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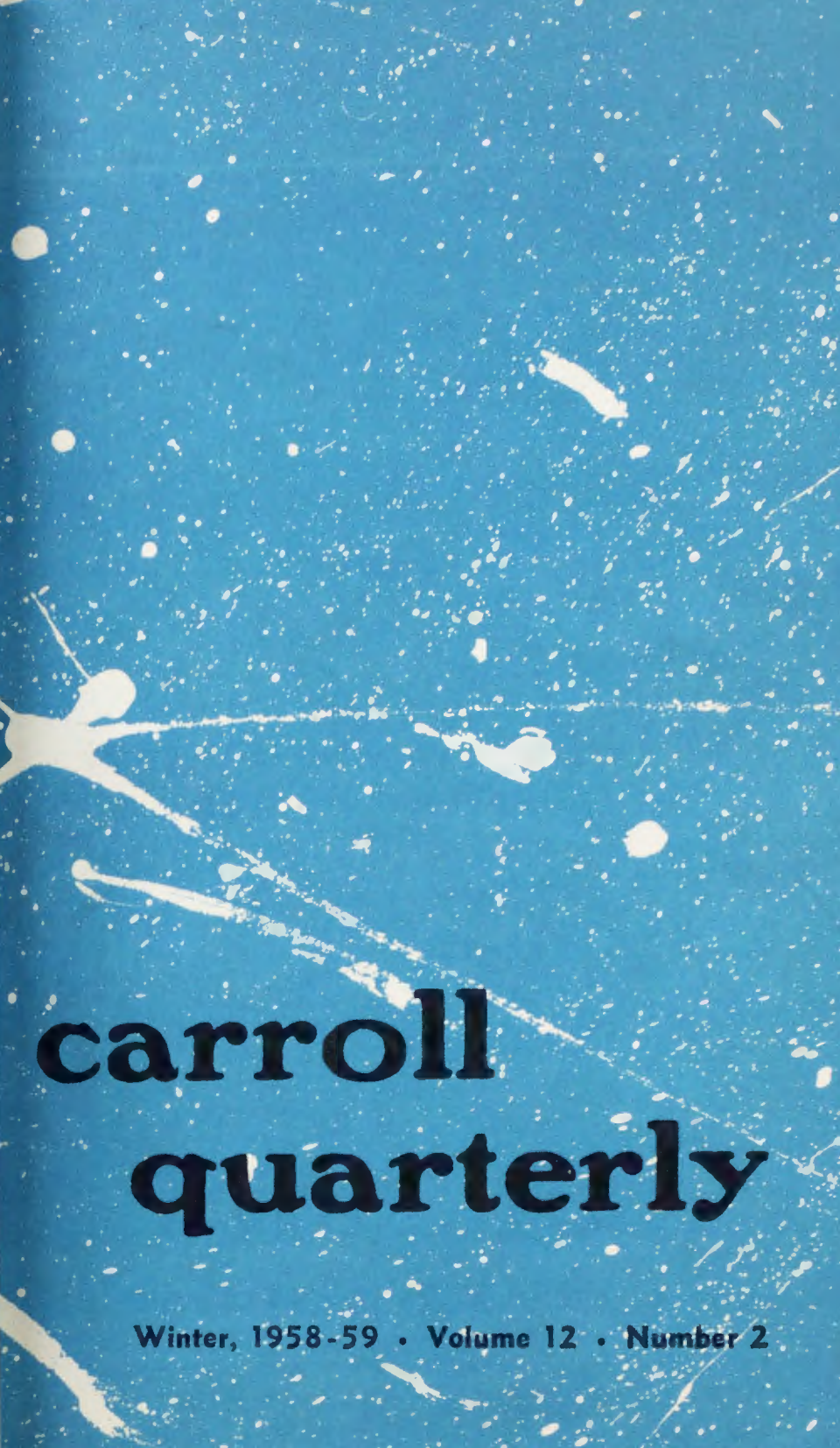

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UNIVERSITAS JOANNIS CARROLL
1886

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The Carroll Quarterly
The John Carroll University literary publication

Editorial and publication offices
John Carroll University, University Heights 18, Ohio

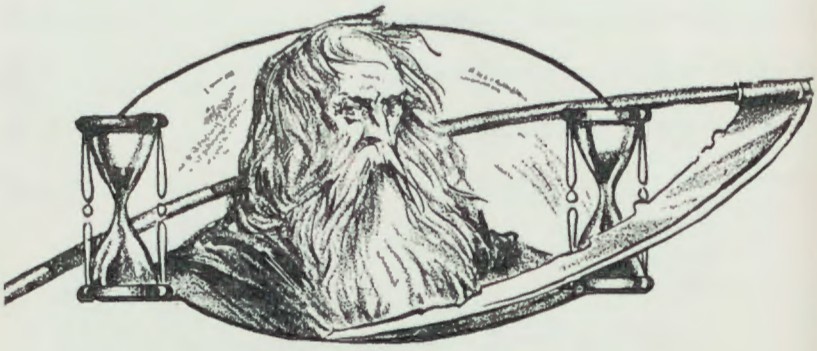
EDITOR'S NOTE

We of the *Quarterly* staff were gratified at the rate the last issue of the campus literary magazine disappeared from its stand in the lobby. There are no means of estimating how much of the initial enthusiasm was sustained in reading the *Quarterly*, but numerous comments were advanced which suggested that the wastebaskets went hungry for an appreciable length of time.

The tenor of the last *Quarterly*, in part, corresponded to the "beat" fad and we can only conjecture that most agreement — and disagreement — centered on this phenomenon. Nonetheless the present *Quarterly*, again in part, is experimental. Incidentally, we noticed an upswing in contributions after our first issue reinstated our policy concretely. We feel that creative talent should be aired, though it is often subject to unfavorable criticism. There is no short cut to literary excellence, and the period of trial must come now.

The *Quarterly* staff wishes you a successful year, and reminds you that the *Carroll Quarterly* is *your* magazine — use it.

D. L.



Eric Gill: A Sketch

by Ralph Allen Keifer

IN the years between the two World Wars, when England was still a great power, Englishmen, certain that the power of the nineteenth century was still theirs, smiled smugly at the rest of the world. Hitler could rant about the master race, but why should England say anything? Englishmen simply *knew* that they, and their way of life, were superior to anything the rest of the world could produce. Life went on as it had for nearly three hundred and fifty years, capitalists ruling that isle of contentment, controlling land, money, and workers. The Anglican God, duly controlled by Parliament, of course, beamed down from heaven at his chosen people. Foreigners and non-conformist "chapel people" and *Roman* Catholics and common laborers be damned.

And in this not-so-merry England lived a man who revolted against this system, a man who refused to accept the conditions about him, a man who refused to allow himself to be touched by the economic and social blight from which England suffered.

During the twenties and thirties there were many people who went to see Eric Gill. These visitors may not have agreed with his ideas; indeed, some probably did not completely understand his ideas; yet they went, and they were impressed. Even if the visitor did not manage to speak to Gill, he could not avoid going away impressed, for even a glimpse of Gill was a glimpse of somebody very different from most men. His appearance changed little during the years between 1918 and 1940, when he died. At fifty he was a "small, bearded man . . . with kind, merry eyes," dressed like "a palmer of the twelfth Century." Gill's clothing, surely, was most outstand-

ing; he wore a long black smock which reached to his knees, drawn about his waist with a leather belt. From this belt hung a rosary and a jacknife, symbols, perhaps, of his two loves, God and work. Gill wore rough tweed trousers, fastened with bicycle clips above his heavy shoes. To complete his striking garb, he usually wore a strange, biretta-shaped hat upon his head.

Eric Gill, however, was more than a crank or an eccentric artist who wore odd clothing for its own sake, and those who met him could not resist liking him, no matter how much they might have disagreed with his beliefs.

