The
Thirty-Sixth Annual
Jo-Anne Hirshfield Memorial Poetry Awards

Evanston Public Library Community Meeting Room
Sunday, May 4, 2014, 2:00pm
In loving memory of

Dr. Hyman Hirshfield
1921-2010
The prizes in poetry are awarded in memory of:

Mitchell Frank
John Gillett
Betty Paden

The Middle School Awards are endowed by:

*Sara and Robert C. Busch*
Welcome
Karen Danczak Lyons, Library Director

Introductory Remarks
Lesley Williams, Head of Adult Services

Remarks by 2014 Poetry Judge
Kevin Stein

Presentation of 2014 Awards and Readings of the Winning Poetry

Elementary School Students
Middle School Students
High School Students
Unpublished Adults

Poetry Reading
Kevin Stein

Refreshments Immediately Following the Program
Meet the Award Winners

Past Judges

1979 - Eloise Fink
    Lisel Mueller
1980 - Mark Perlberg
1981 - Mark Perlberg
1982 - Daryl Hine
1983 - Eleanor Gordon
1984 - Mark Perlberg
1985 - Dennis Brutus
1986 - Lisel Mueller
1987 - John Dickson
1988 - Eloise Fink
1989 - Gertrude Rubin
1990 - Reginald Gibbons
1991 - Angela Jackson
1992 - Richard W. Calish
1993 - Beatriz Badikian
1994 - Maxine Chernoff
1995 - Martha Modena Vertreace
1996 - Effie Mihopoulos
1997 - Mark Turcotte
1998 - Mark Turcotte
1999 - Allison Joseph
2000 - Sterling Plumpp
2001 - Richard Jones
2002 - Susan Hahn
2003 - Julie Parson-Nesbitt
2004 - Dr. Haki R. Madhubuti
2005 - Paulette Roeske
2006 - Jared Smith
2007 - Averill Curdy
2008 - Janice N. Harrington
2009 - Janet S. Wong
2010 - Bobbi Katz
2011 - Janet S. Wong
2012 - Laura Purdie Salas
2013 - Bruce Guernsey
Head Out the Window

My head is out the window as we drive,
Drying out my tongue
And blasting my face with cool fresh air.
My head is out the window as we drive,
Wind in my hair,
All my problems blown away
And I just don’t care.
Second Place: Regan Christensen
Oakton Elementary School, Grade 5

Chicago

Chicago, Chicago, Chicago
How I loved Chicago!
I moved away from Chicago to Deerfield, IL
How I loved the big city,
The tall skyscrapers!
Chicago is all I can think about
Chicago, Chicago, Chicago
Yet here I am in Deerfield (bah, humbug)
Taking a dumb test called the ISATs
It is the history kind
I do not really care for history
Teacher says “You may start your test”
I look at the questions
I don’t know them.
Chicago, Chicago, Chicago
Is all I can think about
I skip to the end
But wait!
I know the last answer!
It is
Chicago, Chicago, Chicago!
The question is:
“What is the capitol of Illinois?”
I know this one!
It is Chicago!
Chicago! Chicago! Chicago!
After I guess all the answers
(except the last one)
And hand my test in
I realize something
Chicago is not the capitol of Illinois
Springfield is.
Elementary School Students

Third Place: Charlotte Lee McMaster
Walker Elementary School, Grade 2

Finger Science

In the middle of the night
I made science with my fingers
on soft blankets.
At first you think it’s going to hurt you,
then your mom tells you that it’s not.
It was the best science experiment I’ve ever done in my whole entire life.
It lit up the air when it was dark in my bedroom
and it went far out to my fake stars.
Honorable Mention: Rachel Gelhausen
King Arts Elementary School, Grade 5

From a Cat’s Eyes

Birdy, birdy, why do you run?
Just lay in the grass
under the sun.
Birdy, birdy, no need to flee.
When we’re finished resting
come to dinner with me.
Middle School Students

