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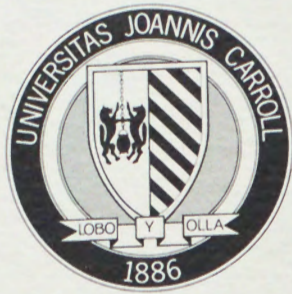
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carroll quarterly







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In Summer, 1967 Carl Sandburg died. His legacy as chronicler and poet of a people are nowhere better expressed than in the poem "To Carl Sandburg, an Underrated Poet," written by Mark Yungbluth and reprinted below from the Fall issue of Vol. 20 of the *Quarterly*. With it we dedicate this issue of the *Quarterly* to Carl Sandburg's memory.

— THE EDITORS

*There are some who would deny you,
Carl Sandburg,
Your right place among the ranks of the
Mind searchers and heart talkers
From whose pens flow
The feelings we may or may not know.
There are some who have not seen with their hearts
The flowing golden wheat prairies
And the sooty smoke of steel cities
And skyscrapers
And the "boes" that line the
Twin ribbon tracks.*

*Your poems are like a slow freight
Leaving the Chicago railyard in the misty morning golden dawn —
Through the suburbs heading west —
Catching glimpses of America waking up
In sleepy valleys
And sun-come-up plains.*

*You write in the very bowels of the people.
The people, yes.
The girls on the street corners under the lamp posts,
The fish mongers on the wharves,
The skyscrapers alive with mens' souls
And wash women whose pails
Clatter through the empty halls
Into the dark morning.*

*I have explored your great rooms
And ridden your flimmering fooms
And seen your cornhuskers calloused hands
And heard your tin pan jazz fantasia bands
And I love them all with a special love.*

*There are some who say
You are a white haired old man with a scarf
Or a collector of ballads, a singer of songs
Or a biographer who knew Lincoln well
Or a hack writer with hardly talent at all.
But you can see with deeper eyes
A nation, a people
Who may pay no praise or wages
But in hidden various stages know it, Carl Sandburg,
You are a poet.*

Here & There:
the View from No. 11, D.S.

It was of no small interest to us that suburban police confiscated *Ulysses* at one of the Greater Cleveland theatres lately showing the film at popular prices after a limited (and more expensive) premiere last spring; we had seen the film (at another theatre) the evening before newspapers announced the closing by authorities. It was also of no surprise to us. Most of the audience at our showing had a nothing-better-to-do-on-Saturday-night look. Three girls brought their own pop corn. And there *was* actually a couple in front of us in line who remarked that Steve Reeves was "terrific" in the earlier version. After all these years at "art theatres" it becomes apparent to us who can enjoy the novel and the experimental. But if the audience we sat with could not enjoy *Ulysses*, they should have been kind enough to tolerate it.

Producer-Director Joseph Strick attempts, it would seem, to soften Joyce's directness or bluntness for the crowd by explaining stream of consciousness. The short notes before the story refer specifically to Leopold's adventures in Nighttown and Molly's soliloquy. But the audience quickly realized (with Buck Mulligan's naked plunge into the sea) that this was a dirty film. As soon as Bloom or Molly began to dream about love making, the audience became restless, waiting for one of them to "do it." When neither did, the crowd became bored. You could, though, listen to the popping of corn at the candy counter during the beautiful monologue at the end. (It finally became apparent why art theatres serve coffee.) Someone in the rear blew on a duck call through the pub scenes. Others

necked during the funeral. When it was all over, the people waiting for the next showing, who like ourselves were admitted to the theatre during the film, were warned by the leaving crowd to cash their tickets in. A woman turned to me and said it was the worst film she had ever seen.

The newspaper reported that the manager of the theatre where *Ulysses* was confiscated had refused to lease his parking lot to local merchants and city hall had retaliated. Now it seems that James Joyce, who suffered at the hands of publishers in his own time, will continue to be exploited, at least in spirit, by local politics.

Another Irish author died, like Joyce, in exile. After our evening with the American peasantry, we sympathized with them, the Exiles.



Our assignment, not to be outdone by the *News*, was to undertake an analysis of the various academic departments. We started our survey with the simple question, does one plus one equal two? Our initial stop was the theology department, not because it is the highest in Aquinas's order, heaven (?) forbid, but rather because it was the closest to Murphy Hall. After asking the question we received the following inspired reply: there are three in one with one being equal to the other two and the two to themselves. This seemed too confusing to even ask for an explanation in a logical way so we left not so confident, as we were when we entered, that the question would be easily answered.

We traveled through Rodman's subterranean passages, *terra incognita* to most, to the psychology department where we barely escaped

with our heads after being subjected to intense examination for asking such a basic question. Were we insecure? Did we doubt such a basic truth? they asked. Our answer — that we were merely on an assignment — drew their suspicion. They said there must be some psychological reason behind our questions and began to ask us questions.

At this we took our leave and went to the speech department, an easy “yes” we thought, how could they not agree? Easily enough. They began to debate the issue, first from the need-plan point of view. Resolved: One plus one should equal two, was their phrasing of the issue, as it was called. The judge decided that the negative won the debate but he assured us that this meant in no way that one plus one did not equal two, only that one plus one should not equal two. Was a statement as basic as this not even safe in the speech department?

To placate us they offered to debate it from a plan’s-advantage point of view. This time the affirmative managed to win, showing that one plus one should equal two because this plan had many advantages. Leaving Rodman, then, we had one confused answer, one disputed answer, and one “no” answer, only a question, “Were we insecure?”

Our stop at the English department was enlightening. The energetic professors were more than willing to offer us proof from every period of English literary history that one plus one equaled two. Because this was such a decisive answer we decided to ask them to document their sources. All we can offer you is their word; they could not footnote their sources.

The history department was also

willing to offer us definite proof, using history as a guide, that one plus one, throughout history, has equaled two in some form or other. The non-western civilizations had other ways of expressing this statement but it has always been true, we were informed.

The mathematics department we assumed would be the easiest stop on our tour. Was our statement not a mathematical one? The answer we wanted was not coming. It is true when working in the base ten but even this was not true if the word “plus” meant the two “ones” were additive. Then to make matters even more confusing they said that a plus one plus a plus one equaled a plus two.

After three more stops we were ready to generalize that the offices in the Administration building were more orthodox in their answers. Or so we thought until we visited the sociology department where we were taken on a tour of their projects to find our answer. All we really found was that those on relief have a great propensity to increase their numbers and that they were certainly not equal.

What caused this increase led us to the biology department where we were told that when two gametes united that a new individual was created. In other words, as we recorded the data, two equaled one or one plus one equaled one or up to as many as seven. This, certainly, was not easy to understand. Obviously there must be some logical system to explain these differences.

So, off to the philosophy department we went. Here we observed a debate about the political issues involved in our Vietnam policy and which candidate they would run

against the Presidency this next fall. Knowing their reputation as political scientists we were sure we were in the proper department. They did find time to confuse us on the much simpler issue of did one plus one equal two by dealing with the nature of oneness and twoness. With that they reverted to their previous discussion after asking us what we thought because after all we define our own world.

The logical answer we were looking for was not forthcoming so we decided that if the philosophy department could debate questions germane to the political scientist perhaps the political science department could give us the logical answer we missed in the philosophy department. It was our logic that failed. The political scientists were too busy laughing at the newest campus joke: What did the German shepard and turkey say when they greeted each other? Oulf, oulf, gobble, gobble.

