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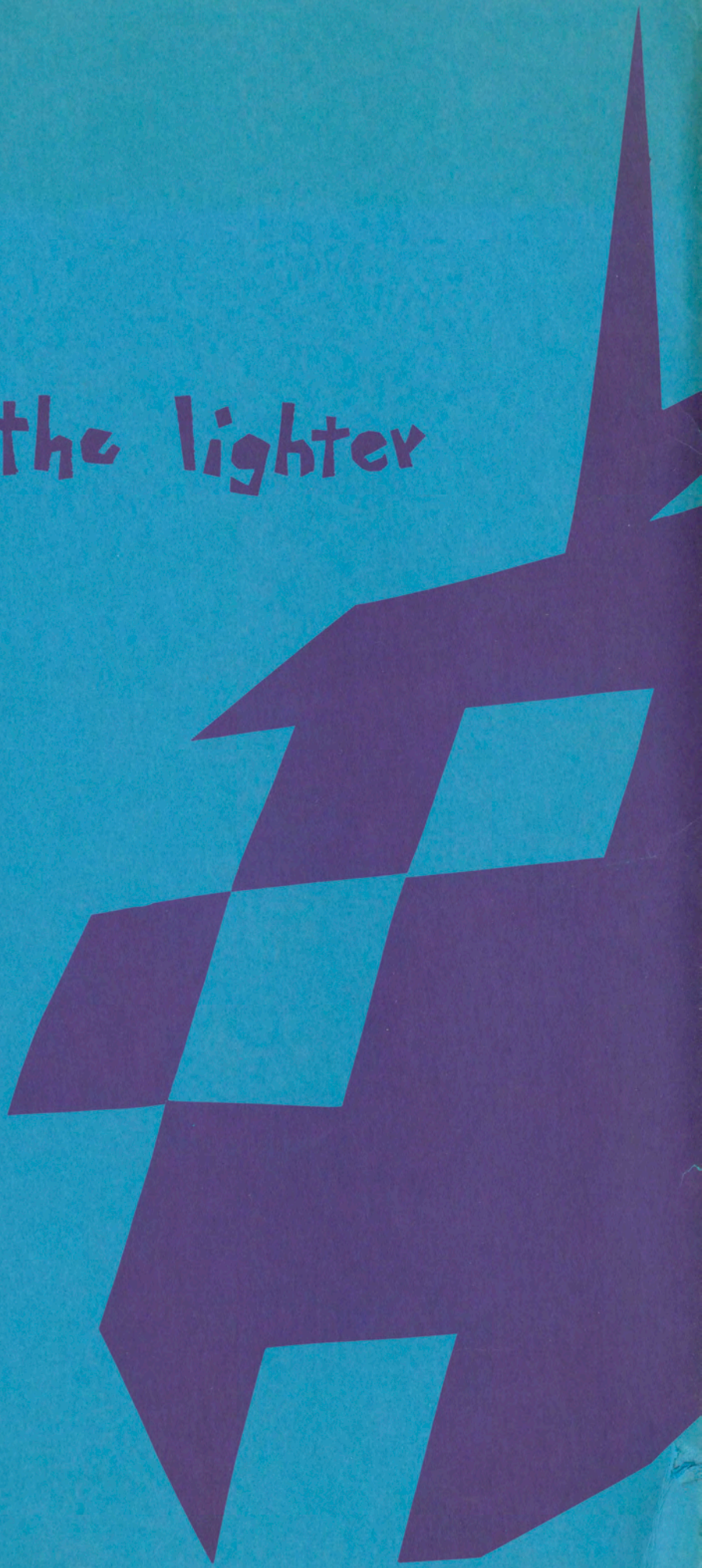
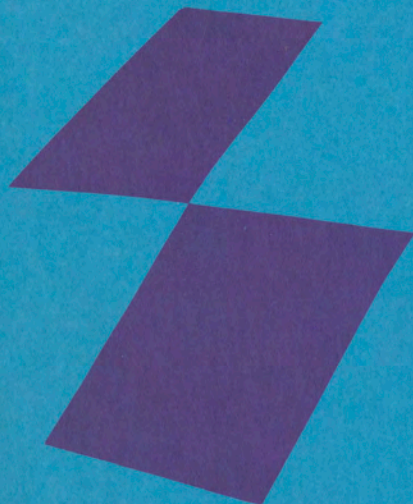
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16/4

# The lighter



16/4

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### LIGHTER PORTFOLIO ISSUE

The Lighter is a variety magazine by and for the students of Valparaiso University, funded by the Student Senate. Contributions are invited from all members of the university community and are selected for publication on the basis of quality and interest. Entire contents copyrighted May, 1974, by Albert G. Huegli, President of Valparaiso University.

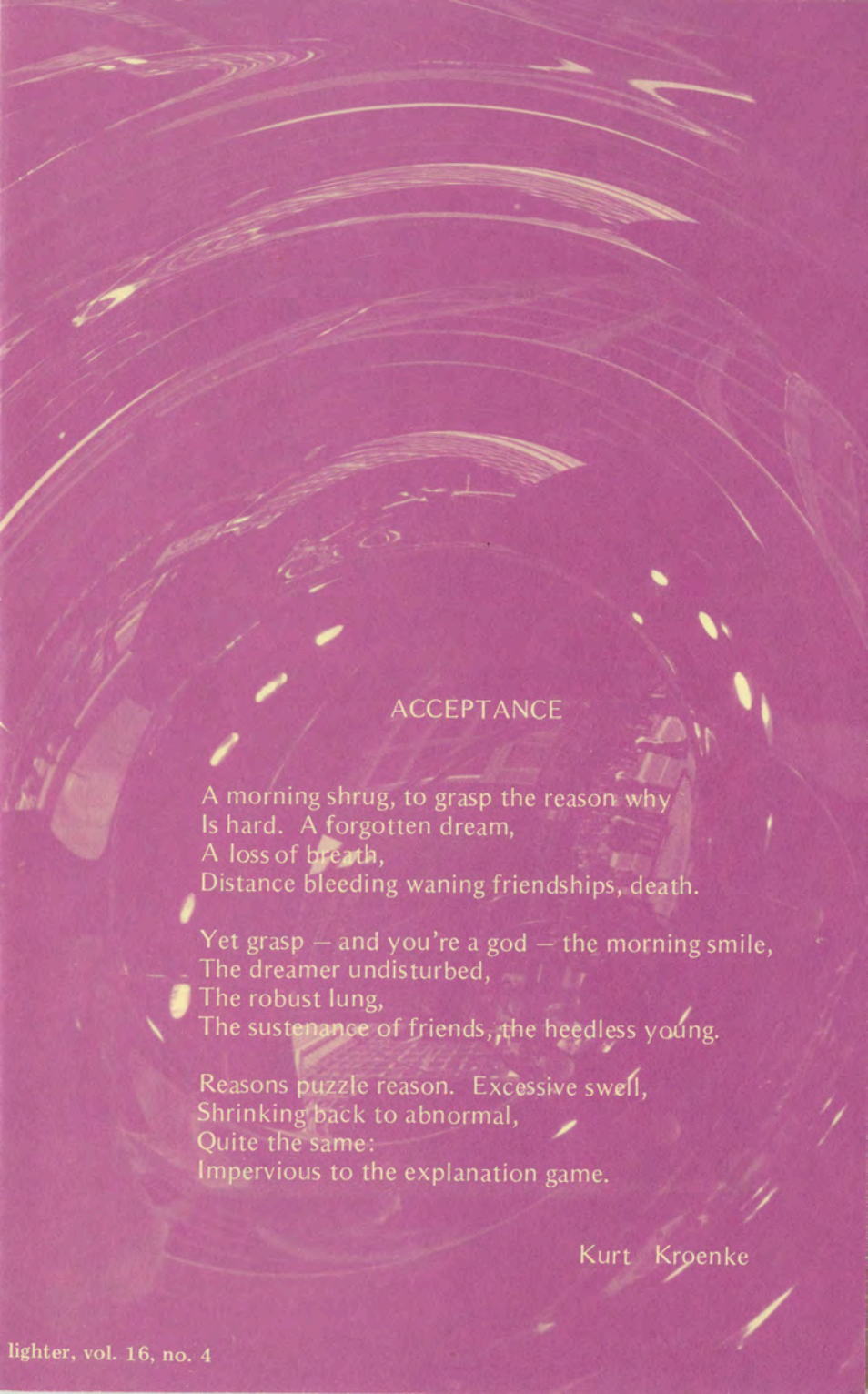
The editors thank all contributors for sharing their works with them and invite comments and criticisms on the selection and presentation of material.

- Poetry      Acceptance, Kurt Kroenke  
                 A Day of Print and Paper, Marc Deede  
                 "For Me You Have Written," Linda Gebhard  
                 In Spite of Two Women Presumed Dead, Anonymous  
                 Left Alone Again, Gayle Stevenson  
                 Now Just Part of the Lab, Marc Deede  
                 "Our Father," Anonymous  
                 "Writing Your Music," Linda Gebhard
- Articles      Reflections on Euterpe's Rape, David Townsend  
                 Cage of Derelicts, Marty Callaghan  
                 Forms vs. Chaos, Kristin Gehring  
                 How to Dance the Galliard, Eunice Schroeder  
                 We Can Shoot You, Dale Jacquette
- Music          Movin' Moods, Rick Mercer
- Photography      Karen Kasten  
                 Bill Godecke  
                 Erv Dukatz  
                 Karen Kasten  
                 Tim Putra
- Prints          Schatzi Schmidt  
                 Donna Beilfuss      Poster
- Drawings          Holly Hoover  
                 Karla Krentz  
                 Ron Reigle

The LIGHTER, Vol. 16, Number 4; May, 1974.

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ard lee

The editors especially thank Mr. Larry Klemz and his staff at The Herald Press for patience and perseverance — not to mention excellence in printing! — for all four issues and the Lighter calendar this year.

A photograph of a tunnel with a person walking away, overlaid with a circular, swirling pattern.

## ACCEPTANCE

A morning shrug, to grasp the reason why  
Is hard. A forgotten dream,  
A loss of breath,  
Distance bleeding waning friendships, death.

Yet grasp — and you're a god — the morning smile,  
The dreamer undisturbed,  
The robust lung,  
The sustenance of friends, the heedless young.

Reasons puzzle reason. Excessive swell,  
Shrinking back to abnormal,  
Quite the same:  
Impervious to the explanation game.

