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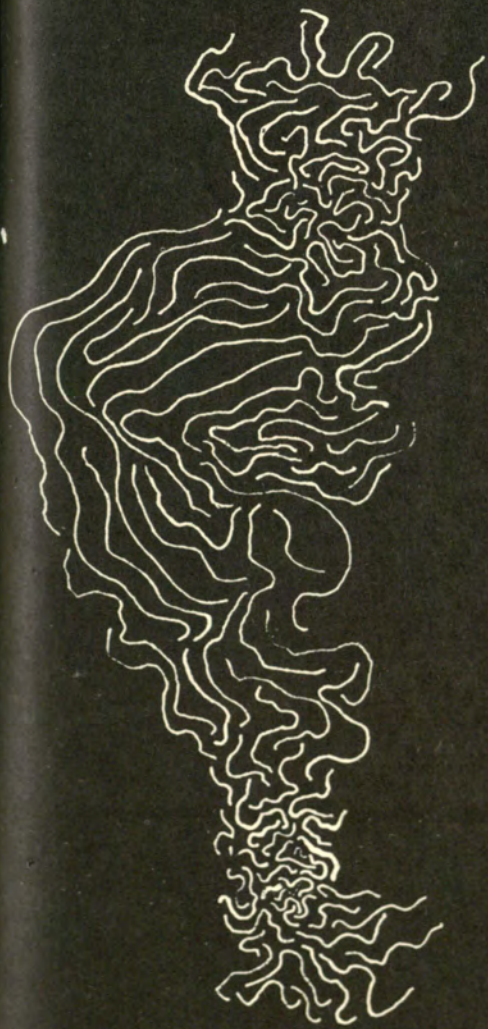


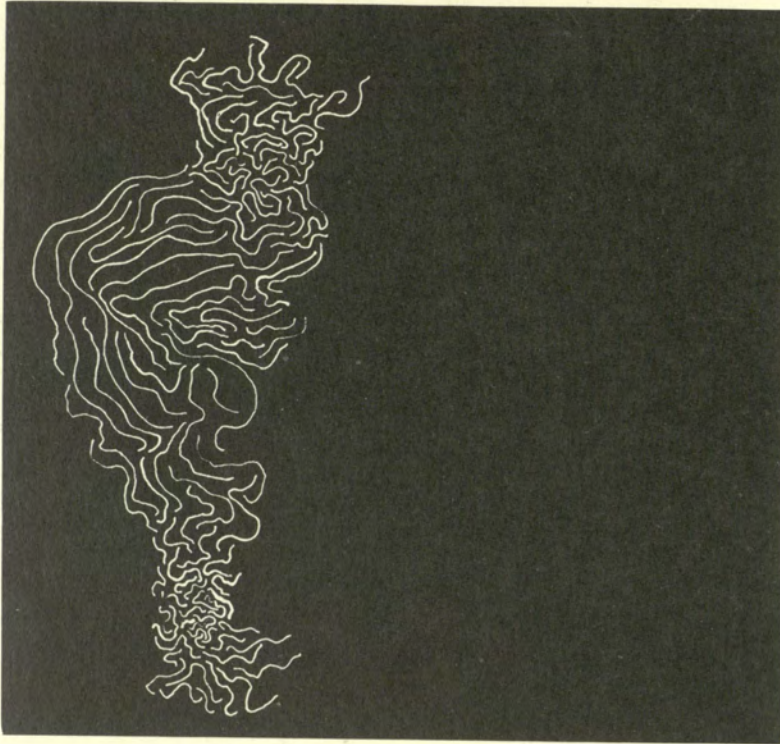
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The Lighter

from the students of Valparaiso University
Valparaiso, Indiana
May 1971

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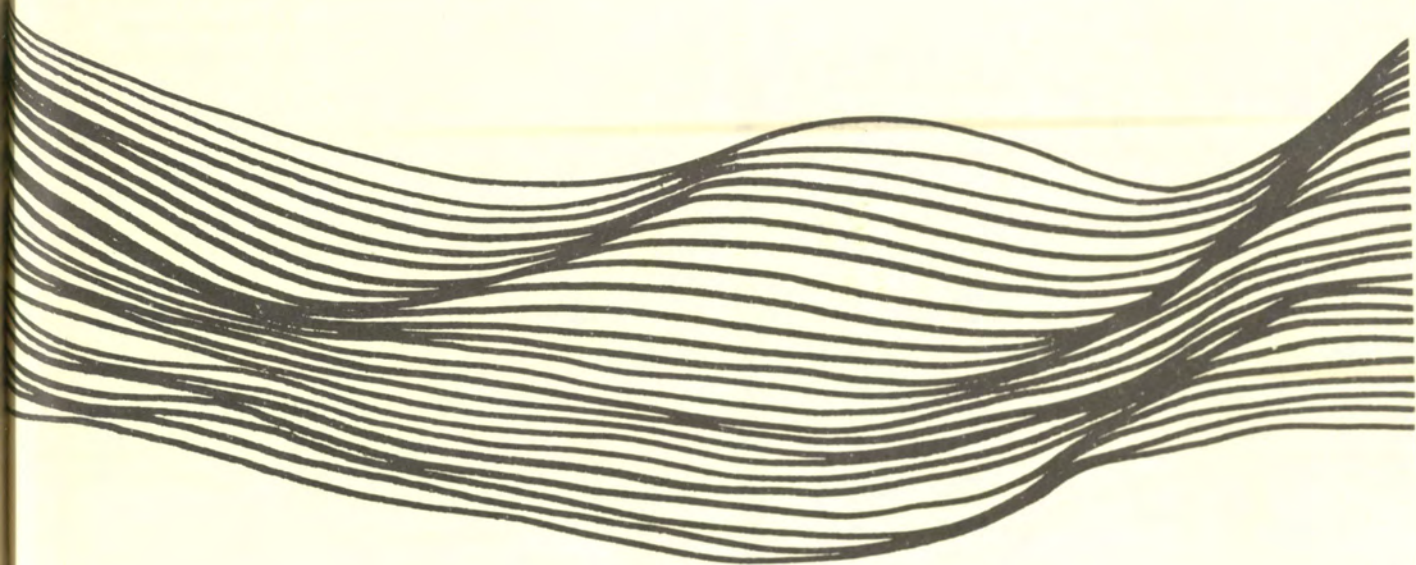
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Vol 13 no 3



Steve Suppan

Papa's Falling Star and His Rising Son

I The prayer is a satellite;
As it falls from the heavens,
Burning through
The pilfering air,
The last embers
Cease to glimmer,
Miles above the cosmology,
Miles above the cosmetics
Hiding the earth's derisive laughter
From the dumb, unyielding, illimitable night.

The satellite is a prayer;
Our last extraterrestrial metaphor,
Infirm as a moonbeam,
But sure as a bird in flight,
Cold as a dead child's forehead,
But warm as a promise of love.
It sends out many signals,
Some of which escape us,
And continue,
Dreams, myths and stories of real people,
Into the farfetched and insatiable
Palette of colored light.

Prayer books are damned serious business,**
Papa thinks.

Brave and noble men have used them
To save cardboard castles
And gingerbread kings.

Prayer book jokes are far between the lines,
Almost behind recorded time.
The Bible tells us so
(with many other hobo prophets
and after many disorderly brides).
But it doesn't laugh at its own jokes.
Who laughs in the Bible?
Civilization,
Where's your sense of humor?
Is humor ointment to ease your sense of history,
Of affinity with eternity;
Or is it the anointment
Of sacred laughter,
Fading
Fading
Far beyond the last drunken cries
Of Olympian revelry
Or any other wedding?

Papa's star falls from heaven,
And Mama cries.
She does not want to make a wish,
Even on this,
The last starry evening
Before Papa leaves to pound the hammer
And make cannons for the unvanquished,
The uncrowned king.

Papa is in limbo.
His ghost has been wrought.
Long ago the hammer beat his casket
Out of his flesh.
But still he pounds the hammer.
Will it mock him to death?

Papa lifts the hammer
To meet its maker,
And as iron meets irony
He damns his damner
And throws the bellows
Into the all consuming fire,
And hammers, hammers, hammers,
Upon the fingers
He broke as a small boy,
Until his mangled and dangling hands,
His jangling fingers and writhing taut nerves,
Bear him a child;
Lithe and firm,
Severe in honesty,
But with a laugh to dispell honesty's melodrama.
The child gives him
A bellows,
A prayerful of jokebooks
And a teddybear.

IV Papa, you can't put horseshoes
On a bellow's belly,
(It will burst)
Or on a prayer's edge,
(No points for a ringer here, Daddy)
Or on a teddybear's nose
(You will ruin him, Daddy)

Papa,
You're a stupid old ass.
But Papa,
You're a silly old bear.***

Notes:

* See the "rising son" in Shakespeare's **King John** I i 179-219

** "A book of poetry is damned serious business." Wallace Stevens

*** from **Winnie-The-Pooh** by A. A. Milne

Treasure

Chest

Kathleen Gibbs

With a jerk, John was awakened from his uneasy sleep, and he realized that he had to depart. The bus driver was looking intently at him. (Why did people have to have eyes? He felt naked.)

"Come along, boy. This here's the end of this line. If ye want to go further, I reckon you'll have to find another bus." He looked searchingly at John. "You all right? Y'ain't sick or nothin', are ye?"

"No," muttered John. If only that were it. If only all this were an illusion, he could ignore it. At times it seemed like one. His foe could not coerce him, or even touch him without his permission. And he would be damned if he'd give it. But he never left John alone. As sure as John would arrive anywhere, there he would be on the platform: the ugly yellow light failing to make ugly the hair and the eyes of the young man who, he was sure, waited for him outside the bus. That was why the inside of the bus — the windowless corner he was in, with its acrid smell of accidents best left undescribed and mouldy seat cushions — was a haven of refuge. He stayed motionless, hoping the bus driver would depart, but he was adamant.

"C'mon now, end of the line. Sure you're tired, but there's chairs in the station."

"All right, all right," said John wearily. "Just leave me alone and I'll come along in a moment." The old man left him and walked heavily off the bus. He paused for a minute outside, chewing his tobacco like a meditative cow, then spat and lumbered on inside.

John shifted the heavy bundle from under his arm where it had rested the whole journey and put it in his lap. The wrappings were not as secure as they had been, so he undid them, shielding the contents with his body as he did so.

The harsh, weak light revealed a small chest about eight inches long and four deep. It was carved and gleamed richly, soft as satin and heavy as lead. Blue and violet shone in the midst of the gold, each gem gleaming suddenly as the light caught it. Then all were shut out as John re-wrapped his treasure in a soft wool blanket as tenderly as if it had been his first son. He tied the string tightly around it and put it on the seat beside him. He stood up quickly. He regretted it at once, for the cry of protest from his feet swiftly grew into a grand chorus as his whole body, member by member, began complaining of the harsh treatment it was getting. John ignored the wishes of his body as best he could and reached up painfully to the luggage rack for his jacket. He put the jacket on, tucked the chest under one arm, and strode heavily through the bus toward the door. As he turned for the exit he closed his eyes; he knew the hated face was out there. He gingerly felt his way down the steps with his eyes fast shut, but tripped and fell sprawling onto the pavement. A small stream of blood began to flow gently from his forehead and he wearily dabbed at it, too tired to care. He rested his head a moment, as if sleeping. The cement was hard and gritty and unpleasant on his ear, but he rested.

Finally, holding the bundle tightly beneath him, he wearily lifted his head. The station ahead was empty, or nearly so, and the platform stretched ahead of him as bare as the desert and as welcome as an oasis. He was not here! His hated enemy. He had eluded his hateful enemy at last. An idiotic smile of joy grew from ear to ear and he painfully moved one torn elbow in an attempt to rise.

