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cover: "Device for
Weighing Dragons"
Kevin Cawley

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TO KILL

Afterwards, whenever he thought of that time, it awed him to recall how quickly his mind and senses had been focused. All of the arguments of those middle-aged women wearing newly-respectable imitation furs and conducting chic campaigns to save the seals and such, and all the calculations of those equally middle-aged men who so rationally sedate their souls with a benevolent conviction in the cold laws of nature and of Game Management had been forgotten in that moment. The self doubt too had ceased, and with it the opposing fear that he might have discovered a capacity for cruelty, which once having been known could not have been denied.

He had been thinking of him and his father, too, when it had happened. It was the nature of their relationship not to discuss these questions; for to speak of the expectation which they placed in one another was unnecessary and abstract; fatherly advice upon such things as justice, strength and weakness, compassion and morality had no place in the unpressured context of their mutual hope. But though his father did not question or explain, he knew his father hoped in a gentle silent way and even this made him anxious then. "What if I should be unable to kill? Yes, I could say that I had seen nothing, that there had been no chance." But still, he would have known himself and the communion which they had felt since first coming to this place would have been marred and hollowed.

The sound of her panic then burst so near to him that there were no more of these debates or doubts or fears. There were only the steel winter woods gripping him with more life than he had ever known, gripping him with more life than he could control. This life both gave to him and took from him, equalizing him and making him one with the earth.

He suddenly knew the severe potency of the freezing wind but he was not so cold as he had been and he did not consciously think of this power. He merely understood. He was aware also of the dead leaves which were so alive and expressive in their movement. They were all so much alike. They were one"leaves" just as they and he and all other things were one earth. But they were many leaves also. They were individuals. One leaf was so insistent, so assertive in its crackling, frenzied speech that it enthralled him and seemed like some bombastic Hamlet finally gone mad. He felt all of these things at once and it seemed to him later when he reflected on it that he had been like either a god or an animal, for he had seemed to sense everything.

When he had first heard the sounds of her desperate scramble and glimpsed the direction of her accompanying fawn, he had known, as he had known these other things, just how the killing would be. He remembered thinking it was odd that he should be so certain of the kill for he had often heard that hunting was such a skill, such a sport. He had then moved towards the crest of the ridge and placed his rifle across a log for support.

He waited for her to pass through the open winter valley in her retreat to the piney area beyond and he fled with his prey, for he was one with her also. He shared her fear and spoke with her of the killing. She knew how it would be but there were no pleadings or accusations and there was neither guilt nor cruelty in him.

She had been so large and understanding towards him as she had gasped and struggled to regain her feet. It showed in her eyes and she promised to help him when he should come to struggle and this was a great comfort to him. He then lifted the rifle a second time and he met the knowledge of life which he had known since his father had left that first sacred forest, and he killed.

Joseph M. Herbst

THE HUNTER

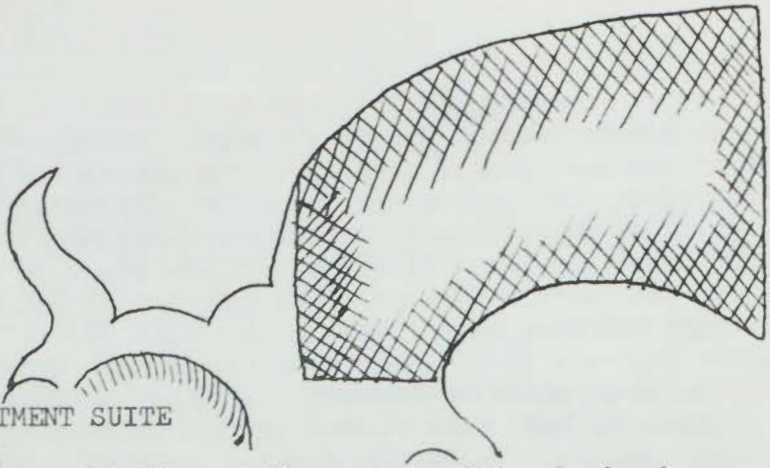
Raw meat gives me dreams
makes my head ache with
the hooves of unicorns and
the voices women.

These, the charge to the horn
and in my eyes the blear of wind
would startle the big jawed heads
of the somnolent herbivores.

Better they should keep bowed,
noses in the grass,
sneeze and swish
attending to the flies
pretending not to notice the bull.

But my thoughts are on raw flesh
uncooked and quavering, alive in the sun.
And my hunting knows no season.

W. Ziko

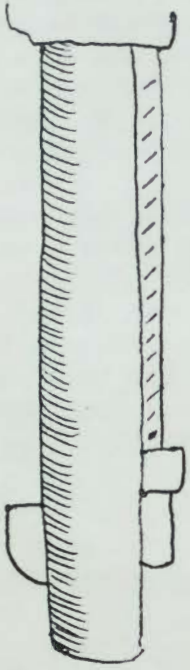


APARTMENT SUITE

Because of hollow nights and a soldier husband,
She is mangled under the body,
Smearing her to the sheets, and
Nauseated by sweat
that suctions their bodies.
The blast of his breath to her face
Makes the room's ceiling wash
To its walls.

The room's mist is settled:
The swell is cool,
As she hears the toy gun fall
From her child's bed
In the other room.

Richard Cicerchi



THE ART OF BELIEF

The religious snob is that creature who possesses infinitely more concern for his own brand of religion than even God does.His world is essentially a fantasy in which the forces of good and evil become instruments for emotional extremism. The snob plays a game of silent redemption in which he is the savior of a make-believe world of sinners anxiously awaiting conversion. His fate is usually a Byronic one: he balances between the righteousness of self-assertion and the frustration of self-defeat.