The most popular department, if not the most controversial, was our last stop. A survey of the officers in the military science department revealed that they would only comment if the Department of Defense would give them clearance to discuss this matter of national security; but that if the Pentagon said that one plus one was not equal to two that they would obey the order in the same way they could obey the order that one plus one equaled two.

When we tallied our results we found only two departments which would agree to what we thought was a basic question. Perhaps the other departments are part of an insidious indigenous campaign to keep us from the simple truthful answers.

●

It was announced today that Congress has abolished Santa Claus. Until recently, no one could come up with a suitable excuse for Mr. Claus' dismissal. Among the reasons given by Mr. Wilbur Mills, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, were that Mr. Claus was well past the mandatory retirement age and that certain labor practices and working conditions in the workshop violated Federal Labor Practice statutes.

The Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson, at his weekly press conference this afternoon, announced that both the Harris and the Gallup polls indicated support by 77% to 79% of the voting age population. Mr. Johnson also announced a Santa Claus Service (SCS) program administered by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, which will be available in late December of 1968. HEW Secretary John W. Gardner has already formed a panel of noted child psychologists, educators, and scientists who will prepare twelve different grades of SCS packages. All naturalized citizens between the ages of two and ten are eligible for SCS benefits. Each child will be analyzed according to abilities and interests and assigned a corresponding SCS grade according to performance on the SCS National Achievement Test to be administered in November of each year.

Mr. Johnson concluded his press conference with the statement that the spirit of Santa Claus will be preserved with a large plastic IBM-designed Computer Claus (CC) to be installed permanently on the White House lawn. It will be able to handle 52 children a minute, plus an additional 104 by telephone connection for those children who will not be

able to see CC in person. CC will have a record of each child in the United States preserved on magnetic tape through the efforts of the CIA which has spent the last two years compiling and sorting data. After his interview each child will be given a

key punch card with his national standing and his areas of strength and weakness. Mr. Johnson estimated that the cost of the program will be less than \$100 for the average two-and-a-half child family and will be tax deductible.



Erieview Tower and the Federal Building, at sunset, downtown Cleveland photographed from John Carroll University, Grasselli Tower by ROBERT MOELLER and ARCHIE RIVIERA.

Sonata Allegro in Black

*There was, I say was for now gone,
unfortunately, — forgotten,
three black men, black souls,
black minds, black bodies,
black sir, yes, sir,
black sir,*

*You sir,
white sir,
Austen, the deacon and
he'll be in your land
next leaving black sir, black ash black,
char black and
Sampson, without Delilah white,
no weakness there sir,
see me now sir?*

*Black sir, bountiful, beautiful, black ebony,
sir, and
Weathers, scuffed shoes,
scuffed shirt (no tie, sir)
scuffed face black, tired, dreary
black (he'd been there before)
and white, sir?*

*Faces clean and
scrubbed
sir, question and answered in
brilliant black sir for there was*

*I say was for now gone,
unfortunately, — forgotten,
three men, but still
black
sir!*

— JAMES L. BOURKE JR.

To Set Things in Order As They Are Wanting

I WOULD like to take this moment to express my gratitude for those of you, individually and collectively, who have made it possible for me to be here this evening. It is indeed a pleasure as well as a creative experience that I shall always cherish. I bring you greetings from the office of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Possibly because the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King ordained me, I constantly find myself reverting to my natural habitat of being the Baptist preacher who must take a text in order to be more comfortably involved in what Sartre calls one's *raison d'être*. Titus, a brother in the ministry bequeathed a letter from Paul giving Titus a directive regarding institutions of his day whose value structure imposed themselves on his people causing chaos and confusion or disorder to the social order. Titus of yesterday like us today are historically confronted with what Paul calls "For there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers whose mouths must be stopped, who subvert whole houses teaching things

which they ought not for filthy lucre's sake." Paul's emphatic position to Titus in order for him to be socially responsible and philosophically reliable is clearly seen when he writes, "For this cause left I thee in Crete that thou should set in order the things that are wanting." If one assumes there is a second act on the nonviolent stage of history then the civil rights movement must set things in order to form act two. For this cause we are still in America to set things in order that are wanting.

The stage would probably be set to denote a tragedy of America's institutions today like nations of yesterday that have never historically set things in order that are wanting. They have failed to make the world become flesh and dwell among men. Men get their value system and develop their inherent *raison d'être* through their perpetual dialogue with social institutions. I would like to assume that philosophers would say social institutions were conceived by man in his insatiable drive to come into what Teilhard De Chardin calls "man's place in the universe." I understand at one point in history man dialogued

Editor's note: "To Set Things in Order as They Are Wanting" is the text of the opening speech of Rev. Albert Sampson at the Black Power Symposium sponsored by Alpha Sigma Nu and presented in the Kulas Auditorium on November 13, 1967. We extend our thanks to Rev. Sampson for permission to print it.

with the universe and said, "Universe, sir, I exist," and the universe replied back and said, "However, sir, this places no obligation to me." I do not know whether the creators of the vertical institutional relationship with life is man's futile attempt to find his place in the universe because his institutions seem to take this kind of direction. Yet the creators need to testify along with the philosophers that things aren't set in order as they are wanting. I do know the producers of racism have institutionalized people from the top to socially impose definitions as well as decisions to people on the bottom that profoundly negate their dignity. Given the realities of a universe, resources and man, racism says the resources in the universe are more important than man. Non-violence would argue, in its seemingly horizontal relationship with life, given the same realities of the universe, resources and man, man is more important than the resources in the universe and the resources are to be utilized for man's creative fulfillment and development. For this cause we are still in America to set things in order that are wanting.

America's social and moral historical dilemma has brought her to the precipice of reality and given her the mandate of responsibility because the letter of history sent by the mailman of life is a Western Union telegram that says, "For this cause America, you must set things in order that are wanting. For there are whole houses teaching things which they ought not for filthy lucre's sake." Men received their value system from the family, church and school which are institutions that represent the trunk of truth; but we have historically lost our perspective and philosophy of life so much to the point that militarism,

economics and government shape our society's misguided direction, uncreative fulfillment and misunderstood development. And this is no historical accident but rather it becomes the tragedy of man who fails to set things in order that are wanting. For this cause we are in America. Some have argued that America is a creative error because she refused to participate in an illicit relationship with the Queen of England, and so she conceived a Plymouth Rock as a symbol of her solidarity and created a Statue of Liberty to affirm her dignity. Yet history watched her as she shook hands with the Indian and stole America. History watched her as she stole her agricultural lesson from the Indians on how to pick cotton and plant corn. History watched her as she gave her English boots to the Indians and took the Indian's moccasins and called herself Daniel Boone. History watched her as she stole the Indian's dignity by putting them on a reservation, calling them a savage and then had the audacity to celebrate a Thanksgiving. History watched her bring the Negro over first as an economic necessity, then as a psychological need. History watched her issue the edict, "Lift that barge, tote that bale." Eric Hoffer said it another way in his book, *The True Believer*: "Work from sun up to sun down, dreaming no dreams and grieving no grievances." History watched her pause a moment from her daily economic agenda for living and write a political document to protect her economic base. Meanwhile opportunity joined America in a birth that broke through a womb of oppression, conceiving a child of compassion and named her the United States of America. Writing on its soil a legacy of history, "We hold these truths to be self-evident.

that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

History watched America carve her epitaph, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free."

