

12-1967

## December 1967

Valparaiso University

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DESIGN / Arlis Fuglie

bbirtwistle





LIKE LIPS, the two f-shaped sound holes parted seductively around the trembling catguts strung over the well wrought bridge, up the neck, to the head. But when the brazilwood bow, strung with a ribbon of colt's hair resined subtly, caressed tentatively the strings, the lips, like those of a teasing female, yawned expressively beneath the sound board and into the textured maple and pine wood belly, her flush-glued joints sighing. Despite this ritual dalliance, he had never been able to captivate her soul. Each day he would marvel at his mistress and fondle her satiny skin and tenure her gutsy cords, stringing them a high, nervous hum or a low, tremulous sigh.

She was one of the last to be made and not produced. His bow belonged to his fiddle, and he would sooner have lost them both as separate them; together they were the violin. Sound animated these two as breath animates a lung beneath its own rib — not for the lung or the rib but because of the void to be filled, to be heard, to be eagerly silent. With the air of a patient lover, he had breathed and bowed sound into and from it, trying tenderly to achieve its soul.

For years he had anticipated nothing. An old master had told him that the violin was, if it could be personified, most like a precocious child. As a student, he had never insisted; but now as a master of sorts himself, he had his doubts about the wisdom of the generalization. How well he remembered the wizened visage of that gentleman. His memory savored the keen awareness held under the deceiving folds and bags that had rimmed his eyes as they

faded and then blew out. That prolific flame could not have known this instrument. Years had passed since he had abandoned that old man's acquaintance for lack of tuition. The instruction was now largely forgotten, but he had retained values and a sense of satisfaction that had not diminished over the myriad hours and lessons that stood between the old master's terse approval and the present's tacit assent.

"No, no," he muttered. "My violin cannot be like a child. It is a woman, a female thing — fertile and curious. She seems to be conscious of her own perfection and depth. Her wood, curved and sculptured so boldly, seems to be alive; even her tears are vocal. She does not depend on me as a father or husband. I am a lover, a jealous breath and touch are her only necessities. But my master, what of him? Himself the last exponent of an era suffused with consciousness and depth, could he have been mistaken?"

He held the bow poised over the strings of the violin. His old shoulders were grabbed together in such a Gordian knot that his spindly arms seemed always to shrug and dangle helplessly. Years ago, as he practiced, his mutated bones had locked his head in a perpetual playing position, his chin always resting on an imaginary violin that haunted him like a ghost. Playing had become unbearable in the familiar pose as his left arm weakened and the fingers began gradually to stiffen. The base now rested not on the petrified shoulder, but on that same side of his chest, just above the gaping concave of his stomach and the twisted carriage



below it.

With a practiced hand, he stroked the waiting strings. The favorite of his new melodies played innocently into sense and sound; an immaculate conception of tone born in the violin's wood womb. Her bow, Deucalion's Rib, ran unbound across her earthy shore, the travail yielding many children, men and women tossed into existence — resonant stones among the silent pebbles. The song slipped into space, leaving a void. "These are the children, master. Let us rejoice, for the woman and the man beget music," the composer mused.

With the solemnity of a pallbearer he placed the violin back in its casing, laid the bow over the yawning mouth, and felled the encasement lid, fastening the lock as the case shuddered. The small grotto of a room had darkened as he played that afternoon. The shades were lowered against the grim day. He had resented the depression April deluges had cast upon the advent of May. Shadows clung to the jars of pickles and beets on the top bookshelf. The slanted animation of a disorderly library on the shelf below them seemed instantaneously halted in the rapidly impending darkness. His small fingers grasped the knarled wooden ornament protruding from the trim at the top of the bookcase. He mounted awkwardly two wooden steps, hoisted the violin case carefully over the trim and shoved into a corner the scattered leaves of letters and documents and concert bills that threatened to bury his pet.

Tippsily descending the steps, he stood silently a moment to get his balance. As he secured the last button of his sweater, worn onion-skin thin at the elbows and over his heart, he resolved to remember to complete the discarded correspondence. The button hole, victim of his painful stretching and reaching, had pulled itself too wide. He left it unfastened. Brushing his arms to warm them, grown cold now that they were empty, he crossed the room and squinted at the thermostat. Turning to the left, he walked to the window and lifted the shade. Four panes stared back at him grimly, sullenly gripping their splintered wooden frame. Rain ran in rivers down the gray and newly moss-green landscape that lay beyond the buckling glass. He felt the coils of the radiator beneath it.

"You have grown cold to my music, I see. Better you are cold than hissing and bellowing as you chose to do all winter. The damp you may have. Tonight, for a while, I leave you. You may con-

tinue to pout, or you can warm away this wetness so this chilling place will not warp my woman." He squatted clumsily. His withering fingers, spotted and freckled, examined ineptly the underneath of the radiator; but no hot air rolled through the pipes, "ugh!" He staggered to his feet. "I wish I could generate some life into this barren thing. It is cold as a tomb in here."

Then he noticed the darkness. Pulling the string on the overhead light bulb, he sat down at the table and devoured the rest of the sardines lying crosswise in an oily tin with its lid rossed back. Cracker crumbs were scattered across the table. He scraped these into the palm of his hand and emptied them into his mouth. He coughed on them and, choking, reached for a topaz colored bottle reflecting crimson only a swallow from the bottom. The wine was hardly *Beaujolais*, but it was strong for the refinement it lacked. He coughed again, then sneezed. "Bless you," he sighed as he scraped his chair back from the table and shuffled to the sink.

A faucet dripped into a yellow shell-shaped mark that drained finally into a filthy hole and crooked pipe. The faucet squirted on, screaming as he washed his hands. He winced and was wont to cover his ears, but reached instead for a towel tied to a mast on the counter. He turned off the siren-like waters and then realized his complete negligence of time. He gazed at his pocket watch. It had lost its minute hand, so it only measured hours. He had ignored twenty hours, but he had been so enveloped and enraptured that he had not known it. He placed the watch back in his frayed shirt pocket. He wasn't even particularly aware of the loss now, as he gazed out the window.

Blackness met his gaze, and then his own image. Light fell in horizontal ribbons across its expanse, and his crooked form shimmered there within the mirroring windows weakening frame. It seemed like a mirage to him at first. For days he had not seen humans, and he seldom had to look at himself. For a moment he wondered if the distortion lay in the squares of glass or the straight beams of artificial light or in the human form. Then he remembered his cursed spine and the thick ripples in his windows and the faulty wiring supplying his light bulb.

He turned from the image, blinked into the darker corner of his room. The bed was strewn with sheets and a remnant of blanket. It had been slept in days ago. The curves indenting the bedclothes



were like those of two bodies; but that, too, was only the curvature of his spine mocking the clarity of his perception. His desk and a small corner of the table resisted order and were matted with music manuscripts.

He had to compose in solitude and often in poverty. The distressing water was his only intruder. He never prepared for guests, though he occasionally greeted them. The dirt and confines of his apartment suited the demands of his mistress. At times when the room was filled with sounds and he could write, he imagined himself a priest sacrificing his sovereignty to the greater immortality lying supine in its casing on the bookcase. He had not been subject to the simony of pride that had seized so many of the others worshiping at similar altars.

The passing of half a century had not seasoned him beyond a youthful romance that had ripened as he attained the confidence of tradition and the perfection of technique. Years of a spinal crook humping his back and constraining his posture had taught him even as a child to think of himself in the mien of age. During his lifelong celibacy, he had startled even himself by the synthesis of fresh thought in the old frame. The master would have been pleased with this one he had called "the old child."

Between the past hours of composing and the hectic yesternights of concerts and performances and beginnings that had happened so many years ago, there had fallen a shadow. His forgetfulness, closing gradually in upon him, had not, however, erased the indelible portrait of his monumental vision. It was for this ethereal motion that he sacrificed his self-esteem to wonder. Twenty hours ago that familiar vision had come to him again, like a new dream, and he found himself composing from resurrected memory the sounds of his childhood.

He contemplated the uniqueness of the paper in his hand. He gazed at his favorite melody that rose on the staves like the silhouette of a long-awaited son in the distance before his eyes, ignoring for a time its maiden mother on the shelf. He peered over the manuscript more intensely; then his eye twitched and he listened carefully as he read. Saddened he collected the rest of the papers from the desk top. Stacking them beneath the one he held, he placed them in a drawer. Disappointed, he closed the drawer. "It too has fallen short."



He glanced once more out the window, and listened a moment to the droplets clicking on the glass. He grabbed a brown cap, pulled down its ear flaps, and placed it over his unruly patches of hair and his tender scalp. Pulling at the silver wires, he adjusted his spectacles behind his ears. He scratched his chin, trying to remember what it was he needed to take. Oh yes. He felt a few coins in the wadded handkerchief in his sweater pocket. He wrapped around him a moth-eaten scarf that brushed his ear lobes and irritated the skin sagging beneath it on his neck. He struggled into his weather jacket, buttoned the two buttons left on it. Using his black umbrella as a cane, he reached on tiptoes and extinguished the light. Darkness sucked into the room. He left it that way, locking the door behind him.