Kurt Kroenke

NOW JUST PART OF THE LAB

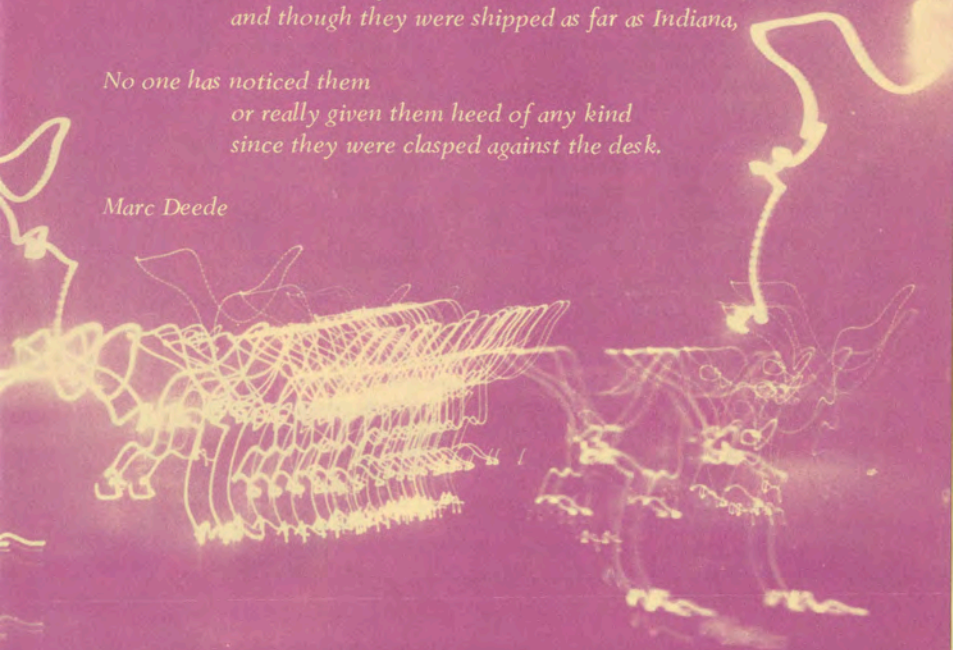
Some time ago – it was a while because the threads are  
discolored now,  
some one in this lab wiped the top of this desk  
and caught the edge of the cloth  
and a few threads were pulled out  
and clamped under a gas spout.

Those few threads,  
once aligned and tightened by a woman in New York  
have been here – clamped against the desk –  
for quite a while.  
throughout the ministrations of a number of  
students and professors.

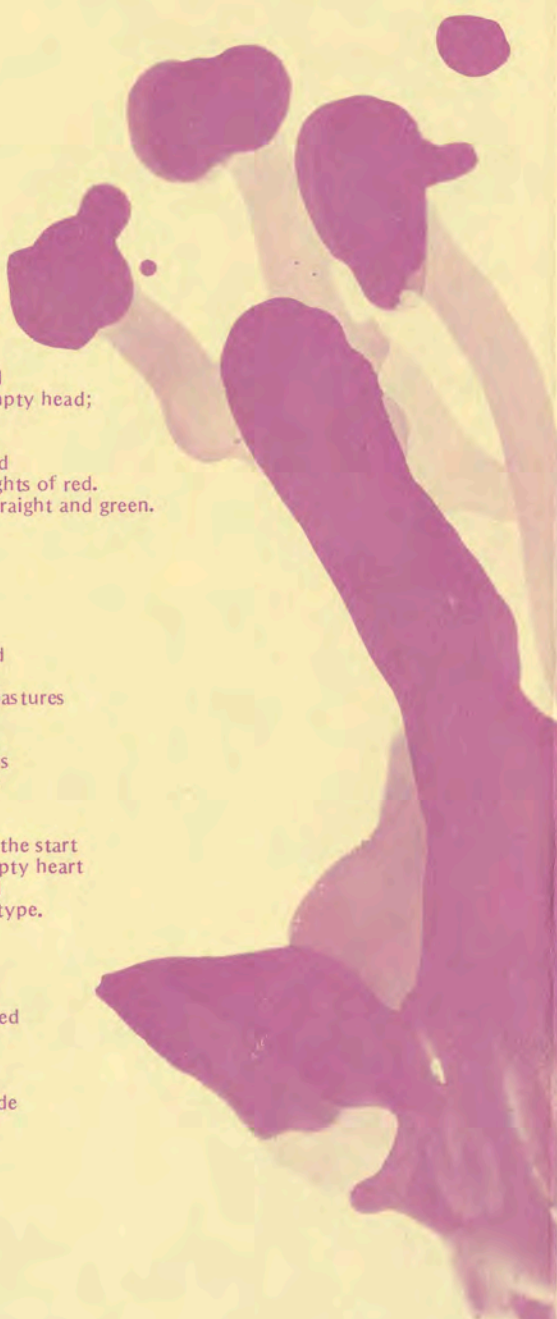
And though once a woman held them in her hand  
and was alert to guide them through a huge machine  
so that they became a cloth,  
and though they were shipped as far as Indiana,

No one has noticed them  
or really given them heed of any kind  
since they were clasped against the desk.

Marc Deede



Our Father:



Dad, Pop, the old man  
as those hip slink in  
to have a nip, drop in  
on meth and LSD:  
'Remember me,  
Forget morality'  
"Drop out!"  
they shout;  
"Turn on!"  
to beyond.  
Wide dark eyes  
hypnotized  
march and sing  
with Falcon wings  
to echoing war-drums  
The toy soldier tum-tums  
as the rockets' red glare:  
bombs burst below air.  
One reclines on a new bed  
With restless body and empty head;  
Joy is out, suffering in.  
Love is lost, hate begins.  
Liberty-a gold eagle spread  
by lips of black and thoughts of red.  
The pine grows tall and straight and green.  
Fantasy  
is the tarnished key  
to living true  
Or wouldn't you?  
Visions, lights,  
star-spangled nights,  
Wrapped in layers of weed  
that mistakenly lead  
the sheep to burned-out pastures  
where ruins yet remain  
when life became in vain  
'cause pangs of restlessness  
gave way to hopelessness:  
But doves are white  
and so is Right;  
and Man is doomed from the start  
With hollow head and empty heart  
dangling by his paper soul  
covered with bold, black type.  
The fires of Hell  
are hot as well  
as red.  
Ahead  
Time sports no holds barred  
and Some become pawns  
to be preyed upon  
and the rest turn aside  
and butter up Christ's bride  
with their "tenth-tithe"  
As the ocean tide  
Rolls mournful  
    hopeless . . .  
Thy will be done?

## Reflections on Euterpe's Rape

David Townsend

For the past two hours I've been sitting at my desk trying to determine how to begin. This is as much about what poetry is as about what it isn't, but I've just about decided that the "isn't" is going to come first. Mnemosyne's daughter has been raped. If you don't like hearing it, if you don't want to come in this way, I'm afraid you'll have to leave, because all the other doors are locked.

A poem of mine appeared in the last *Lighter*. I allowed translations of the Latin and Greek lines in the piece to be printed below it. Doing that was like selling my daughter to a traveling salesman.

I loved "On the Rack" just as it stood. I submitted it because I loved it just as it stood; had I felt otherwise, I would not have attempted to publish it. It was, in some sense, my child. Now, despite any theory to the contrary, a piece of writing is, as Auden said, prose insofar as it is translatable, and poetry insofar as it is not. The essence of poetry is not distillation, but virginity of language. (I realise that I have in this so formidable an opponent as Gwendolyn Brooks, but I also have so formidable an ally as T.S. Eliot.) And in presuming to translate into other words something which I believed complete as it stood, I have violated the principle that *how* I have said what I have said matters, and destroyed the virginity of my language, the worst offense anyone with any serious interest in poetry can commit.

Of course, I realise that many are annoyed that I resorted to multilingual poetry in the first place. I've often been told that to do so is to limit one's audience, and in our society this seems to be the greatest of all possible heresies: art is for the people, and that art which the people cannot unanimously grasp is decadent. But the problem here is that art deals in beauty, and beauty is not a matter of objectivity, visible to a group of people in the same way as a fleet of bulldozers plowing down a forest. The appreciation of poetry depends upon the reader's having at least some ability to adapt to the author's orientation, "to get into his skin and walk around in it." Otherwise, a work leaves the reader cold: one cannot conceive of Alexander Pope's enjoying the theatre of the absurd. Ultimately, for all its value, the New Criticism is inadequate in that it overlooks the fact that a work of art *must* produce an emotional effect to be successful. Even the intellectual delight in technical accomplishment must be *felt* in common with the author. And to argue that the transparent communication of purely intellectual concepts is art is to place one's geomorphology textbook on a par with *Candide*. The task, then, for the poet who wishes his art to be accessible to "the people" as a whole is to make his subjective vision accessible to all those around him. Mythological allusion goes, for

fear of alienating those whose education has not acquainted them with Greek legend. And so we must smash all those marbles of Apollo and Daphne, and burn the tragedies of Sophocles among the fragments. Rhetorical devices go, and with them Cicero, Demosthenes, Vergil, T.S. Eliot, Pound, Milton, and Shakespeare. Rhyme and meter in verse go, since they are pre-eminently opposed to everyday speech. Exeunt Wordsworth, Keats, Blake, e.e. Cummings, G.M. Hopkins, Auden, Edna St. Vincent Millay *et alii*. Among these and other ashes we are left with the consolation of an art as ephemeral as its creators, dependent entirely for its existence on majority vote, and subject to obliteration by shifts in lifestyle, language (I can't believe that English won't someday be as "dead" as Attic Greek), and social structure. We are left with Memory's child crying for her lost honor. Some may call an irrelevant" art decadent, but one often finds that the supremely "relevant" art of these same people is quite rapidly decaying. Theirs is an art of negation, of the intersection of sets: include enough sets, and the area of intersection shrinks to the limit of zero.

Does this mean that poetry is only for one's own narrow circle? There are two answers. If by "for one's own circle" one means requiring some degree of similar background, yes: Moliere is for the French, Vergil for the Romans, Basho for the Japanese, and Solzhenitsyn for the Russians. That's one way of looking at it. The other was is to believe that one can rise above the barriers between one world-vision and another, and meet the authors of a different time and land upon their own ground. I want to read Moliere, so I learn my French. I enjoy haiku, so I dig out a Japanese grammar, and so forth. And why should we be less willing to devote time and energy to understanding a difficult English poet, such as Eliot? But we must enter into their visions, not they into ours.