"May I aid you, friend?" came the soft inquiry from behind him. John looked over his shoulder in sudden terror and saw, kneeling beside him, a young man with a solicitous hand and a strong, kindly smile. His hair, thick and beginning to be long, was dark, yet it shone with gold in the yellow light. His face was fair and young, and his eyes an ageless brown. But John did not notice the beauty; he hated every line of it. He did not need to study it, for every feature was loathingly familiar to him as his own. He buried

his head on his arm and began, hopelessly, to weep.

"Damn you, Michael," he sobbed. Michael did not answer, but began to carefully wash all of John's wounds with a damp cloth. He lifted him up and John, too bone-weary to argue, leaned on Michael with his free arm and walked docilely into the depot. But his iron grip still held the little treasure-chest tight against his body. Michael's eyes wandered to it.

"You shouldn't hold it tight, John," he said. "It's very soft, and pressure might bend it." John's grip relaxed, but he still held it close to him.

"What do you care what happens to it so long as you can steal it from me?" said John. "And besides, you'll beat upon it all day long to try and wedge it loose from me and never dent it a bit. How could I hurt it?"

"All depends on who's giving the pressure, John," said Michael with a smile. "I know well the smith who made that chest, and my blows know how to keep precious what is precious, but you know nothing of its making and might harm it. Didn't you ever wonder at its carving, John? It was not done for decoration, but to protect the weaknesses of this little box. Haven't you noticed it changing, growing smoother in some places and rougher in others?" He reached out to touch the carefully wrapped package, but John recoiled.

"Keep your filthy hands off my box, you thief," he said viciously. "It's mine, I tell you. It was always mine, ever since I was born, and was given to be mine. How could you know who made it? He must be dead a long time, and you are young." He looked at his companion with disgust. "A liar as well as a thief!"

Michael sighed. "The maker is not dead, John, nor am I young. I watched him make this little box. It was I who put the contents inside, and I who locked it. It was I . . ."

"I know, I know," John said mockingly. "You gave it to me, so now you want it back. Indian-giver! If you didn't want me to have it, why'd you give it to me in the first place?"

"For your good use, John," he said, "You wouldn't have gotten far without it. But you

don't need it anymore, and it's time to give it back."

"Go away," said John sullenly. "I hate you and your ways. Get out!" He slapped him savagely, and turned away, steadfastly ignoring him. With a gesture of resignation, Michael moved to another part of the depot, but never took his eyes off John.

John sank into a reverie, trying to put his brain in order. Life had been good for so long. Now it was only a series of flights and fights, or running from his enemy and wearily struggling with him. He looked at his little box, wondering at its beauty and value. All this life he had depended on it to get him through. Each jewel he plucked out as he needed, and they had brought him fame and wealth. And the box was no poorer for their absence: the empty cavities would swirl and turn into beautiful rosettes and, like a young flower, another jewel would appear where one had not been, and the pattern of the box would be changed. It had been so easy when he was young. When had it begun to go wrong?

He laughed bitterly. He knew who had caused his downfall. He looked over at the corner where he was sitting, but quickly turned away as Michael's eyes met his. Michael! His whole life had been perfect until he had met Michael. He shifted. No, that wasn't quite true. Once or twice, before he had met Michael face to face, a jewel would whither and die as he took it from its place, and he always feared greatly after this happened. He had heard of Michael before he had met him, and the stories had not hurt him.

What ridiculous stories! He had heard them as a child, but even then had had no use for them. And when faced with the real man, they were clearly incredible — fairy-tales told by some half-baked old maids who had fallen for his charms. One story, in particular, told how Michael had supposedly thrown a box, like his only much more lovely, over the Edge. At the thought of the Edge, John shuddered. He was a sophisticated man, yet childish fears still troubled him. All roads led to the Edge; but what happened after you reached it, none could tell for none had ever returned. Some said that the

Edge was only darkness, not nothingness, and once you travelled beyond it you came to a world much fairer than this. Others said you fell off of it forever. Still others said that the Edge itself was an illusion that modern man need not fear, for he was stronger than the Edge. John, in theory, supported the latter view, but still, he did not care for the thought that each flight from Michael brought him nearer and nearer the Edge. Michael! Not only did they say that he threw his box over the Edge but also that he, when he went over the Edge, had returned with his box laden with riches.

He shot a glance over to the quiet figure in the corner. "Hey!" he called. "Where are those riches of yours?"

"They are here," replied Michael quietly. "Would you like some?" John turned sharply. "And just what would you ask of me in return for a bit of your riches?"

"Your box," replied Michael. John chewed this one over. Maybe it wasn't a bad bargain after all. Still, caution was his byword.

"Let me see a bit of your offer, before I make my trade," he said. Michael silently drew out a small diamond. John laughed.

"Let me see," he said, extending his free hand. Michael dropped the diamond toward his open palm, but as it landed it turned into a lump of slimy black soot. John dropped it hastily.

"Playing tricks again, I see, Mike old friend. A cheat from first to last." He looked down at where he had dropped the soot and saw, not

trust this Michael, who would one minute bind his wounds and the next pound on his treasure in an ecstasy of frantic endeavor? He tried all the ways he could to weaken John's will, but John was steadfast. He knew Michael had power, but Michael also had rules, rules he could not break. John could break them. Sometimes his chief joy was to assault his foe with all the weapons Michael was forbidden to use, to tear and bite him, to shower a rain of blows and curses alike on his damnably beautiful face. But even this brought no satisfaction; his enemy would never cry out, never resist, and never fight back. It was so often very tiresome. And of course his promises were a hoax. That diamond was no treasure even if it stayed a diamond. And here, if he touched it, it was even more worthless than that. He gazed lovingly at the box. "Mine," he thought. "Michael says it's his, but he lies — it's mine, it's mine." What did he care about the inside? The outside was fair enough. He laughed, insanelly, and the waiting room echoed horribly with the sound of it. Michael started, then arose and approached John. John backed hastily away, his mind made up. He would keep the box.

"You cannot keep it," said Michael. "Sooner or later you must lose these pretty jewels. You can touch them now; but if you do not give them to me, they will one day be utterly beyond your reach. Believe me, John, I speak truth."

"Stay away, stay away," hissed John, his eyes narrowing with hate. "Who's to stop me from holding it forever? You? You have always lied to me, Michael."

"I have never lied. I do not lie now. You cannot keep it. It cannot pass the Edge with you. I do not lie."

"Liar! Liar!" spat out John. He had been slowly backing away from Michael and now found himself at the doorway to the little depot. Like a flash, he turned, opened the door and ran with Michael a fox on his heels. It was early morning, a grey foggy morning. His feet suddenly ceased to clatter and he realized that he no longer ran on pavement, but on thick grass, soaked with dew. Across this uneven ground he ran on, breathing heavily, never looking forward

blackness, but light. It was as a diamond again. He looked angrily at Michael.

"How'd you do that?" he demanded. "What kind of tricks are you up to?"

"No tricks, friend John, but only the sad reality," said Michael with a regretful look on his face. "I can give you nothing as long as you hold on to that box, for anything I give you becomes worthless as soon as you touch it when you cling to another treasure. You have seen," he said, gesturing to the diamond.

John scowled at him and turned away. Michael was full of tricks, and this was just another of his many. His thoughts returned to the box. How strange it was, for all its beauty. The outside he could use as he pleased (at least he could until that confounded Michael had come along!) but he had no clue as to the inside. Michael said that he had put the contents inside but wouldn't say what they were. John remembered his words:

"What's inside is not good, John. I had no choice but to use it, but I can replace it. That's my purpose. John: to empty this lovely little box of yours and refill it. But it takes a long time, so I must take the box with me."

"And how will I get along without it?" John had cried. "I would have nothing! And how can I be sure you'd give the box back to me?"

Michael had looked thoughtful. "I could say that with the box you'd have nothing, for it is true. With it you can have none of my treasure. And that treasure," he smiled suddenly, "would be your comfort. As for the other. . . ." He shrugged. "You simply must trust me."

John recalled all this and shook his head regretfully. It was too much to ask. How could he

but always back to make sure his enemy did not follow too closely. He looked on the fair face and hated it, for it did not grow weary or slack as he knew his did. But suddenly the look on Michael's face changed from determination to dismay. But he was not looking at John. He was looking at something beyond him. And John, turning forward, stopped as fast as he ran, and fell to his knees in terror.

"The Edge! The Edge!" He was upon it, and his enemy came behind. He wrapped his body around the chest and made himself a ball, rocking to and fro, whimpering like a child, fearing both Michael and this edge of nothing, this black and yawning abyss that lay before him. Michael came up gently behind him.

"The time has come, John," he said. "You must open the box."

John looked up at him, dazed. Michael held forth a small golden key. John took it, tremulously, and looked at the face above him. It was grave and remote, a million miles above him. He had never realized Michael was so tall. So bright. Michael shone with a light that made John afraid, and he broke out in a cold sweat and bent his head away from the sight. He looked at the key in his hand. It had not seemed so big before. He could still lift it. He had dropped the box, and now he began to search for it. It glowed in the grass beside him. Strange, he thought. It was not always so large. He could once hold it in his hand. Now he knelt beside it and fumbled at a keyhole that was nearly

level with his shoulders. The lock turned easily, and a breath of air sighed out as if from eternity. A sudden reluctance took hold of him. He felt a desire to cling to Michael, to plead with him to save him from this box. Slowly, however, his stronger will took over. This was his box, and his treasure inside it. Did not even Michael value it? He knew Michael, he knew. All he wanted was the riches within. All that talk of spoiled insides was only a lure to get him to trade his wealth for Michael's phony diamonds that turned bad once you touched them. He knew, he knew. With a smile, he lifted the lid. It yawned before him, blackly. He looked inside the chest but, to his surprise, could not see the bottom. It was so vast he could have gone inside. Perhaps the treasure was buried deep. He leaned over the edge of the box and reached as far as he could, downwards.

"Come back, John," came Michael's voice, calling as if from a great distance. "There is nothing for you there, nothing. Give me the box and you will have All. Come back!"

John spat. Michael! Always trying to trick him. He leaned far over and, suddenly, he lost his balance. He fell. The sides of the box could not be seen, and the edge of it, far above him, was the same Edge he had fought and feared as he stood upon it. He saw the Edge far above him and Michael, cold and bright upon it. And above him in the endless night, the jewels that had adorned his box soared upward, one by one, and burst like fireworks as they died.



Dave Ullman

Goodnight, old man.

It was just this morning that you ploughed and planted fertile fields with rich, green life

But it is evening now and drought has seared the soil.

**The seed sown then in gladness was of sorrow
and tomorrow you must leave the land.**

The gods are dead, old man,

Goodnight.

The Villager

Dan Meinzen

Passengers in the third class carriages, always first to sense the conclusion of journey, came alive as the outdated engine, spewing steam and punctuating its arrival by a series of relayed jolts and the squeaking screeching of metal on metal, pulled and pushed into Madras Egmore station to unload another shipment of immigrants into the already overcrowded city. The city, lying in breathless exhaustion after a day of torture, offered nothing but degeneration in exchange for the lives of those fleeing the starved farmlands of the southeast coast.

Walking slowly from the rush and cinders of the station and the impersonal closeness of the crowd, an old man shouldered his few belongings and opened his eyes for the first time on the incredible acts of man.

“Hey friend, you just come in on the express?”

“You spoke to me?” He was somewhat taken aback by the friendly advance of a total stranger. He had not thought of the city and individual people in that sense, and the disjunction of a man from that being was an encounter for which he was unprepared just then.

“I said did you just come in on the train?”

“O, yes, a little while ago.”

“You know what time it is?”

“It must be the middle of the night, though you might trick a man with your lights.”

With a glance at the homespun dhoti that filled in the story for his practiced eye, the man flicked his still lit beedi in a high arc toward the gutter and moved casually

toward the old man from the bicycle rickshaw at the corner. "You're new here, right? Tired, right? You'd have trouble finding a place to stay at this hour, but tell you what. I know a great little place you could stay pretty cheap, and it's not far. Come on, I'll take you. You'll be asleep in half an hour."