William Trevor, in his recent novel, Miss Gomez and the Brethren, examines the experiences of a religious snob who manages to rise out of her dream world and realizes truths essential to the art of believing in God. Miss Gomez enjoys a certain remoteness in her life from the start(she insists soley on the name "Miss Gomez" without any familiar name). Later she alienates herself from society by becoming a prostitute and stripper. While deeply involved in the "sinful" life, she displays a strong aversion to the unspectacular trends of everyday theology: she rejects the religious training of her mistress at the orphanage, Miss Arbuthnot, as a"confidance trick" in which unhappy orphans can find comfort.

The only religion which satisfies Miss Gomez is the remote Christianity of a mail-order prayer group, the Church of the Brethren of the Way, centered in Tacas, Jamaica, the homeland of our heroine. She discovered the "brethren" in an advertisement in a friendship magazine discarded by one of her "customers." The sect is actually a hoax conceived by a slovenly "Reverend" Patterson (who apparently idles his days growing narcotic plants and fabricating new religious groups, both for profit), but as Miss Gomez becomes more deeply involved, she accepts it as her own and strongly believes in its effectiveness.

The search for sinners to be saved leads Miss

Gomez to the Crow Street area of London which is in the process of being demolished. Here Miss Gomez comes into contact with her first (and only) sinner, Alban Roche, a harmless, overly-mothered youth, unfortunately convicted of peeping through the dressing room windows of a nearby ladies' badminton club. Like their "saviour", all the characters of Crow Street wander through various stages of a dream world. Alban Roche lives in the world of sexual fantasy; he lives in a pet store owned by Mrs. Basset (his surrogate-mother) where he finds the only consolation of his life, his relation to animals. The only other surviving edifice in the area houses several other dreamers, Mr. and Mrs. Tuke, who manage the Thistle Arms public house, and their daughter, Prudence. Dreams abound in this establishment even before Miss Gomez comes to board there. Mrs. Tuke lives in the fantasy world of soap operas, dime-store romances and peppermint gin; Prudence lives in the fantasy world of love for Alban Roche; Mr. Batt, a boarder (who is as deaf as a bat is blind), lives in the fantasy world of sweepstake contests.

The fantasy world of Beryl Tuke is just as snobbish as that of Miss Gomez: each character realizes that the other is hiding from some sort of guilt, but neither will let remorse of conscience stand in the way of his forceful impositions. Their escapes from reality, although differing in form, are virtually the same. Miss Gomez tries to hide her sinful life as a prostitute beneath a world of false salvation; Beryl Tuke hides the guilt of her marital infidelity within the fantasies of romance novels, sentimental television shows and alcohol. The religious snobbery of Miss Gomez is no better and no worse than the social snobbery of Beryl Tuke. They co-exist in a state of constant friction, each claiming superiority over the other, but neither quite able to separate the dream world from the real world.

Trevor allows the fantasy world of Crow Street to burst wide open in a style admirably reminiscent of Charles Dickens. Like Dickens, the author portrays tue moments of crisis as a suspended panorama in which several seemingly unrelated events are presented in an objective, non-connected style. This "slice of time" reinforces the reader's view of the characters as

living in an absurd world which is strangely representative of our own. This point of crisis comes for Miss Gomez when, unable to sleep, she miraculously understands that some great sin is about to be committed in Crow Street which only she can prevent. At the same time the fantasies of the other characters are presented in a matter-of-fact style. Mrs. Tuke dreams of being carried away by a rich doctor; Prudence dreams of marrying Alban Roche. The culmination of this cosmic moment is the death of Mrs. Bassett. She dies with little emotional interference from the author; her death coincides with Miss Gomez' religious enlightenment, but the reader is left to unriddle for himself whether the events are to be connected.

The death of Mrs. Basset marks the beginning of the final destruction of Crow Street, for complete demolition was prevented by her stubborn refusal to sell her pet store. Upon her death the store is left to Alban Roche who quickly plans to enjoy his financial and psychological liberation by setting up another store outside of Crow Street. He has no conception of the sin with which Miss Gomez credits him, and even if he had, it is doubtful whether he could rise to such perfidious heights. Miss Gomez manages to convince the members of the Tuke household that Prudence has been carried away by Alban for some hideous assault: her attitude is one of a person demented by a religious frenzy, concerned more with saving her first sinner from sin (like a mystic social worker) than preventing any harm from occuring. The fabrication results in an all-out police search for the supposedly mangled body of Prudence Tuke, who has meanwhile been helping Alban move into his new pet store.

During the frustrating search for Prudence, Miss Gomez teeters on the brink of religious despair. She realizes the substitute which she has chosen for Miss Arbuthnot's "confidence trick" is equally ineffective. She begins to doubt the sincerity of her religious convictions:

> Don't you see, there's nothing at all?...Just awful human weakness, and cruelty passing from one another? There's no pattern and no meaning, only makeshift things like the King of Israel

> and a Church four thousand miles away that is ineffective when it comes to a point. We live for no reason....

Her despair is temporarily stifled; for when Prudence is found unharmed, Miss Gomez convinces herself that her mission has been successful and she can now go to live in prayer with the hierarchy of the church that she has been supporting.

As the characters of Crow Street return to their "normal" dream worlds (in a new area), Miss Gomez travels to Jamaica to be rudely awakened to the non-existence of her church. The pattern of salvation which Miss Gomez thought revealed to her on the night of Mrs. Bassett's death dissolved with "Reverend" Patterson's flight from his church, his garden of narcotics and the police. The moment is not as painful as one might expect, for by this time Miss Gomez has become conditioned to self-defeat and she is able, this time, to rise above it and realize the inadequacies of her previous life-style.

