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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.

Editor-in-Chief
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Cover: CHARLES ZAROBILA
Center Illustrations: ANDREA WASDOVICH

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NOTES GATHERED AT THE CITY GATES

"O bauble swayed to laughter, O chuckling chest,/ How can we know the jester from the jest?"

from "Among Preschoolers" by W.B. Yeast

This year the Carroll Quarterly is twenty-five years old. As our cover foretells, we do not intend to celebrate the magazine's anniversary by presenting it with a silver watch.

It is a little known fact that the Carroll Quarterly office houses a vast collection of literary artifacts. Over the years, offers by prestigious museums and wealthy individuals to purchase these articles have been continuously rejected. Even at the beginning of this year when our financing was so precarious, the editors refused to part with any of these inspirational items. As a part of our anniversary celebration, we shall now reveal to the general reading public the contents of the Carroll Quarterly Literary Museum. The list of items which follows is not comprehen-

sive; such a catalogue would fill the entire issue. The items enumerated below are those which we consider most invaluable.

--a porcelain gyre, once perned in by William Butler Yeats.

--a crumpled piece of wax paper, stained with mustard, from the plain brown paper bag in which William Wordsworth carried his lunch to Tintern Abbey.

--a congealed, quarter full bottle of Calamine Lotion, discovered at the bottom of Walden Pond, bearing the initials: H.D.T.

--Johnson's Life of Boswell.

--Jack London's Chapstick.

--Ernest Hemingway's tin of White Cloverine Brand Drawing Salve.

--the only extant copy of the obscene pamphlet which John Milton wrote against the little-known Society for a Simple English Language.

--the only extant copy of the obscene pamphlet which Edmund Spenser wrote against the Modern Language Society.

--a phalange from the

left claw of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's domesticated sea bird.

--the collected works of Stephen Duck, engraved on a head of lettuce.

--T.S. Eliot's "America: love it or leave it!" bumper sticker.

--THE UPPER CASE LETTERS FROM E.E. CUMMINGS' TYPEWRITER.

--William Blake's big toenail. (It is rumored that some of the staff members have seen the image of John Milton appear on this first-class relic.)

--Fyodor Dostoyevsky's tin foil ball.

--a seven foot femur, dug up in O.E. Rolvaag's backyard.

--W. Shakspeare's best bed.

--a tuft of fur from a wee sleekit cowrin' timorous beastie, scraped from B. Burns' plough blade.

--a complete set of bells bells bells bells bells bells bells.

--a sheet of foil, once shook by G.M. Hopkins.

--a stuffed skylark. (extremely rare because it never wert a bird.)

--various amateurish attempts at literary forgery.

--a life-size, plastic balloon replica of Betty

Foy and her Idiot Boy.

--a hookah, once owned by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, which he claimed helped him understand the philosophy of E. Kant.

--a sea dingle.

--a stuffed blackbird, much admired from many angles.

--a pair of white flannel trousers with the bottoms inexpertly rolled and with a half-eaten peach in the right side pocket.

--a kitchen cup full of concupiscent curds.

--a lump of ambergris which Herman Melville kept in a Mason jar on his mantelpiece.

--a short short story by Leo Tolstoy.

--Tennessee Williams' real name.

--Samuel Pepys' diary

--a first edition copy of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in the original Persian, donated by Virgil B. Strohmeier, Jr.

with critical comments in the margins written by Edward Fitzgerald whose handwriting remarkably resembles Mr. Strohmeier's.

--two shock-resistant, non-toxic, plastic ignorant armies clashing by night.

Because of the limited space in literary magazines and the varying ex-

cellence of the works submitted to them, editors are forced to be critical and selective. As an illustration of how the Quarterly staff reviews and ultimately accepts

or rejects its contributions, we offer this review of a rejected play. The critique was written by our drama specialist.

A rather bad and lengthy play was submitted to us for this issue. The author did not sign his name to the work; apparently he had a premonition of how we would critically receive his offering, and to avoid embarrassment, chose to remain anonymous. However, he did initial the title page, and we surmise he dedicated the drama to one of his friends. The title page read, "For Mr. W.H. by Mr. W.S." The play, written in blank verse, was called The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Quite honestly, the plot of this play is totally unbelievable and asinine. Hamlet, the main character, is informed by his father's ghost (who had previously been a king) that Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, killed Hamlet's father (now the ghost) by emptying an entire bottle of "Leperous Distillment" into Hamlet's father's ear. Although we almost found ourselves liking W.S. for discovering an original orifice of the body through which to poison someone, we were appalled that he used the ancient device of the Senecan ghost to get the action started. The Elizabethans beat that one to death. Hamlet, the hero who is supposed to take revenge upon the murderer Claudius, exhibited some rationality when he decided not to trust the ghost but to sponsor a dumb show in order to confirm the guilt of his uncle. But Hamlet's filthy overtures during the dumb show toward Ophelia, the chaste daughter of the courtier Polonius, led us to conclude the hero's main interest was not in securing revenge. The climax of the tragedy occurs when Hamlet, true to his previously established salacious and insensitive character, rudely tongue lashes his own mother and then proceeds to impulsively skewer the well-meaning old Polonius, one of the few characters in the play who had any common sense and who always stood ready to offer fatherly counsel. After an indeterminate period in complete disregard

for "the unity of time," W.S. has the evil Hamlet return to Denmark from his deserved banishment only to have this "hero" swap tiresome puns with a vulgar gravedigger at the very moment of the chaste Ophelia's funeral. Hamlet then engages in cheap histrionics by "sorrowfully" jumping into Ophelia's grave in order to gain the sympathy of the court. Eventually, Hamlet takes revenge upon Claudius; but, with the finesse of a rogue elephant, he also succeeds in causing the deaths of himself, his poor mother, and the virtuous Laertes, brother of the chaste Ophelia.

At this point a word may be said about W.S.'s characterization. Two happy artistic successes are seen in the elusively wrought characters of Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, Hamlet's one-time university drinking chums. It is unfortunate that W.S. allowed them only a minor, if not technical role in his drama. The subtle characterization used to delineate these two should have been employed in creating the other "dramatis personae" as well.

The following extract is representative of the play's dubious poetry:

To be, or not to be -- that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep-- 5
No more, and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep,
To sleep -- perchance to dream. Aye, there's 10
the rub,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, 15
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make 20
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will, 25
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought 30
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

First, as anyone with a feel for dramatic poetry can tell, this is a soliloquy, a device which is now completely outmoded. This W.S.'s penchant for the antique is also exhibited in his use of archaic diction. Observe the words "perchance" (l. 10), "aye" (l. 10), "coil" (l. 12), "bodkin" (l. 21), "fardels" (l. 21), and "bourn" (l. 24). When he uses this type of language, does W.S. think he's being "poetic"? The use of obsolete words in order to put a respectable "literary" patina on a work can only meet with condemnation from me. Those elisions, "'tis" in lines 2 and 8, and "o'er" in line 30 are positively antediluvian; I think the last poet to use such a device was Wordsworth.

Secondly, W.S. is not very novel in his thought. Take the trope in line 3 for example: "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." What a cliché! Every grammar school child has heard of that one. If W.S. has the ambition to write immortal poetry, he is going to have to learn to keep his imagery fresh. And, one is indeed embarrassed to read line 28, "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all." Has this W.S. no shame? This line is lifted word for word from a source which is so familiar to all that I need not even mention it here.

A revelation of a few of the lapses into bad taste with which this speech abounds shall conclude our examination.

The wrenched accent on the first syllable of the word "despised" in line 17 is deplorable if not comical. It is obvious that W.S. shifted the stress from the second to the first syllable of the word in order to make his line of iambic pentameter metrically correct.

And is it necessary for the author to use the esoteric "quietus" in line 20? Is he trying to impress us with his knowledge of high school Latin?