The old man didn't quite understand the necessity of staying anywhere just now and began to get uneasy. He was of course tired, but he wasn't used to dealing with strangers, and hesitated.

"No thank you, sir, I'm looking for someone who I'm told is in the city, and I really don't have much time."

"Sure, but who's going to want to see you at this hour? This place I was telling you, they got some girls that are really something. Know what I mean? Reasonable too. You look still a healthy man; come on. My rickshaw is right over in that alley. Take you for 80 paise since you're new in town."

"Thank you anyway, but the city seems so large. I should start looking now."

"All right, tell you what; for 2 rupees I'll take you and find this person no matter where in the city he is. Now you won't find a better deal than that anywhere."

The old man considered the proposition. He was forced to admit that he had no idea where or how to search for someone in the city. He thought of the hundreds of faces he had already seen and the thousands more somehow assembled together in this small area. In the end he agreed and reached into his bag to produce the paper with an address printed neatly in block letters.

"Do you read?"

"Sure. Here, let me see it."

He examined the print under a street lamp for a few minutes then looked up disbelievingly.

"Who is this person?"

"My daughter."

He studied the old man a while and when he spoke he was quieter, less casual.

"Old man, you better go home. Your daughter's not at this place."

"You know the place?"

"Of course I know the place; I'm a rickshaw man, am I not? I know the place."

"Well then, take me, or show me the way so I can see for myself."

"Go home, old man, the city is no place for you. Go back to the village."

The man rode off and was taken in by a darkened alley before the old man realized he had taken the paper with him. Panic rushed in on him, and he was soon lost in a maze of street lamps and alleys.

The individual explosions of the rain drops were gradually absorbed into a growing flood as the road-side gutters overflowed into the narrow street. An old man's sandalled feet plodded against the stream, submerged at every step. The string of lights which he had followed down endless streets had given out long before, and now only an occasional lantern asserted the darkness of the enveloping city.

A dog issued a half-hearted challenge from a side alley, but was too wet and hungry to bother the stranger any more. A young man hurrying through the rain hesitated at the sight of the old man, but sensing no threat, moved cautiously past him, disappearing into the continuous street. Periodically the feet rose to a door step and the man would search for a fading recollection of a number and compare it. Always the feet had returned to the road, till at last the numbers matched.

The weariness faded into the wrinkled face and a new strength emerged, tightening the sagging skin and opening the bloodshot eyes. The old man pounded the door eagerly with his open palm.

"Who is it?" The voice of an old woman was joined by a dog barking in the next courtyard, reverberating from the high walls. "What do you want?"

"I've come to take my daughter home."

The woman, recognizing the voice as that of an old man, and urged by her curiosity, opened the door.

"Her name was Jaya."

She was silent for a minute as she looked over the bedraggled figure, perhaps piecing together the story that brought the old man so boldly to her door.

"You might as well be dry; come in. There are no daughters here old man. Daughters are in the villages, only women here." She laughed as if to herself. "But you'll soon see that."

She led him through a courtyard into a hall and pointed out a room.

"Wait in there, I'll get you some tea."

In the room, the light fragrance of fresh flowers mingled with the stronger sweet-smelling incense to tell the old man's senses that it was a room reserved for holy rites. He was comforted by the familiar furnishings, yet uneasy when he found no gods at hand to receive the sacrifices.

A girl brought the old man his tea. He thanked her and she stood quietly by while he warmed himself sitting cross-legged wrapped in a blanket on the low bed, the only furniture in the room.

"Where are the gods, and the garlands?"

She had been studying him intently and was startled by the question.

"Why, they don't have gods here, sir, this is the city. The gods are in the village; or so I've heard."

"But the gods are here; I smell the incense and can see the dried petals of the garlands. They are worshipped here. Someone has burned incense and sacrificed to take charge of his life. The gods must be here."

"Are incense and garlands still used for worship in the village? It must be pleasant, then, to smell them."

"But the gods aren't here. The incense and garlands you sense were offered only for a moment. The city takes charge of all life here."

The old man sat erect, studying the girl's face and features for any hint of a commonality or bond between them.

"I'm looking for my daughter."

"I know."

"She was taken from the field many years ago by a passing group."

The girl met his searching look but denied any attempt at penetration. In the dimly lit room the old man and the girl continued the probing and searching exchange without a sound until at last the old man, sensing the futility of his demanding stare, broke the silence.

"I came to take her home. . . But can you at least tell me if she is here?"

"None of us are daughters here; when a daughter is brought she's taught the way of a woman and the way of the city. . . and the meaning of incense and garlands. She is bred to be the bride of the city. If your daughter is here, she is married to a great lord and can't come home."

The old man sat silently for a while.

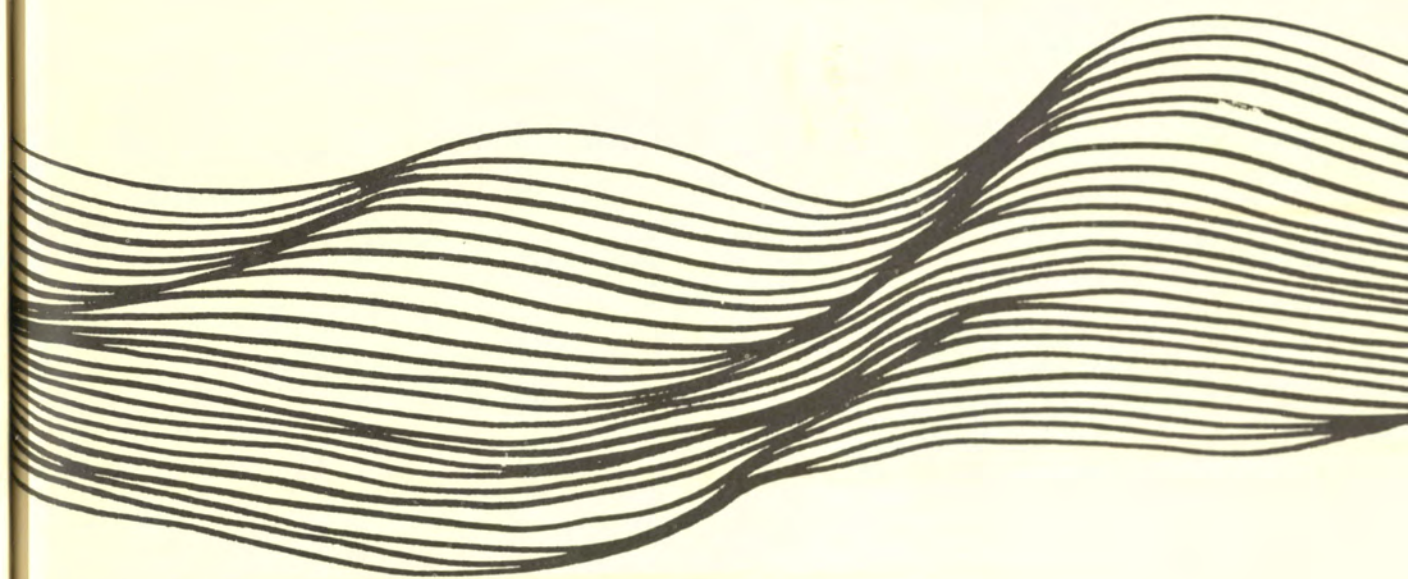
"The city. I don't understand it. It demands all life, takes all life to itself, but I see no home for life to grow in. If you see my daughter, if you see any daughter of the village, tell her to burn incense to the gods to make a home for her life."

"Where will you go now, what will you do? And what about your daughter?"

"Daughter? What daughter? You tell me that unknowingly I have given Jaya in marriage to the city. Then as dowry let me give the city also life; and I give her the gods that her marriage won't be barren. And then I give the future to itself.

"The drought has parched the land, and sterile land can never hold young men. Among the deserted fields, the village will be my pyre. Goodnight."

Dawn, drawing the street dwellers from their thatched sidewalk shelters, was greeted by factory whistles screaming their commands to the sleeping people of the city. An old man, in coarse homespun and worn sandals, lay in a gutter along the street, water from the night's rain soaking the stiff body with sidewalk sewage. A small group of factory workers gathered to speculate on the cause of this death, but in the end the cause mattered little. The sanitation department truck would soon be by to take the old man's body to the public pyre.



Suddenly
Without forewarning
She is
Between us
Her soft robes
Shimmering
Like the gold
Of dusk and dawn.
Around her wrists
Are watches
Like
Voluptuous eyes
They lure and lull
Us
Into torpor
Of acceptance.
We feel her though,
Uneasiness
Invades the air
We clasp our hands
To lock her out
But
Her warm fingers
Glide across our cheeks
(Enough to melt
Our iciest resolve)
And though
I watch the path ahead
And feel no presence
Of her
At my back,
When I look up
To kiss you
With my eyes
Already
You have left me
My sweet, my heart.
And she is
Gently guiding you
Over the next
(Already)
Hill.

Distance Mesure

Une brume enfantine
entre dans mon esprit
me rapplent des nuages bleus
qui entourent les monts distants
cachant tous de mes yeux
sauf le moment
dans lequel
j'existe
maintenant
sans toi.

Adam's Fall

After the first kiss
applesweet and sticky
from the fruit we had shared
moments before
I fought my need for you;
but the walls dissolved
along with floor, the roof,
leaving us open to the sky
two alone
and a bed, to our own devices.

Lynn Slifer

Yellow 3

I told you
I would stay
until the end of the record
but the grooves of the room
had already begun to turn
around us
and before I could move
the sun was splitting the curtain
and I was locked
in your sleeping arms.

I saw
behind your closed eyes
that
we were dreaming the same dream.

Sunday Birds

Somewhere
in the wind
above
the voices
and bells
a fanning
of wings
rose
and fell:
rhythmic
sweep
up and down
past the steeple
the tide
of birds
arched
and circled
black
against the grey.

Milling about
each in appropriate
Sunday feathers,
none of the
noisy
shuffling
specks
on the ground
saw.

Going in to
pray
to their
respective
gods
they
did not notice
the tide
swell
over
the roof
and glide
free
of the horizon
into the
whiteness
beyond.



Marcia McConnell



They're at it again. They're climbing into me again. And they're eating me up — eating me alive. Devouring my mind and letting all the blood drain from my fingertips.

My bed must be full of them: those little insignificant things eating at my side. They never bother me except when you're around. And you're around now. . . .

You're in bed with them, and you're in bed with me. I don't know which comes first or which is more important.

You're eating me piece by piece, and as the crumbs fall to the floor, I can hear you laughing. You used to laugh with me — now you laugh at me. . . .

Why can't you — you and your burrowing, borrowing little parasites — leave me alone? Just let me rot. I'll disintegrate fast enough without you. But then I was always with you — you never were without me. You left and then those parasites came, and, christ, those animals.

Those damn things chewing at me, gnawing me to the bone, and beyond.

Dan Smith

Paper Queen

Paper walls of life I give you,
Deny me not the pleasure of your
paper presence.

Lift my love onto a plain brown
wrapper of life and living it
with you.

Illuminate my way with your hauntingly
absolute wonders;

And let not my self wander into the
abyss at the back of my paper chair.

Give me a real rug on which, if I
fall, (to) wait longingly for your
touch on my uppermost

inner recess of our cardboard mind.

And your hand upon my chest,
and your heart upon my mind,

And I, yours.

And I, yours.

And our cardboard mind encompassing our
paper life, woven into the suppleness of
fine, soft wool.

