
Fall 1960

The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 14, no. 1

John Carroll University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/carrollquarterly>

Recommended Citation

John Carroll University, "The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 14, no. 1" (1960). *The Carroll Quarterly*. 40.
<https://collected.jcu.edu/carrollquarterly/40>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Carroll Quarterly by an authorized administrator of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact mchercourt@jcu.edu.



Carroll

Quarterly

Carroll Quarterly

Volume 14

Autumn, 1960

Number 1

Editor-in-Chief

James O'Sullivan

Managing Editor

Jim Bullion

Associate Editor

John Kenny

Art Editor

John Sheridan

Copy Editors

Michael Ross
Thomas Vince
Arthur Schantz

The Carroll Quarterly is published by an undergraduate staff at John Carroll University to encourage literary expression among students, alumni, and faculty. Editorial and publication offices: John Carroll University, Cleveland 18, Ohio.

Editors Note

The predominance of poetry in this issue indicates our desire to publish the best material submitted, regardless of genre. It does not indicate a particular preference of the editors for poetry. We encourage all forms of literary expression and we hope that the Quarterly will represent the best of student thought. For while we welcome contributions from the faculty and alumni, we feel that the Quarterly is primarily a student publication.

Beginning with this issue we will publish high quality photographs and other art work by the students. Finally, we always welcome criticism and comment as a means to future improvement.

Contents

SUNDAY'S CHILD — Martin Campbell	5
THE OBSERVER — Jan Cichowicz	12
THE PHLEGMATIC — Thomas Vince	13
AS THE VANDALS BESIEGE — Thomas Vince	14
THE NEW COLUMBUS — Thomas Vince	15
LURE OF THE THEATER — John Oligny	16
THE DESCENT — Tony Melle	17
THOUGHTS ALONE — Jim Bullion	18
IN THE LIBRARY — Martin Campbell	19
THE DEATH OF A SALESMAN AS A CLASSICAL TRAGEDY — Harlow Haggerty	20
I SAW A CHERRY ORCHARD — Arthur Schantz	26
PARADOX — Raymond DiLorenzo	27
VISION — Anton Peter	29
SONG 9 — Anton Peter	30
SONG 3 — Anton Peter	31

Contributors

JIM BULLION, a junior, makes his first contribution to the Quarterly with his poem "Thoughts Alone." Bullion is managing editor of the Quarterly, and feature editor of the Carroll News.

MARTIN CAMPBELL is a junior English major. His poem, "In the Library," and his short story, "Sunday's Child" are his first Quarterly contributions.

JAN CICHOWICZ is a senior at Carroll. This is his first contribution to the Quarterly.

RAYMOND DI LORENZO is a freshman English Major.

HARLOW HAGGERTY is the assumed name of a Carroll Senior.

TONY MELLE is a sophomore pre-medical student. Melle contributes an unusual photograph called "The Descent."

JOHN OLIGNY, a sophomore English major, makes his first appearance in the Quarterly with the photograph "The Lure of the Theater."

ANTON PETER is a sophomore from Cleveland. Three of his poems appear in this issue.

ARTHUR SCHANTZ is a freshman English major. He is also a copy editor of the Quarterly.

THOMAS VINCE, a frequent contributor to the Quarterly, appears this time with three poems.

Sunday's Child

by Martin Campbell

THE sun was shining self-consciously after a whole week of April rain, and the factory exhaust had taken a week-end holiday. When Mick opened his front door, wearing only his underwear, I knew the day was not going to turn out as planned. He had just gotten out of bed.

"Hope I didn't disturb you or anything," I said.

"Naw, Liz phoned about five minutes ago to ask me if I'd drive her over to her mother's place."

"I thought she never wanted to see you again. Ever since..."

"Yeah, I know. Guess she can't live without me."

"Or your car," I said. He just grinned.

"You were supposed to be all ready to go."

"We're not goin' to the ballroom anyhow."

"No kiddin', Dick Tracy. It's still a hell of an hour to be gettin' up."

"I was out kinda late last night with Bonnie. Man, can she make out. I think she does the deed."

"Fine, but where does that leave me?"

"I s'pose you can come along if you wanta."