History became saddened as she watched the founding fathers give some men the right to vote and no men the right to eat. History became more saddened when white America gave the African in America *Trust In God* via the Bible while she took *In God We Trust* via the coin. Once white America committed this act



she told the world that we are going to work in order to eat just because Adam made a booboo in the garden. Failing to understand that a job is a awkward legislative reality pronounced by institutions. Yet the wisdom of Jesus rectified that position by saying "Take no thought for your

life, what you shall eat or what you shall put on. For the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof and they that dwell therein." Africans in America understood this and still sing the song, "His eye is on the sparrow, He watches over me, I sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm free, His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches over me." For this cause we are in America to set things in order that are wanting. Harry Golden once said that the greatest mistake the white man made was introducing the Negro to Christianity because while he had the Negro over there in Paul where it says slaves be good to your master, the Negro found himself in the gospels where it says we are all equal at the foot of the cross and when he gets tired of reading that he found himself in the Old Testament where it says God created man in His own image, that which God would want us to be. Understanding this creative error history sent a letter to the African in America.

And on the parchment of time she wrote for this cause left I thee in America that thou should set in order the things that are wanting. For there are whole houses teaching things which they ought not for filthy lucre's sake. At that moment history made an appointment with truth and introduced the African in America to his collection of deeds. Truth turned to the chapter on *Economics* and said America has counted the resources in God's universe to be more important than man. She can't be threatened by Communism because she could carry on an economic revolution. Something is wrong with the Communists' economy if they can chastise one moment and then borrow wheat the next moment. She builds more weapons to protect an economy that

belongs to God and not to her. Tell her, black man, God grows the tomatoes. Tell her the mystery of the universe is that tomatoes are going to grow whether a Rockefeller, Kennedy, Micky Mouse or Donald Duck plants them, tomatoes are going to grow. Tell her to stop paying white farmers in Wisconsin and black farmers in Mississippi not to plant food while over two-thirds of the world's population starves. Tell her that man ought not to work to eat but rather work for his own creative fulfillment and development. For nobody charges the squirrel for storing nuts in the tree trunk, the bear for living in a cave. Nobody charges the beaver for building a dam; pray tell, why should we charge man?

Truth turned to the chapter on *Militarism* and said tell her, black man, that you don't solve social problems through violence. Inform her that she hasn't created anyone so she has no right to destroy anyone. Now she will tell you she needs protection and inform her that there is no defense for sabotage and let Abraham Lincoln, John F. Kennedy or Lee Harvey Oswald rise up to testify. Tell her she broke into the Indians' house, took their land, buffalo and food signing a treaty so that Indians in the year 1967 can't even fish with Dick Gregory. Tell her she has broken into Ho Chi Minh's ten-room house, stole five of his rooms and now with her historical sickness and militaristic ego cries out — "Let's negotiate for the other five." Tell her Seymour Melman in his book *Our Depleted Society* states that if we took just 22 billion dollars from our military budget, we could build more schools, homes, hospitals. Seventy percent of our technicians and eighty-seven cents of our dollar go for past,

present and future wars. Tell her it is unnecessarily tragic that every young boy, black or white, before he can dream his own dreams or create his own private thoughts must check in with the nightmare of the draft board to wed the daughter of patriotism.

Truth turned to the chapter on *Politics* and said don't let them fool you, Africans in America, for Abraham Lincoln gave you a slip of paper to set you free but failed to provide an economic base as your responsibility. Tell them the Moynihan Report is 300 years too late because it doesn't clarify, justify, notify, nor rectify White America's inhumanity to man. Africa today has slips of paper to say they're free but Rockefeller is pumping the oil out while Firestone gets the rubber. Tell Ferdinand Lundberg, who wrote *America's Sixty Families*, that if sixty families, all white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, own or control eighty-four percent of the nation's resources, then they should be releasing it to a world that's eighty-four percent unresourceful.

Truth looked up and said she hasn't quite settled her account with God. She learned in Sunday School "Thou shalt not kill" so she puts animals in zoos and puts people in furnaces, and clothes babies in napalm. She told her people to burn all the Beatle records because the Beatles said they were more popular than Jesus. Truth shook his head in despondent dismay and said when the seminaries across the country came out and said *God Is Dead*, nobody volunteered to burn them down. Truth said take these collections of deeds and move into the second phase of the Civil Rights Movement. Take non-violence as

your instruments of social change for love is the only panacea to solve this moral and social dilemma. And the profundity of love is that it always finds a way to be constructive. For this cause we are in America to set things in order as they are wanting. The African in America, understanding his miseries, changed his name to Negro, his soul to black, hooked up a train calling the South Hell and North Heaven and declared to the world, "This is the Underground Railroad." With her train hooked up she gave birth to the spirituals, a creation born out of necessity under a due time and a due condition announcing to the world these are they. As this train moved across the years, months, weeks and days of our Lord Jesus Christ, she searched for a government of the people, for the people and by the people. Time met her native sons on the stage of history and raised up a Kennedy, Krushchev and an M. L. King. Circumstances took away a Kennedy, politics took away a Krushchev and left an M. L. King saying to the world for this cause we are left in America to set things in order that are wanting.

Truth looked up and said white America you tried to crush me, but truth crushed to the earth shall rise again. For this cause we are in America. For this cause we are in the Second Reconstruction and the fundamental issue is what is a man? White America has gone from Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, David Copperfield, Louisa Mae Alcott's Little Men — Little Women, and then moved from inferior to superior. Now it's Superman, Batman, James Bond's 007; never stopping to say, "What is a man?" We want America specifically and the world generally to stop their "Business as usual" agenda for living and

announce to the world the definition of a man. These are the things that are wanting and because God has created all men and endowed them with certain inalienable rights — why not every man? For this cause are we left in America black and white together to set things in order that are wanting. For there are whole houses teaching things which they ought not for filthy lucre's sake. For this cause we are still in America refusing to participate in an illicit relationship with her militarism, economics, and governmental institutions founded on racism and fed by catholic capitalism. Our goal is to so nonviolently relate to this economic mountain that it will erupt and all the lava will flow down on all of the people of God, rather than some of the people of God. Our aim is not to destroy Johnson as a sick military tyrant but to love him as a man, destroying his institutionalized military tyranny; believing that the same institutional forces that create evil can create good.

The story was told once of a circus that came to a town called America and the "Elite" wouldn't let them set the circus in their town; they said, "Set it on the outskirts of town." The reason they gave is what Dr. King calls the "Tribal ethic" of my God, my country, my land, my home, my culture. While these kinds of people called "Minority groups or culturally deprived, or backward, or primitive, or inferior" were being discussed by the elite in tea and sympathy, the circus caught on fire. They sent the clown into town to get help for he always represents parts of everybody struggling to be somebody. The clown on an errand for God ran into town pronouncing and announcing for this cause left I that thou should set in order the things that are want-

ing. The clown prayed and the world kept laughing, he sang, he achieved, he became intelligent, he suffered, bled and sacrificed but the world kept laughing. God gave Noah the Rainbow Sign, no more water, fire next time. There is a fire this time of colonialism which receives its fuel from economic exploitation and is fed by capitalism. This colonial fire seers across the pages of history, burning everything that represents God's creation. Some say it manifests itself in a colony, some argue it's a slum but I maintain it is America's unwillingness to grapple with the question of the dignity of a man! It's America's failure to make institutions work for man rather than man working for institutions. For this cause we are in America to set things in order as they are wanting. History is watching with joy because there are people, although the world is laughing, who will march both nationally and internationally across these continents with truth saying for this cause are we in the world to set things in

order as they are wanting. For this cause people are saying they are willing to die with truth rather than continue to live with a lie. Now black and white together have joined with truth saying with one accord to the world: "We aren't Richard Wright's outsider, nor are we Ralph Ellison's invisible man, nor James Baldwin's nobody knows my name, nor are we Franz Fanon's wretched of the earth." History, truth, time and love will stand with the downtrodden. They will testify that there are no orphans in God's kingdom and whatever the world might say, we're Claude Brown's manchild in the promised land. For this cause we are in America to set things in order as they are wanting. In the prophetic practical words of Gandhi that became flesh and dwelt among men; "There go my people, I must catch up with them for I am their leader." Pro Christo et humanite. I am trying to be, yours in Christ,

— ALBERT RICHARD SAMPSON

Why Are We in Vietnam?, by Norman Mailer, 208 pp., G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$4.95. A ribald account of a hunting expedition in Alaska's Brooks Mountain Range through which Mr. Mailer attempts to draw a dread parallel to the "situation" which produces a Vietnam.