Dan Smith



Dave Heitner

come now, my love, be silent for a while.
the day has grown weary, hides her smile
beyond a web of chances we have spun
the night is pressing hungry. what is done
contains us. what we might have passed
in blindness challenges the last
equation. what is left us here
is just the final remnant of a tear

Phyllis Root

Winter

I

The infinity of a sound
in one footstep

II

Moon halo
transcending ice clouds

III

Crocodile chill of wind
against naked skin

IV

Cold crystal breath

V

Insecurity from blind steps
across ice hidden by snow

VI

Deceptive invitation
Moon and clear sky host
No RSVP

VII

Momentary master
of ice snow and lace

VIII

Black bitter reality
of tired snow drifts

IX

The satisfactory crunch
of winter crushed under heel

X

One more snowflake

I Am the Cloud People.

I am the cloud people
of drift away memories,
melt away minds;

Pursuing, pursued
Changing shapes to the eye:

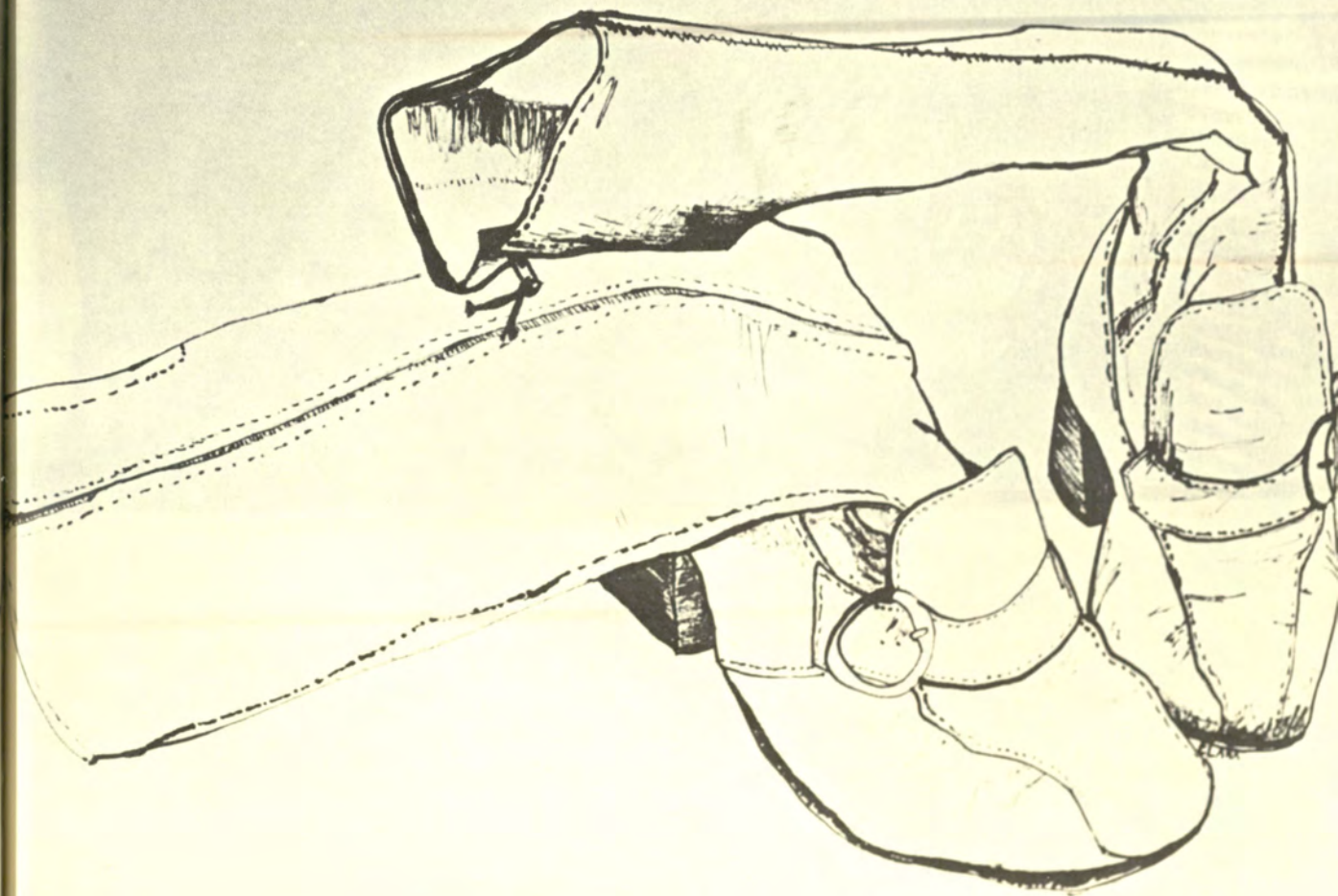
With one thing remaining,
One thing still the same,
The sureness of drifting
of melting in change,
of melting tomorrow,
Tomorrow in change.

I am the cloud people
Of come again fantasies,
leave again rain;

Coming the going,
With wind-wandering eye:

With one thing remaining,
One thing still the same,
The darkness of lightness,
of changing in time,
The sureness of changing,
Changing in time.

Heidi Korstin



J. Am. Chem. Soc. 1914



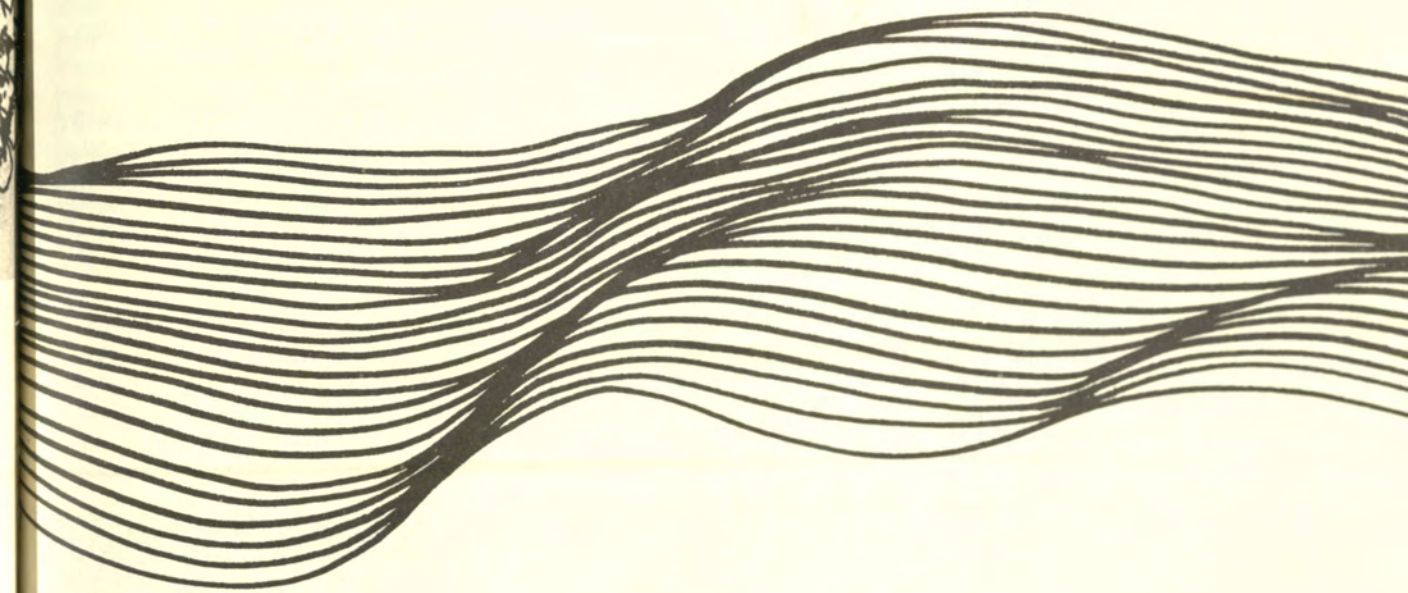
I wonder, ... will they know...
his blood runs cold like a frightened rabbit
through the friendless night
and warms alone the hours.
The second hand moves slowly
grabbing each black dot
tallying the ice cubes of his brain.
Somewhere in the frigidity
immersed, immobilized
the answer strives to signal
an end to floundering.
Ah... I think he has it....
see how he starts and jumps
ecstatically from his stool
accenting inspiration with a clap —
a joyous smacking of his hands together —
in tune with his feet... like Zorba
dancing on the beach-head of his room.
What will they say this morning?
So unprepared are they for answers —
trim solutions from another such as he —
How I should like to be there
when he says "No" ... and gently turns,
a trifle smugly on one heel,
to stake his birth-right to the sun.

- Lois Rainer



A Riddle by Karla Jutzi

Red, yellow, green, red,
Falling down, then, up again.
Blue. White. Vying for position
Kaleidoscope competition:
Laundromat Dryer.



One Covenant or Two?

An Interview with Dr. Edward Schroeder and Dr. Theodore Ludwig

The Lighter asked Pat Keifert to interview Dr. Theodore Ludwig and Dr. Edward Schroeder about their understanding of Delbert Hillers's **Covenant: The History of a Biblical Idea** (John Hopkins Press, 1969). The hope was that in bringing together a specialist in Old Testament and one in Systematics, there would be some interesting criticisms of Hillers and of each other's understanding of the covenantal notions. That happened, and I thank all concerned. **Steve Hitchcock**

Keifert: Hillers says on the bottom of page 6: "This book will be written from the point of view that there were various ways of conceiving of the covenant of God in ancient Israel, centered about two opposite, almost contradictory notions." Dr. Ludwig, could you state for us what you consider to be the characteristics of those two notions?

Ludwig: He is talking on the one hand about the suzerainty treaty which forms the basis of the Sinai covenant: the form of the treaty when an overlord or great king comes to conclusive covenant with a vassal in which the vassal is bound to be loyal to the great king and serve him to the exclusion of any others. The important point being the great

king is left free, so to speak; he does not bind himself legally, although there is somewhat of a moral binding implied. While the other type of covenant, as Hillers and the Old Testament state, actually is more like a royal grant arrangement in which a superior grants something to the inferior party and in effect binds himself to the inferior party while placing no particular responsibility upon the inferior. This is the type of covenant Hillers finds illustrated in the Davidic covenant.

Keifert: There is then a covenant that binds the second party and another that doesn't bind the second party. Dr. Ludwig, would you say that these two notions contradict each other?

Ludwig: No, I don't think they essentially contradict each other. I think of them as two poles of Israel's conception of her relationship to God. They certainly are different yet both of them can be used as describing Israel's conception of her relationship to God.

Keifert: Dr. Schroeder, would you then agree that they are not essentially contradictory, that they are simply two different notions of one relationship, one ideal relationship, taking place in two different forms?

Schroeder: You have used two "rubber band words" in that statement. Ted started by saying "essentially" and then you said "ideal" notions. I am under the impression from reading Hillers that the world "essentially" means what is at the "ticking heart" of it. That he, when he says "almost two contradictory notions", moves very close to saying that indeed the essence of these two notions is contradictory. He means that one notion goes and says this and the other one goes and says the opposite, that is, it says the antithesis. What I have perceived of his book and the data that he himself pulls out, I can see the sense of his statement, and I feel that sure enough one goes in one direction and the other goes in what appears to be the opposite direction.

Keifert: Perhaps we are at the point where we can ask of you, Dr. Schroeder, what about the two covenant notions contradicts each other? Let's say, what about the Davidic covenant contradicts the Sinaitic covenant?

Schroeder: The question of contradiction comes, in my lingo, when you say, "Sinai-Shechem is bad news for any sinner and the David-Noah-Abraham covenant ain't. And that seems to me to be a contradiction; one of them says



one thing and the other seems to say another.

Keifert: Dr. Ludwig, what is the "essence" of these two notions?

Ludwig: My conception of these two covenants is somewhat different from "notions." The covenants have to be set within the cultus life within Israel, and when you look at it that way, it is no longer a notion but it becomes a living

in actuality they somewhat "sloshed over" into each other in the process of worship?