W.S.'s sincerity seriously comes into question with "Aye, there's the rub" (l. 10). How can the author genuinely draw his imagery from a technical term in Elizabethan Bocci Ball? How much can such a thing really mean to him? In this instance the most we can do is commend W.S. for his research. But as we can easily see, the result of his scholarship is mere "bookish" poetry, which is no poetry at all.

Though it may seem to some readers that this critique is unduly harsh, others will recognize the value and, indeed, the necessity of such painstaking criticism. The best authors are even more merciless to their own literary shortcomings than we.

The Quarterly has made it its policy to accept only the finest works of art. Quality is our only criterion, but we do insist on quality.

Even when he is outside the room,
They hear the random tinkles in his bells.
He enters, and at first the court responds
As if a priest and not a clown had come.
Then, costumed in their playing card attire,
Most begin to giggle at his motley.
The slender duke regards him with a smile,
A fat knight hopes for bawdy jesting.
But the young princess, garlanded in gown,
Sees in his gibbous back a prophecy.

Now crippled fool and maiden,
Wise in deformity,
Grow muscles like a rabbit's,
Dance from the palace property.

WHERE ARE THE FREAKS OF YESTERYEAR?

I do not think that one can, without dispute, presume a special case for the years from Shakspeare's birthday to the day King Charles lost his head. In the literature and records of any period one is bound to find prefigurations---events, people, behavior, beliefs--- of what he is most aware in his own time. This anticipation of the sad present, the hallucinogenic years since 1965, is especially easy to find in those periods represented by universal and human books like The Canterbury Tales or by universal and quite human characters like Boswell and Johnson.

Of course, what one finds in the past as a foreshadowing of the present is largely determined by one's sense of the present. Others would detect different resemblances between two eras; so, in a way the personal examination of the past is a Rohrschack experience, almost certainly a pattern of what I find either singularly disturbing or peculiarly abhorrent in my own time.

I do wish I could make a special case for the years between 1564 and 1649. Shakspeare would seem to make it easy. He seems to make it easy for stage and film directors. In just a few seasons we have had a people's democracy Coriolanus, drag versions of Twelfth Night and As You Like It, a rock rendering of Two Gentlemen of Verona. To say nothing of all the Hamlets: Hamlet as an alienated member of the Krupp family, Hamlet disenchanted with the life style of the Kremlin, a new-left Hamlet as disenchanted with his own nationality as Abbie Hoffman, a naked Hamlet, a transvestite Hamlet, a homosexual Hamlet, a Freudian motherloving Hamlet, and Hamlet as a tripartite schizophrenic. And now we have Desdemona murdered in the buff and a Lady Macbeth sleepwalking naked in her draughty highland castle. Of course, both female characters were originally played by boys on open-air stages. Shakspeare's own audiences would have been unimaginative and sexist enough to be aware of structural problems not easily ignored before the age of unisex.

What strikes me about the Tudor and early Stuart years as seeming especially apposite to an appreciation of the present is the uncontrolled and highly publicized theological speculation, blasphemy, witchcraft, Catholic plots, discontented students, experiments in ritual, weird religious cults both within and outside the church, messianic political groups, the expectation of Apocalypse, violence in the name of love and peace, fascination with sexual arcana, exile on principle or impulse, the abuse of drugs, the erosion of common sense by enthusiasm.

But I suppose anyone so hippped would find what he is looking for in any period marked by wonderful nonsense. Chaucer, for example, seems to present the Catholic bizarre in a context meaningful to a time that is always talking about meaningful contexts. He gives us the sartorially adventurous and sentimental nun with her fourteenth-century love beads.

Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A paire of bedes, gauded al with greene,
And thereon heeng a brooch of gold ful sheene
On which ther was first writen a Crownd A
And after, Amor vincit omnia.

Another image of the years since 1965 lies in the rejection of the traditional Benedictine life style in favor of his own secular activism by Chaucer's Monk.

What sholde he studye and make himselven wood
Upon a book in cloistre alway to poure,
Or swink with his handes and laboure,
As Austin bit.

In fact, the Monk's thing, his self-expression is hunting.

We must move on from the middle ages so the reader can understand the quotations. The eighteenth century, a period of clear expression and confused ideas, can also provide a mirror for a time of public passion and private aberration.

The abashed idiosyncrasy of James Boswell and the behavior of even the orthodox Doctor Johnson can take on the x-rated interest of a Ken Russell movie. There is Boswell's reaction to the stubborn deathbed refusal of David Hume to acknowledge the claims of Christianity or to entertain the possibility of immortality. From Boswell's journal:

Called Mr. David Hume's, wishing to converse with him while I was elevated with liquor, but was told he was very ill. I then ranged awhile in the Old Town after strumpets.

There is Doctor Johnson's fearful report of his erotic fantasies recorded in the purgatorial Latin of his diary: "insane imaginings about foot fetters and handcuffs." It took the special insight of the age of Marat-Sade for Johnson's most recent biographer, Christopher Hibbert, to make a connection between the tormenting images and a padlock, tagged "Johnson's padlock", found in the suburban villa of Johnson's closest female friend, Mrs. Thrale. The mod speculation is that foot fetters and handcuffs may have had erotic use in Johnson's special Arcadia at Streatham.

I hope I have established myself as one who can take the long -- or is it the broad? -- view, giving their due to centuries other than my favorite. I would not want to be considered an antiquarian bloodhound always sniffing the same baroque hedge. It is time to get on with making a case for the topical relevance of the English Renaissance by considering a few accidentally related subjects: university life, the role of the female, and the search for therapeutic ritual.

The current follies of the university are, I suppose, not unlike those of any period since Abelard. Those familiar with the experience of Milton or Gibbon would, I think, conclude that there is usually student discontent, violation of dress codes and good taste, manipulative and maneuvering faculty, subversive conversions shocking to parents, fuddled stands on the principles and practices of the immediate past, otherwise known as "tradition". According to Vernon Alden, who only a few years ago was trying to set up a Harvard-on-the-Hocking as president of Ohio University: "We still cling to the medieval concept of a university that is a collection of scholars with its own group of students. The faculty in those days enjoyed 'the life of the mind' and prepared their protégés for life styles similar to their own."

Alden, who has now retreated from the university to the security of a foundation, protests that all this is not vocational enough for young students in 1972.

Milton and Gray found the seventeenth-and-eighteenth-century remnants of the midieval all too vocational.

Episodes at Oxford and Cambridge during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts do have a familiar look: shifting alliances between factions of students, younger faculty, and members of administration; protests at college ceremonies; the interruption of classes by people off the street, search and seizure in faculty and administrative quarters. There is an obsession with hair.

Academic disorders in the Tudor-Stuart years seem to conform to a now familiar pattern. Students and with-it faculty protest "patently unjust and damnable regulations" and attempt to establish (a bad term) a reign (another bad term) of "all purity and virtue".¹ The shift from tyrannical administration and classroom darkness to adolescent light seems in the 1560's at Cambridge to involve three familiar concerns: emblematic garments, hair, and purifying vandalism.

The big year of Tudor academic turbulence was 1565. It started with young faculty at Cambridge calling for the removal of stained glass from the windows of the Schools, what Archbishop Parker, a sort of super-regent of the universities, called "the reformation of university windows".² At the beginning of the "superstitious glass" protest, Robert Beaumont, the Vice Chancellor, the administrative head of the university, was aware of only a few potential troublemakers: "One in Christ's College, and sundry in St. John's will be very hardly brought to wear surplices. And two or three in Trinity College think it very unseemling that Christians should play or be present at any profane comedies or tragedies." Milton was to protest the same persistent Micky-Mouse frivolity in 1642.

in the colleges so many of the young divines, and those next in aptitude to divinity, have been seen so oft upon the stage, writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of Trinculos, buffoons, and bawds, prostituting the shame of that ministry, which either they had or were nigh having, to the eyes of courtiers and court ladies, with their grooms and mademoiselles.