Sculptoring was his profession, or trade, as he would have probably preferred to call it; for he said, "I do not call myself a sculptor; I am just a stone chipper." Stone chipper or great sculptor, he was an extremely busy man, for, besides his sculptoring, he was engaged in lettering, wood engraving, draftsmanship, architecture, and writing. But, despite his work — important work — he was always ready to receive a guest, to talk to him, to ask his opinions, or to explain some of his own ideas. Strangers were received in the kitchen or in the workshop, and Gill was extremely interested even in the criticism of the most untrained people, often accepting their suggestions in his work. His problems were often brought to the dinner table, so he could ask family and guests what they thought about some current work.

But those who read his books would probably be unable to believe that Gill was so humble before others; for his writings possess an air of self-confidence which may seem incompatible with humility. The two qualities, self-confidence and humility, however, are not incompatible. Gill was humble where Gill, the man, was concerned, but when he was given the opportunity to present something which he knew to be the truth, he would not be silent. Certainly, Gill was a gentle, mild-mannered man, but he was not meek in the derogatory sense of the word. On the contrary, his humility was a trait which sometimes helped him to spread his ideas; for people often listened to this soft-spoken man who presented his ideas so confidently, yet who did not attempt to force his ideas upon others.

And his humility, too, did not prevent him from taking great pleasure in his work. He once said, "I must confess it's rather nice to hear somebody swanking because they've acquired a Gill." Gill, then, had a talent for seeing things in their proper perspective. He know that he should be humble before others, and he was; yet he also knew how to appreciate his success without making others painfully aware of his accomplishments.

His public behavior again contradicted the dogmatism which he showed in his writings. Although Gill often spoke at public gatherings, he was not a good speaker, as his voice was not loud enough. Donald Attwater wrote of a time when Gill and Attwater shared a speaking engagement. The audience could scarcely hear Gill, and they paid little attention to his speech. Attwater, disgusted, gave the audience a tongue lashing which forced them to listen. A Presbyterian minister commented afterwards, "The difference between the two speakers was that Gill was forgiving those hooligans all the time, whereas Attwater did not forgive them till he had finished."

Humility, however, is only one manifestation of the love of God which was such a great influence in Gill's life. Of love he said:

> The best and the most perfect way is the way of love. . . . for although we are rational beings, inasmuch as we are persons . . . yet we use our reason so rarely and fitfully and with so rash a carelessness, without training or discipline; we follow our prejudices and predilections with such confidence and impudence that any appeal based upon rational argument is unlikely to be successful. . . .

In private conversation, too, Gill spoke about God and love more than he spoke about justice and reason; he was not content with a mere humanitarian approach to this world. He steered away from uncharitable talk, and he was quick to defend those who were criticized. To be sure, he was quick to criticize the capitalistic system and its followers, but these criticisms were not directed to individuals. He made intellectual judgments of others, as far as disagreeing with their attitudes was concerned, but he did not make moral judgments of the actions of others.

Although most people probably did not realize it, Gill fought a continual war against impatience, but he did not allow his impatience to get the better of him. He was not a man who would shrug off a fault as "artistic temperament," and his quick wit and common sense effectively controlled this impatience. Indeed, he would leave his work rather than offend someone who had come to see him.

In his *Autobiography* Gill does not mention his wife and four children often, but it is evident that he was deeply devoted to his family. They are mentioned in relation to each important episode in his life, and it is easy to realize that they had a much greater part of his plans than he stated in his book. Gill was not a man who would become sentimental about his family, and happy family relationships were apparently taken more or less for granted by Gill. It is significant that when his daughters grew older, they and their husbands stayed in the community of which Gill was such an important member. One of Gill's greatest complaints against our industrial system was its effect upon the family, and it was for the benefit of his growing family that he moved them from London to Ditchling, in the country.

There was one outstanding quality which made Gill the man he was; the quality which, in a large measure, made him become a Catholic, the quality which made him forsake our industrial civilization, the quality which made him different from any other men. That quality was sincerity. Gill knew how he wanted to live, so he decided to live that way. Even when he was a young man, he could not, in the words of Graham Carey, "endure the intellectual anarchy that asks a man to entertain one set of ideas in his office as a breadwinner, another with his wife and children, another as a scholar with his books, another with music." Gill saw the folly of our civilization in which a few capitalists control the means of production while the rest of the population is dependent solely upon wages for income, and he hated the industrialism which killed individualism and hampered the economic well-being and the spiritual development of the workman.

Wanting no part of such a system, he moved into the country. Many others later followed him, and they eventually

founded a community, governing themselves by the Rule of the Third Order of St. Dominic. This, however, was no romantic, sentiment-inspired movement. The members of the community had not suddenly banded together; they had drifted together, and they did not begin to govern themselves as a community until their numbers had substantially increased. Gill and those who followed him were branded as reactionaries and medievalists, but Father Pepler writes of those who had joined the community; "You cannot call a prisoner laying plans for escape a reactionary. Yet you would not call this way of life merely escapism, for they were seeking truth and goodness — absolute values in a relativist world."

Gill's attitude toward his work was the same as his attitude toward life. He would not settle for work poorly done, which was to him work not done at all. He cut the stone for the controversial Stations of the Cross for Westminster Cathedral in his workshop at Ditchling, but when the Stations were placed in the Cathedral, the lights and shades were poor. Rather than leave things as they were, Gill re-cut the Stations in the Cathedral, so he could achieve the proper effect while he worked with the stone.

Even his clothing showed this sincerity. He did not like modern trousers as adapted to the industrial world, considering them undignified, and he abandoned them for the "rough and simple grey smock." And this smock was not merely something he donned in the workshop. He appeared for speaking engagements in this same garb, even when the rest of the people present wore evening dress.

Gill's sincerity, however, is not a quality which can be treated as a separate entity in his life, because this sincerity was a quality which stamped upon his whole being, showing itself in everything he did. It was as though sincerity left him no alternatives—he had to do what he knew to be right, though being right often meant disagreeing violently with the existing order of things.

Gill's name lives as the name of a sculptor and writer, but he would have preferred that he be remembered simply as a good workman. Even his epitaph reads, "Eric Gill, Stone Cutter." Not ashamed of work, he received guests in his workshop

as readily as he received them elsewhere. Our modern world sneers at work, considering it, evidently, to be degrading drudgery. The only gadget which can be sold in our society is the labor-saving gadget; the mechanized world often forces man to believe that work done by his own hand is bad. In a Christian society, on the other hand, it is realized that everything comes from God, and is, therefore, good. Thus, Gill wanted a return to the Christian ideal that:

> . . . at every turn our object must be to sanctify rather than to exclude physical labour, to honor it rather than to degrade it, to discover how to make it pleasant rather than onerous, a source of pride rather than of shame. . . . There is no kind of physical labour which is at one and the same time truly necessary to human life and necessarily either unduly onerous and unpleasant.

Gill's attitude toward his work was one of an intense realization of the value of a job done properly, inasmuch as he would not tolerate mediocrity, as can be seen in his action concerning the Westminster Stations of the Cross. Indeed, even the way in which he did his work demonstrated that great honesty which rejected the falsity which is often found in our own civilization. Modern sculptors usually model their works in clay, then having the model carved in stone by a professional carver who cuts the stone with machinery. Gill would have none of this, and he cut his works directly from the stone. He did not do this merely because he rejected modern mechanical processes, but because this method is a perversion of true art. He said that "Modelling in clay . . . is a process of addition, whereas carving is a process of subtraction . . ." He realized that a statue which could be modeled in clay most probably could not be transferred to stone without changing the effect of the work of the artist. Speaking of this technique, he said, "So all without knowing it I was making a little revolution. I was reuniting what never should have been separated; the artist as a man of imagination and the artist as a workman."

But Gill's greatest interest was not the medium in which he expressed himself, but, rather, his greatest interest was how he expressed himself. He realized that the function of art should be to express, not to copy — to record what is in the

eye of the mind instead of what is in the eye of the body. He wanted the medium in which he expressed himself — whether that medium was wood or stone — to be an integral part of his work. If he carved a statue of Christ, that statue was a stone Christ; it was not a Christ suddenly turned to stone or superimposed upon the surface of the rock; it was to be a Christ who had been born of the stone itself — a Christ "not only born but conceived in stone . . . of stone in [his] inmost being as well as . . . [his] outmost existence."