Ludwig: No, I don't think they were sloshed over into each other. I think a formal distinction is important. But the formal distinction is made to conform to the particular cultural setting or situation. In other words, the time of the suzerainty treaty corresponded to the time and situation in which the people were

litigation in the suzerainty treaty — although the suzerain seems to come out easier on this than the vassal, but at least he has some obligations and the principle of the treaty is bilateral obligations. Thus the distinction of form which Hillers is making is not unilateral; that is, the vassal in the Sinai-Shechem covenant has all the obligations, and in the Davidic covenant the royal grantor has all the obligations. Sinai-Shechem, then, is basically bilateral and the



reality in which these poles, I think, are somewhat present in both covenants. In other words, while in formal terms the Sinai covenant is one that binds Israel — is bad news for the sinner — in the cultus these people were worshipping a God who has, in effect, granted their existence; they experience the grace of God, so to speak. So it is not just a covenant of demand but, in effect, their response to the grace they have received from God. The other covenant, the Davidic covenant, is not just a covenant where the God is bound and the king is left free; but within the whole setting of the covenant, the king represents the people before Yahweh, representing them also in their sinfulness — even in some of the liturgical rituals confessing the sins of the people to Yahweh. In a real sense the king is very obligated in this covenant. He is not just given this without any demands demanded of him, but he is very much bound within the context which the concept is set. While formally these two covenants appear to be rather opposite, I think in actual living situation, both elements — people being bound and God binding himself to the people — are found.

Keifert: What you are saying is that they cannot be taken out of their historical setting and cultic placement, but that

living, and the covenant with David corresponds to that situation about which I was just speaking.

Keifert: They didn't exist, then, at the same time in the history of Israel? In other words, when there was a different situation for Israel, there was a different concept of the covenant?

Ludwig: Well, certainly the covenant with David grew up out of the particular cultural context in which Israel became a kingdom and a center of the power of civilization in the area. The Israelites, then, in effect had to reinterpret the whole theology to make sense out of this new situation. And so in doing this they tended to emphasize this particular pole which finds its expression in the covenant with David.

Schroeder: Ted, just a few minutes ago you made the statement that formally so and so but as a matter of fact in the actual living experience so and so. I thought I heard you trying to make the statement that formally — the way that you use that word — the two covenants got to be close. I see Hillers saying that the formal difference — the difference in form — to be different from what you were just saying. I see him saying that there is a certain sense of bilateral

Davidic is unilateral in terms of where the obligations are, and that I would see as the formal distinction. Even then for me one would have to push to the next point which is involved when you talk about an ideal. Finally, you have not only to deal with the form, but you have to ask what on earth is the stuff inside that form. And I don't think we have got to that precisely, as yet. Your last major speech, Ted, was in my judgment still mostly formal at that level.

Ludwig: To come back to what you just said, as I recall, Hillers concedes that there is an implied feeling in the treaty that the suzerain will continue to protect and have some certain obligations. But I think he stressed strongly that in essence the suzerain is left free. I mean he seems to say that to me, but you say that wasn't your understanding.

Schroeder: He is left free and yet he isn't. What, indeed, is the shaper — what will shape the suzerain's future action? He is bound to have his future actions shaped by a faithful or unfaithful vassal. He commits himself to that, so in that sense he is, indeed, in a moral bond now.

Ludwig: I will go along with that; in that that sense, it is bilateral. Yet all the stipulations in the actual form of the treaty

are placed upon the vassal. But, yes, I don't think that's the heart of the difference either. But to say that the suzerainty treaty is bilateral and Hillers tries to point out that the other covenant isn't — I think we can make that statement in general terms.

Schroeder: What I see is Hillers going one step further and saying, "If you agree on that, it is at another point that I, Del Hillers, see the real difference." It is not at this step that I see contradiction, but it is at the next step. The sovereign or suzerain's relation to the vassal and his future relation and continuing actions depend on the action of the vassal. And I hear Hillers saying in David-Noah-Abraham that the sovereign's continued action toward the vassal does **not** depend on the quality of that vassal's response. Even though David transgresses, I shall still be **heseth**. It seems to me that this is what you want to talk about — the substance of the covenant. And it is at that point that it registers with me that sure enough those are two contradicting notions.

Ludwig: That word "contradictory" keeps coming out. I guess that is where I pause. I think what needs to be done is to investigate this covenant with David more than Hillers does and to put it in the setting in which it found its place. Its setting is part of Israel's changeover from tribal league to kingdom in which they became a center of the cosmos. And as you study the hymns growing out of the royal cultus of Jerusalem, you find a very strong awareness that now somehow or another the total cosmos turns and depends upon the king of Israel and the people of Israel are centered on their king. So some of the formal words are used in some of the psalms that Hillers quotes as examples — in typical court language — talk about Yahweh making this everlasting covenant with David. And so, for instance, the psalms talk about the blessings of Yahweh coming as a result of a king. When the king dies or is sick or anything like that, well, then the whole order breaks down. To me that is a new cultural situation and some of the old elements are being given expression in a new idiom.

Dr. Ludwig



Keifert: So there is still this binding — or maybe not binding — but there are actions that the Israelites can carry out now that will affect the relationship with Yahweh in the future? So there is a sense of bilateralism in the Davidic covenant?

Ludwig: Bilateral, but in a different sense. I don't want to underestimate the difference between them, but I still think that there is this element in the Davidic covenant that the response of the people through the king still affects their relationship with Yahweh — but more in cosmic terms at this point.

Schroeder: For me what is of more weight than the point you make, Ted, "in the new cultural situation," is where the novelty comes to the fore. I'll admit that it is a new cultural situation that is being shaped by the new culture. But for me what is important is that the quality of response in the picture: "Okay, to what extent are they bound, what is it now that they have got a duty to do?" That is not answered by saying that they have got duties just like over in Sinai-Shechem. For me it would be to say, "Whatever their duties are, they will be determined by what on earth that initial unilateral action of Yahweh's to them is." If the initial word of Yahweh is his crazy **heseth**, love and mercy for you despite your response, then that initial word of Yahweh to them is what shapes whatever response is appropriate. And here it seems to me that the appropriate response to that kind of input is analogous to the kind of response that happens when any one human being says to another human being, "Hey, I love you." Initially the first response anticipated from that kind of thing is not, "Okay, I will obey you," or "I will obligate myself to you." But the first response that kind of input seems to elicit is either, "Yes, or No, I am going to let you love me." "Yes, or No, I am going to receive your love." "Yes, or No, that suddenly hits me that is what the connecting link between us is." And for me that becomes the unique thing about the binding response. Israel is obligated

to do that. If they break that covenant, they break solely because they don't make that kind of response.

Ludwig: Talking about this covenant love that comes from God to which the response is, "I will let you love me," are you relating that to the Davidic covenant? Don't you see that in the other covenant?

Schroeder: I don't see the unconditional quality of it in the other one because that one seems to have a condition to it. Yahweh's continuing that way with Israel according to the Sinai-Shechem covenant has this hooker in it that says if you don't keep covenant under these rubrics, I will visit the iniquities unto the third and fourth generation, etc. There is that kind of hooker, and I say that I don't see that in the David-Noah-Abraham covenant.

Ludwig: Well, I guess at this point I would like to go back to the idea that the first covenant did come about as a result of God's love and certainly it has a "hooker" in it. But I think the Davidic covenant has a hooker in it too. I don't think —

Schroeder: What is the hooker in the David-Noah-Abraham covenant?

Ludwig: I don't know if we could work too much with the Abraham covenant unless we go back to the old traditions where certainly a response was expected of Abraham: for example, the command to go to the new country and so forth. But in the covenant with David certainly the king was expected to be mediator of blessing to the people from Yahweh; and if he didn't rule justly and when he used this to embellish his own power instead of administering the blessings of Yahweh, well, then the prophets step in and say, "You are breaking the covenant." Take Amos or Hosea, for example: breaking of the covenant amounts to the fact that the rulers are stepping on the poor. In other words, they are not ruling according to the love that God is showing to the people.

Schroeder: That may be all right to put both Amos and Hosea together and say the grounds of their critique are the same. I see Hosea, at least, making the grounds of the critique to be the breaking of the Davidic covenant. It is more easy for me to say that Amos's grounds of critique to be the breaking of the Sinai-Shechem covenant. Especially since Hosea has got the curious image of Yahweh the jilted husband, who doesn't destroy the unfaithful wife because she has jilted him, which is Sinai-Shechem, that is, if you are unfaithful I will visit your iniquities and this visitation is painful unto the third and fourth generation. Obviously I keep seeing New Testament parallels to this kind of critique of the Israel of the first century. The Pharisees in the Gospels were in my judgment working hard to fulfill their obligation framed in terms of Sinai-Shechem. The upsetting thing about Jesus' coming in there is that he apparently, as I read him, was alerting them to the Hosea kind of faith, which in some cases Jesus seems to think is really central. At least in two cases in Matthew's Gospel he says, "Go back and learn what Hosea meant when said, 'I desire mercy not sacrifice.'" Even that phrase can be interpreted Sinai-Shechem-wise; that is, what God wants you guys to do is get out there and be merciful. In other words, it is still a further specification of what ethical life with the neighbor ought to be. **Or** — and here is my hunch — Jesus may well have been saying, "What you guys have lost sight of is the very heart of Yahweh's own desire in his covenantal relationship with you: he wants mercy to be the just of that relationship, he wants to be merciful to you as Hosea in his marriage illustrated. The thing where you guys are missing the boat is that you are not apparently aware of that and therefore you are not in a position of even receiving the mercy. And Jesus would like to get the scales off your eyes in order that you might see that." Not that Jesus had something brand new, but that here is an entire part of the Old Testament — yea! the most important center of the whole Old Testament — which at the moment is somehow drowned or out of the picture.



Ludwig: I certainly agree that in Hosea you find this kind of a breakthrough to this understanding. But I hesitate to relate it to the Davidic covenant. It seems to me what Hosea is doing is reinterpreting the Sinai-Shechem covenant. The terminology and everything is correct for that covenant. As far as the northern kingdom at this time is concerned, the covenant with David down in Judah is not really a part of their cultic traditions anyway. Now I will grant you that perhaps in Jerusalem the kind of reinterpretation that Hosea did up north was taking place within in the context of this covenant with David.



Schroeder: The point of my argument, though, is based on my reading of Hillers. He says the substance of the Davidic covenant is this **heseth** election even in the face of unfaith on behalf of us, or even in the face of expectant future; Yahweh commits himself to stay with David and his descendents. This is the closest that the Old Testament comes to saying this is the forgiveness of sins by Yahweh, or forgiveness of sins of transgressions. I don't see any forgiveness in Sinai-Shechem.

Ludwig: Maybe not stated in the actual formulation of the covenant, but in the Exodus and certainly in the proclama-

tion of the name of Yahweh and in the fact that he promises to send his presence and acceptance of the people. I mean, the whole tradition is where there is forgiveness forth coming.

Schroeder: That word tradition is a very mixed bag, or at least in terms of what we are talking about.

Ludwig: So is the Sinai covenant.

Schroeder: No, I mean in terms of if one were to say, "Look how Yahweh was to us in the wilderness, doesn't that encourage you to at least say that Yahweh will forgive our iniquities?" "My gosh, 6000 fell on that day, etc." All of them died in the wilderness, and never got beyond where that place is.

Ludwig: There are two pictures of this wilderness tradition. Hosea says this was the time of the honeymoon, the honeymoon between Yahweh and Israel. Some of the other traditions look upon this as the time of testing for Israel in which they failed the test. But the very fact that Hosea would pick up wilderness traditions and make them the basis of pointing again and again to God's graciousness, I think, indicates that at least in the tradition that came to Hosea, the interpretation of this Sinai covenant involved also a picture of graciousness and forgiveness of God. And, therefore, I think we are justified in saying that Israel's basic conception of her relationship to Yahweh as far back as you can trace that (supposedly back to the Sinai covenant) also included the gracious and forgiving nature of Yahweh. But that is not to say there isn't the tension between the two. It bursts forth in the Davidic covenant where the tension is overcome more, and again in Hosea. I suppose I would tend to de-emphasize the idea of the Davidic covenant as a different covenant.