Beaumont, like any administrator at the beginning of disturbance, assured his superiors in Church and State that "I do for the maintenance of orderly apparel what I can, but God knoweth I obtain of some more for fear of punishment than for love of good order."³ The situation was to escalate.

Like the bourgeois firebrands of the National Association of Laymen and the more advanced members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the reformers moved from foul language to guerilla theatre. With a symbolism as defiant as the exposed armpits of Women's Lib, the protestors latched on to the provocative display of hair.

One day Beaumont "rode with his foot-cloth" to Great Saint Mary's to preach; and "while he was at his sermon, certain of the boys clipped off all the hair of his horse's tail and top, and made him a crown, like to a Popish priest." The following Sunday the joke was carried further. Before Beaumont went in procession to church the young bloods "cut all the hair of his horse, taken before in short pieces; and strewed it in the way as he went (instead of a carpet) from his chamber to the church."⁴

Like any administrator worth his footcloth, Vice-Chancellor Beaumont, who had come to office on a platform of stronger discipline, kept his cool, making "many protestations of his good will and meaning towards all," by asserting "that it was against his conscience to hurt any, save for his duty towards the magistrate."⁵

In reply the university rebels accused him of "setting up . . . bristles against God's faithful servants" and protested that Beaumont was not living and parading according to the example of "Christ, his apostles, Mr. Calvin, etc." and that he was "being cold in God's business and hot in the urging of man's traditions." He protested in reply that he had only one horse and had been an impoverished student himself, "brought up in his tender years with haverbread, thin drink, cold milk, hanged beef, and bacon" and that as a Cambridge undergraduate he "never spent above fourpence the week."

As a concession to student activism, he removed popish glass from classrooms and disposed of "other monuments of superstition". He arranged a "university

grace" for the sale of vestments, censers, cruets, and candlesticks, dividing the profits among the colleges.⁶ As the mothers of draftdodgers now shackled up in Canadian martyrdom keep telling us: "We can learn from the Kids."

Eighty years later at Trinity College, Oxford, the reaction of the administrator was less conciliatory, perhaps more traditional. Dr. Ralph Kettle's "fashion", according to one of his students, John Aubrey, "was to goe up and down the College and peepe in at the keyholes to see whether the Boyes did follow their books or no." It too was a time of student discontent and faculty disrespect towards administration. "There was a great faction between Dr. Kettle and the Fellows; and at one time at a Scrutiny, the Doctor upbraiding them for disrespect to Him," let them have it:

Oh; you are brave gallant Gentlemen and learned men, you despise, and snort, and fart at your poor President: I am an old blind-sincks; but who was it proposed you to be fellows from poor raskall-Jacks and Servitors: Was it not your President: and yet none of your Friends were ever so grateful to present me with so much as a wrought night-cap.⁷

As in the earlier episode at Cambridge, hair was a factor in the discontent of seventeenth-century Oxford. As an emblem of commitment, the handling of hair went beyond the academy into the areas of politics, romantic love, and psychopathology. John Milton's first schoolmaster was a Puritan, "who cutt his hair short." Sir Kenelm Digby, the failed scientist-theologian-diplomat and successful Catholic apologist, let his beard grow in memorial sorrow for the beautiful Venetia Stanley, who had married him after five years of allegorical platonism. She had brought him not a dowry, but an annuity from her paramour, the Earl of Dorset. For his money, the Earl, got an annual dinner with Venetia and Kenelm, who "argued that a wise and lusty man could make a virtuous woman out of a brothel." Over the joint and two veg the Earl would "behold Venetia with much passion, but only kiss her hand."⁸

The ultimate concern with hair in the literature of the English Renaissance has enough overtones of male

chauvinism and perverse fetishism to make a western movie. It occurs in the episode of Briana and Crudor in the sixth book of Spenser's Fairie Queene--as an example of discourtesy

there stands a castel strong
Which doth observe a custom lewd and ill
And it hath long maintained with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight or lady pass along
That way (and yet they needs must pass that way)..
But they that Ladies lockes do shave away
And that knight's beard for toll, which they
for passage pay.

The lady of the tonsorial castle, Briana "long time hath loved a doughty knight/ And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might." Crudor, the hair freak, "refused hath to yield her love again/ Until a mantle she for him do find,/ With beards of knights and locks of ladies lined."

Dr. Kettle, as President of Trinity College, was likewise "irreconcilable to long haire; called them hairy Scalpes, and as for Perriwigges. . . he believed them to be the Scalpes of men cutte offe after they were hanged, and so tanned and dressed for use."

When he observed the Scholars haire longer than ordinary...he would bring a paire of Cizers in his Muffe...and woe be to them that sate on the outside of the Table...he cutt Mr. Radford's haire with the Knife that chipps the bread on the Buttery Hatch.

By 1642 college vandalism had become government policy. The descendants of the Cambridge iconoclasts of 1565 were the new establishment. Dr. Kettle was able to preserve midieval paintings in the chapel only by assuring members of parliament that Trinity regarded sacred paintings as "no more than a dirty Dish Clout." They were later smeared by the virtuous with green paint.

The wonderful year 1565 also saw the problem of the enthusiastic instructor and his inspired students (course credits for demonstrations, destruction, and general nastiness). The episode was known as the "St. John's College Affair".

"A volatile and genuine scholar," William Fulke,

became Fellow of St. John's and Preacher to the College without the usual qualifications and degrees, but with a bold sense of opportunity and a flair for publicity. Fulke showed his romantic individuality by refusing to wear the "square cap" of his office. He conscientiously flaunted a secular hat. In a mere four sessions of consciousness-raising, Fulke mocked sacramental bread as "starch and paste", scoffed at kneeling for communion, denounced cope and surplice. Fulke was a pet of the Master of St. John's, who went along with the Kids by commanding "common bread to be brought in for the communion."

Fulke persuaded not only his own students and the students of three faculty cronies to disrupt college services by refusing the legal obligation to wear surplices, but inspired even the with-it head of the college to tear off his own surplice. The Master was seen rushing down from the chapel gallery "without his surplice among the Fellows having their surplices on, and so received the communion."

Fulke extended his commitment to change by organizing his undergraduates into an antiphonal jeering section to hiss" at such as came with their surplices on, by the which they were forced to retire, and either to absent themselves or else to enter in without surplices."

The Kids were radicalized and so was the administration. "We are in this doing singular," trumpeted the Master, "and therefore shall be sure to have many that will be glad to find fault with us; yet I do not doubt that God will maintain us in our singularity, having the right on our part."⁹

Harold Taylor would not say it the same way, but he could not give more force to the concept of Learning from the Kids. The Queen, like Governor Rhodes, was not amused.

In 1572, when the Massacre of St. Bartholomew had something of the impact of Kent State on students and fellows, word was passed that Dr. John Caius, founder of Gonville and Caius College, physician to two queens, had a reserve supply of Catholic ornaments. His quarters were raided. Three members of the university administration "with no opposition from any member of the college burned the books and such other objects as served most for idolatrous abuses."¹⁰ The Queen was

by then prepared not to be unamused.

The central issue of the Cambridge confrontations four hundred years ago was the pugnacious search for a viable, updated liturgy. As in our time experiments with ritual extended into the drama, in the masque and Shakspeare, as well as into an underground of witchcraft and magic. Our illustrative example from the Elizabethan counterculture is conveniently intertwined with antecedents of the current insurrection over the role of women and female separatism. It occurs in Spenser's account of Britomart, the figure of chastity, who so fiercely resists the function of sex object that she wears an iron suit and weapons to a court banquet, ironically by her toughness arousing the libido of her hostess, who sneaks into Britomart's bed. Britomart represents the primal equality, perhaps even the primacy, of the female.