* *

I FRANKLY feel embarrassed in reviewing Norman Mailer's *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, not because it is a dirty book, which indeed it is, but because it is such a bad book. Essentially it is the story of three oversexed animalistic Texans who go on a hunting trip in Alaska. They exhibit the same fiendish gusto in killing grizzly bears as they exhibit in their sexual escapades. The book ends with their animality next directed to fighting in Vietnam.

The use of animals, even ones in hunting jackets, for allegory has a cherished history in literature. My quarrel is not with Mailer's crusty obscene allegory, nor with his puerile prurient parlando, nor especially with his truculent pacifism. All these elements have excellent literary credentials. My quarrel is that Mailer uses all these elements so badly and that his bad art is a disservice to the discussion of a crucial contemporary issue.

The bawdy story is one of the oldest literary categories. No serious student of literature can be a finicky

Puritan. But the student of literature is a fool if he is not serious about what deserves his laughter. The ability to laugh at anything is no sign of genius. The man of taste is tested by his ability to laugh with taste even and especially in the realm of the bawdy.

It is important not to be a Puritan because, if incongruity is the essence of humor, then the inevitable incongruities in matters of sex should be a rich source of humor. Sex is not that serious that it cannot be and is not funny. The staunchest argument for the silliness of the Playboy philosophy is precisely that the rabbit is one of the funniest of animals. Who could possibly take a bunny seriously?

Boccaccio, Rabelais, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Waugh all laughed at sexual situations. As a matter of fact, in one sense these gentlemen in their artistic bawdiness are among the most efficient moralists. The sheer hilariousness of the incongruous idiocies that poor humans trap themselves in for the sake of a stealthful romp with Diana is one of the most valuable lessons human nature can learn. Any great artist gifted with wit teaches us to laugh at ourselves, especially in those matters where we take ourselves much too seriously.

And here we see one of the great losses of our age. We have no Miller's Tale, no Falstaff. So seriously does our age worship Diana that it has lost its ability to laugh not at sex, which

is sacred, but at human silliness for taking itself as a sexual object so seriously.

This is my main quarrel with Norman Mailer. He does not take sex seriously and he has not the humor to show human foolishness in pandering to itself. He does not use the bawdy to help us laugh at ourselves. He uses not the bawdy but the obscene and makes it a vision of the universe. In defense of *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, he wrote: "There's utterly no tradition any more. It's a time when our nervous systems are being remade. There's an extraordinary amount of obscenity around, and it's in my new book. I had to write it that way despite the fact that I hate to add to all that obscenity." He adds that such language "is the only metaphor to express the situation that produces Vietnam."

But if the obscene is the only metaphor to explain the situation that produces Vietnam, and the obscene is such a metaphor because "there is utterly no tradition anymore. It's a time when our nervous systems are being remade," then there is not any standard by which to judge either the obscene or Vietnam. If all of us are animals, then how can one even argue about Vietnam? What more can Mailer expect from us animals? Who can say what is really right?

Here too is the great disservice Mailer does to the discussion of the war in Vietnam. Pacifism too has a grand literary lineage. As good

bawdy can be great art, so pacifism as a theme can be immensely valuable even for those who reject it as a practical political theory. Even theoretically it is often difficult to chisel the distinction between police protection, justifiable self-defense, requisite protection of the helpless and brute militarism. Pacifistic literature, everything from the *Trojan Women* to *All Quiet On the Western Front*, has always been a firm brace against our confusing genuine crusades with ghoulish chauvinism. What we need in the discussion of Vietnam are not frenetic protests but facts and the dispassionate atmosphere to deal with them logically and honorably. Even in ideal circumstances honesty is a vengeful tax on our national pride.

But does not Mailer's obscene metaphor make discussion impossible? Is filthy haphazard allegory an argument against those who insistently reason in defense of the war? Even those of us whose family has been seriously scarred by the war and who thus have highly emotional as well as hopefully logical questions about its justification are not served by Mailer's boorish badinage.

Norman Mailer is hardly worth our ink much less our time. But he has done more than write another tiresome crude book. The great bawdy in literature will certainly remain secure, but with friends like Mailer does Senator Fulbright need any enemies?

— RICHARD W. CLANCEY

Genetics I

*Probing the depth and the breadth and the wisdom
We fathom a comforting story
To answer the cry of the baby deformed
Of war sons and whoresons
The aged and scorned
To bathe the black flesh red from the knife
To anchor a home for the wandering white
Down at the bottomless base of the stair
In the air of the comfortable common*

*Where on the sands flapping nomads labor against the wind
Where in the valley campfire dancers howl a crop-god hail
Where a hawk to the hill marks the danger, the kill —
Where a hunt to the death is the wood-way
Where woeful mothers forfeit their babes to an unknown God
Where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob's God is working
A wrath of rain on a wayward few
Where some lone Jew is loved for naught
There where our being is wrought.*

Thus He saith:

*"I the Lord, your God,
Am a jealous God
Inflicting punishment for their wickedness
On the children of those who hate me
Down to the third and fourth generation;
But bestowing mercy
Down to the thousandth generation
On the children of those who love me." (Ex. 21:5-6)*

*I inherit the eyes, the mind and the skin;
I inherit the land, the wealth and the sin;
My father and brother are one.
My soul lingers in a psalm
My body determines on the palm
For I am my grandfather's brother.*

*The upper room is filling up with smoke
And the smell of anxious dirt,
Muffled voices hovering in the tedium:
The people don't look like they belong
Not a smile exists but under tears
Who are they and why is their business here?
The windows at intervals go blank and light
Someone's wooden face appears*

Familiar, creaking
How is a bearded beggar?
What words that don't promise them release
 Comfort inmates?

The restless seek only to be free
Pity is born of a generous soul
Hope is the offspring of sin
All the pity in a courthouse can't effect this break
Tonight
In the dark
When the guards change
Trade with you perhaps
But that's not really in the cards either.

Evan and Ada had their first baby last night.
Back home Mrs. Fieldman is throwing a party for nearly four
Hundred.

Adam, do I know you?
Or is it merely speculation that brings you to mind?
We certainly have blamed you in the name of Man
Is it because you were the first
That you are so fatefully responsible?
Why,
If you were truly human as (we say) Christ was truly human,
Should your sins have any greater repercussions than mine?
Give me your sins
As I shall give mine to my children.
I know you indeed
I feel you pulsing at the core
As I hear of Solomon, as I read of David, as I witness Israel
As I know of Galileo, or as "Sum pius Aeneas,"
As I imbibe Shakespeare, or inherit Grimm
So am I you.