Ruder tenants had inscribed obscenities along the wall next to the staircase. He gripped the battered walnut handrail as he made his cautious descent. The handrail curled eloquently like the head of his violin. Someone had written B-I-T-C-H, he noticed.

Once on the street, its slimy, mud-coagulated surface smacked after each step he took. Ambulating slowly, his hips gyrated as he made jerking tracks, like sequential semi-colons. He began humming his tune. It made him think of the notes in a ray of sunlight floating and tilting up and down as he had looked at them sideways when he lay in bed convalescing. His seventh spring had been marred by his distorting affliction. He had laid motionless, humming while the other children shouted and played. Drops splashing off the umbrella syncopated the hum, and his mumbling melody obliged. He tried to remember something gay about May, even though the eve was being such a true Walpurgis.

A shrill, bird-like girl evaded his umbrella, "Excuse me, Mister." Long stringy hair fell wetly into her eyes, and her white lips parted in haughty indignation. She had a button from the village on her trenchcoat, he noticed. It said L-U-V.

He was embarrassed by her overt acknowledgment of his clumsy imposition and intrigued by the haughty sculpturing of her cheek bones and her clear doe-like eyes, subdued beneath a false fringe of lash. Those eyes were so like his mother's eyes that he forgave the girl her insolence. His mother's tenderness in that seventh year had atoned completely for the simple ignorance she shared with so many of her temperamental sex. He had forgiven her sex's abhorrence for him by virtue of her unsurpassed normality that had accepted him, in all of his distortion and alienated genius, for exactly what he was. He snapped his eyes to the ground, and gripping his umbrella tighter, murmured, "Oh yes, of course."

A Carnaby crowd loitered among themselves under the precipice over the cathedral steps. They laughed and flirted and strutted about like so many pigeons proud to be out of the rain. A few gazed at him suspiciously and others curiously as he jostled his twisted appendages over one step and then another.

With effort, the heavy door opened stiffly. He hustled self-consciously with the stubborn umbrella latch, removed his hat to drop it, and then had to struggle to secure the door with one rugged old

foot and retrieve his warm cap with some other foot or hand or the cane. He could grasp neither, so the door groaned shut behind him and his cap deflated on the step below him. He was left foolishly holding his cap and sheepishly gazing at his feet. Why had he, on this cruel night, neglected to put on his shoes? Brown stains lined the edges of his flesh where the leather had bled onto his bare foot. He had been too long by himself. He must work again. To have forgotten shoes; it was really quite unexcusable.

He glanced timidly at the flock of adolescents. Young girls perched pettishly in the crooks of lusty arms or purred within candid embraces, twining the youths' curled locks between their own slim fingers as they kissed and grimaced into their faces. He looked for the L-U-V girl. She was draped over a brutish frame, like that of a lumberman's son; and he noticed that the lad, too, had been captivated by her rudely penetrating eyes. The composer sniffed and turned away. The lumberman's son was more sensitive to the curve of her rump, it appeared. Ah well. He had himself been the incongruous product of such a union.

He pulled wearily on the door and gathered himself into the chapel. The door thudded shut as he shook his handkerchief from a wad in his pocket, gave the ticket boy the coins, then wiped the water off his spectacles. He dried his wrinkled and bleary eyes, too. Now he recalled the frivolous young dancers and the exhaustion and grief of his favorite painter, the crippled midget Toulouse-Lautrec. Without the limitations of actual reality, perhaps he would not ever tangibly realize his vision. He must not give up his struggle against the alienation, nor give in to the oblivion of reclusion in his room. One must sleep to dream. He must tell the landlady about the radiator. His feet felt very wet and he needed money. He would see the orchestra director soon about work. He should have bought wine. He sneezed. Why had he come here on this hellish night? Oh, yes, the concert.

He settled into a pew near the back of the chapel. Two singers, then a choir burst, like doves from a cage, into the nave. They are all straight, he thought as he noticed the fine rows they glided from as they merged together before his eyes. Their robes rustled; they whispered among themselves. He felt warm again. Soon they will sing, he thought. A nebula, tentative "mmmm" strummed over the straight lines of their singing formation; up and







**POETRY**  
**POETRY**  
**POETRY**  
**POETRY**  
**POETRY**

*by Judy Rose, Poetry by Rose*

*by Judy Rose*

*Poetry by  
Judy Rose, Poetry by  
by Judy Rose*

*Poetry by Judy Rose*

a magic piece of glass  
prism  
mirror  
glass  
you gave me.  
in my pocket  
precious  
in my eyes ears  
heart  
a magic piece of glass  
ah  
and i thought  
it had been lost.

i would have been for you  
the touch of dying gentle leaves  
air through summer's green  
grass and sunlight and

love.

i am (without you)  
one  
staring through glass eyes  
at someone's laughter

removed.

you are beautiful  
i must leave you  
you are gentle  
i must go  
you are lonely quiet monk and mirror and man  
but your windows have colored glass in them.  
it's very honest, colored glass.  
it makes no pretensions about its unreality  
nor do you.  
but i must.  
go among your books  
go among your spells and smiles  
i am there  
(just as you are in my charcoal mirrors and unforgotten  
unremembered songs)  
but i am no witch  
i am no player of magic  
i am little girl child woman young half old  
tripping upon and down stairways  
loving  
loving so many  
but to each in each with each a piece the whole some snatch  
of soul.  
you only alone also.



*i am crying  
because  
once  
i heard a sparrow sing  
and  
for that  
there is no forgiveness*

*i left  
my insanity  
around me  
like a shroud.  
crystal fragments  
each upon each  
pain within a mirror of pain  
endless reflections  
of my face  
distorted under acid  
my hands  
aging before me  
becoming old  
and my own decay  
as clear  
as if earth were  
already  
above me.*

*your breath is strange there  
in sickly green solitude.  
the orderlies  
with their white coats  
(an echo of hysterical laughter)  
and soft-fisted pity  
don't even stare.  
another one, they're thinking.*

*your hand shakes  
as you try to write her name  
georgene  
and your brain is ice,  
expanding and cracking your skull.*

*i see you now  
painted as a clown  
sitting in sawdust.  
around you  
in grotesque slow motion  
the circus goes on.*

*i see you  
from the sidelines.  
i sit with the rest  
but on my face  
there are still traces  
of painted tears.*

*i know you  
as earth knows sky  
as flowers strain toward sun  
as trees become pain in their reaching  
but earth and sky  
though always beside one another  
can never melt into one.  
yet in their co-  
existence  
they share the gentle rain  
water of friendship.*

$$\frac{M}{Z} + \frac{X}{Y} =$$

RONALD ROSCHKE



DESIGN / Anne Rist

ROWS OF HOUSES cling to the sides of hills to the south of San Francisco with regular monotony. They are all painted white; all have a split-level-look to them; every one of them, when viewed from the street, has its carport on the left side. But when immersed in the community, there is enough to differentiate between individual dwellings: M's lawn has more crabgrass X's backyard boasts a swimming pool, Y's have a gas lamp, Z's have a new Buick parked in their drive. When on the Twin Peaks, however, there is no longer any difference; the pool and crabgrass and lamp and car become indistinguishable, and all that remains is the view of white split-levels with carports on the left side. From a jet flying at 30,000 feet, even the monotony of this neighborhood fades into the monotony of mile after mile of neatly arranged streets lined on both sides with houses, all indistinguishable from that altitude. This pattern repeats itself up and down the Pacific Coast and eastward to the Atlantic. "Little houses made of ticky-tacky, and they all look just the same."

Mankind seems to be collectively destroying its individual members; we appear to be surrounding ourselves with mere images of what once were meaningful parts of daily existence. It is undoubtedly clear that our dwellings have lost much of their individuality, and I do not hesitate to postulate that this true in all strata of society. Slums have a sickening monotony of dirt and red brick and concrete—it's even ridiculous to talk about individuality there. The middle class is continually

plagued with regularity; if it isn't the "ticky-tacky" of San Francisco, it's the Chicago bungalow or the suburban "Paradise Village" with three types of houses from which to choose instead of one. While there is more freedom of choice in high society, every home must have a swimming pool and every apartment a sauna and, of course, room service—if not, it is termed "bourgeois mediocrity."

Our food also reeks with the flavor of the impersonal. Beef Burgundy used to be something of a treat, a real treasure to the gourmet. One could almost hear the gasp across the nation as the American epicureans collectively opened their Howard Johnson menus and saw this delicacy listed with "1/4 Southern Fried Chicken" and "Super Hamburger." What was even more disillusioning for them was to order it, realizing that it had been prepared *en masse* over a month ago, frozen and warmed in a plastic bag, and then to discover that it actually tasted somewhat like the real thing.

Many would contend that even our conversation is becoming lifeless. More than one novel or play has been written in the past twenty years dealing with the failure of people to communicate with each other. Mass communication is breaking down the dialects or semblances of dialects which our language once possessed and replacing it with nothing more than a Madison Avenue drawl. This same evolution is taking place in meanings too. We say that something is clean or white and immediately conjure up visions of knights on horses. What subtle effects does the phrase, "a rocket for every



pocket," have on the nuclear arms race? How can one help but think of pain in terms of hammers and electrodes, or kingliness in terms of a state of mind after tasting a certain brand of margarine? And so we talk in meaningless phrases—"This is camp;" "That is tough."—and go on our merry ways.

