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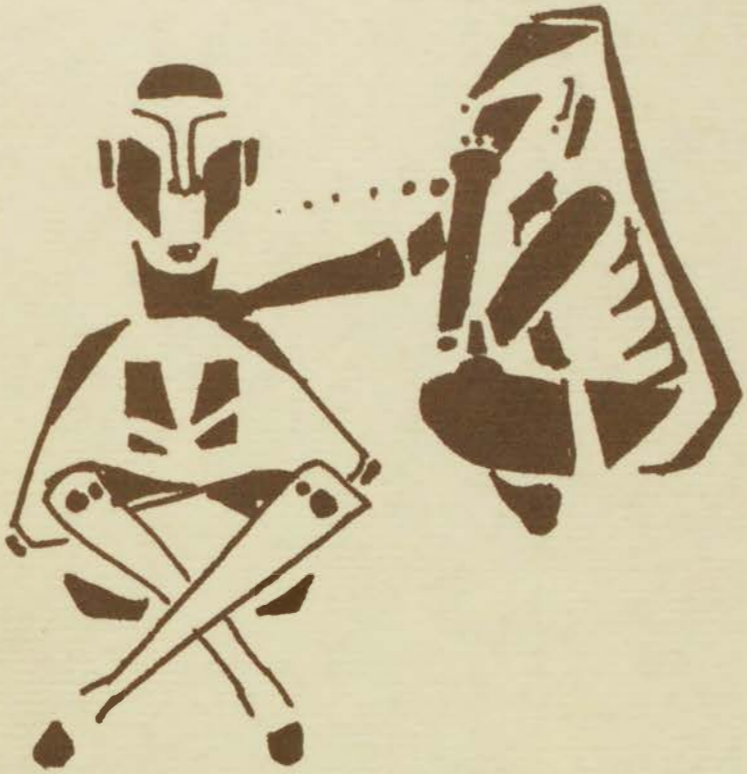

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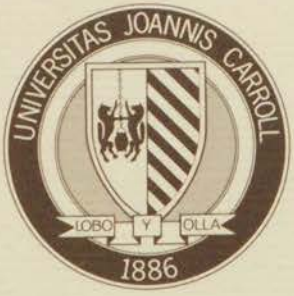
UNIVERSITAS JOANNIS CARROLL
LOBO Y OLLA
1886

Carroll Quarterly, a literary magazine produced by an undergraduate staff and written by the students, alumni, and faculty of John Carroll University, University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

Volume 24 Spring 1971 Number 3

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Prologue in Limbo:
The view therefrom

Since the announcement last semester, many students and faculty have approached staff members about the reasons for "dropping" the *Quarterly* and our plans for the coming year. The first question was answered for us by Dean Lavin: the university felt that it could not raise tuition without also looking into possible cuts in the base of operations budget. The policy-making body of the university saw the *Quarterly* as expendable. It is now up to the rest of the university community to decide whether or not they agree with that policy. For this reason the question of plans for next year is still open; the answer will ultimately depend upon how much concern students interested in the magazine will show by working for publication next year. Ideally, this concern would be expressed through the student government; one early test of the new administration's committment to the student will be its interest in preserving the *Quarterly*.

Why should the students want a literary magazine? One reason is perhaps implied in the question itself. The *Quarterly* is the only publication on campus which can question its usefulness, which in fact must ask the question before going to press each quarter. *The Carroll News* and the *Caucus* need not ask it: their use is clear to all — to inform or provide an arena for debate. The purposefulness of the *Quarterly* is not so apparent; the criteria which determine what is printed are not so simple as, Is this informative? or Is this a lively expression of opinion? Ultimately we must come to the conclusion that the *Quarterly* is not useful in the way *The News* or the *Caucus* are considered useful, that this fact is what distinguishes the *Quarterly* from other publications. We are driven to the old anti-Benthamite argument, that use does not determine value, that the *Quarterly* has value without being directly useful.

But we have all heard this high-minded argument before; the university community has a right to ask for a more concrete defense. Let us begin by referring to what was said about criteria for publication in the *Quarterly*. The success of the staff in selecting material can never be measured by the acceptability of their choices; rather, the real test is the degree of response, positive and negative, which those choices elicit. Many of the writers published in the *Quarterly* this year, as well as the staff, have been questioned about their work, about its meaning and implications, or more radically, about its claim to being good poetry or prose at all. Since we are dealing with questions of aesthetics or "taste," we can never hope to attain unanimity. But the editors see discussions about aesthetics and "taste" as approbations of what they are doing, as one concrete reason for keeping the *Quarterly* alive. In bringing students together to talk, the *Quarterly* deserves equal support with the Rathskellar and educational programming at WUJC.

Secondly, as a literary magazine, the *Quarterly* stands for the validity of an imaginative approach to experience. Though ours is a particularly unimaginative age, we believe the university should counteract the tendency towards the merely factual by subsidizing a publication which fosters imaginative work. While the university is tied to the society, it is

not bound to reflect the regrettable course taken by that society in turning away from the imagination.

Finally, although the university may very well remain financially secure, it cannot expect to attract intelligent and talented students on that basis alone. Believing the *Quarterly* an attraction to new students seriously interested in intellectual growth, as well as a significant part of the intellectual life of those of us already here, we hope the entire Carroll community will support our drive to publish next year.

— Ronald Corthell

•

We regret to inform our readership that the explication of Virgil Strohmeyer's "Palatial Pentagonal Pastiche," promised in the winter issue, has not yet been published. The two graduate students in English engaged in the project, one of whom had hoped to base his master's thesis on a study of the poem's thematic relationship to the corpus of Strohmeyer's works, have been placed under surveillance by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, at the request of the Pentagon. S.'s works and commentaries on them have been removed from the library shelves and put on reserve under lock and key, thus denying the scholars access to materials necessary for an exhausting treatment of the poem. Reliable sources suspect that a certain columnist for the *Carroll News* is in the employ of the Bureau as an observer of the reading habits of young Strohmeyer. In a spirit of appeasement, then, we offer the following "irrelevant" piece by the same author.

Intransitized

Two versions of the same thought.

I.

Donne said, "He preaches me."
We, "He preaches to me."
When, "teaches me" to "teaches to me"?
The object direct to object indirect.
How many verbs have died,
Intransitized?

II.

Donne said, "He preaches me."
We, "He preaches to me."
When, "He teaches me"
To "He teaches to me"?

We artfully turn the object direct
Into the dative, object indirect.
How many verbs must this way die,
To make the intransitive correct?

•

It is a sad commentary on the state of the Union, and of the Dorm Council, that this writer at least was so little impressed with the solid content of the recent election platforms that he was reduced to making his choice of candidates on purely aesthetic grounds. I found myself voting for Mr. Fowler for no other reason than that his signature was more attractive than that of his opponent, and for Miss Dempsey because her face is more attractive than Mr. Russert's. One acquaintance protested this policy of mine because it served only to make the once hidden farce of the Union's function public. Perhaps this is the publicity job the union needs most.