They say that Nature balances matter and energy
By constantly transforming the one into the other.
Could not God have created men
With an equal balance for sin and punishment
Whereby the community soaks up the guilt of the individual sinner
It would be an imperfect world only to the extent that men
 do not love the selfless soaking they get.
To say that evil could not possibly have emitted from God
Is to say that God could not possibly have been human
And of course He is.
Disease is not opposed to God, nor death, deformity, ignorance,
 criminality, insanity,
Only the clear rejection by the soul of God's love,
God's "wooing words"
And this is a form of evil we seldom see

A distortion of all that the human heart desires.

*In the back of the cathedral a madman was cursing God.
We followed him out of the church and into a bar and sat down.
We listened*

*The story was horribly long
He suffered wrong from a child's tongue
Who spit in his eye and giggled
A child he loved and wanted and knew
A child who left him alone.
The forests had not done him right
He had fled to the woods with his family and goods
But windows still needed washing
And the roof constantly caused him trouble
And the wife
Who had long since ceased to be God
Was tired, annoying and sickly —
He left them there, the wife and the woods,
Alone as they had left him —
For a man is alone if his heart isn't full and*

"I was searching for more.

*Then
Someone
Put his hand on my back
A hard hand
I turned and looked
Square-into-his-eyes
Neither blue nor brown nor green but wise
To speak, to touch,
But somehow enough
That he was only looking at me.
It was raining or I was crying
Afterwards I felt renewed
He had not gone
For Truth is eternal and I was engulfed."*

*The madman sat quite still
Not touching
His glass.*

*"Dog!" he yelled
As he nailed a sneer on the table.*

*"Dog?" said I. "God.
And why,
When He's sprawled on the ground in the hide of a Hound
And He muscles ready to pounce,
Do you answer His face with a teasing grimace
And thump to the beat of His pulse?"*

*"Because, you see,
I am mad, don't you see?
And pounding my fist gives me pleasure."*

*Billy Graham will be moving the masses tomorrow night on T.V.
They calculate over a thousand conversions on stage alone
Not to mention the countless number of viewers at home
Who will turn over in their hearts and undergo the renewal.
The college crowd will miss the show, however:
Saturday night is date-night.
Saint Paul was converted while falling off a horse;
Pearl met a YOUNG FELLOW who completely changed her way of
thinking;*

*And Ralph, away at the seminary, has been writing home about strange
new feelings he experienced in chapel: thinks he's a mystic maybe;
A friend of mine approached me after class one day and swore he
was Christ;*

*The musicians are on sugar cubes —
All America seems to think it happens overnight.*

*Concerning Mr. Dobbins' medical book:
Tom said, "I done it!"
And took his flaying.
Becky Thatcher, grateful and surprised,
Flashed a tearful eye at Tom
Who glowed and carried on.*

*I remember
We were standing on the bridge
At the very edge
Nothing separated us from the great
Fall Down
But a small rail
Just high enough to be useful
Doubtful at first but
Confidently possible after much feeling of it
And careful leaning
But it wasn't the railing exactly
Being important that evening at sundown —
I remember
Watching the water
Waiting for waves to whiten—
The river was fairly racing —
And you brought up the old
Philosophical Question
Does it flow?
Or is it droplets-replacing-droplets
Since Time really flows
From which we draw the analogy of the river?
Which was interesting again*

And new because concretized by having a river right there
But not even that was so important
I remember
Looking out at the whole river all the way up to the bend
And "Ohisntitbeautiful" being so airily well said
When the whole sight rolled back on me as I had looked it out
The winding flood rumbled under my silent shoes
(You seemed to be feeling it too)
I looked up
The deep was roaring below
You touched my arm and spoke:
"The river is All," you said.

Surging out of the commune depth
A buckled hand blasts a simple image
On the dented land
Of Man, poor Man,
They have dressed you in stiff black
Academic ribbons
And smothered your hearty beginning
Spun you round the Church and far beyond your sinning.
The man of the month, the man of the year, the man of the
 hairy distinction is here.
Give us one more day, Lord.

— ANN C. BRINK

Space Age Reflections

Look out the window.
Now do you feel very small?
Battles of life and death.

* * *

I guess
I got
a lot of rot
to try an' tell
a silver bell
t' go t' hell
for saying Rejoice
in a honey voice
to a city
of hungry
people.

* * *

And I sit alone with her letters.
She comes to me on the crystal wind
And paints for me a dream.
My love, she is an artiste.

— WALTER ONK





Mexican Portraits,
photographed by
JOSEPH FELTES

Paradox

I

*Often I walked down the lonely streets,
the dark and lonely dead-end streets,
the streets
where satisfaction for misfits of hell
amidst tenaments of steel
is illusion.*

*

*And so
I looked to nature for meaning,
and though,
set against the summer sunset,
the willows are pretty things,
they care nothing for me
or I for them, after a while.*

*

*Communion is evasive and cruel,
like sunken subway walls
filled with teenage metaphysics,
covered with a dust of years,
speaking of the hidden fears
that only the walls have heard.
But the walls are hardened listeners
for they've heard it twice before.*

*

*If you would,
pale, blue summer sky clouds could
envelop, and fulfillment develop, us
into what we are together;
for you are you,
and I am me
whatever that is in isolation.*

*

*Satisfy
Satiare
Rectify
'Tis deviate, or so I'm told, which must be true
or else false.*

II

*What have I learned, for all my education?
What have I seen, of this mass of creation?
What is there to lead me
where books know no reality?*

*

*How do I touch the hopeless,
to know only
more than nothingness,
kiss the lonely
and leave him rest?*

*

*And who is there that can explain
the meaning of the solitary tear
lying alone on her passive cheek
that knows no trust for me,
but only void?*

*And when her man comes back
with a medal on his chest,
who will understand the futility
that lies within her breast,
to simply wish him alive?*

*

*"Have you ever sat across a lonely bar from me;
Have we ever talked at all;
Are you more prepared to laugh for me
than you are to cry, my friend?"*

*

*Can you bring me to the brink
of another soul,
see me whole,
open me up, and make me conscious.*

III

*At times — for all I would be —
I can't be touched.*

*Nothing
is meant
to be mine,
for me.*

And I am

distant.

But lying defenseless

next to you:

*Eternity is passive
measurable moments of love
encompass infinities
touching the high
the in-between
the low*

*peace is passing
through
the window of my soul.*

— STEPHEN McCANN

Land of the Golden Thigh

AT MY AGE I am, of course, determined to follow and find the Holy Grail of kicks, and I was determined that last summer would be my most organized, all-out effort. Also at my age, kicks are usually composed of one of two things — beer or girls. Since up to now my every encounter with the malts and hops has been a losing one, my alternative was obvious, and I spent the better part of last semester in productive thought about where I might find the Grail in the upcoming summer. I conjured up the usual visions of drifting around the country, slipping in and out of little towns with the dust of thirty states on my clothes, a Hud-like look in my eyes, and a Bond-like charm that would leave the entire female population that fell in my wake talking about me with throaty sighs for years to come. Unfortunately, my keen awareness of my looks (or lack of same) and charm (or lack of same) drove me down a less romantic route — I became a bartender six nights a week in a drink-and-dance joint.

When I think about it, though, it wasn't such a bad deal after all. I mean I got a chance to meet some girls, and an even better chance to observe the intricate courting habits of American youth. If you think the bartenders in those places are blind couriers dedicated to the alleviation of thirst and/or sobriety, think again. I learned a lot behind that white apron; the whole full-color epic unfolded before my very eyes every night but Tuesday (God and the owner know why. I don't).