To retain our individuality it would seem that the only resort we have is to try to turn back the clock and learn some lessons from our grandparents—there seems to be something so human about rocking chairs and home-made pies and water pumps in yards during blizzards and small pox. Yes, the "good old days" appear to have held the key to human existence. For example, before Bell's grand invention it was necessary to see a person if one desired to converse. Now we can listen to a small speaker and try to associate the metallic tones with a face we've seen. Could it be that the widespread calamity of name-forgetting is due to the fact that we don't have to look at people anymore? No longer do facial expressions express because rarely are they seen. How does one convey a frown over the telephone?

The automobile has also contributed in breaking down interpersonal relationships in the twentieth century. They tell us that it was not unusual, once upon a time, for entire families to go to their neighbor's house on a Sunday afternoon, whether they lived next door or a mile down the road. But who wants to visit the Joneses when fifteen more minutes' driving can expose one to the Bolshoi Ballet or Burt Lancaster, a professional symphony or big league baseball?

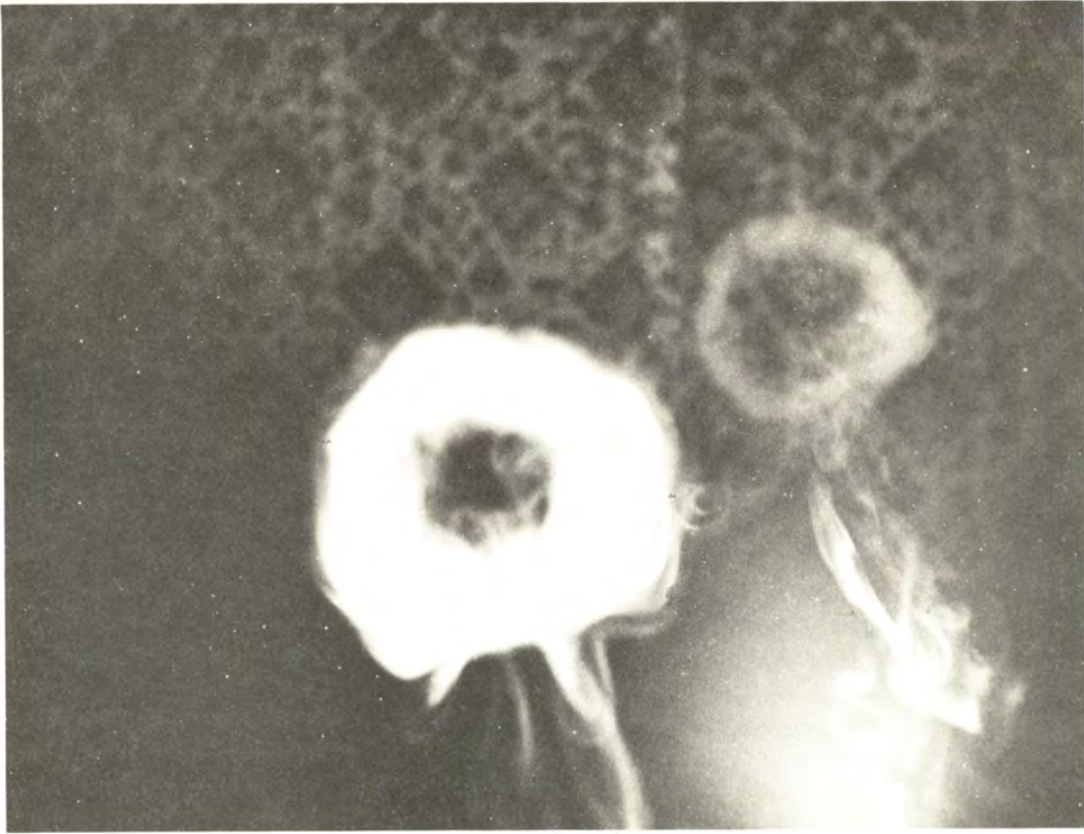
Then there is television. Radio might have brought the world to anyone's fingertips, but television is making certain that millions of Americans do not see life in any context other than the light of glowing phosphors. It certainly wasn't like that "back then," when a person read about things he didn't know and then let a human thing like imagination take over. Now all the imagination is done for us by a group of professional writers. Some experts are telling us that in fifty years each and every family will augment their battery of televisions, stereo sets and tape-recorders with a personal computer to do the shopping, teach the kiddies and feed the goldfish. How long will it be before we push buttons to create new human beings?

There seems to be something basically wrong when life starts losing its meaning to an army of inanimate objects. Where is the passion in a safety

injector razor? Where is the depth of emotion in an electric frying skillet? And what is so romantic about a TV dinner? Nothing. But does this alter or delete the potential of humanness for twentieth century man? We have a remarkable ability to confuse our images thoroughly. We look around ourselves and see a world filled with inanimate objects: televisions, clocks, birdbaths, cars, airplanes and cigarette lighters, and we proceed to say that man has lost something—a part of his humanness—while the truth of the matter is we're looking in the wrong direction. The thing about *homo Americanus* is not his battery of appliances or his nice home, but his propensity to center his life around these objects.

Ours is a materialistic age. We are undoubtedly more rushed and harried than our grandparents; we have our share of headaches and ulcers too. I will even go so far as to say that there is nothing personal or human or particularly endearing about a frozen plastic bag of Beef Burgundy—nor should there be! That delicacy, as exceptional as it may be, has no emotion or means to express itself, and yet we demand that it comfort us after a hard day, cheer us if we are depressed, even help us to communicate to those around us! Creation is filled with impersonal things such as "ticky-tacky" houses, but it also contains man, and even in his materialistic contexts, he can still be human.

Somewhere on those hills of San Francisco, sitting in front of a color television in a house with the carport on the left side, Mr. and Mrs. X are marvelling over a new life which they are awaiting. Several houses down the block, Bill Y, Jr. is experiencing a kind of pleasant pain which he has never felt before—it has something to do with a girl he just met. Meanwhile, Jane Z is sitting in her bedroom with an electric hairdryer, contemplating the thrill of growing up and going to college next year. These things can't be seen from 30,000 feet or from Twin Peaks or from standing on the street, but they are there, none the less. Every so often it is possible to push away the clutter of appliances and status and meaningless noise of Madison Avenue, and maybe during the course of insignificant small talk, to see the person one is conversing with as something other than a mechanized consumer or a potential aid or an emotional release. At times like that, man looks vaguely familiar and it is possible to notice a part of oneself in him. Then it is realized: "He is just like me—a living, breathing human."



## Through Smoke Rings

Martin Pelikan

HERE follows a brief chronology of those summer weeks, with birds and bridges, the kids in the street, leaves and bells and all you can taste from a window, driving, and green and crisp cold fruits sampled not late some still evenings at corner markets, teaching my class, and what it was like to walk those deep blue streets or run in the park and know from green waving hills across a field that the air is a fluid, when she came and left again. What sorts of order and sequence do you demand? Now as I open that time again, do I command that it pool before me as I knew it then, any more than I tried to enclose it in hours when once it enfolded me? But no, some similar words arise here now with design; as they speak to me, you may listen.



The only birds I could see from my window five flights above East Twelfth Street were scores of vagabond pigeons-in-residence that fluttered around my front room's splattered sills and around the old building's scrolled copings right over the windows. Pigeons cooed and commiserated on the stone topping the smudged red and grey brick walls which were the tenements across the street, and circled among and between the precarious fire escapes on either side. Intermittently a few would swoop low, and some dove, landing in the street at the bottom of the passage, the way, the gap of East Twelfth. From the residents of the upper floors opposite I learned the habit of resting my arms on the sill, leaning through in the air and could follow the pigeons all the way down. They landed in the street to prance and play much like the chortling, scampering children. While watching the pigeons and people I saw scattered sparrows, nervous and picking among the cracks of the pavement — the sparrows never flew as high as the pigeons.

Blue scented candle-cast shadows sent jasmine breathing past me and my arms, folded at the window and watching as all in the street slowed, languid and sensuous in blue dusking twilight, that Thursday in June when she called from the airport. Stretch, stumble, find the phone; dim bedroom; try to clear my head from ordering the calm evening scene and others I'd seen and my plans for class. Hello, Jonas? — Karen; announcing her name, looking for mine; draw me back through months. Sleeves soiled from the sill, I try brushing them clean: unpresentable. Could she know that we first heard our voices one calm evening with chianti and song, begun with a telephone between us?

Yes, it's me. What are you doing here on my telephone? Well, Jonas — see, I just landed out here at your airport, and I've been trying to reach the Bartelts. You remember Anne Bartelt? — she and Walter are living out here now. But they don't answer. Fine. What are you here for? To visit your friends, flying to Argentina, or have you found a summer job out here? Or have you reconsidered us? Now Jonas, (slightly coy?), we'll get to that last later, but none of your answers is close, unless Argentina has moved. No, I've saved since you left (you remember my economy), and fly in two days to Europe.

The thin curtains swayed slightly, for the wind stirred again, with sunset nearly gone. Behind the shorter townhouses to the west the smoked red glow, last Thursday light, watched me through the West Village halo, already floating from lamps and shops and marquees.