First Place: Miriam Berne
Nichols Middle School, Grade 8

Drugs In Reality

If I could
I would take your smile
And infuse it directly into my veins

My parents always warned me
About drugs in plastic bags
Sold on the street

But never the ones
With eyes,
And a heartbeat.
Spit

When we spit…
We take the tape off of our mouths and
regurgitate pretty deep sh*t
You can spit lines of poetry or beats of rap
Or you can let your spit hang loose like a surfboarder
when you’re taking a nap
We practice a religion
Some write theirs in pen
others write using the feather of a pigeon
Your spit can cover the sunflower seed soaked in slimy spit that
plunges into the dirt
Spitting causes controversy and disgust when
you are trying to flirt
You can spit nice and smoothly when reciting a piece
But spitting isn’t a lesson you should have with your niece
Kanye and Eminem spit so unique
the sound is a literary analysis
You hear the chorus and your like
“hey that’s my thesis”
on the naughty or nice list
You test your spit on drastic heights
Twirling and falling,
like a ballerina in pink tights
But the spit gets mixed with the rain in the dark and stormy night

Even if you can spit
just a little bit
it is a good first aid kit,
at least better than a guacamole pit
that will sit in your stomach
forever
Middle School Students

Third Place: Teddy Lambert
Haven Middle School, Grade 8

What It’s Like to be Jewish

Now it may seem strange,

but I do not have a pot of gold in my basement.

Now it may seem strange,

but I do not grow horns when I get older
or,
have to pick up every penny on the street

Now it may seem strange,

but some of us have never had a piece of bacon,
or eat a cheeseburger,
and never will.

Now it may seem strange,

that we come from a country the size of New Jersey,
or make up less than 0.2% of the world’s population.

Now it may seem strange,

but I am not Hannukian or Hebrew,
I am

A Jew.
“Chennai”

Seven O Clock
Climb out of bed
Walk to the bathroom like a drunk man
Little bugs are crawling around the light orange tiles
A shower pump is on the wall, and a bright blue bucket below it
Your stomach growls
Now it’s breakfast time
A box of cornflakes sits on the table
A basket of tin cups and bowls is in the kitchen, on top of a smooth wood counter
Take out a box of milk from the refrigerator, where boxes of food are stacked like books on a library shelf
Pati and Thatha soon wake up
And begin to watch a soap opera
Sounds of
Birds Chirping
Motors Running
Men Shouting
Pregnant Women Crying on the TV Screen
Two O Clock
Lunch Time
Everyone is at the table
Tin plates and tin cups are set down
Buckets of Flavored Rice, Vegetables, Papadum
It makes mouths water
The spices of the Flavored Rice, the crispness of the vegetables, and the crunchiness of the papadum
Homemade one block away
In Auntie Anu’s House
By Auntie Anu
The Best Cook in the World
“Chennai” continued

Three O Clock
Out in the City
It’s hot and humid outside
Flying through the messy streets of the city
In an auto rickshaw
A nice breeze blows like a fan
Smokiness surrounds
Passing by temples, shops, other cars, motorcycles, train stations, beaches, forest preserves, private schools, construction workers, bazaars, street vendors
selling fresh fruits and vegetables, juice, snacks, books, magazines, pirated movies
Hold your nose as you pass by the smelly Adyar River
Sickly green in color

People are scampering about
In any one scene of this city, you can find a million people doing a million different things
This is a city at work
Seven O Clock
Nighttime
The sounds are quieting down
Pati and Thatha are still watching a soap opera
Auntie Anu is in the kitchen cooking masala dosai for dinner
And it doesn’t disappoint
Crisp and Thin, and with potatoes in the middle
After supper it’s bedtime

Eleven O Clock
Not a sound
Sleeping
But somewhere in the city, someone is hard at work
Because Chennai never sleeps
Dance

When I dance, I feel the music in my heart.
My world narrows and blurs,
My mind narrows and becomes wrought with light.
I can only see the fleeting, golden melody before me.

My only thought the music my earthbound limbs
Do what they were brought for.
I slip between the notes, as far away as Alice or Dorothy.

