make a move, but he was scared, and waited, and waited. He was just so scared, but he had to know. Prom was the week after, and she didn't have a date.

It was all planned out in his head. At the end of English class, he would ask her. He would finally let her know how he felt about her. The day grew shorter and shorter. Henry got so nervous- - he couldn't do it. *But what if he could do it?* Yes, he'll do it.

The bell had rung for the start of English class. He planed it all out in his head, going over every part, making sure it was all correct. It was five minutes till the end of class . . . three minutes. . . one minute to go. His hands got sweaty. His heart was beating faster and faster. He was losing his thoughts now. The bell rung.

She was standing in the doorway, talking to the teacher. He was somewhat ready. He waited until she was done talking then he went for it. His legs were shaking. He opened his mouth and said, "*Jenny, would you go to the prom with me?*" He was nervous but he had done it.

Jenny answered, "Yes." It was a simply answer, but now he knew. Henry was thrilled to have a date with her.

This was a huge victory for Henry, but he wasn't done yet. He had to ask if she liked him the way he liked her. On the way to prom, he was riding in the back seat of the car with her. It was great moment for him. He would spend the rest of the night with her. To him, it was heaven.

The time flew by. It was soon midnight. He decided he would ask her now. Sitting next to her, he confessed his feelings for her. He said, *"Jenny, we've been in every class since freshman year. You always sat in front of me. Now, I want to ask you something, and please be honest. Jenny..... Do you think we can be more than friends?"*

She didn't know exactly what do say, but she was honest. *"Henry, I've known you for a while. I think you are a very nice guy, but I do not feel the way you do."* Then, she leaned over and gave Henry a kiss on the cheek and left. He now knew. It was not what he was looking for, but now he knew.

"Breeze"

*Original
Artwork by
Rachel Hewes*



*Mr. Allen King's Cheesiest Pick-Up Lines
(Guaranteed to Make a Girl Giggle)*

1. "Hey Sexy! Can I buy you a Pepsi?"
2. "I might be broke, but I can still buy you a Coke."
3. "Dinner on me. Dessert . . . That's you." (wink, wink)
4. Girl: "I have a boyfriend."
Guy: "I have a fish."
Girl: "Huh?"
Guy: "I thought we were talking about things that didn't matter."
5. Girl: "You're crazy!"
Guy: "Crazy about you, baby!"
6. "You're so fine can I make you mine?"
7. "My life's a puzzle and you're the missing piece."
8. "If you're single, then I'm tryin' to mingle."
9. "2 + 2 is like me plus you. It just adds up."
10. "Call me paper, I'll call you glue. Say whatever you want, but I'm stuck on you."
11. "Do yourself a favor and try a new flavor."



*Artwork by
Rachel Hewes*

The Call to Respond to the Signs of the Times

by Mary Darden

National Public Radio's *Talk of the Nation* broadcast on August 1, 2009, reported on the Vatican's Apostolic Visitation to uncloistered orders of American sisters. According to *New York Times* reporter Laurie Goodstein, who was interviewed on the program, this is a broad investigation, the reasons for which have not been announced by the Vatican. It is inferred that there is a question of whether the congregations being investigated are promulgating and living in accordance with Church doctrine, and whether the sisters in these congregations have become too immersed in the secular world and its ideas. According to Goodstein, some U.S. bishops and some cardinals in the Vatican are the force behind this Apostolic Visitation and may be responding to talks given at conventions of the National Council of Women Religious that have addressed new forms of spirituality and new roles of leadership for women in the Church. This group is receiving its own Apostolic Visitation. Apostolic Visitations are usually reserved for investigations of serious problems and scandals, such as child sexual abuse by priests.

Kenneth Briggs, former religion editor of the *New York Times*, was also interviewed. He said that Vatican II had produced a specific document for all religious, both men and women, giving them permission to reform themselves and to fulfill their mission in the world in a modern way. They were "*to listen to and respond to the signs of the times*" (e-mail response from Sr. Imelda in San Francisco). How they were to do this was left up to them. Many orders had already wanted to make changes that would enable them to engage more authentically with the world. The change process is never easy, but many congregations transformed themselves.

According to Briggs, the issue is a battle of authority and obedience to the hierarchy. For those who find obedience to authority to be a central value, the concept most laden with dread is feminism, which to them causes sisters to be too free and too conformed to society. ("*What is a feminist, Mother dear? / Well, my darling daughter/ a feminist is a woman who does / what a man don't think she oughter.*")

The mission of sisters is not to be an unpaid labor force, confined to the Church alone to be used as those in the hierarchy see fit. Sr. Mary Pelligrino, SSJ, also interviewed, goes to the heart of the matter. Sisters are "*rooted in a relationship with God, giving ourselves to the works of our Congregation.*" Sisters are "*sent into the world both to find and to follow Christ there.*" They answer "*the call of Christ to alleviate the suffering of those who have no voice... Christ calls to us from the world.*"

Perhaps the recollection of some old advice is relevant here. When Peter and the other disciples were in the world, bringing the name of Jesus to anyone who wanted to listen, the religious authorities of the day had them arrested and sat in judgment on them. One of these authorities, Gamaliel, a Pharisee, advised his fellow authorities to “...*refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.*” (Acts 5:38-39).