"Thanks. That's pretty nice of you, pal."

He laughed. Evidently, Liz's concession had left him in a good mood.

"You'll have to drive, though. I don't have much gas."

"Wait until I eat," was all he said. Now I was sure he was pleased.

Mr. Cole began to yell in the kitchen. "Goddamn it, Harriet, you've got enough to do right here at home. It costs me more for you to work than if you

didn't work at all. Why can't you be happy to just stay home and ruin me, instead of going all the way downtown?" His diatribe has been punctuated by his wife's intermittent squawks.

Mick twisted his face into grotesque derision.

"The House of Hate!"

"Maybe I should wait outside," I said.

"Just siddown. I'll be done in a bit."

In the kitchen Mick's parents were still at it.

"All you ever do down there is take coffee breaks anyway." Mr. Cole was saying.

"I can always leave, Robert. You didn't do so well the last time I left."

"Didn't do so good! Ask Mick how peaceful it was."

"If anyone leaves, it's gonna be me," Mick said.

"Don't be smart, Mick," his mother snapped.

When they had finished the meal, he hurried into the living room.

"C'mon...we haven't got all day. I'm supposed to be there by two." I began to make a sarcastic remark and then changed my mind. This was no time for an argument.

After a typically frantic ride to Grove Corners, Mick wheeled his old Ford into Liz's driveway. He began to play a harsh tune on the horn.

"What's this deal all about, anyway," I asked.

"She has to see her old lady outside of the house," he said, still leaning on the horn. "Something to do with the court settlement. But her Dad's gone for the day with the housekeeper, so she's gonna sneak out as long as Fran don't tell on her. Anyhow, I think the old man makes Fran tell him what Liz does."

"Maybe Liz can't hear the horn," I said. "Why not go up to the door?"

Mick gave me a disgusted look. "She called me, I didn't call her."

Just as he was backing the car out the driveway, Liz came running out the side door. She was wearing an old blouse, faded pedal pushers, and a poplin jacket.

"Get in if you're still goin'," Mick said.

I jumped out of the car and let her in the front seat next to the driver. She averted her eyes as she climbed in.

"How are you?" she asked him.

"Oh, I'm doin' okay. Had a pretty hot time last night," he said, grinning at her.

"Round Two," I said with more volume than I had intended.

Liz glanced at me quizzically, but I was studying the telephone poles as they flitted past the car window.

"Hello," she said.

I almost felt like laughing. "Hello yourself."

"I like your clothes. They're sharp."

"Thanks," I mumbled. "I haven't seen you in a long time." I might have added something about the weather next, but she and Mick began talking about old times.

When we arrived at her mother's place Mick said, "Find out how long you're gonna be here, so I'll know when to pick you up."

"You don't have to come back. I'll be all right," Liz said uncertainly.

"Just find out, willya?"

She walked up a stone path to the rear of a greying house that seemed to have given up trying to be white.

In a few minutes she returned. "Ma says come in later on and visit."

"Why can't we come in now?" Mick asked. "I haven't seen your mother since the last time I was at Shapiro's."

"Well....I guess it's all right but she has to dress first."

"She won't care," Mick said. "We're pretty good buddies."

II

The gathering took place in a dingy kitchenette. Besides Mick and me, there were two others visiting. One was a bear-like young man, wearing a leather jacket. His companion was a big-boned woman in her twenties. She had prominent front teeth and a zircon ring, which she waved enthusiastically. Mrs. King, Liz's mother, sat in the corner wearing a faded, blue bathrobe that hung about her thin frame, and partially hid the dirty plaster cast that encased her right arm. Her age was probably between thirty-five and forty. She looked older.

Introductions dragged around the room, but I paid no attention to names. Liz started to introduce me to her mother.

"We've already met," I said. "Remember?" You served me some coffee at Shapiro's the night that guy was teaching us the Greek alphabet."

"Oh, sure, I remember." She produced a replica of her daughter's smile that smoothed away some of the wrinkles.

The bear-man returned from the musty parlor with two chairs. In a hoarse rumble, he said, "Move yer chair over. Ya don't need the whole side o' the room, do ya?"