Gill did not concentrate upon producing beauty, but, instead, he concentrated upon doing his work as well as he could, believing that if the artist purifies the source of his work — his heart and mind — he need not worry whether the work will be beautiful or not. Gill said and believed, "Look after the good and the true, and let beauty look after herself."

As far as Gill was concerned, every man is an artist. In 1925 he cut into stone, "Art is that work and that way of working in which man uses his free will. A civilization based upon the doctrine of free will will naturally and inevitably produce artists. In such a civilization all men are artists, and so there is no need to talk about it." Again he said, "I couldn't help thinking, I simply could not help thinking that I would rather have brick-laying and turnip hoeing done well and properly and high art go to the devil (if it must), than have high art flourishing and brick-laying and turnip hoeing the work of slaves." To Gill, then, art could not be divorced from work; for work was art. He considered every workman an artist because the workman was a "collaborator with God in creating."

For Eric Gill, art as we know it should be a part of life, not something to be separated from life, to be enjoyed occasionally. To Gill, music was not something to be heard in the concert hall — it was to be heard in the churches and in the fields and in the homes; painting was not something which should be placed in the art gallery — it was something to be placed in the home and the church and the town hall; poetry was not something to be jammed into a book and forgotten — it was something for hymns and songs and prayers. Art was to be something useful, and, at the same time, more beautiful because it was useful, more beautiful because it had meaning.

An avid advocate of simplicity, Gill carved his best figures in almost flat relief, and these figures were bare, undraped — often completely nude. His work has been described as "Byzantine" and "Anglo-Saxon," but he did not consciously imitate any artistic style — the work simply "came out" that way. The critics thought that Gill worked in his own way for aesthetic effect, but Gill could not and would not work in any other fashion.

According to Gill, then, beauty must imply natural expression; for instance, a Gothic cathedral built by the medieval Christians was aesthetically pleasing, but, at the same time, it was a reflection of the thoughts, attitudes, and aspirations of the medieval personality. A Gothic cathedral designed by a modern architect, however, would not be a natural product of the mind of the architect, and would, therefore, not possess complete beauty. On the other hand, a plain concrete and steel bridge designed by a modern architect could be beautiful, not only because of its "eye appeal," but also because it would reflect the modern industrialist society of which the architect is a product. So Gill wrote, "The thing called functional beauty is the beauty of bones and beetles and plain railway girders and plain precipices." It may be concluded from his ideas that because our work is done by machinery rather than by men, the natural product of our society should be a plain product — because, also, our society tends to regard only the functional, the utilitarian.

And although he was extremely critical of many evils existing as a result of our industrial system, he was still interested in machines; even as a child his first artistic attempts were drawings of locomotive engines. His criticism of the industrial system was, then, not that many of the products of the industrial system are evil in themselves, but that the industrial system "destroyed (not the personal quality in modern art but) the personal quality in the modern workman."

Reacting only with disgust as far as his short army career in 1918 was concerned, he disliked the dull regimentation of army life and the brutish attitudes of many of the sergeants and officers. Gill derived pleasure from the truck driving which he did at this time, but he said, "Like everything else in the

army (anyway in the R. A. F.), it is made a punishment and every man a criminal."

And, apart from his dislike for army life, he had little taste for modern warfare, in which issues are so often confused. Instead of joining in the war hysteria of 1914 and the years which followed: "I went on with my work and we went on with our endeavors to make a holy and human life for ourselves and our children." And, many years later, in 1940, when he was asked by someone whether or not the cause for the Allies was a just cause, Gill replied, "Is English civilization good? or bad? I think it's foully bad and indefensible, but if you think it's good, then defend it."

Strangely enough, even though he was well-informed upon many subjects, much of Gill's formal education consisted of "learning things out of little books and being able to remember long enough to answer questions," but he was not bitter about this rather inferior education. On the contrary, he was grateful that his teachers had not tried to force him into any way of thinking which would have been distasteful to him. He developed his own ideas about the way children should be educated, and he put his ideas into practice by teaching his own children.

The greatest influence upon Gill's life, however, apart from that almost instinctive quality of sincerity, was religion, and, like his sincerity, religion can scarcely be considered as a separate entity in his life. Religion became the motivation for most of his actions, and this motivation was reflected in his carvings, his writings, and his speech — public and private.

Gill's father was a minister, but he was by no means an ordinary English non-conformist parson, as far as his ecclesiastical career was concerned. The Rev. Mr. Gill began a religious "evolution" which concluded in Eric's conversion to Catholicism. The elder Gill's religious search was a search for the truth which his son finally possessed; the Rev. Mr. Gill began as a Congregationalist minister, but when he would not allow himself to be ruled by his flock, he joined a sect which had broken away from Anglicanism, but which still followed *The Book of Common Prayer,* retaining the Anglican ceremonies. Realizing that this small sect received its law from

"above," the Anglican Church, he became an Anglican. Perhaps in this search of the elder Gill for the truth, we can see some of the sincerity which his son was to develop.

Since his father was a minister, Gill was naturally brought up in a home which was acutely aware of God. And Gill, writing when he had been a Catholic for many years, did not belittle the position of a sincere Protestant minister. In his *Autobiography* he wrote:

> . . . if you have to be born into a morass, and that is everybody's fate today, it is far better to be born into the family of a poor person than into any other; for the parson is by profession a dispenser of the truth, and even if, as it may come to appear later, it is not the whole truth and not nothing but the truth, even so it is the truth he is after and it is such truth as he has that he is minister of . . . a poor parson is helped by his poverty to give himself to true religion — the succoring of the widow and the fatherless in their affliction.

When he was sixteen or seventeen, Gill began to give very serious thought to religion, and although he was impressed by various individuals in the Church of England, he also began to see that the Church of England was not the venerable institution it had seemed to be. Certainly, there were "good kind clergymen, but many were asses as well — no force, no sharp edge, no burning power of Christ's word, no apostolate, no martyrdom — no power to bind or loose, no strength to hold even me, still less to hold all men."

Yet there was no sudden break with religion. Gill had left home to work in the office of a London architect, and he gradually ceased going to church. He wrote that he was not indifferent to the principles which he had been taught as a child, but the attitudes of many in the office in which he worked helped to weaken his beliefs. He realized that the sermons which he heard were empty sermons, for the preacher never seemed to believe that the Church of England could be responsible for the intellectual, physical, and moral conditions which existed in London at that time.

And:

> At the office, on the other hand, the implications were clear enough . . . scornful of the sham piety of the sham medieval by

> which we earned our livings (oddly enough, they were engaged in designing churches), and scornful of the smugness and hypocrisy of an ecclesiastical world which taught the people a lot of palpable nonsense about the nature of things and did nothing whatever to defend them from the rapacity of landlords and commercial magnates, or to oppose the ugliness and filth and disorder of the world around."

So Gill drifted into agnosticism, and because he saw that politics were as false as religion, he became a socialist in a very vague manner. Then, as he said, he "invented a new religion — and then discovered it was an old one." But between Gill the agnostic and Gill the convert there was a gap of fourteen years;

> for I suppose nothing on earth is more completely and efficiently camouflaged than Peter's 'barque,' which, from a short distance, looks exactly like the Ritz Palace Hotel . . . when you think of St. Peter's and its toy soldiery and the purple and lace of its fat worldly-looking prelates . . . it is not difficult to understand why people run away in panic — what's it got to do with the Man on the Ass, anyway?

So Gill began to conceive what religion should be.

> And religion meals rule, and therefore God-rule. It seems obvious that a world without God was a silly notion. If there be God, the whole world must be ruled in His name. If there be a religion it must be a world religion, a Catholicism. . . . The Catholic Church professed to rule the whole world in the name of God. That was the impressive fact that gradually impressed me.

He was not impressed in the issue over the validity of Anglican Orders, and he was not worried by anti-Catholic talk about the corrupt Church of the Middle Ages or the cruelty of the Spanish Inquisition. Realizing that a man could be holy and intelligent, yet be covered with sores, have a bad temper, and be subject to terrible temptations, Gill applied this to the Church, and he decided that if he wanted to join the Church, he would let nothing stop him.