Works Cited

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The Bible. Nashville: Gideons International. Authorized King James Version. Acts5: 38-39



“I Hope”

Photograph by Erika Goldman

Pieces of a Puzzle

by Harry Worrell

Pieces of a puzzle.
Every single piece means something.
To you, it's just a puzzle.
To me, it is different

That piece
is the Seventh Wonder of the World.

This one is
a house down the block.

That tree is
the jungles of South America.

That sidewalk is
some futuristic city
in the Milky Way.

That lake
is just a lake to you.

But to me,
the mighty ships of Rome
sail upon its waves in the past.

That bench made of wood
is a soft couch in the middle
of a living room.

These are just some pieces
of any given puzzle;
To me, however, it is
the world and
how I see it.



Unhappy Fairytale
by Rachel Hewes

*Alone in a dream
A girl walked through the steam
Along the broken road
There lay a frantic toad
Upon the lips, she kiss
which then he calls her "miss,"
I am not the magic prince.
In response, she did wince
For she kissed the frantic toad
On the broken road
In the dreary steam
In a lone dream
But did this toad speak?
And soon lay a kiss upon her cheek?
She'd not know what to say
She'd decide to run away
And soon she did wake
For the good of her own sake*



*Photo
By
Erika
Goldman*

BUILDING BLOCKS

- a play for the mind and without words -

George Tomezsko
1969

Characters: Three men, dressed in shabby clothes

As the curtain rises we can see a brick wall with a door at center stage. This forms the backdrop. The single word "VITA" is written on the wall in large letters, about seven feet above the stage. The stage itself is completely empty, and is comfortably lighted.

The door opens slowly outward. A man pokes his head out, peers about, and decides to come onstage. He closes the door, and goes out to the center of the stage.

He stops there, sits, and contemplates.

He gets up after a brief interval, and begins to skip about the stage as if in a ballet.

He moves to far right (as seen from our vantage point), turns, and begins skipping in the opposite direction.

A wagon, such as a child might play with, is pushed from the right wing, carrying a cardboard box. It follows the man, and at center stage it overtakes and strikes him, knocking him off balance, and stops moving. He falls flat nearby.

He lays stunned a moment, then he gets up on his hands and knees, and looks at the audience. He stands up, looks around, and sees the wagon. He goes over and gives it a small kick, jarring it a little. He turns to go, but then stops, turns around, and shoves the wagon hard to stage left. It rolls up near the wall, and stops near the exit.

He watches it go until it comes to rest, and then, satisfied, he sits down at center and contemplates.

A bright light shines down on him from above.

He looks over at the wagon, looks away, then resumes contemplating.

The light disappears.

He looks over at the wagon again, gets up, and approaches it cautiously. He examines the box, then opens it. He reaches in and takes out two identical wooden blocks, or cubes, about two inches on an edge. He studies them, then puts them back in the box, and turns to go.

He takes a few steps toward center, hesitates, then turns back toward the wagon. He goes over to it, reaches into the box, and takes out five or six blocks. He carries them over to center, and stacks them up, one atop the other.

As he puts the last block in place, the stack collapses. Undaunted, he stacks them up again. The column stands momentarily, then collapses. He looks at the blocks, and contemplates.

He gets up, goes over to the wagon and gets several more blocks out of the box. He comes back to where the others lie, and begins building a double stack by placing two blocks side by side, but leaving a small space between them. After several layers are completed, he takes a single block to place astraddle the space between the two columns. He puts it in place carefully, and leans back in an attitude of admiration bordering on reverence.

The structure promptly collapses.

He stares at the fallen blocks a few moments, goes to rebuild the structure, but stops, turns away, and contemplates. He sits with his face buried in his knees.

The light shines down upon him, but he does not move. After a few seconds, the light disappears.

The door opens slowly. A man pokes his head out, and peers about. He sees the first man, and decides to come onstage. He closes the door, and goes out to the other. He is older than the first man, and wears a top hat in addition to his outfit.

He looks at the first man with curiosity, then sits beside him, imitating his pose.

The first man does not move.

Both sit still for several seconds, then the second man gets up, goes right, but stops about midway between far right and center. He removes his hat, puts it down before him upside down, and goes to a point beyond the other man, and stands facing his hat. He reaches into a pocket, takes out several brightly-colored plastic rings, of the type used at ring-toss games at fairs, and he begins tossing them one by one at the hat over the head of the other man, who remains motionless.

After the last ring lands, the second man begins walking nonchalantly around the stage, comes to the wall, pauses, stares at it, then resumes walking, still nonchalant.

He walks over to the first man and sits beside him, once more imitating his pose.

Several seconds pass. The first man then reaches into his pocket and brings out a piece of wood and a knife. He begins to whittle. The other man does not move.

The first man stops whittling, puts down the knife and the wood, looks around in wonderment, and gets up. The other man gets up with him.

They go over to the door. One of them tries the knob, but the door remains closed. He tries the knob harder, but with no result. Each tries it several more times, then both begin pounding on the door, which remains closed.