Miss Gomez is the only character who is able to ascend from the dream world. The remaining characters live in a perpetual state of half-awakening. For Mrs. Tuke, Alban Roche, and Prudence, dreams commingle with reality, neither of which proves satisfying. Miss Gomez realizes that there are no magic answers to be found in the dream world of idealism: no amount of pious fraudery will satisfy common sense behavior. The only satisfaction in life is the realization that faith comes not from enthusiasm but from everyday actions. Trevor illustrates this trend of common sense realism in Miss Gomez at the end of the novel:

> God worked in that mysterious way: through this reason and that, weaving a cobweb among all his people, a complexity that was not there to be understood while His people were any living part of it. She knew that also; she had been made to feel it. Her faith was defiant in adversity: it warmly hugged her as the shock of a wet afternoon gradually wore away.

Religious snobbery is a serious detriment to the religions which it alleges to advance. Faith is not the mysterious insistence on absolutes, nor the frenzied need to proselytize. It is the true art of believing

in God: a confidence sired by respect and human dignity.

James Lynch

LADY WORTLEY MONTAGUE REACTS
TO MR. ALEXANDER POPE'S PROPOSAL

Twisted the always twisted face more bitter
coughing a dry cough mumbles a dry remark;
glazed, the eyes in the hunchback's head yet glitter
with moiling spark.

Lady convulsive, answering him with laughter,
withers both dwarf and delicate proposal,
shrivels the lover's soul to fit his body,
wasping the weasel.

Kevin Cawley

GESTATION

Woman with child, suffering the sweat of life to come,
the heat and swelter of humid afternoon
weigh heavily
as you stand gazing from screened third floor window
at the street below,
alone,
yet not quite alone.
There are doubts. Mid-night cravings for watermelon
and pecan pie
do not sit well with the nausea of day after;
the stagnance of stationary high
disrupts the fragile balance,
the blend of composition.
Yet, as the cool shades and gentle winds
of October
lie gestate in the dead-day trauma of mid-July,
the life of a foetal, half-formed child
lies gestate in the anguished hell
of your unwed solitude--
there will be time for new beginnings.

Frank Salak

THE HAIRCUT

Halloween, 1972

Dear Samuel,

I apologize in advance for this letter. I know it fails to follow the rules of our correspondence. You must burn this letter, and any future letters I may send which fail to advance the argument of our planned dialog. I want my letters to survive me as evidence of my most profound concerns. I want no record of such foolish excess as I may occasionally indulge in to distract posterity from my central message.

She smiles at my small remarks and laughs at my attempts at wit, convincing me that I can joke as well as anyone. Obviously a woman of intelligence, she can follow the progress of a reasonable argument and agree that once the premises stand accepted, the conclusions necessarily follow. (This may seem a negligible virtue, but I assure you, the infuriating inability of most women to follow a simple syllogism contributes to the frustration of every philosophical young man--unless he live your life of solitary contemplation, so blessedly empty of that primary distraction and continual test of man's self-discipline.) She smiles and (miraculous to tell) often answers cleverly with a spontaneous wit that none can justly call shallow. What she lacks in understanding of philosophy, she makes up by willingness to listen to my long and often indirect and surely insufficient explanations. But what attracts me most, I must confess (bless me, father, it runs against the grain of all our shared allegiance to Ideal and spiritual beauty): she has dark eyes and long dark hair, the shape we sinners find most pleasing, the grace of movement that has recently grown rare, and that faultless physical integrity of parts which fit together absolutely perfectly.

She studies Sociology.

Sincerely,
your Boswell

October 31, 1972

At last I have found him. He treats me as an equal. He seems somehow to have escaped the sexist indoctrination that most schools force on students in the name of education. He loves me for myself; he takes an interest in my mind; he hardly even notices my body. This man I must marry.

I have a hard time keeping my values in order now. My sisters and their guerilla war seem somehow less important. How wrong. I must not let my feelings destroy my sense of priorities. Sisterhood above all. The female mind must overcome the subversive emotionality that works from within to reduce her to slavery in the name of love.

But this need cause no problem, for James will love my intellect and accept me as an equal. He doesn't want a slave; he wants a partner in a pure and transcendental intercourse. In spite of sex, our sameness will unite us.

November 7, 1972

Dear Samuel,

My obsession continues. She plays the harpsichord! She sings and knows a good song from a nice one! She cooks better than my mother! She has patience when I fall into depression, and answers my petty temper with an irritating sympathy. She seems in every respect perfect, except that she has a slight shadow of hair on her upper lip.

Have patience with my continuing triviality.

Sincerely,
your Boswell

November 14, 1972

We have organized a demonstration that will win our cause attention. We all have pledged to wear beards for forty days, starding tomorrow. Of course, no matter how diligently we cultivate our faces, we will fail to raise any considerable growth. But one of us has studied cosmetology and has had some special training in the craft of building beards on actors' faces. She assures us that if we will sacrifice

comfort for the good of our cause, she can make us up in such a way as to give the illusion of a gradual growth of beard. Wait until James sees me! (I expect a proposal of marriage soon; if not from him, then from me).

Thanksgiving Day

Dear Samuel,

God help me, I don't want to give her up, for her soul remains the same, her mind continues to impress me, below the neck her body still attracts me (her physical response, as always, makes me want to marry her), and my nobler self reminds me that my values must be spiritual--and, since her spirit has not changed, in order to stay true to proper spiritual values, I must continue loving her as always. But when a lady grows a beard, a gentleman will pause to reconsider. (I recall a passage in Pepys about a bearded lady who played the harpsichord and who got herself a husband and claimed to be happily married. I wish he had also interviewed the husband).