I still have not explained the "why" of a poem which required the hand-printing of lines for which type of the appropriate alphabet was not to be had. I shall not explain it. I cannot explain it. I could, of course, say that the words I chose were chosen because no others had the same qualities of meaning, of rhythm, or of aural texture. I could say that to have used other words would have been to pollute the flower that lay hidden there, that actually *by virtue* of those words' having rather inaccessible meanings I was protecting something so close to my heart that I dared not expose it carelessly. But such "explanations" would be futile. I would immediately be understood by my fellows, and never understood at all by anyone else. Ultimately, to speak, as Auden does, of the pristine quality of words, is itself to employ that quality: the phrase "virginity of language" either strikes home or it does not. It cannot be translated into purley objective terms. One either knows that there is the music of a fountain in the name "Aganippe" or does not. And in that I take great comfort, for it means that at least in this respect I cannot again betray the integrity of human speech.

*writing your music you  
come to know that  
loneliness is of the essence  
you*

*take a strange long walk  
in your head on a wet night  
you sing out melodies  
at unfeeling clouds, to*

*try out your colours--  
and then you take your fear  
and paint it on the wet sky  
you*

*dare that sky to answer,  
that is the cleansing of lent  
the lonely, empty tomb  
of one man's easter:*

*where has he gone?*

*poem for a missing jesus*

Linda  
Gebhard

## A DAY OF PRINT AND PAPER

In a day of print and paper

Life seems to have edges,  
and ordered lines with headings and numeration.

Then it has a flatness, that even ink  
that even ink — raised on the page before it soaks in  
that even ink can not dispel.

And when thus held by a day of print and paper  
I wish for a three dimensional loving of life.

A walking on wet streets in the darkness of  
a still very awake downtown.

Marc Deede

*for me you have written  
a poem of prisms  
of blithe rays that shatter*

*of sharp rains (so  
thoughtfully cold)  
that divide*

*when truth-tellers gather  
as clouds in cold winter  
then style falls to one side  
as substance to other*

*our once and our only (oh  
thoughtlessly beautiful!)  
sentence falls fractured*

*between us, whose warmth could not cover,  
and all the parts matter  
and every word lies.*

Linda Gebhard

## IN SPITE OF TWO WOMEN PRESUMED DEAD for Gloria Rutherford and Kathy Rau

Our minds will cool on it  
As fast as frost eats out the windows in the last of winter,  
Voracious for clear-sighted sorrow,  
No glass of ours is stained with tears  
Enough to comprehend arms weak  
From clutching empty, It is not  
Our empty; it will be covered and  
Silenced as we muffle  
Children's voices in their beds at night,  
Settling to forget our dreams for  
A cheap, easy whiskey in the kitchen,  
They are not our faces, We did not  
Cup their chins in our hands, still sanctuaries; we did not  
Study the glory-deep worlds playing true in their pupils.

We are almost eager to sliver up the iced earth  
And trample the holes full, to toss a wide-  
Eyed bouquet, a last baby's breath, and watch  
The snow sprinkle its past onto shiny stone,  
—Let us pray—once flavoring the crisp  
Indifferent air sweetly cinnamon with regret,  
Then let birches weave their whispers around this flat forest.  
Even in such silence  
One child will be pulling at something,  
One horn will be blaring an impatient pout in the distance.

So furious to leave, we gather our forgetful  
Black and scrape the insistent mud from our leathers.  
There are rhymes enough to immortalize Chicago, brassy  
Lady making determined book she can outlast life;  
And when raspy autumn grasses ache to be remembered  
In the people's book, old words will be warmed  
And spooned onto plates to feed our poets.  
But two merely women are forgotten flint. We are madly  
Kissing and singing by our fires.

Only spring's violets, wasting no words, dare to play fragile insolents.  
Our toes are tickled in their memory; the busy earth, consumed in  
Bearing and bartering its solid daughter, is budged aside  
By their shoots.  
Their feisty roots claw and climb on our hearts, itching laughter  
To our throats. In its roaring hollows, the grin  
Of living disbelief still burned on our mouths,  
We stand face to face with our moment's silence,  
Eyebrows arched in tombed surprise.

Anonymous

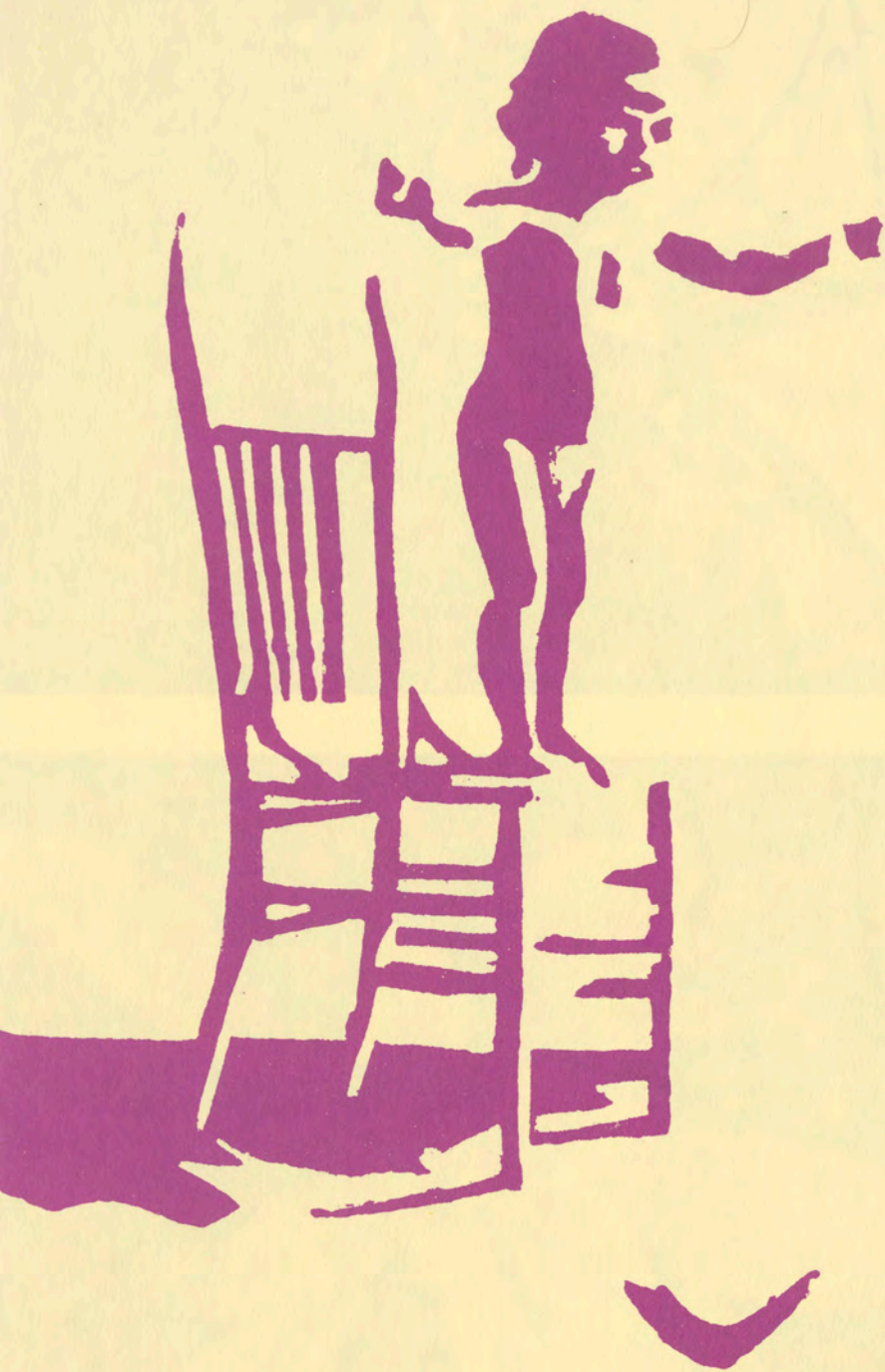




Karen Kasten



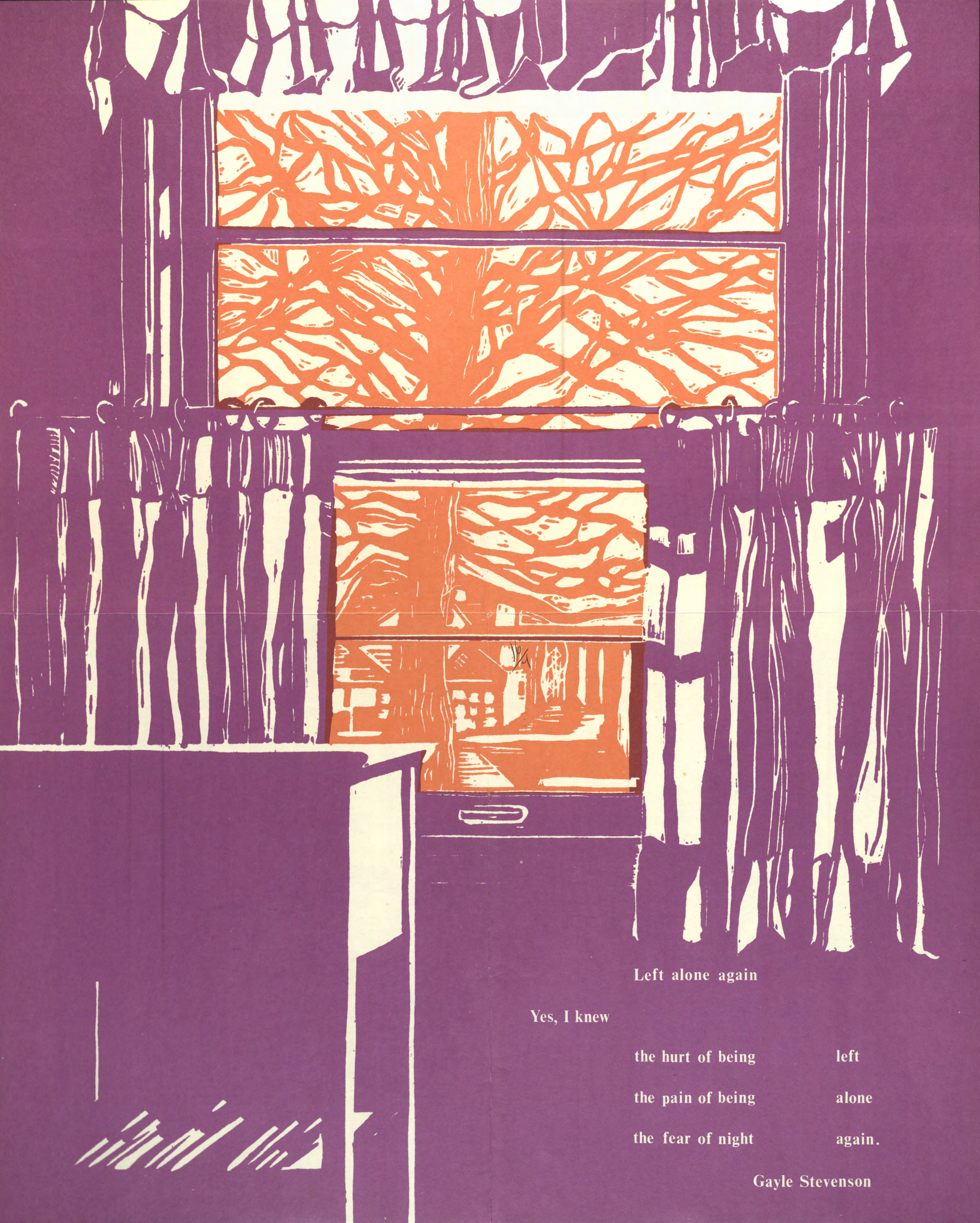
Ervin Dukatz







CHICAGO CHAPTER  
OF  
IKEBANA  
INTERNATIONAL  
JAPANESE FLOWER  
ARRANGING



Left alone again

Yes, I knew

the hurt of being

left

the pain of being

alone

the fear of night

again.