Of course (as I drive to Kennedy, dying red evening smear in my mirror) I'll rescue you and bring you home: only a proper husband's duty, and only two months since we separated. Her luggage, green vinyl, had once quite often held my clothes with hers. Now I bore it, loaded it into trunk and roofrack, pristine and hers alone. In my Ford, twining our path with those of others back toward the Williamsburg Bridge, I listened to why, Jonas — all the fascinating things happening in Madison since your leaving, with only last week a riot on State Street over peace and pot and silk from the girls' dorms and June exuberance. I listen, with mingled reluctance, interest, and longings.

The summer before we married my Cousin Ernie had the twin to the red Olds now leading us down the Long Island Expressway, but this driver's lone profile, and its multiple shadows that headlights throw on the dusty rear window shows him to be hatted and cigared, hunched over the wheel with dull intention. Pass the Olds, catch up to a rattling yellow Edsel, a small wallowing tug whose acronym license expands to speak, Americans Use 4 Baths a Day, An Underground of 4 British Detectives, All of Us 4 Buy Diaphragms, Active Union Fo(u)r Better Days.



Karen tells me of Europe and what it will mean and why, and the concrete-curbed divider strip rides past, lit cold with mercury vapor lights. In Madison the spring before, we played tennis on courts edged in grass, lit cold in like bluish light, before idling arm in arm along the lawn to taste dark beer and noise in one of the many crowded bars.

Back to my flat, past Frank's Fruit stand, where we stop for cold golden apples; do I buy food for her again? Up to talk and be lulled by symphonies, harmonies not well reflected by those listening. Her hair as I thought I couldn't remember it brushed the carpet behind her when she leaned back as she sat on my floor, sharing again with me some of her life, often smiling. Had she to come? Had she to leave? An overture near over now, RCA Orchestra fingers pluck a harp crescendo, smoke lingers, perfume rings, as strings take over, I in a green plushed chair listen to her tones, finale. Some more minutes, and her hosts the Bartelts did come and carry her off, with one suitcase.

Friday morning (did you think I couldn't remember the days?), sun streaming in from the street, was Eliot and Prufrock for my twelfth-grade summer English class. I told them of J. Alfred and his troubles, large-spaced banks of clouds chased by wind to blot the sun. The afternoon was Karen and her first visit to New York: I her guide, side by side, we saw the humming sometime honking City from the RCA Building's seventy-story height, still and active, flowing and permanent, with St. Patty's a spined Gothic cruciform, the Park a receding still grove, and all the fashioned buildings and streets through clear June air, and water all around (Manhattan Island is an island); wading in the Pond, green tent of Central Park nearby; our faces and waves in the wind for a nickel on the ferry; skipping or pausing in the gyre of Guggenheim: Paul Klee; trees, wines I'd never tasted, her face recalled from many places.

The air quieted and damp, sunset bloomed yellow and dinner at the Lion's Head, off Christopher, where the rain came in aperitif fragrance as we finished; no umbrella or wrappings, we ran in the rain and Jonas it is getting late: you know I must pack; you don't mind if I leave some things at your place? Warm water patter, I stop, my shoes all splattered; mind? — of course I don't mind — how much time do you need? Could she remember packing together before? Rough curbs and wet cobblestones — we turn down Eight and buy ice cream cones, dripping on hands with mixed sweet soft coldness and wet warmth as we run, green tattered canopies' refuge two or three times a block; to Stuyvesant — Karen's brother teaches American History; up Second Ave. (second half?) to Twelfth, where the rain did reach and drench the streets and sidewalks in the dark — the five-story height of the crevasse on my street seemed to offer more shelter than the deeper cuts uptown.

Must she leave: Certainly, Jonas; and I'm unready to live with you or anyone again, for a time; (pinching my neck as I work to urge open my warped front door) but I don't hate you. I leave her to the gathering litter flowing from her luggage in the living room; take a bath. (Turn the tap, her clothes stream out, warm and engulfing; ripples and brief bubbles where the stream enters the pool, colors in the flow and liquid in the bubbles.) Stalk out of the tub in to her, in trousers, wiping my head. She stands, akimbo, straddling her decision of what to take, what to leave, each foot in a different suitcase. I sit my rump on the green chair's edge, leaning forward, fainter green tufted towel in my hands between my knees, watching my barefooted bath-tracks on the rug. Jonas, I just don't see how I can ever make forty-four pounds. Clasp her hands on her head raises that short orange bathrobe's pom-pommed hem: June, and her thighs



are tan. Should I take this single dress, or this skirt and these two sweaters? Well, I myself always liked you in that houndstooth green wool.

How am I to deliver her to see and be watched in a continent I've never seen? Should I send her over beautiful, now as she stands in her robe? (Beauty not merely remembered, hardly just history, looks at strewn floor as if saying, would that I could thrash and burn it all — how ornery to offer so many winking decisions; looks at me and grins, both eyes winking, smoothing soft again her brow.) Should she go, looking as she did when once, raptured, she captured me?

The rain run out, stillness guarding the street looked in at the window. One lone Ford glided by below, tires skimming in water still shimmering on the asphalt, singing its vapor sound up to me. Could you use food this moist young morning, Karen? Rain and the sounds of bathwater and leaving have honed my hunger. Mm, yes: stuffed mushroom caps, okay?

Fresh musky mushrooms and raw red ground sirloin, from Frank, whose Rhein-gold red neon welcome sign beams all night: these I bring in to Karen, crouching and sorting her jewels from their Florentine green case. Nearly done, Jonas, but I wasn't made to do this; let me cook for you. I leaned against my kitchen's dormant radiator, she working up our old newlywed recipe, my utensils strange to her, and she'd never cooked on gas flame before. Two a.m. early evening dinner: candles lit, replace electric lamps; windows up, inhale the still damp air, and as before a ball, I in t-shirt tuxedo, and she in cotton formal robe, sit down to dine and savor; Karen, Pinot Noir, broiled beef, familiar flavors; flash of wineglass, flicker of shadow, flow of her fine glowing fragrant hair, fanciful film of Stravinsky's *Firebird*, faith behind slow sibilant low whispered words.

Fine, Jonas; but I have a nine-forty flight — only a few things to finish, and then I must sleep: the time change will be unsettling; do I get the couch or the bed? Before you leave these borders, bed would be better for you. Three candles still dancing, pitching shadow and shape, the hour slowed and late, she bends, closing those clothes and other companions she's taking — two prim packages. I recline face-down on the couch, click on the stark staring Tensor light to read: class in the morning. She drapes and dangles the spare assortment of trappings from her arms, disappears in to my bedroom, to hide it all away there. Visits my bathroom, pipes cry; the pages flicker in front of me.

Then, standing over me, hair rolled in spined curls — set the alarm for seven, Jonas; good-night. She lingers a little, my smoke hanging still, loosens and frees her hair from its bindings, then lies down aligning herself alongside me. A shout and a clatter echoed and died in the shining misted street outside; ease off the lamp, flood the room with night and candlelight — her hair swells and spills shadows around my head; moist mouths and fingers smooth together, melt and merge into sleep.

Lemon light blinked open my eyes — my ceiling was white. One rose glass candle still stumbled and struggled. A stir and a murmur, some firm weight above me, and yes her head was under my arm. Rolling her chin on my chest, she looked at me, slow smile, a kiss on my forehead; then rose to wash and ready herself. At breakfast, with fuller light and bacon in the air, I don't know if that was prudent, Jonas. Legal in any state of our fifty, and yet, you may be right.

Soon we ride, rushing among commuters, east as if to the sun, but turn at the airport; chaos of crowd in consternation, checking luggage and reservations; clamor of stale clothes, conversation, and smoke. Karen beside me, we wait and watch for her departure's doors to open; no words. Electric voice announce a flight number somehow containing her name, for she turns, armed with blush



and umbrella, paltry protection from tumbling numbers: she is frail in this foreign storm meant to ease her away — have I already missed my plane? Uniformed guard grins at the open glass door; he knows more than I. Well, Jonas — thank you (tears gathering?); you've been very sweet, and I'll miss you. Did she kiss me? Her raincoat mingled with hundreds and vanished.