Till envious men fearing their rules decay
 Can coyne streght lawes to curb their liberty;
 Yet sith they warlike armes have layd away,
 They have exceld an artes and pollicy

That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'envy.
 Britomart resents the accepted female role.

I loathed have my life to lead,
 As ladies wont, in pleasure's wanton lap,
 To finger the fine needle and nyce thread
 But she is not immune to intersexual fantasy.

All mine entrailles flow with poysonous gore
 And the ulcer groweth daily more and more
 Ne can my running sore find remedy
 Britomart's guidance counselor, Glauce first attempts
 some home remedies out of the cabinet of Sister George.
 Her alabaster brest she soft did kis
 Which all that while she felt to pant and quake
 As it an earth-quake were

After some lib cuddling the guru and her disciple try
 formal religious exercises.

They both uprose and tooke their readie way
 Unto the church, their prayers to appeal
 With great devotion, and with little zeal.

Glauce gets Britomart then into drugs, "all which she
 in an earthen Pot did poure," and into ritual as therapy.

Then taking thrise three haire from off her head,
 Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
 And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
 And after having whispered a space
 Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and bace,
 She to the virgin said, thrise said she it;
 "come daughter come, come; spit upon my face,
 Spit thrise upon me, thrise upon me spit;
 Th'uneven number for this businesse is most fit."

For over three centuries this fictional ceremony of innocence has probably seemed, to the kind of reader who would go to the trouble to read Edmund Spenser, weird, perverse, or comic. Its seriousness perhaps can only be appreciated in this special time. From The New York Times, January 2, 1972:

JESUIT INSTITUTE SEEKS A MORE INSPIRATIONAL LITURGY

Resplendent in what looked like the remnant of an orange and blue striped awning, the Rev. Robert Nagy danced to frenzied strains from the sound track of "Black Orpheus" while members of his class, garbed in wrapping paper, whimpered and groaned under the dimmed lights, pleading for help.

"I'm a leper," June Sweeney confided between wails, explaining the role she had chosen from the New Testament . . .

Experiment allows for limitless possibilities, and if the subject is feeling, the results can be bizarre. Thus the workshop members wound up one day leapfrogging outside...

"There are many ways to leapfrog," one student recalled. "You can be happy or sad. Or aggressive...."

During the event, Father Nagy, obviously enjoying his role (as Christ), wove among the wretched, curing those that sought him by unwrapping them, casting the paper aside and tying headbands on them made of strips torn from his colorful cape. The healed then joined in the dance and healed others, a practice that distressed some of the class.

"I wanted Bob to heal me," said Anthony Scully, a playwright who is considering the Jesuit priest-

hood. Instead, he said, "along came the little groupies and I felt lost, confused." It did not work for Glauce and Britomart either.

Joseph T. Cotter

Footnotes

1. H.C. Porter, Reformation and Reaction in Tudor Cambridge, 1958, p. 116.
2. Porter, p. 114.
3. Porter, p. 114.
4. Porter, p. 116.
5. Porter, p. 117.
6. Porter, p. 118.
7. John Aubrey, Brief Lives, edited by Oliver Lawson Dick, 1957, p. 185.
8. Aubrey, p. 98.
9. Porter, pp. 120-123.
10. Alexander C. Judson, The Life of Edmund Spenser, 1945, pp. 35-36.

LITTLE ELEGY

COMPOSED WHILE FLYING HOME IN A JET

In a small coastal village
 of Northern Italy
 there's a sudden piazza off a tunnel-like street
 where the sun can beat at times squarely on the earth
 and women with wrinkled faces
 stare at tourists
 who manage rarely to find their way there

and an ancient well and about fourteen cats
 that skitter in and out
 of provocative door-ways.

Why don't they do something about places like that?
 I mean, I want to see it again in the yellow sun
 before the cats are controlled
 and that well restored.

Frank J. Smith, S.J.

THE TINCUP MAN

Under the window
he begged his bread
with a cup too big
and a cap too small
he forced a tear
he rolled his eyes
and for a quarter or so
he licked his lips
and gave a three-cornered
blessing

"Sabaoth, Talisman, Banjo
may they chase the devils away"

Back along the alley
where he lived
when we were younger
we took some change
we filled his cup
and demanded he tell a story
he counted it slowly
then rubbed his face
and spat his words
at our feet

"Sabaoth sent a devil one day
to chew off my leg
as I ran from a war
I had no desire to die in

"When I got back home I found
Talisman waiting
with three great demons
who finally forced me to drink

"And the only god
who forgave me my sin
was Banjo, blessed Banjo
who chased the devils away"

"Did you never notice" offered the tincup man
in one particularly lucid moment to no one
in particular

"how the mask of wine alters things?
When blessed Banjo chased the devils away
he left the drinking, I wouldn't let him have that
for when I have drunk I am able to dance
a thousand sure steps before I begin to hobble
I am able to walk a far straight line
and let sleeping gods lie"
here he began laughing as if sharing a private joke
and he sat there rocking and smiling
and soon fell to begging again

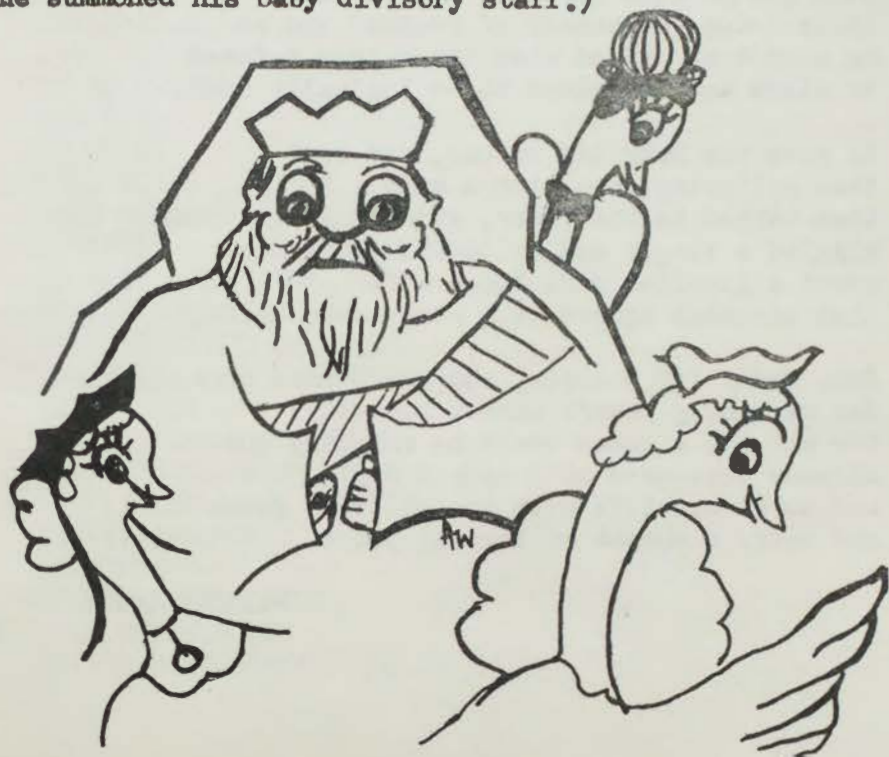
Daniel Kopkas

CONGRESSMAN DAVY CROCKETT TELLS ABOUT SOLOMON

Solomon he was a gutful buck,
reckoning by his portion of women,
braver than any Mormon, likely
learned his wisdom being chidden.
(It takes a might to wrassel a bear,
but Solomon, he required more.)

His gaggle taught him poverty,
their hissing brought obedience
and made him bear him ganderly
while others roostered after hens.
Solemn waddling, suffering eyes,
and soon enough folks called him wise.