To compound my election-week misery, there came sliding under my door a piece of election propaganda

for a pair of Dorm Council candidates it would be uncharitable to name. The following introduced the second paragraph: "The current atmosphere present in the Dormitory Council at this point leaves something to be desired of." For literacy's sake, I immediately rushed out and voted for the other candidates.

— Paul F. Gehl

•

What this magazine needs are incisive essays on artists, writers, politicians, modern sculpture, dormitories, the counter-culture, black culture, the recession, music, Laos, and fill-in-the-blank. Submissions should be made before March 24, since the staff hopes to publish the summer issue before final exams this year. In that issue we will also announce the recipients of the distinguished author awards for 1970-71.

Stars

How silence can contain
Expanding might, I
Cannot tell;
His chest should break
The way he holds
His breath of stars!

— CHARLES ZAROBILA

His Monsoon

the tell-tale signs of winter
the gray grass stiff and flat, rustling like paper
the bamboo hollowed cane
breathing of air, whispers under a closed door
the finest wisp of dust
settling in the urn
and the wind weaponless to move it
in already winter
it is march and they have just begun
the winds
heavy over the ocean under india
are moving up
almost to touch the tipped coast
i feel
the too soon movement of air in one drop
sweat on my spine
the stillness of this time
is rising up
i watch and wait from mountains
wish them away
hoping for heat in my chilled dreams
a corner safer hoping
against hope
for a sudden stop
of that which follows nothing but its own accord
and could never disobey
knowing the farming
could not begin without the rain

understanding in my stomach
the food for many is the greater root
the top foliage greener could be cut away
and regrow
still
the air no longer, i
wanted him, knowing full faced, the winds
it is april now, the winds have reached ceylon
and passed
over the ghats
i wait upon the farthest plateau of hope
and the rains came
the monsoon filling up the plain
the farmers watching
waiting in his paddy, ankle-deep to knee-deep
knowing my loss but also
the greater root
they planted their rice
i follow heavy feet in their furrows
having no seed, gone in the flurry of one hope
october came and the rains ended
there was their diking, their ditches, their irrigation
their wet streams
there was their harvest.

– CAROL FURPAHS

Untitled

Hidden within the sleep we never slept
is the beast we chased for four long years
and every night we could feel it watching
from the darkness
at the edge of our fire.

We talked a lot in whispers then
afraid we might be overheard
and each of us in our own time said
"I shall go mad
from chasing the beast."

We burned and leaped and danced
and painted ourselves for war
and all of us chanted softly
"Wait and see
what I shall do to the beast when he has driven me mad."

– DANIEL KOPKAS

THE STUDENT rose quietly in the middle of the philosophy lecture and excused himself with a mumbled phrase that was accepted as a sign of illness. Once outside the classroom, he walked easily down the halls of the Administration Building and out the double doors into the quad. The late autumn sun had burned the grass to an ugly mat, and the clock in the tower struck the hour as he reached the side door of the dorm and disappeared.

Twenty minutes later Paul Kramer's roommate returned:

"Hey Chief, why'd you walk out of class. You sick?"

Paul lay stretched flat on his bed, along with three textbooks and a pair of spiral notebooks, all in a nest of blankets and sheets.

"The Devil made me do it Mother."

What little concern showed on Craig's face disappeared in a brief smile, as he filed his texts and notebooks away on the shelf over his desk and flipped on the stereo.

"No way Son. It's a Catholic school – Satan won't go near Roman collars and imitation gothic architecture."

Paul raised his head enough to slip his hands underneath as a pillow.

"You've forgotten the dorms. I swear the prefects think he's the Resident Student Counselor."

Craig finished readying a stack of records and turned, shaking his head.

"The campus bar would be a much more promising hunting ground for Satan; at least there's booze and women down there. Although we can't ignore the ultimate possibility that we've all died and this is hell."

Paul crossed himself ritually and folded his hands on his chest.

"Kyrie Eleison."

"Not too damn likely."

Craig lit a cigarette and threw the pack on his desk as he sat down on his neatly made bed. The two built-in bunks formed an "L" in the far corner of the room, across from the windows and desks beneath them. The bureau drawers lived under Paul's bed, making it about a foot and a half higher than Craig's.

"You still haven't told me why you cut out of class."

Paul sat up and pivoted off his bed and across the room. He slipped a

cigarette out of the pack lying on Craig's desk, lit it with a novelty lighter from his own desk that looked like a small automatic pistol and doubled as a paper weight, and finally drew a line through four small pencil marks on a sheet of paper posted on the wall.

"Five, ten, twenty, forty, eighty, ninety-five. Five more and I owe you half a carton."

"Kiss off Paul, you've bummed at least that many when I wasn't around and never marked them down."

Paul resumed his prone existence; his right arm, his smoking arm, waving ritually from mouth to outstretched flick above the waste-basket next to his bed.

"Sorry, if it's not on the tally sheet, it's not officially recorded. And if it's not officially recorded, it doesn't exist. That's in the fine print of the social contract."

"That's bullshit."

"True, but since when has that made any difference."

"Kramer you're crazy. Harmless but crazy. You still haven't told me why you split class. And you're missing the waste-basket again."

"I'm feeding starving nermies."

Paul took a long drag on his cigarette and held it in for a few seconds before exhaling.

"I was play-acting I guess. Just had an impulse to cut and run. Hell Craig, you know how many times we've talked about just picking up and leaving school. Last semester we walked all the way out to the interstate and didn't get back till dawn."

"Sure, but you knew we were just screwing around."

"That's what I guess I was doing today. Maybe I was practicing, I don't know."

Sitting up now, talking as much with his hands as with his voice, Paul leaned down and crushed his cigarette out on the side of the waste-basket and looked directly at Craig.

"If I could give you a reason that made any sense at all for walking out of philosophy class, do you think I'd stop there — I'd walk clean off this campus and just keep going."

Concern returned to Craig's face. He put his own cigarette out and went for his pack on the desk. Then turning he spoke quickly.

"No you wouldn't. If you understood the reason; you wouldn't have to."

Paul didn't answer, so Craig smiled again.

"Come on Chief, let's try to beat the line for dinner."

"Can't, I've got Victorian Prose tonight – Going to go over to the library and see what knowledge Matthew Arnold has to impart to us Philistines. But I'll walk down to the cafeteria with you – gotta buy a pack of cigarettes.

"Hallelujah Lord, can it be true!"

"Can I help it if you won't buy my brand?"

