

1950

With the dawn of the new decade, *T.C. Talent's* name also changed to **Talent** and the editors and contributors moved away from writing first hand accounts of the war and began to focus more on other people and subjects not related to the war but in this work, authors continued to ask questions about WWII. There are numerous questions, most of them filled with anger, addressed to the U.S. government about its role in the war and the way in which soldiers were treated when they returned. Many questions are raised about whether the U.S. is really a land of equal opportunity and of fairness. In the very forefront of the women's movement, the work of Judith Wessoleck foreshadows, years in advance, the growing movement of women who do not want to be oppressed by men any longer. During the war, women had assumed the roles of men in the workplace and at home. They could not go back to subservient and traditional roles.

Selected Readings:

Somewhere else by James Somers, p. 13

Ambivalence by Judith Wessoleck, p. 13

Untitled poem by Alan Mintz, p. 12

UNTITLED

by Alan Spencer Mintz

Reassuring blackness
is splashed with
magenta
and, later,
tawny
brush-strokes
jet and increase
till every crag lies
exposed
in the new brilliance

Living straw
gropes for glory,
pulling itself
from miniature,
shadowed canyons
to flaunt rusty streaks.

Translucent shafts
dart from crown to crown,
down and down
to where
gems pour into
cascading currents setting afire
fortunate molecules.

In aging valleys
tin roofs explode,

spraying
fields and hillsides
with meticulous 'mercury.

The intruder
colonizes every patch
on the quilt,
planting on each, an
ensign of conquest,
seminating that
destined to
bear early.

Dust becomes macadam
where buildings spring from
track side,
and here,
dented pickups
await masters
haggling hog-feed.

And, as usual
civilization
sends its
8:10
messenger
which succeeds
only in
stalling
Main Street traffic.
Machines
snort and roar,
grinding and churning
ice-relics
from one furrow
to another,
granting tired men
only fair returns
for
questionable bargains.

SOMEWHERE ELSE
by James Somers

Here in all the graves
are the lads who didn't want To be here
In all the graves.

I wonder
If you read

The forgotten scraps of paper
In the pockets of their jackets
In the closets still at home.
If you'd find
That they meant
To be somewhere else now?

AMBIVALENCE

by Judith Wessoleck

Rain is a man,
A cold brutal and pitiless man;
His long silvery steel needles drive
Unceasingly against the earth.
He tears away the soft flesh of soil
And grinds into the marrow of mountains.
He heats his anger against the defenseless.
Rain is a man.

Rain is a woman,
A kindly warm and merciful woman.
Her gentle teardrops wash away the blood.
She heals the sores of the wounded
And lulls to sleep the frightened.
She lifts again the dead
And covers their shame.
Rain is a woman.

1950 STAFF

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1951

Themes of writing offer a glimmer of hope, but a strong sense of caution is still prevalent. Perhaps this is brought on by the memories of WWII and the tension ongoing with Korea. Journalism is discussed and its increasing importance in daily life is seen. Tension between male and female is present in this year's issue as well as the previous year.

Selected Readings:

August by Arthur Efland, p.11

Morning News by Arthur Thissell, p.24

In defense of chivalry by Allan Schwartz, p.32

IN DEFENSE OF CHIVALRY

By Allan Schwartz

Little boys don't hit girls.
Yes mama.

Tip your hat.
Yes mama.

Give the lady your seat.
Yes mama.

While she goes through your pants for your pay.

MORNING NEWS

By Arthur C. Thissel Jr.

The imperialistic innuendoes
Prevalent today
Find magnanimous approval
In the journalistic fray
Non-particular perusal
By the man and maiden set
Is contrived and does convince
That war is imminent
But the less retarded reader
In the financial pages finds
A spiraling inflation
Poised above mankind.

AUGUST

by Arthur Efland

Remember golden days
Sunny houses washed New England white
Looking smack against the sky;
And Sunday afternoons

Under transcendental elms
Conversing lightly and politely
On topics of the times
With several species of spinster hood.
It was pleasant under the elms,
But one must be careful of thunder storms.

1951 STAFF

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1952

1952 is an interesting issue of *T.C. Talent* because of the subject matter of the writings. It appears that the seeds of the stereotypes that define the 1960's are being sewn at an early time in this issue. Furthermore, there is also a very strong sense of destitution in character portrayal in the creative work. There is also a lack of hope and final goals are created that have no hope of fulfillment. Thus, disappointment is a certainty and the question posed is often, "Why bother if there are no rewards?"

Selected Readings:

Youth and Sophistication by Renee Gross, p. 10

Humanity by Alice Harrington, p. 15

YOUTH

by Renee Gross

Half closed are his eyes,
Or shall I say his mind
Is still in its youth?
He must learn, discover, wound
His soul sore with doubt.
He must acquaint himself
With the Avenues of hell.

SOPHISTICATION

by Renee Gross

He looks strapping
With a tightly folded umbrella;
That blue blazer
Presses his broad shoulders tightly.
It is a shame nature endowed
All its wealth upon someone
Who whistles carelessly,
While the cold eyes survey his
Worshipful circle with contempt.
Stark beauty is in his hands
Yet he flings it mockingly
Into our aesthetic faces,
And laughs behind our goodly backs.

HUMANITY

by Alice Harrington

The river starts as a small, clear creek,
Flowing rapidly
Down hillsides,
Across plains.