Gill had trouble accepting the truth of the Gospels as being more than symbolical, but his difficulties were resolved in a Benedictine monastery in Belgium, partly through the

patient, repeated "pas symbolique" of one of the priests, and partly through his hearing of the chant of the monks; for he suddenly realized that these men were living the Gospel.

And so he became a Catholic. But his was only the beginning; only after he had become a Catholic did his personality fully emerge. Now that his spiritual difficulties were more or less resolved (if anybody's spiritual difficulties are resolved outside of the Beatific Vision), Gill was ready to express his new-found faith, and in order to realize this, he became employed almost continuously upon church work. Besides his Stations of the Cross in Westminster Cathedral, he did numerous carvings for other churches, and he even designed the church of St. Peter, Apostle, at Gorleston, England.

The secular work continued, however. Probably his greatest secular work was *Mankind*, which he carved for the League of Nations. Stanley Casson declares that Gill's preoccupation with religious work limited and obscured his artistic expression, declaring that *Mankind* was a superior work because Gill, in carving this statue, was "unfettered by traditional religion." But Mr. Casson was wrong; for every work of Gill's was, in a sense, a religious work. He saw the work of God in all of creation and in all of his work, whether he was concerned with a relief of his daughters or a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Graham Carey wrote, "Whatever the gigantic figure of Man meant to the League of Nations at Geneva, to its author and carver it was our father Adam, and in him all his sons and daughters, redeemed or to be redeemed, and along with humanity the whole of Creation. *Mankind*, then, may have been Gill's most religious work, though few may have realized it.

Because of his deep faith, and because, too, he was a man who could not keep silent about a good thing, Gill was very much a missionary — a lay apostle. Because he was primarily an artist, as far as the world was concerned, he often spoke or wrote to groups which otherwise would not have been exposed to Catholic principles; he came in contact with Quakers, capitalists, and communists — and they listened to him. His starting point in any talk was reason, and from there he progressed

to man's perfection by Divine revelation, and Christ. He never minimized the teaching of the Church, but he was not antagonistic toward non-Catholics. Gill was not a propagandist, and he avoided using words like "democracy" and "dictatorship." To him, these words were empty terms. He seldom adhered to the topic upon which he was supposed to speak, and he usually concluded by speaking about Christian craftsmanship, economics, and social reform.

Even though he would have liked to have been remembered as a simple workman, Eric Gill was more than an ordinary workman, or, indeed, more than any sort of an ordinary man. To be sure, he spoke as the "voice of the people," but it was his deep insight into modern institutions and events that set him apart. He was an ordinary man as far as his viewpoint was concerned, but he went a step further than the ordinary man, and Donald Attwater said: "Not only did Gill write what the ordinary person can read: he wrote what the ordinary person knows — but does not always know he knows."

Desdemona

With the willow bending
With the woven fog-wrapped rain
With the night-hushed thunder and blackened stars
Passing across the moon
Do your drawn eyes fill and over-brim
And your chaste lips shiver
In awful prayer

Purity gleams from your wedding-gown
Guarding your breast with a circling fire
To be severed and thrashed and stamped upon
By the rage-forced footsteps of the Moor

When you stare through the film
After tears have wet your face
Is the din from a paean of cannon
Not harmonious to your ears
Are your eyes not master to see
The innocence of inflicted pain
Do your limbs not shake with gladness
At the thought of a timeless kiss

Bless you excellent wretch
Far may your soul ascend
In the whitest regions of life and light
Past the chiming of unknown worlds

— *Thomas Corr*

I Was There, Holden

by Chris Bunsey

This is in answer to those critics who say that Holden Caulfield, the protagonist of J. D. Salinger's novel, The Catcher in the Rye, *is not real or believable. Not only is Holden real, but he tends to make the readers identify themselves with him.*

The Catcher in the Rye *is the story of a seventeen-year-old adult child, Holden Caulfield, who is "born into the world, not just strongly attracted to beauty, but almost, hopelessly impaled on it." He cannot be objective about life, and in all fairness to J. D. Salinger, whose craftmanship draws one into the very "life" of Holden, neither shall I.*

HOLDEN CAULFIELD is a good guy. I really like him. He knows a lot of things, and you could tell he does, because the more he knows the more confused he gets. And let's face it, anybody that knows anything at all, and yet says that he isn't confused by all the bunk that goes on in the world, is just handing out some more bunk.

Holden says that he likes the books if they're funny in some parts, and that he likes a book if after reading it he wishes the author were a real good friend of his and he could call him up on the phone and talk to him and all. I think what Holden is trying to say is that, more important than the words, is the person behind them. No matter how good words get to be they can never be like a person. I mean living, and breathing, and loving, and hating, and drinking, and touching walls that have "Wet Paint" signs all over them, you know how people are, and how can words ever be like that? Some people, after a little education, start letting words replace people, and

sometimes even life itself. Holden, though, is too smart to let words replace life, even though it might lead to complications, like when he started to run away with Sally Hayes and live in cabin camps and chop his own wood, just because it happened to be beautiful up in Massachusetts that time of year. But he's too good a guy to get down real low and dirty and start living, and yet he's too smart to think that he could just be lukewarm and phony and still consider himself as really living. Maybe he's just a little bit afraid of getting really high and holy and starting to live. I guess like most people who keep most of the pain to, and for, themselves, and give away all the pleasure, he is destined to become either a very great saint, or a very great sinner. That's the trouble of having brains; it really is. You see more guys with brains get all tangled up that sometimes you wonder if it would be better if these guys had no brains. Then again, some of these guys that have all the brains are so dumb that they don't even realize what they're missing. But Holden sees what he is missing, and he's smart enough to realize that playing down real low is living — even if he can't do it.

After reading the book I found myself wishing that J. D. Salinger was a good friend of mine, and that I could call him up on the phone and talk to him and all. He used his words not as a replacement for life, but as a supplement. Sometimes you have to use words because there are a lot of people around that don't see anything else except words — they being on paper sort of proves things to them. He must make at least some of these people see what a problem Holden has. But of course some of these people will read it and say that a "teenager" just doesn't talk and act like Holden does. They would say that Salinger was sort of "sexing" things up to make the book more saleable. Now right away you could tell that these are the people that keep their noses buried in books and don't see anything else, because you could take one look at the world and tell right off the bat that it's sexy.

Now this may sound silly as hell to a bunch of guys that know better and all, but all through this story I was reminded of this movie I once saw, *Rebel Without a Cause,* and this guy in it called Jimmy Dean. Whenever he said anything on something that puzzled him so much that you could feel the hurt

too, I kept jumping up, and honestly, I had tears in my eyes as I kept crying, "yea, yea, yea, I see it too, I feel it too, whyowhyowhyo does it hurt and why?"

Permeating the entire book is a cry of anguish, coming not so much from the words of Salinger or Holden, but from the sum total of both of their very real lives. . . .

"What can matter less than money, or how much mileage you get a gallon in your car, or somebody's criticism of another person's thoughts of another person's thought of another person's thoughts that are only words written down someplace on a crummy piece of paper?"

Some things are. I mean they ARE, and that's more important. And there are some things that live and breathe and make love and drink, and that's even more important — but these are only my thoughts, transcribed into words, written on a piece of paper with a typewriter, and it doesn't mean a thing because right now I could think of a million things that I would rather be doing.

If you've ever watched a sunset some place, it was all so beautiful because you realized there was something in it, *yet above it all,* that made it all so beautiful. So also, the words and wondering thoughts of Holden Caulfield have something *above him in them.*

You who don't believe in Holden, keep smiling smugly and blindly, but you will never find anyone more real than he. Go ahead and turn your back on him as you have turned your back on thousands like him, and deny that he exists, deny anything at all exists except your egos and your two dollar words and your phony, bored, cynical voices, I couldn't care less. For I know that Holden exists. I have smoked cigarettes with him and have drunk coffee in the cathargic glares of all night hamburger joints with him, and all, all, all of us have gotten drunk on everything together.

Salinger, I cannot hear your voice. You do not speak poetry. But, rather, you have created a person, a person who tells the world, and tells the world, and never will stop telling the world . . .