•

All libraries should be dark and cramped, and preferably old. Paul believed this out of more than just a sense of romantic nostalgia. He had always found it difficult to study in modern, airy, well-lighted buildings like the one he was now approaching. There just seemed something wrong about a new building housing old books; something incongruous about reading in an open, crowded room where he could see and hear everyone and everyone could see and hear him. He would be sitting at a desk reading, lift his head and press his eyes with thumb and fore finger, only to be confronted with the sight of a coed's legs beneath the desk opposite his. Not that Paul didn't like girls; it was just that he prefered to have his erotic fantasies in private.

Paul had found it strange that on some days all coeds would look beautiful to him. Their very freshness of youth would overcome all deficiency of figure, form, and complexion. It was as if all bodies were beautiful simply because they were bodies – compact, individual, and touchable. On those days Paul didn't really mind that he couldn't study. It was the other days that were a pain in the ass; when no girl, no matter how pretty, was not flawed. Everywhere he would look, there would be flesh – open and glaring, or hidden, but always still in excess. On the "Black Days" only the thinnest, the tiniest of girls were bearable. And on the blackest of days not even those.

Today was one of the blackest of days, and rather than a common reading room, Paul went instead to the Fine Arts Gallery. At the desk he signed out Bernstein's album of excerpts from Handel's *Messiah* and asked for the sound carrel against the outer wall of the library – the only one with a window. This preference derived more from reasons of paranoia than claustraphobia – the end carrel was the safest place to smoke.

Paul knew he wouldn't study. On the Black Days words remained dead on the pages and no amount of concentration could link them together into living sentences. Music sometimes helped, and Paul was wheeling out the heavy stuff in playing the *Messiah*. After starting the album on the turntable, he settled back in the chair, feet propped high against the wall, and lit a cigarette.

Chorus:

> *And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed,*
> *And all flesh shall see it together.*

Starring out the window he watched the high full clouds of the coming winter flow against the pale blue back-drop. They covered less than half the

sky, but moved so fast that no patterns developed, no figures could be imagined – like an oil slick in a puddle on a windy day. The scene reminded Paul of the carnival ride at the county fair near his family's home: a round room that spun so fast that the occupants were pinned against its walls with such force that they remained suspended as the floor dropped four feet below them. There were windows in the room and Paul remembered how the fair raced past outside, as he hung on that wall like a paper doll. The sky through the window of the carrel was like that, except for a barren elm: an ugly, dead tree, motionless in the sheltered lea of the library, as concrete as the sky was abstract. Paul lit a second cigarette and closed his eyes.

Chorus:

And He shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may
Offer the Lord an offering in righteousness.

Paul wasn't religious anymore. It wasn't that he suddenly decided not to be. It was more like the last time he registered for classes he just realized that the "R. C." on the IBM form could just as well have meant Royal Crown Cola. Since that was the way he was, Paul acknowledged the fact, because that was also the way he was. Paul thought it funny how damn little good honesty did a person.

Chorus:

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
The Kingdom of this world is become the Kingdom of our Lord,
And of his Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.

Paul acknowledge the power of the Word. He looked down at his bare forearm, stretched out, resting on his knee, and saw his skin prickled. This particular physiological reaction occurred whenever Paul heard the "Hallelujah Chorus," like the way some people get hives from eating strawberries. It was just another fact to be acknowledged. Sometimes Paul thought there might be something to it. But it was also a fact that Paul's spine tingled whenever he heard the "Star Spangled Banner." Paul thought it funny how damn little help facts were.

Air (Soprano):

I know my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand
At the latter day upon the earth. And though worms
Destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Paul raised his hand to his temple and his cigarette singed his hair. Reaching and crushing the burned fibers between his fingers, he remembered the smell of burnt hair. Once as a boy, about ten, he had gone with his older brother and a few of his friends into the woods when they had come across a possum. They all chased the possum until it disappeared up a hollow tree. The older boys then gathered twigs and dried leaves and built a fire in the hollow of the tree, as Paul stayed behind and watched. Once the fire was started, they added green leaves and the fire began to smoke badly. The boys

made a semi-circle around the fire. Minutes passed until the possum bolted down the tree and through the flames; its scalely, dirty-grey fir on fire. The boys beat the animal to death before it had gone five feet. As they were dousing the fire with loose dirt, Paul slowly approached the bloody carcass and crouched over it. He remembered the smell of burnt hair.

The record had ended and the rhythmic "scrap, scrape, scrap, scrape," of the needle brought Paul to his feet. As he was putting the record back in its jacket, he looked out the window again. The sky was overcast solid grey now, without depth, pattern, or movement. Only the dead elm had remained the same. Paul wondered what bastard had stolen the blue and panneled the sky with plaster-board when he wasn't looking. But it was alright now. Handel was a good man; he did his work well.

•

— from Paul Kramer's notebook: Victorian Prose, En 283 section 4; Dr. Lacey

11/2

Intro to Matthew Arnold (1822-88)

His prime concern: "How is a fulfilling life to be lived in a modern, industrial society?" — Lacey

Philosophic background

Beginnings of Modern World: Rise of critical spirit at renaissance, reinforced by Reformation & rise of natural sciences, undercut religion's ecclesiastical and biblical foundation.

What's left?

Deism for some intellectuals

But for most, religion held as essential for society (no bishops — no king) — didn't Charles I say that, Lacey?

But everybody believed in God and a natural theology; even if nobody could agree on the details — Lacey, wars were fought over those details!

Back at the philosophic ranch: "If one considers the history of modern philosophy from Descartes, it is surely, for good or ill, the story of an emancipation from religion." — W. Kaufmann

Oh God Lacey, not another diagram — OK folks! Follow the bouncing ball!

Religious Concern in England

	16thC	*17thC*	*18thC*	*19thC*
enthusiasm	*Reformation*	*Civil War*		*Romantic Revival*
		militant Protestantism		*Science vs. Rel.*
indifference	*Elizabethan Age*		*Augustan Age*	
				Neoclassical restraint

Early 19thC: Religious Revival
belief based on:

1. *personal experience (especially of nature) – Romantics*
   Hey Lacey, have you heard about the kinky commune two weirdos have started in the Lake District.
2. *Emphasis on emotional "conversion" – Low Church, especially Wesleyan Evangelicalism – John Wesley, I'd like you to meet the Reverend Billy Graham*
3. *Christianity as common foundation of Western Civilization, especially ethics – Broad Church (God, Motherhood, and don't touch the girl next door? eh Lacey?)*
4. *renewed interest in traditional revelation, documents of early Church – Oxford Revival (Vatican II where are you?)*

Hey Cathy with the long brown hair and the tiny handwriting, have I ever told you you have a nice body.