I moved my chair over dutifully while he sat down next to the hefty woman at the table.

"Boy, yer all dressed up like a Phillydelphia lawyer," he said with a lop-sided grin.

"Oh, look at him blush," Mrs. King said, pointing at me. "You blush real pretty...just like Liz."

"I'm practicing to be a neon sign," I said. The bear-man slapped his knee and guffawed. Mrs. King answered with nasal laughter. When I picked up an ash tray and began to light a cigarette, everyone else quickly followed suit.

"Come over by me, Liz," Mrs. King said.
"It's been so long."

For the first time Liz looked directly at her mother. Although both were on the verge of tears, Mrs. King managed a strained smile.

"How's school?" she asked.

"I got all C's and B's on my last report."

"Liz had so much trouble with her school work last year." Mrs. King explained to us. "She's so high strung and she was sick a lot but...just as long as you're passing, honey. That's the important thing."

"Ma, remember Miss Newman, the one I had so much trouble with? She took me over to her house.. Friday...and we talked all afternoon. She asked me about you and Fran and then she wanted to know about my school work. And after a while she asked me if I'd had anything to eat and I said no. So she said... well, there's some ice cream and cake in the refrigerator...you just help yourself. So I had some and she kept asking me if I wanted more...and I've never seen her act so friendly and then she drove me home. And she was real nice about everything----." She buried her face in the faded blue bathrobe.

The bear-man cleared his throat, Mick grinned, and I lit another cigarette.

"Where's Fran?" her mother asked. Fran was Liz's sister.

"Oh....she couldn't make it today. She has a lot of homework...but she told me to say hello."

Mrs. King removed her arm from Liz's shoulders. "Well...what are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Can't I stay with you?"

"But, honey, Ralph is coming over and I still have to dress. Why don't you come back later and we can all have supper together?"

"Where can I go?"

"Couldn't you go with Mick someplace?" She showed him a maternal smile.

"Sure," Mick said, "we can go to the carnival at the Mile."

"Would you?" Liz asked.

"She's such a nice girl," Mrs. King said to me. "I imagine you'll all have more fun than I will."

Outside, the sun had slid behind a cloud, and a left-over wintry breeze had chilled the air.

III

Liz wanted to ride the Ferris Wheel.

"To hell with it," Mick said. "Who wants to ride on one of them things?"

"How about you?" she said to me.

"Yeah. Might's well...can't dance."

From the top of the Wheel we could see the whole fairgrounds. Business was slow on Sunday and the carnies were not hustling as usual. There was no urgency in what we said. Glide, dip, whirl, all motion and small talk. I was sorry when the swaying bucket dropped us back to earth.

"You kiddies have a good time?" Mick said, as we approached him.

"Yeah, we're the kind that give juvenile delinquency a good name," I replied.

Mick laughed and took Liz on the next two rides. While they were up in the roto-plane I wandered around the lot, kicking beer cans and almost tripping over a hose. Someone made a half-hearted attempt to stick me with three tosses for a quarter, but I declined.

After their ride Mick and Liz were in high spirits.

"She almost fell out," Mick said. "God she was so scared that..."

"You liar, you tried to push me out," she said. "He was screaming about women and children first and I had to hit him before he killed me." She punched him lightly on the arm.

"Let's go over there," Mick said, pointing to the basketball shoot.

"Who's goin' to win me a kewpie doll?" Liz asked.

Mick and I sunk two out of the three required shots. Liz seemed delighted just because we tried. Since she was no cigar smoker, none of us felt any loss. Then it was time to leave.

When the car stopped in front of her mother's house, Liz jumped out with a quick goodbye.

"How're you gettin' back home," Mick asked her.

"I'll find a way. Maybe Ralph will drive me."

"You want me to come back for you?"

"If you want to."

Mick pulled away from the curb. He flicked on the radio and Little Richard warmed up and wailed his latest hit.

"Who's Ralph," I asked.

"Just some guy her mother's living with," Mick said.

"You goin' back for her?"

He seemed irritated at my prodding. "If I feel like it. Hafta be home for supper in fifteen minutes, though."

"Yeah, so do I."

We rode the rest of the way in silence.