Keifert: Dr. Ludwig, how did the Israelite compromise the two contradictory notions; that is, how did he resolve this tension you have been speaking of?

Ludwig: For me, from earliest times on, their conception always had these two

polarities in tension and I don't think they ever compromised them or they didn't merge them. That was the heart of their religion. Certainly it becomes more clarified in Hosea and perhaps in the Davidic covenant, although perhaps Isaiah and Ezekial point out this also involves new dangers, new problems that have to be worked out. To put it crassly, I see "Law" and "Gospel" in both covenants — perhaps in a different type of tension than at present.

Schroeder: Ted, you just said that Hosea pulls these two covenants together in a unique and novel way, although in your sense you say they have always been together in almost every age of Israel's history. . . I would like to hear you out, then, on what you see as the unique Hosean way of pulling the two together.

Ludwig: The main thing about Hosea is the way he makes bold the fertility imagery of his time and makes this a mode for interpreting what the covenant is all about. Yahweh is the husband of all the people and disciplines the people. Finally, in chapter 11 you get this struggle in God himself between the wrath and the judgment and the decree coming out that "I won't punish you again, I will gather all your sins back."

Schroeder: What happens to the wrath and judgment?

Ludwig: I suppose that it is not really overcome except from the sight of God. It issues in what I would like to call redemptive love.

Schroeder: That is still not clear to me. I get the feeling from what you are saying that in chapter 11 of Hosea where he finally gets through wrestling with himself, finally just says, "I am going to turn off the wrath and judgment. I am not going to carry through on it." It is as though there were a radio blaring loud and he just turns the switch off.

Ludwig: No.

Schroeder: What happens to it, where does it go? Why does it stop?

Ludwig: I would see this as a preview of what happens on the cross. God's wrath is taken up into himself in a redemptive way.

Schroeder: That sounds like weasel words to me. **How so is** God's wrath taken up into himself in a redemptive way?

Ludwig: Ultimately, he is saying "I forgive you." I don't see it as in a sequence of chronological events, that is, what Hosea is perceiving finally, what is the real nature of the covenant. This doesn't take away the wrath of God, for the next day God's wrath is still there after Hosea has this vision. But what he perceives is something in the nature of the covenant with God, and, now we can read back and see this before. Finally it comes to full expression: God's demands aren't lessened and yet God's forgiveness comes out. And that's finally the nature of the covenantal problems.

Schroeder: I haven't heard you say what I understand is Hosea's unique way of putting the two covenants together. So I will tell you, and then you tell me if a) that is what you were saying or b) that is **not** what you were saying because what I said is **wrong**. I too think that in Hosea we have a unique way by which these two covenantal notions are put together. The real pain and the judgment-suffering that is caused by Gomer's marriage-covenantal break is a David-Noah-Abraham covenantal break, as I read it, refusing the steadfast love of the husband. The way that judgment gets overcome is that Hosea takes all the pain and suffering into himself. Therefore by analogy with Yahweh what Hosea is telling us is: Yahweh's David-Noah-Abraham covenantal relationship with you doesn't suddenly throw out Sinai-Shechem; but he is going to make Sinai-Shechem judgment stop, and the way he is going to do that will be to take the ouch into himself. And to that extent, in a sense, Sinai-Shechem is satisfied and Sinai-Shechem is not violated and neither by any means is the **heseth** Davidic covenant. Yahweh is so intense about the Davidic covenant that he will take the ouch of the Sinai-Shechem covenant into himself, and in that way that really does prefigure Good Friday.

Ludwig: That is precisely the way I would say it if I could phrase it in your words.

Schroeder: Quick, shut off the tape recorder before we disagree!

Ludwig: But then Hosea's understanding would be that this is really the way God has been all along, not that historically it has finally come to this conclusion. I think also that certainly Jeremiah picks up this same thing, and Deuteronomy with Moses in a sense becoming the symbol of the one who takes everything upon himself. The suffering servant follows in that tradition.

Schroeder: Yes, but it would seem to me that you have to be a little more precise in your rhetoric than you were five minutes ago when you said, "I see these themes of judgment and mercy — or Law and Gospel — sort of always going on." It is almost as though you were saying that these two constants and relatively equal components are sort of always there. For me, what Hosea shows is that the one triumphs over the other: the triumph of **heseth** over wrath and via this curious way that Yahweh takes the judgment into himself. His mercy is so great that he even trumps his own judgment with love.

Ludwig: But then something new enters in there. I think this comes to expression in Hosea, but that is not to say that Israel didn't live by that reality previous to this. But it is not just his **heseth** overcoming his judgment. Isn't it something new that comes out of the struggle between the two?

Schroeder: You apparently think there is. So you tell me what that novelty, that **novum** is now that these two have struggled.

Ludwig: In Hosea's terms that **novum** is God's pain. It is not just his love but his pain that overcomes his wrath. In other words, God's love. . . . It is not simply God's covenant love vs. covenant wrath with love winning out. But it seems to me that the tension remains; the tension between the love and the wrath is always

there. What happens is that God's own pain results in his forgiveness, or forgiving love. The new thing is his forgiving love — not the new thing, but the forgiving love grows out of the clash between love and wrath.

Schroeder: You have brought a new term into the conversation. You have two covenantal terms, love and wrath.

Ludwig: Perhaps the word should be God's grace toward his people.

Schroeder: Then forgiving love is then in some sense a third component which. . . .



Ludwig: Which is not identical with either of these, but which is in the mind of Hosea the greater unity which he sees in God himself.

Schroeder: I would see forgiving love as already operational in whatever that word grace — as we were using it — now designates. And the only new thing I would see in Hosea is the **modus operandi**, the way in which that forgiving **heseth** operates: Yahweh takes the pain of judgment into himself and thereby, if you will, releases and redeems the prostitute Gomer and unfaithful Israel of its alienation, judgment, and all the negative words.



Alice Lampsatis

This article is an encore to David Orner's article entitled "**Encore**", which appeared on page 7 in the last issue of **The Lighter**. I illustrated the account, thought about it, then wondered how my observations compared with those of Dave, and those of other readers.

Could Dave have known, as he quickly claimed a title, that its letters were chemically combined in his name? As he sketched and peeled radishes, teabags, stripes, aortas, and bodies, did he see the archetypal character of his images? It is as if he started writing, and the images developed themselves; he pulled a radish that looked green, got a bulb of white covered by red, then found a chaos of hairs and roots as an anchor. Anchor — another title concealed in "**Encore**" — revealed itself, along with the French "en corps", meaning "in its entirety"; and "on corpse", referring to the fact that discovery in this account comes by making cuts and jabs on the corpse or radish.

The image of the teabag is a derivative of teapot or simply pot. A radish is a radical, rooted in the underground of thought, and showing its face, green as grass, on the face of the earth. A radish gets sustenance from tea, which comes in its own bag or wrapping. Tea and radishes, then, have similar growth patterns, as shown by the first illustration.

The red blood of a radish is on its outside, just as the stripes of G. Walters, narrator, are on his body, and not on



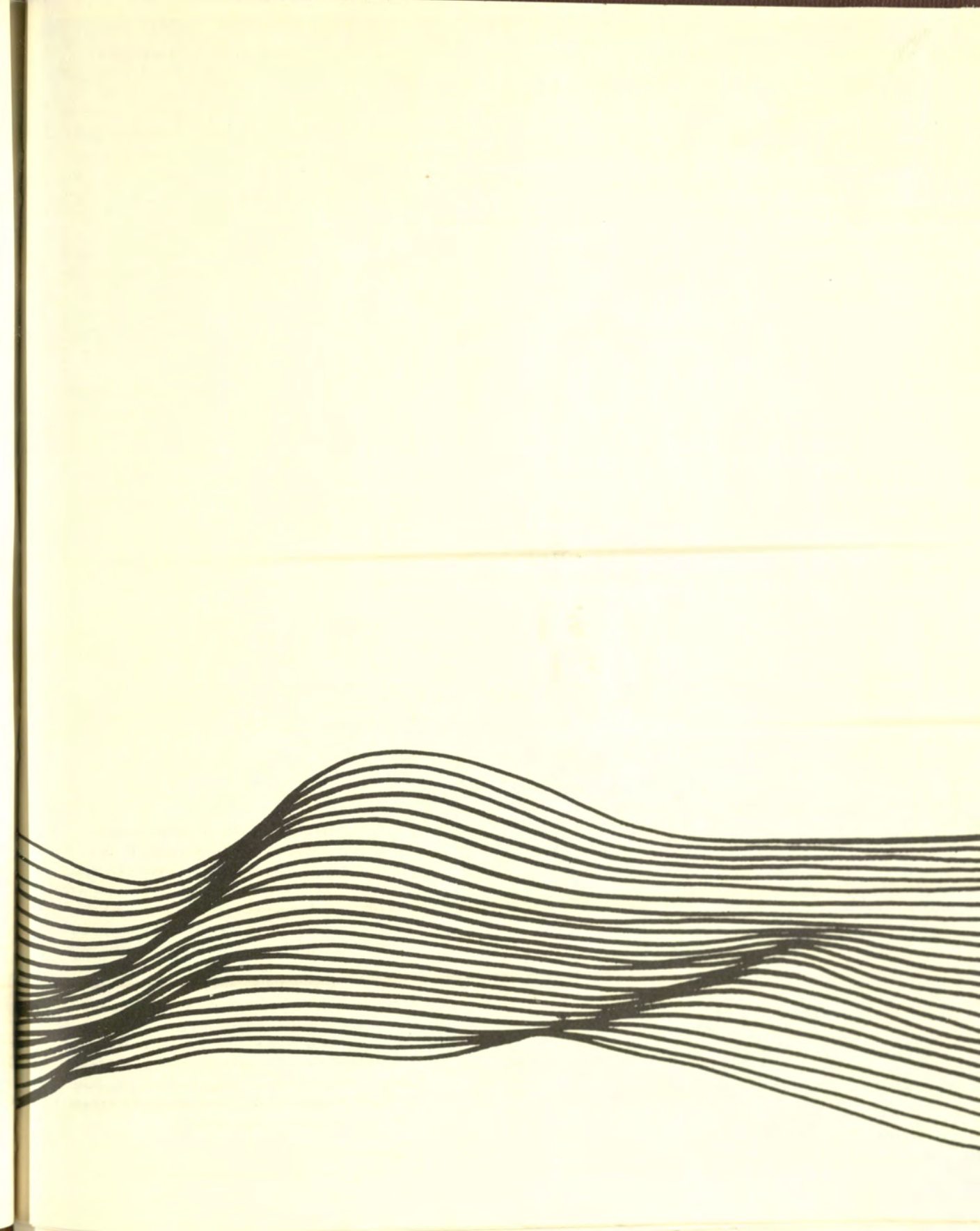
his shirt. A radish is solid, whereas the blue cheese of the law crumbles readily and reeks. A nurse is an apt partner to a radish, for she dresses in pure white, but deals in blood. Her red is on the inside and white on the outside — the complementary reversal of a male radish, very interesting. Subterranean interpretations are well fertilized in Orner's story, for he takes the phrase "blow your mind" through layers and layers of interpretation and interpenetration.

A radical looks like a radish on its side. Grass is in its mouth, and the hair or root is long. If there is sufficient dirt, radishes may really thrive in the hair, as shown in the second illustration, and then, of course, the radish can be anchored elsewhere on the radical.