Mid 19thC: Religion on defensive again because of,
– Biblical "New Criticism" from Germany
– scientific discoveries in archeology, geology (Lyell, Principles of Geology. *1833), and anthropology, (Darwin,* Origin of Species, *1859)*
In other words, it got hard to believe that God created the world at nine o'clock on the evening of Oct. 26th, 4004 B.C.

Poor Matt's situation: "Dover Beach"
Faith is gone, leaving a world without joy, love, light, certitude, peace, or help for pain.

Solutions? Matt. tried them all

1. *romantic escape to nature, i.e. "The Gipsy Scholar" – no way for the "Oxford Dandy"*
2. *studied stoicism of Marcus Aurelius, but concluded "The burden laid upon man is well-nigh greater than he can bear." Amen, brother, Amen.*
3. *"Love, let us be true to one another" – the last resort of scared sceptics and popular song writers*
4. *After 1860, Matt gave up poetry for literary & social criticism*
   "search for new foundation for man's moral & religious life" – Lacey

Premise of Arnold's arguments:
Even if dogmatic religion has become untenable, man is still faced with the problem of "conduct" (what is he to do) which science can never provide the answer to (stated in "Literature and Science", 1885). Answer for Arnold: Man needs to be "cultured" – to acquaint himself with the best that has been known and said. translation: a liberal education makes for a good man & happy life.

Next class, reading assignment:
Essay's in Criticism *(1865), "Preface" & "Function of Criticism at the Present time."*
Culture and Anarchy *(1869), "Sweetness & Light" & "Hebraism and Hellenism."*

•

"Yes, Mr. Kramer. A question?"

"Doctor, aren't we doing Arnold a disservice in studying him this way? I mean, isn't Arnold trying to make culture, and for him that means literature, a vital activity? That's why he wrote wasn't it? Don't we have a duty to take him on his own merits and in the way he wanted literature to be studied, and not just classify him into a convenient pigeon hole on a chart of the history of thought?"

"To begin with, Mr. Kramer, this lecture is only an introduction. But more to the point, don't you think that a historical background, especially in the case of Arnold, is helpful to an understanding of his writings?"

"But you've straddled him already. All the background is one dimensional. It's all ideas that can be classified, analyzed, and made to correlate with other ideas. It's not just Arnold. We've done the same thing to history. And they're doing the same thing to the present by extending that chart of yours and others like it to 1970 by adding a couple of more oscilations."

"I don't really understand what you're point is, Mr. Kramer. And unfortunately the period is over. However, I'd be glad to talk to you about it in my office at your convenience."

Paul was slow in packing up. The small lecture room was almost cleared when he finally closed his notebook and spoke very softly,

"That's alright Lacey, I don't get the point either."

"Then why'd you give him a hard time?"

It was Cathy of the long, brown hair and the nice body. She had also been slow to leave her desk in the row in front of Paul's.

"Because I'm just a poor scholar in search of Truth."

It was easy for Paul to feel comfortable around Cathy: she was thin and rather short and she usually wore bell-bottomed blue jeans. She also smiled a sweet angelic smile a lot.

"You're a sado-masochist, you mean."

"Only when I talk to you, Cathy. So tell me something I don't know."

"That's just it. You don't know."

"Very true. That's why I talk so much. That's also why I've always been biased in favor of quiet people like you. I figure maybe you've got the answer and are just holding out on me."

Paul liked Cathy; but he never tried to do anything about it: Kramer's Law – If you don't try; you don't get shot down. Besides, then you always have the consolation of hope for the future.

"No, I don't know. That's the best reason to be quiet: I'm listening."

Paul thought maybe that was Cathy's Law.

"You learning anything?"

"I'm waiting to find out."

"While you're waiting, you want to get a cup of coffee with me at the snack bar?"

"OK"

•

As Paul approached the dorm, he could see his room was dark. Craig was asleep, out, or meditating. Paul considered the first possibility most likely. He remembered he had no change for cigarettes and hoped that Craig still had some. The side door was locked after eleven and as he walked through th main hall, he could see the usual group of mid-night-oilers studying in the lounge out of consideration for tired roommates. Climbing the stairs to the second floor, Paul thought of how really tired he was that night; and how run down he had been feeling in general lately. Above all he was tired of thinking and the one thought that still held him was of sleep.

His room was unlocked: thank God — he had forgotten his key and Craig usually locked the door at night out of a general attitude of tying-off loose ends. Once inside he remembered the cigarettes and — thank God again — there was one left in the pack on the desk. Paul sat down at the chair and noticed the typewriter that wasn't there that afternoon. He was about to light up when he saw the title of the paragraph on the paper in the typewriter: "Who to Shoot? A Parable for Kramer." Paul pulled the sheet from the carriage and read by the dim light from the street.

Once there was a man who thought he found peace in the trenches of war. For the first time the issues would be clear cut — as clear cut as the no man's land that divided ally from enemy. There was no question of right or wrong; true or false. The attack would come and he would respond.

It was different in life. In life one had to think, to decide. It was not a question of morality — throw the rules out the window and the question remained: What to do? And always responsibility; if not for others, than at least for yourself. But no more.

And the soldier smiled as he waited, gripping his rifle.

But suddenly he heard a familiar voice next to him in the trench. He turned and stared hard, first blankly, then with a terrible recognition:

"Johnston! YOU! HERE!"

The soldier swung his rifle at the man next to him screaming, "You're the son of a bitch my wife deserted me for!"

At that moment a flare burst overhead and the scream of incoming artillery shook the air: the attack had begun.

Paul continued staring at the paper for a few moments after he had finished reading, the unlit cigarette still draped in his mouth. Finally he laid the page on top of the typewriter and reached for the novelty lighter on his desk. He was bringing it up to his face when he stopped and stared down, as if not recognizing it's shape. Then suddenly he smiled, as he thought the soldier would have smiled, and brought the lighter up past the cigarette until it was pointed at his temple. "Click."

In the window Paul saw one side of his reflected image flare a ghostly red-yellow and lost himself in the half-smile it revealed.

"Ah Chief, are you going to light that cigarette or your ear lobe?"

"Craig. I thought you were sleeping."

"I was meditating. You know I meditate best in the dark. Well it's broken now. Let me have a cigarette, will you."

"There's only one left. This one."

"We can share it I guess."

"Paul lit the cigarette, took a deep drag, and walked over to Craig's bed.

"Here, be my guest."

He hurriedly stripped off his clothes into a heap and got in bed, pulling the covers from underneath. When he was settled, Craig handed the cigarette back.

"This is the last one you say?"

"Yea, the last one."

"Then we'd better enjoy it; look's like they're going to get us next time."

Paul rolled over on his shoulder and looked down at Craig in time to see his face brighten, then fade, as he took in the smoke. He reached out and took the cigarette from Craig's mouth and brought it to his own and understood. As he rolled over on his back:

"Yea, looks like the next attack'll get us for sure. How much ammo you got left?"