Then only through the looking glass can I comprehend reality.
The cacophony of the choreography aligns to a chime.
It fills my ears and roars in my veins.
Then the world again dulls, and I prepare for more.
Honorable Mention: Christie Lamothe
Haven Middle School, Grade 8

Where I'm From

I’m from Evanston
Not on the nice side of Evanston
Big houses
Safe to go out at night
Everybody says hi, to one another
Cross the McCormick bridge
I’m from that neighborhood
The neighborhood where people have gotten shot
Your mom working 16 hours a day
That girl in your class that got jumped
The corner store that gets stolen from everyday
Those gangs that everybody knows about
Long walks from school, cause you don’t live close
Those football games that people don’t go to for the game
Those KIDS that can get their hands on some drugs
Those same kids that can also get some alcohol
And let’s not forget those girls who think they’re pregnant
Or even those girls who try to get pregnant
Some people who just like to steal
Vicious dogs getting loose
And you have to hide behind that big tree across the street
Hoping Praying that he won’t find you
Where’s the owner? What’s he gonna do?
Nothing.
My neighborhood isn’t always so bad…
But don’t expect rainbows and sunshine
How do I say no?
How do we all say no?
Those friends you can call family
Those laughs you REAL laughs you share
Supportive families
School even helps too
Constantly being told what can happen
And what does happen
Being a part of what can happen
Seeing what happens
Cross that bridge….. you’re in a whole new world
The Yearbook

She pulls out her red marker for everyone to see
Her friends start to giggle and hand her the book
She flips to a page and places it on her knee
She opens her red marker and yells, “Ew, look!”

They drew beards on a girl they thought looked like a man
The girl was athletic and strong
But they didn’t know that her family couldn’t afford their land
So they flipped the page and moved on

They crossed out the face of a girl they thought was fat
The girl was funny and grand
But they didn’t know that she had been thrown out on the street, like a cat
So they flipped the page with their hand
The Yearbook continued

They traced a knife into the head of a girl they thought had an ugly face
The girl was helpful and kind
But they didn’t know that her brother killed himself because people called him a nutcase
So they flipped the page, being careless that her mother was also half blind

They scribbled buckteeth and a unibrow on the face of a girl who cuts her arms
The girl was creative and smart
But they didn’t know that she got abused at home because her parents thought she was just a big klutz
So they flipped the page and found their crush and started drawing hearts

The girls with the book thought they did something funny and no one would even care
But when they got pushed down the stairs
And whispers and glares
No one was there to help
The Passing of Time

As life runs in its old, accustomed grooves,
Year after year, seasons walk by my door

Violet-sprinkled valleys of spring,
Soft, new-mooned skies of April,
Blossom-script of summer,
Deep seas calling to the wind,
Woven moonbeams filling carpeted meadows,
Minstrel-firs of autumn,
Lonely, vivid leaves falling in October dusks,
Pale fires of the Milky Way on bitter winter nights,
The gnomish beauty of dark silhouettes against a moonrise

Immortal, indestructible beauty in life,

Past the stain and blur of fleeting mortal passion
the light that isn’t orange

never trust the stupid boy
who climbs onto elementary school roofs with you
who slips on frosted tar with you
who slides his hand along into
yours
when you take borrowed gloves off
this boy will stare at stars with you
and create the illusion that just for a second
the suburbs are ok
tomorrow won’t come
today isn’t just another day
because today i pushed the boy’s best friend on the swings
and shared fries with him
and today we walked to keep warm and to keep going
and i think that’s why i live.
i’d hate to say i lived for the time when
the stupid boy pushed back my hair with his stupid frozen fingertips
and held me close in eternally warm arms in the light that most definitely not
is not ever
could never even be considered to be
there is no way in hell that it was
you would have to be blind to think that it was
in the light that
isn’t orange.
High School Students

Second Place: Belen Maciel
Buffalo Grove High School

Purple Pineapples

When I think of you,
I think of a leap of faith
from the top bunk;
ramen soup boiling over
in a kitchen flavored with cigarette smoke;
a turkey sticker deftly placed
on Mrs. A’s faded green turtleneck
and the din from our hysterics;
the vandalized clay statue and a pilched stapler;
an Eeyore hoodie, despondent and pale purple;
a high-score where mine had been;
despair in an already stuffy afternoon;
words that weren’t said
and those that were;
all the walks home,
the rubber on our shoes
whittling down slowly.
I Am the New Ginger

I Am the New Ginger
Look at her walking like she owns the school.
She doesn’t even care that not many people notice her.
She tries so hard to fit in.
Look at that hair.
“I’m the new ginger” it screams!
Why does she even like red?
Plus, she’s black!
Why try to be something you’re not?
Isn’t she supposed to be ghetto?
I mean, she’s BLACK.
She keeps saying, “I was brought up well.”
Is that why she tries to be white? Urgh. That hair color doesn’t even go with her skin tone.
“I’m the new ginger” it screams!
She’s an Oreo.
No wonder she like white people.