Your adherence to your difficult monks-code makes your very life an accusation. You act according to your values, regardless of discomfort. Why can't I do the same?

I can't write any more.

Boswell

December 24, 1972

ANGRY. I have calmed myself down, and gotten back my rationality, but for several hours I raged and paced around my room and shouted imprecations at my mirror. James knows nothing of this; he made me angry with his parting comment. (He always has something ostensibly clever to say as a curtain-line.) "When a lady grows a beard," he said, "a gentleman will pause to reconsider." This lady has reconsidered. I have let my feelings fool me. What made me believe he considered me an equal? He sought my worship; and I played his verbal games and flattered him. Then he started playing with my body too. How could I have convinced myself he thought of me as equal?

Reason has returned to me by agency of glue and hair. Tomorrow our demonstration ends. We got the

publicity we wanted, and I received the unexpected bonus of escaping the long pain of a wrong marriage.

Before my beard comes off, I plan to use it for a third good purpose. I will teach the man a lesson that will help him overcome his sexist prejudices. I plan this without venom.

Christmas Day

Dear Samuel,

Today she said that she would get rid of the beard but that I would have to let her cut my hair to suit her taste. A symbol of equality, she called it; a proof of mutual respect. She couldn't do any worse a job than my barber always does, I thought, and would certainly work for less pay. So I agreed. I sat quietly with a sheet pinned around my neck, while she used her electric clippers on my head. She had obviously cut hair before. My slight misgivings left me, and I trusted her completely.

When the time came for me to inspect her handiwork in the mirror, she woke me up: I found evidence of a malevolence of which I never would have thought her capable. I saw a ludicrous character in the mirror: a pop-eyed man completely hairless, his head as bald as a lady's chin. After a moment, I had to admit to myself that the reflection showed me honestly the way I now appeared. My mouth kept opening and shutting and making the figure in the mirror look like a fish.

I looked at My Love, and she tore off her beard (a fake all along!) and threw it in my face. For once my once-beloved had the last word: "I can't be seen in public with a man who looks like you." Samuel, never trust a woman! (But you don't have that problem. Do you think your abbot would allow a man with the proper haircut to join your monastery?) My head hurts.

Boswell

Kevin Cawley

To Sylvia P.

if i could have seen you once
even in those last frantic days
i would have told you how i loved you.
i would have followed you
until you listened and thought me mad too
then let me in.

to feel the strange beauty of your eyes
i would have spoken your own poems to you,
those poems that laughed so clearly
at what i hated
and then bared teeth.
these would have brought you back
if you wished to come.

but i was too young to know you
and already you had made that fierce choice.
then, you would not have believed this:
the canticles of your life
are my bones, i rejoice,
the vowels are my marrow,
i sing through them and smile.

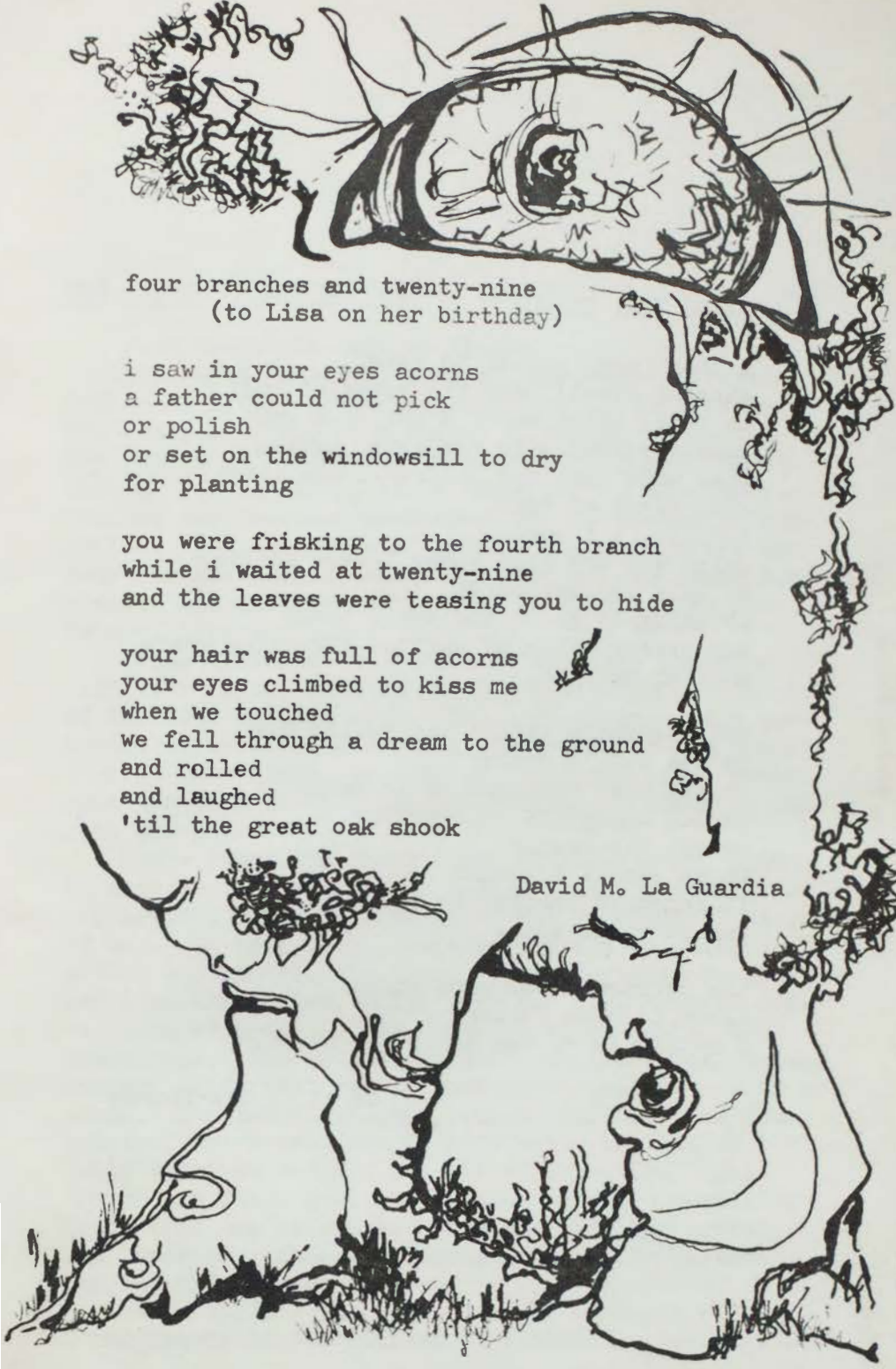
they are always love songs
even if they despaired.
they are like susanna stoned.
sylvia, sylvia,
why couldn't you wait.