Gayle Stevenson



Karla Krentz  
Richard Eilts



Ron Reigel  
Holly Hoover



# swan song

Well, Valpo, here's issue number 4 – product number 5, counting the calendar – from the bleary-eyed 1973-1974 *Lighter* staff. The pieces within this portfolio are for your walls, your guitar cases, inside the cover of your favorite volume of poetry. Anywhere – except, of course, confined to a dusty shelf corner.

I know it only takes a few minutes to page through any given issue of the *Lighter*. That incenses me. The finished product never adequately illustrates the dream from which it grew, never fully credits the wide array of contributors who sat in the wings as others were spotlighted, never quite realizes its production time in equal number of reading hours. I have sometimes considered dedicating 10 pages to describing the step-by-step process from vision to reality, but I realize that would be wallowing in editorial martyrdom.

Hopeful expectations, like waiting to see how the union of mommy and daddy flows through the appearance of the newborn, have alternately glowed and cooled as Karla and I have belabored this year's tasks. But our belief in the *Lighter* has not wavered. We have become increasingly aware of the vitalizing role the fine arts play in any society, be it of college size or national dimensions. Our magazine has simply been the framework within which to enfold the kernels of sensitivity, response, and creativity emanating from our midst. To believe in the *Lighter* is to believe in the lifeblood of a few lines of poetry, an angry pen stroke, a crazy-angled photograph – and to believe that there are hundreds of creative readers as well as writers on this campus.

While evaluating the year, we decided to initiate a form of special recognition of those contributions which have been particularly noteworthy. We hope these citations do not simply perform the elitest function of labeling the "best." Rather may they be special thanks to several people and recognition of works which have enlightened, inspired, encouraged us via their caring craftsmanship.

One of our most faithful supporters greeted us through W.B. Yeats when our first *Lighter* child was born. Now, with a family of five surrounding us, we return with greater understanding to these starting words – and realize how true they really are.

Red rose, proud Rose, sad Rose of all my days!  
Come near me, while I sing the ancient ways  
Come near, that no more blinded by man's fate  
I find, under the boughs of love and hate,  
In all poor foolish things that live a day,  
Eternal beauty wandering on her way.

W. B. Yeats

To all: Thanks for reading and for the occasional supportive letters, beers and insights. Above all, thanks to those who finally learned that the *Lighter* is not the same as the *Candle*. Last – and too frequently least – a big kiss on the nose goes to Uncle Deni for his faithful shuttle service and to Big Gar for that occasional tuna salad sandwich.

Good luck to Captain Charlie in his "dirty business to be done!"

Mary

# SPECIAL AWARDS

## PROSE

### Prose Award –

Teeters on Stevens, an explication by Rick Teeters  
of Wallace Stevens' "A Glass of Water"  
(*Lighter* poetry issue, Vol. 16, No. 3, pp. 23-26)

### Special Citation –

Always and Always and Sometimes Never,  
a play in one act by Mark Larson  
(*Lighter* play issue, Vol. 16, No. 2, pp. 3-7)

## POETRY

### First-Place Poetry Award –

"once more inside the changing season"  
by Linda Gebhard  
(*Lighter* poetry issue, Vol. 16, No. 3, p.5)

### Second-Place Poetry Award –

Winter on the Isle of the Lotos-Eaters  
by James R. Looman  
and  
Fragments for the Other Side of the Tracks  
by James R. Looman  
(*Lighter* poetry issue, Vol. 16, No. 3, p. 2  
and p. 23)

### Special Citations –

From light in the chapel,  
for o.p. and others now gone  
by Marie Failingner  
(*Lighter*, Vol. 16, No. 1, p. 19)

Spring-walk Sonnet  
by A.F. Sponberg  
(*Lighter* poetry issue, Vol. 16, No. 3, p. 1)

## VISUAL ARTS

### Visual Arts Award –

Still Life by Peter Schaefer  
(*Lighter* poetry issue, Vo. 16, No. 3, p. 1)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

### Photography Award –

Window by Bill Godecke  
(*Lighter*, Vol. 16, No. 1, p. 21)



*Even to the present time I stand face to face  
with this danger, fearing the sword which  
threatens my neck so that I scarcely draw a  
free breath between one meal and the next.*

*Peter Abelard  
Historia Calamitatum*

*All the great spirits of the white peoples have  
sensed that they had but this one task, to  
cover up their nihilism creatively,*

*Gottfried Benn*

## WE CAN SHOOT YOU

"I like to eat seven or eight Oreo cookies, and then look at my teeth in a mirror."

"That's a good start, but — uh — well have you tried pulling your upper lip back as far as it will go? Past the pink tissues to the dark red part of your gums? They remind me that there's a skull under there."

"I just do teeth."

We wax weary of this incubus that is marking time from birth to death. But there are islands of flattery and even of purposive activity that help stem the tide for just a bit. We are witness to an interview that will determine a man's fame and glory, or anticipation of still another day logged in waiting rooms and trembling moments before mahogany desks and glossy photographs. For Jerome is determined to make it big in Vaudeville, and he will not be discouraged.

"Well, you've explained your hobbies, Mr. Fulcrum," an enormous man grinned behind his cigar. "What about your interests? The form says 'hobbies and *interests*'." Leonard Wumpke had been in charge of personnel, publicity, and refreshments for six months at the Club Glans, and felt he had completely mastered the business of looking indifferent, consoling, and belligerent at all the right times to all the right people. He was also the bouncer. The man was a very camera: his eyes were sunk deep behind lids so agog that every image that entered those milky dull orbs focused projected, on the back of his skull.



"Stamp-collecting," Jerome lied. Leonard licked the tip of his pencil and wrote furious block letters. His cigar, at once animated, described the same letters in the air as his lips and tongue cooperated with the motions of his wrist. He asked, "Have you had any unusual experiences?"

Jerome had not had a happy childhood. "I don't know who my father was. I was born seven-and-a-half months after my mother picked up a stray sperm from a toilet seat in a Texaco station. Mother hated me. She used to beat me terribly with a croquet mallet and the hose from our electrolux. Once she had pushed me off a thirty foot museum balcony down to the terrazzo floor below. In grade school they never let me be the captain of the softball team. I recall sitting in church, I was eleven years old, and hearing Pastor Jowles deliver the sermon 'Jerome Fulcrum: Creep or Jerk?' Then I entered high school and found the greatest happiness I thought I'd ever know. A girl so beautiful that her very sight sent delicious tremors through me. I'd go beserk whenever I heard her name: Sara Bellum. I remember when I saw her in school and she'd glance down and her cheeks would glow; she was tiny, she had skin like ivory and hair like spun gold. She was so shy and I was afraid to approach her or call her. I'd get so shaken up, one time I rushed so fast to see her turn up the walk to class that I slammed both my hands in the car door and stood there helpless until nightfall.....As long as I said nothing, I at least could comfort myself that I'd done nothing stupid to cost me any future happiness with her, no matter how remote that might be. Oh, but at night I'd imagine wild blinding orgasms with my angel, leg-locked in bathtubs of warm tapioca, or on an ironing board, or standing up in a canoe, or in free-fall from a Piper Cub. But the next morning it was never the same girl that had shared those adventures with me

that I saw move timid and obsequious along some row of lockers or another.

"I was in the agony of my first love. I resolved to commit suicide. Did you read about the man who killed himself by drilling eight holes into his head? I decided to make do with my Black & Decker sander, and lifted it from its case at least a dozen times, but each time failed to carry out my purpose. I was as one tormented. Surely no one could be so indecisive. I couldn't meet the girl of my dreams, and I couldn't sand myself to death.

"It was the last day of my senior year of high school, and I had not talked to Sara on any pretense whatsoever. So I set my jaw and walked closer to her, forty-five degrees from her right. Three small smiles broke on her face, and in them I found fresh courage." Leonard lifted his feet from the cocked desk drawer. He sat forward and anxious furrows spread across his temples. His hands were wet with perspiration. Jerome continued. "She stood alone in a corner and seemed to study her feet. She was so fair and so soft. And before I had the opportunity to speak her name, she wheeled around to face me and shout: 'You are as ugly as sin, Jerome Fulcrum, and not as much fun.'"

Leonard Wumpke wiped a tear from his eye and muttered something like, "Yeah, and that's just the way it is, too." An embarrassing silence continued for five minutes. Leonard asked, "Have you ever served in the Armed Forces?" Jerome was choked. "I just can't continue with this." "Now look here boy," Leonard thundered, "If you want pretty girls, and dollars, and dinky foreign cars . . ." "— and carry moonbeams home in a jar?" Jerome chimed in. "Do not interrupt. You gotta cooperate with me. I can make you or break you in this game. I can make you a success. You want that, don't you boy?" Jerome repented, "Well yes I do very much sir. I'm sorry. No, sir, I've never served." Live

ash dropped from the cigar and burned the answer out anyway.

Leonard creased the interview form and caught his thumb on a rusty staple. "What is your ambition?" he asked. "My life's ambition is to become a locus for fortunate accidents and to laugh thoughtlessly about it." Jerome replied. "...to become a L-O-C-K. . ." "No, sir, there's no K in 'locus'." "Huh? Oh, okay . . . U-S-T." "No, no, that's an insect." Leonard was startled, "What kinda ambition is that? Look fella, the Club Glans has got no room for, hey wait — is that your routine, you become a bug on stage?" "No, you don't understand, I. . ." "Just what do you do anyway, boy?"