It goes on its journey as if to seek
At its end
A reason.
A destiny.
Along the way it grows wide and powerful,
Destroying nature,
Rich soil,
Green plants.
Now it breaks into song, then it is sorrowful
In sounds of
The gurgling,
The roar.
At times, its bounty is given in charitable overflow.
It leaves behind
Black loam,
Plant food.
Now it grows tired, travels slow.
It must have
Some sleep,
Some rest.
It reaches finality, the ocean.

1952 STAFF

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1953

Questioning begins about the U.S.'s attempts to draw line between democracy and communism..
In particular, the piece by Joan Coffey refers to multiple historical events from the time period.

Selected Readings:

The Boundary by Paul Brown, p. 16

A quite obvious observation on nothing of very great importance by Joan Coffey, p. 42

A QUITE OBVIOUS OBSERVATION ON NOTHING OF VERY GREAT IMPORTANCE

by Joan Coffey

The old earth's in a daze, my love
The show is running out
The mob absorbs without a thought
The barker's nasal shout.

The tiger in the Kremlin, love,
Has spawned too many cubs
The cats are meowing through the night
In all of Churchill's pubs.

The jackass in the white house, love
Is wiggling its ears
While all the clowns in Paris, love
Are laughing through their tears.

McCarthy runs the sideshow, love
With showmanship divine,
He snaps his whip with master stroke
To keep the freaks in line.

Dick Tracy's death is imminent
Palooka's sure to lose
Slabovia's bombing Dogpatch
And Skeezix turns to booze.

The world is upside down, my love
The anti-christ is here,
The pope is barricading Rome
To safeguard his career.

There's nothing left for us my love
The old regime is dead
We can't be great, we can't be good
Oh hell -- let's go to bed.

THE BOUNDARY

by Paul Brown

Three men boarded the midnight train for Berlin at Nuremberg. A cold, March rain was falling and the three climbed into the same compartment quite silently. The car gave several short jerks and was on its way through the dark night. Each man was headed for the same destination, the American zone of Berlin, but each had a different purpose in going. One was running to spread the word of Communism, one was running from the word of Communism, and the third was just running.

The first was well prepared, months of specialized training, technique, theory, and method. Here was a true Russian puppet, the result of a concentrated program and education. He believed sincerely and was anxious to give others the opportunity to believe.

The next was running from the theory, the banners, the parades, and the theft of his mind. The theory had made him hate and fear rather than accept. He believed a better way of life existed and he was out to locate it. The Swastika had taken his family for one man's dream, but he knew the strangers in his town were no dreamers. Running his farm was on thing, but his mind was not open for influence. The wave was increasing and his fear made him pack his small suitcase and get on that train.

The mind of the third however, was filled with confusion rather than fear. The People's Party came to his town with food and clothing, a new mayor, and many, many posters. He missed his election but he did seem to be no worse off now than under the old mayor. Anyway, he was going to take a look at democracy. Call it curiosity if you wish, probably he was just a little afraid to accept the new theory without seeing what the other side had to offer.

The three men will get off that train soon, the three will walk to the boundary and will slip across. The first will glance at his little black book and call a taxi. The second will take his first breath of free air and look for a hotel. We don't have to worry about those two, but what about the third? A starving man will accept a great many things when its handed to him with a loaf of bread. He will take our democracy but will he swallow it? Can we understand his thoughts, his doubts?

How can we squabble over the appropriations for Europe, funds for showing the oppressed our way of life? Can we ridicule the ones who go back? Can we hate our own citizens that turn to Communism? Are we so perfect, so free from prejudice and hate? Do we ever discriminate against a man or woman for his beliefs? Do we have freedom of belief? Are we trying to outlaw certain beliefs? That third man will find the answer to many of these questions, he may stay or return, but whichever he does he may know a great deal more about the way we live that you or I do.

1953 Staff

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1954

There are the first references to commuting and the suburbs seem to a popular place to be and to write about. WWII is still not gone as a subject for creative work but the conflict and the destruction it created are remembered second hand people who were not there. The piece by William Murray is particularly interesting because it describes a foreign religion before non-traditional outside religions had really gathered any strength or a substantial following in the U.S. Innovations in style are also seen for the first time. *They Had No Power* is really the first example in this journal of a poem in an alternative style and there is no author for the poem perhaps to reinforce the verbal and visual message.

Selected Readings:

Adventures in Commuting by Lilly Thompson, p. 6.

The cigarette case by Merrill Fisher, p. 13.

To an old Japanese man praying in a Buddhist temple by William Murray, p. 24.

They Had No Power (No author), p. 29.

ADVENTURES IN COMMUTING

by Lilly Thompson

You wait for the 6:49 train to New Haven in the old fashioned waiting room at Midbrook. The same people take this train every day -- sleepy-eyed, muffled in hats and overcoats, their personality dimmed by the exuberance of the round, red-faced station agent. From his ticket window, he beams on his regular passengers and if you, Lily, forget to greet him and huddle in your own favorite bench-corner away from the draft, he'll sneak up behind you and pull one of your curls for a smile.

Other mornings you observe your fellow-passengers from behind the veil of dream-like invisibility one feels early in the morning. The shy, middle-aged engineer from Hadlyme glances over for your "Good morning." You exchange weather comments with the telephone operator who tells you again she hopes to be transferred to Saybrook again. You sigh inwardly and wonder why anyone so plump can wear such stylish shoes.

You transfer your attention to two young men waiting on the platform; they always ride together, each buried in a twenty-five cent thriller. "Green," goes through your head. Yes, you long ago decided "green" was their word. One, however, holds you interest long enough for the oft-repeated memory of a clothing-store dummy in a low-priced men's furnishings window.