Carol M. Van Vooren

THE LONE MOWER

eyes eyes
thru the wide window
watching
the little blue-
coverall
ed-man
BURST
upon the
green prairie:
THE LONE MOWER
a
stride his out
moded metallic mount
(HI HO SILVER!)
creeping sun
ward a
midst a
cloud of grass.

Jim Gorman



four branches and twenty-nine

(to Lisa on her birthday)

i saw in your eyes acorns
a father could not pick
or polish
or set on the windowsill to dry
for planting

you were frisking to the fourth branch
while i waited at twenty-nine
and the leaves were teasing you to hide

your hair was full of acorns
your eyes climbed to kiss me
when we touched
we fell through a dream to the ground
and rolled
and laughed
'til the great oak shook

David M. La Guardia

BEING VERY TIRED

i chant many psalms to this,
singing myself into the spiraled bud.
to this, which makes a child--a rose
gently curved with unabashed petals
that wide open and yellow in sunlight
curl tight at dark.
to this, i travel
crisp and dry like sered leaves falling
to this earlier earth
thinking of seeds and apple trees
and breezy hills of muffled threshing grain
another harvest.

but meanwhile taking the public bus
to the city's center
to see that business is as usual
making money off of everyone
except the beggar
whose pencil i bought
to remember capitalism by
and to write this.

the necessary backward steps
taken to move forward
i return to my own heart for blood.

Carol M. Van Vooren

THE FUTURE OF LITERATURE: A REVIEW

Most twentieth-century literary critics are preoccupied with pedantry, showing few human characteristics or little personal involvement. This is not the case, however, with Arther S. Trace. Although The Future of Literature is an extremely pessimistic outlook for the arts, it is based upon a sincere religious and personal commitment to the Christian tradition. Many people will argue Trace's theories and deny his statements, but I feel no one can doubt his concern and involvement in what he feels to be the fate of literature.

Trace dissects the corpus of literary practice into four parts, each of which constitutes one chapter of the five-chapter work. The last chapter is a pessimistic, at times fictional prediction of the pattern of literature, as well as the other arts, based upon the turn Trace feels literature has taken in the past 250 years.

Trace bases the final cause of literature, which he sees as the most basic consideration of the literary artist, upon his concept of the fundamental nature of man. He sees four possible theories to which an author may adhere. The first, which he calls Philosophical Classicism, holds that man is a natural combination of good and bad, that he is culpable, but redeemable. The second category, Philosophical Romanticism, holds that man is 100% good, that he can do no wrong. The third category, which Trace derives from Hobbism, holds that man is 100% evil, that he is totally depraved and not capable of salvation. The fourth and final position, Philosophical Naturalism, holds that man is neither good nor bad, but amoral, and hence that there is little distinction between man and the beasts.

Trace applies these fundamental concepts of man's moral nature to the history of literature over the past

2500 years. He notes that practically no good literature has been written under the Hobbesian theory, as this would imply pure didacticism, and virtually nothing of any value has been written in a purely didactic tone. He feels Philosophical Classicism prevailed for 2200 years, but began to lose influence about the middle of the eighteenth century. At this time Philosophical Romanticism became prominent and, according to Trace, the arts have been steadily degenerating since then. Philosophical Romanticism enables anything to be published: since everything is self-expression, there can be no rules or discipline for the artist. Early in this century, Philosophical Naturalism became popular and the literature resulting from this theory places man on a dehumanized or bestial plane along with all the other animals. Trace points out the danger of adhering to these theories: "Self-expressionism, hedonism, and hopelessness are the inevitable result of these views; and ugliness, despair, obscurantism, self-indulgence, raunchiness, formlessness and fraudulence in literature are the inevitable products of these views." (pp. 171-72)

By a process of elimination, then, Trace sees Philosophical Classicism as the only concept of man's moral nature suitable for the writing of "good" literature. The most important thing to note about Trace Trace's theory is that Philosophical Classicism has been dead for nearly three hundred years. It is essential to accept this theory before one can attempt to understand or accept any of its practical applications.