The Observer

by Jan Cichowicz

Eyes. Eviled impervious eyes,
Belligerently blinking, touching nothing,
Eyes of a novel half-man
Moving slowly in the periphery,
Clutching the cane that has maimed him,
Left him at best an observer,
Stumbling, poking the streets,
By-passing ephemera,
Gliding slowly through straining bodies,
Stepping over illusion;
Listening,
Trying on new fortune,
Thanking the eyes that have changed him,
Left him at best an observer.

The Phlegmatic

by thomas vince

Laughing. That day he first met Brigid.
The day at the beach.
The day at the fair.
Laughing. So out of reach. So fair.
He would have her. He did.

Laughing. She made a dull day bright.
A slow day fast.
An hour seem like a minute.
He tired of her at last.
And of her laughter with the mocking in it.

Laughing. She thought she could cheer him.
He seethed, sullingly.
He could not stand for such
Laughter. He found it dulling.
They found her after. She laughed too much.

As The Vandals Besiege

by thomas vince

As the Vandals besiege, he looks on the town
The gates are defenseless, the bridges are down
And the invaders pour in, screaming and wild
Who spare not the holy, the guiltless, the mild.

Can this be the City, once the city of grace?
But now, how the Vandals destroy and deface
The city where once noble Romans knew peace
But so many are dying while the terrors increase.

As the Vandals besiege, he looks on the town
With its luxurious villas and wealth of renown
All flaming and smoking, all glowing and red
With people, defenders, and ideals all dead.

As the Vandals besiege with Epicurean sin
I know we must fight unyieldingly to win
And trapped as we are in this era of doubt
How much worse to be caught from within than without.

For our modern day heresies seek but, not find
They knock where none open; they joust for the mind;
They build to destroy and they teach the unknown
As the Vandals besiege, no stone rests on a stone.

The New Columbus

by thomas vince

Alert, with eyes that scan the broad horizon in
search of a new world
We stand, on equal footing, as once the Genoese
did, his back to the shores,
And eyes burning with faith, pondering the mist
beyond the flag unfurled ---
Trying to see, as through the magi's scope: what
lay beyond the gray Azores.

Behind, lies the Colossus of the New World, as once
behind Columbus lay the Hercules--
The Janus of the Old World, with eyes ever upon the known,
and wondering gaze upon the unknown
So we, the Spaniards of our age have set our goal
before our eyes and plan to seize
The vastness and the riches of brave new worlds, with
untapped knowledge to make our own.

Ahead, the fervent hope that soon the cry will be
called from the mizzenmast:
Land ahead. And we shall wade ashore to give our
thanks to God in Eternity
Who freely gave to our age the implements to attain
at last
To the furthest space that man has ever known. We
stand in the vestibule of infinity.

Lure Of The Theater



by john oligny

The Descent



by tony melle

Revolving in a vortex, souls
Slip o'er the edge of the abyss
And drawn by gravity of sin
Plunge to hell's bottom where
The pain of a self-bitten soul
Exceeds the serpent's bite.

Thoughts Alone

by Jim Bullion

drying blood stench of decay
privation death the errant knight

the fella near is praying
i can't
o sorrowful searching soul
damned (preacher home says
love the lqrd and fear him)
i'm afraid no not of dying but
of death should nothing be there

is someone waiting in dark shadow
to kill me (hating not knowing
whom or why) but he's the enemy
must kill the enemy

i wonder — home — at home
do they know the pain filth
alone all alone god
(preacher back home says
his vengeance is terrible)
i know i have felt it
alone here here alone

it's raining — god
aren't things bad enough
rain mud filth blood death

it rained at home one day
i didn't care then
we ran for shelter and spent the night
(preacher says he stamps out iniquity)
God sends punishment for rainy interludes

a shot pain ripping pain crying
silence but not mine
he's dead but not me not
ME
my friend's dead but i'm too tired
to care but o that cry next time
will it be
MINE

In The Library

by martin campbell

Strangers, we stood in the marginal zone
He and I

Our cigarette smoke cotton-candied the air
And the bumble bee-sleepy narcosis of sound
Of deftly turned pages
Of brains in their cages
Pulsating with an electrical drone
Of silence so loud that it roared all around
And we thought our own thoughts
He and I.