Obviously dejected, they slump to the ground. They sit with their heads bowed, leaning against the door.

Long pause.

The second man reaches into his pocket, takes out a magazine, and begins reading it.

The first man looks up, sees the knife and the piece of wood he left onstage earlier, gets up, goes over to them, sits, picks them up and begins whittling again.

Several seconds later, a wheeled platform carrying a large box is pushed from the left wing. It strikes the first man, knocking him over, and stops moving. He lies sprawled onstage nearby, stunned.

The second man looks up, sees what has happened, tosses the magazine away (it lands near the wagon), gets up, goes over to the other man, and helps him to his feet. Both look at the box on the platform wonderingly.

They approach it, then the second man opens the box, reaches in, and takes out a large white block, or cube, larger than the wooden blocks. They examine it slowly, then the second man picks up the box and turns it over, dumping its contents onstage -- about forty of these large blocks.

The first man bends down to examine the blocks, leaving the other holding the empty box. He looks at the box, then looks to stage right. He throws the box toward the right exit and watches it move through the air. It lands short of the exit, near the wall. The first man, upon hearing the box land, stops examining the blocks and stands straight. The second man grabs the platform and pushes it toward the box. Both watch it go. It comes to rest near the box.

Both then turn away. The first man picks up the knife and the piece of wood and puts them in his pocket. The second man watches him complete this small action.

They approach the white blocks. While the first man sits nearby and watches, the second man begins building a pyramid with these blocks, leaving spaces between the blocks forming the bottom layer to produce a wide base.

Almost completed, the structure collapses.

The two men stare at the pile of blocks, contemplating.

The second man starts to rebuild the structure, but stops, his gaze arrested by the pile of wooden blocks. He then looks at the pile before him, turns away, gets up, and walks slowly right. The first man watches him, but does not get up or change position. The other pauses before the Latin inscription, stares at it momentarily, then turns back toward the other man, and stands watching him. They look at each other for several seconds, then the first man turns away and bows his head. The other man stands where he is, and bows his head.

Long pause.

A large can labeled GLUE is lowered from above at far left. It hangs about two feet off the ground.

The men do not move.

The can is dropped the rest of the way.

The men, startled by the noise, look at it, then both approach it.

They kneel before it. One of them picks it up, and removes the lid.

The can is empty.

Both men stare at it for a little while, then the man holding the can puts it down, and both remain kneeling there with heads bowed.

Long pause.

They get up and go over to the door. One of them tries the knob, but the door remains closed. He tries the knob harder, but with no result. Each tries it several more times, then both begin pounding on the door, which remains closed.

They finally give up, turn slowly away from the door, walk to center-front, sit side by side, and ponder their fate.

Long pause.

The door opens suddenly. A man looks out, and steps onstage quickly. He closes the door firmly, but does not slam it. The others do not move. He is older than the other two, much older than the second man, and very much older than the first man. He has white hair and a long white beard. He carries a cane. He sees the others, walks over to them, and stands beside them. They do not move.

He taps one of them with the cane. This so startles the one tapped that he falls against the other man, jostling him out of his inactivity. They both look up at the older man, then stand up.

He gestures with his cane, and all come to attention facing front. He marches in front of the others heading toward the left exit. The others stand where they are, but watch him go.

He takes several steps past them, stops, turns around, and motions for them to follow him. They respond eagerly. He waits until they are almost upon him, then begins marching again. They march behind in single file.

He stops suddenly, just short of the left exit. The man following closely just behind, collides with him. The man bringing up the rear of this impromptu line collides with the other two. Discombobulated, they all fall to the stage floor.

Long pause.

They all get up on their feet. The third man goes and leans against the wall about midway between the left exit and the door. He is without his cane. The first man stands at center with his head bowed. The second man goes over to his hat and sits beside it, dejected.

Short pause.

Light shines down from above, illuminating the blocks and the first man. He glances upward, then begins gathering all of the blocks into a pile. The second man sees him working, gets up, and goes over to him. Both begin playing with the blocks, arranging and rearranging them in a haphazard fashion, as if unable to decide what to do with them. While they do this the third man watches them from his position, with an amused look upon his face.

The light shining down from above fades away. The two men stop playing with the blocks, turn away, get up, and approach the door. About to try it, they stop and turn away.

They return to center-front, sit, and once more ponder their fate.

The third man stands motionless, still watching the others with an amused look on his face.

Short pause.

The first man reaches into his pocket, brings out the piece of wood and the knife, and begins to whittle.

The second man gets up, picks up some of the colored rings he used earlier and his hat, places the hat near the right exit, stands a few feet away, and begins tossing the rings one by one at the hat. As he straightens up after each throw, his head almost seems to touch the word written on the wall, as if he is pointing to it with his head.

The third man sees the magazine, goes over and picks it up, studies it, then sits down leaning against the wall, and begins to read.

The only sounds are those made by a page turning, a knife scraping against wood, and a plastic ring hitting the stage floor.

We are allowed to gaze at this scene for one full minute.

- the curtain falls -



“Spiral Wine Tower”
Photograph by Erika Goldman



Photograph by Meghan Deissler

“Walking Home”
Photograph by Erika Goldman