In his second chapter, "What's Happened to Poetry?" Trace correlates the rise of Philosophical Romanticism with the decline of poetry. He feels poetry produced under the influence of Philosophical Romanticism concentrates on trivial subjects and uses rather prosy (as opposed to poetic or concentrated) language. He feels two of the most obvious characteristics or diseases of modern poetry are obscurantism (which, as opposed to obscurity, Trace defines as the deliberate vagueness which is the natural result of self-expression) and formlessness. He feels even poetry of the early twentieth century is "conservatively tight" in comparison with that written by very contemporary

Americans. Trace's primary objection to poetry written by "liberators" is that "much, if not most, of the poetry is being written by liberators who merely act like poets rather than poets who act like liberators." (p. 71)

The overwhelming impression of the third chapter is that Trace feels the last good play was written in the seventeenth century. He cites the "sentimental" comedy of the Restoration stage as the first indication of the rise of Philosophical Romanticism in the theatre. From there, according to Trace, the theatre declines rapidly to the stage we see today, where the written word is not necessary. Philosophical Naturalism also played an important part in the decline of the theatre. Dramatists under the tradition of Philosophical Naturalism see men "as a comic animal-type whose amoral antics and instincts deserve and get only light, even farcical treatment." (p. 78) The difference between the Elizabethan and modern drama, according to Trace, is that the artist, rather than ridiculing men's vices, excuses or justifies them, if he doesn't make them virtues.

Trace feels even the modern drama of Shaw and Ibsen, though it lacks the "moral earnestness" of a Twelfth Night, would be less dangerous than the Absurdist Theatre. He feels the primary fault of the very contemporary theatre is that the emphasis is on the actors and directors rather than on the words which constitute the play itself. Trace notes that even the actors themselves are not of the quality produced for the Elizabethan stage: "It is particularly sad to see, before one's very eyes, the deterioration of the acting profession, as highly disciplined, well-trained and talented actors are upstaged by the raw self-expression of undertalented, underdisciplined, and undertrained performers whose best parts are largely private." (p. 97) Trace concludes that to dream of returning to even the age of Shaw is "to gloriously underestimate the incalculable influence that the rise of Philosophical Romanticism and Philosophical Naturalism have had upon literature in general and the drama in particular." (p. 100)

In the fourth chapter of The Future of Literature, which deals with the novel, Trace presents a moral

review of The Brothers Karamazov and The Grapes of Wrath. He selects these to represent the two traditions held by the genre since its beginning. It is important to note that Trace does not directly apply the development of the novel to his theories as outlined in the first chapter, since, the genre did not actually begin until after the strong influence of Philosophical Classicism had passed (according to the chart on page 20). Trace feels the novel will be the last of the literary genres to die because, unlike the drama and poetry, the novel must use the written word to perpetuate its existence. Trace concludes that when the Philosophical Romantics and Philosophical Naturalists poison the minds of the novelists to the extent that fictional villains and heroes are indistinguishable, there will be no hope for the future of the novel, and thus for the future of literature.

In his last chapter, Trace predicts the impending death of literature, based upon the course it took with the advent of Philosophical Romanticism and later Philosophical Naturalism. The future of literature in our country is dim because "the image of the creative writer in America is not quite that of hero." (p. 138) Another reason for a skeptical outlook on future literature, according to Trace, is the lack of concern among contemporary scholars for the literature of the past. In one of his more fictional moments, Trace prophesies:

> The study of literature in our schools and colleges has moved so fast in recent years in the direction of exclusive concentration upon the mere contemporary that within ten years most college graduates, as most high school graduates, will be receiving their diplomas without having studied a single piece of literature written before 1900--note even a Shakespeare play. (p.140)

Immediately preceding this diatribe Trace cites another problem of today's schools: "Some college students have been known to refuse to read any book that is more than five years old." (p. 140) Perhaps a solution to Trace's dilemma can be found in the teachings of

Horace, later used by Pope, that a work should be kept in a closet for nine years after it is written before it can be considered for publication.

In grouping different schools of literary critics of the past and present ages, Trace finds three general types. The first of these is the "good-natured" critic, one who pays attention only to the excellence or strength of a work, ignoring its generalities, assumptions or lies. The "denatured " critic merely explains what the work is about, not really caring whether or not it is of value. The judicial critic, as one might expect from the name given him, weighs everything equally, pointing up the excellencies as well as the weaknesses of the work. The judicial critic, by Trace's definition, feels obligated to show us the author's errors as well as his accomplishments.

I do not think that Professor Trace, even in his more hopeful moments, expects many critics and readers to accept his theories without reservation. (Indeed, he warned me before undertaking this task that the book was "awfully pessimistic!) The public expression of such a dim outlook on literature can be made only by a man who is convinced of his theories and dedicated to his field. Such a statement can come from only a very concerned and very religious (I use that term sparingly and literally) literateur.

James Wm. Spisak

BULLDOZING

These cabins of the commonwealth
become a wild flower- crushing rubble,
a rubbish on the recent weeds,
preventing tramps from living here in winter.

Kevin Cawley

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

Here I stand so brightly strewn,
My collar ruffled lace,
From pointed shoes to jangled cap
And merry-painted face.

I strut my wisdoms for the court,
Those juggled balls and words well met,
And after each soliloquy
I turn a somerset.

The little princess begs me dance,
To jump and fret and play,
But when all's done I have my dreams
To wander where they may.

If only this contorted frame
Could love her like a man;
The rabble shouts and up I jump
To back where it began.

I move about in twisted play
To still the groping dread
That one fine day the world will laugh,
"The man-in-the-bellcap is dead."

Rich Slezak

RAS

AT A CHURCH 1970

a peopled line
standing allinarow
might be watching
a bear baited

or might be watching in shadows of blue laws
and in stiff grim garb a black-haired beauty burn
(Oh Nathaniel try to forget!)

or might be enjoying a sunday afternoon visit in
vanity fair land to see wise Tom O'Bedlam

really they're gawking
at two
rather one young child
ren
a freak of nature (of nature not man's)
with alternating bulbs of red flash yellow flash alternating flashing
proclaiming

ThE mOdErN mIrAcLe*GeMiNi TwInS*pAy 50¢

C.C.