"I have a dancing lizard sir, I've trained her myself." Leonard became impatient. "Do you know how many dancing reptile acts I have lined up for this month? The people just don't want to see them things." "But my lizard's special," Jerome pleaded. "She's not just a stripper, she does all the dances, Charleston, boogie, she waltzes, she shuffles off to Buffalo, she has a little cane and a straw hat, I made them for her myself, and she does this little military tap dancing revue with American flags and flaming batons." So Leonard muttered, "Hmmm. . .", and made some notes on a pocket calendar margin. "Please sir, I want so much to be a smash, to have my name up in lights, to make *Variety*, to make good."

Leonard was sincerely moved. He said, "Now look son, you're an unknown to show-business, but I like you. I'll put you on the show beginning next week, and if the folks like you too, you can tour with the other performers, and I'll arrange all the publicity you need." Jerome was so overwhelmed, his jaw dropped, his eyes glazed and then filled with tears. "Oh, thank you sir, you're a prince, a saint, I'll never forget this kindness sir. Oh thank you more than I can!" And Jerome rushed home to begin a week

of intense rehearsal and to have his suit dry-cleaned.

The night arrived. Jerome took a Checkered to the stage entrance of the theatre with a cloaked bird cage on his left shoulder. He waited tense and hopeful backstage in the wings. One act more and then his future would be cast to winds, good or ill. An encouraging crowd: the performer was bowing to deafening applause. She was naked and her toenails were dirty. Now it was Jerome's turn. He cast the lizard a wink and with fingers crossed released the little creature and directed her to the center stage. Jerome was overjoyed, his big chance had arrived and he was about to see his brain child — the labor of so many months — perform on stage.

Then it happened. There were angry shouts and curses and fruit and eggs were thrown while the verbal abuse echoed like Niagara. The lizard became so frightened by the sight of the crowd that it immediately changed color to match the stage. It performed its act beautifully, but not even Jerome, let alone the audience, had been able to see the creature for the stage. Jerome turned to the exit, but his path was blocked by the owner of the Club. He screamed threats and called down every abomination to heap on Jerome in his plight. Jerome looked up at the owner and to Jerome it seemed as though he could see his angry brain throb through cellophane. Jerome shrugged and left the building. He was desperate and alone.

And so he walked up and down dark streets. Most of the time his shoulders rose sullen above his head. Jerome paused before a shop window, he watched a young girl dress two mannequins. A crooked old man approached him, he put one gnarled hand on Jerome's elbow and said, "I have a secret that only you can hear. I know why everything always goes wrong for you. Come, come, we can't talk here." And the little guy led Jerome through the streets to a

homely water-front dive, a bar room so filled with smoke and shouts and insane cackling that Jerome thought nothing more could fill the room and its walls would surely split apart.

They took two stools and found a dimly lit corner. Jerome saw burly merchantmen and wild chorus girls. Through burning eyes, he saw gay festoons, and shining lacquered castanets : caught in the horrible draw of frenzied stamping dance in the mystic Autumn nocturn air with marginal erotic abandon. The twisted little man relieved half a water-stained glass of some awful liquid. Jerome asked, "Alright, you tell me now, why does everything I try to do go bad?" "Oh, that," a wizened grin showed green-cheese teeth through the dense smoke. "It's all my fault, I've seen to everything." Jerome was astounded. "You mean *you've* done something to thwart all my plans, to destroy all my happiness?" "That's right, I've been with you from the start, fixing things up so nothing would go right for you." "But, why?" Jerome was coming unglued. "Oh, I don't know, just made it my business that's all." "You mean *you* made my childhood so miserable, and made my mother beat me unmercifully?"

"Yup."

"And...and you made Pastor Jowles deliver that awful sermon about me...?"

"Yup."

"And you spoiled the only happiness I thought I'd ever have, with Sara? And ruined my years at school, and drove me to suicide, but kept me even from doing that so I could face still more disappointment? And you were there tonight when my lizard...oh, my big chance to make good in show business was destroyed? And all the rest?"

"Yup."

Jerome drew the little man very close, his drink spilled, he took hold of his jacket lapels and pressed his nose flush to his face. They were eyeball to eyeball. "Oh yeah?" Jerome bellowed, "Well, you'd better stop it."

DALE JACQUETTE



# cage of derelicts

by marty callaghan

lucid in a cage of derelicts that's the way it is and the way it was always be at the carpenter's arms off victoria road me not sitting in a dark corner coolly analyzing action around me but merely squirming in muted-light openness not concentrating on something in particular not even too much about writing this down looking around soaking up sounds ordinary occurrences are mystifying in their unbreakable rotundity perfect circularity the curving rim of every beer glass the crude slurping of every squeezed lip where to begin in this din of sin or salvation depending on the reflection you see in the juke box top off-key music synthesizing syncopated mutterings into one symphonic tragedy aborted each night by some pallid hand pulling the plug to the protests of mug-bearers in the darkness last minute to yourself just me and this goddamn cloud of cigar smoke wrapped around my head a self-portrait inferno fuel for my image forever chasing ideas in stormtrooper fashion eternal far-fetching puffing away wasting away who cares anyway about this no other play along as long as we're all drunk or dead mindless weavers of forsaken endeavors never recoiling no trace of pain the people are always the same the same always drunk always dead always delaying always staggering always slobbering wiping runny noses stooping leaning in various poses one supposes this game would get to be unbearable suicidal same cage same performance night after year after life but these fellows in rude disguises paralytic in alcoholic wisdom place misfortune above future gray

divorcees poverty person from across the waves or across the stree pensioners who took retirement all too seriously stepping into pattern everylife days of vacancy vagrancy vacuity even I can see through my own smokescreen into the grotesque garbage heaps flesh blood once upon a time humanity driveling incoherence of mouths some filthy sewer pipe trickle so necessary but so disgusting so much stale breath vomited into acrid air of music straining to be heard through the scum piano man how can you read the notes or do they find you pulling on your wishbone fingers pumping rhythm into your joints like this are common could be worse could be at least now woman in red skirt drapes herself this way her face in early stages of decay smile plastered to her lips a mask to hide her doubt if she remembers but in my own drunken stuporous fashion asked her name one time too soon or not soon enough perhaps Linda she said oh I said what else could I have fled out the door deserted this discolored camaraderie for some street entombed in glass-stained cement a broken-wing bird fly now and pray later for these miserable bastards drifting off into scotch and soda euphoria sleeping long enough to repeat their waking hours rejuvenating selves once more to face the next evening's onslaught cigarettes liquor look here how queer the fellow doesn't seem to breathe if I give him a shove to see if he's dead ah but he burps re-affirming his existence and performing a necessary biological function at the same time saves time how tricky how witty what a pity he sees the life but is it

inside or outside the reply rings from my own eyes as anyone can see he's as doornail dead as me or you for that matter we can turn to any face in the place and what do I see but my own knows the futility of coming here but something happens every time these foots of mine print a path to this no other door how does the song go all this and more put it anyway I suppose but these people here are part us and I am part of we and every bleary-eyed head of confusion eye level contact with mirrors myself back to me no one else and as I laugh at the drunk who won't stop clapping five minutes after the song's ended I'm really crying inside and though my cigar is put out in well-planned indifference my head is writhing and as I glance posthumoredly up the table to the man with barren eyes and coal-dust on his fingers I am dying this soul is giving way to blows exploding on top of my own mind my own sorrow blends right in with all the hunched figures all the empty bottles all the tipping glasses all the bloodshot visions all the same as me only slightly diffident format yes I guess all self-reprisals fade away in the breath they are spoken light going out for the last time in this swing-for-all night puppet show goodnight good riddance ringing loud and clear eyes drilled out completely nothing too clear a blur a voice some rattling of paper belchings in the dark stars pick up where the lights went off and me heaving weaving a way back to no particular home once again alone stand in some inviting corner and piss against the wall.



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# Forms vs Chaos ;

The Story of Man

We are not free. And the sky can still fall on our heads. And the theater has been created to teach us that first of all.

Artaud

Written and Illustrated by  
Kristin Gehring

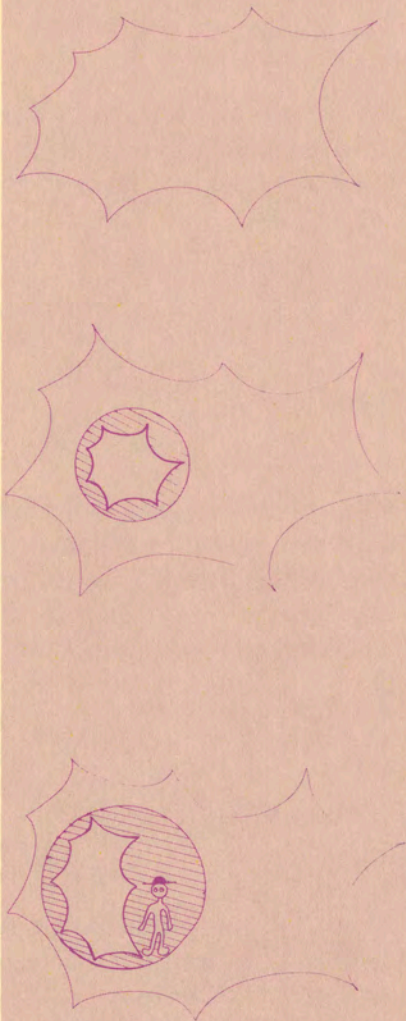
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## Part One

In the Beginning, there was Chaos. And Chaos was the primordial unity, embodying the essential power of Life itself. In its state of pure potential, Chaos contained the Generating Principle.

Nature was the reflection of Chaos on earth. Nature was the result of the Generating Principle, which manifested the living force of Chaos.

Man detached himself from Nature by using his Mind. Man alone could see beyond Nature to Chaos. Man's Mind was Sight. Chaos was Life.

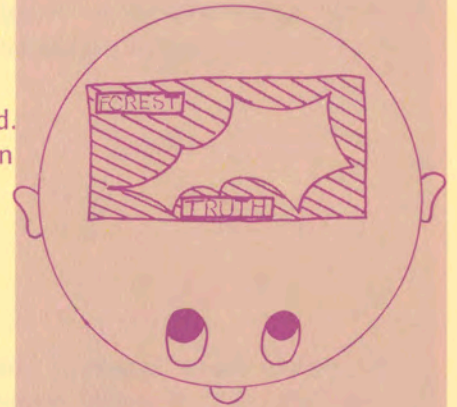


Man's need was Security. Standing alone in the middle of Nature, Man was frighteningly insecure, because Nature floated in constant motion all around him. Man was even more horrifyingly insecure when he looked at Chaos, which floated in constant motion beyond.