The room came to life
With a curious motion
That rolled up the stairs like a tide;
The click of her heels,
As she came up the stairs,
Seemed to set the room free with each stride,
(Of the click-click
 click-click
Upon the tile floor)
Causing some to look up
And some to smile.

Passing all night-eyed
And sinuous grace,
A tangible force,
A dream-shadowed face,
Imprinted in mem'ry
But never in time.

Lost in our thoughts, he and I,
The rapport withdrawn at each breath
In the marginal zone,
Both aloof and alone,
We put our emotions to death.

The Death Of A Salesman

As A Classical Tragedy

by harlow haggerty

A few remarks about the definition of tragedy and the critical assumptions of this discussion are necessary at the outset. While Aristotle's definition of tragedy is the only one widely enough recognized for our purposes, there are several drawbacks to applying it rigidly; and, consequently, there are several qualifications with which it will be used.

The first drawback, and a large one, is that there is little widespread agreement between scholars as to the interpretation of Aristotle's Poetics. The second, closely related to the first, is that the Poetics takes no cognizance of any but contemporary Greek techniques for communicating tragedy. Questions about meaning, therefore, and questions about what is technique and what is form shall necessarily be decided here with lamentably little scholarship.

Another seeming obstacle to an Aristotelian analysis of Miller is the disparity of their philosophies. Aristotle is staunchly committed to the existence of absolute truth and absolute ethics whereas Miller is a relativist. Since some philosophy of human nature, defined or undefined, is a prerequisite and a foundation for an understanding of literary values, the difficulty of treating Miller fairly within an Aristotelian framework seems insoluble. To this critic, however, who must side with Aristotle here, the obstacle is minor. Relativism stems from a partial understanding of being, the lot of all philosophers, which generates a variety of approaches to the same immutable truths.

The Greek's approach, being the more comprehensive, can be used with better effect than Miller's own.

We shall appropriate from Aristotle's treatise only those principles which underlie the form of tragedy, that is, principles which pertain to the essence rather than the accidents of tragedy. The following enumeration of these principles shall serve as an outline for our discussion of Death of a Salesman.

Tragedy is:

The imitation of an action of seriousness and magnitude,

Dealing with erring personages of sufficient stature to merit our interest and respect,

With impact derived from artistic and unified construction of plot rather than delineation of character,

Which plot is, ideally, climaxed by Recognition and Reversal of Fortune,

Producing pathetic and fearful events with intent to purgation of the hero,

And concluding with a Tragic Incident.

Death of a Salesman is an imitation of action in the true spirit of the Poetics, that is, with emphasis on action. Every event in the play relates first and foremost to the central action of Willy Loman's disintegration. This disintegration possesses seriousness and magnitude on two levels; on the one hand it concerns the waste of human life and effort through faulty judgment and the resultant human suffering; on the other hand it evaluates an ideology which does motivate and has motivated a great number of people in the industrialized world of today.

Willy is unquestionably an erring personage. His error is in directing all his energies toward a false goal, that of socio-economic success through the Herculean application of capitalistic individualism. Exactly why this goal is false shall be discussed later. The first real problem in understanding the play as a tragedy is whether or not Willy has the

stature of a tragic hero. The Aristotelian requirements are, roughly, three in number: heroic significance, initial prosperity, and average or better-than-average moral fibre.

It has been said that Willy's heroic standing lies in the grandness of his aspirations. While this statement approximates the truth, it leads to the mistaken proposition that heroism can be directly proportional to greed. The fact of Willy's heroism results not from his dreams but from his efforts---and the heightened capacities for joy and sorrow. His elation at the approbation of his sons is ecstatic; his despondency at Biff's financial failures is catastrophic. He is a common man only on the socio-economic scale; his labors and emotions are as big as human nature.