"Clip and a half. How about you?"

"Just a clip."

"Yea, I guess it's the end."

There was a pause for a few exchanges of the cigarette.

"Hey . . . a . . . look Craig, we've been buddies a long time haven't we?"

"Yea, we've been buddies a long time."

"Well . . . I just wanted to tell you that . . . well . . . it's been good to know ya; ya know?"

"Yea, I know. It's been the same for me. You're a regular guy Paul."

"But . . . look Craig, since it don't look like we're going to get out of here alive . . . there's something I gotta tell ya. I mean I just gotta be square with you at the end."

"OK. Shoot."

"It's about your daughter . . . the one with brown curly hair and blue eyes that your wife said she must have got from her great-grandmother . . . "

"Yea . . . "

"My eyes are blue Craig."

"Oh . . . . . Well I guess it doesn't matter now."

"No, I guess it doesn't.

"Funny though."

"What?"

"I always liked her best."

Paul had the last drag on the cigarette. Then he rolled over and crushed the butt out in the waste-basket, turned on his stomach, and fell asleep.

— DAVID KNOX

Sea Sterling

We merge into the sterling sea.
In brine our flesh disintegrates.
Dissolved in this eternity
for aeons, melting loves and hates
together in our common grave,
decay our only intercourse,
we swell with every coming wave.
We mingle, feeling no remorse.

— W. KEVIN CAWLEY

Of Violence

(With apologies to Francis Bacon)

VIOLENCE is a two-edged sword which has been used just as effectively by the oppressed as by the oppressors. What else is history but one long account of the downtrodden taking up that sword and using it against their masters? One wonders if those who are so quick to use violence will ever realize the truth in the saying: "He who lives by the sword, dies by the sword." Sometimes, only violence can overthrow an unjust tyrant; however, Monday's Liberator often becomes Tuesday's Dictator. The human animal is fascinated by violence. The Romans had the Colosseum; the Spanish the Inquisition; the Germans Auschwitz. Of these, the Romans displayed unique honesty; the Spanish great pageantry; the Germans unsurpassed efficiency. Every age of man has been a violent one and no great civilization has been without its darker side; for the tree that would send its branches higher toward the heavens must also send its roots farther down toward hell. All great societies have reached their pinnacles by using violence against all those around them. And, too, all great societies have come crashing down from their zeniths just as soon as their old antagonists could lick their wounds and rehone their weapons. Indeed, man's progress seems to be limited to the areas of mechanics and technology; for the old seer once said, "You can improve the technique, but not the essence." And so it is with man, who has progressed to the point where he no longer uses sword and axe, but machine gun and hand grenade. Man's "progress" has allowed him to kill more of his fellow men more effectively than ever before. Violence would seem to be as integral to man as his flesh and blood. Indeed, violence is one of the most significant common denominators among all men. All manner of men are violent: the brave employ their violence in direct confrontation with their enemy; the cowardly initiate their acts of aggression while their antagonist's back is turned; the suicidal turn their capacity for savagery back on themselves. If it was Aristotle who first defined man as a "rational animal," then it was also Aristotle who neglected to underline the word "animal." Far too many of us surrender to the dark side of our nature and participate in, if only as spectators, some sort of animal savagery. Not everyone is actively violent, but we are all subject to violence. Even apostles of peace such as Christ and Ghandi fell victim to the loathesome morass of violence that they entreated their brothers to rise above. We have now reached the time when man's technology of violence has far surpassed his level of maturity; the human race has arrived at its omega point. Man must decide once and for all if he will break the cycle of violence which has constituted his history. If man continues to bow to the animal side of his nature and follow the instincts of his ape-ancestors, he will most certainly reduce himself to a few particles of radioactive dust.

— R. J. BERNARD

Beautiful Slave

A sonnet after *La Bella Schiava* of Giovan Battista Marino (1569-1625)

Black, yet beautiful – my graceful creature
Of nature among the Vestals of false passion –
While with you, my vespertine teacher,
Matins is mute: ivory dies in dark devotion.
What eldest earth or this bright land has held
The quickness of your life or sensed the light
As pure beam from used-coal's breast congealed,
Your gleam born in the dimmest hall of night.

Slave of my slave, behold, these dark chains
About my heart only night's caring hand can loose;
The algid fist of duty has itself long strained.
A new sun scorns tepid chagrined Helios,
Her features have night's beauties all enframed,
Yet dawn is by her eyes each day seduced.

– VIRGIL STROHMEYER

Easter Sunday on the Public Bus

Easter Sunday; yet the jolting ride,
the bouncing carriage of the public bus,
is too plebian, too undignified,
too shabbily parading dent and rust.

This should have been the end of Lent. He died:
drained his graceful blood into the dust.
(Majesty is nailed secure, not tied
to such rough-hewn necessity).

Yet trussed,
we hang by feeble puppet-strings inside
our narrow stage; fastened upright thus,
we jerk like fish on hooks.

And we have tried
to break the bonds.

The rain falls musty,
and batters on the tin-roof box:
a murderous variety of rocks.

— W. KEVIN CAWLEY

Fantasia

1

This floor tilts. This
night breaks stars. There is
more in motion than the eye
can see. I dropped the clock
on a granite floor and jeweled
pebbles began to sing
of the dead eye's liquid
on the ocean floor, destruction
of mammoths, men drowned in gold.
All motion finds its stone.

2

I will listen to the singing
and count every hymn epithalamium.
No matter all the blood gone dry,
I count the giving.
You, I gave gift of touch,
more than body's worth.
That stiff soul you cut
your fingers on grew soft.
Caress became ritual, to hold
back mountain slide or glacial age.
I wore the jewels in my eyes.
Like Egyptian royalty, we believed
the wisdom of the sun, and, thus,
lived in light.

3

Two thousand years ago, I saw
our pyramid, and when they sacked
the tomb, and stole us, mummified,
there was no record that my skin
was white and yours was black. But
it was recorded that our love was
true. Many, many slaves labored
to mark this history
in the desert.

— ROSE MARY PROSEN

The Teachings of Ezra Pound

EZRA POUND would probably deny the value of this essay, a formulation of general statements out of the particular encounters with his prose and poetry. Hatred of abstraction is the informative passion of the entirety of Pound's work, the principle behind his early imagism, his literary and economic essays, his translations, and his Cantos. Such a hatred constitutes, for Pound, the only legitimate passion of the modern artist, for he feels the future of his art to hinge upon the triumph or defeat of the spirit of abstraction. The loss of faith in poetry after the enlightenment is a consequence of a new way of looking at the world, and nothing short of an epistemological revolution is needed, in Pound's view, to restore the method of the imagination to respectability, to redeem poetry to something more than dilettantism, an exercise in sensitivity, or a decorative art.