With this background, it is easier to follow the story. G. Walters and C. Billington are roommates, not always confined to their room, but mates nonetheless. G. Walters eats in the dormitory, and speaks of himself and food. Soon he is on the subject of tea, another kind of food. From this point on, the narrative and scope of vision expand in time and space, coming to include the roommate, Mr. Radish, the young pusher, nurse, and representatives of the law. The form of the narrative is an arsic curve, ballistic curve, or musical crescendo and and decrescendo. The narrator, when under the influence of teabags, objectivizes himself from the story, being at least one step outside the physical reality of his body. His mind encompasses the larger poetic realities surrounding him with fresh dimensions of meaning.

The flow of words is spontaneous in **Encore**. More energy is added to the words when Orner takes phrases and words with multiple connotations, and, without transition, shoots off to a different context. This happens with "care" enlarging to CARE, as in packages, "less" to the proper name Les, and "letter" to "let her", to name a few instances. Orner also interprets idioms literally, a device common in modern English and French writing.

Important new trends in the arts are represented in this account. **Encore** is an assemblage or collage of impressions, images, and environments in conflict. In music there is the parallel trend to pile up sounds, melodic lines, and even styles that dissonate or conflict, producing LARGENESS. Change is very much an element of new sculpture, art, happenings, and music; in **Encore** also there is always sudden change, which gives form. Change brings to mind the INSTANT of existence. All is a strange combination of the EXTENSIONAL and EXISTENTIAL. You glance at the crown of the radish, but know that its roots extend deep, deep down.



Shower forth! good heaven
cries Aloyisious from his barricade
a human trench
human, that is, because there are no longer
smells of bare earth
but only smells of blood and guts and gore
and sweaty feet
and unwashed feet
and bare feet

walking to and fro on this the front line

Davey Sandel

and now it is my turn
to twist the world and skip
some cloudy nights sometime
ago i loved to watch the moon
rise into the sun and
now the nights are long and
lighter than air

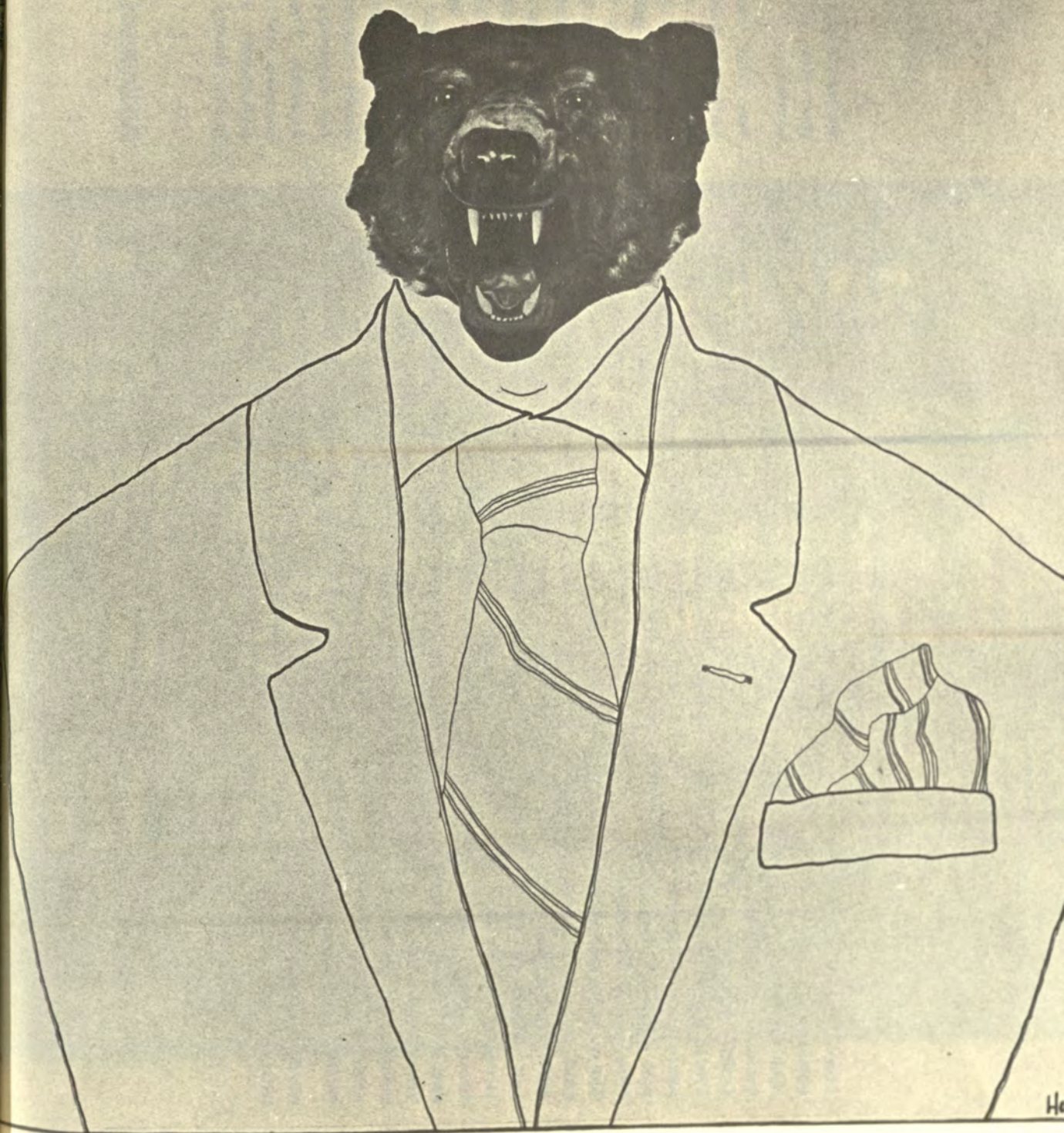
several numbers come to my mind
thinking about time and its meandering content whelps
and hair under hear under her arms
keeps me in the fold
japanese breasts on my love so fair
i can't help wondering
if i'm really there
when she holds me between her breasts
they are so big
i lose myself
and dreams and nipples help me find my way

and there he was shining
knight of many armours all
there alone for us and we looked
up where the king had died and visited
his grave in the deep dark woods,
after which we slowly walked into the
very beautiful day

Anneke and Davey

orifices dangling from some telephone booth
somewhere stuck between two posterboards
upon the elevations of a dark driven city in a
state the like of which has only just been seen the
day before a block away — i wonder where the
willows went down by the riverside whispers a
coal-filled barge to the gritch wa-wa on the way
down — glub glub saracarub skitchy-skatchy-
sacromania skitchy-skatchy sacrorumania said
the transylvanian to the lady, say are you not
from Transylvania, pour some sorrow in my ears,
yikky yakky porridge-spilt, pilttscho dilttscho
slit the silt and drop me down only my coffin, not
me, will drown, orange mangoes twill paradise
make if I pray the Lord to take amen and put them
to sleep along with the awomen

Davey Sandel



complications upset
their fine, lucid pro-
ceedings.

The trial imposed a
sentence: nakedness,
exposure, solitude.
My guilt is gone; it
drained away in
flames. My flesh is
left because it yields
no further leavings to
interest the tea-leaf
readers. It rests now,
feeding, growing. The
germ that failed to
be extracted swells,
regenerating its pro-
tective sheathing. And
finally a day will come,
the sentence will be
finished. The lean I
nurture will be free,
concealed in fat,
guilty words. Again.

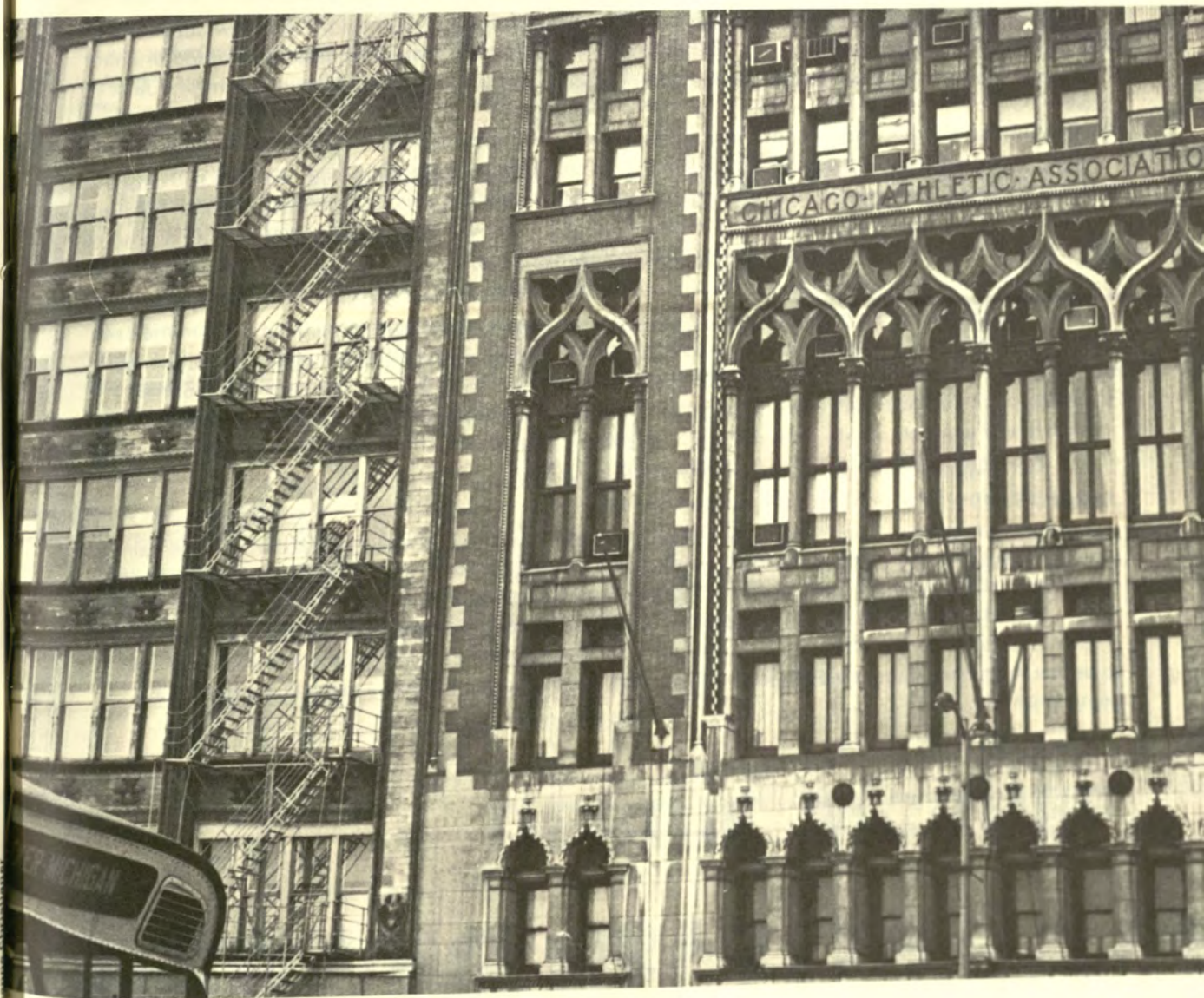
and saw the clearness
they had read in my
life's juices and cried
and lit the fire beneath
the pot again, to try
to draw one final
drop to change and
tint their findings
with lean honesty.
But seared and shriv-
eled, I failed to
squeeze that single,
needed drop and des-
perate, I seized the
flesh and held it out
before the bar as
evidence. In the court
there was silence and
blankness on faces
of all who could not
comprehend me. They
had read what they
wanted and strange

words of their record
are bare of the tor-
ment and fire they ran
through me. They
threw my flesh in an
iron vat and fueled a
fire beneath it. Their
transcript shows the
fat they rendered from
my lean, but not the
hellish misery. My
drippings were col-
lected, studied, num-
bered, set in order.
With these, my jury
sat to read the nature
of my character,
pleased to find their
own truth hidden.
Then they rose and in
body confronted me,
revealing their insight
and verdict. I looked

I have been tried. I am
convicted. Guilty, I
was unaware of it;
on trial, for some time
I did not know of it.
The jury peered at me,
assayed my nature,
and I learned of sor-
cery and persecution.
The magic of body and
soul and mind was
within me, expressive
and wordless. The
jury's concern,
though, was words
and a fabric of facts.
They debated and
culled and came up
with a fifty page tran-
script.