You look expressionlessly at a handsome, ruddy-faced man in a fur-collared coat nervously pacing in front of you. Month after month, you've ridden the same bus to the outskirts of New Haven. But when you recently commented on this, he seemed afraid of a solicitation -- you decided he was married.

A newcomer arrives -- a large, red haired man. Hatless -- gloveless -- coatless -- every exposed inch is red; the temperature is ten degrees. He carries a three by six foot board which he leans on your bench. You and the other passengers give him the hostile stare a stranger usually receives in such a situation. Finally, curiosity winning, you say, "You going to take that on the train?"

"If they'll let me," he smiles.

"Baggage car?"

"There is none."

"It looks like a bed board," you say.

"No. it's a drawing," and you notice brown paper is loosely tied over one side.

"Well, if the drawing doesn't turn out," you observe, nodding your head, you can always use it for a bed board."

"It's not thick enough for that," he answers cheerfully.

"You an artist?" you ask.

"Yes, I am."

"Belong to the Greenvale Gallery?"

"No, I haven't time for that."

"That must be why I haven't met a single artist since I joined. I'm an art student."

"Yes? I'm an artist, and my name is Adolph Fein."

"Ein?"

"No, Fein," and he spells it out for you. "This drawing is for 'Life' magazine. It's of the steppes, and I've got to meet a 10:30 deadline at 'Life' to have it Photostatted."

Oh, I've read about you in the local paper!" You're glad you've at least heard-d of him, but it still hasn't hit you that you advised a famous artist to use his work for a bed board, in case it doesn't sell.

The waiting room cairn is suddenly broken by the movement and stirring that mean "Train's coming!" The early morning veil descends again and you plod through the baggage room to wait in its shelter, like the veteran passenger you are, for the train to stop. Innocent Mr. Fein strides out into the wind where his six foot board spins him around like a top.

You look at the blank-faced men beside you and finally, observing Mr. Fein blowing farther and farther away from the tracks, say, "maybe I can help him." You grasp one end of the board like a rudder and in this fashion, you and the red-faced artist reach the train steps. By this time a dignified gentleman with homburg, chesterfield, and brief case, sputters,

"I only have one hand, but I can carry the box." You notice the artist carries a disreputable looking carton tied with cord.

You see him safely into the smoking car when, preferring the cleaner windows of the non-smoker, and hesitating to seem presumptuous, you wish him well and join the sober-faced New Englanders in the cleaner car.

There is always so much to see -- so much to think about -- so much pleasure in gradually emerging from the cloudy, early-morning state of mind to the machine-like thinking of the day, that you like to ride alone and feel cheated by a talkative companion.

One of your reflections is that you should have told Mr. Fein you look forward to seeing his work in "Life". But, it's hard to lie so early in the day and you know you only read "Life" twice a year at your dentist's.

Soon, absorbed in the scenery and new passengers, you forget about the artist, and thus ends another phase of your adventures in commuting.

THE CIGARETTE CASE

by Merrill Fisher

I felt a bit warmer now. I pulled off my sweater and tossed it on the bed. I opened the window -- a breeze eased into the room. I thought to myself, how nice a day it was. I pulled the top drawer out and placed it on my bed. There were a lot of receipts, letters, old advertising folders, old envelopes, and addresses in the drawer. I got an empty cardboard box from the kitchen pantry and threw most of the stuff away. Combs, tooth brushes, a flashlight, a lock, a shoehorn, key chains, and old wristwatch, fountain pens -- I just put all these things back into another corner of the drawer. Then I hesitated, as I came across a foreign object. It was an old-looking, gold-plated cigarette case. I opened it -- the case was empty -- I could smell the odor of tobacco.

I sat down on the edge of the bed. I smelled the empty cigarette case again. It reminded me of the odor that came from my brother Harold's desk -- the very same desk in this room -- a long time ago.

I could almost see the hand-machine-rolled cigarettes. I could remember Harold's making cigarettes for his friends; at a small profit of course. I could also remember Harold's working on

his model airplanes. I could remember his sketches scattered on the dining room table. I could see Harold on an early morning in spring, trying to get his model plane into the air. It flew -- now it crashed onto a garage roof in back of the house. I could remember Harold's coming home in the evening after a hard day of work on a cold winter day. I could hear Mom and Harold arguing about his quitting school. I could remember his whaling me when he caught me smoking with the gang of kids in the neighborhood. I could remember a summer evening after supper, when the neighbors were watching the older fellows playing softball on the Acton Street lot. I could see Harold race in back of second to make a good play on a hard-hit ground ball. Well, I won't talk about his hitting. I could remember the white foul line that Harold painted on one of the garages in right field. He also painted a box score to the right of the foul line. I remembered now of Harry Gorban, a right-handed batter, who was a notorious right field foul-ball hitter. The fellows called that area, "Gorbansville." Is it supposed to be bad luck to name a place for a living person? It was a jinx for Harry; he never came back from the war.

I left the bedroom and walked to the kitchen. I pushed back the curtains of the rear window and looked over to the Acton Street lot. I did not dare to take the short-cut across the fences and backyards, for I no longer knew the people in the neighborhood. I walked down Clark, down Westland a block, and up Acton. The outfield of the lot was now fringed with shrubbery. On the infield, about six or seven kids were hitting and throwing a ball around. I walked up to the third base side of the infield and watched the kids for a while.