Hey, you there Stop!
Stop making assumptions about me.
I’m not a shirt you can just,
Pick-up
Critic
Then put back down.
I am confident like,
Sasha Fierce.
“T’m the new ginger”
I like red, and
Expressing myself though colors.
Well, sorry I’m not ghetto
Just because I speak better English than you?
I was brought up well.
Stereotypes…I hate them
Why can’t I have red hair?
Where is it written that I can’t?
“I am the new ginger.”
Yes, I like white people.
As in “people”, they’re people too.
Can’t I be friends with people?
I am not an Oreo,
And neither is anyone who chooses to have red hair.
I am confident.
I am a person.
I am the new ginger.
Honorable Mention: Stefani Lah
Buffalo Grove High School

Bardwell
This is the year of you.
The year that I melted into the pleather passenger seat in your mom's honda.
Facing fears of highways and incense burning in the cigar stained basement.
Empty houses, secret meetings and tin spiderman lunch box of protection.
Short intoxications, with your scruff sanding my neck, while the rain falls on us like a curtain cue. The hidden parking lot, like your quilt.
Fogged windows. Fogged judgement. Bright lights and sly lies. Honda being too hot or too cold or too small.
Trying to catch the air in my hand.
The drive, stinging lips, idiotic, unknown direction. Scratched ring unplugging from my right hand.
The first gun shot. Nights without you, being pricked with poison.
You playing knight. The last time I left your Honda, your eyes glassy, piercing blue.
Freshman baby face melting on the hike to the door.
High School Students

Honorable Mention: Lesya Bazylewicz
New Trier High School

“No Fags in Here”

Confined by my own fears, I stand alone
amongst the softest hoodies hanging in
the dark. My comfort’s struck by dad’s fist—thrown
into the blackness near. I see him grin,
“Ha ha!” He laughs, “No fags in here.” Then there’s me.
Each time I grab the knob I fear a smack—
my pulse is pounding. “Let me out!” I try to scream;
my words just hit the door and come right back.
I shrink into the corner; cannot speak
about my secret, only if I want
a “get the fuck away from me, you freak.”
My secret stays; his anger’s just a taunt.
The glints of light beneath the door allure…
“No fags in here,” he laughs; there is no cure.
Winter Break

It is one week’s cause for solitude
Walking dot-to-dot in tall black boots, dreaming you
Are a ghost in wide-spaced footprints on the ice
So thin that coyotes dare not cross. The bridge
Has sisters wrought in just the same meshed steel
With many mouths that open to the ice
So wide the house-dogs dare not cross, but I
Have hung a foot through when no cars were near
Have tapped the rail at sundown, after the train
Still dreaming I could taste the engine’s heart
I stooped, my brown dog sentry-like
Stood by my side, nose turned into the wind.
**North Winds on Steps at Northwestern**

I saw your lines and arcs, the perfect lawn in the rain,
the trimmed trellises by the concrete steps. First I thought and then said,
“If you let me I will stay, I will write literary criticism for you and wear
slimming shirts and perfect pants!”
“I’ll give up inappropriate cynicism, Wallace and waitressing. I’ll write innuendo without
ever using the word innuendo, and will sing about tropes from a bike while calling out
to you oh perfect administration!”
With all your saunas and clean hard wood,
with the libraries and their soft brittle shine, the books that smell like brass, and all
your long long lives ahead, with the Irish salesmen on Sundays:
I want you all.
Carmine trees and turtlenecks.
I want the institution that lives inside of you: your quietness, your discourse, even if
it isn’t really free. But, but,
You won’t hear me saying lines like that. No.
I will read Latin for you! I will get married and understand Lacan, but only just enough.
Nothing to intimidate or pull my hair out at. Ha! No.
Please,
strip away all the colors I am cloaked in, the banding art we run too, I want
the cleanliness your education provides. Grant me that life!
The quiet one.
Temper and indulge me,
Invest,
I'll go forward under your mediating horizon. I
want to be in your critical mass. I can
push open the church doors. And if you let me, I will pass. Clewell's passion
for not and for lack, well that will be mine too. I can be small with big shoes and hide my scabs.
I can make a deficit in my passion.
The whale of consciousness, of angst, will be gone.
We'll hike in the mornings together. And you'll see, my
love that is so big will be worth it in due time.
Deep Thirst