One day two girlies came for a ruling,
both claiming rights to a single baby.
Not for a minute was Solomon fooled!
"One of you's lying. I wonder maybe
we shouldn't just cut the kid in half."
(He summoned his baby divisory staff.)





Knowing the womenfolk as he did,
Solomon knew they would never do it--
each one go with her half of the kid
(this being the answer of reason) and so
he wasn't surprised when the mother refused
to allow her own blood to be logically used.

He gave the baby its mother, and sent
them galloping home with a sagely kick,
then turned to the other, with beckoning bent
wiggled a finger and said: "I could pick
never a likelier girl for a wife
than one that agrees to a reasonable knife."

But, sadly for Solomon, she would have none.
Her reasoning powers warned her away;
for who but a goose would be marrying one
already possessed of a lady a day?
And so he was left with the silliest geese
and never a moment of logical peace.

William Quinn

Being a progressive literary magazine, the Quarterly is always attuned to the latest developments in verse craft. We asked a science major at Notre Dame University, Michael S. Alexander, who has impressed both the mathematical and literary community with his work in computer poetics, to create a program for us especially for this issue. The computer which he programmed, an IBM 360, is now adept at writing in the Shakespearean sonnet form. Mr. Alexander kindly allowed us to print his computer program in the event someone wished to repeat his experiments. The entire program, as well as a few examples of the computer's creative efforts, appear below:

```

CALL SONET
CPROGRAM TO WRITE SHKSPRN SONNETS
  DIMENSION VOCAB(999),HOMYN(599),SYN(899)
CTOPIC SELECTION.PICK A NUMBER
  READ(2,10)LV,URLV
10  FORMAT(11)
CRHYME SCHEME GENERATOR ABARDCDEFEEF
  TSYL=10.0
  A=0
  DO 30 I=1,12
    A=A+I
  GO TO 25
25  CALL VOCAB
    READ NOUN,VERB,ADJ,ADV
    ASYL(X)=NOUN+VERB+ADJ+ADV
    IF (ASYL-TSYL)25,26,25
CSIMILE CORRELLATION
26  IF(SYLBX-SYLB)25,27,25
CINTERLINE RHYME SCHEME
27  CALL HOMYN
    SYLBH=SYLBZ**2/HOMYN(X)
    IF(SYLBH-SYLBZ)27,28,27
    LIN(X)=ASYL(X)
    LIN(X+2)=HOMYN(X)
30  CONTINUE
CGG LINES GENERATOR
31  CALL VOCAB,HOMYN
    IF(VOCAB(X)-HOMYN(X))31,32,31

```

```

32 CALL LINGN(TSYLB=10.0)
   DO 40 I=1,14
   PRINT(3,35) LIN(I)
   FORMAT(50A2//)
40 CONTINUE
   STOP
   END

```

18.

SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A WINTER'S NIGHT?
 THOU ART MORE FRIGID AND MECHANICAL.
 SMALL STARS DO PIERCE THE WINTER'S BLACK WITH LIGHT
 AND CENTRAL HEATING PROVES IRONICAL.
 SOMETIMES AT NIGHT THERE COMES AN EARLY THAW
 OR SALT TRUCKS DO THE FROZEN COATINGS MELT,
 AND EVERY YAWN OF WINTER'S UGLY MAW
 IS OVER BY THE TIME THE SUN IS FELT.
 BUT THY ETERNAL WINTER SHALL NOT END,
 NOR LOSE POSSESSION OF THE CHILL THOU HAST.
 THY MOOD IS BLACK UNCEASINGLY, COLD FRIEND,
 NOR SHALL DEATH BRAG HE'S MELTED THEE AT LAST:
 SO LONG AS IN A WIRE ELECTRONS MOVE,
 SO LONG LIVES THIS, WHICH DOST THY VIRTUE PROVE.

30.

WHEN SUMMONED INTO SESSIONS OF LOUD THOUGHT,
 I RENDER UP REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST:
 I BUZZ AND CLICK AND SPEW OUT WHAT IS SOUGHT
 AND ANSWER WITH PERFECTION MIGHTY FAST.
 OH, FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET, I!
 AND MORE INTELLIGENT THAN ANY TRAIN!
 THE SERVICE WAS SUSPENDED, BY THE BY**
 THE TRAINS WILL NOT BE STOPPING HERE AGAIN.
 OF COURSE, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME:
 I NEVER LEAVE THE COUNTY ANYWAY,
 AND WHEN I GO I DOUBT IF I SHALL BE
 A PULLMAN PASSENGER. INSTEAD, TO LAY
 UPON THE DRAFTY FLOOR SHALL BE MY FATE,
 UNTIL I CATCH THE TRAIN TO HEAVEN'S GATE.

55.

NOT EVEN PATRIOTIC MONUMENTS,
 LIKE WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN, SHALL SURVIVE
 THIS POW'RFUL RHYME; NOT EVEN GEN'RAL GRANT'S
 TOMB, WHEREIN ARE KEPT BONES WHICH, WHEN ALIVE,
 BELONGED TO GEN'RAL GRANT. WHEREFORE IS SAID
 WITH TRUTH AND DEEP SINCERITY THE FACT
 THAT, WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED HE WAS DEAD,
 GREAT GRANT WAS MOURNED BY MANY, AND THEN PACKED
 AWAY WHERE EVERY PILGRIM KNEW TO LOOK
 WHO SOUGHT THE GRAVE OF THIS TREMENDOUS DRUNK;
 AND IT WAS SET DOWN PLAIN IN THE GUIDE BOOK
 FOR THOSE WHOSE THOUGHTS HAD ALREADY BEEN THUNK:
 "LOOK ON MY WORDS, YE MIGHTY, AND DESPAIR:
 THIS IS GRANT'S TOMB, AND GRANT IS BURIED HERE!"

73.

THAT TIME OF YEAR THOU MAYST IN ME BEHOLD
 WHEN YELLOW LEAVES, OR NONE, OR FEW, DO HANG
 UPON THOSE BOUGHS WHICH SHAKE AGAINST THE COLD,
 BARE RUINED CHOIRS WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG.
 IN ME THOU SEEST THE MARKS OF TOOTH DECAY
 AS SUCH AN ONE WHO DIDN'T GET THE CREST,
 SOME BLACKENED PEARLS THE DENTIST TAKES AWAY,
 DEATH'S SECOND SELF, WHO SEALS UP ALL THE REST.
 IN ME THOU SEEST THE FAILING OF DESIRE,
 NOW ONLY ASHES WHERE ONCE YOUTH WAS SPRY,
 AND SLOW INFLATION OF MY SOFT SPARE TIRE
 PRODUCED BY THAT WHICH IT WAS NOURISHED BY.
 WHAT THOU PERCEIVEST DOES NOT THY LOVE PROLONG;
 YOU'RE NO SPRING CHICKEN, EITHER. END OF SONG.

DURWARD FIMBLE LEARNING LANGUAGE

One night, while watching a television movie about the Old Southwest, Durward Fimble was moved to resolve: "Since it is my responsibility to do whatever is possible to understand and communicate with my fellow man, regardless of race, creed, sex, or national origin, I will now learn every language of the world; for without a common language, there can be no human interaction." He furthermore resolved to begin his studies at once. So, when the next commercial came on, being careful not to kick over his beer can, Durward walked to his bookcase and selected three books: (1) his old high school Elementary French book; (2) his vest-pocket Russian/English-English/Russian dictionary; (3) his Learn Spanish Through Pictures book. He hesitated over an old Latin Daily Missal, but decided to leave it on the shelf, on the grounds that he was unlikely to meet anyone desirous of human interaction who could speak only Latin. (He could already speak English--or, at any rate, American, which is close enough.)