The sun was just at the horizon now. It was getting cooler and soon the kids left. I looked to the garages in the right field and saw Harold's foul line, still partially visible. To the right was the sketchy remains of the box score. I looked a long while over toward the garage roof tops. The sky was getting dusky now. Quickly it became dark. A cool wind whipped around the infield.

THEY

HAD

NO

POWER

TO AN OLD JAPANESE MAN PRAYING IN A BUDDHIST TEMPLE

by William Murray

Old man
Prostrate before thy god
In tongue and time we're far apart
But yet I know thy heart.
Thy span of life
Upon the face of this sad earth
Is measured off.
Being you exhale with every breath
With every step;
With every step you take
Ascending to the temple of your god
To ask him that it may not be your last.

Oh Winter Man
Why this request?
What in your sunless days desires prolonging?
Even as you pray
You do not comprehend the need, the prayer nor the god.
You chant grows weak;
The primal state arrests your mind
You sleep.

"In my house there are many mansions"
"This day thou shalt be with me in Nirvana"
"De profundus clamavi tibi, O Buddha."
"Spare me, O Buddha, until the rice is threshed.
And stored away next year.
Until my young son's wife gives me my immortality."
"Mourning and weeping in this valley of tears - I."
"By the sweat of your brow you shall live upon this earth - I."
Sins - "Mea culpa, mea culpa, O Gracious One,"
And in the life hereafter give me the peace eternal
The thought of which sustained by life till now."

Thus, in sleep, the tired man prayed;
Not knowing that
In death a peace beyond the dreams of even gods
Awaits in Nothing.
Yet I would not tell him this
I would not take his god away.
I could not!

1954 Staff

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James T. Flemming

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Barbara Keane
William Murray
Doris Nitti
Glenn Rafter
Mary Anne Scalise
Sondra Semegran
Rhoda Sochrin
Eleanor Tessmer
Lily Thompson
Jane Wingate

1955

Prejudice against Communism again surfaces throughout this issue and the issues creating fear and antagonism are much clearer. Memories other than the agony created by the war and the lasting effect of emotional wartime pain are discussed for the first time. Often there are strong statements about the hope that Americans used to maintain about making others believe in their country and all of the values that are associated with democracy permeate the work. The feelings of unquestioning patriotism that surface are seldom found in contemporary America work..

Selected Readings:

The red flag that conquered a country by Glenn Rafter, p. 35.

This night had light by William Murray, p. 14.

The old man at every bend by William Murray, p. 14.

The disbeliever by Marilyn Carter, p. 11.

THE DISBELIEVER

by Marilyn Carter

Why are you afraid? I asked him,
Seeing him trembling in the dark.
I fear the sun and the moon and the stars he answered.
But they are beautiful I told him.
That is why I am afraid he whispered.
Why do you hide here in the dark? I questioned.
I hide from love, he told me.
But love is good, I said,
That is why I hide, he answered.
I reached out and gently took his hand,
Do not be afraid, I said.
He pushed me away
And drew the darkness closer about him.

THIS NIGHT HAD LIGHT

by William Murray

The rattling tin-can nights
Perpetuate on pale people
Spectered with laughter and talk and geometry
Jiving their moon
On the tideless pools of one another.
How can I call you back
Poetic and delicate dream
How can I call you back?

PARCHMENT SHADES WE DREW
BRAVE BOTTOM DARED TO THIS BE FOR AN HOUR
BUT GESTURES LANGUISHED? SHADOWED BY OUR EYES
THAT KNEW THIS NIGHT HAD LIGHT
THE VIRILE DAWN YOUR HEART.

My warden walls and I,
When you had gone,
Raged at the window;
For candles and wine,
Words and our furtive lamp
All went out.

THE OLD MAN AT EVERY BEND
by William Murray

Leaves winded
To an autumn graveyard down
And curled on their mother bed of clay.

Hunched on the rooftop
An old man cackled a tune--
A mirthless lay
Of time and infinite darkness;
A world-old tune
Oft sung and slow.
It ended:
" Tis sad, but tis right tis so, tis so."

Tears troubled
The small boy's rounded eyes
As he knelt by his dog
Stretched out of life
On the grey road by a passing car.
Long
Oh! long after his dog was gone
He cried for himself.

The old man sang for the leaves and the boy.
For the boy would walk with the road on his feet
And the dog in his eyes
And the old man singing at ever bend.

THE RED FLAG THAT CONQUERED A COUNTRY
by Glenn Rafter

Once there was a little Russian man named Ivan, in a little Russian town of Kursh,
sitting on a little Russian bench, reading a little Russian book. When all of a sudden a big
red truck, headed for Stalingrad, came by carrying a huge load of lumber with a red flag tied
to the end.

Now it so happened, that just as the truck passed Ivan, off came the red flag and fell on the ground right in front of him.

"Stop," said Ivan. "Stop! Stop! Stop I say, You have lost your flag today, Won't you listen to my plea, I have found your flag for thee."

But the truck did not stop. So Ivan dropped the book he was reading, picked up the flag and ran after the truck waving the flag over head and yelling for the truck to stop.

Now, two peasants standing along the road saw Ivan running down the street shouting and waving a red flag. One turned to the other and said, "Look, Comrade Ivan is running down the street waving a red flag. Maybe there is a fire. Let us follow him and see."

So the two peasants ran after Ivan who shouted, "Stop! Stop! Stop I say, You have lost your flag today, Won't you listen to my plea, I have found your flag for thee."