In what is perhaps the most bourgeois moment of my life I’m pulling into the parking lot of a suburban Whole Foods, my red sunglasses on, drinking from a bottle of Pellegrino, which I refer to not as seltzer or even sparkling water, but as Pellegrino. Oh Lord, how deeply have I fallen into the stereotype of the upper middle class, stay-at-home mom.

Who, among my relatives two generations removed, would even recognize me as they trudged wearily back home, coaldust in their hair, in every deep seam in their skin, their eyes contracting in the daylight? When they moved from the collieries of England to Ohio and West Virginia, did they have in mind offspring that might someday listen to endless hours of NPR while fretting about the wine selection with a weekend’s dinner? How galling for them, who managed vibrant backyard gardens in lots that hardly had backyards, to think of me, who can hardly manage to microwave correctly, who hasn’t eaten meat in twenty-three years.

I hate to admit how badly I fit into my own world, but all the same I’d do far worse in theirs, not knowing how to really get my hands dirty anymore. Even after
playing in the sandbox with my kids I pull a wipe out of my bag, which has in it as well as more Pellegrino, the wooden chopsticks I saved from the sushi lunch I treated myself to. I’ve got to be a walking sign of the apocalypse, the moral collapse of America, the whole nine yards. If so, I may as well polish off the last of the Pellegrino, whose Italian waters originate from a layer of rock one thousand, three hundred feet below the surface.
The Encounter

Sometimes, when the day’s frenzy
erects false shrines to necessity,
an inner scream crescendos
and all sensibility vanishes

taking with it what’s left
of the meditation classes,
time management guides
and lavender lotion.

It happens, this misalignment,
this conformity to chaos,
and like a bullet to the nerves
splinters me.

I take a walk along a road
grizzled with dry stalks
and ripe apples beginning
to drop from untended trees.

Near meadow’s edge a deer grazes
on fruit, stops and meets
my stare at the juncture when
the thread pulls taut between bone and dust.
Giraffes and other Animals Falling

With evening light still pink, we clutch each other’s waists and walk in unison. Neon dances off our smooth, tanned skin, diesel motors roar around us, screams fly out of cars suspended over a grassy field with cool dampness floating in from the dark.

You pull me, my arm stretched out like a rubber band because I don’t want to go any closer to the hawk-nosed man in a shooting booth who snake-eyes my ass when you look to me pleadingly and say I can win you a stunted giraffe or a silver-furred gorilla with vinyl palms and soles.

In your eyes, you see nothing but me, but I see inside the Neanderthal brain of the hawk-nosed man who wants to wrap up your boy pride in a plastic bag and hand it to me as a prize when you lose.
Honorable Mention: Victoria Raphael
Evanston

Putting Her Dignity On

Conceal, camouflage and cover up.
The mistress of artifice prepares to be seen
folding away her nighttime shame.

Her wake-up face becomes a canvas
re-emerging in the precise lines and colors,
which create non-existent features
and erase those she denies having.

It’s all about choices, lies and mathematics,
subtracting 10 years and 15 pounds,
adding heels, hose, and the right foundation garments
to tame low-hanging bosoms and a spreading butt.
Such a friend we have in Illusion.

What will she ever do if she finds a lover?
Fall is upon us, barely visible, felt. Sun at the Tropic of Cancer slopes, avalanches its rays into my eyes constricts my pupils no larger than the head of a pin as if I IV’d a quarter of a grain of morphine, snorted a load of Afghan poppies.