"I felt so damn happy . . . I don't know why. It was just that she looked so damn nice, the way she kept going around

and round, in her blue coat and all. God, I wish you could've been there."

Holden realizes that the words cannot *do* for us what everything he experienced did for him, *but he wants us to know, at least* know — he really does, so he tells us, but realizing the inadequacy of the words, his last statement is . . .

"God, I wish you could have been there!"

Genesis III

Alpha, aleph 001,
Adam's phone number.
It rang one night.
"That's all right,
Let it go,"
She said
As she munched an apple.
It stopped;
But before
She flipped away the core
She heard
A rattling noise outside
And said,
"See who that is
Knocking on the door."

— R. J. Schork, Jr.

Lost

Lost in the early morning mist
Led by the fallen leaves, dew-kissed
Basked in the sunshine's warming rays
That brighten early autumn's days.

Pressed by cares, weak and forlorn
Lost, like the leaves, on an autumn morn
With only the trees, the sun and the sky
Allowing the world to pass right by.

For whenever this season rolls around
With dead leaves tumbling to the ground
I find myself within her spell
Beckoned by autumn's fragrant smell.

And when the leaves turn brown and gold
And nights revert from warm to cold
When Indian Summer fades into the past
Then Early autumn holds me fast.

The leaves that crackle underfoot
The smell of leaves, burned black like soot
Deep trails arrayed like Solomon's glory
With nature repeating her age-old story.

Each splendid day in cool September
Weaves autumn beauty to remember
The sparkling skies, the cool crisp air
And scenery, beautiful as prayer.

For Autumn seems to sing a praise
Of golden trails and purple haze
And to our God, it may suffice
As a perfect holy sacrifice.

This song of praise which echoes still
Across the meadow and to the hill
And sings a chorus with the breeze
Reverberating through the trees.

Lost in the beauty of September night
Sheltered by skies so blue and bright
Lost in the splendor of God's perfect ways
The unending beauty of autumn's days.

— *Thomas L. Vince*

Night Train

Those who travel by night
Think lonely thoughts
And stare vacantly out of windows
At a vague, dark world.
They do not talk and chatter
Like those who ride by day,
But seem resigned to some grim fate.
Perhaps they are only sleepy
For sleep assails night train riders
With uncommon success
And the little overhead lights
Bear mute testimony to Morpheus
As they flicker off,
One
By
One
Like candles at Benediction.

— *Theodore Valvoda*

Random Thoughts on the Beat Generation

by David Lowe

When scores of Philistines we slew
As mightily with brush and pen
We sought to make the world anew,
And scorned the gods of other men;
When we were fools divinely wise,
Who held it raptures to strive;
When Art was sacred in our eyes,
And it was Heav'n to be alive . . .

— Robert Service, *Ballads of a Bohemian*

WE are the first generation of mankind capable of annihilating itself. Some few think about this; the majority, content in their spiritual vacuum, find it hardly worth reflecting upon. Shall we gather our radioactive rosebuds while we may, or should we stoically float into will-lessness?

A group of shrieking artists centered in the San Francisco area prefer to pursue the Horatian maxim, *carpe diem*, than be caught up in unconscious illusion. Perhaps this formula could be advanced:

Atomic Bomb + awareness = Beat Generation

Although we would rather be comforted by the sham balm of rationalization, somewhere in our subconscience hides the fact that the possibility of sudden death is more than a mere autological slogan.

To the Beat (the term used henceforth to indicate a particular representative of the generation of Beat Men) life is

an infinite series of immediate ends — all goals are in sight *now*. By existing as he does in a state of "living consciousness," the Beat excludes past and future. History, therefore, is replaced by the more tangible state of sensuous experience in the moral revolution the Beat accomplishes. The future will be treated later in relation to time and other elements.

An obvious example of a sharpening of the senses to cope with the existence of the rapist, Society, is Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. Each incident in the inelegant attempt at an American *Odyssey*, which I am sure Kerouac had in mind, (though not to the extent Joyce had in *Ulysses*) is completely detached from the subsequent incidents. There is no building of experiences, and we are not to believe that the novelist wished it thus. Most emphatically, he did not. We might object that no real knowledge is advanced from the lack of "building" experiences; again, the writer does not care. If the Beat starts caring, he is no longer a Beat.

Illusion, predicated by the Beat to the masses of unenlightened Philistinia, is the Beat's basic enemy. The existentialist Albert Camus opens his book on the doctrine of the "Absurd" with Pindar: "O my soul, do not aspire to immortal life, but exhaust the limits of the possible." Coinciding with the Beat concept of illusion, Camus says: "perhaps we shall be able to overtake that elusive feeling of absurdity in the different but closely related worlds of intelligence, of the art of living, or of art itself." As the romantic retreated from Society into Nature, the Beat (a latter-day romantic) flies to art, and to the experiences which tend to produce art.

Time is no problem with the Beat — but time is his worst enemy. There is no contradiction here. Time poses no problem because the Beat wears no watch. He lives, as it were, for the momentum of the moment. Yet, as time allows only a limited number of experiences to the Beat, it is an enemy just as the last lap of milk in a bowl is an enemy to the cat. He enjoys what concrete benefits the instant can provide.

Jack Spicer, West Coast poet who "unexpectedly materialized at the corner of Hollywood and Vine in 1925," ends his poem "Psychoanalysis: An Elegy" with the line: "I am thinking that a poem could go on forever." In reading the poem, we

find that the poet would define poetry as the hard and fast living of the Beat — as Kerouac would probably define prose. Kerouac, incidentally, has some wildly interesting comments on prose writing in a short piece, "Essentials of Spontaneous Prose." Note the similarity of the remarks to his excitable style used in his novels:

> No periods separating sentence-structures already arbitrarily riddled by false colons and timid usually needless commas — but the vigorous space dash separating rhetorical breathing (as jazz musicians drawing breath between outblown phrases) . . . tap from yourself the song of yourself, *blow! — now! — your* way is your only way . . . Craft *is* craft . . . If possible write 'without consciousness' in semi-trance . . . excitedly, swiftly, with writing-or-typing-cramps, in accordance (as from center to periphery) with laws of orgasm, Reich's 'beclouding of consciousness.' *Come* from within, out — to relaxed and said.

Whether Kerouac has formed some new theory of the "creative intuition," or if he is assaulting the Queen's English with intent to kill is quite beyond my judgment, but, certainly, Whitmanesque, Wolfian Kerouac cannot be accused of lassitude. I find the pace that he sets in *On the Road* almost exhausting to follow. The man has undoubtedly witnessed all of the scenes he writes of — the sincerity is undeniable.

Kerouac has been declared the spokesman of the Beat Generation. The French-Canadian, Columbia-educated former football star is called "the new Buddha of American prose, who spit forth intelligence into eleven books written in half the number of years . . . creating a spontaneous bop prosody and original literature." (These books, Ginsberg adds, are published in Heaven.)

On the Road was first published in 1957, and has since joined the paper-bound ranks. In the novel Sal Paradise (Kerouac) and his Beat friend, Dean, "dig everything" — the phrase used by the Beat to denote the "go, go, go," full-blown tasting of life; profligacy and experiment are sought relentlessly.

Yet, and this cannot be minimized, the novelist *Time* calls "a Tom Thumb Wolfe in Hip clothing" is capable of beautifully descriptive writing. In *Dharma Bums* ("Dharma," in Chinese, is truth) Kerouac is less preoccupied with the sexual

element of Beat living, and concentrates more upon an unorthodox seeking of God through a watered-down medium of Zen Buddhism. (The character of Japhy Ryder in Kerouac's newest may possibly be the Beat poet Gary Snyder, whose poem, "A Berry Feast," is alluded to by the novelist, and who is now studying Zen in Kyoto, Japan.)

For those sufficiently interested, a review by Emerson Price (*Cleveland Press*, October 7, 1958) gives a quick summary of what the book is not. A more mature, and less guilty of ill-based generalities, review is contained in the October 26 issue of the *New York Times Book Review*, written by J. Donald Adams. Adams thinks that "Kerouac is a writer worth watching, one who is capable of growth, both in craftsmanship and in attitude." Even *Time* holds that Kerouac "seldom bores," which is one of Mr. Price's huffy points of disagreement.