First, the quiet serenity of the sleeping bar was broken by a trickle of guys. They'd always get there first because they were more anxious. (Besides, if a guy didn't manage to pick up a girl he could always claim he got there so early he got drunk before the girls arrived, but had a great time anyway.) Their summer accoutrements were always splendid, with every thread part of a carefully organized attempt to somehow be different while remaining an obvious member of the group. Last summer the most popular way to assert your non-existent individuality was with shirts or sweatshirts. Keep it grubby, but neat; super-casual, but not dirty. Something preferably a little faded, and loose-fitting. Most importantly, it has to have something printed on the front or back, the more inscrutable the better. The pants are tight, and again, old-looking but clean. And of course, anyone wearing socks had to be either an immigrant or a local liquor inspector. Thus arrived the guys, dressed and poised, eyes wide and darting every tenth of a second to the door, to check the night's pickin's.

And slowly, confidently, they came. Bronzed bodies in demand. Skin carefully hued to the god-like golden at the small expense of eating sand about

four hours a day. In shorts so tight it looked like they were spray-painted on, or dresses so short it seemed the hem-line was up to the navel. Long or short, but always blonde, hair, and to complete the ensemble the most bored, disinterested look that ever crossed a pseudo-goddess's visage.

The two teams had taken the field, and then the fun began.

Fish for a little encouragement from your buddies, down a quick half-a-glass of beer and finally you got the guts to go ask her to dance . . .
Sample encounter . . .

Male (thinking): (Tell me she ain't tough. Well, I'd better make my move now before it's too late. She's probably engaged to some All-American tackle from Ohio State. Ah, ya gotta try somebody sometime . . . God, I wish I looked like Paul Newman.)

He approaches, flashing the toothy grin of:

- a) a genuine nice guy
- b) a wolf
- c) an experienced social mixer
- d) a drunk . . . He speaks

Male: Hi! (Watch it. Be friendly, but not too enthusiastic, idiot!) Would you like to dance?

Female — managing a weak smile — Uuhhmm, yes.

That 'Uuhhmm' is specifically designed to keep the male from getting over-confident.

Now, one of two things happens: 1) If the guy can't dance he tries to fake his way through the song, all the while watching his partner's face intently for some sign that says — I like you even though you dance like an epileptic ostrich; 2) If the guy is a good dancer he nonchalantly struts his stuff, hoping to impress his partner with his facile execution of the latest gyration. Dance ended.

Male: Wow, it sure is hot in here.

Female: Yeah.

Encouraged by her enthusiastic response, he continues.

Male: Where ya from? I don't think I've seen you around here before.

This serves the dual purpose of keeping the conversation going and at the same time making the girl think there's something immediately noticeable and attractive about her.

Female: No, I've never been here before. I'm from

At this point we launch into one of the most well-known and universally-participated-in games in young America today: Who-Do-You-Know. No matter where she's from, he's bound to know somebody who's lived there, been there, or best of all, he's been there himself. And if a guy can make it to Who-Do-You-Know, the odds are good he'll be with her the rest of the evening. End sample encounter.

And so it went. Night after night, observing the ritual, the games, the calculated parry and thrust of the ego, all part of the elaborate framework of social survival in the Land of the Golden Thigh. And you know, my being a bartender, watching yet not participating, for some reason, had a curious effect. My apartness, and the nightly opportunity afforded me to observe, slowly bred in me the feeling that I could no longer be a part of it all. Somehow, the constant presence of the repeated ceremony drained my desire for that type of entertainment. Not that I'm knocking it at all. Up to the time I got that job, I was one of the steadiest and most eager participants of the game. But being forced to sit on the sidelines for three months without being able to play taught me more about the game than I ever knew while actually playing. I didn't feel the need that some kids seemed to for an "encounter," and damned if I'd be a springboard for somebody's ego. So I didn't go out of my way.

So it went for about two and a half months. I met a few nice-looking girls, but since I overlooked the fact that I worked six nights a week and the only time I had for dates was in the afternoons when most normal people were at work, I never got too far with any of my new acquaintances. At least not until I met Cil.

It was the first week in August when I saw Cil (short for Cecilia) for the first time. It was a typical night, Thursday I think, and I was going about my business as usual, enduring the drunken comments like: "Oh Garçon, a pitcher for myself and the lady" . . . or . . . "Hey bar-keep, there's a fly in my beer, and he can't swim. Ha, ha, ha." Then about 10 o'clock three girls came in, all of them sufficiently attractive. Kind of late to be arriving, I thought. They found a table (it wasn't too crowded that night) and I dutifully approached and requested their pleasure. It was then that I got my first good look at her face. Her hair (contrary to the dictates of the Establishment) was black, and long. Her skin was fairly pale, with no make-up on it at all, not even any lipstick. Her nose was small, and perfectly symmetrical. Her eyes were the killer, though. I've never seen eyes so wide. It was like they looked right at you, around you, and through you all at the same time. Always so open. They were big and brown, and they made her look like a virgin saint who just wandered into the den of evil. Too bad I'm not playing tonight, I thought. (The first time I'd thought that in a long time.) In fact, the more I looked at her, the madder I got that I couldn't play. I couldn't stop diggin' those eyes. And the way they kind of half-closed and wrinkled up when she smiled — that really pulled my cork.

After about an hour of watching her I finally decided to jump into the game just one more time. It's not busy, I thought, and who's gonna notice if I hang around one table more than another. So I started drifting over there, trying to recall some of my rusty techniques on the way. Then I noticed that her glass was empty, and remembered the built-in advantages of being a bartender.

"Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you. I really don't like beer that much."

"Well, we have Coke and ginger ale."

"Okay, I think I'll have a Coke."

My mind raced like crazy to find the next thing to say as I headed toward the bar. Funny how my mind always failed me in times like that. I returned dumbly to her table.

"Here ya go."

"Uh, how much is that?"

"Quarter. You must never have been here before," I said, disgusted at my lack of ingenuity.

"No, this is my first time. I'm from out of town. I'm staying with Sue (nodding at her friend) for the rest of the summer."

"Where ya from?"

"Youngstown."

Quickly launching into Who-Do-You-Know, and hanging around for the rest of the night, I had myself a date to go to the beach the next day with Cil.

What a set-up! Cil had nothing to do in the afternoons because her friend Sue worked part-time. And she was staying right near that place I was working, so she came in quite a bit. Slowly but surely the frequency of our afternoon dates increased, and the more I saw her the more I liked her. Her personality matched her eyes — open, innocent, and engaging. For the first time in my life I found myself really digging a girl, and after about two weeks.

We would lay on the beach for hours at a time, our heads no more than a foot apart. I would study her face intently as she slept with her head on her arm. The curves and recesses and angles all combined in a way that I never tired of watching. Life suddenly became so uncluttered with Cil. Just me and her, next to each other, dots at the edge of miles of sand, clinging to the edge of the earth, baked by a sun shining only on us. All the games and sophistications and rituals were buried and forgotten. It was Cil's eyes I remembered. It was like that for a month.