But the truck did not stop.

Four women were standing round talking when they saw the three men run by with Ivan in the lead carrying a red flag and one woman said to the rest, "There must be a sale in the town of Kursh. Let us follow them and see."

So the four women followed the three men on the road to Stalingrad.

Now the seven people ran right throughout the town of Kursh with Ivan in the lead waving the red flag and crying, "Stop! Stop! Stop I say, You have lost your flag today, Won't you listen to my plea, I have found your flag for thee."

But the truck did not stop.

The people of Kursh seeing the group running through town, on the road to Stalingrad, said to themselves, "Look, they are going to Stalingrad. Maybe there is a fair there. Let us follow them and see."

So all the people of Kursh joined them shouting with laughter and glee and out in front was Ivan waving the red flag and saying, "Stop! Stop! Stop I say, You have lost your flag today, Won't you listen to my plea, I have found your flag for thee."

But the truck did not stop.

Now word got to the commissar of Stalingrad that a group of peasants were making their way toward the city, so becoming a little worried he sent the police out to see what the trouble was. When the police found the crowd of peasants they asked Ivan who was in the lead waving a red flag, what the trouble was. When Ivan explained to them that a lumber truck had dropped its red flag the police said to follow them and they would escort him to the truck.

So off went the peasants, police and Ivan still waving the red flag.

Finally they came to Stalingrad. The Commissar had the army spread out to protect the city from the peasants.

But when the people of the city saw the oncoming crowd they shouted, "Look, the peasants of the country have come to overthrow the government. Let us help them."

So on ran the peasants shouting, "Forward! Forward! Take the City! Onward to Victory!" And in the lead was Ivan vigorously waving the red flag and yelling, "Stop! Stop! Stop I say, You have lost your flag today, Won't you listen to my plea, I have found your flag for thee."

But the truck did not stop.

There was much fighting and bloodshed. The city was taken.

Now all alone ran Ivan who finally caught hold of the truck weakly saying, "Stop! Stop! Stop I say, You have lost your flag today, Won't you listen to my plea, I have found your flag for thee."

The truck stopped. The driver got out and thanked Ivan for the flag and then said, "Did you hear about the revolution? The people are overthrowing the government throughout the whole country. They say their leader is a brave man that stirred the people into attacking the cities by running, yelling a cry of battle, and waving a red flag."

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if all the little Ivans, in all the little towns of Russia, got together and ran to the heads of their government, shouting for them to STOP, and replace the red flag they so carefully have dropped in their travels"

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Michael Salvo
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Eleanor Tessmer
Lily S. Thompson
Bartlett Wagner

1956

The magazine again changes its name from *Talent* and becomes the *Crescent*. In James Scully's work there is an expansion of expressive language not seen before in the journal. This may mark the beginning of an emphasis on creative work rather than an emphasis on content used to preserve not fading memories of WWII. Words, speech patterns, and slang of the people are woven throughout all of the creative works and are very effective in getting a point across. Racial tension starts to surface and the works display the strong authority that white people attempt to till maintain and continue to assert over African-Americans. During 1956, major issues surrounding the problems created by industrialism are also discussed for the first time

Selected Readings:

The swairin' O' Davey McNab by James Scully, p. 18.

Reflection by Marilyn Carrington, p. 25.

Untitled Poem by Robert Bletchman, p. 46.

THE' SWAIRIN' O' DAVEY MCNAB

by James Scully

I wad na swair if I be deaf,
I wad na swair if I ha' na heed,
But th' empty din ha'spoilt m' broth,
An' noo I swair until I'm deed.

Th' morn slept bonie an'sof
Sic a fu' blume hielan lass,
Then frae th' glen o' treacherie,
Cam' fore a belch o' Irish crass;

Frae th' airth creep'd unco green,
A' unkend green o' Scottis bane,
Frae th' airth crawled fore a snake,
Frae whaur they cry, "There's nane, ther's nane!"

I yet wad na swair, But a filthy Irish pit
Ca'ed me, "Heathen, heathen,"
An' in m' e'e did spit.

"Gat ye awa pauper," I swoor,
"Gae back t' yere isle o' soot,
Gae back t' yere cursed mither
Wha digs in th' dirt fa' her sup!"

Th' Irisher stang a' that rude aith,
His milky skin bled wi' a rage,
Then lift'd his han' high aboon,
An' spake sic as wad a sage:

"I curse ye by th' wee people,

Y' will suffer frae th' moon,
Ye'll rue this day I warn ye,
Th' faeries will come soon."

Tha' strangly suck'd m' gut.
I ken sae bide a stingin' gale,
But nae a mon wha seeks t' fright m'
Wi' an auld wifie's tale.

Swangin' quick I struck him hard,
Sae hard I slept m' toorie;
But th' blaw hit him sae strang,
They cart'd him hame on a lorry.

An' a' his fallow rin
An' knock'd me down -- s rare,
But if they wad perchance return,
I'll gladly swair ance mair.

REFLECTION

by Marilyn Carrington

I'd love to climb
in that glacier-like mound of cloud
behind the city,
and stand upon the golden fields
like God,
surveying His kingdom.
But the touch of my footsteps
would send them scattering home,
where the black smoke goes from factories.

UNTITLED POEM

by Robert Bletchman

Ain't born yez'day, still
In my mamma's womb
Got me some free will.

The wite doctor smile.
He knows he ain't dark.
Ain't born yez'day still.