Met with equal judgment (to the extent of a court trial) was Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*, a long poem which is perhaps the ultimate statement of the Beat's position. Ginsberg begins the jolting composition with: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, /starving hysterical naked,/ dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix." Throughout the first section of the denunciation, the poet maintains a consistent use of anaphora, almost owl-like in its insistence; rhythm is provided by the same techniques as such a poet as William Carlos Williams uses. Rexroth says of *Howl*: "This is more skillful verse than all the cornbelt Donnes laid end to end." The critic also remarks that the poem "is the confession of faith of the generation that is going to be running the world in 1965 and 1975 — if it is still there to run." This generation realizes that "some sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open their skulls and ate up their brains and imagination . . . Moloch whose factories dream and croak in the fog." The Beat, Ginsberg, envisions a Byzantium, as it were, in the city of Rockland. He addresses the poem to Carl Solomon, "an intuitive Bronx dadaist and prose-poet." It is in Rockland "where you will split the heavens of Long Island and resurrect your living human Jesus from the superhuman tomb."

To challenge the Beat Generation with the charge of atheistic nihilism is not justifiable. Kenneth Rexroth's poignant, though certainly not acceptable to many, insights into the religious temper of the Beat in an essay, "San Francisco Letter," published in the second issue of the *Evergreen Review*:

> Our modern industrial and commercial civilization has produced an elite which has consistently rejected all the reigning values of the society. . . . There are few organized systems of social attitudes and values which stand outside, really outside, the all corrupting influences of our predatory civilization. In America, at least, there is only one which functions on any large scale and with any effectiveness. This of course is Roman Catholicism. Not the stultifying monkey see monkey do Americanism of the slothful urban backwoods middle-class parish so beautifully satirized by the Catholic writer James Powers, but the Church of saints and philosophers — of the worker priest movement and the French Personalists. So it is only to be expected that, of those who reject the Social Lie, many today would turn towards Catholicism. If you have to 'belong to something bigger than yourself' it is one of the few possibilities. . . .

It is not strange, then, that the San Francisco renaissance has attracted such people as William Everson, (Brother Antoninus, O.P.) whose rugged candor has prompted Rexroth to call him "the finest Catholic poet writing today." More in the mystic vein is Philip Lamantia; with the conviction and sincerity of the true Beat, their numbers do not exceed approximately 120, Lamantia declares the new movement to be religious in its purport. In an interview with Mike Wallace, the Beat mystic was asked to explain two seemingly irreverant lines: "Come Holy Ghost, for we can rise/Out of this Jazz." Lamantia replied: "You have to be pure." Explaining his expression "hung up," the poet said: "Freezing from others, from yourself, from the Holy Spirit. If you are hung up, you can't love, or care for others."

Admittedly, the Beat concept of religion comes to odds with the more conventional. Yet, if the sincerity is there, the Beats' spiritual life is no less valid than anyone else's — presumably. The Beat may find God by finding himself. He may consider himself an orphan with no past or no future. Perhaps the Beat sees modern life as Satan, and God becomes

meaningful in His antithesis. Eric Nord, operator of San Francisco's Party Pad, denies middle-class values, stating that "maybe our way of life isn't the good life. But neither is theirs."

Antithetical realization of God is distinctly exhibited in several passages of Beat literature. Sal Paradise *(On the Road)* reflects: "I suddenly realized that Dean, by virtue of his enormous series of sins, was becoming the Idiot, the Imbecile, the Saint of the lot. . . . That's what Dean was, the HOLY GOOF. . . . He was BEAT — the root, the soul of Beatific." Ginsberg sings of "the madman bum and angel beat" who "rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz in the goldhorn shadow of the band and blew the suffering of America's naked mind for love into an eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone cry that shivered the cities down to the last radio."

The similarity between the Beat Generation and the Esthetic Movement in England over a half century ago is notable. The desire to shock with unconventional imagery, diction, and form is not an innovation on the part of the Beat. (Compare, also, the *discors concordia* of the "metaphysical" poets of the sixteenth century — what C. S. Lewis calls a "calculated breach of decorum.") But whereas the Esthete's *ne plus ultra* was to burn with Pater's "hard, gemlike flame," the Beat Generation indicates more than a Nirvana of sheer hedonism.

Because of antisocial behavior, a sociologist has labeled the Beats as a "cult of uselessness." The search for personal salvation in a world threatened by atomic, hydrogen, cobalt, etc., bombs has forced the Beat to look elsewhere for values. Kerouac's Dean Moriarty doesn't know where he's going, but he's gotta go and never stop until he gets there. But to deny that the search is there is venturesome. Or perhaps those who *are there now* cannot appreciate or sanction the struggles of those who are trying to be "there" with them. This is an understandable, though not particularly admirable, attitude.

Carl Sandburg was asked to give his opinion on the Beat Generation. He simply stated: "I don't concern myself with ephemera." This is strict judgment — there is no attempt at understanding. On the other hand, Sandburg (or anyone with considerable knowledge of human nature, as gained *only* by prolonged experience) is perfectly equipped, I am sure, to judge

a movement which will pass; I have no visions of its continuance, and it is quite obvious that it will not, by reason of its very nature — *a particularized survey of a particular society.* Although some universal emotions and truths are stirred, the Beat Generation will be absorbed into the whole as all occult, spontaneous, and cataclysmic elements are.

It seems ironic to me that the Beat Generation is being strangled by their own rope — the rope they gave their enemy unwittingly. For, as novelty characterizes the Beat to a great degree, it also attracts the mob he is fleeing.

I, as part of the mob, had occasion to spend some time with the Beats in the North Beach area of San Francisco. At a ragged bar called "The Place," one of the major hangouts of the Beats, I had to wait for an hour to get my conventional carcass through The Place's portals. I did talk with some semi-Beats, and had a word or two with Eric Nord, but most of my attention was held by some six or eight Beats in the balcony of the bar, who were arguing the merits of liberalism. I particularly remember one "soiled dove" staggering around and annnouncing gravely that "Donald Duck is a Jew!" This caused some laughter, although the more serious Beats nodded knowingly and responded with a "Yes, man, yes." It was also refreshing to see such declarations on the walls as "Francoise Sagan loves H. L. Mencken," instead of the usual Salinger-type words. Like, man, it really swings on that scene, and if the green were longer, I'd split this pad and cut way out of this drag and be cool for awhile. Yes, man!

In *Subterraneans*, one of Kerouac's more racy novels, the artist attempts this definition (as sort of a rule-of-thumb label for the Beat school): "They are hip without being slick, intelligent as hell without being corny, they understand Pound without being pretentious about it. They are very Christ-like." The individual's judgment of the Beat Generation should be withheld until some reading has been done in a field which has been condemned unfairly. If no other sanction can be offered than the fact that the group has given new life to an artistically moribund age, then it should be given willingly.

November Rain

Grey rain
Becomes the shining, supple skin
Of sterile, silhouette trees.
Hurtling drops
Rush down at earth
From their hazy seedbeds
And lacquer dull sidewalks
To a marble gleam.
Tired brick buildings
Blush deep
Under their pattering caresses,
While every slope and hill
Become sliding boards
Down which they race
To merge and seek
The birthplace of each
Blade of grass.

The Innkeeper

Your eyes are filled with sleep
And your thoughts are quite unkind.
See, the couple standing before you
Who have trespassed upon your slumber
Are poor,
Ordinary,
Humble people.
A cross answer,
A slam of the door,
And your inconvenience is ended.
Return to bed, fool.
You just missed being
Blessed.

— *Theodore Valvoda*

Tales from a Night Watchman

Then what would you have done —
The night that man came coughing from the storm,
Coughing up disease and blood,
Flushed with wine and each red rung
Of vomit clung
Like torn veins to our door?

Well, we who watch the grim night through,
Seeing more piteous sights than could be wrapt in word,
And thereby hardened, turned away;
But in the glare of day
The man lay dead upon the curb.

Dead — let no man touch that clay
Nor let one mourning chapel bell be rung
It is too late;
And on the shambled ruins of our state,
Molting pigeons drop their whitened dung.