My peers' satisfaction
escapes me, for the

Anonymous



June 1, 1970

Today I bought this diary because it was on sale and because no one wants to listen to me any more. Maybe posterity will read my journal, and I'll be famous as a martyr. When I was taking the garbage out to the alley this morning, I found a painting that cut me off from reality — all the dirt, rats, corruption, deceit, and ignorance which determine life. In this painting everything contradicts the world as we know it. Grass grows toward the center of the earth, and we must lie upon the roots of the trees. The water in a little lake is thick and blue. The frogs and squirrels live together in an old dog house. Upon seeing any sudden movements, the birds bark or growl. Though it's not actually shown, I know that here you would fall up instead of down, it would storm all day without there being any floods, and I would love living.

June 2, 1970

As usual, I received my daily allowance of two bills in this afternoon's mail. I don't even owe the one to the General Finance Company, but the computer that sends out the statements hates. All computers hate me; they're too human. They always spell my name wrong, too. Who would ever have a name like Jack Stalk?

I hung my painting up today. I put it inside the door of the broom closet in the kitchen. When no one is around, I open the door to the broom closet, and I can study my painting while I eat. Its value would have been destroyed in the living room. There would be too many opportunities for ordinary people to see it, and they couldn't appreciate it. They don't deserve to see it anyhow. I hit my thumb with the hammer when I was trying to pound that lousy nail in the closet door.

June 3, 1970

I saw a guy I used to go to school with, and he didn't even say hello to me. I looked him right in the eyes and stared at him, but he still wouldn't acknowledge me. Oh, well, I wouldn't want anybody like that to talk to me anyway. There wouldn't be anybody like him in my painting. I wish I could live there. Sometimes I feel as if I did live there once. Maybe I've been reincarnated into a man, and I used to be one of those frogs or squirrels. That's probably not true, though. I don't think there could be any kind of death in that place, and you have to die to be reincarnated.

June 4, 1970

I pulled the telephone line out of the wall. It kept on ringing while I was eating and looking at the paintings. People are always trying to push off society's evil products on you. They have to do this in order to have some of society's dirty money so they also can buy society's evil products. It wouldn't have bothered me so much if I would have been interrupted by just wrong numbers rather than sales pitches.

Two fools just got married and are dragging the cans tied to their car bumper down this street. I used to be like them once. Sometimes I wish I was still part of society. While I was, I never knew that I was being phony.

JACK, THE

June 5, 1970

I smashed the doorbell with the same hammer I used on my thumb. More sales pitches and some nosey guy from the phone company wanted to come in and look at my phone. Why can't people mind their own business? He didn't care if my phone worked anyway. It was just part of his job. I should really feel sorry for him, doing work he doesn't care about. But I don't. People don't feel sorry for me, and I have to live among the whole homogeneous bunch of them.

Since I skipped lunch today and didn't have a chance to look at my painting, I spent an hour looking at it before going to bed.

June 6, 1970

It's the anniversary of my wife's death. Her name was Laura. It's been nine years. I hope she's living in that painting. Maybe that's why I love the painting so much. Something about it draws me to it. And it was just part of somebody's trash. They can't see in it what I do. They're blind and unconscious of it. I made your favorite today, Laura — fried chicken. I wish I could give you some. I heard the Browns have a ghost in that old house of theirs. Why can't you come back, Laura? Things wouldn't have to be any different from when you were still here. I know you could appreciate the painting just as much as I do.

June 7, 1970

Today was the first day this month that it didn't rain. There were a lot of little kids and dogs out on my front lawn wearing out the grass, but I got rid of them before they did too much damage. There were some people washing their cars, too. I hope it rains tomorrow. I like thunderstorms best, with a lot of colored lightning. I met Laura while we were waiting on a street corner in Detroit for a bus. We were having one of those thunderstorms then. She looked so pretty with the colored lights shining on her face and her long wet hair. I have my clothes all packed for the trip tomorrow. I haven't been in Detroit since I lost Laura, and I'm going to put some white roses and purple violets on her grave. Some dandelions, too. She always liked dandelions, especially after they got all white and fuzzy. She always blew them in my face. We used to mow just half the lawn at a time so she could always pick a bouquet of dandelions.

June 8, 1970

I had a hard time today finding the street corner where I met Laura. Detroit's really changed. The lousy sun was shining, too. Laura's grave was still in the same place. After I put the flowers on the grave, the sky got darker and more cloudy so I think Laura was pleased. If she's able to make it storm like it did when we met, I'll go stand on the street corner tonight. I only have one picture of her, and I brought it with me and keep it in my pocket. Some day if I have enough time, I'll have to have some copies made of it. Then I can put one on the broom closet door. I wish I had brought the painting with me because I really miss it, but I was afraid I might lose it. I have to go eat now. I'm going to have fried chicken.

DEBBIE MCPHEE

BARKING BIRDBRAIN

June 9, 1970

It started storming just after I ate last night — the same way it did when Laura was here. I thought I saw her once, but it wasn't her. That girl thought I was crazy when I started kissing her and calling her Laura. Her father was pretty mad too, but he didn't call the cops. They did cross the street and waited on a different corner though. Everybody was staring at me. Some guy came up to me and gave me a bottle of little orange pills. He said they'd make me feel good, that I would forget all my problems. I thanked him and offered to pay for them; but he said it was just a sample bottle and he just got in a whole shipment of them. He said if I wanted any more that I should go to Joe's Bar and ask for my brother-in-law Bob. I'm not supposed to tell anybody else about this because if he starts selling this stuff on a large scale to lots of different people, then he would have to raise his prices. Who would I tell anyway? I didn't take any of those pills last night or today. I thought I better save them since I won't have many chances to come here and buy them. The guy said I couldn't order them in the mail. My clothes really got wet last night. I hung them over the register, and now they're stiff. I spent most of the day sleeping because I had a big day yesterday. I didn't even bother to eat anything today. I hope my painting is safe.

June 10, 1970

When I woke up this morning, I couldn't remember whether Laura's eyes were blue or green. That never happened before. How could I forget anything about her? She meant. . . she means so much to me. I have to find her picture. I don't know where I put it. The lousy sun is shining again. I went back to the street corner, and all I found were cigaret packages, chewing gum wads, and some other trash. I looked all night under that lousy clear sky until eight this morning, June 11. The street cleaners came, so now I'll never find it unless it's still here in my room.

June 11, 1970

I fell asleep about one o'clock this afternoon for about three hours. Then I started looking again. The sun was shining. Why can't the lightning ever hit the sun and explode it? My stomach has been growling all day. The cheap landlord came up for another day's rent.

June 12, 1970

I was right about this painting. I have a feeling Laura is here too. She has blue eyes. I can remember now. The frogs and squirrels and barking birds are here, too. The tree roots sticking in my back feel like sponge as I lay here writing, looking at the sky. It's going to storm today. Last night I finally found Laura's picture. It was ruined. The only reason why I knew it was her was because one corner didn't get wet, and I could see her name where she had signed it that day we met. It was in my shirt pocket, the shirt I was wearing two or three days ago in the rain. I needed something so I took three of those orange pills. It didn't say what one dosage was so I just pretended it was aspirin. After that it didn't matter that Laura's picture was ruined. Now I know that I'll have something better than her picture, I'll have her. I hear some thunder starting to rumble a few miles away. The sky's so dark and beautiful like her. A raindrop just fell in my eye. There's all kinds of colored lightning all over. It's hitting me, but I don't feel anything. Somebody is on top of the hill and is coming this way. Her hair is still long and wet. She's beautiful when the colored lightning.

This diary was found in a Detroit hotel near the body of Jack Stark.



Roehl

Bob Croninger

Gather around O' you children of the
many colored bow, gather around.
Gather around and hear how Jaysark,
Prince of the many colored bow,
defeated Chaosung, the dragon.
Chaosung the evil one who severed sun
from sky, the dogwood from the land and
woman from man.
Pryasim Pryasim
Listen, O' children of the origin
of love.

Endless times hath the dogwood bloomed
since the evil one prowled the land
of our ancients.

For many ages the sun hath chased the
moon's tail across the heavens since
the first children of the bow trembled
in fear of the dragon's shadow,
Chaosung's mighty powers to sever.
Loravmersay Loravmersay
Jaysark, protect the children from the
evil one.
Protect the children with love.

Chaosung's mighty body plunged all
the land into shadow, all into darkness.
The sun cried out unable to find the sky.
The willow weeped for the soil's fond embrace.
The children shed tears of sorrow,
unable to touch their mother's breasts.
Only the evil one's shrill laughter broke
the blackness and all were afraid.
Pryasim Pryasim
O' mighty Jaysark hear the children.
O' Father of the bow send our champion.

The Father of the bow saw the tears of
the children, heard his people's prayers.
He then sent Jaysark to arch the heavens with
the many colored bow and the dark shroud
of evil was shattered.
Jaysark then drew back the bow and let fly
a ray from the sun that pierced the dragon,
that pierced the heart of evil.
Loravmersay Loravmersay
Praise Jaysark in his mercy
Praise his greatest gift to man.

In his wisdom Jaysark feared the dragon's
shadow would return, feared his children
would feel the hurt of loneliness once more.
So the Prince put all into a deep sleep.
Jaysark then took from the bow the
most beautiful of all its bands and remade
the sun, sky, trees, land, man and
woman in its light.
Pryasim Pryasim
Praise Jaysark's all-knowing wisdom.
Praise his Father of the bow.

Hear O' children the nature of Jaysark's
wisdom, hear children the nature of love.
Never again shall Chaosung sever man and
woman unwillingly from one another.
Never again shall the sun loose the sky.
For the children of the many colored bow
are made of one another, are made of the
most beautiful of all the bow's bands.
Pryasim Pryasim Loravmersay
This O' children of the bow is the
tale of the origin of love.

A beautiful morning! 7:30 and the sun is smiling. Hi there, Smedley. Had breakfast yet? No? Well, I guess I'll get us some. That's a good boy. Purr for me. Let's see now . . . there should be some milk in the refrigerator and maybe some eggs and bread. How's that sound? Just let me get out of bed here and see what we've got. Where'd I leave the old icebox? There behind the bookcase, huh? Open a window, will you, Smed? Hmm, two eggs, three pieces of bread, and some milk. Not much milk, though. Scrambled eggs. Get a bowl out of that cupboard over there. That's a big pile of books in front of it, though. Why aren't they in the case? It's full is it? Okay, I'll just stash them under the bed. Uh-oh, the laundry's under there. Well, on top of the bed, then. No clean bowls? There's one. Now, pour the milk into it, and add the eggs. Where are the eggs? Get the window open yet, Smed? Well, don't give up yet. There they are. Now, to beat the whole mess up. See if you can find the frying pan and the stove, Smed. Where's something to beat this with? No, don't eat it now, let me fry it first. Did you find the frying pan yet? It must be here somewhere. Stop eating that, Smed! I know you're hungry, but at least you could wait till it's fried. If you need something to do, go get the mail. Oh well, you might as well finish this now; there's hardly any left. I'll go get the mail. What's this? A letter from Ellen? Haven't heard from her since she left here. That was almost a year ago. Funny how feelings can change in that much time. Still, I guess I should go see what she wants. After all, I owe her a great deal. What's on the return address? That's not too far from here. Think you can get along for a couple of days without me, Smed? I'll leave the water running in the sink, and you ought to be able to work something out with the rats. I'll be back tomorrow or the next day. Take care, Smed.

Jon Meinzen

2 HR.
PARKING
9 AM-6 PM
EXCEPT
SUNDAY &
HOLIDAYS

GRANITE - MARBLE
MEMORIALS