Carved me a muscle,
Gonna have woman.
Got me some free will.

Good? Hell I'm best will
White give me job, ha?

Ain't born yez'day still.

--er us from evil.
Mamma -- I'm a man.
Got me some free will.

Go'ng out from some kill.
Motherless bastards
Ain't born yez'day, still
Got me some free will.

1956 Staff

Sally Baldwin
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Marilyn Carrington
Patricia Cassidy
Walter Chieffo
Eva Feinstein
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Shirley Greiner
Gualgliumi
Barbara Hanson
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Frank McLaughlin
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James Scully
Terlaga
Tessemer
Pat Tonis
Frank Turaj
Nancy Welch
Zampielo

1957

As represented by James Scully, now a senior, the growth of individual writers could be seen as they were often published multiple years during their careers at SCSC. The poem, "From morning" by James Scully is an episodic poem that has special care taken and a length that has not surfaced in his earlier works in past issues. For the first time, an author poses the question, "What happened to the people left behind in Europe after the war?" In "Hands of Hungary: October 1956," Geraldine Zampiello concerns herself with the remains left in Europe after the world's worst war. Another concern frequently written about is the: poetic documentation of cultural events and activities that are nostalgia for the author. "Time for Carnivals" by Geraldine Zampiello is an example.

Selected Readings:

From Morning by James Scully, p. 7.

Hands of Hungary and *Time for Carnivals* by Geraldine Zampiello, p. 31.

FROM MORNING

by James Scully

I The Crow
upon this rock...
By the Appian (once a burning bush
Now a mass of sooty clay) The Crow,
Wrapped in a veil of black Spanish mail,
Tugs at the ruins with dry-lined claws
Hardened by ages of digging;
Rubble sprayed with straggly down
Has trapped those greedy talons
In stiffening embrace:
His claws are frozen
in the cold, cold ashes.

In the parched pit of the earth
He beats out the thirsting essence of breath,
Whilst sternly fixed eyes proclaim him
The boney quintessence of death.

so be it that
a marble tomb rests heavily
in the crotch of seven crumbling hills
and the living dead are lost in dust
like useless fagots
In the depths of The Crow
Snare timpani man chimpanzee
Sound alike hollow and lost
As four fingers on a hand
Strung to the manicured manacle
Of a thumb in the sand;

Sparks from the burning bush of old

Bite, burst...then ember into numbness
Never having felt the full ecstasy of flame:
black ashes plunging downward
through the foliage underfoot
downward ever downward
from a brilliant blaze upon a hill
to the rocky roots of Yggdrasil.

On summer nights the roots thirst
Midst dry crumbs of earth
Whilst above, a cackling crow
Ravages each bough
 each leaf
 each withered fruit

II Love Song
Dust floating down
 through slanted shafts of light
(Oh sightless sight!)
Sterile as a maiden's hand;
Not to do is not to be.
For

Long crisp fingers Dig into matted fibers
But juice stains not
Smooth ivory points,
As silver-veined hands
 imbedded in dark cavern walls
Are mindless of lime drippings;
 so be it that
 the black-winged tomb is moldy and fetid
 in the crotch of seven crumbling hills
 where silver-veined hands and glazed eyes
 rest in torment

Yet
Beside a hearth of steaming brick
Ringed with soft and yellow globes
The lamplight is lost,
For thy lobes are glistening
With a woman's secret
And thine eyes are darkly moist,
Sweetly sad at having sung
 the song of love;
The ghost is thine
In a crumbling of broken brocade.

III Two Pictures In A Graveyard
A jagged streak of white
 stabs the gloomy sky,
Thunder fire water

Plummet downward,
Flooding the pit
To the tune
Of a tight-lipped trumpet;
Poised o'er each stone the water
Awaits a precursor's hand,
A trembling hand with golden key
Ready to cleanse the salty sea
By again unlocking the first clean stream.

black-clad figures huddle'round
to bluff the plot in sulky silence
gentlemen farmers with slick oilskins
bat-like tillers of dust
their crackling bones bespeak them
lost Judaica's sin

Rain pours down sweetly cool
on a tiny granite garden;
Dripping slowly from worn eaves
And rolling o'er a stained pane
Is rain,
Ever the same
Trickling on each lonely stone.
Lament has lowered her head in vain,
For what may soothe the buried dead
--but rain?

over there beneath the tree
that's she with the lace hankie
trying to keep out of the rain
(if that dress shrinks anymore it'll split)
hah so now you see
yes that's she mrs. sweeney
madeline sweeney
madeline sweeney of the window club
you know the joint
with the moth-eaten curtains
she's billed as the nightingale
the belle of the land
the bell!
agnusdei agnusdei agnusdei
the otherworlder's departing with much weeping and gnashing of teeth
doff their funeral masks
(those that own them)
even before the twisted gate has shut
The fount of all waters is flowing
O'er a forehead of hunched stone
Which tilts then slides softly
Into lush grass
And moist soil.

IV Flame Dance

The Will's the breath of marble figures
Imprisoned on a marble urn,
Not beatrice's cold hand.

Here no dirge for a purple past
Of stone-fenced field and steel cast;
The el rumbles on no more
By cinder-cased yellow lace
Tired, black and eyesore;
No more back alley or sweaty stealth
Frustrating an inborn fury.