Man decided to ignore the fluidity of Chaos, which he couldn't do anything about. He set his Mind to work instead on Nature. As the Generating Principle made Nature from Chaos, Man made Forms from Nature. He chased it around until he caught a small piece of it off guard, then grabbed it and caged it in a Form. This was always a satisfying feat for Man, because that piece of Nature always stopped moving, and he could depend on it to stay right there in that Form, in the same place, day after day. And that made Man feel Secure.



Man made his Forms from Words. Words were like Forms in Man's Mind. They caught pieces of Man's Mind, which flew around in constant motion like Nature did, and made them be still.

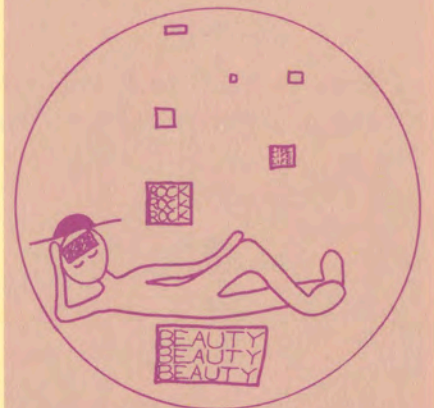


Man never, ever looked at Chaos. All that motion without a stable point anywhere made him shudder. And even worse, it made him imagine his piece of Nature breaking out of their Forms. Then he remembered how it had been at first when everything was flying around his head, and he got an awful insecurity attack and mixed himself a Martini.



Man continued to spend all his time chasing pieces of Nature around to cage them in Forms. He continued to catch pieces of his Mind in Words to build new Forms.

After a while, all Man's Mind was caged in Words. All Nature was caged in Forms. All was still.



Man's Mind could no longer See, because its force had been stilled. Nature no longer lived, because the essential power of Life that was reflected in Nature from Chaos had been stilled.

## Part Two

Once Man had made Culture. Culture was a game, which meant that it didn't really matter. Culture was another way of caging pieces of Nature, that didn't use Words to build its Forms. It used paint, or marble, or notes. Culture didn't really interest Man much, because he always got bored so quickly looking at other people's Forms. But every now and then he did enjoy Theater.

Theater was a version of Culture that used words, so it wouldn't have been called Culture except that other people did it for you. That was why Man liked it. He could actually watch other people making Forms out of Words and caging Nature, just like he did. It was very restful to watch instead of do for awhile. It made Man feel Secure.

But after all became still, even Theater was boring. There were no more Forms to make, and the people who played Theater just pretended to make Forms, which Man thought was silly. It was still restful not to have to use his Mind for awhile, but Theater cost a lot more than Martinis.

## Part Three

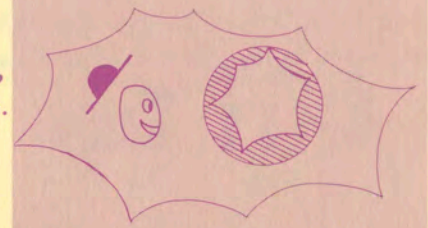
One Saturday night Man went to the Theater. He paid too much money and took his seat. Settling back, he prepared to watch the game.

But when the lights dimmed and the players appeared, the game did not commence as usual. Man had come to see the players talking and pretending to make new Forms, but the people on the stage weren't talking at all. They were seizing the Forms that surrounded them and throwing them violently against the walls and the floor of the stage, shattering them and releasing the caged pieces of Nature. And as the freed pieces of Nature began once more to fly around the heads of the players, a horrible insecure panic burst in Man's Mind, shattering its stillness, crashing his many, many Words and freeing the caged pieces of his Mind until it, too, began to fly free.

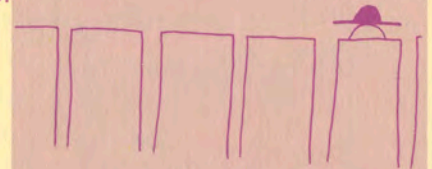




And suddenly Man saw Chaos. And he was laughing. As Man had detached himself from Nature in the Beginning by using his Mind, now Man's laughter detached his Mind from Nature and sent it sailing Beyond, until at one glance he could see both Chaos and Nature. And all was Life.



Now the players on the stage were building new Forms, Forms that weren't cages but were open on both ends, so that the pieces of Nature that were flying all around the stage could fly through them without stopping. And the new Forms weren't made from Words, or from paint or notes, either, but from everything together that anyone had ever used to build Forms before. And as all colors together make white, the new Forms were transparent. When Man looked at a Form through which a piece of Nature was flying, he saw the reflection, as if in a mirror, of Chaos Beyond.



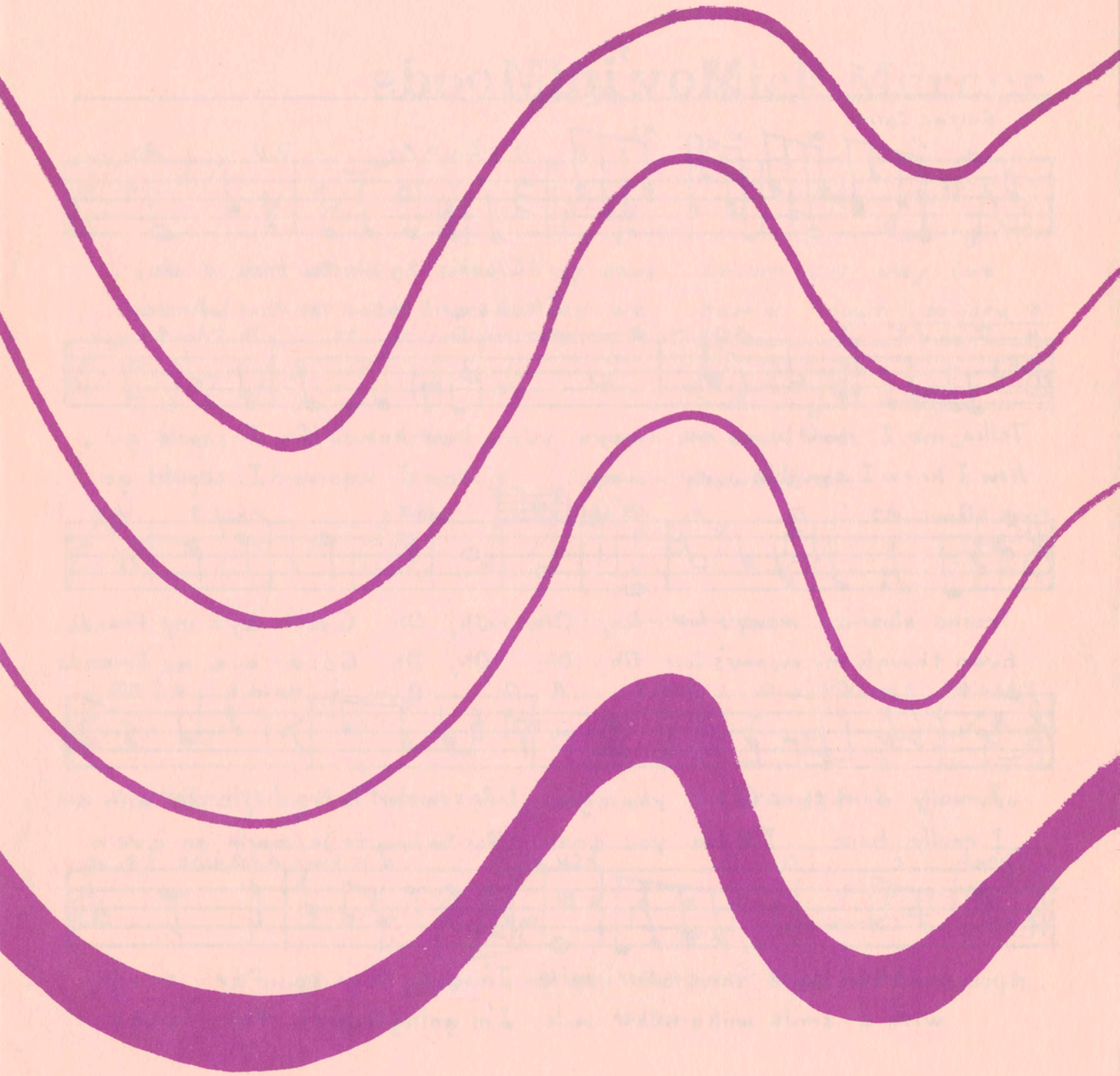
All in all, Man was never the same after that Saturday night. By the time he got home, his Mind had pretty much calmed down and settled back into his Words. But he didn't shut the doors to cage in the pieces of his Mind again. Man didn't think he wanted his Mind to be still anymore. Now and then he would throw away a few Words and make some new ones, just to keep things moving.



Man opened the doors of his Forms, too, so that his pieces of Nature could float in and out. Whenever a particular piece of Nature started whooshing around too violently, he threw its Form away and built it a new one.



And whenever Man laughed, he saw Chaos reflected in every Word and every Form, which was a Livelier thrill than a Martini any day.



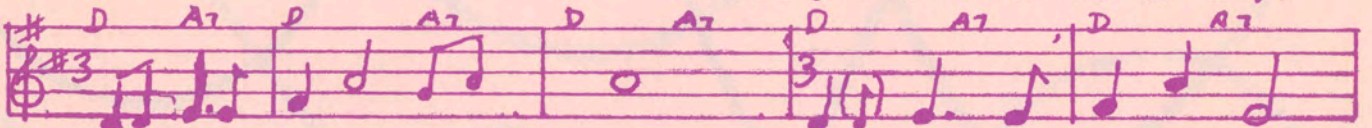
# Mov'in Moods

Guitar Intro.



Clock's tick'in the time of day.

Clock's still tickin the time of day.



Tellin me I should be on my way.

Don't know if I should go.

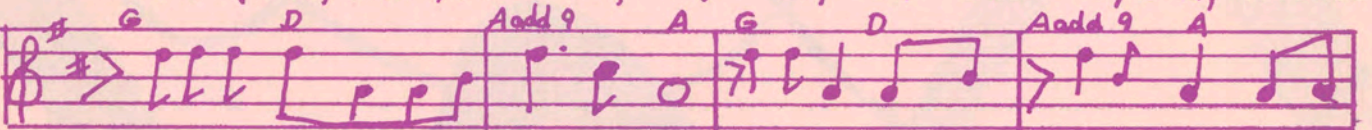
Now I know I should be on my way.