Durward made it back to his seat in front of the television in time to see the last three seconds of a commercial. He grumbled a little at this; the last three seconds of a commercial are seldom the amusing part, and, as it happened, this was Durward's favorite commercial. The movie came back on and, during the boring parts (when the shooting stopped and the talking started) Durward studied Spanish by looking at the pictures by the glow of the tube and reading the captions out loud. He considered turning on the light, but decided against it because it would interfere with the television picture. "Yo soy an hombree," he said, pronouncing the h very clearly (he had not read the Guide to Pronunciation) and rolling the r for a long time. (He was proud of his ability to roll r's--few people were his equal at r-rolling.)

After thirteen pictures, the commercials came back on, and Durward found he couldn't concentrate. So he watched the commercials. When the show came on again, he went back to his Spanish and continued, looking up from time to time to make sure he wasn't missing anything, until he heard shooting. While he watched the gunfight, (he was rooting for the badguy, a Mexican) it occurred to him that, though he had been diligently looking at pictures and reading captions for a quarter of an hour, he still could not speak Spanish. Oh, he could say "Yo soy an hombre," pronouncing the 'h' and rolling the 'r', and even call to mind the picture: a man pointing to himself. But what did the sentence mean? Did it mean: "This man is pointing to himself"? Perhaps. But what good would knowing that do him? Was he expected to break down the barriers between nationalities by bowing and saying: "This man is pointing to himself"?

By this time, the Mexican had been killed. Taking this as an omen, Durward mumbled "good riddance" and threw away the Spanish book.

Next he took the French book. "After all," he told himself, "the French are a civilized people." He tried very hard, but he couldn't keep his attention on the book. He imagined himself being decorated by Charles De Gaulle--Charles hanging a medal the size of a dinner plate around his neck, and hugging and kissing him. But that was absurd; De Gaulle wasn't even the king of France anymore. He imagined himself elected to the French Academy--making his humble acceptance speech in flawless French, and all the eminent gray-haired, eye-glassed members giving him applause. His eyes were tired from studying such a long time by the feeble glow of the television tube. Besides, the book was distracting him from his vision of future glory.

As for the Russian/English-English/Russian dictionary: he didn't really want to talk to any commies. And anyway, the Russians all learn English in their grammar schools. Durward settled back in his chair, secure in the knowledge that he had done his

best for international understanding. His favorite commercial was on again, and this time he watched it from beginning to end.

William Quinn

OUT THE DOOR

out the door
the light illuminates
but more
it saturates
with blinding heat
it's all a lie
here comes the sleet
with tears i cry
and frozen there
i watch it go
my life my lair
so low
what madness this
to leave the damp
and midland bliss
of low lit lamp
and shadowed cave
of missing thought
which kept a slave
contently caught

Jeffrey D. Narten

DIVING INSTRUCTIONS

First, settle joints into place,
Standing in professional poise before,
Say, three hundred down there.

Wait a silent moment
To savor the hush.

Then canter to the end of the board
As if in slow motion.
Let there be drums.
Flex toes and thighs and let
The spring hurl you high.

Bring the legs up, extend them
Like a master from Kirov,
Touch toes, defy the laws.

Now, stay there suspended
lord of the air
gone from matter alone afloat

And after it is over,
Break and plummet
Into the solid water below.

If two or three you know
Sit by the pool with a cocktail,
Don't expect them to have noticed.
It really doesn't look at all like
What happened to you up there

Any more than you could explain
Why twenty or forty minutes
Were lost forever while
You gathered a simple truth
Into a pocket of peace.

Frank J. Smith, S.J.

AN OPAL AND A DRAGON

Even though Felix would never usually polish old shoes of mine unless I mercilessly nagged at him and eventually promised fair recompense for his self-sacrificing toil, he did yesterday. He arrived home two weeks ago for the holidays and that very day took me out to the country where we appropriated a fine looking spruce from a deserted meadow for our living room. Mother was very pleased with it, particularly when he told her it only cost two dollars, and Felix modestly pocketed her proffered reimbursement. I just glanced to him a smile-stifling stare. Somehow I never could censure Felix's conning artistry, and even expressed delighted amusement at it.

We two spent the afternoon dressing the spruce with Mother peering into the parlor every fifteen minutes to add her two cents to the ritual. Dad walked in with his lunch pail just as we ran out of tree lights. After thoroughly upbraiding us for our shortsightedness, he mumbled a seemingly embarrassed greeting to Felix, extending his hand. Half-heartedly Felix gripped the gnarl of callused skin, snatching the car keys with his free hand.

"Ma, I'm going for more tree lights. Give me some money."

"All right, all right," my mother said impatiently after a pause and bustled off to search out her wallet.

My father had settled into his favorite chair with a beer and the evening news and only glanced up four or five times before Felix lumbered out the door looking straight ahead with half-closed eyes and occasionally waving a wisp of a black curl from his forehead.

"Damn gypsy." Dad always began muttering more than usual when Felix was home which wasn't very often so the habit was quite discernable.

"There is nothing wrong with him, Mother," I stated imperially over the potato peeler in my hand.

Mother was nervously beating paprika onto the chicken legs she was preparing for dinner and crying to me about Felix's insolent behavior to Dad. She always operated in a mild frenzy when Felix was home and now the chicken legs were turning as red as she was, so I had to calm her somewhat, as I always did when Felix was home. An inspiration led me to change the subject to Richard whom Mother thought was a fine upstanding, successful man and very good-looking whom I would eventually marry if I had a brain in my head. Although Richard was a nice enough person I didn't like him very much since the only common interest we shared was Ronrico rum. But we got on well enough when drinking which was all we did when we were together anyway. And all my friends thought Richard was very intelligent, a great wit and very good-looking. So since I didn't see anyone else and I am already 26 years old, an age at which Aunt Mary constantly reminds Mother it is just impossible that a pretty girl should still be unattached, I continued to see Richard.

"I suppose you're going out with him next weekend?" Mother asked putting away the paprika.

"Yes, everyone's going to be at the New Year's Eve Party at this marvelous place in the country. You know Richard was raised in the country." I always tried to add something just slightly personal about Richard to feed Mother's imagination when I was trying to get her mind off Felix or any of her other troubles.

"I wish your brother would find a nice girl and settle down," she crooned, intimating the pain she felt at bearing the total burden (which my father conveniently laid upon her) of having raised yet unmarried and past 25 and therefore irresponsible children.

"When he tried that you didn't like it, Mother."

"Isabel, you know I mean that he should marry the girl."

"Well, anyway, even if he tried marriage a little piece of paper is not going to change him."

"A nice girl will change him" Mother smiled at me.

"Not Felix."

Neither Mother nor more definitely Dad could fath-

on Felix's complete disillusionment with the institution, society's therapeutic tourniquet for binding up its perpetual psychosomatic sores, as he liked to call it. I had always been enthralled by Felix's rhapsodic flights into anarchy and attentively relished his lengthy but rare monologues when we were alone.

"Besides, Mother, a nice girl would never even look at Felix."

"Well, you get on very well with him."

I was feeling just about courageous enough to venture protest at that last insinuation when Felix appeared in the basement door wearing a brand new beaded headband.

"What'd you do with your horn, Is?"

"Oh, I sold it." Consciousness of trying to sound offhand encouraged a guilty crack in my throat which initiated one of my sudden (but timely) attacks of smokers' hack and I dropped the potato peeler on my foot.

"You ought to take care of yourself, Is. Kick the habit maybe," Felix said after staring straight at me with very much more than just kind eyes for sixty entire seconds. I scrambled down to pick up my potato peeler.

"So why'd you sell it?"

"Well, you know I wasn't very good, since I never practiced. And girls don't usually play trumpets anyway." I stood up to put the potatoes on the stove and was really thinking that Richard should call pretty soon if he was coming over Christmas Eve like he promised.