Will-in-motion's struck the slats
And torn them into splinters.
Apollo's fiery omnibus
Blinds bound night
With the purifying light
of Desire become the Act:
Death's tremor o'eruns Python.
The fires are lit with the song that sings
Of eternally recurring things:
 peacock feathers spinning 'bout the fire
 peacock feathers dancing round the hearth
 to the booming tune of taut leather skins
 flayed by scathed fingers
 run aroun
 run aroun
 run aroun the flames
 burn and twist on the red hot pins
 surging from the burning bush
 hohoho live a little laugh
 rip chucks off the suckling pig
 and bleed the bound-up baby lamb
 fan the flame of living life
 smash the somber Gothic spire
 consume it
 consume it
 consume it in the fire
 hallelujah
 there's a fire in the bier ...

HANDS OF HUNGARY

October, 1956

by Geraldine Zampielo

And remember the wind how
remember how the rain?
Anyhow cry the hands now.

Hands to kill have left their plow
for a hunger to sustain
and remember the wind how.

Fought to die their hands allow
a death for fear of life of pain.
Anyhow cry the hands now.

Fingers meet to touch a brow
and find there but a bitter stain
and remember the wind how.

They tried to hope but anyhow
elements fell and blew in vain.
Anyhow cry the hands now.

Blood hands to the earth bow
and only the rain and wind remain.
And remember the how?
Anyhow cry the hands now.

TIME FOR CARNIVALS

by Geraldine Zampello

It wasn't so long ago
after all.
Time becomes meaningless to us
now and even then:
When we watched the motley-suited man
who sold balloons
brass trumpets brayed forgetting time
and people
and we never cared
because the candied apples were so succulent.
Concern with time
was but a tiny watch
born from the bottom of a Cracker Jack Box.
Carnival sounds chuck a luk lukked
spin the wooden wheel
chuck chuck.
Win a prize power prize--
Boo! screamed the zany Prince of Laughs,
watch now watch
the wheel will spin...

Up the brightly colored way
with clowns and laughing ladies,
a cage so big
surely strange dark-cornered beings there.

Now and even then
I've heard and seen and felt in largeness
drums and trumpets
men who shouted--
"Step this way friends...
see the only being in creation...
swallow swords..."
A little fellow tugged his father's sleeve,
I want to be a Being too, he said.
Boo! screamed the zany Prince of Me
No child knows the fear of filling
each new day with Me:
this comes with Time the Ferris Wheel
threading in the bounds of circles
one upon the other
Beings all indeed!

Chuck a luk luk
spin the wooden wheel chuck chuck.
In the middle of the noise there was some grass,
a cross-hatched fence enclosed the grass
from which there grew a tree.
Noses poked their way through holes
(we never knew what the fence was for)
Watch now see
"Have you ever lived in a pear tree?"
It's so simple to be a vegetable, I said--
Almost anybody can.

And still time stood still
O Carnival.
We watched the horses tread in circles too,
chuck chuck.
Once I laughed
because a mare so old
decided not to make the round again;
she stopped less tired
than afraid of time
and of too many circles
I think sometimes that now and even then
(though not so long ago)
I've run a circle too of time.
Violins against the trumpets played:
Spin the wasted wheel of Time--
it shares no being with a man.
Yet all old men and mares
tread circles, fearing
Watch now watch
perhaps there is a Time
that claims a right to spin a wheel
until it's time for carnivals again.

1957 Staff

Pat Tonis Atkin

Sally Baldwin

Barbara Bartosiak

Robert Blechtman

Joyce Greenburg

Barbara Jones

Nemo

Pat Paterson

C.J. Piscitelli

Glenn Rafter

Averil St. John

Taccardi

Leonard Terlaga

Frank Turaj

V.A. Uccello

Nancy Welch

Gerry Zampielo

1958

This is a very short issue and in it there is an overwhelming emphasis placed on less tangible aspects of life such as love or pain as opposed to actual parts of history or of memory. "And the fish in the sea" by George Camara is an example. Drug use, or an altered state of mind is referred to for the first time. It is not, however, possible to know whether or not this represents the first poetry about drugs and alcohol which had been submitted, merely, the first time that submissions containing such contexts were chosen by the editors.

Selected Readings:

And The fish in the sea by George Camara, p. 9.

Nursery Rhymes by Shirley Hyman p. 13

20 proof transient by Genevieve Bukowski p. 28

AND THE FISH IN THE SEA

by George Camara

Why do you cry so, friend,
Mourning a new-lost lover?
Surely, it is not the end.
Surely, there'll be another.

Or haven't you heard
Of pebbles on the beach,
And fish in the sea?

I was once the same as you.
I sighed a moaning song
Of the first love I ever knew.
But, I was young and wrong.

Then, someone told me
Of pebbles on the beach,
And fish in the sea.

Time brings wisdom, you will hear.
Healing is swift, you will learn.
Heart and soul in another year
Can love and their fires return.

Yes, the wise told me
Of pebbles on the beach,
And fish in the sea.

You, no doubt, you do not believe.
Now, I tell you the same.

Your choice--to lie and grieve
Or join me at my game.

Of the hunt, the search
Of pebbles on the beach,
And fish in the sea.

20 PROOF TRANSIENT

by Genevieve Bukowski

Wine bottles, gold
Galactic gleam
And spill a star.
An ochre droplet
Moves into space,
Leaving behind wavering rings,
Glimmering nebular
On the bar.