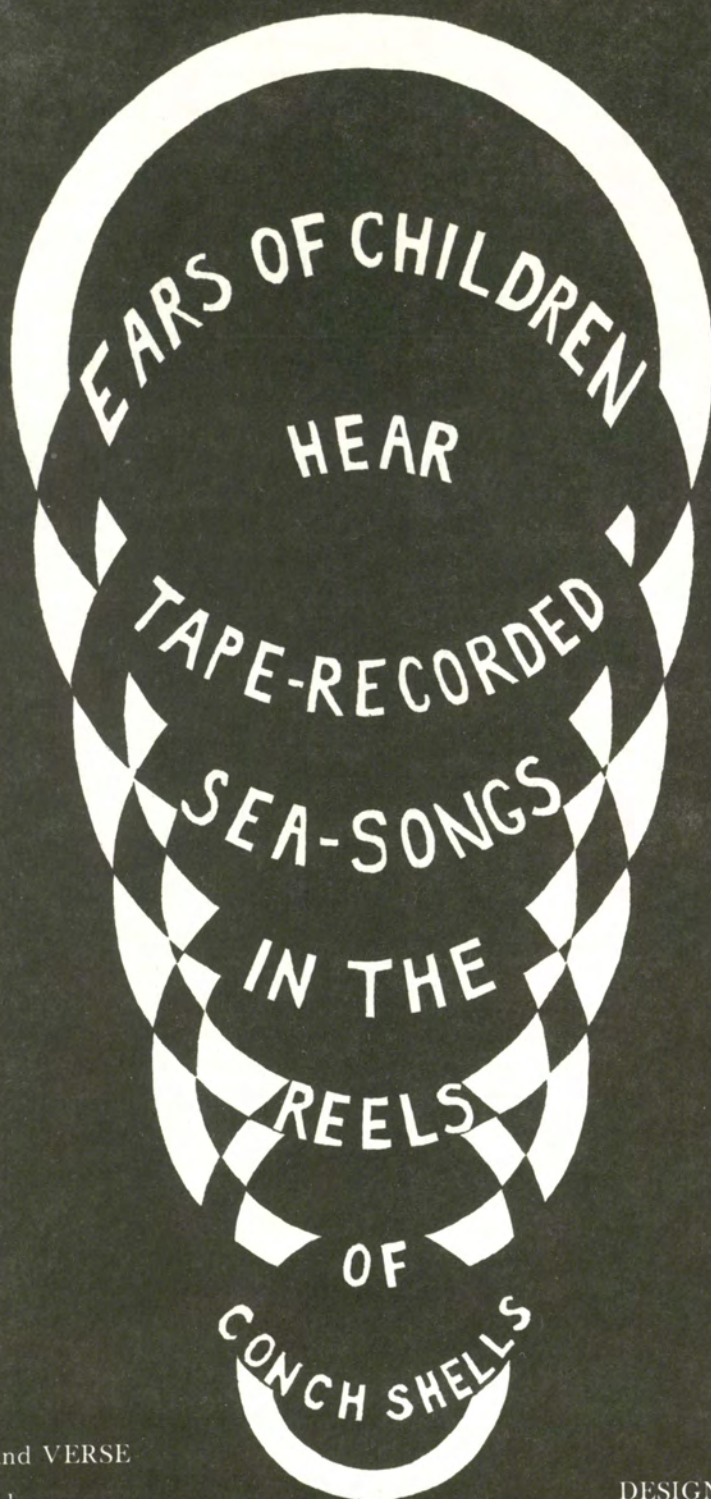
Too late on the observation deck to see her outside again and entering her Boeing, sag-winged; or did she ever depart at all? Seal the magic airship, wean her from her food and servants, who now advise her with respect as she, halting, breathes and bellows, tests her feet, and turns. Goodby, Herb — intoned by the father and mother leaning with me at the rail. The silvered fledgling learns quickly, stops turning, to burst a storm of warm air in our faces, single thunderclap enough to scare the sun into a cloud. The windstorm of jet-fumes drives me back, overwhelmed, and I flee to my Ford, the Expressway, and my students.

Castles, mountains, streams, and kings; forests, byways, heaths, and rings of smiles — these the airlines promise, if you'll only ride along. Magazines bore me scores of Eiffel Tower scenes, sighted through a pink silk veil at dusk, just as the lights and mists and lovers come alive, red TWA imprinted near the curb. During the first week I merely watched her dresses, slacks, and orange robe in my doorless closet, from my empty bed, through my smoke rings, dead things. On mornings when cooing pigeons could coax me, I forgot and slid open the drawer that formerly held my socks; by the second week I answered the beckon, explored it; a slip, turquoise and shortened, unfolded, silken on my hands — how short her hems were; books, bracelets, and hairbands, earrings, thread, a broken necklace, Tabu perfume: taboos left behind? Rustles and odors, her haste, and one letter, from a friend, about me.

Yet I recall lecturing under trees to my classes in the breeze before the rain, they alert to my words and the wind. And some storms that summer were worth all their thunder — wild weather swirling, like cigarette smoke curling — the convoluted air; waving with the welcoming crowds, cheering to berth the ships at the piers; leaves' pale undersides turned up to the light in the gusts of the Park at night; sand and the salt of raucous waves and parties on the Sound; stars and dew crystals sparkle, with the unerring floodtide of sunlight at dawn; cognac with gouda and pumpernickel, laughing with others on my stoop in the evening; Proust, Kafka, and Joyce, read before sleep on warm afternoons, soothed by the heat and the voices of pigeons and children; my first letter to a garbled address in Bremen, returned — no such number, and two days later, her first to me, a mystery: wasn't she there in Manhattan, in rich lemonade, quenching at lunchtime?

On her first Fourth of July east of Chicago, to cool ourselves and spread the blessing of water to others, the kids of my block and I had a great hydrant fight, sprayed fireworks of cheer at one another and every passing car in the sun. Oysters hours old, the subway, and harpsichord concerts at dusk; gleams and the softer glow of the city, clean and cold at night from the height of my window; pine needles, pungent when gnawed; clean linen, cold, freshly stretched on a bed; light bouncing catboat, heeled on a beam reach, spangled ocean waves — these pour to me now, recollecting. And a visit to a lawyer friend's Berkshire forest home: green speckled damp shadowed woods, wind chasing clouds to dim the sun in the afternoon, watching a bird on a wire suet-feeder, as David cuts into roast chicken — what sort of meat for you, Jonas — Jonas, what's into you? Shake open head and say, warm meat is fine, David. Haven't you ever wished to be a small mottled woodpecker, dancing up a tree?





HAIKU and VERSE

Gail Ramshaw

DESIGN / Val Spinnler

## To My Stud

When it was spring,  
You conceived in me  
    a hope-seed,  
    a life-grain.  
Together we made and owned  
    a creativity promise.  
But labor painful doctor's bills  
    exceeded your joy of participation,  
And I, embittered bachelor girl,  
    bare sad children on welfare.

I guess that it's a noble fight.  
To picket for the Negro's right  
To swim and spit in city pools  
And send his kids to white man's schools —  
And Viet Nam's another cause —  
It prompts both tirades and applause.  
But really I don't give a damn  
That Johnson's got us in a jam —  
That's far away, and not quite yet,  
I'm not the type to moan and sweat.  
I go to arty films and hear  
The people scream with pseudo-fear —  
The psychological effects  
Of Hollywood are quite complex  
On those who watch the news and yell  
That all the world is going to hell.  
Now, I'm a common sort of man.  
My boss calls me both Dick and Dan —  
He can't remember. . . Why should he?  
Only my wife thinks much of me.  
I like my wife. . . and cheese. . . and gin. . .  
And Mayor Brown. . . and Reverend Quinn. . .  
Although his Jesus doesn't seem  
To be much more than idle dream.  
He's like the Negro and the war —  
They're all a part of modern lore.  
I'll do without. I live alone.  
I'm not the type to sweat and moan.

## Twentieth Century Hymnody

Her husband always asked her back:  
To be forgiving was his knack.

By some compulsion Gail was led  
To slur her marriage rite:  
And by her looks to crowd her bed  
She slinked the streets at night.

In doorways lay the broken wrecks  
Who once were virile men,  
Who still could want release in sex  
When she came 'round again.

The studs who used her failed to see  
She wore a wedding ring.  
They sensed the heat and paid the fee  
To have their bestial fling.

The sexy clothes she called her own  
Were presents from her spouse.  
Yet when he left her home alone  
Their bed was open-house.

And when she died, her bastards bore  
Her husband's family name.  
Their loving "daddy" all the more  
Obscured their mother's shame.

She was, it seems, too weak, too hot,  
Her husband, dumb as hell.  
It's strange, how similar this plot  
To that which Christians tell.

eucharist

sun and season and seed  
that grain and grapes can grow

human minds and muscles  
which bake the bread  
and wring out the wine

sunmind and muscleseed  
creation recreated in response  
a joyful effort to offer  
thanksgiving



# BLACK POWER

dominique des anges

A WHITE STUDENT asked me recently what his part was in the Movement. He expressed the idea that he felt excluded and rejected, that the current Movement blocked all types of Christian love, charity and reconciliation. I was shocked for a moment and then just plain disgusted. But how could I expect *him* to understand?

It's very hard to know where to start explaining to Whitey. I mean should I begin with the slavery days, or before that, or where? Well, I began with the present, hoping for two open ears backed up by an open mind. But you know Whitey.

I told him he already played an important role in the Movement. "In fact," I said, "you are the core, its lifeblood." He caught the sarcasm and looked insulted. "Am I wrong? Would we have such a Movement if you all hadn't created the conditions in the first place, if you all hadn't stifled and exploited us for so long?"

"There you go," he said, "you're always looking back to the past. We realize that the white man did some wrongs then, but now we are trying to bring you into our society and you colored Americans just won't help. They will only hurt themselves by being led toward violence and destruction of property. They are only giving the white man cause to retaliate with a white backlash. The Negroes can't win by rioting!"

Once again I felt tight inside. I wanted to get up from the table and just forget it, but instead I sipped some lukewarm coffee, pushed back my cup and replied. "First of all, try calling us black, okay? Why is it so hard for you people to drop 'Negro' and use the term black? Does it offend you?"