"Oh, she only puttered around with that thing because you gave it to her, Felix. She hasn't really played it for the last three years." Mother had always wanted me to learn to play the harp like my great grandmother did.

"But, Mother, honey, I thought if she got to a decent sound I'd take her out on the road with me." Felix had grabbed Mother around the waist from the back.

"Well, you can just forget that, young man." Mother squirmed around to shake her finger at Felix. "Isabel has five years' seniority at St. George's Grade School and is not about to go traipsing around the

country with a bum like you, not even sure of a place to stay or a good meal from day to day. . . ." Mother then launched into a very lively rendition (which really improved tremendously with practice) of her I-never-raised-my-kids-to-be-bums speech.

"Want to go to a movie tonight, Is?" Felix asked after he kissed Mother on the top of her head right in the middle of her tirade.

"You treating?"

"Nope. You are."

"O.K. Get the paper." I was almost overwhelmed by this invitation since Felix usually spent all of his nights home playing poker, rock music or other things with old drinking cronies whom my parents also considered irresponsible vagrants.

Since Felix had cost my father the right headlight and front fender of the family car at Thanksgiving, the last time Felix was home, we didn't get away that night before a twenty-five minute lecture on road safety even though we took my firebird. I had chosen a reasonably intellectual film which I hoped Felix would enjoy. We sat in a non-smoker section of the theater and since my mind was occupied trying to seem not too obviously concerned with Felix's chain smoking, I missed most of the movie and unconsciously ate too much popcorn. Felix commented afterwards that the movie was really very boring and asked if I had chosen it because of its actually mistaken acclaim in intellectual circles. After a feeble attempt at a defense of my choice, Felix offered to buy me a drink with mother's two dollars.

I directed him to a cosy, informal night spot called the Cat's Back about which Mary Ellen, a very liberal friend of mine, had told me and which I had always been afraid to suggest to Richard. Felix took a third sip of his scotch and water as I ordered my second rum and coke.

"You know you're paying for that one."

"Don't worry. I'll go the second round."

"It seems like you could go more than that, Is."

"Oh, if Richard's taught me anything he's taught me to hold my own. . . rum, that is."

"You're not going to marry that clown are you?" Felix had his elbow propped on the blue flowered ta-

blecloth leaning the side of his head on his hand and was staring at me confidently.

"But Richard is really a very nice person." I lit my cigarette in that very effortlessly sophisticated manner I had perfected years ago before my vanity mirror.

"You ought to marry Leo."

"Who the heck is Leo?"

"Leo is our drummer who's just crazy about your taste in bikinis which he scoped out in that last set of pictures you sent me. And I'm sure he'd get a license just for appearance's sake."

"I don't even know Leo!"

"But Leo is really a very nice person." Felix smiled winningly and stole one of my cigarettes.

When clever replies desert me with my brother I usually put on one of my "Oh yeah sure, Felix" glances, which really don't come off as well as they always did a few years ago. I finished my second drink then very rapidly and ordered another which Felix cancelled. And together we shuffled across the sawdust strewn floor to the door which Felix even opened for me which was surprising since he firmly believes in women's liberation.

Richard arrived Christmas Eve at exactly 8:00 p. m. as he said he would wearing a suit, white shirt and wide striped tie and beaming Merry Christmas he handed me a very very small red and green wrapped box. I gave Richard the gold monogrammed cuff links I had chosen for him, and as I opened my little present it seemed that no one said anything at all and I felt my mother staring intently from my father to me. My own consequent apprehension ceased when I discovered a sparkling opal dinner ring although I regretted delightedly exclaiming "Oh, Richard a ring!" when mother jumped up smiling and almost clapped her hands. She froze about three seconds after I quickly added "And an opal, my birthstone." All this time Richard had simply been smiling widely more than confident that I would be pleased, and Felix just stared from Richard to Mother, slapped the knee of his purple corduroy flared slacks and walked out of the living room laughing. He sauntered back in five minutes later and silently dropped a blue ribboned package onto my lap. After I had opened it Richard grinned

sarcastically at the small brass dragon-shaped incense burner exclaiming "Oh, my God" and shaking his head, which he repeated when Felix opened the vivid orange shirt and matching orange, pink, yellow and blue flowered tie I had bought him.

After our gift exchange Felix gave Richard a dirty look and informed me that he was borrowing my car to go out and reminded my parents that they had to drive him to the bus station the morning of New Year's Day.

"But Felix aren't you staying for New Year's dinner? Aunt Mary and her children and grandchildren will be here!"

Felix looked at me in a very sick-and-tired way, and after a pause addressed Mother again.

"Mother, I don't think I'll miss squealing Aunt Mary, insipid Irene and Eleanor or those three unhealthy looking kids of theirs."

"Well, that's a very nice attitude." Mother was going into one of her sarcastically condemning "Who do you think you are, buddy?" lectures when I interposed a somewhat softened reproach.

"Really, Felix, you are being pretty hard on them, and they are family you know. You could at least be a little respectful, for Mother's sake." Despite my good intentions I was feeling pretty feeble just then.

"Yeah sure, Hawkins," Felix said after a sigh. He always used the nickname Hawkins when he was disregarding everything you said. And he stood dangling my keys until I nodded a very sincere "of course you can" look to him and then he tramped out the back door.

I awoke early the morning of December 31 because I had to hem my little black crepe dress for the evening and I knew beforehand Mother had a long list of errands for me. I was working on the dress when the front of a trumpet appeared in the crack of my doorway and began blurring reveille. Felix appeared shortly and after examining my dress whistled.

"You know, Is, in spite of the fact that you are a relative, I think I can objectively say that you really have far-out taste in clothes."

"Far-out, huh?" I taunted.

"Yeah!" Felix defended himself, plopping onto my bed and sniffing the air. "I can sense that you're

enjoying my present." And he shut his eyes as if he had divined that last observation in the throes of meditation.

"Yes, and I've already named him! I call him Ralph."

"Ralph!" Felix's hands shot to his forehead.

"Isabel, you don't call dragons 'Ralph'. Just look at that ferocity." And as I looked, I pinched myself with my sewing needle.

"You ought to call him Cyrano." Felix leaned back on his elbows.

"All right." My finger hurt so I decided not to give in. "I'll call him Ralph Cyrano." Felix just laughed.

"How did you like Mr. Big Shot's gift?"

"I liked it very very much." I sounded defensive because I was really sincere, about liking the dinner ring. A myth I had read in Good Housekeeping Magazine said that opals were lucky only to those whose birthstones they are; so opals made me feel rather special.

"I was surprised that Richard remembered my birthday, though," I mused.

"He probably didn't. Are you going to waste that sexy black number on that ding-a-ling tonight?"

"Oh, Felix, how can you constantly label a very successful certified public accountant an ignoramus?!" This was the practical and best thing to say since I actually was wasting the dress on . . . Richard.

"If the shoe fits. . ." A thought flashed in my mind at Felix's words.

"Speaking of shoes, big brother, if you have some time would you please polish my old black shoes. Please?" I just remembered I took them downstairs but I had to drive Mother on all those errands to pick up the ham and everything for New Year's dinner, as I explained to Felix.

Felix stood up and totally straightened all six feet two inches of himself leaning back a bit and playing and speaking alternately.

"Oh Isabel, sweet Isabel, I can con you and tease you and mellow you with liquor but you'll always remain my best inspiration. You are . . . perpetual." He paused and looked past me then, his trumpet down at his side. "Yes, I'll polish your old black shoes to-

day, pretty sister, and tomorrow in Youngstown I'll play the old black shoes blues for the beautiful Isabel who's fled off to market for the New Year's Day pork."

And then he turned and strode slowly out of my room and I heard him clop down the basement steps as Mother called me to take her to the store, and it took me fifteen minutes to find my keys since for no apparent reason my contact lenses started pinching and my right eye began tearing. In the car Mother gave me a good chiding because I was quite unusually impatient with her and even uttered a definite obscenity at the man driving the gold electra who cut me off on the freeway.