1958 Staff

Genevieve Bukowski
George Camara
Linda Christensen
Donald Cook
Fazzino
Dorothy Goodwin
Arthur Guagliumi
William Hall
Jack hanson
Nancy Helfant
Nancy Helfant
Donald Hoffman
Shirley Hyman
Ann Krause
Betsy Pantalone
Dalia Ramanauskas
Richard Somers
Michael Taccardi
Lenard Terlaga
Lawrence Warn
Geraldine Zampiello

1959

For the first time, stream of consciousness as represented by the work of Judith Burrows is represented in Crescent Review. A discussion of foreign policy is also introduced to the magazine in two poems by Harry Kunesch. Judith Riordan's work depicts a more terminal and final perspective of life is represented by several writers' works who speak of upcoming death. Problems found in the modern city are discussed in this issue and this creative depiction represents a significant change in the way the cultural aspects of the city are viewed in a piece by Judith Burrows.

Selected Readings:

Ogden Gnashed by Judith Burrows, p.17

Une Pensee Amere & La voix ternie by Harry Kunesch, p. 20

Villanelle by Judith Riordan, p. 30.

Epigram by Judith Burrows, p. 38.

OGDEN GNASHED

by Judith Burrows

What I don't like about Ogden Nash is the title of this poem and the reason it's not
at the top of the page is I can't spell it.
And I'll probably never sell it.
And please don't anybody find fault with it because I want' you to know that all the
errors are intentional.
And whether or not I know any better is something I'm not going to tell you, so don't
get personal.
And if you tickle my feet, I'll scream,
Because if there's anything I can't stand it's people who tickle my feet when I'm
writing poetry.
Some people just can't seem to understand that in poetry it's the thought that counts
and you have to think to got one.
And if you don't think, you get none.
And it's very hard to think while somebody is tickling your feet under the table.
And if you put them on top of the table, they get angryable.
And if you put your feet on top of the table, your wife comes along and says, "Stop It."
And if your wife doesn't, don't do it in my house, because my wife will.
And my wife is probably bigger than you.
And there's nothing I can do about it, Because she's bigger than me too.
And I'm not going to start any more with AND because too much of anything gets in
the way and you're likely to trip over it and break your nose.
And a poet with a broken nose isn't so good as a poet without a broken nose because
that's the way life goes.
But before we go let's finish what I started because if I don't somebody else might
and he can't do so good a job as I am.
What I don't like about Ogden Nash is he's a good man but why does he copy my
style of poetry?

UNE PENSEE AMERE

by Harry Kunesch

Les membres de la vie cesseront bientôt.
Nous serons comme une bougie étouffée,
Une lueur qui n'existera plus.
La mort viendra et nous emportera,
Ah, joyeuse pensée, au jour quand arrivera la fin.
Pour ce jour comme je songe, je songe après la mort.
Viens-toi vite et m'emporte à une vie
Ou je peux vivre sans les soucis d'être vivant.

A BITTER THOUGHT

By Harry Kunesch

Life will end soon!

Like a snuffed candle,
a gleam which no longer is.
Death shall come and carry us off.
Oh happy thought of the day
which shall announce the end.
I long for this moment,
I long for Death.
Come quickly and carry me to a life
Where I will live without the
cares of the living

A VOIX TERNIE

by Harry Kunesch

Tristement je regarde le monde;
le monde ou je m'ennuie.
Un amour profond ne vit plus,
Ce qui m'occupait auparavant
Me semble simple.
Je ne suis d'ici!
Mon âme cherche le jour,
Le jour ou tout sera gratifié.
Comme je soupire après ce jour!
Tu sais, Ah Mort, tu sais!

THE TARNISHED VOICE

by Harry Kunesch

Sadly I contemplate the world;
The world of boredom.
Former loves no longer are.
All seems so simple.
I am not of this life!
My soul searches for the day,
The day when all is gratified.
How I sigh for that day!
Oh Death, you know, you know!

VILLANELLE

by Judith Riordan

Like a smooth and longing, sore and slumbering sigh
A soul escapes the bodies molded clay,
Every man is born to die.

The truncheoned trampling feet that cry
Of quivering life -- and echo -- far away
Like a smooth and longing, sore and slumbering sigh.

I raise my hand and touch the sky
The drawn and dawning darkened day,
Every man is born to die.

Fingers curled, brown grass -- I lie
And hearing the singing, sighing day
Like a smooth and longing, sore and slumbering sigh.

I breathe the air alive, a cry
Escapes my lips all grey
Every man is born to die.

The leaf-tipped, blood filled sun draws nigh,
I know the omnipresent way
Like a smooth and longing, sore and slumbering sigh
Every man is born to die.

RHYMES

by Shirley E. Hyman

Ring a-round a-rosey
A bottle full of rye.
Forty pink elephants
Walking in the sky.

Here we go round the Mulberry bush
Looking for the Glom.
We've got to find him quickly
Before he sets off the bomb.
 Bo-o-oo-o-o-o-o-ooooom!

EPIGRAM

by Shirley Hyman

Candles in a coffee dive don't wax fast and white the entire night.
Public places all must close.

Country paths can be shaded pitch: splinter-edged with shivering
grass and strung with frightened sounds.

(Know that the sharp thrust that turns a city street is the same as
the warped curve of a country road.)

The scratchy scented hay is latched inside the stiff barn.

Sleep under poker-face stars.

But don't be afraid; dawn is never late.

And you can't be raped on a one-way street.

1959 Staff

Martin Ardito

Bill Benni

Judith Burrows

G. Carrington

Augustine Cofrancesco

Stanwood Dolph

Sue Donem

Julius Douglas

Jack Hanson

Barbara A Jones

John Kedves

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