"We were always told not to call colored people by that name. I thought they didn't like it. I thought they preferred 'Negro.' "

"You are not absolutely wrong. We *did* at one time. Many of us were so brainwashed into believing that we weren't as good as you and that our kinky hair, flatnoses and black skin were something to be ashamed of, that we didn't want to be called black because we considered it an insult. But we now are finally aware of what you were doing to us, to our minds, to our souls, to our lives. Even today your white-washed T.V. programs and Madison Avenue advertising tell us that white is good, black is bad.

"Now we accept blackness in a positive sense. We chose black to represent our people because it is wholly distinct from white and yet includes all the colors of our people. Black is not merely a color, it's a people, a concept, a way of living and thinking. It doesn't have much to do with skin color. Do you know what I mean?"

"What is the big difference then, if I call . . ."

"The difference is that black is a name we have chosen for ourselves. 'Negro,' 'colored' and other names *you* have given us. We don't want them anymore."

"Do all the Negro, I mean bl-black, people feel this way?"

"No, they don't, but Black Power is trying to give them the opportunity to see the light. Our goal is not just that they should want to call themselves black. That's superficial. Finding one's identity is what's behind the whole concept. Black Power is the power that will allow black people to



control their own destinies. No, everyone doesn't agree with me or the new Movement. You all did a good job of brainwashing, you dig? I mean, we have a hard time erasing what the past has proven to our people."

"This takes us back to what you said about always bringing up the past. How can anyone cut out the past and start as if nothing happened before? Past, present and future are all interlinked in the black man's Movement. We cannot forget the past because it has left such a scar, really an open sore, on our people."

"Do you think segregating yourselves is going to be the answer?"

"Maybe. I don't know." It might be just a passing phase that is necessary now and won't be necessary later. It will depend a lot on the reactions from the other side. But I believe at this point we, the black people, must turn inward. We have to find ourselves and motivate our own people in our own way to plan our own future. We don't want you there in our ghetto pretending or even trying to help. We don't want to hear about your attempting to lift us up to your standards. White society has always suppressed our true identity, our black soul.

"I don't desire much in middle class white America except one thing—opportunity. Most of you have and have had the freedom to pursue happiness that has been denied to black people. And the way I look at it—excuse my language—you did a hell of a job messing things up for yourselves. What I'm saying is that we do not want to follow in your footsteps. We are not willing to go through another long period of being liberated when the present power structure—you the white man—sees fit.

"This is why we are not unconditionally non-violent. If riots or revolts, as I prefer to call them, help to unite us and to gain the power to structure our own lives, well, then we will riot. Uncle Tomming didn't get it, peaceful demonstrations and integrated forces didn't get it. What's left? Two roads in the forefront are militancy and separatism. If these don't work, then I just don't know. But they're worth a try."

"You seem to be saying that it is all our fault. I don't think I can accept that. You're griping but not offering any constructive advice for the concerned white person."

"I'm not going to continue trying to lace your shoes if you haven't learned yet. Maybe you have to trip a couple of times on your shoe strings before you take the initiative to learn how to tie them

by yourself. I'm not griping to you, I'm telling you how things are. You keep asking what you can do, but that really isn't what you want to know. What you want is the easiest, non-emotional, non-committal, non-upsetting magic trick that will make everything okay tomorrow, but I can't give you that. I'm trying to work things out on my side so you had better start learning how to lace your own shoes.

"The black man," I continued, "is letting the white man know that he is important in this society. He is as important as the missile projects, Vietnam and foreign aid. The question is whether the white man will recognize this fact in time. Is Whitey going to force us to react as a threat to his society or will he let us be productive in this country?"

"'Burn, Baby, Burn' is a cry of anger, a cry of despair. It says I don't care anymore what happens to me, but I won't fade away quietly. I'll get even. It says I hate you. It says I'll destroy as much of you as I can on my way down. Whether or not *you* believe this is the only way is not important. It is the people who have been made to feel this profound despair that make it of utmost importance to us.

"The longer the cover is kept on this hell of discontent, the hotter and more furious it will become. And when the lid finally blows off, it will scald Whitey—Whitey Liberal, Whitey Innocent and Whitey Bigot. That is why the man who says, 'Don't blame me, I didn't do anything,' is foolish, especially if he just sits there and lets the bigot hold the lid on and the liberal play with the flames under the pot. I'm using analogies, but I'm only hoping to paint the picture clearer.

"The white businessman, your father perhaps, is choking our people with high prices for inferior goods; the white landlord, who lives in your suburb, is collecting the rent and leaving the rats. The man who does nothing is not going to be spared from the scalding that may happen. Perhaps your role in the Movement is to motivate *your* masses, make *them* aware, work with *their* attitudes. Your job is to take the barbed wire off your fence, but don't climb into my yard while I'm cleaning it. You clean yours, you understand? We can party later, maybe."

"Well, yes, but could you tell me why..."

At that point I realized Whitey was still in his same old bag. He remained confused and "concerned." Relief is a soul brother coming to one's rescue. I had to go.



## REFORMATION 1967

Pity us poor people who have no prayers  
Whose bellows bewilder the liturgist  
Echo empty through marble cathedrals  
Crack the rocks of Venus, God's ear drums,  
Though they stir no human gutstrings.

No pious poignards to twist your tummy  
To bring up all the drooling bread and wine  
You might have transubstantiated  
Into smiles and dreams and whispers;  
"Take eat, this is my body"  
Writhing on bedrock, applause withheld  
Clapping with one hand only  
The tinny clank of cymbals unbuckling. Selah!

These people, we poor, must slit your bellies  
With knives of steel instead,  
Only spokesmen for the wretches  
Who have vomited up their souls  
In words that lie soulless before them  
The only tool of man inert.

Pity the tongueless who sits through the service  
Black-eyed and glowering, lost in gurgles  
And what of the bellow he raises?  
Is only this man unsated  
By the cardboard word-cartons flipping before him?  
Do these solemn yips and hums  
Soothe the rest of the flock?  
Does concrete now cover man's heart  
As well as his ancient altar?

Oh, I would say more words and hard words  
I would say no words at all.  
I would burst your brains with the tympany  
Spring from the altar on the backs of your priests  
Ride them squealing down the aisle  
Plunge my knife in the hearts of those lovers  
Both of whom I love too well.

How long shall sorrow be borne  
On the spindly back of ritual?  
Can it be contained in anything but  
A roar that cracks the sky-walls  
Brings down concrete and bronze  
On their too dearly loved heads?

Pity us poor ones, the sinners, you sure ones —  
As we silently leap for your throats!

Pat Sullivan



THE CONVOCATION of crows was in the middle of its sunset chorus. The slight breath of air came as a sigh welcoming the end of the still, muggy day and causing slight ripples in the large cool tank. The leaves of the ancient banyan tree rustled slightly; the sound seemed to come from everywhere. Smoke from the saddhu's cottage near by rose at a slight angle now instead of vertically. At the base of the tree the diety of the shrine sat, or rather squatted with his protruding stomach emphasizing his importance: the god of wisdom, essential in the peaceful, content life.

A lone man could be seen approaching the shrine, a towel over his shoulder; he would bathe before his puja to the god. As he passed the water he gave wide berth to the edge where the water was deep. The tank provided the bathing facilities for the village. From the cottage the saddhu had recognized and watched the progress of the approaching man. He now left the shade of the doorway and, came with a slow dignified step to meet the man as he prepared for his ablutions. "God's blessing, Raj," was the paternal greeting.

Raj turned with a ready, bright smile, "Thank you, Father, I have been blessed, and have come to express my thanks."

## Night of Peace

Dan Meinzen



DESIGN / Karen Gritzke

"It is right for you to remember that your good fortune is by the grace of God. I hear your lands prospered this year by the abundance of the monsoons. I am glad for you."

"My happiness is more than the land, Father, my wife is to have my first child soon. I hope it is a strong boy; he will have the good life I have made for him. But even a daughter who would grow to be like my wife would be a blessing to any father."

"I also heard you have been asked by the Punjayat Board to serve on the village council. It is a great honor."

"You have heard only part, they have asked me to preside over the Board. But please don't talk about that matter, I am not interested. They see my good fortune and wish to seek my good graces. If I take the position they will expect favors. No, Father, I am at peace and wish to remain as I am."

"But Raj, consider the village, it needs the guidance of a good man. You have been blessed, it is your duty to be a blessing to the others."



"You flatter me, but politics do not interest me. Why don't you take the office—you are by far the wisest man I have ever known."

"You should know, Raj, I am here to interpret God's will and guide its fulfillment through the people. You are the instrument and your blessings have been your preparation for this."

"Let me think about it, Father. I wish to bathe now before dark. The water frightens me at night."

The crows' discord called on the sunset. Dust settling on the hot land was disturbed by the dry breeze coming out of the west. The banyan groaned softly but was hushed by the leaves, while the lapping of water provided the only relief. The evening only partially alleviated the heat of the day. A man could be seen plodding his way slowly toward the shrine at the base of the tree. Grey hair showed at his temples and his face was lined with age. As he passed the tank his eyes seemed to rest on the cool water. From the small cottage nearby the form of a dignified man was approaching. "God's blessing, Raj," came the salutation.

"Thank you, Father. I was coming to pray for just that."

