

### 3.

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*The soft flip-flap of sandals after Lights Out. Each of us in the big open-bay dorm known as “the Barn” trying to worm deeper into our blankets, praying for invisibility against the terrifying summons: “Father wants to see you.”*

*No name, but we all know whom.*

*The messenger’s face would be cloaked in shadow – Marcellus’ pet favorite, senior class monitor Marco St. Francis Wolfe, loincord shishing in the dorm’s night-darkness. Fumblingly you dress in the chill then stumble after him down fog-slickened steps, the dead study-hall and then along the cold tile corridor leading to the pair of ripple-glass doors. Through them to the cloister where no boy was ever supposed to be; blinking against the abrupt harshness of raw unshaded light at 2 a.m. in the morning, shocked by the stink of cigarettes and the gymnasium smell of half-naked male bodies, muttered conversations as you are led numbly past the friars’ breakroom, halting at Wolfe’s hoarsely-whispered injunction that fills you with such dread:*

*“He’s waiting for you in his room.”*

*And there he’d be.*

*In the cell-like quarters, single table-lamp throwing yellow light over a silent tableau. A bottle opened and a glass of amber liquid. Texts displaying renaissance male nudes from the afternoon’s Art History class in which he’d been explaining that “the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom,” that art is a tiger, that creativity can suffer no boundaries.*

*The artist himself seated before me in his white-strap undershirt and the brown robe pooled about his hips.*

*"Sit," he'd pat the bed beside himself. "Drink."*

*Sputteringly you would, the liquid burning all the way down.*

*"Medicine," he'd grin. Because besides Dean of Discipline he was also Chief Infirmarian.*

*And then it would begin.*

*Again. And again.*

*And again.*

*You'd scream. You'd pant, you'd cry, you'd even try to pretend that you'd died. Because what do you know? You're fourteen years old – maybe if he thinks you're dead, he'll stop.*

*But death doesn't deter such monsters.*

*Part of you moves out finally onto that deathless white plain devoid of feeling, emotion, or sensation, wondering glacially what the padres just outside the door are thinking. Don't they hear? Your screams? What do they think is going on in here?*

*Because men don't get raped, do they.*





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