That Willy is prosperous at the beginning of the action seems evident. He has the love of his family, a certain amount of financial security, and the opportunity for self-realization. It must be remembered that in Aristotle's society it was necessary to be a nobleman to possess these benefits; in our society it is not. That Willy's moral fibre is at all outstanding does not strike us immediately. We must at length recognize, however, the unwavering tenacity of purpose, the clinging devotion to ideals, however objectively false they are, that dictates Willy's every act. In this respect he shows himself to be a subjectively moral character of better-than-average quality.

At this point some decision must be made about the language of the play with respect to the social rank of the characters. Aristotle would have tragedy couched in lines of hexameter and pentameter. It is true that Greek Tragedy, dealing as it does with exalted and somewhat removed personages, is substantially embellished by verse. Whether Arthur Miller could have written his play in verse or not is unimportant; the fact is that verse would have detracted

from it. The most moving lines in the play are frequently the most prosaic; for example, Willy's line in Act One: "Gotta break your neck to see a star in this yard." Imagine the salesman spouting in iambic pentameter:

Oppressing structures mar skyward visions,

My members strain to spy a single star.

Aristotle himself would balk at such a "purple patch." Willy and his family, despite their right to tragic treatment, are nevertheless incommensurate with verse.

While Aristotle's call for unity of time and place has here been dismissed as geared to contemporary Greek techniques, the unity of action, as it concerns the plot, is essential to tragedy. It is one of the striking excellences of Death of a Salesman that even the most disparate events are brought into the clear focus of their effect on Willy's disintegration. Does the play derive its impact from the coherence of its plot, however, or from the manner in which Willy is characterized? The general plot is as follows: A man's dreams conflict irreconcilably with reality. The more reality casts doubt on those dreams, the more the man breaks contact with reality in order to sustain them. When reality takes from him all the instruments of his illusion, the man, in a final assertion of the goodness of his dream, destroys himself. The question at hand can be asked thus: Is Willy's personality a tool of plot development or is the plot a technique for revealing that personality? It boils down to the question of whether the events are meaningful in themselves or merely descriptive. The answer is that the events have a greater significance than description, that character here is appropriately subordinate to plot.

In accordance with his own view of rational man, Aristotle states that a tragic hero must eventually come to a more or less correct understanding of his acts. Only then can he judge himself guilty or innocent, only then can the ideally tragic moment occur----

the split second when a chain of ordinary events takes on terrifying significance, when hero and audience alike stand aghast at the enormity of a misfortune. Aristotle describes a plot with such a characteristic as "complex," rightly stating that it is the ideal---but not the only----type for tragedy. This "moment of truth," as it were, is absent in Death of a Salesman. In its place we have Willy's vague but persistent notion that all has not gone according to expectation and that his "go-getterism" has somehow failed. His doubt is clearly revealed by his intent to purchase seeds and his sudden wish to take up small scale farming, despite having roundly castigated Biff for non-commercial ambitions of a similar nature. There is a wavering of viewpoint here but neither understanding nor change. Willy is still largely in the grips of illusion when he meets his end. It is with reference to this foggy, indefinite Recognition that the play becomes "second-rate" tragedy in the Aristotelian sense.

No question can be raised as to whether the play evokes the requisite pity and fear. We feel sorrow with Willy, and we are more or less frightened by the knowledge that we also are subject to such misfortunes. The term "purgation" must be explained. It is used in preference to Aristotle's own "catharsis" from suspicion that the Freudian sense of the latter will be understood. The belief that emotions evoked by art act as a laxative on the tensions of the spectator would seem to be inconsistent with Aristotle's rational and moral view of man. Several contemporary works of considerable scholarship have encouraged a reinterpretation of the term "catharsis" (cf. Else, Aristotle's Poetics: the Argument). These works argue that the catharsis referred to is the cleansing of the hero through some painful act, the Tragic Incident. Thus pity and fear are removed incidentally as the "guilt" of the hero is washed away, and this purgation is arrived at by means of pathetic

and fearful events. Now the death of Willy Loman is a painful incident, and it could be conceived of as morally cleansing him. But it is again somewhat less than ideally tragic because of his limited awareness. He is aware that he is being cleansed, but only in terms of his distorted ideals. The insurance money, we must remember, is the important thing. We conclude that while Death of a Salesman is not a tragedy of first magnitude in the Aristotelian sense, it is more of a tragedy than many have admitted. We do not conclude that it is other than an excellent play; in fact, posterity willing, it can lay claim to endurance.