MORALITY IN LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

In 1926, D.H. Lawrence began work on his last novel Lady Chatterley's Lover, fully aware of the ability of fiction to reveal the "most secret places of life". In Lady Chatterley's Lover, he explores these secret places, and yet at some points he seems to lose confidence in his own narrative ability. His voice is filled with a desperate tension. There is a pleading stress palced on this, his last message.

Lawrence's thematic stress lies in his hope for an evolution of a new morality, based on a reawakening of man to his sensual passions. This new ethic, one which precludes good and evil, is reached only through deep sexual communion. Mellore, Lady Chatterly's lover, declares : "Sex is really only touch, the closest of all touch. And it is touch we're afraid of. We're only half conscious, and half-alive. We've got to come alive and aware." (p. 259)

The novel takes shape as a conflict between Lady Chatterly's sense of duty toward her crippled husband and her longing for fulfillment as a woman. This conflict has three parts. The first is Connie's struggle between conventional morality and her intuitive, blood morality. Part two temporarily solves this conflict by uniting her with the"keeper of life", Mellors, the gamekeeper. The third part attempts a realistic resolution between Lawrence's new ethic and acceptable morality: Mellors and Connie are temporarily physically separated(pending devorces from their first marriages), but in spirit, they are one.

Part one introduces the characters and their interrelationships. Connie, Lady Chatterley, the "ruddy, country-looking" girl, is the romantic heroine. Of aristocratic birth, she recieved a most liberal education in Germany. Lawrence describes hee high-minded sense of freedom in an anticlimatic affair with a Ger-

man lad. She was "inclined to hate the boy afterwards, as if he had trespassed on one's privacy and inner freedom. For, of course, being a girl, one's whole dignity and meaning consisted in achievement of an absolute, a perfect freedom."(p. 7) She marries Clifford Chatterly, a stylish youth, without really thinking. World War I interrupts their marriage, leaving Clifford not only physically paralysed, but emotionally frozen. He and Connie can still communicate intellectually, but bodily they are "non-existent to ane another.

Lawrence leads in an array of other minor , but essential characters that round out his drama. Michaelis, the outcast, Irish playwright, is another link in Connie's sexual maturity. From the beginning of their affair, she looks at him from above, like a mother. Neither of them can release themselves in the sexual act: he remains an " erect passivity", while she brings about her own crisis with"weird little cries". Michaelis scorns her active indifference and this kills something in her: " her whole sexual feeling for him, or for any man has collapsed...."(p. 52) His self-centered lack of tenderness contrasts him to Connie's later lover, Mellors. His brutality burns her; he is rejected, never really knowing why.

Clifford's intellectual friends, the gentlemen of the drawing room, also have a telling effect on Connie's development. They mouth new attitudes, even on sex, but these are not borne out in their lives. Tommy Dukes , who has remained in the army because it isolates him from the battles of life, mouthes Lawrence's scorn for the mental life: "While you live your life, you are in some way an organic whole with all life. But once you start the mental life you pluck the apple...." (p.36)

Dukes, Clifford and the rest remain "plucked apples", severed from life, while Connie, her emotions frustrated, falls into depression. Her withering becomes physical and she is relieved of her dutues toward her husband by a hired nurse. The nurse , Mrs. Bolton, is an archetypal mother figure. Her husband died years ago, leaving her with two infants to raise. This and her nursing job in the town's industrial plant characterize her life.

She believes that "all men are babies...let anything ail them so that you have to do for them and they're

babies..."(p. 92) Clifford yields to her and she becomes a wedge between him and Connie.

Part two of the novel is a triumph of Lawrence's new ethic of sexual consciousness symbolized in the relationship of Connie and Oliver Mellors. Connie sees Mellors for the first bathing behind his cabin. Her emotions are brought to life by his sense of aloneness and the"warm, white flame of a single life, revealing itself in contours that one might touch: a body!" (p. 62) There are eight sexual encounters between Connie and Mellors which form a deliberate progression toward their mutual fulfillment. At first, Mellors is hostile to Connie's intrusion into his private world of the forest. Connie recognizes a " cold, ugly look of dislike and contempt" in his eyes. An interest in Mellors' pheasant chicks draws them together. Connie, the barren and unused woman, cuddles the chicks,symbolic of life and fertility. As Mellors watches Connie, " compassion flamed in his bowels for her." He finds peace in their first sexual encounter. His conscoiusness and his physical being are one. Connie holds back allowing her intellect to control her. She questions: "Was it real? She knew if she gave herself to the man, it was real. But if she kept herself for herself, it was nothing." (p. 109)

Their second encounter is just as disasterous for her. Her "willed separateness" hinders fulfillment. She resents Mellors' silence and calls him stranger. In their third coupling, Mellors awakens "new strange thrills rippling inside her." Connie relinquishes herself to him, becoming "one perfect concentric fluid of feeling." Childlike, "they lay and knew nothing, not even each other, both lost." (p. 124) This loss of self, the return to innocence are Lawrence's ideals. Connie, blossoming with a new life, can never return to Clifford and the safe, relaxed life of the mind.