One who is the creature of an unpoetical age does not read Pound without having his capability as a reader challenged, and one is likewise unable to write about him without being in uncertainties about the act of composition. This is certainly one measure of the success of Pound's 60-odd years of hard work in art; striking the fear of God into those who follow would seem to be one of the highest "purposes" of the artist; his work will define certain limits, make certain positive contributions, and, if it be truly great, inspire us to write more accurately. Such a belief in the "usefulness" of the tradition as a practical guide to writers of the present informs both Pound's textbook, *The ABC of Reading*, and Eliot's more famous essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent."

But there is an even higher "purpose" to which the artist must address himself, the act of creation for its own sake. These two kinds of purposiveness form the crux of the Pound problem: granting the accomplishment of the secondary goal of definition and inspiration for the sake of those who are now writing, does Pound succeed in his primary role as maker? Is Pound indeed "il miglior fabbro"? An answer to this question will, of course, lead us to a discussion of the characteristic obscurity of Pound: while we, as readers of modern poetry, cannot afford to ignore *him*, Pound frequently seems to feel free to ignore us; we feel cheated.

Hopefully this essay will elucidate Pound's position, the deliberate espousal of an "obscurity" which he blames the modern consciousness for rejecting as "unpoetic." Thus, I do not propose to answer the question of obscurity but to approach it from a Poundian standpoint; the reader must decide the question for himself, *after* reading Pound. If Pound teaches one anything, it is what he taught the poet of "The Waste Land" – when to keep one's mouth shut. Newman names this among the benefits of an education.

In Canto III of *Childe Harold* Byron laments:

> Could I embody and unbosom now
> The which is most within me, – could I wreak
> My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
> Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
> All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
> Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe – into *one* word,
> And that word were Lightening, I would speak;
> But as it is, I live and die unheard,
> With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

If Pound could work his passionate concern as artist into *one* word, that word would be the *chêng ming* ideograph which has the meaning of defining the correct terms or rectifying the names of things. The key to Pound is this passion for definition, and since he is a poet, imaginative definition in particular. But to understand more fully Pound's single-mindedness we must be aware of his identification of cloudy thought and sloppy expression with English romantic poetry. The romantics sought the articulation of their *ideas* and *feelings* (" . . . could I wreak / My thoughts upon expression . . . "); Pound's lifelong struggle has been with the names of *things*. The reference to Byron is fortunate: Byron's realization of the ultimate inadequancy of language to articulate his thoughts is behind Pound's fierce rejection of romanticism, his early involvement with imagism, and his vision in the Cantos of a debilitated and undefined culture in need of reshaping. In Pound's scheme the romantic writers were guilty of the unforgiveable sin of imprecision because they were simply on the wrong track; in turning from the thing to the self they attempted in critic Hugh Kenner's words "a transfusion of personality rather than of perception."

This insistence upon perception against reflection, the preference of the rapier over the magnificent but sheathed sword of Byron, is grounded in Pound's epistemology. This is on the surface a rejection of the Cartesian tradition which trusts to man's ideas rather than to his perceptions for knowledge and which Pound sees as characteristically romantic. But Pound's conflict with reflection is older than Descartes and the romantics: another Pound critic, Harold Watts, points up that "Pound is taking part in the latest round of the old realist-nominalist struggle." The "realists" in the great scholastic debate believed in the reality of ideas over physical objects. Contrarily, nominalists such as Abelard and Pound stand for the reality of the uncategorized, perceived world; in Pound's words,

> periplum, not as land looks on a map
> but as sea bord seen by men sailing. (Canto LIX)

The order imposed by the mind on experience is seen as artificial and tending to separate men from the real world. This belief in the value of unordered experience underlies the "rag-bag" construction of the Cantos; the consequence of this distrust of reflection upon the assault of the particular is responsible for the imputed lack of "profundity" in Pound.

It is also helpful to view Pound in the scientific and materialist tradition of the Royal Society. Bacon and his followers rebelled against the verbosity of the renaissance humanists ("Nullis in Verba" was the Society's motto) and sought to ground language in fact. In his poem addressed to the Royal Society, Abraham Cowley praises Bacon, the deliverer of nature

> From words, which are but pictures of the thought
> (Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew),
> To things, the mind's right object, he it brought . . .

Similarly, in his *ABC of Reading* Pound sees his work as

> an attempt to set down things as they are, to find the word that corresponds to the thing, the statement that portrays, and presents, instead of making a comment, however brilliant, or an epigram.

Surely one of the great literary ironies of our century is the charge of incomprehensibility that is levelled at Pound, the definer, the one who believes in calling things by their right names. For Pound, of course, such imputations are merely symptomatic of the decadence of his contemporaries and of their misunderstanding of the nature of poetry, a misunderstanding consolidated and made respectable in the nineteenth century. The poet does not ruminate; Kenner puts it succinctly: "the poet connects, arranges, defines things: pearls and eyes; garlic, sapphires, and mud." He is primarily an artificer, one who presents rather than interprets reality.

Such a conception of the poet's task which developed as we have seen out of Pound's "nominalist" epistemology, led him to the method of the famous "ideogram." This technique, introduced to Pound through the work of Earnest Fenollosa, a student of the Chinese written language, might be illustrated by the contrast which Pound details in the *ABC* between a European's definition of red and that of a Chinaman.

> In Europe, if you ask a man to define anything, his definition always moves away from the simple things that he knows perfectly well, it recedes into an unknown region, that is a region of remoter and progressively remoter abstraction.

This procedure is to be contrasted with the method of the Chinaman who defines by means of examples: his definition of red consists of the abbreviated pictures of the rose, the cherry, the Flamingo, and iron rust. Pound sees this process as distinctively poetic:

> Fenollosa was telling how and why a language written in this way simply HAD TO STAY POETIC; simply couldn't help being and staying poetic in a way that a column of English type might very well not stay poetic. *(ABC)*

The language is poetic as long as it remains tied up with particulars which everyone knows. We might remark here that Pound's particulars are frequently not facts with which we are all familiar but with which he thinks we ought to be familiar.

The ideogrammatic technique is based upon the epistemology of the particular and its corollary, namely, that we do not communicate by stuffing clear and distinct ideas into one another's heads. Since man knows ideas only in so far as they are grounded in fact, the ideogrammatic poet is the best teacher because he always deals with things in relation to other things, all of which the "pupil" or reader has experienced. His poetry achieves illumination by means of the juxtaposition of dissimilar objects (Flamingoes and iron rust) rather than by recollection in tranquility of powerful feelings. An example is Pound's early poem, "In a Station of the Metro":

> The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
> Petals on a wet, black bough.