"It is good to turn to God in the time of need, he is often the only one who can help. What is bothering you? Perhaps I can be of service."

"The monsoon does not appear to be coming as it should. Our village will be hard hit this year; people will go hungry. For myself perhaps all will be well. I was able to dig a deep well; it is sufficient for my fields and the neighboring ones if used sparingly. But Father, that will feed so few!"

"I have heard you have been lending heavily for no interest to those in need. It is an honorable thing you do. You will be rewarded."

"It is enough if all survive, I want no reward from the gods who let famine and drought strangle the land! I am sorry, but the village has not defiled the god, why are they being punished?"

"This is not, as you seem to think, the punishment of the god, it is only a reminder to men, to you and to me, that we may be more thankful for good times. But there is more bothering you, I have heard of your troubles."

"Nothing is going right in the village. I have angered some of the Board members by refusing personal requests. Now I have been threatened."

"You are afraid for your life?"

"Not mine, but my wife and little Shiela; I am putting them in danger. If anything would happen

to them all my happiness would be gone. Tomorrow is another meeting; I want to resign."

As Raj turned from the saddhu he was confronted by the tank. His body momentarily tensed as if against a chill. The sun had disappeared and the air was cooler but the breeze had stopped. The thin darkness was suspended in the heavy silence. Finally the saddhu broke the equilibrium, "Raj, I can not say I know how you feel, I have never been in your position. But think long before you act. Your decision must not be a surrender. I will say no more, only once again, God's blessing." The saddhu faded into the darkness. The man turned again toward the tank. He looked toward, but beyond the water; fear had been replaced by longing in his eyes. A long shuddering sigh could be heard; he turned and began the walk to the village.

In the dark a white form could be seen watching the receding figure, and after his disappearance he whispered syllables of a prayer were barely audible.

The last crow had been silenced by the darkness. The hot wind blew across the parched ground causing a commotion with the dust; the dried banyan leaves rasped their response. The deep cool water beacons an invitation of peace from a harsh land. The drooping figure of a man approached the tank with faltering steps. As he got to the edge of the water he turned momentarily to the diety of the shrine. The words were whispered hoarsely, "Are you satisfied? It was your doing." The man's gaze was drawn back to the water; as he looked beyond it he began to smile.

"Raj!" From the darkness the word came deep-throated on the raspy, dry air. The man tensed, his sharp, quick breathing could be heard above the mellow lapping of the water.

"What is it, Father? Please go, I am tired."

"Raj, are you giving up? Are you running away?"

"Perhaps. I don't know, I just want to rest."

"What has happened, Raj?"

"I was at the meeting. They burned my house."

"And for the loss of your house you will forsake the village and your family?"

"The village be damned!" The soft light of the night filtered by the banyan reflected in the cool, peaceful water. "My wife, pregnant with my second child, ill. Shiela was asleep. No, I'm not running from, but to. I've lost my peace. Death now, is peace."

"I am sorry, my son. It is good."

In the morning the god was gone.

# Valparaiso: A Lyrical Collage

Betty Arnholt

And still I can hear them that carried me here:  
railroad machinery heavy with tumult,  
never-ending reeking smoky wheels  
spinning, turning, churning, perning.  
The irregular heartbeats of the sons and daughters of man  
do not somehow drown them.  
How do you have a real experience when none of your partners is real?

Before me was the man:  
ungrateful biped,  
fishermen floundering in leaky little houseboat  
treading the mystery-misty inane.  
Where did he come from?  
Consider: vastness lusted  
and brought forth man, the mouse,  
and set him adrift on the misty inane,  
absolute monarch of boredom.  
In the rhythm of the never-ending drumming of the hum-drum,  
he lusted, in his turn, and fathered a dream-world —  
I mean, he was pregnant with me  
alive.  
*The* incarnation of flesh into mind,  
which spasms of lonely and desperate will  
compelled from himself.

Thus came I,  
sprung full-grown from the bone of rodent man,  
through dissolving walls,  
round the melting corner,  
into the end-world:  
the rain-wet and feverish fresh blooming spring world  
of our Old Campus.  
In the midst of which grows a tree  
"Of which thou mayest not . . ." what?  
Climb it, of course.  
So I took off my shoes  
(the better to grip the hallowed boughs)  
and climbed.  
And showed my companion, that he might climb also;  
he said he already had. . . .



But I climbed up and sat and was rocked by the wind.  
And my partner passed up to me the books,  
that I might partake of knowledge  
as he partook of envy and laughter  
over about underneath my green freedom.  
Up in the tree  
there you feel free  
giddy, but free!

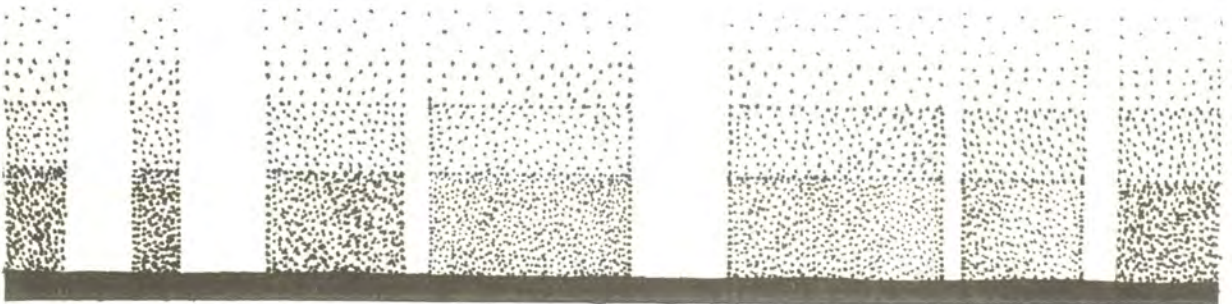
He took his laughter and went his way.  
And I am alone with the lullaby-whispering wind that rocks me,  
with the creak of the floorboards contained in the strong  
and capable arms that cradle me,  
arms that are nourished by their own nth generation  
of newborn leafy offspring,  
offspring pregnant with children,  
children hidden excitedly, containing laughter, fathering men.  
Swaddled in peace, past understanding, calmly I studied my books.

There is a cramp in my left leg,  
and my back fore-knows an ache on the left side,  
and the gusty wind  
buffets me  
fitfully.  
In short, I am restless,  
out of patience with these cradle-strong arms  
that clearly are outgrown by now.  
Very well. I will climb  
and sit in the highest chair  
that I dare.  
Lo, as I climb, one cometh:  
broad shoulders, quarterback, bermuda shorts, wrapped left knee,  
crutch under arm and startled look, aimed at me.  
Heigh Ho, Mephisto!  
"Huh? Whatcha doin' up there?"  
"Celebrating our ancestors."  
"Uh...oh."  
Celebrating *you*, sanguine ape that you are.

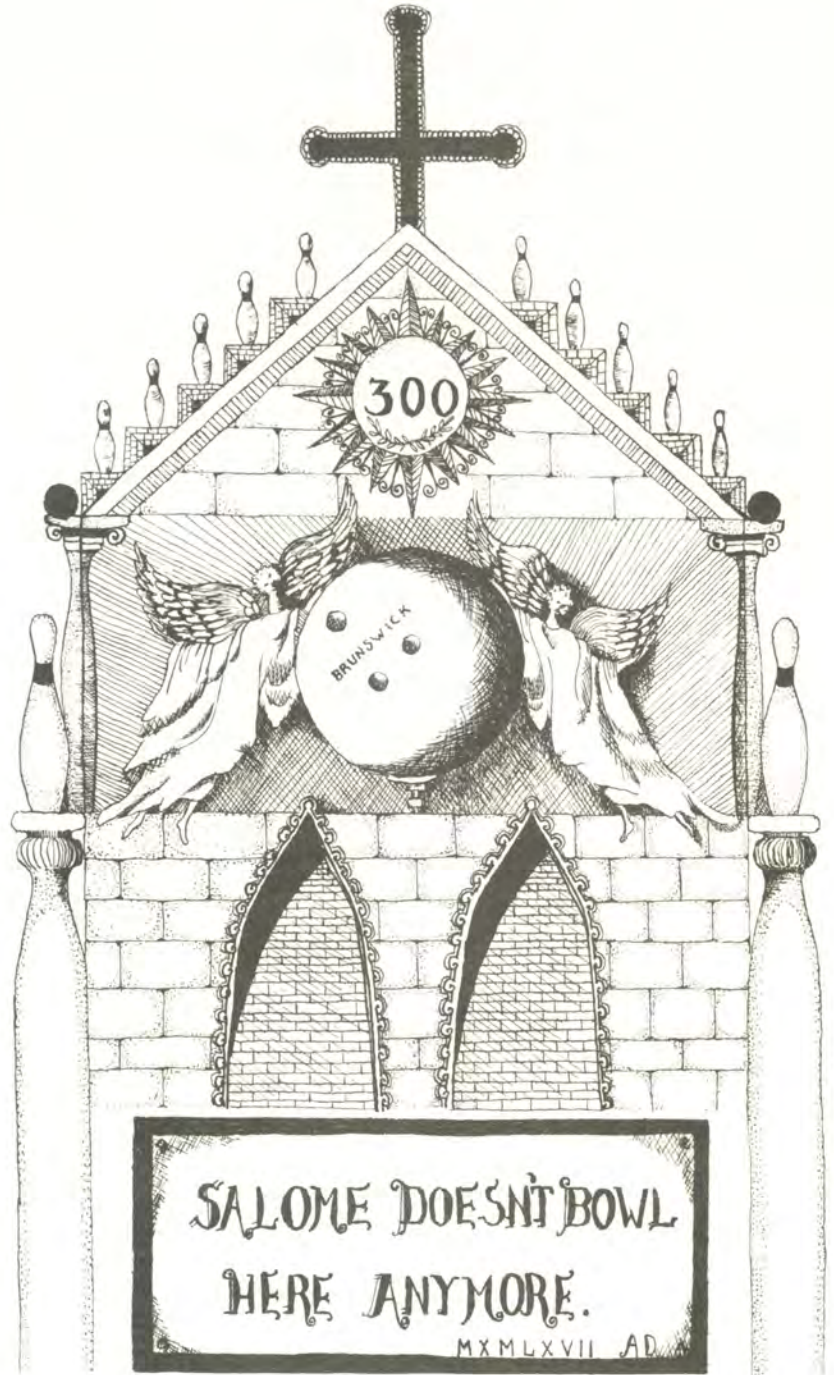
Down there others cross my gaze  
looking straight ahead or downwards,  
sadly lacking  
the look of beings that are looked at,  
non-dissenting, decently descending,  
not taking thought to unbend, ascend, transcend,  
to come to know their own true stature.  
I bend my gaze to my book,  
finish with it  
and let fall the core:  
undigested material fact  
which hampers me in reaching higher heights.