In the fourth meeting, Connie's female mind again revolts at the ridiculousness of the sex act: "The butting of his haunches...and the sort of anxiety of his penis to come to its little evacuation crisis seemed farcical." Mellors, sensing her remoteness, withdraws. Softly and slowly, he rescues her, subduing her terror with a "strange, slow thrust of peace, the dark thrust of peace and a ponderous, primordial

tenderness, such as made the world." (p. 161)

In their next encounter, the two articulate their feelings for the first time. Mellors voices Lawrence's solution to the coldness of the modern world:

> I believe in being warmhearted...in fucking with a warm heart. If men could fuck with warm hearts, and women take it warmheartedly, everything would come out all right. (p. 193)

After a night enfolded "fast in one sleep," the lovers explore their naked bodies in childlike openness. Mellors talks to his erect phallus, John Thomas, calling it the "boss of me". Mellors and Connie become "the man and woman," nameless and void of personality and individuality. Their sex organs become personalities and the force of their passion is dominant. Connie holds John Thomas uneasily, discovering its unfolding mystery. Mellors is helpless as "the penis in slow, soft undulations, filled and surged and rose up." (p. 197) Lawrence suggests that this deep-rooted force is what makes all men one.

In their last encounter before Connie's trip to Venice, she is purged of shame by a deep sensuality, "Sharp, searing as fire, burning the soul to tinder." Connie, once filled with shame and fear, feels her shame dying in union with Mellors: "the deep organic shame, the old physical shame which couches in the bodily roots of us, and can only be chased away by the phallic hunt..." (p. 261)

Back from Venice, Connie goes to Mellors in London, where he is living since his release by Clifford due to a rumored scandal. Rejuvenated by the union, Mellors is especially awed by the "soft, first flush" of her pregnancy. They want to remain together, but he knows that the reality of their first marriages will separate them for quite a while. Mellors fears putting their child into the world, but hopes through tenderness to save this child. Here, through Mellors, Lawrence reaches the final articulation of his hope for a renewal of the world:

> this was the thing he had to do, to come into tender touch, without losing his pride or dignity..'I'll stand for the touch of bodily awareness between human beings...battle against the money, and the machine, and

the insentient monkeyishness of the world.'
(p. 261)

The anticlimactic third part now begins. Lawrence brings his Adam and Eve back into the mundane, real world. He does this again through contrasting them with other characters. Hilda, Connie's older sister, accompanies her to Venice. Venice is portrayed as a joyous escapade, but Connie, anxious to get back to Mellors, deplores the frivolity. Hilda, just over her second divorce, finds it an escape. Like Connie before, she cannot relinquish her proud female will. For her, sex is nothing more than a game and the social and mental lives are supreme. She remains barren.

Clifford and Mrs. Bolton have drawn closer together in a perverted relationship. Laerence uses him to symbolize the impotent, industrial man. Clifford has relinquished his moral strength, becoming a child of clay in her hands:

> "He would gaze on her with wide, childish eyes in a relaxation of madonna-worship...He would put his hands into her bosom and feel her breasts, and kiss them in exultation...." (p.273)

Lawrence ends the novel with Mellors' letter to Connie, from his exile on a dairy farm. Here, Mellors, the simple game-keeper, comments on all aspects of man's doom. One feels Lawrence's urgency in Mellors' words:

> If only they were educated to live instead of earn and spend....They ought to learn to be naked and handsome....They're a sad lot of men: a dead lot of men: dead to their women, dead to life...." (p.280)

Lawrence ends Mellors' letter and the novel on a hopeful note, implying that the two lovers will soon overcome their physical separation and establish their new world of deep, passionate communion. Often the novel is criticized because it is too hopeful, too idealistic. Lawrence admittedly is a true romantic: sick to his soul over the deadness of the world, but always hopeful that the sensitive human being can find peace. His story is simple and straightforward, far re-

moved from the stylistic experiments of men like Joyce, Pound and Eliot, and also far removed from their absurd, chattered intellectualized worlds. Lawrence, too is a purist in the truest sense: his novel is a desperate plea for fulfillment found in wholesome sexual union. He scorns all negative relationships as shown by his harsh treatment of the perverted characters. He is most strongly against sexual promiscuity as in Mellors' avowal to chastity in his last letter. Lawrence simply wants to arouse man to a deeper awareness of his sensual existence, an existence frustrated by his world:

> How ravished one could be without ever being touched. Ravished by dead words become obscene, and dead ideas become obsessions." (p. 87)

All quotations from:
D.H. Lawrence, Lady Chatterly's Lover(New York: New American Library of World Literature, Inc, 1959)

Jim Gorman

PERFECT BEAUTY

In pose and move,
Her goddess past was there.
Her perfect body was
Drawn at the waist,
Pulling her white blouse to her
Showing seem lines of her femininity.

Always seen in her confident quiet,
with bashful glance at her front steps,
She was sacred to all.
But I knew her scar
When, one day, all were away and
I saw her
Spit on a bush
And it clung there.

Richard Cicerchi

THE SONG

how carefully you tune your limbs
making a perfection of their straightened curves
forming them silver and air-rich
tubular and hard.
your ear a funnel for earth noises
sucking the crisp notes of cicadas
through your bones.

your flute bends your breath
to high sighing songs
and deep in a raucus night
to thunder.
my delicately arched bones
part like fence pickets
beneath my flesh
making no more sound
than air through a metal screen.

poised on the edge of the wood
your song-built body waits
with supple tree limbs
for the music
of a hundred living memories
and dead ones creaking out last notes
to learn, with the branches
the bend of the wind.

Carol M. Van Vooren

KNIVES

At work on the dock,
your letter rode the noon-tide
into my harboring hands

and that summer
I felt again the witchery of sharp
polished things
and their bright hurt;

how they can hold like the mercury flash
rolling liquid off blades of
scaling knives that swang
just out of a ten-year-old
reach.

I've been told
not to toy with either--
break that seal or
touch steel to flesh,

unsheathed
they're too keen,
work quickly
and too well...

afternoon would always gasp
to find me disobedient
and bloody-ugly.

Mark Norman Fink