The poem is structured around the juxtaposition of faces and crowds, petals and wet, black boughs, and *we* discover a new relationship between faces and petals, crowds and boughs. A new, *poetic* unity organizes nature, discovers a relationship between different levels of being: faces and crowds have been "defined." Such writing is also "objective": it rules out elaboration on the part of the poet and forces the reader to think poetically. The method closely resembles the process behind the so-called telescoped conceit.

The poet, then, succeeds by remaining concrete, by always referring his ideas and emotions to things that everyone knows. Through this striving for "the word that corresponds to the thing," the artist refines the language and saves it from the abstraction which Pound identifies with deception. As guardian of the language, as preserver of its precision, the poet performs a public service: "The *mot juste* is of public utility," says Pound. A culture is only as strong as its language; in Pound's view western culture has declined due to a crisis of meaning:

> A people that grows accustomed to sloppy writing is a people in process of losing its grip on its empire and on itself. And this looseness and blowsiness is not anything as simple and scandelous as abrupt and disordered syntax.
>
> It concerns the relation of expression to meaning. *(ABC)*

By means of the ideogrammatic technique the poet wrestles the language out of the hands of rhetoricians intent upon concealing the right names of things; he restores order by first making new the vehicle of order, the word. He calls things by their right names.

III. Chèng Ming and the Cantos

Pound's cantos are the ideogrammatic expression of his hatred of the modern western world, a world abstracted from itself, out of touch with "the facts," and devoid of real values. The "objective correlative" of this decadent civilization is for him capitalist democracy. Solidly in the tradition of Aristotelian and Thomistic economics, Pound sees money as essentially barren, a pure medium of exchange with no inherent value. It cannot reproduce itself: inflation and deflation aside, ten dollars do not grow into

twelve. Usury, therefore, is an unnatural process since it makes something (interest) from nothing (money having no real value). At the very core of the modern state, then, a state which measures its prosperity in GNPs of billions of *dollars*, Pound sees a vacuum; and in the day to day business of that society, dependent as it is upon the buying and selling of money, he observes a people caught up in an unnatural process. The famous forty-fifth canto catalogues the woes of a society ordered by money power:

> with usura, sin against nature,
> is thy bread ever more of stale rags
> is thy bread dry as paper,
> with no mountain wheat, no strong flour
> with usura the line grows thick
> with usura is no clear demarcation
> and no man can find site for his dwelling.

Because capitalism is based upon illusion and is maintained by the unnatural process of usury, abstraction becomes the vested interest of the leaders of the usurer-culture; a return to real value would mean the destruction of such a culture. The manifest duty of the poet as artificer with words is to make the culture new, to deliver it from the control of the money-mongers, by means of a concretization of language, a reinstatement of real values. This is the sense of mission behind the Cantos. The reader must decide whether or not Pound is playing cops and robbers.

The redefinition proceeds according to the method of the ideogram. By juxtaposing particular instances of good and bad behaviour Pound presents us with instances of "ideas in ACTION." Thus his history differs from Trevelyan's in its attempt to present the living moment as a spur or a deterrent to action. Pound believes that the comprehensibility of conventional history is paid for with a loss of immediacy, that, for instance, as soon as we understand the American Revolution, we get comfortable and cease to live up to the ideals expressed in the historical action of particular revolutionaries. We no longer "make it new" but, rather, hold an idea in *inaction*. This dynamic theory of knowledge grows out of Pound's epistemology, which we have examined, and also out of his involvement with the writings of Confucius who tells us: "To know is to act knowledge."

A parallel to Pound's dynamic intuition of history is classical scholar William Arrowsmith's notion of the poet as a competitor against his forbears; for Pound and Arrowsmith a healthy culture is alive and therefore uncategorized, intuiting rather than understanding its past.

The sense of urgency is achieved in different ways. In Canto XLIV Pound relates the reformation of credit laws in eighteenth-century Florence by describing the festivities which accompanied the reforms as though he were an eyewitness. This account is interspersed with prosy letters between the principals in the action. Canto LIII is a straightforward review, in a highly elliptical style, of the significant contributions to culture made by certain great Chinese lords; it concludes with an "idea in action" which has stylistic and thematic affinities with *The Battle of Maldon:*

Thus of Kung or Confucius, and of "Hillock" his father
when he was attacking a city
his men had passed under the drop gate
and the warders then dropped it, so Hillock caught
the whole weight on his shoulder, and held till his
last man had got out.

Of such stock was Kungfutseu.

Canto XXXI is a hodgepodge of correspondence, mainly between Jefferson and John Adams, which apparently is intended to impress us with the good sense of our founding fathers. The intention here is, again, to see history as

periplum, not as land looks on a map
but as sea bord seen by men sailing.

The problems with Pound's ideogrammatic presentation of history are its highly elliptical character and the imprint which it bears of Pound's unorthodox education and erudition which send us scurrying to the *Annotated Index to the Cantos*, until eventually all sense of immediacy is lost.

IV. Pound as Educator and Reformer

Pound, in his passion for re-valuation through the concretization of language, is primarily an educator. His Cantos are a record of what he considers the best that has been thought and said and done, a kind of textbook for modern man. He is a reformer in his advocacy of making new the past through re-presentation of "ideas in action." Like most reformers he is not profound; as R. P. Blackmur has remarked:

> When you look into him, deeply as you can, you will not find any extraordinary revelation of life, nor any bottomless fund of feeling; nor will you find any mode of life already formulated, any collection of established feelings, composed or mastered in new form. *(Language as Gesture*, p. 31.)

(This judgment must be tempered, however, with the *Pisan Cantos* — "there came new subtlety of eyes into my tent" says Pound in Canto LXXXI. Here he asserts, less materialistically than usual, "What thou lovest well remains, / the rest is dross.")

This is not to say that Ezra Pound is any old reformer. We must insist upon the name of re-former. His lack of depth springs from the deepest concern about the future of poetry as a way of knowing; in his view, its restoration to pre-enlightenment eminence depends upon the revitalization of language, the realignment of the word with the "thing," the "thing" being not merely the red wheelbarrow of Williams, though indeed so much does depend upon that, but also dynamic human objects, "ideas in ACTION." This process of reshaping will endanger the status quo by disturbing the comfort of what Confucius calls "twisty thoughts," and by leading us back to acceptance of the dynamism of life.

Pound has been criticized for many things, not the least of which are his over-simplified division of cultures into usurous (bad) and non-usurous (good), and the ineffectiveness of the "rag bag" Cantos to provide a basis for virtuous action.

The criticism of over-simplification might be answered by seeing Pound primarily as a poet. Though it is true that he has dissapated much energy in economic writing and squabbling, and though we might lament his political short-sightedness (not uncommon in a poet), he has also devoted more than four decades to a poem called *The Cantos;* it is not unlikely that his economic thought should be utilized poetically, as image, in this work. Rather than merely tell us that the world is out of joint, Pound images this vision in the opposition of money-value and real-value cultures.