Upon what, then, does its bid for greatness rest? If the reason Willy's goal is false were merely that it is too vast for him or that he is better suited for another role in life, then the play would be only as good as its technical craftsmanship (which is considerable). It could not be deemed great, for its ultimate significance would be something like, "Don't bite off more than you can chew." Actually, the play brings out that happiness, or salvation, lies in something other than the glitter of financial success. Charley best exemplifies the true kind of success; and, although he possesses the material kind, his happiness does not depend on it. It depends more on a calm understanding of self and others. Not that Miller has tacked an ethico-religious moral onto the play---heaven forbid! He merely affords us a true perspective within which to understand Willy Loman, and true perspective is the first principle, so to speak, of literary or dramatic greatness.

I Saw A Cherry Orchard

by arthur schantz

I saw a cherry orchard yesterday
 Gayly in bloom, whose branches danced the breeze;
It made me think of you and of the way
 So long ago, 'neath other cherry trees,
We two once strolled — they were so fragrant-fair
 And fresh with spring as you once were, with love.
How the past years, counted as I stood there,
 Seemed many as the blossoms high above!
Those bygone days are like the cherry trees
 That bloomed, then faded, let their flowers fall;
Though youth's not spent, but at its prime as these,
 Its vigor's fled and faded once and all.

If trees should bloom but once throughout the years
Then, once a life, a love should bring no tears.

Paradox

by raymond di lorenzo

Babe newly born cries. All are attentative.
Mother warmth soothes and comforts.
Soon suckled and silent.

And a round radiance
Provides searching,
Stretching things
Necessities nourishing.

A voice pleads dearly,
They think: love him! love him! his
Lot like ours need not, never, needless
To say we will love him.

Yet groping grey-grouped gatherings --
Clouds come. Leaves in trees, leaves glaucous-green,
Leaves' light undersides flickering furtively
Begin to stir and rustle restlessly.

A man steps out --
Darkness wide dappled down with
Mystic, multicolored, gaseous glitterings --
Fickle flashing, a bubbling ascending --
O look! a champagne glass--bright sign --
Now gone, now back.
There is a laughing under the smoke,
Husky and brawling laughing,
Laughing with mouths wide, white teeth, painted lips --
Tinklings and shatterings with laughing and
Drinking with flesh naked
Dancing, stormy and scintillating --
And a man stops, steps in.

The purple sky is streaked with
Jagged splashes of coruscation and
Rumblings low and muffled
Building to a crescendo of splitting crack-crashes.
The rain.
Eyes stare through running windows at the
Empty splattering streets.

A meditation:

The paradox -- wind whipping through,
And a small, small fragile kite,
Noses out against and soars high,
Sailing, gaining, climbing high
To line's length's end.

Vision

by anton peter

stark torsoes ran the aisle
screams welling in their lungs;
a prayer in dead syllables and
haunting
(giant bells tolling
to the spatter of automatic fire
on naked skulls).
in a limbo of a static violence

(one man ripped and tore,
another raped and plundered)
but there was one who loved
his name was death, and
he loved everybody.

Song 9

by anton peter

Do you know
what your raindrop face
means to me
and the petals
of our dead gentle hands together
the pressure of my love for you?
Your talk is finality in its tenderness
of angel-devil quality

or maybe I am wrong;
but to drink laughter from your lips
and tears from your eyes
is my salvation.

Song 3

by anton peter

The sun is yet half dead and speaks
slowly, laboriously to our upturned
faces (as if we

were waiting, waiting, waiting
for tomorrow)
but are you sure it will be there?

Because I'm not ---
your face and the throbbing heart
of your eyes I will kiss
and your music hands and mine

will make little lovely sounds with
each other's nerves;
maybe you don't realize
we're as big as the sun
(and our love)

Announcement

The Carroll Quarterly is sponsoring a short story contest for the Winter issue. Any story of at least two thousand words will be considered. The judging will be done by three professors from the English department.

The prize is \$25.00. Deadline for the submission of stories, as well as all copy, is December 14.