— *Thomas Scribb*

To an Ariel Companion at Sunset

O bird, thou mystic singer from the depths of time,
Enraptured, how I envy your pure heaven-bound song!
In the quiet of the setting sun,
Your note brings 'fore me skiey castles fine,
Which fade, dissolve, and re-appear along
With tufted lakes and ships of somber hue,
And fiery banners flowing in the brilliant air
Set near great caves of glowing mountain dew.

Fades, dissolves, and re-appears this gleaming
Vision 'fore my awe struck sight.
What paradox, these snowy jungle steaming
Great, with vapour made of ruddy light!
What magic does your song conceal, O bird!
What ancient spell has brought you from the sky.
What rustling wonderous whispered wisdom heard
Within the trees to which you nightly fly!

Alas, the vision fades, and so I fear,
Shall be no more — The glowing peaks and craggy
Caves great blackening crusty cinders here,
Where strange black beasts tusked and great, like shaggy
Mastodons displace the lake and clear
The fading fire from out the misty peaks.
Such silence now, thou feathered sorcerer!
Thy winged winged warbled magic's ceased, I now percieve;
Alone you've left me for that glowing land to grieve.

— *Thomas R. Andrews*

Watch Out for Trucks

Author Unknown

THEY came asking for water.

"Give us a drink of wawder," they said.

"A drink of what?"

"Wawder."

He wondered what they meant. What they meant was they wanted a drink from the end of the hose where the water came out. Almost before he could answer them they were already pretending to drink out of the nozzle end, the nozzle screwed up tight, fooling around with it, getting ready to splash each other any minute now. He waited patiently, avoiding any show of anger or disapproval. He was used to this daily ritual. He kept his temper. He tried not to be concerned.

"Yes," he finally said. He was quite tired, what with washing trucks all day for a living.

What did they mean coming here asking him for water? They had their nerve! And with a fountain down the street less than a block away with water much cleaner and at least as cold. If all they wanted was cold water, why didn't they go down the street and get some? But no, they liked the novelty of it — they liked the feel of a hose with water that travelled several yards distance before it came out as a stream. They liked the hindrance of it, or maybe they timed it from the time it left the faucet until the time it spouted out the nozzle

in a stream when you sprayed. It was one of those things you just pressed down on and got what you wanted in the way of spray — thick stream, thin stream, depending on the degree of intensity with which you pressed down on it. The little kids, he noticed, could get no more than a thin weak spray (the first degree); they probably didn't know any other kind of stream existed; they were too timid to ask you how it was done, or too weak to press down hard enough; they needed to use both hands just to get what they were getting — a thin, wide stream which the air dispersed almost immediately as it left the hoze. It travelled the way the wind blew, sometimes right back at them in their faces, and they would drop the hose and leap away a few feet in shocked delight as their faces came into contact with the cold stream.

But no water came out. They looked up at him, their faces puzzled, their mouths open, waiting for the water, wondering why the water didn't come out when they pushed down on the nozzle. They pushed on it again, this time with both hands down hard on it. He suddenly felt the need to get up and break the spell, make them again kids wary of his presence and constantly on guard against the enemy, ready to pull their squirt guns on you and squeeze the trigger; half-mad at themselves for letting their guard up, if only for an instant.

They stood there, waiting for him to get up, go over to the hose and turn it on for them to drink. At first, he thought they were fooling him. The way they had asked for a drink of water would have aroused the suspicions of anybody else. But he was too tired to figure out any schemes for them. And he already knew without telling that they would splatter the trucks up with it just as they would — and always did — write dirty words in the dust later at night. If a driver were there, he wouldn't have hesitated a moment to bet the driver his washed car parked down the street to $10.00 (immediate payment) that they would do just as he said. He had no doubts about his predictive abilities. Just yesterday he had predicted to all the boys at the garage who swore it would rain within the hour that it wouldn't rain all day, at least not

till quitting time and with complete certainty of winning the bet with them.

"Why, look at those clouds," one always said.

"Sure, it's gonna rain."

But it didn't.

They always seemed to come in groups, together. Today there were three of them, one big and two small. Yesterday there were only two. Tomorrow there might be an army. By the time they arrived, others followed, appearing out of nowhere, it seemed, moving like little droves of cattle, driven to the center of the yard where he stood distractedly trying to eat his lunch (his one meal for the day) or washing a truck trailer, signalling to them by his quiet and motionless appearance that now was the right time to ask him. He wondered why, with a drinking fountain just around the corner, they wanted to drink from a hose.

On other days they would come with their younger brothers, and sisters, all negroes, bawling and fighting, three-year-olds straining at the leash of their hands to get away and be free. They always returned in spite of warnings to the same place. Only the threat of cops or bigger boys to punish them deterred them. But next day they came back.

Children walked in the rain with no shoes on, splashed puddles, cavorted in the sand on the beach. Why? he wondered. He always wondered. Why, for example, did that girl up the street yesterday drink mouthfuls of water from the end of a dirty hose when she could have gone a few steps into the house and got water much nicer and much cleaner — he knew, the water even tasted different out of this end of the hose, came out tasting bitter and sour, even stale, it seemed, and not very cold at all, at least not on a hot day like this. And Lord knows what the hose concealed in its one hundred feet of dirty length. He knew; he had tried it himself when very thirsty and too tired to walk up to the dock and into the soiled washroom and drink it from a soiled coffee cup — the kind those damn venders came around with every day. The dockworkers used the cup — even if it had been drunk

out of before and was slightly dirty — they weren't clean in their eating and drinking habits.

And these kids, now drinking (not really thirsty, mind you — they didn't even put the nozzle up to their mouths — they just wanted to fool around, get him mad, and get chased away; and they only used the spray — one tried to spray the other a bit just for fun, only pretending, but it always would end in a fight). These kids would suddenly disappear in no time behind billboards, then came out from behind the standing trailers, signals, signboards, huts, come over fences, black to the skin and to the touch, and disappear again as quickly as they appeared.

And always at noon. They appeared sharply on the hour, as if waiting for him to put his brush down and take up his position of comfort on one of the logs. The logs lining the yard prevented trucks from running over them; they were the only thing that stopped the trucks. Some of the drivers, too stupid to remember to lock the brakes, would let the trailers slide until they hit something.

Every day sharply at noon he would take up his position on one of these logs, first making sure that no trucks were backing up into him. Then they would appear, sharply on the hour, as if waiting for him to put his brush down and take up his position of comfort. He was very careful anymore about sitting on the logs after a truck had almost backed into him. Its careless driver, who'd forgot to lock the brakes on the damn trailer, had got out of his cab while the truck was still moving, slammed the door and walked away as if nothing had happened. Didn't even know he was there. The driver moved so fast that the trailer was hardly stopped before he was around the corner and out of sight. He was also reminded of the time the driver drove several city blocks on his way to Toledo with one wheel off, not even knowing about it. And when the mechanic ran and told him, he swore like the dickens.

The drivers were not careful. He could have been under a truck lowering a jack and the driver would pull out right from under him.

The kids continued to holler.

"We wanna drink of water," they would say, and make him get up and go through the same thing again, almost feeding it to them, and by then his half-hour would be up and back to work again.

An old man came through the yard pushing an ancient baby buggy, one of those things Jackie Coogan used to ride in the silent movies. His pants hung low around his ragged waist; he wore no belt. The two children, much too old to be riding in a baby carriage, were standing up and waving at everyone who passed, leaning forward, trying to make the thing go faster, pretending it was a horse of some kind. They were crying. So was the man who was pushing them.

"Stop your crying!" he cried. "Or I won't push you no more."

"I'll tell your mother," he continued. They turned a corner and were soon out of sight.

Every afternoon at 1:00 sharp, the ice cream man came around, drove his wagon into the yard, and went out as poor as he'd come in. Nobody ever bought any ice cream, not even on especially hot days. He might as well have been avoiding the light at the corner by cutting across the yard as come in and try to sell ice cream to truck drivers.

About the same time, a big man came into the yard, kicking the dust and stones out of the way. He made a big show of anger.