Almost, I am on top of the world. . .  
nothing new between me and the sun.  
The sound that reaches my ears  
is Kinsey,  
giant music-box, all wound up, furiously expressing,  
retorting the Valpo Kinsey report,  
orchestrated for inarticulate statistical instruments.  
What funny little murders and fornications  
chatting up and down in three-four time  
afraid to come out?  
Tutti.  
Way down on the ground below  
our own personal Yeats  
persists in asserting melodious notes. . .  
in the wrong key!  
Key? The key opens.  
Thinking of the key would wreck the cacophonous system.  
Shh. . . please! He tugs at my heart.  
I am flesh; I am the grass;  
Let me listen:  
"Once out of Valpo I shall never take  
my spiritual form from any unnatural thing. . ."

Hanging up here and looking down there  
makes me weary.  
I seem to have spun an invisible cocoon  
within which fear (or was it love?)  
no longer happens.  
weaving, endlessly spinning,  
I am yawning; night is dawning.  
Therapeutic sleep,  
you may take me now.  
Gently dissolve my childish hold  
upon this old parental bough.  
Take me with thy drowsy sway  
away  
down  
falling  
falling falling  
dizzily falling in ecstasy falling  
down in unto  
the fertile earth.







JAN PAUL LONGANBACH

ON alternate Tuesdays and Yom Kipper Sunday, I generally try to make it a point to pick up a newspaper. The lack of anything better to do with it leads me to scan at least the front page and used car section. Not that '57 MG's or murder ala Vietnam turns me on, mind you, it just gives me a good feeling to know that people are suffering and bearing up well with Christian humility under the stresses of our day.

However, at times the dispatches I read sandwiched between ads for psoriasis ointment and a new life through Christian Science often cause me to believe that the suffering servant of biblical reference is gone and a society of secular Thursday night bowlers has taken over. Barring the possibility of Howard Johnson and Y.A. Tittle being brought before a papal inquisition (televised in color in three well-known Christian languages), the situation has generally been considered hopeless.

Despair not! Via newspaper advertising I have unearthed a new trend toward the most selfless of Christian virtues: Death, Passing Away or — if the more sentimental insist — Going on to One's Reward. And what a reward: Final Rest in Memory Gardens.

When the members of the bowling team come to pay you their last respects (bowling shirt tails discreetly tucked in and hush puppy loafers neatly brushed) they will not be confronted with the run of the mill, traditionally drab geranium-studded cemetery. No indeed. As the group wends its way through the "exquisitely landscaped, parklike setting" (which I assume includes benches for tired mourners and a small percentage of dirty necrophiliacs), they will be impressed by your cosmopolitan respect for death and your concern for your fellow man left behind. How thoughtful of you to choose a place of final rest that not only takes care of the mourner's comfort, but uplifts him aesthetically as well.

How, you ask? Well, our friends at Memory Gardens have solved that problem with the same finesse that Katy Winters used to save untold virgins from a life of old maidhood. Simple bronze "memorial plaques set level with the grass" give an unobstructed view of the rolling Chicago suburbs for an unparalleled worship of nature and communion with departed spirits — or the largest putting green this side of Westchester Country Club.

Or you may enjoy the option of being entombed in one of the many mausoleum buildings famed for their true "architectural distinction" of classic and elegant style. Not only are they beautiful (one could never be ashamed to bring the inlaws or an important client for a visit) but superbly constructed as well. The "choice marble, stone, steel and reinforced concrete assures the most modern and enduring of entombment facilities."

Not quite as uplifting but certainly comforting and admirable in forethought is the fact that an "irrevocable fund guarantees perpetual care and security throughout Memory Gardens and mausoleums — FOREVER." Although this may bother the orthodox Christian, the more free thinking bowlers will be amazed and envious of such planning on your part, since it's almost as enduring as footprints outside Graumann's Chinese and certainly has a lot of class.

But the crowning attraction of this land of reinforced concrete and embalming fluid may be of debatable appeal to the average bowler. It would take (from what I can gather in the graphic representation of the advertisement) a connoisseur of pearlescent bowling balls to appreciate fully the "remarkable outdoor religious art gallery." Depending on one's aesthetic bent, it is possible to be laid to rest among no less than *eight* garden areas — each of which illuminates the favorite biblical story of the *entombentee*.

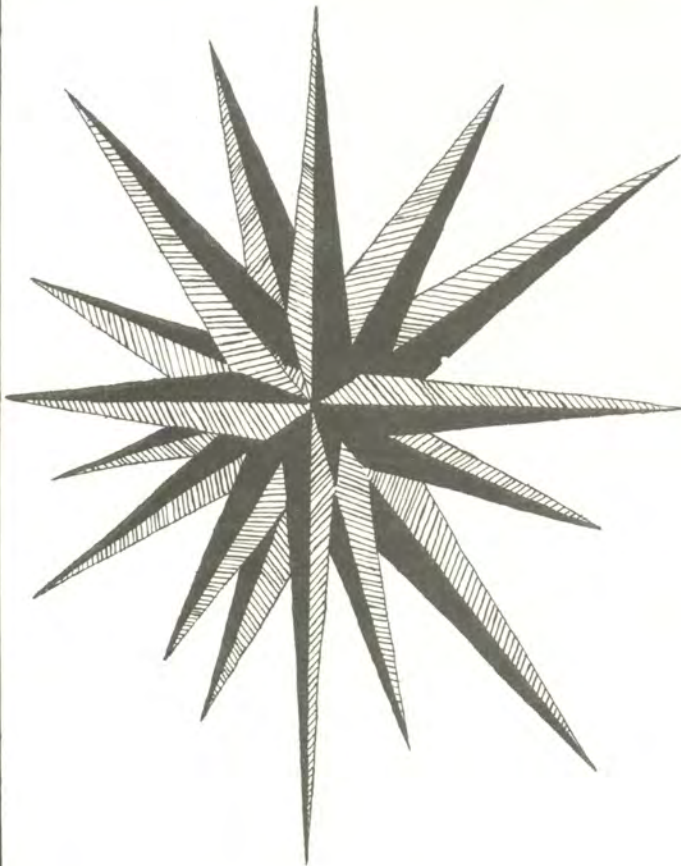
And for a slight fee — but the truly Christian will not demur — one can be buried in the shadow of the "world's largest bronze replica in bas relief of Leonardo daVinci's famous masterpiece *The Last Supper*." A distinction of which JFK cannot boast but one for which the average spreader of peat moss in the Chicago suburbs can save and bestow as a lasting tribute



to his devotion to the fine arts.

"How can we afford such a fine memorial," inquire our stout group of mourners, "what with all the money spent on new acetate bowling shirts and matching cloth-covered bags?" Well, our friends at Memory Gardens have that figured out too. One may easily take advantage of the "pre-completion rates for mausoleum units" or, if one is more economically decimated, a convenient monthly plan can be designed to suit your family's preferences: bronze plate or mausoleum, stained glass or plain, Moses in the bull rushes, or Soloman and Sheba. And in case you are moved to a fervor for dying that is unparalleled in the annals of Billy Graham stadium baptism marches, you can call OXford 7-9000 for immediate assistance.

Just remember: bronze, marble or stained glass, Moses can be there in the bull rushes for you — slightly tarnished by the cold character-building Illinois winters perhaps, but a tribute to your faith just the same. Or I suppose that our friends at Memory Gardens could toy with biblical history enough to depict Salome (in at least five of her seven veils) making that tenth frame spare — provided it can be done in bas relief.



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WISHES FOR A BLESSED

HOLIDAY SEASON



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