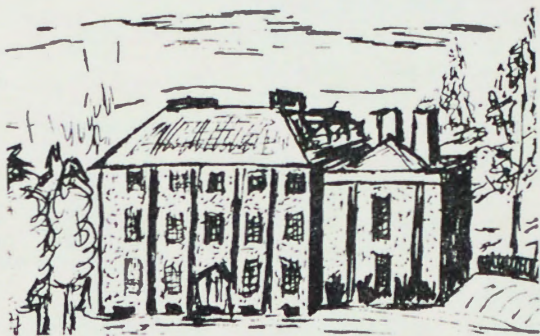
And before it sunk in that she would really be leaving, she was gone. I made the usual hurried proposals of week-end visits and promised daily letters, and then — she was gone. I wrote her immediately, but didn't receive an answer for a week. I opened it eagerly, and read so fast I thought I misread. But I didn't. Every word was painfully correct. It seems she had come here in the first place to get away from a boy who had just dropped her, but on her return, she found he wanted her back. ". . . I've known him so much longer than you, and I'm really sure that he cares about me. I know you understand. Cil." Yeah, the chump always understands. My chest felt like a vacuum, and swallowing came a little hard. I wandered around like a zombie, thinking . . . after a whole month . . . the very first letter, boy, that was quick . . . how could I have been so stupid . . . jump into the game just one more time . . . hell.

— PAUL MYSLANSKI

Celebrations—Reflections

I. Celebration: Life

The grey and the green
So suggestive of England
(Cold and threatening, but to me
So gentle the wind that rustles
Brown leaves broken along the concrete.)
I wandered in the fields yesterday;
Midwinter autumn does things like that —
My horizons so suddenly
Expand — oh, you see I have such faith
That it is like England in latewinter, and
Springtime is approaching . . .



II. Reflection: Sleep

But today (you guessed) — it snowed.
Fell so steadily, and I watched
It come, flake on flake
From the very beginning
Until it covered the hill,
The lawn, and the grey concrete.
I would like very much
To go away
Though I know there isn't a place
Anywhere that snow or something doesn't hide
The grey and the green
And brown leaves broken
(Rustling, crumbling, whisp'ring of life)
To so quickly fade my memory.

— WALTER ONK

Checkered Suits

*Checkered suits
from a Mae West day are
not yet gone but
worn by men
who
know a way to
hoist away
the white, night keys
of a baby grand
for an upright girl
to practice tunes
and minuets,
the Deb's Duet
in triple time,
which
have the way
to make the boys uptight.*

— RICHARD CLARK

WHEN Critter's friend begins to hide under the bridge for long hours, gathering up the summer's spider webs on fragile spools, and moves his beautiful coffin to a dark corner where the square wood meets the arching earth — when the light changes in some imperceptible way and Critter walks the banks of the stream calling his old friend, then this crazy world quickens for the last fling before the winter winds bring life to a halt. Now, Critter's wispy hair was golden, and his body was active; and his mind, so happy and intent, caught the trees and the light in his child's dream eyes, saw the bridge and walked over the loose, clicking boards. No candle, so dark now, no tobacco smell seeped up. He moved over the side. "Come out," he said. Nothing, but the sound of wind under the bridge, almost like a fragile spool, some wheel was turning.

The resorts were crawling with people. George arrived in town the night before, a guest of a girl he met the week earlier. In his car coat he had a bottle of wine, or close cousin to the family.

The trip out had been exciting. George didn't drive because he had wrecked a Kaiser when he was twelve years old in a mad chase through town. He was very disorganized too, and he knew he'd kill himself if he did drive, and it would probably be funny when he died. So she had met him at the Greyhound with a friend, and before she arrived he had been solicited once and a man with loose hair on his nose saw the bottle and had struck up an embarrassing conversation. All the while, in and out of the glass doors people flew and the sky grew darker and the stars and the neon signs began to wink.

The road they followed ran along the shore of the lake. She drove like a man, veering in and out of lanes with a cigarette dangling out of the corner of her mouth. They were through one town, then another, and finally, they came on to the shore road again and into the network of asphalt roads which defined the summer village. Her house was set slightly above the water. A grassy knoll separated them from the beach. He watched her dash into the house, after which a silent ballet was performed.

George spent the night on the beach with her friends who were all aspirants to the stage and lean from summer stock. He built a fire, and the

Editor's note: The reader is encouraged to refer to the story "Apocalypse" in the last issue (Autumn, 1967) of the *Quarterly*, which serves as an introduction to "Apocalypse I." Future issues of the *Quarterly* will continue the series.

light it sent off fused with the brown glass of the bottles and made them seem strangely warm. His stomach hurt because he hadn't eaten for a long time. As expressive an individual that he was, he didn't want to bother anyone about eating, so he laid on the sand and began listening to his stomach. This stage designer was across from him by the fire, and he listened to the designer and his stomach at the same time. He was saying, his name was Arty, that he and some of his friends were going to get twenty-five thousand *smackeroos* from ABC for some deal.

Arty was from Germantown, Philadelphia. From there he went to New York. (Then he named all the streets in New York and the initiates began to oh and ah.) Then Arty, somehow, got into the theatre and left New York for the Ulysses S. Grant Playhouse in Williard, Ohio, which used to be a barn. Joan asked George if she could use his back for a pillow. He consented, as long as she didn't mind listening to his stomach. She thought he was insulting her and she said he had a bony back. George was going to say something but he didn't.

"I saw your little brother in the village with some of his friends last week," Joan said, adjusting her head. "They were beating this poor little girl to death with their new bookbags. I think your brother threw a thermos bottle at her too, and he was swearing because the glass inside broke."

George hoped it wasn't his old Hopalong Cassidy thermos. That one had a lot of sentimental value.

"He's usually not like that," George said. "That girl must've said something to him like 'you got a funny head' or something, and then the fat twins he loafs with let her have it with their bookbags."

Joan sat up and looked at him. George suspected something because of the way she looked at him. George got up and looked around like nothing was happening, and then threw a bottle into the weeds and heard it break.

She asked for a cigarette. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a crinkled pack of Marlboros. There were two left, and they were bent. He straightened them out and offered one. He felt it was odd the way she took it. If a person ever bummed a smoke affectionately, she did. He lit hers and then his. Every time she took a puff he could see her face. He could tell she had drawn a bead on him. One of the girls asked her, then, if Joan could drive her and Arty back to the actor's house. As she was getting up George threw another bottle into the weeds, and started listening to his stomach again. She looked at him, and with the girl and Arty strolled to the car through the weeds and left.

After they were gone, George was alone on the beach. In the lake sky an airliner was passing, its lights blinking on and off, the drone of its engines mixing with the splash of the small breaking waves. A freighter was out about two miles and its lights were blinking too, like a train in the night on some watery rails.

Soon, the sun was coming up over the lake. He brushed off the sand and

went to the house where he found everyone sleeping.

He woke around eleven. Joan was sleeping across from him on the lounge, and the rest were scattered across the floor on mats and blankets. There was some stirring about in the house, and after a few minutes, the door opened and banged, and one by one the sleepers began to awake.

George rose from the cot and went out the screen door and onto the beach. He was really hungry now, and the prospects of getting anything to eat didn't look much better. He was beginning to think they were hiding food from him, gulping down sandwiches and Oreo cookies every time his back was turned.

George wandered away the afternoon with this girl who did imitations of Marlene Dietrich. The rest of the crew sat around on the beach and played cards and threw poisoned fish at each other for fun. He stopped listening to his stomach because it wasn't doing anything anymore. He thought it had died, or was silently creeping up on his spleen or something. He wasn't hungry anymore. He was past that. He just felt a little sick.

When the sun began to go down they sat around trying to roast marshmallows. This kid who just got back from Washington Square began to strum on his guitar and everyone sat around looking at the red charcoals, hypnotized, quiet, and occasionally stealing a glance here and there. George sat across from the guitar player, looking around but at the lake mostly. He stole a glance, rose, and moved towards the beach. Over the grassy knoll he looked out, at the lake, and then to the long, sandy strand. He sat and looked out over the lake and the waves and the dead fish and the swirly mass over it. He laid down in the grass and dreamed of other times, other places, one dream gone, another in the clouds over the lake, pregnant and ready to rain down into the pool of memories.