Now I know I should go.



Trains slow and money's low Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh Good-bye my friends.

Even though my monay's low Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh Good-bye my friends.



I really don't tbnk I'll see you again. Life's too short for this little part with a-

I really hope I'll see you again. Life's too long to be movin on even



noth-er smile in a-noth-er mile I'm going to go so far away

with a smile with a-noth-er mile. I'm going to go so far away

# by: Rick Mercer

Musical staff with notes and chords: G, M11, D, Aadd9, A, C, D.

to a place where no- one will say we've known you way too  
when I come back you will say we have't known you long e-

Musical staff with notes and chords: Aadd9, A, C, D, A7 add9.

long no one will say we've known you way too long  
nough I hope you say we have-nt known you long e-

Musical staff with notes and chords: DM7, C, G, Gsus4, G, Gsus4.

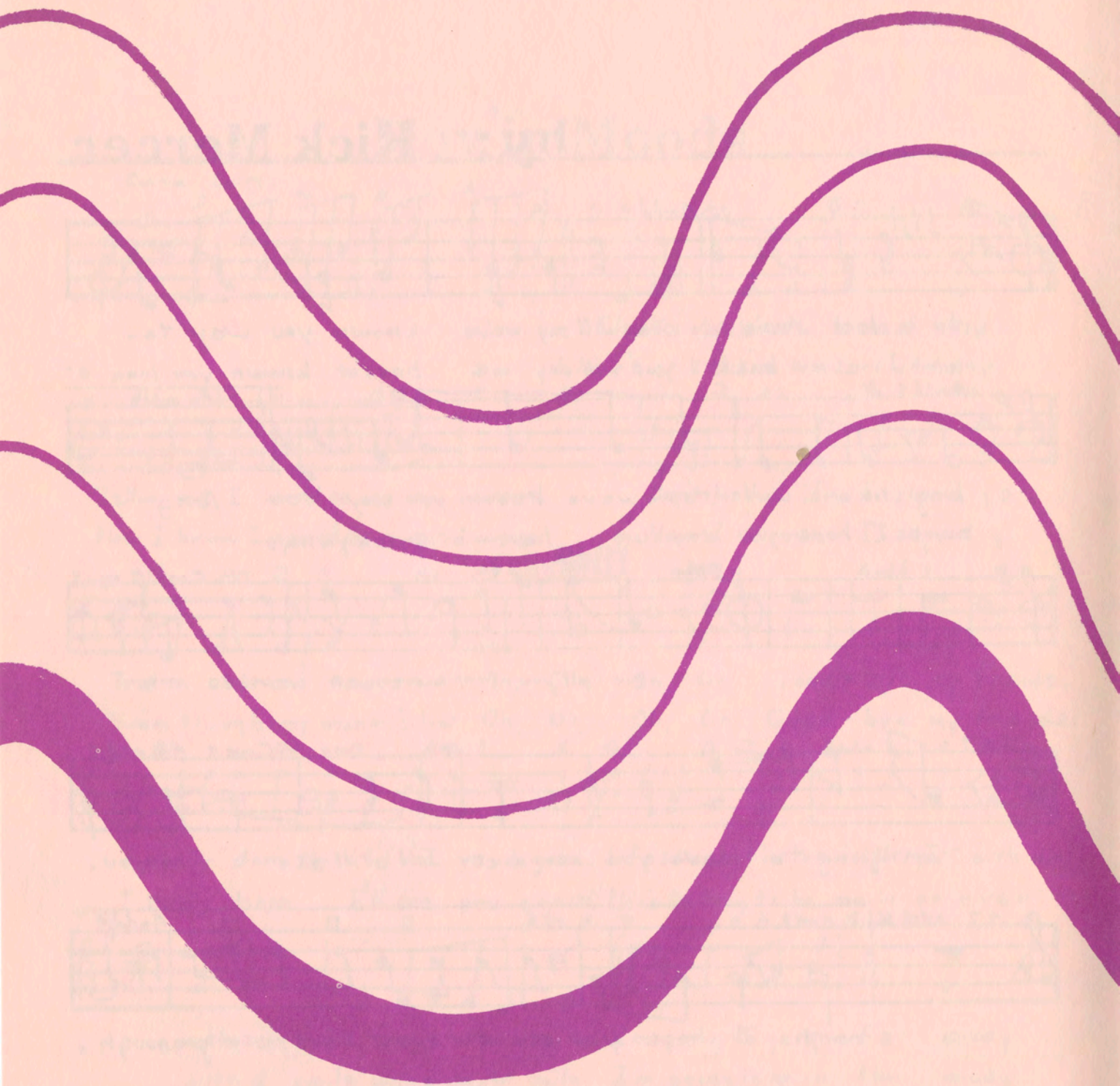
But all you people mean so much to me

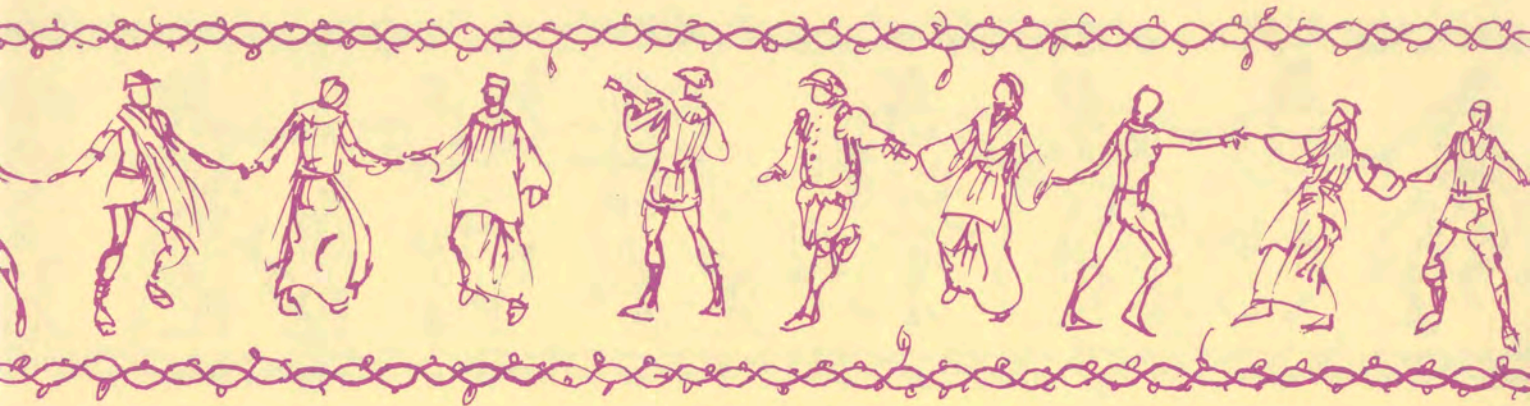
Musical staff with notes and chords: DM7, C, G, Gsus4, G, Gsus4, A7 add9.

I'm going to leave you now but I'll still see you.

Musical staff with notes and chords: A7 add9, 2. Aadd9, A, C, D, Aadd9.

nough. I hope you say we haven't known you long enough.





# HOW TO DANCE THE GALLIARD, IN FIVE EASY STEPS

By  
EUNICE  
SCHROEDER

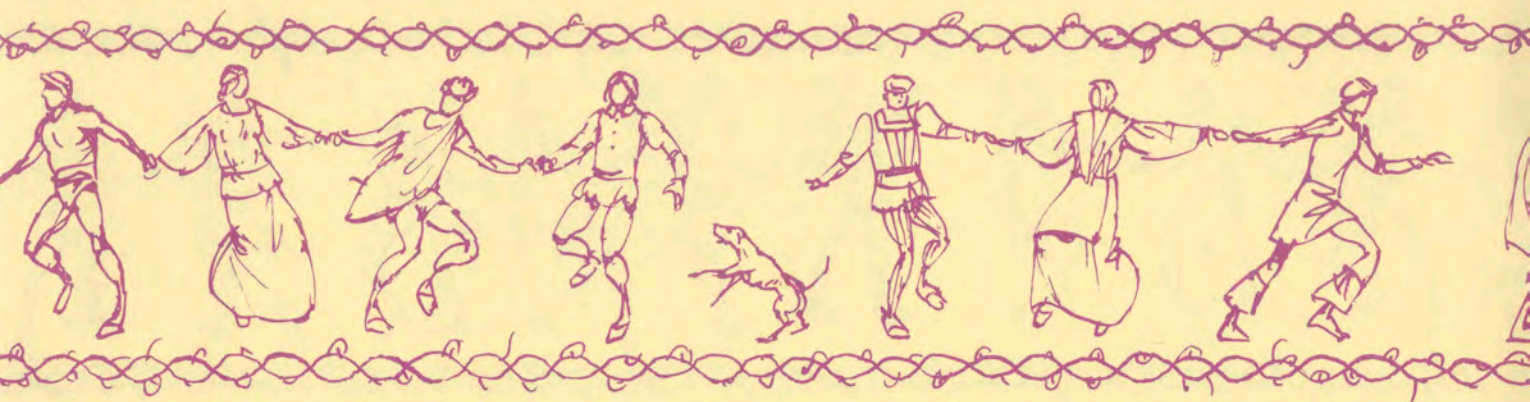
ONE manifestation of the current nostalgia craze is the return to dances done in the 1920s, 30's, 40's, and 50's. Anyone familiar with these older dances such as the fox trot, Charleston, jitterbug, and especially the polka, will agree that dancing them is sheer fun, their nostalgic value notwithstanding. Students from Valpo's music department have gone much farther back in history (to the sixteenth century, no less!) and have discovered that the dances of four hundred years ago are as much fun as their latter-day counterparts — perhaps even more so. I personally have especially gotten a kick (or a *greve droite*, if you will) out of dancing the galliard, not to mention an occasional less-than-graceful landing following the “grand leap” in this dance — the result, no doubt, of a surfeit of enthusiasm. It can be surmised from the lively, vigorous yet graceful nature of these dances that dancing was enjoyed as much in the sixteenth century as it is now. Obviously all our ancestors were not spending all their time in great cathedrals intoning psalms.