Finally, a distrust of Pound's aggregation of "ideas in ACTION" as an effective instrument of moral challenge, a distrust of the value of the particular against the general, comes out of a long tradition which maintains the superior "reality" of ideas, a tradition which has been responsible for much good and much misery. But the distrust itself does not go far towards answering the fundamental criticism which Pound has leveled at the modern corporate state, that it is a state abstracted from itself, which has lost the meaning of the moment, of being here.

— RONALD CORTHELL

A Love Poem Found on a Flower

If anyone should wonder why this flower
Attracted me, I'll say to him, 'Perhaps
When long ago I wound myself for death,
I never dreamt her perfume had the power
To change a monster in his silken depths
And waken orange wings along his black back's crest.'

— CHARLES ZAROBILA

Friends in the Basement

Friends in the basement
we were
and we sang the songs
we knew
and we passed to each other the cigarettes
we smoked
and we talked till our hearts
we cursed
as the hours grew old
we laughed
at the jokes we made
we drank
coffee in mugs and wine in old glasses
we wished
for each others separate love
we wanted
each others separate dreams
we thought
friends in the basement
we were
and we sang the songs
we knew.

— DANIEL KOPKAS

Paris, 1955

fat michael
is sitting
close by the bar
telling three ladies
his life in the war
when soldier and poet
he owned the cafes
with their songs
and serious girls,
then loudly
he calls
for more wine
and always
the ladies
are pleased

— WILLIAM BUTALA

Untitled

of cracked ice
there is little to say
(of cracked lives – there is much
but the answer's the same
a patch is impossible
smoothness can come only after
melting
a heated exposure and
a new frost)

there is no skating on a stained-glass rink

too many colors
distracting
too many lead lines
are dead lines
unfinished figure eights
form unravelling rounds
that are confusing to the common observer

what you need is a new mirror
(i need a new rag)

illusion is easy to trace

REALITY
(not that neON streetlight)
defies definition
an impression in wet clay
is as real as the elm leaf
though the wind
and latter decay
takes the leaf
its spine shadow in dirt
and lace veins
remain
like a deer hoof print on snow
filled
the earth beneath is marked
next spring
remembers

and the mirror of sky
is always up for viewing
and the wind comb is always ready
your hair's a mess
and you know it
but illusion is easy to trace

(it may be a new style)

– CAROL FURPAHS

On the New Spirituality

Poetry begins with a tone of voice

THESE WORDS of Robert Frost like no others I have heard suggest to me a way of speaking about contemporary Christian spirituality. Jean Paul Sartre put down the "what" of man as a negative creativity, a "no-ing" one's possibilities by surpassing one's self, by projecting one's self, by continually rising to meet one's self in the future through a standing in the nothingness, of the present. But what of the "how" of man? And of more moment, what of the "how" of the man of faith? "How can I sing a song to the Lord in a foreign land?"

We must learn to sing to the Lord by listening to our feet. As we discover that we stand in nothingness so must we learn to dance upon it. As Snoopy says, "My feet love to dance. I have an obligation to my feet." In listening to the movement of our humanness we will discover the song we must sing to heaven: a human song, sung in a divine tone of voice. And I sing to heaven as I dance to the music of the earth.

This reduction of man to a "how," this overriding importance of attitude, is indicative of the place that meaning has come to assume in the life of the man of faith. It is indicative of the Sisyphus-like quality pervading our situation. Therefore, much of what shapes and motivates the life of the man of faith might be enumerated under the rubric of spirituality.

At the risk of oversimplification, spirituality can be explicated as that combination of the workings of mind and heart from which a man addresses himself to his work; it is decision to meaning, in the Kierkegaardian sense a "subjective thinking". Hopefully this definition transcends the polarities of "offensive" and "defensive" address. The man who adamantly feels it is his duty to come to grips with the world is as unfree as he who feels the world should be fended off. If traditional spirituality can be accused of blindness, then surely contemporary spirituality has become so problem-centered as to become bereft of spontaneity.

It is precisely at this point that those who adamantly adhere to and espouse the new spirituality meet with the frustration and anxiety which threaten to overwhelm them in their work. Their problem orientation, their overwhelming preoccupation with what are termed "areas of concern" (God save the language) does not allow for human *capax*, a capacity, a clearing in which the analytic approach to life can be bracketed. A clearing in which Being can appear. Only in the clearing is there response. Only in the clearing is there room for mystery.

We must, as Heidegger says, let Being be.

The practical imperative necessary to the implementation of the new spirituality is not easy to face, for it continually exposes one to the inundation of paranoic feelings. As we become increasingly sophisticated in the problem-solving techniques life and work demand, we expose ourselves to the possibility of becoming *en soi*, thinking things, meaty machines. We do indeed, at times, feel compelled to see the world as problem so that the secret desire to return to an "it" can be given full expression. It is much more comfortable to merely be-at-the-world. But when we realize the energy necessary to the problem-solving process cannot be sustained, then what? When we are tired, when our defenses are down, the threat of the world-problem looms very large. And as Sartre says the little pools of nothingness begin to seep in.

Traditionally, the way of nurturing one's spirituality has been through meditation. The spirit of recollection, butted as it was by monastic jokes, was and still remains the predisposition to achieving a *capax*. And again, looking back into tradition, the great predisposition to meditation has been silence, as the psalmist has it, stillness and quietness of soul. The Christian who finds himself deeply entrenched in the habits of problem solving finds meditation alien to his world design, for the very silence that predisposes him to the clearing in which Being is disclosed is also the "vacuum" which, once the problem solving process has been suspended, threatens to be inundated by feelings of paranoia.

All attempts of contemporary Christians to effect a Pentacostal stance to the contrary notwithstanding: what shall we do in silence?

The answer to this question has been given by many people and it is not our purpose here to delineate any of the many forms of mysticism. But what is plain is that it is here, and only here, face to face with the silence, that the *capax* appears, that the possibility of the revelation of Being exists. Here is the font of the religious imagination and only in silence is it nurtured. Only in silence can we listen to the movement of our humanness and discover the song we must sing to heaven. The greatest revelation is the stillness, and in the stillness we are most truly human; from the stillness comes the tone of voice with which we are Christian.

– W.Z.

Untitled

mystery is everything
my story is just one thing
enough for me
but you
want many facts and fantasies
horrors to keep you up at night
so that
you can never
even sleeping
slip into the dark alone.

— CAROL FURPAHS

Etude

Her gentleman and his guitar,
his lady and her violin,
are mingling together their
expressions in the sulphur air.
The revolution may begin;
not even the millenium
With all its vulgar show could mar
the truth their music proves. They are:
his lady and her violin,
her gentleman and his guitar.

— W. KEVIN CAWLEY