The crowd had left the grill and had moved to the beach. Away, they had built a fire and someone was singing out over the waters, alone. There were some hellos and then shouting. "McFarly, George, where are you?" There was a wind, the grass moved, the moon set, the sun set, and McFarly disappeared.

* * *

Critter became disgusted, walked up the hill and onto the path that led home. Up over the fallen trees, past some decaying nylons, under the stone bridge. Out of a rocky hill a clear stream of water shot, and he opened his mouth. The water splashed his face and his skin glistened with a thousand crystal drops.

He could hear the thunder of the city above. As he stumbled through the vines and underbrush he heard some rustling. A flash of red hair showed, and then a pool of blue. He scurried up the path, then straight up the hill and onto the street.

He was afraid. This could be disastrous. He had to see Darius. Down one hill, up another, around the bend, through the alley and over the wooden

fence. He hoped that Darius was in the schoolyard with his friends killing pigeons. (Darius was a master. "Ya gotta be nonchalant," he would tell them. "They can see behind their heads. Don't get tense and don't throw rocks. Get a *brick* and act like you're scratching your *ear* with it and then drop it on their heads.")

They were there but there weren't any pigeons so they were playing football. Critter was out of breath when he ran onto the field.

"Darius," he gasped.

"I can't come home now, Critter," Darius called. "The score's 140 to 133 and we're kicking off and we received first and I can't come home now."

"They don't want you at home now. News Darius. *News!*"

* * *

Dear George,

I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to you on Sunday when you left Joan's place. Do you remember when we were all sitting on the lawn by the grill, well that's the last time I saw you. Where in the heck did you disappear to? We all moved from the lawn to the beach. Way down at the other end of the beach. At 12:00 a.m. we got chased off the beach. Some guy came down with a flashlight and said, "There are people trying to sleep if you don't mind." So we moved. We went back to Joan's, piled into a car and went into town. There was Davie, Mark, Yank, Nick, Patti, some Dudes, Terri who is Mark's brother and me. We almost got arrested that night too. We parked the car right on the main drag. We got out and we're all standing around the car when Davie, who just happened to bring his guitar, got it out and started to play. A very large crowd started to form. They weren't and we weren't doing anything, just listening. A cop comes up and says, "All right, let's move it, come on. Put that guitar away, I hope you people have a place to stay tonight or would you like to spend the night in jail." In the meantime the boys started mouthing off and the cop is getting angry. Billy Mangulich is standing with a blanket wrapped around him and the cop says, "Take that thing off, don't you know there's a law against wearing blankets in public." Everybody started saying, "Aw come on." He got mad, and after that it was a pretty close night all around.

Did Mary Blush get you home all right? What do you think of her? She's nicer than Priss, don't you think?

Listen, if you want to write back to me, don't put anything dirty or gross in the letters because the nuns read our mail. O.K.?!

Bye,

Julie

— M. A. PELLEGRINI

The Death of Bertha Geippig

*Pall-bearers we were, ten dollar
 mourners
In pin-stripe suits and
multi-colored shoes,
 with leaden steps
leading down the well-travelled aisle
of might have beens.
 Eighty-five years of
life turned death in brilliant
bronze and oak
 Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison
Watching they were for
 slightest hint of sincerity and
we pall-bearers, ten dollar
 mourners
in pin-stripe suits,
 could offer
 none.
 Wanted none, needed none,
We carried, didn't we, you
pays your money and you,
pall-bearers all, ten dollar
 mourners
in pin-stripe suits,
 shall bury the earth and
with multi-colored shoes smoothly
pat the dust and walk away —
 Requiescat in pace.*

— JAMES L. BOURKE JR.

Hitch-Hike, Four Below

*Silence is everywhere, stunning and awesome
And only a distant whining whir
Can pierce the hold
A stone-stark cold
Over crouch-cold creatures, hoary and numb,
Hidden and stinging, yet demure*

*The feeble defiance of roadside farms
Thrusting wood through shimmering still
Bleached boards narrow
Brittle-dry marrow
Engulfed and locked frozen in blue-black arms
Mirrored in a frosted frame's sill*

*I stand alone, the sole venturing soul,
Strange witness to the unstruck hour
Lone violation
To all creation
That submits to night its penitive toll
Yielding quiet to the power*

— ROBERT CROWELL



The City

*Do you think that I am lost?
Am I lost? Am I away? Do I hide?
I don't hide and I am not lost, to myself.
I find myself in many different places
each demanding of me an action, imposing
on me a word, but meaning to me
nothing.*

*Beyond action and beyond word,
beyond memory and wish, I have found
a beautiful longing. I have felt it closely,
it stings of the present and of my being
beyond action and word.*

*I used to love to stand in the City.
Around me were all the things I might
ever want. I cannot stand outside.
I don't want the things around me. I am
as useless to them as they are to me.
Please try to summon longing.*

It is a beautiful thing.

— GIACOMO STRIULI

A Postscript That Says

DEAREST — Last night I wove a stanza for you in the manner of Powys' translation. I think it will please you.

*I have seen, when last the moon
In splendid candor fell, the blossoms strewn
Like stars across the hall; among their scent
In that blackest dark before the dawn
We merged to one; your skin was damp
With the heat of love, and glimmered softly
In the light from a golden lamp.*

* * *

I awoke at two thirty this afternoon, the taste of paprika on my tongue like lingering incense. Having, two hours earlier, careened downward into obstructed dizzy sleep, surprisingly I came back — reprieved.

(And lingering at my fingertips, along the inside of each thigh — like smoky gauze — your caress suspended, held exquisitely over the time of my sleep — and now, over the time of my waking.)

* * *

“The archaeological evidence indicates that they (Cro-Magnon man) lived on wild plants and small game, drifted passively with the climate to the moist and mild parts of their range, slept in the open, and did not learn to use fire until the third interglacial era.”

* * *

It seems our ancestors were somewhat bestial gypsies. They ate raw (bleeding) meat and slept in the open — and no doubt occasionally looked up, spellbound, at the moon erasing a swath of stars. (And all their lives they passionately avoided the mixing of metaphors.)

— M.

P.S. a postcript that
says,

I celebrate, (frantically as frenzied thirst)
Deeply, (silently as tigerlilies in darkness
and waterlilies in shiverless moonlight)
My blood.

— MARTIN CROES

When God and Santa Shake Hands

*One Christmas eve. Santa Claus and God might
shake hands. somewhere. hidden by the
shadow of a friendly iceberg.*

*Santa will agree to lend Him a white beard.
with a sleigh and a team of flying
reindeer to use for the night. Instead
of an angel choir to wish Him on His
way. the elves could wave good-bye to
the disappearing sleigh.*

*Maybe it would be better for God to board up
the pearly gates. and move to a toy shop
at the North Pole. (Trade the sounds of
cathedral bells and long-faced chimes
for the jingle of sleigh bells.) Then He
might look down one day to see each person
dressed up in His red-flannel suit. shivering
on a street corner. next to a silver bell
and a pot of gold.*

*If only He were round and jolly (so that He
could shake like a chalice full of jelly
when He laughed). We would leave Him
cookies and milk. and maybe even wait at
our bedroom window. hoping to catch a
glimpse of Him.*

flying

*the
between*

snowflakes.

— RAY HOLAN