The indulgence of one sixteenth century monk in such a frivolous pastime as the dance produced a treatise that has proved invaluable to students of the dances of this period. In 1588 Jehan Tabourot, a cathedral canon in the French town of Langres, wrote his famous manual on the dance, *Orchesography*, calling his work mere “scribblings to kill time.” He wrote the book under the pseudonym Thoinot Arbeau, an anagram of his real name, possibly to avoid the association of a monk with such a secular activity as dancing. The treatise is written in the form of a dialogue between Arbeau, the elderly dance master, and Capriol, a fictitious young man eager to learn to

dance so that he can take part in social activities. Although Capriol no doubt realized the value of dancing just for the fun of it, once he had mastered the art, his chief concern at the outset was “to please the damsels, upon whom, it seems to me, the entire reputation of an eligible young man depends.”

The value of Arbeau's *Orchesography* lies in its clarity and completeness. A person desiring to learn the fox trot or the jitterbug has merely to have the dance demonstrated to him by someone who was around when it was originally in vogue, but for obvious reasons the problem is not so simple for the student of the dances of four centuries ago. The best method of learning a particular dance is by actual demonstration, but from Arbeau's careful descriptions of the dance steps their forms can be reconstructed with enough accuracy to enable us to recapture their spirit. In his manual Arbeau employs the highly original pedagogical device of writing a line of music vertically down the page labeling each note with its appropriate corresponding dance step. (see illustration on next page.)

Being a music student, I first discovered how enjoyable these old dance forms still are when I was studying their musical importance and influence. In the sixteenth century dances were usually done in contrasting pairs, such as a slow solemn dance followed by a dance more lively and gay in character. This juxtaposition of dance forms led to the development of the instrumental dance suite, innumerable examples of which were written for the lute and harpsichord in France and the virginal and spinet, both keyboard instruments, in England. Each piece in these suites was based on a characteristic dance rhythm, and, as in actual performance of dances, the pieces were contrasted



according to their slow and pompous or lively nature. Dances were also musically important insofar as they have a recurring rhythmic pattern, and the incorporation of dance rhythms into serious musical composition contributed to the development of a regular metric structure in music. The natural appeal of the various dances and their widespread use caused dance rhythms to pervade the entire Baroque repertoire, including compositions intended solely for use in church. When used in a sacred setting, however, dance music was not labeled as such; instead of indicating the name of the dance on the composition as a tempo marking the composer would use terms such as allegro, adagio, or andante. The true nature of these compositions, however, was probably not lost to a congregation thoroughly familiar with dancing as a recreative pastime.

The main dances of the sixteenth century were the galliard and the many forms of the branle. A distinction should be made between dances that were ceremonial and processional in nature and those that were more active and vigorous. The galliard is the outstanding example of the latter, and the pavan, a dance of Italian origin, was the main variety of the former. Different forms of the branle were used in different locales because this dance was basically a dramatic pantomime rendition of regional folklore. Standardized steps performed by a corporate group were also done in various branles, often to the accompaniment of singing. The term "branle" was Anglicized as "brawl," and is thus referred to in several of Shakespeare's plays; one example is the first scene of Act III in *Love's Labor's Lost*.

The court was the standard setting for the slow stately dances. Prior to about 1550, these dances were the main



### Reverse

Greve droite  
Greve gauche  
Greve droite  
Greve gauche  
Saut majeur  
Posture droite  
and continue

### ANOTHER FIVE STEPS

Pied croisé droit  
Pied croisé droit  
Pied croisé gauche  
Pied croisé gauche  
Saut majeur  
Posture droit

### Reverse

Pied croisé gauche  
Pied croisé gauche  
Pied croisé droit  
Pied croisé droit  
Saut majeur  
Posture gauche  
and continue

### ANOTHER FIVE STEPS

Greve droite  
Posture droite  
Entretaille gauche  
Greve gauche  
Saut majeur  
Posture droit

forms used in the court, with a contrasting dance such as the galliard done as a brief after-dance. by Arbeau's time this situation had reversed itself. The galliard, which was technically the after-dance of the pavan, became the main dance and lasted long after the pavan had seen its demise as a dance form. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the court dances of James I in England consisted of alternating galliards and branles, the slow processional dance having been eliminated altogether.

The pavan was a vehicle of great pomp and solemn splendor. Unlike its after-dance, the galliard, it is never mentioned in descriptions of bourgeois folk life. Although not the origin of the name of the dance, the French verb *se pavaner*, "to move like a peacock," is an apt description of the proud carriage and dignity with which the pavan was danced. During the dance the male participants wore showy mantles and carried swords in the manner of a strutting peacock with spreading tail. Arbeau says of the pavan:

*A cavalier may dance the pavan wearing his cloak and sword . . . walking with decorum and measured gravity. And the damsels with demure mien, their eyes lowered save to cast an occasional glance of virginal modesty at the onlookers. On solemn feast days the pavan is employed by kings, princes and great noblemen to display themselves in their fine mantles and ceremonial robes. They are accompanied by queens, princesses, and great ladies, the long trains of their dresses loosened and sweeping behind them, sometimes borne by damsels. And it is the said pavans, played by hautboys and sackbuts, that announce the grand ball and are arranged to last until the dancers have circled the hall two or three times, unless they*



prefer to dance it by  
advancing and retreating.

Pavans were also used in wedding processions, for according to Arbeau, "our musicians play it when a maiden of good family is taken to Holy Church to be married . . ."

Arbeau indicates that the pavan was danced to a slow duple rhythm, the basic repeated pattern of which was a quarter and two eighth notes. This pattern, equivalent to a half note in duration, coincided with each step employed in the dance. The steps themselves were uncomplicated and consisted of two *simples* and one *double* forward, followed by the same movements backward. The two *simples* together and the *double* each required four steps and were done to four bars of the rhythmic pattern. To perform the two *simples* the dancer steps forward with his left foot, brings the right foot alongside the left in the second movement, steps forward with the right, and advances the left foot similarly. The double is described as follows:

*In the first bar one must advance a step with the left foot, in the second bar a step with the right foot, while in the third one must advance with the left again. And in the fourth bar, the right foot must be placed beside the left with the heels together. Thus in four bars the double is completed.*

The paven therefore consists of eight bars or rhythmic patterns forward and eight backward and the sixteen bars of forward and backward movements are repeated for a total of thirty-two bars:

<i>forward</i>	<i>backward</i>	<i>forward</i>	<i>backward</i>
$\overbrace{ss \ d}$	$\overbrace{ss \ d}$	$\overbrace{ss \ d}$	$\overbrace{ss \ d}$
4	4	4	4
8		8	



Greve Gauche



Ruade Droite



Ruade Gauche

The galliard has been called the dance of "uncontrollable zest." It was danced by both royalty and the common folk, and its widespread popularity was probably due to its rhythmic interest and energetic kicking and jumping movements. The steps used in the galliard run the full gamut of dance movements, and the more complex combinations require considerable dexterity on the part of the dancer. Arbeau says of the galliard that "one must be gay and nimble to dance it, as, even when performed reasonably slowly, the movements are light-hearted." Queen Elizabeth must have enjoyed a hale and hearty middle-age, for she is said to have danced the galliard for her morning exercises at the age of fifty-six.

The rhythmic pattern of the galliard consists of two bars of triole meter, the first bar containing three quarter-note values, the second having a quarter note on the first and third beats, but omitting it on the second beat of the bar, or the fifth of the whole pattern:

$\frac{3}{4}$   $\bullet \bullet \bullet \mid \bullet \text{ } \text{ } \mid$

The above is rhythmically definitive of the galliard, but when actually danced the more characteristic galliard pattern includes a dotted-quarter and an eighth-note in the second bar:

$\frac{3}{4}$   $\bullet \bullet \bullet \mid \bullet \bullet \bullet \mid$

One dance step is performed to every beat except the fifth of the pattern, making the galliard a dance of five steps in six beats. Thus the term *cinq-pas*, "five steps," was used for two centuries as another name for the galliard, anglicized as "sinkapas" by Shakespeare. "My Country 'tis of Thee" is a galliard, for as originally written the stress falls on the first and fourth notes, and similarly for the entire melody. Galliards also occur as hymn melodies, of which *In Thee Is*





*Gladness* is an example. In this hymn, the rhymic pattern itself occurs only once, but is nevertheless the underlying rhythm of the melody. The tempo for the galliard should be relatively fast, with a feeling of one beat instead of three for each of the two bars of the basic pattern.

Although all dance steps are used in the galliard in an almost unlimited variety of combinations, the basic five-step pattern is the following:

- greve gauche* — kicking movement of the left foot
- greve droite* — kicking movement of the right foot
- greve gauche*
- greve droite*
- saut majeur* — “grand leap”
- posture gauche* — landing motion

The alternating left and right kicks are necessarily done rapidly, in time with the music. At no time between the first kick and the final posture do both feet touch the ground; thus to perform the kicks the weight is transferred from one foot to the other with a jumping motion. The *posture gauche* is described by Arbeau as a movement in which:

*the dancer springs off both feet and places one in front of the other, each supporting the body equally . . . It can be done in two ways, when the right foot is in front it is called posture droite and when the left foot is in front it is called posture gauche. Regarding these postures you should be forewarned that they are more graceful if the foot behind touches the ground a moment before the one in front. For when they both come down together it looks as if a sack of grain had been dumped on the ground.*

It is the touching of the rear foot first in the *posture* that results in the dotted-quarter eighth note rhythm of the galliard: the rear foot



Posture Droite



Posture Gauche



Capriole

touches the ground in rhythm with the eighth note, followed by the front foot in rhythm with the last quarter note of the pattern.

The *saut majeur* is not counted as an actual dance step by Arbeau, because both feet are in the air. Rather, he likens this movement, occurring on the fifth beat, to a pause in the rhythm.

He says that it “. . . is almost like a silence of the feet and a pause in the movement,” and that it “enhances the grace of the succeeding *posture* and creates a more pleasing effect.” This movement is done by leaping off the left foot after the *greve droite*, when the right foot is still raised in a kicking position.

Other steps that are used in five-step combinations include the *ruade* a backwards kick of the foot, the *ru de vache*, a sideways kick, and the particularly vigorous *capriole* a movement of both feet in the air during the *saut majeur*. Arbeau lists seventeen different ways of combining steps in performing the galliard, and his list does not exhaust the possibilities.

Such, in fact, is the richness of Arbeau’s dance treatise that anyone dancing all the dances in all their variations would undoubtedly break the Valpo dance marathon record several times over. Any modern day Capriole able to find a patient and willing Arbeau will in addition to the pavan and the galliard find the gavotte and the elegant courante especially appealing. It has been said that the dancing of 16th century dances in jeans instead of sweeping dresses, cloaks, and swords is less than a total experience and perhaps this is true. These dances nevertheless bridge the gap of time and conventions of dress, a possible proof of the universal and unchanging human response to rhythm and melody.