"Aw right! Break it up, you kids, or I'll call the cops!"

Now these kids weren't doing anything felonious or deserving of punishment, but immediately at the sound of that magic word, they dispersed as one and were gone as quickly as they'd arrived.

"We better go home," whispered one to another, who was already running towards the fence and scaling it all in one motion like an expert climber. Whoever had the hose dropped it and ran away, the hose still running, streaming a thin jet of water from the nozzle, forming a thin puddle on the ground and mixing with the dirt around it that the sun dried up almost as soon as it hit the ground. It was that hot a day. Hardly formed a puddle before the sun caught it up again and

dispersed it into clouds. He ran to the puddle and sat in it, the water oozing in his pants, his shoes sloshing in the puddle, every bit of him wet. He was trying to make rain, to make his prediction come true.

The man with the baby buggy returned. A half hour had intervened between his going through the yard and his coming back. He returned the same way he had gone — through the yard and back again behind the big ends of trailers around the dirty junk, the smoldering fire that the old man had left burning at noon (to go home for lunch, he said. "I'll be back," he had said) and out again right across the street looking down all the time, not caring for traffic one bit or his life or his two children still bawling, too big and too old to be in any baby carriage, the carriage almost falling apart as it rumbled its stony way over the path, gathering dust around it, filtering it into the air slowly and finally into the blue sky, but not disturbing the quiet afternoon at all. The children continued to cry, their mouths ajar, their eyes wide.

"Faster, faster . . . !"

Love's Labors Lost

When Burns was still a gadabout,
There lived a man with uric gout
Whose friends referred to him as "stout,"
Though Walter was his name.

This Stout, or Walter — as you will —
Thought making shoes a noble skill,
Until he met a cockney jill
Whose values weren't the same.

To townsmen she was known as Bea,
The image of a Pharisee,
With conscience smaller than a pea —
But such a lovely frame!

Yet seeds of love in Stout she sowed;
To him her eyes with love's flame glowed,
Although, in truth, their sparkle showed
Not answ'ring warmth, but cold.

His uncle was a man of wealth;
And so it was that Bea, with stealth,
Became concerned with his poor health
And with his growing old.

With clement voice she made address —
A plea for uncle's happiness:
That killing him would, more or less,
Relieve him of his gold.

The logic of this thoughtful miss
Beguiled Stout, in all his bliss.
One's sense of right is led amiss
When loving such a maid.

He'd used a knife to cut a sole,
But now, in lack of self-control,
He used one to release a soul,
And did as Beatrice bade.

Stout left her in his shop to pine,
While he went to an ancient mine,
Where, like a son of Cymbeline,
The corpse was hid in shade.

With Walter gone, a cheated love
Of Bea crept in; and, hand in glove,
He stabbed his former turtledove
With knife from Walter's stool.

Shocked grief met Stout when he returned;
The girl for whom his heart had yearned,
For whom his soul forever burned,
Lay dead in crimson pool.

The arm of law grew tight 'round Stout;
He killed poor Bea, this clumsy lout;
The evidence left guesswork out:
His shop, his girl, his tool.

But Stout sang out a noble song:
He killed his uncle — that was wrong —
But not his Bea; he went along
To show them to the cave.

Stout, condescending, took the light;
He'd show these oafs that he was right.
But in the mine, his wits took flight —
It was an empty gravel

They sentenced blubb'ring Stout to die,
This oaf who had no alibi.
His final words on gallows high
Were mumblings of a cave.

The noose grew taut 'round Walter's throat.
No one observed an old man dote,
Who swayed, and smiled, and seemed to gloat,
Then left with mocking wave.

— *James H. Powers*

The Guilt that Lingers after Sin

Beyond the vast, pleated fields of Illinois,
my refugee soul wanders,

like once upon a city sidewalk,
like once upon a thrush's breast.

The crescendo of Lake Michigan's uneasy birth,
a most beautiful enigma of joy in pain,
rings in mysterious logic, autumnal in my ears,
so as not to allude me.

Curious that I should break this pattern
more readily heeded in rhetorical bell sounds of the tide
by that creaking machinery caught in my throat,
only to destroy the shadow that was my face.

— *Anon.*

Today's Winner

by R. J. Schork, Jr.

I USED to see them everywhere, but not any more. I don't think that they bother most people — you probably never even notice them. I always did. Signs.

It probably all started during that war when there were so many lines and doors and windows. They are usually enameled on thin sheets of galvanized metal and some are really very pretty. The background is often dead-white and the lettering is always blue that is the same color as a policeman's coat. The white might have spots where the enamel has been chipped away, little black dents, rusty, then veins of grey and blue shooting out into the white until it is just dirty and not really there. I'm sure they are bullet-holes, but I can't understand why anyone would shoot at signs that are so important and who has a gun in the city anyway because they are everywhere, on the subways, in the cafeterias, at the parks, on all the buses. I once liked these signs because they were meant to help people, I think, but I wonder why they didn't take them down after the war.

Some are numbers, like *5-9* or *101-431*. The ones I liked the best are letters, like *A-J* or *McC-Rie*. You've probably seen them many times. Signs are all around you, everywhere. Look, you'll see them even now. Most people didn't know what they meant. I still can't understand why people didn't cooperate, especially during that terrible war. They never bothered, but I did. Sometimes I'd have to wait and wait before I sat down to eat or got on the appointed train home. Once I waited 4½ days before I could buy a pack of cigarettes.

Even though I saw that most people didn't care, I knew what was right. Now and then I'd pass other people who knew. They'd smile at me because they admired me, I know they did.

It was worth all the trouble because people are in trouble everywhere.

Anyway, last night I began to notice other things. Like why don't people speak English on the subways anymore? Everyone talks German or Spanish or Yiddish and sometimes even the English isn't the same. So if they can't take the trouble to speak my language, I'm not going to obey those signs any more. Besides that war is over, I think. I felt like a fool and all those signs over the doors and windows and lines were laughing at me for caring about people.

This man I know has a print shop and he and I made a thousand of our own signs — not metal because we didn't have the time or the money. But last night we pasted all of them up everywhere so that people could see them:

And this morning all the people are looking at them and only a few are clever enough to know and now *I* smile at them and I know that I admire *them* because they understand too.

That's why I don't bother about all those other signs anymore because now I see. But here's what I'm worried about: what if people find out and come to me and make me give them the prize?

CONTRIBUTORS

RALPH KEIFER: A Dominican pre-ecclesiastical student at Providence College, Rhode Island. Keifer spent a year at Carroll, and makes his second contribution to this semester's *Quarterly*. His home address is R.D. 2, Conneaut Lake, Pennsylvania.

THOMAS CORR: Received a bachelor's degree from St. Joseph's in Philadelphia, and is working for a master's at Carroll under a fellowship. Corr presents the poem, "Desdemona." An English instructor at the University, Corr resides at 6023 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

CHRIS BUNSEY: Carroll sophomore, and a member of the Quarterly staff, Bunsey presents the unusual book-review, "I Was There, Holden."

R. J. SCHORK, JR.: Dr. Schork, known to many on campus as "that young Oxford chap who looks like a student," is an Instructor of Classical Languages at the University. Dr. Schork makes his first appearance in the *Quarterly* with a poem and an interesting short story, taken from an issue of the *Purple*, which he edited while taking his undergraduate degree at Holy Cross.

CONTRIBUTORS

THOMAS L. VINCE: A fresman at Carroll, Vince makes his first contribution to the *Quarterly* with the poem "Lost." He is also a copy editor of the *Quarterly*.

DAVID LOWE: Senior English major.

THEODORE VALVODA: A graduate student of the University, Valvoda is working for a Master's degree in English. He appears three times in this issue with three poems.

THOMAS SCRIBB: Assumed name of a Carroll junior English major.

THOMAS R. ANDREWS: Carroll senior, majoring in History, Andrews appears for the second time in this semester's *Quarterly*. He lives at 1219 Birchard, Fremont, Ohio.

JAMES H. POWERS: The ballad, "Love's Labors Lost," was recently accepted by the Lambda Iota Tau literary fraternity, and appears here as Powers' first *Quarterly* contribution.