There are on the Midway short distance from Linnaeus the useless September ice rink site of the Gog Magog Ferris Wheel ingeniously erected on this drained marsh one hundred twenty years ago now a plaisance not far from Lorado Taft’s Father Time whose back is turned on us too concentrated on women, children, soldiers, weapons, horses, swords, axes stumbling oppressively forward, backwards in front of him, silently unaware by arthritic bones, joints are dancing in the slant of solar flairs as they hurdle towards the Equator, Capricorn. He is unimpressed with apogee, perigee of the sky or me listening, dancing to a ninety five year old son leaping from the vocals of Tammy McCann the beat of Jeff Lindberg’s Chicago Jazz. They take the squeaks out of the joints and increase the viscous grease of my oldness. I am no longer in my caves spooked with concrete, whacked with cement. They make me clap my hands with sharps, flats slide me smooth with women, children of many races, double bass my feet white they stomp on the drumbeat platform below the stage. Melodies leap, spring into locust leaves twist, turn around limestone, brick, corbels, mullions, buttresses towers of Rockefeller baptism urging carillons to erupt in jangling playful gargoyle dogma full of liberating theological doctrine ringing, clarifying turmoil.
Oh! Do syncopate me with a woman her red shawl, her scarlet skirt smashed with a chartreuse bloom riding her buttock, wiggling with each shake yet never letting go like bongo hugging cavalry on polo fields.

Bicycle over to the Wagner stage on Woodlawn, catch the Yestet three saxes snoring tones full of sequin squelch while trumpet pierces shadows, slice pick pocket fingers howls melodies it knows not where, double bass searches, grunts, sniffs, deranged guitar boomerangs from B flat to G minor clambers thirty flights of steps, soars roof tops hang glide rays coming down 60th from the Pacific settles on the brownish orange velvet arms of Vocalist Yvonne Gage whose heart is breaking on Thursday when she’s in her sorrows because we been creeping and can’t be true. Hold us in place you tripping, trinkling, legating piano like guitar. They all look professional or convict like with haircut trims or brush scalped except drummer Dana Hall whose tails caramelized corn balasted on other side with a beard.

Then as the autumn afternoon dissipates and we are rooted in place in row on row of folding chairs, we luxuriate, feast in the grinding panoply of piano, tympani, bass spearheaded by the scat of Dee Alexander’s wail, growl, gnaw, grunt, scream a mountain lioness wolf on campus with a voice traveling beyond twigs, branches, seasons, epics, rhythms, melodies joining Voyager beyond Neptune, Uranus into interstellar dust. She wants to go where she belongs where there is a strange enchanted boy who gives her the greatest gift of all: love which needs to be spread and to open up to love in return.
in the blank time

when days
arrive
as snow

without sky
sun
stars

after a child
dies

a white
tomb builds
piece by geometric

piece  mute as
ice you let it
climb your body

as it would
a fence

inside grief
you turn and turn

rump up  knees
tucked  thumb in your
mouth searching

for a place
on your tongue
not sore
Kevin Stein has published six full-length poetry collections, two poetry chapbooks, three scholarly books, two poetry anthologies, and numerous poems and essays published in journals as well as anthologies. His recent publications include the collection Wrestling Li Po for the Remote (Fifth Star Press, 2013) and Poetry’s Afterlife: Verse in the Digital Age (University of Michigan Press, 2010). His work has been recognized by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities as well as by the Frederick Bock Prize awarded by Poetry, the Fifth Wednesday Journal Editor’s Prize, and the Indiana Review Poetry Prize. In addition, his collections have garnered the Devins Award for Poetry and the Society of Midland Authors Poetry Award.

A former Bradley University Faculty Member of the year, Stein serves as Caterpillar Professor of English at the university. In December 2003, the Governor of Illinois named Stein the state’s fourth Poet Laureate.
Acknowledgments

Grateful acknowledgment is made to contributors of this year’s awards

Hope Arthur
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Bridget and Michael Rubin

Contributions

Contributions to the Jo-Anne Hirshfield Memorial Poetry Fund are welcomed, and will enable this program to continue.

Gifts may be forwarded to:
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In loving memory of

Jo-Anne Hirshfield
who found pleasure and delight in poetry

Her family has dedicated funds entrusted
to the Evanston Public Library
to award prizes for outstanding new poetry writing.

It is our hope that poets of all ages
will be inspired and encouraged,
and that the funds will serve
to reward excellence in poetry writing
as a memorial to Jo-Anne.

–Dr. and Mrs. Hyman Hirshfield
daughters, Laura, Leslie, and Deborah, and
grandson Justin Garrick

with special remembrance of

Brian Garrick