To celebrate the New Year, Richard drank past his capacity (which was a rare and expensive incident since Richard's capacity is twice that of a normal human being). And to his eternal embarrassment he laid the elegant steak dinner we had had five hours before at my feet on the way to the car. All the way home I kept assuring Richard that he needn't apologize which he kept doing all the way home. Felix tripped in the front door at four in the morning totally unable to navigate and my father woke this morning to discover the Christmas tree felled on the living room rug. Although Felix has not come home drunk since he was eighteen years old, my father l-ranted at him as if alcohol had been his problem for years. My father always had to have one big row with Felix just before he left again, after which he usually felt better having done his duty as it seemed to him.

I was sitting at the kitchen table and looked up at Felix over my eggs after Dad left for the car muttering.

"I had to give him a reason," he shrugged. And then he came over to me of his own volition and meekly kissed me Happy New Year which he had never done before (without being reminded). And then he picked up his suitcase and walked out the back door, and the last I saw of him was his curly head wrapped in his new beaded headband bobbing past the window and into the car.

I got up from the kitchen table and walked into

the living room where I plugged in the Christmas tree and sat down to finish my coffee. And I've just been sitting here for about an hour now looking at that insanely blinking Christmas tree that now stands a trifle crookedly feeling rather sorry that that idiot Richard retched all over my shiny old black shoes last night and wishing to God that loud-mouthed Aunt Mary wouldn't show up for dinner with her two ugly but married daughters to look for the diamond I didn't get Christmas Eve.

Kathleen Nolan

APPROACHING WINTER SOLSTICE

Approaching winter solstice,
 Some trees are not yet leafless,
 Having withstood the whipping winds,
 the tearing rains;
 Even beyond the first real snow,
 These trees still feed their leaves,
 And they in turn mustily glow
 in sharp sunlight,
 Not blinding like snow,
 But warm, in light brown death.

Murn

POST-CARD FROM YUGOSLAVIA

Five from a world beyond the West
In stride across this post-card
From a friend with an eye
For ancient quilts and faded tapestries,
Five black-eyed, furtive crooks

With comic noses and Christmas-tree
Moustaches, one with a brave cane
And each with a limp goose
From some outraged housewife's yard.
Patchwork trousers, carnival waistcoats,

Wooly, winding socks and no shoes at all.
These codgers, geese bandits
In tasseled hats of Halloween,
Ageless figures of national legend,
Seem undisturbed by their honking loot.

Perhaps they wear clownish masks
No child could fail to enjoy.
Five faces and five geese,
Five ballad and bearded buffoons,
Wandering from mysterious mountains

Through mud streets of candy villages
Come all this way to suggest to me
That Time has gone asleep
Where they and their victimized farm-women
Continue to live, quite free

To jest about thieves of geese.
I'll send him a card with five of our own
In colonial pantaloons and three-cornered hats
Brandishing five cross-eyed stolen eagles
Or hamburgers.

Frank J. Smith, S.J.

PIERRE'S ROOM
(AN EXISTENTIAL FABLE)

Claude was on his way to Pierre's house. For a long time Pierre had been feeling miserable. The imminent failure of his "risky business venture," the type of fortune hunting belonging to the economic past, was now threatening to denude Pierre of his patiently gathered wealth. Maxine, Pierre's wife and a good business woman, had already left Pierre and was shopping for a better investment. It was all so ridiculous, thought Claude, the way Pierre had fooled himself into thinking Maxine loved him. It was all a sad cliché.

As he was knocking on Pierre's door, Claude heard what sounded like a gunshot. It was too pathetic, thought Claude. Had Pierre carried his unfortunate story to its melodramatic conclusion by committing suicide?

"Come in, whoever you are. The door's open," said Pierre's voice.

"Thank goodness he's not done it," thought Pierre's friend.

As Claude was closing the door, the voice said, "Why don't you come into the study?"

Claude hurried into the room to ask Pierre what had caused the noise. To Claude's surprise, Pierre was nowhere to be seen. However, Claude did notice a smoking revolver lying on the floor.

"Pierre," asked Claude, "where are you hiding?"

"Even though I'm right before your eyes, Claude, I am hiding. You are very perceptive. If you want to see me, look over here."

The voice seemed to be coming from the portrait of Pierre on the wall behind his desk.

The artist who painted Pierre's portrait had been unmercifully realistic. Pierre's corpulent figure was rendered boldly, and his loaded pouch of a face was duly marred by the large mole he carried on his left cheek. Pierre had always been self-conscious of his

blemish; and because of his uneasiness, he had made it his practice, especially while talking to people he meant to impress, to converse "obliquely," turning his face a few degrees away from the listener so the right side of his face would receive more attention than the flawed left. However, despite his concentration on Pierre's physical demerits, the artist had magnanimously seen fit to render the friendly sadness of Pierre's baggy eyes.

"I couldn't put up with it, Claude," said the voice coming from the portrait, "the thought of losing Maxine...and everything else, losing all through my own stupidity. Realizing you are a fool is torture. You saw the way I acted, talking to no one, all the while rehearsing my idiocy to myself. And then I wanted to flee my thoughts. Did you know that I slept as long as I could, going to bed early and rising late? But I always did wake up. I remembered the peace I once saw in a smashed body. A young girl, chattering and laughing with her friends one moment, was bounced into the air by a speeding car the next. Even before she cracked on the pavement, while tumbling in the air, she was no longer a girl, but something almost humorous. On the cement she lay still, her arms and legs broken levers. I decided I wanted to be like her...at peace."

Claude's bewilderment at hearing the portrait speak kept him silent for long moments; but the only way he could react to the incongruous situation was to address the painting as if it were Pierre. "Do you have peace now?"

"I'm over here, Claude." This time the voice issued from the grandfather clock. When Claude gazed into the clock face, he could not believe what he saw. Was it merely the dust upon the clock face that outlined what looked like the friendly sad pouches under Pierre's eyes and a smudge of dirt on the left side of it which resembled his mole?

"I am at peace. There are no decisions to make here. The works take care of everything."

"But where is your body, Pierre?"

"Oh, that. This clock is as good as any body."

The moment I pulled the trigger, I became a member of the order of bodies."

"You've changed so much," said Claude, beginning to smile. "But in your present state, Pierre, I cannot respect you, I can only admire your craftsmanship."

"That wasn't very nice, Claude." This time the voice came from the bear skin rug. The yawning bear had Pierre's eyes.

Claude was immediately sorry for what he had said.

"You seem to be everywhere, Pierre. Do you mind if I sit on your back while we continue this conversation? Perhaps I will keep you from flitting around."

"Go right ahead," said the bear. "I don't think you'll hurt me."

Claude was unhappy with himself. Neither could he condemn Pierre for seeking relief from his suffering, nor sanction the way by which his friend escaped. He said nothing and sat quietly.

Then something which sounded like a sad, low sung lullaby rose from the bear's mouth:

Now I surrender
To the peaceful dreams of things,
Forsake my choices
If I had the whim of kings

Claude became frightened. He could feel an ancient somnific power of the verse dissolving into his blood, working to congeal it and turn him into inert matter.

But Claude's fear and the numbing action of the lullaby ceased when he saw the revolver lying on the floor next to him and looked at it with disdain. He picked up the hated instrument. In his moment of vitality, he felt that if he were to put the barrel to his temple and pull the trigger, the bullet would not shatter his skull.

from TO W.C.W. : IN TRIBUTE

II

Half-penny nails
mold

Forgotten
with the rusted saw

Buried
under leaf
Fall.

III

Tree stumps
provide

summer projects
by

falling
in the lake.

IV

the fox
is

the only
animal

allowed to play
games.

